Among the Deep-Sea Fishers
Vol. XXVIII JULY, 1930 No. 2

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Articles and items for insertion in the magazine should be sent to the editor, Mr. Frederick E. Shnyder, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the month in which publication is desired.
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Vol. XXVIII July, 1930 No. 2

"Lest We Forget"
Sir Wilfred Grenfell

As I sit writing to you, dear Mr. Editor, my eyes rest on a lovely little islet about a mile from shore. It is too small to be inhabited but it is exquisitely covered with waving green trees, and yesterday when we rowed off to it the sward was red with columbine. No one has visited it since last fall, and today the only sounds to break its silence are the lapping of the water and the twittering of a couple of beautiful sandpipers that have taken possession of it. As I lay on the grass a striped bumblebee noisily buzzed over from the mainland, a burly fellow, who, like another Lindbergh, had crossed what to him must have appeared a veritable Atlantic Ocean. A perfect place today!

Twenty-five years ago the island would have bored me to death. Then, the rolling sea or the bounding dog sledge were to my mind the only "islands of the blessed." But today a strange attraction for the very isolation somehow fascinated me, and I had to pinch myself to see if it was really I that was feeling a sense of satisfaction away from the challenge of my fellow men. Yet, here again is the evidence of a merciful Providence which speaks loudly of a personality behind it and not of the work of chance movements of particles—indeed a very evidence of love that all the time adapts our spirits so beautifully to the changes as the life of our physical bodies passes.

So with gladsome minds we leave for Labrador tomorrow. Here on the island one feels as if momentarily detached from the hard struggle of life, as if one were looking from afar at the successes and failures of men in a world apart. It is much as I felt when seven thousand feet in the air when a friend flew me recently from Burlington to Boston away up over the hills and roads that we have so often laboriously toiled along while cruising on the surface of this planet.

JUNE 9TH
We want to send a message of gratitude as we leave this harbor of Boston to all who from their homes have helped to make this new voyage possible.

AGRICULTURAL EFFORTS
Among the many wireless messages that come from the Labrador coast, messages made possible by Mr. Eldon Macleod's generosity, are several referring to the agricultural development, and especially to the greenhouse work, which Dr. Curtis characterizes as "one unqualified success." Flowers and green food at the hospital and the orphanage all winter! Professor Sears of the Massachusetts Agricultural College has collected a fine new Holstein heifer and some garden machinery. Through the generosity of a Philadelphia friend of mine we are adding greatly to the live stock and efficiency of Dr. Paddon's station at Northwest River. Another friend in Philadelphia has sent us a large quantity of seeds, and these have enabled us to supply in little settlements hidden away from the main track the seeds for new kinds of vegetables, which the Professor hopes will be better suited to the environment.

A VISIT FROM HOLLYWOOD
Mr. Varick Frisell's steamer and his company of actors, who are making a wonderful moving picture of life on the Coast which will shortly be released on Broadway, New York, and, we hope, throughout the country,
probably under the title, "Vikings of the Northland," actually visited St. Anthony on Easter Sunday and steamed in as far as that glorious day and, as the leader told me, got lots of good out of their visit. They were all interested in finding so efficient a hospital

Moore's wharf. They tell us they not only enjoyed the visit immensely but joined our people in the services of public worship on and so wonderful an orphanage in that arctic isolation, and they greatly encouraged the staff by purchasing over five hundred dollars' worth
of Labrador products at the Industrial Department.

CAN YOU HELP ARRANGE A SALE?

This reminds me of our faithful friends who are attending to the sales end of this activity, so fundamental in a country like Labrador, which is often affording us the only way of giving a real message of the love of God to hungry, bereaved and impoverished families. It saves us from the Nemesis of perpetually giving out doles. I trust all our friends know of the little Labrador-products round, and we are intensely grateful to them as they do this for us without commission.

This summer Miss Anne Fitzpatrick, Miss Julia Crawford and their friends hope to visit just as many summer resorts for the holding of sales as the supporters of the work will enable them to visit. Will you write to Miss Fitzpatrick at 425 Madison Avenue, New York City, if you can help to arrange a sale in the place where you spend your summer holiday or in your home town either this summer or next winter? That would be a very great

shops at 425 Madison Avenue, New York City, and at 1631 Locust Street, Philadelphia. Nor would I forget that our friend, Miss Fitzpatrick, has, with Miss Shirley Smith, the new head of the Boston office, and with the assistance of former volunteer workers on the Coast, arranged with Messrs. Jays to help us by having a stock of our products always on hand at their shop in Temple Place, Boston. Messrs. Jays have year after year helped us by a three weeks' Christmas sale in their showrooms. Now it will be all the year assistance, and you would enjoy the wonderful things for their own sakes.

A USEFUL GIFT

Ex-Governor Redfield Proctor of Vermont has most generously equipped Miss Fitzpatrick and her party with a Pontiac truck for this knightly crusade, for which all of our beneficiaries in the North say "thank you."

THE SCHOOLS

Our school reports are not yet in. We love to think of Miss Frances Baier and her effi-
cient staff with their school filled to bursting, and to know that all is well. We love to think of Miss Elizabeth Criswell at Yale School with her helpers, Miss Conrow and seasons arranged a fine meeting. They raised an extra fifteen hundred dollars towards the Princeton school being built at St. Mary's River near Battle Harbor in Dr. Moret's dis-

THE WILFRED T. GRENFELL SCHOOL, ST. ANTHONY

Mr. Merrick, the latter a graduate of Yale who volunteered to spend a winter with Dr. Paddon and teach in the school.

THE PRINCETON SCHOOL HELD UP FOR WANT OF FUNDS

At Princeton last winter Professor Gillespie, Larry Rockefeller and several wops of former
district. The concrete foundation of the school was laid last summer, and a road, wharf and storehouse were built and all plans laid to complete the work this summer. Alas, the funds available are now entirely exhausted. The expense for the very necessary lighting plant at St. Anthony, for the water supply
and buildings at Cartwright and for some other urgent needs left us with nothing for the construction work at St. Mary's River under Dr. Moret. The spirit which led Dr. Moret to offer his life to this service if he could have a man's job has been so discouraged by the news that no money is available for completing the work that we shall lose his unselfish help if we are not able to purchase the supplies necessary to enable him to push the work to completion this fall. If this work cannot be finished, the Battle Harbor district will be left without medical, educational or other help in September. This news has only just come to me over the wireless.

A LAbRADOR HOUSEHOLD

WILL YOU HELP US TO KEEP DR. MORET?

These "things" come over something that is not anything, and which, therefore, might almost be classed in a category with spiritual intuitions. I feel so keenly about the danger of losing Dr. Moret that I want to be the one to offer the first thousand dollars from my own small charity fund to help persuade my colleague to stay, provided others will join me in this special need and make the total fifteen thousand dollars.

I want strongly to urge this plea, late as it is. For the GEORGE B. CLUETT will be returning to Boston early in July for her second load of supplies, and we should dearly love to have her take north all the essential material, as she can carry it herself direct to St. Mary's River.

After the generosity of the Cluett family, it is to my beloved friend and colleague, Mr. Albert Gould, that we really owe the great economy of being able to send all our supplies north this year in our own vessel. A busy lawyer, he has made opportunity several times to visit our Coast. As a volunteer he has accompanied me on the hospital steamer from end to end of the Labrador. He is a graduate of Bowdoin where our friend, Commander Donald MacMillan, studied. Mr. Gould captained the MARAVAL to Labrador last summer.

NEWS OF WOPS

This reminds me of the happy event of the marriage, shortly to be, of one of last year's crew of the MARAVAL, Nelson Rockeller. It appears I am to be practically the only member of that select body who cannot be present at the wedding. Gifted beyond most mortals physically, mentally and materially, his potential for service is unusually great, and all who served with him love him and wish him all the achievement that life offers to a man entrusted with so many talents. He and his brothers are just such witnesses to the reality of Christian faith as puzzle the super-philosophers and apologize for our form of civilization.
Donald Smith, our engineer, whom also all hands love for his personality and talents, has also taken to himself a partner for life. What cannot an engineer, a man of faith, and a Donald Smith at that, accomplish? For him also we gladly throw our hats in the air. To Douglas Krumhhaar and Catherine Cole and to Samuel Browne and Florence Reynolds, all truly beloved and honored by those who worked with them, we tender our congratulations, sincerely praying for their happiness in their increased opportunities.

A DOCTOR OF THE OLD SCHOOL

Among other interesting occasions since last I wrote was a lecture at the College of Surgeons of Philadelphia where we had the honor of meeting many friends. As the guest of Dr. Cheston we had the experience of being close to a real doctor of the old school, and some unusually interesting hours I spent listening to his philosophy of life, the deductions of half a century of experiences. That is the philosophy that one cannot help absorbing. No greater honor has been paid in literature to the profession of healing than Ian Maclaren’s “Doctor of the Old School” (Dr. William Maclure), of whom Dr. Cheston seemed to be an up-to-date reproduction. All Chestnut Hill knew him well; it had grown up with him. Since our visit the good doctor has “put out to sea,” and we know well there was “no moaning of the bar” when he embarked. Death! Death has neither sting nor victory in the philosophy of a life like his.

THE GOSPEL OF WHAT WE ARE

While at home in England last winter we visited an old international athlete, a medico of my own year. “By the way,” he said, “an American girl, friend of yours, was my guest last fall. She was playing a second time on the All-American Hockey Team, and is the only girl who ever got a goal against England. She worked with you in Labrador. Her name was Charlotte Cheston from the City of Brotherly Love.” To do unselfish things, and to do well whatever we do, is what Christ calls for. That seems to us the right legend for the escutcheon of every real “Greatheart.” With due deference to theology and to “materiology” alike, the Master we try to follow assures us that that is the standard by which we shall stand or fall at the last great tribunal.

“CROSSING THE BAR”

Among the increasing number of gaps in the old brigade, that left by the former editor of this magazine, Miss Emma Demarest, will be learned with regret by many readers of Among the Deep-Sea Fishers. Especially fitted for the work by her experience with the Century Magazine of New York, she for many years prepared for the press the pages of this publication which means so much to so many people of the North. A wise and loving soul, through so many difficulties she fought so brave a fight that all who knew her admired her. It is always the same story. The meaning of our stay is that there are things that we alone can do, and that he doeth them doeth God and man alike love and honor. Requiescat in pace, dear old colleague. It was always a pleasure to work with you. Where shall our paths cross next? I wonder!

THE GOSPEL OF WORK FOR ALL

It is often said that nothing succeeds like success. There is much truth in that. Of all the things necessary to be a good Christian, the first is courage. And “each victory,” as the old hymn says, “helps you fresh battles to win.” Success is also from every standpoint the best argument with the critic. Yet, odd as it seems, like all human philosophy, success too has qualifying circumstances. Our Industrial Committee met last winter—Miss Margaret Peirce, Miss Emily Fowler, Lady Grenfell, Miss Charlotte Cheston, Mr. Louis Wheelock, and Mr. Herbert Edwards, with Mrs. Charles Curtis, Miss Pressley-Smith and Miss Janet Stewart at the other end—and through the very success which they have achieved in the past came “head-on” up against a difficulty, and one that certainly had not been expected.

When Miss Jessie Luther, and subsequently Lady Grenfell, first began in an effort to develop Labrador industries, and when Mr. George Williams, so long the best beloved of the visitors to our Coast, lent his invaluable aid first as promoter and then as chief customer, all our critics said, “It will never amount to anything. It is only another ‘Sister Susie Sewing Socks for Soldiers.’ ”

AN UNCHARTED SNAG

An annual sale of work netting five hundred dollars was then regarded as a triumph; and the financing, as all overhead expenses were freely contributed, was like “falling off a log.” Last year, through the production of the finest hooked mats ever made, of beautiful pattern weaving, of ivory carving, toys, basketwork and curios, the output, which
measures the value of this message to the Coast, rose to sixty thousand dollars. Already one thousand people are being helped by the industrial work, and production could on the general fund for a financial advance in order to continue its work. Truly, the Industrial Department was helped by the gift from the International Grenfell Association of the

be doubled. Stores had to be hired; a catalogue had to be printed; and overhead expenses generally increased. As the Industrial Department never had any capital at all of its own, in the spring of each year it had to rely

penses generally increased. As the Industrial Department never had any capital at all of its own, in the spring of each year it had to rely

pairs. Some properties such as looms from various countries, including India and China (where the most efficient looms are made),
have also been acquired. Further, clothing paid out by the Industrial Department in return for work has, of course, been donated by the International Grenfell Association. Now silk stockings that have "begun to run" are arriving in great quantities and are materially helping to lessen the expenses in the spring. (Please give your abandoned silk and rayon the right course for Labrador.)

WANTED: A CAPITAL FUND

Our directors came to the conclusion that they could no longer continue to increase their advances without risk to other essential activities. At a full meeting in New York City it was decided to invite Miss Fowler to go down to the Coast and make a survey of the whole matter, of course at her own expense, as she has done so often before. So Miss Fowler has already sailed north for that purpose. The years have demonstrated the value and the feasibility of permanence of such a bureau of labor. But every one realized that the committee must have a capital of its own to relieve the general funds and enable it to carry on, as must every other similar enterprise, and with characteristic Labrador energy they at once set out to get it.

"VIA CRUCIS" IS EVER "VIA CRUCIS"

"Are you descending to being a professional beggar?" I am asking myself today. "Or is an 'understanding heart' right in seeing in every new challenge to sacrifice in order to help others only a new honor for all concerned — an honor that a 'knight of the round earth' may see and rejoice in as did the Knights of the Round Table when for spiritual reward only they donned their armor and went forth to actual personal physical danger?" A cross is the sign of the knights Christ intended us all to be.

THE QUEST

Two of Lady Grenfell's personal friends have sent each five thousand dollars "in memo-
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

privileged fellow travelers of the North. There is need for ten more such investors! Would I were a Peter the Hermit for this crusade! NORTHWARD HO!

Owing to the generosity of many helpers, engines have been installed in the supply schooner, the George B. Cluett. She will use crude oil, and is being loaded in Boston. Twenty-three people expect to sail north in her on her first trip, eight of these being students from the North who have graduated from colleges in America and are returning to their own country to work. One of the students is a graduate of the Truro Agricultural College in Canada. Six wops will be on board as volunteer members of the crew, and the ship will carry north the engineer for the Maraval. The engines gave the boat eight knots an hour on her trial trip, and we have secured, second hand, an almost new square sail for running before the big seas. Last year, while entering the Strait of Belle Isle from the west before a strong breeze, the big fore and aft mainsail jibed over and smashed both gaff and boom. That Captain Iversen, a Canadian with Norse viking heredity, is again in charge is a guarantee that the Cluett will be efficiently handled. As she has already navigated our whole Coast without power, there is every probability that she will do twice the work this year.

THERE IS NO DEATH

Mr. George Cluett has passed beyond the bourne of time and space, but his spirit of love for our seafaring people is carrying on through the generosity of his children, and, please God, will do so when we too have crossed the last bar.

CO-OPERATION

To those who are interested in economics, and especially as the future of the world must depend increasingly on co-operation, I thought it would be interesting to learn of the success of our chief co-operative distributing store. I need not remind them that none of us have ever made a penny out of it ourselves; but we have been responsible for it as far as personal help could go. Nor has the store anything to do with the Mission funds in any way. This little store at St. Anthony has just sent me its annual report; and the cash takings, which amounted to forty-two thousand dollars for the year, show how greatly the effort is being appreciated in an ever widening circle of people. This year the young man in charge is taking a year off and going to Manchester, England, to study wholesale co-operation and buying, and the store is partly financing his trip.

CHARACTER BUILDING

The moulding of character, which has been Lady Grenfell’s special department during the past twenty years, has returned to the Coast many invaluable workers, among them this boy, Mr. Israel Pomeroy, a young man of great promise. His place while he is in Eng-

THE CO-OPERATIVE STORE, ST. ANTHONY

fortune
land will be taken by another one of Lady Grenfell's students, Horace MacNeill. Others whose work testifies to this splendid enterprise of Lady Grenfell's are our chief mechanic, Mr. Edgar MacNeill, our electrician, Mr. Wilfred Mesher, the head of the inn and seal factory, Mr. John Newell, the head of the agricultural activities, Mr. Jim Tucker, through a school on a scholarship; but it all comes back as interest on the best investment that could be made with any money in character and in potential for service. The annual gift from the Carnegie Corporation for helping this work was withdrawn owing to a change in their policy, and Lady Grenfell is being obliged to resign from the work. For the past two years her fund received nothing from the Corporation, and only with the generosity of a friend of hers, to whom she appealed personally, was she enabled to keep

our plumbers, a large number of our teachers and nurses and some in other vocations. It seems a big outlay to spend, say, five hundred dollars on a boy to help him to work his way
the students then in this country at their various schools to finish their courses. The results of this work will be felt from year to year and possibly from one generation to the next, for the new ideals of these trained young people will lead them to do their best to provide similar benefits for their families. The work done can never be lost.

MY DEBT TO VOLUNTEER SECRETARIES

I want to remember here the work that has been done by various volunteer secretaries and especially by Miss Eleanor Cushman. She has not only traveled with us everywhere and given us her expert service, but also last fall delivered over thirty lectures for the Mission. There is no one better qualified than she is to give the intimate details of our hopes and fears, our successes and failures, and our needs. It is not an easy thing for a young girl to stand up before her fellow townsman or before an audience in her old school or college (I know how difficult I found it); but there is no joy like achievement. She would not allow me to say what debts I owe her if she could prevent it. It is people who make things go. There are many such to whom I am most devoutly grateful and to whom this work and the people of Labrador owe debts that only God will ever know of.

Philadelphia has more than lived up to its name in the amount of help it has given us. The time and devotion which Miss Margaret Peirce has shown in studying our problems, both theoretically and practically, and the wonderful unselfish service she has given put her on a pedestal in our Hall of Fame.

We are delighted to welcome back Miss Pressley-Smith, and to know that she and Miss Janet Stewart, two of our most capable workers, will both be in the Industrial Department for the coming year.

It was my pleasure the other day to see Mrs. Gardner whose loss from the New York office we all mourn so deeply. Marriage will rob us of many who have served well; Miss Eleanor Abbott is entering into that state which, as the old parable put it, is an excuse for retiring. We are fortunate in welcoming in her place Miss Sylvia Miller who has been on the Coast and has been inoculated with the Labrador spirit.

Without publicity no work carried on in a country so far away and so seldom visited by the large majority of our subscribers is possible. Year after year we have had the volunteer service, skilled and enthusiastic, of my colleagues on the Coast, Herbert Threlkeld-Edwards and Varick Frissell. They have been my chauffeurs many times as we toured the land together, and I have been the skipper many times as we cruised the Coast together. We have driven over England together, and even salved wrecks off the Labrador in company. Mr. Edwards has, moreover, been one of the leading factors in the industrial work, on which so much depends, having done an enormous amount of detailed and special financial work. We are grateful to him for the splendid lectures he gives using his own slides, as we are grateful to Varick for his marvelous movies.

SMILE, SMILE, SMILE

None of my friends are looking for halos, but all of them wear the smile that does not come off. And I am longing to hand to them not only the machinery of the work but also just as many of the laurels as they will allow me to adorn their brows with.

We all want to express our deep sympathy with our business manager in the troubles he has so recently been through. To the Directors who spend nights in trains and days in stuffy offices in our service, and who, I am sure, spend many nights in worrying over erratic letters of an aging superintendent, I will say nothing. But I never read Kipling without thinking of his famous Diamond Jubilee Recessional and remembering the Directors. For one of the chief things needed to grease the wheels of the world's activities is gratitude, and we have improved on the ten lepers. All of the generous helpers of Labrador will, I am sure, remember the caution which Kipling reiterates so potently,

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget, lest we forget."
LOYALTY stood forth like a sturdy oak in the character of Sarah Emma Demarest. Sometimes her devotion, her attitude toward the work at hand or the comrade she loved, was as strongly marked as the shadow of the oak at high noon. Halfway measures, the bowing and bending to the winds of expediency, were not for her. Truly magnificent in her rooted purpose, like the oak she defied elements of adversity that stormed about her.

It was a nature of such majestic strength which Emma Demarest brought to the Grenfell Association years ago. Peculiarly enough it was a rugged, powerful devotion to something in which her attention and heart had been enlisted. Also, it was in perfect harmony with those to whom Dr. Grenfell ministered upon the Labrador. These fisher folk placed their trust in God and the staunch vessels of oak in which they ventured forth. A divine providence had, in its wisdom, fashioned this woman of the same stuff.

Coming to the Grenfell Association after years of training in the editorial work of The Century Magazine, this pilot whom Dr. Grenfell and his associates took aboard had most peculiarly been fitted for her task. Under the guidance of the great and noble-hearted Richard Watson Gilder she had watched his labors for civic betterment. In some of his splendid efforts toward lifting the children of God, the grooping masses, toward a better understanding of life, to a better, higher plane of living, she had had her part. In this she was being fashioned and fitted for her more glorious task, the task to which she gave her all and which stands forth like a beacon light upon a treacherous coast as the crowning achievement of her life.

Those early years of Emma Demarest with the Grenfell Association represent a period of gallant, heroic achievement. There were times when she appeared to be "captain, crew and midship mite" of the organization. She knew with heart and lip the prayer of faith:

"God is my help in every need; God does my every hunger feed; God walks beside me, guides my way Through every moment of the day."

Gifted with rare understanding, Emma Demarest brought to her labors the capacity to enlist the attention and interest of others upon what was being accomplished so ably upon the Labrador. How many hundreds, nay, thousands of letters she personally wrote inspiring others the writer can only conjecture. Many of them have come under his eyes. It was this direct, personal touch, this establishing of an intimacy not readily secured, that stirred the souls of men and women throughout our broad land. The Grenfell Association and Dr. Grenfell became known in a manner as never before. Then it was that, as a pilot, she brought her craft through many perilous waters little understood or appreciated except by those within the circle of her radiant, energetic personality.

During those early years with the Grenfell Association the writer was frequently brought close to her. Unspiring of herself, she wrought such enthusiasm in others that they gladly followed her lead. Under the magic of her will the annual group of volunteer workers was recruited for the hospitals on the Labrador. Men and women, justly famous in their professions, vied for the privilege of standing shoulder to shoulder with Dr. Grenfell. Others provided the funds that have built the Grenfell Association to its high estate.

The little band about her, those who gradually came to aid directly at the headquarters at 156 Fifth Avenue, New York City, never faltered under her leadership. During those months of early and late spring, just prior to the ship's sailing with coal and supplies, the spirit of Emma Demarest blazed with intensity. Long after the big building had closed its doors and lower Fifth Avenue was dark and deserted it was always possible to tell that this champion of the Labrador was at work pack-
big cases as Emma Demarest and "her girls" packed away the clothing, the household belongings, books, toys and what not. Far, far into the night they often worked. She had the happy faculty of turning these strenuous sessions (and they were all of that) into parties. There was frequently fun and hilarity together with refreshments of coffee and crullers—delicious homemade crullers she had had one of "her girls" bring with her—served at about ten o'clock. Then on to midnight with the sorting and packing, for there could be no delay about the ship's sailing.

Where this dynamic woman ever collected
all the supplies in those early years is something of a mystery. They came like the rabbits a magician lifts from a hat. Then she personally attended to the purchasing of the manifold necessities of the hospitals and such things as really could not be expected to appear among general donations. These things ran the gamut from artificial limbs, shoes and farming implements to medical supplies and Ford tractors. Furthermore this remarkable woman knew how to stretch every dollar to its limit. She exercised rare tact as a financier.

Never was an opportunity overlooked to bring funds to the cause that enlisted her endeavor. There comes to the writer's recollection an instance of this sort. The organist of one of the great Fifth Avenue churches, during a summer's fishing trip on the Labrador, had encountered a severe storm. His boat and companions had received the hospitality of one of the north-flung missions. There he learned at first hand what these outposts meant to the fisher folk. That winter he gathered about him a company of famous musical artists for a concert, the funds to be subscribed to the Grenfell Association.

"What are we to do?" asked Emma Demarest of the writer upon the occasion of a visit. "We've sent forth a lot of notices and letters for this glorious concert. So far the response is not encouraging."

There was a bit of discussion which resulted in her supplying to the metropolitan newspapers a dramatic account of the experiences of the organist. It was a human story of a man's gratitude and his effort to repay those who had succored him in his hour of peril. The press responded by printing her vivid account. Instantly the result was achieved and the concert was a marked financial success. This represents but a flash of her resourcefulness.

Another occasion that dwells in the writer's memory is quite different. The big schooner, freighted with supplies, was ready to sail for St. Anthony. The helper in whom she had relied to check the loading had failed Emma Demarest. As a consequence the captain of the vessel, and properly so, refused to sign the manifest and clearing papers.

There was a tense session in the office of the ship's broker. Emma Demarest had no thought of jeopardizing the precious freight. The bills of lading must be signed so as to protect every interest of the Grenfell missions. Again the character of the woman lifted her above this difficulty. She secured the captain's signature to her listing of the cargo as an acknowledgement that it was aboard his ship. That made the rest comparatively easy. Strangely enough the ship was completely wrecked on the Labrador coast after having discharged its cargo but without any loss to the Association.

Much of the effectiveness this great-hearted woman achieved in her later years came through her intimate knowledge of the work Dr. Grenfell had established. Her war-time visit to the Labrador gave her the tools to work with. She opened new avenues for her leader. Her part in arranging for several of Dr. Grenfell's most important talks and lectures will probably never fully be known. To her the surmounting of apparently impossible difficulties was a sort of game. She played that game for all she knew, usually emerging the winner.

One of the most important, and in many ways most productive parts of her work, was that of editing The Deep Sea Fishers. In this capacity her training with The Century Magazine proved most valuable. Emma Demarest as an editor possessed the knack of getting manuscripts that were human documents. Under her touch every phase of the Grenfell missions became vitalized. The portrayal of life on the Labrador gave to the magazine a distinctiveness that lifted it far above others of its class. Many-sided in her activities, she had a keen sense of the pulse of things, her womanly intuition guiding her ariight.

There came the day after her great spirit had passed on to a more glorious life, a letter from her leader. In this letter Sir Wilfred Grenfell indicates his appreciation of the woman who had served so splendidly. He wrote:

May 31, 1930.

Dear Miss Demarest:

Greetings. I just heard today that you were far from well in body, though I know the same cheery, helpful spirit within is burning as brightly and useful as ever.

Well, well! To think you should be getting ahead of me in the race for the real home of us all. I thought to cross the divide ages ago, and I've known days when, if the dear Lord had been willing, I wouldn't have been sorry. But it looks as if I were to have a few more opportunities to serve my fellow men along this journey, and I am content.

I am so glad that you are in good hands and loving hands skilled to do the best that
God yet has taught us how to do for our brethren in trouble. But, as you know so well, we are all, all the time, in the loving hands of our Father, who makes no mistakes. I know that even physical pain that would mean terror to those who live without knowledge of faith, leaves you with some glad spirit to serve usque ad mortem like the soldiers at the post in Pompeii, or as the very Christ Himself, who was a man with exactly like passions as ourselves.

You gave us great service. Your experience with The Century Magazine came in as very helpful when we needed an editor more than a surgeon. It’s marvelous, as I look back on life, how in this world of law and order God does seem still to be able to direct things so wonderfully for each individual who wants to be in line with His plans for us. Do you remember my gladsome letters when an extra good number of the magazine came out, and I chuckled over the fact, saying, “Well, that will mean more food for orphans, more support for hospitals, more coal for the Strathcona. I do hope the memory of how God permitted you to turn your talents over for His good, will be a comfort to you. For you can take that across the last bourne—a priceless possession. Lady Grenfell and I send you our love. We are off soon once more to Labrador. Yours affectionately,

Wilfred Grenfell.

Emma Demarest, or “Demmy” as she was known to her intimates, moved in a larger sphere than even she possibly guessed or knew. Educated at Mount Holyoke College, never tired of serving it. Active in its alumni, she was ever enlarging its influence. Alert to the welfare of those she loved to the last, she closed her vigorous career in the little home at Stratford, Connecticut, to which she had retired more than a year ago. Her brave spirit kept the torch burning on the Labrador through many trials. That it carries on is a tribute to her memory.

RESOLUTIONS

In the death of S. Emma Demarest on June 1, 1930, the Grenfell Association of America lost a most loyal supporter and a staunch friend. Soon after the opening of the Association’s office in this city the directors wisely selected Miss Demarest as its active head. Her devotion to duty was of a sort seldom seen, and it was accompanied by an entire disregard of self. For many years she presided over the destinies of that office. New contacts were rapidly formed, new friends of Dr. Grenfell’s work increased, and contributions mounted up. It was she who built the firm foundations upon which we now rest. Our magazine, Among the Deep-Sea Fishers, not long after its inception came under her guidance, a post which ill health alone forced her to relinquish. As editor-in-chief she saw it grow and flourish, she saw the quality of its reading matter improve and its circulation increase.

It would be impossible to enumerate one by one the many debts which our Association owes to Miss Demarest. She worked for the joy of doing and her closing days could well have been filled with that peace of mind which can only come from a task well done. We, her co-workers in what was one of the main interests of her life, wish to record in a fitting manner our sadness at her departure and the loss felt by the Association which we represent. Therefore be it

RESOLVED, that in recognition of Miss Demarest’s services as office secretary and editor of Among the Deep-Sea Fishers this memorial be spread upon our minutes and

BE IT FURTHER RESOLVED, that a copy duly signed be forwarded to the members of Miss Demarest’s immediate family.

RESOLVED, that the Board of the International Grenfell Association wish to place on record their appreciation of the many years of faithful service rendered to the work of the Grenfell Mission by the late Miss S. Emma Demarest and wish to associate themselves with expression of regret already placed on record by the Grenfell Association of America, and that a copy of this resolution be sent to Miss Demarest’s family.
The “Cluett” Again

Albert T. Gould

The Cluett’s history so far this year has been like a Roman triumph. After the tedious but necessary details of installing the new engines and making other improvements, she emerged like a butterfly from its chrysalis, and, with colors flying, came up to Boston from Gloucester in record time. The vessels in the harbor welcomed her to Boston with a din of whistles and a clanging of bells as she steamed up to her berth at Battery Wharf during the first week in June. Friendly hands made her fast to the wharf which was piled high with waiting cargo. A century and a half ago a British battery was located here in a vain effort to keep the rebellious colonists in fear of the power of the Crown. On the eve of the Battle of Bunker Hill, British troops embarked from this battery to storm the neighboring hill. It seems altogether fitting that the people of Boston should show their good will towards a British subject by giving his schooner free wharfage and help in many forms, as they did, at the very spot from which British cannon once directed their fire against American revolutionists. It is but another token of how much Sir Wilfred has done to bring the two flags closer together.

Barrels of flour, cases of provisions, stationary engines, drums of paint and fuel oil, bricks, iron, building and other material of all sorts, were soon stowed in the Cluett’s capacious hold or on deck. To top it all came coops filled with cackling hens and crowing roosters and two dozen timid but enormous rabbits, until the ship began to look like Noah’s Ark. Hurrying from college and school commencements to catch the schooner before she sailed, the volunteer crew from Haverford and other institutions of learning came dashing up in taxis. One or two of the crew felt the nautical urge so strongly that they immediately proceeded to have symbols of their new calling tattooed on their arms by the Hindu artist of Scollay Square. Six boys from St. Anthony and one from Port Saunders, returning home from the schools and colleges where they have been educated as a result of Lady Grenfell’s devoted efforts, also joined the ranks. The Cluett seemed to have an almost unlimited capacity for absorbing cargo, crew and passengers. When she sailed she carried twenty-four persons, besides her cargo and live stock.

Finally all was ready for sea, and on June 10th, after a testimonial luncheon to Sir Wilfred by the Maritime Association of the Boston Chamber of Commerce, at which the Mayor of Boston presented to Sir Wilfred a silver loving cup “in recognition of his noble, self-sacrificing service to humanity in North Newfoundland and Labrador,” the Cluett, with Sir Wilfred on board, sailed from old T Wharf, cheered by several hundred friends who had gathered to wish her and her ship’s company Godspeed. Again all the vessels shrieked their greetings to her as she steamed down the harbor and out into a bank of fog that was rolling in from the sea. It was a heartfelt and spontaneous tribute to one whose name has become a synonym for good works and whose personality has endeared him to all.

Finn’s Ledge buoy at the entrance to Boston harbor was the last visible outer mark. All else was lost in dense fog. Yet the good schooner moved on under engine power, hour after hour, against a head wind and rising sea. The Cluett’s air whistle must have pierced the fog for a mile around, for it nearly pierced our ears. Still, it was a necessary annoyance, for, during the first night out, a steamer passed close to us. We could hear her gruff whistle growing louder and louder as she closed in on us, and then she must have made out our whistle, for she broadened her bearing and drew away from us until her whistle grew fainter and then died away altogether. The boys forward on lookout never relaxed their vigilance during the fog.

After forty-three hours of fog, and when we were well past Cape Sable, we ran into a fine, clear afternoon with shining sun and fair wind. All sail was set, including the big squaresail on the fore yard. Soon we were
howling along at a ten-knot clip for Lunenburg with the Nova Scotia coast in plain sight. By nightfall we were well up to Lunenburg, the home of Captain Iversen, the capable and likeable skipper of the Cluett. At Lunenburg the Cluett was welcomed with the same enthusiasm that was shown her at Boston. The Mayor came down to greet
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

ON THE DECK OF THE "CLUETT" IN BOSTON HARBOR

THE HEIFER PASSENGER ON THE "CLUETT"
Sir Wilfred and his fellow voyagers. The following day the whole town was decorated with flags and bunting in Sir Wilfred's honor. Preceded by a brass band composed of ex-service men and escorted with due ceremony by the Mayor to the town band-stand in the public square, Sir Wilfred was presented to the people of Lunenburg. His simple but eloquent talk to these hardy, seafaring folk met with ready response; for they have learned, through long experience, all the joys and all the sorrows that come from reaping a harvest from the sea. Some of those present that day had once been cared for in the Mission hospitals. After the exercises they came up to thank Sir Wilfred for the help he had given them in times past. It was a scene not to be forgotten.

With her cabin filled with flowers and delicacies brought aboard by loving hands, the CLUETT sailed out of Lunenburg in the deepening twilight and squared away for Newfoundland. Her long black hull soon disappeared around the point and the boats that had accompanied her down the harbor reluctantly returned.

The next we heard of the CLUETT was a cabled message from St. Anthony that she had safely arrived after a remarkably quick passage of six days at sea from Boston. She has even exceeded our expectations and has proved that with her new engines and in command of her efficient skipper she can be counted on to carry the Mission's supplies quickly and safely.

Seventeen days from the date of her departure from Boston the CLUETT was back again for a second cargo. Her actual time at sea was only eleven days for the round trip. As the distance travelled was about 2000 miles, this is a splendid accomplishment.

Once more the dock was a scene of bustle and activity. The volunteer crew were alternately black with coal dust and red with brick dust as they trimmed fifty tons of coal and stowed 25,000 bricks in the hold. Then followed hundreds of cases of provisions and other supplies, all of which the boys, under the captain's and mate's direction, carefully stowed and tallied. They worked with an enthusiasm born of a love of the work. Although the sun was hot and the temperature in the nineties, there was never a sign of grumbling. Even the cook, toiling in the steaming galley, took the heat good-naturedly. Occasionally he came up for a breath of fresh air, remarking that the heat "made him sweat like a tiger." At night the boys slept on deck under a tarpaulin stretched over the fore boom. They needed no lullabies sung to them to get them to sleep.

July 8th saw the last of the cargo on board and the ship again cleared at the Custom House for St. Anthony; but not before two prize pigs and a blooded Holstein heifer had been escorted down the gangplank and made comfortable on deck for the long trip to their new home in North Newfoundland. They were gifts from friends interested in Dr. Curtis' farm in St. Anthony.

All of the original crew signed on for the second voyage. They were all keen to go again. Wilfred, Jr. and Pascoe Grenfell and young John Little also joined for the trip and helped load the cargo. With everything ready for sea, the CLUETT sailed from Battery Wharf on the afternoon of July 8th with clear weather and a fair wind. May all go well with her and those on board of her.

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The Log of a Winter Cruise

Harry L. Paddon, M.D.

SATURDAY, February 8th—Left North-west River on a trip southward to Cartwright, where I hoped to connect with Dr. Moret, thence northward to Mokkovik, the southernmost of the Moravian Mission stations, thence back to the starting point. Approximate distance to be covered, 750 miles. The crew consisted of my tried teamster and comrade, James Pottle, with whom I have done five previous winters' travel. The motor
power consisted of ten Husky dogs. Bright weather, moderate frost and a fair wind, but going poor except where there was a beaten trail. However we had not a very arduous day's run in prospect.

The first stop was at Sabacache, thirteen miles out, this distance having been covered in two hours and fifty minutes. Here is a little hamlet of three households. We pulled up at the skipper's house. Our arrival was opportune for one patient at least who was found with a hemorrhagic condition which required prompt advice and treatment. At the skipper's house there were inquiries about the juvenile members of the family at Yale School. An hour and a half was spent in conversation, refreshment and the little bit of medical work. Then we left for Mulligans' River, some ten or eleven miles on. Going was worse, and we took another three hours covering this small distance. Across a portage overland I had to walk ahead of the dogs.

At Mulligans' River there is a settlement of five families. Here is Uncle Tom Blake, aged eighty-eight, who cut seventy-five "turns" of firewood on his seventy-fifth birthday, and soon afterwards married his fourth wife. Poor old Uncle Tom has "been outside" and used to be a great reader and take a live interest in outside events. Now he is almost stone-deaf, and his sight has failed so that he can no longer read. Here, too, is a family from which one of our native "apostles" has materialized, an industrial worker, graduate of a good school of occupational therapy in Philadelphia. Yet a third family is well represented at Yale School, so there is lots to talk about. Our hostess is expecting us, and has an abundant and savory repast of local game awaiting us, which makes a very practical welcome after a day on the komatik route.

Sunday, February 9th.

A gale of wind with high drift. In Labrador it is often a case of "the Sabbath was made for man"; and there is little "pure religion and undefiled" in starving dogs where feed is scarce or where to take it would unduly tax the resources of kindly but impoverished hosts, or in keeping a sick case waiting by sitting still and holding up pious hands to heaven. To-day, however, there is ample justification for rest, good fellowship and united worship. Excepting for a six-mile round trip to a neighboring hamlet in the afternoon, taken in order to lighten tomorrow's program, we keep to harbor.

Monday, February 10th.

The next house, not counting the hamlet visited on Sunday, is forty-three miles away. By going straight out across the large bight, in which Mulligans' and Pearl River settlements are situated, we escape all the worst going on the lee shore. Hence the strategic Sabbath Day's journey, without which we should hardly have made port on Monday evening. There are no calls to pay. We fill the "unbreakable" thermos bottle (and it needs to live up to its maker's claim), which will save half an hour at the midday halt, all too often spent in thawing sufficient snow to boil the kettle.

The first ten miles across the bight are poor to moderate going. As we emerge on the main run of the bay the going improves markedly and the dogs show their appreciation by spontaneous bursts of speed. We cover over twenty miles in four and a half hours and stop at a "tilt" for dinner. (A tilt is a small hunters' hut where a stove is usually kept.)

As the afternoon comes on, light snow falls and the wind veers to the northeast. But we cover the remaining distance in another three and a half hours, averaging about five and a half miles per hour throughout the run. There are two families at Valley's Bight, a very isolated hamlet, and for that very reason an almost inevitable hostelry for travelers of the Inlet. Endless is its record of hospitality. On the occasion of the writer's last visit there no fewer than four passing teams were harboring for the night.

Less than twelve months previously a three-year-old girl of the leading family here had been terribly scalded. Her father set out with her on the sixty-mile journey to the Northwest River cottage hospital, which took two days, owing to poor weather. Despite the terrible shock and the delay in treatment, Nurse Austen was able to bring little Ethel safely through, and she was restored to her parents some months later.

Tuesday, February 11th.

Off again in thick but calm weather. First, an eighteen-mile oblique crossing of the Inlet—a bad place to be caught in by a storm of wind, with three inches of light, powdery snow on the ground. One would hardly be able to see a compass to steer by. We had just got across when the wind came; but we now had a shore line to follow. Twenty-three miles out from Valley's Bight we called at a very lonely shack in Pease Cove. Here,
a few winters back, I had had to do a small surgical operation under chloroform on a ten-year-old girl, using the family dining table for this unusual purpose.

On this occasion I was to get a novel suggestion for the treatment of infantile dyspepsia. My wife had sent us off with a bag of very succulent little mince pies of which a few still remained. As some were pounded to fragments by the constant friction, I put a quantity of debris on a plate for the benefit of the rising generation. They fell to with a will. A minute later the mother remarked that one of her children had been ailing for two days, vomiting everything she took. I looked towards the sleeping cubicle, but the mother pointed to one of the partakers of the mince pies! I was rather aghast, but the child seemed to be having the time of her life. If nature revolted, it would not trouble her for long; while if mind triumphed over matter, so much the better. (The sequel may as well be stated here. On my return journey some two weeks later, inquiry drew a cordial testimonial from the little patient for the most effective medical treatment she had ever experienced.)

On again for a further twenty-five miles in rather rough weather with high drift. But we could see the loom of the land all the time, which is always a relief and sometimes a luxury. Ere dark we ran into Back Bay settlement consisting of two households. Our host, Joe, in answer to a query about the dogs' feed, stated that he would have had an unusually good supply this year; but while he was away salmon-fishing at his summer place, a black bear had broken into his store and eaten six barrels of seal meat and two more of fat. However, he produced a good supper for our faithful team.

The next day's progress was good for February.

Wednesday, February 12th.

After the strenuous days referred to, we took an easy ambling gait over to Flatwater, twelve miles away, in the forenoon, and on to Cat Trap Brook, another ten or eleven miles, after dinner, letting the dogs choose their own pace.

Our host at Flatwater, named Israel, tells an amusing story against himself. Barbers are none too plentiful there, and tonsure is irregular. In the half-light of approaching dawn, as Israel stole out from the camp which he shared with others to rekindle the dying fire, a hungry horned owl mistook his shock head for a plump spruce partridge and swooped. Israel was half scalped and rather panic-stricken by so diabolic a visitation. The disappointed marauder flopped into the embers, which he scattered to the four winds of heaven, before leaving abruptly to seek more palatable diet. Which mention of diet calls for a hearty appreciation of the freshly caught smelts with which Israel's better half regaled us. All winter long, when the weather is not too severe, the denizens of Flatwater Brook get trout and smelts through the ice.

Two families live at Cat Trap Brook, one consisting of a lone bachelor. In his absence we camped in his house, as the other was well filled. My mind went back sixteen years to a time when our absent host spent fifteen months with us recovering from the early stages of pulmonary tuberculosis. Result, fifteen years of normal, active life. Thank God, some victims of the "white plague" are reclaimed.

Thursday, February 13th.

Usually I try to give the dogs one day's rest for about four days of travel; but with Cartwright only forty miles away we preferred to push on. To-day we had to negotiate "the strand shore," a thirty-mile stretch of ice-covered rocks, low but steep cliffs, the seepage from the clay of which was continually overflowing the snow, even in winter, and making inclined planes of slippery, watery ice. It is usually about the least attractive day's work on the whole trip both for dogs and men. To-day it was extra bad; and, while we have often covered the full distance to Cartwright in a winter day, by the time we reached North River, nine miles from our destination, dogs and men had had enough. There are no calls to pay on the "strand." There is a hunter's tilt where we had proposed to break our run and dine. But on reaching the spot where it stands only the top of the stovepipe showed above the deep drift snow. It was not worth while to dig our way in, so we made a fire in the woods hard by.

At North River our host occupies the only house on the north shore; there are two others on the south bank. At the north-shore house a woman, who had seen her entire family wiped out by "Spanish flu" in the great epidemic of 1918, was besieged for nine days by a pack of untended and ravenous Husky dogs before relief came.
Well I remember a night’s battle for the life of a woman in childbirth in one of the two south-shore houses—the thirty-mile night journey of the husband for facilities which were not forthcoming, while convulsion followed convulsion; the final desperate improvising, all orthodoxy being flung to the winds; and a normal recovery where one might have expected most of the complications known to science. The two natives, who shared the vigil and participated in the desperate expedients, are not likely to forget the experience. Truly almost every house on this far-flung trail has its historical associations for the itinerant medical missionary. On this occasion all was quiet on the North River front.

Friday, February 14th.

A short detour to Indian Harbor (not the writer’s summer hospital station, but a Sandwich Bay cousin of the same name) where lives a single family. The detour was due to the report of a badly frozen foot of the householder. However on arrival I learned that the undaunted victim was out hauling firewood with his team. His wife, well on in middle age, had gone to help him manage the dogs, as he was still crippled. Leaving the necessary equipment for treatment, we set off again and met and spoke to the cheery couple, checking up on the information we had received at the house and issuing instructions; not that they needed them much, being an intelligent resourceful pair, well able to look after themselves in any ordinary contingency. And so into Cartwright in unseasonably mild weather which actually produced two hours of rain that evening.

Here the hospitality of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s agent afforded a welcome relaxation after a week of travel in which approximately 175 miles had been covered—a good average for mid-February.

Much to my disappointment Dr. Moret was not to be seen, and the operator of the Greedy Marconi station, which is being kept open this year for the first winter service in its history, reported very bad weather to the south, with the poorest conditions for dog feed owing to the failure of the autumn seal fishery. My colleague had not yet left Battle Harbor, where is another wireless station.

There was some medical work to be done in a settlement of about a dozen families. Saturday brought vile weather, a violent snowstorm and a gale. On Sunday I ran over to Muddy Bay, the tragic scene of the recent burning of our school, to see Charles and Mrs. Bird, with whom I dined. We all returned together for service in the Episcopal church at 3 p.m. In the absence of the Reverend Sydney Lawton, who was on furlough, two of the Hudson’s Bay Company’s clerks were acting as lay readers Sunday by Sunday, much to their credit. They asked me to help out with an address.

Monday again was very rough and quite unfit for travel.

Tuesday, February 18th.

Off betimes. We called early at North River, had a worse time than before on the “strand,” turning turtle twice with our load on inclined planes of ice. We could not get beyond Cat Trap Brook though we had hoped to make Flatwater.

Wednesday, February 19th.

Off before dawn. By the time we reached Flatwater there was bright sunshine but with a strong wind and considerable drift. Here we regained one of our dogs which we had had to leave behind at Back Bay on the way south because he had been crippled in a fight. He was all ready for the fray once again. Here we diverged from our outward route, which had led down Back Bay, and struck off northwest to the south shore of the Inlet outside of Rigolet. Fifteen miles from Flatwater we stopped at a lone house in the absence of the entire family, made a fire and broke our fast. The owner, having to go a hundred-mile round trip for supplies, had parked his family with neighbors during his absence. On again for nine miles more to Turner’s Bight where live two families.

This brought back another poignant memory, of a two-year-old child almost expiring as I entered the house, while the family mourned the loss of a newly born member and the mother raved in puerperal insanity. The two children were not alive, but the mother was very much so and had increased her family since my last visit.

We had hoped to make another six-mile stage to bring us within a long day’s run of Rigolet, but men and dogs were tired and so we stayed.

Thursday, February 20th.

Left Turner’s Bight before dawn. Reached John’s Point, two families, in an hour and a half of poor going, a distance of six miles. Thence we had to take to the “ballicater”
(not a swear word, but a corruption of "bar­ricades," indicating ice-covered shore rocks). A few miles on and we were within a mile and a half of Rigolet; but a rapid tidal run full of ice intervened, and we had to go some thirty-five miles to get there. The road lay across a rather mountainous peninsula with a precipitous descent to the upper waters of Back Bay, which we crossed obliquely taking the south shore to Pease Cove again.

**Friday, February 21st.**

A rough crossing of the bay to Carra Walla Cove. Thence, by more ballicaters, for twelve or thirteen miles to Rigolet with a couple of calls on the way.

One historic association with John's Point might well have been recalled in yesterday's record. Two years ago two boys, against their fathers' orders, ventured out on "young" ice to fish. The ice field separated, and they went adrift. The men were away with the only seaworthy boat. One mother and two girls, one of the latter a graduate of the Muddy Bay School, put out to the rescue in a crazy, leaky little craft which had not been launched for years. In their haste they did not even examine their bailer, a butter tub of uncertain age. They reached the boys; but the extra weight plunged more open seams beneath the surface, and the disintegration of the bailer spelled the doom of the entire party of five. More unsung heroes!

And so into Rigolet to accept once more the hospitality of the Hudson's Bay Company's agent, Mr. Bernard Clench. Our second week out from home had yielded but 120 miles of progress.

**Saturday, February 22d.**

Fine; but a gale of wind with much drift. However, as dog feed was scarce at Rigolet and as we knew it to be plentiful at Ticoralac about twelve to fifteen miles on, we decided to leave.

Two or three miles out we came across a party cutting ice for the coming summer's chilled-salmon fishery, an important development which means more money and less labor for the former producers of salted salmon. Crossing the mouth of Double Mer, a fifty-mile blind alley of the Inlet, where we got the worst of the wind and the drift, we took to the ballicaters once more. In places they consisted of inclined, slippery planes sloping seawards, and we had some trouble to avoid a plunge into the bay, load and all. We reached Ticoralac without mishap, however. Here we were glad to stay for Sunday, fine day as it was. There are four families, so that we were able to get quite a little rally for service. One poor old patriarch is a pathetic paralyzed wreck of a man, and his household are having a hard struggle. At the house where I stayed my host for many years had been a certain Jerry, one of the kindest of men. Alas, two summers back Sir Wilfred and I had attempted an eleventh-hour operative cure of a moribund case of gastric ulcer. Poor Jerry was no one's enemy but his own; he would not come to a hospital so long as he could keep away. But there was the same kindly welcome from his widow and adopted son; and, when the fine Sunday gave way to a raging Monday and a stormy Tuesday morning, we could only be thankful for so secure a haven in a land of plenty for the team. The next-door neighbor also helped out generously with dog feed.

**Tuesday, February 25th.**

A very stormy morning, and some bad terrain ahead. In the afternoon we ran for it, fifteen miles to Rocky Cove, quite expecting to have to steer by compass. But we got in just ahead of another bad storm, and here we stayed for a full two days more amid simply impossible weather. Four days of our third week had yielded thirty miles, and the next two were to yield none. There are three families in Rocky Cove. Here again the progenitor, another octogenarian, had crossed the divide a year or two back. I recalled my first meeting with him eighteen years ago, when I routed him out of bed at 5 a.m., having already been on the road for three hours with my party. It was late April, the very end of the month. We were bound out to Indian Harbor to extend the hospital accommodations before open water. None of us knew the nine-mile portage that led from his house to the next ice. The going was breaking up badly with the prolonged thaw. He wanted to wait for frost, but we had already waited two weeks for that while wading ahead as best we could. Finally he stipulated that he would come as far as his team could haul him—that as soon as they brought up he would turn back. Registering a mental vow that his komatik would not come to rest if man power could help out the dogs, I accepted, and we got across the portage. His tonnage was considerable and he was an old man then, so I quite got his viewpoint. His descendants certainly did all possible to make
us welcome and to keep our dogs in good order.

Friday, February 28th.

The day I had hoped to reach Mokkovik, still a hundred miles distant. Leaving early with going considerably improved by heavy winds we reached Bluff Head, one family, in two and a half hours. Here is a most alert household, the boys being wonderful gunmen who often shoot a fox on the run with a rifle instead of waiting for him to trap himself. The father died of tuberculosis the second year that I was on the Coast. The eldest son followed his example a few years later. The widow and three surviving children seemed for years to be barely holding their own; but the splendid outdoor life led by the woman and her two sons—she is a most dauntless traveler and sailor—had effect in time, and the girl has been in our service for many years. It is an inspiration to know people like this.

On for six miles to Rattler's Bight. More tragedy! A poor old paralyzed widow has been taken in by a family on whom she has no claim, simply because they are humble adherents to the Golden Rule of Life. Her own daughter has been so hard hit by consumption that I had to forbid her attempting to handle her paralyzed mother during the winter, as I was sure the strain would kill her. If the husband stayed at home to tend her, they must starve or all come on Government relief. True, a small dole was granted for the partial nutrition of the invalid; but that was little in comparison with the demands she made on the time, temper and resourcefulness of her hosts. "Inasmuch . . ."

On again across "the barren lands," a peninsula of ill fame among komatik travelers. When storms sweep over this area, not even the habitués can often find their way. In one gulch a single stunted juniper is the only landmark; in another, a rock of peculiar shape, if it has not been covered by drifts and if one happens to find it. This afternoon in the fine weather and sunshine it is as innocent-looking a region as could be found anywhere. We make our port for the night in good time, a lone shack with an Eskimo housewife.

Again memory stirs. A small boy playing with a gun in the skipper's absence. A report, and a woman falls shot through the thigh. No other house within miles. The boy is too scared to obey her, though she keeps her senses. With wonderful coolness she compresses the limb to check haemorrhage; but she cannot move to improvise a bandage, and her strength is failing. Just as all seems hopeless a solitary traveler turns up and proves equal to the occasion. He checks the bleeding. On the skipper's return there is a rushed trip to Mokkovik, some sixty miles away, to the Moravian Mission. The Reverend Lenz leaves in a violent storm, and the sixty miles is covered again. He renders first aid and a bit more; and, when the doctor arrives, who had called at this house when northward bound only a few days before the accident, there is little to do but clean up the wound more thoroughly (the sepsis is already losing its virulence) and give directions for the future. When she calls at the hospital at Indian Harbor next summer, it is not as a patient but to barter baskets for clothing.

Saturday March 1st.

The first call is eight miles ahead where lives the consumptive daughter of the old paralytic widow referred to above. She is holding her own well, relieved of the duties of nurse for which she is so little fitted.

On again to Bob's Brook, another eight miles, where there are two households. Here is a woman, still young, on whom Dr. Moret and I performed an operation for pelvic tuberculosis, one of the most difficult operations in all my time at Indian Harbor. We had to leave so much mischief behind that we doubted sorely of the outcome; but here she is, with thirty beautiful baskets of native grasses exhibited on her table and in the hope of increasing the tally to forty before Sir Wilfred appears to receive an account of the husband's stewardship. They were badly down and out, but now they are rehabilitating themselves. The husband has a fine silver fox, so the whole atmosphere is optimistic. Here we dine.

Nine miles on again, to find an elderly woman, incurably blind, sitting knitting by the hearth, with wonderful coolness; it's playing a bad hand well."

Off for the final stage of the day's run. Another nine-mile leg, and Tissiuajuiliuk is reached. Here are four families. The first house entered reveals another victim of consumption; and one fears greatly for the rest of the family. Words, words, words! How much will they achieve? The other three homes present happier pictures, though each has its little problems.
Sunday, March 2d.

To-day, if ever, “the Sabbath was made for man.” No good feed obtainable for the dogs; more storms obviously coming. Thirty-three miles away, Mokkovik, separated from us by a young mountain pass that often holds up traffic for some days after a blizzard. We didn’t stop to argue, but ran for it.

On the direct route there was but one call just at the foot of the pass referred to, which goes by the elegant name of Kill-a-Man Neck. There, at Big Bight, are three households, and there we made our midday halt. Our host’s wife had a tumor removed at Indian Harbor a few years back, and the operation had restored her health. His eldest daughter had been yet another consumptive patient, but had had the disease arrested satisfactorily, at least for a time. So an hour was spent in a very friendly atmosphere ere we started up over Kill-a-Man Neck.

Right from the summit a brook descends in cascades to the bay. It is forever seeping into and over the snow. After big storms drifts are formed which make the going safer. When the water gets the upper hand and then freezes into “glare ice,” it’s a brute of a place. Moreover, the chimney-like gulch that leads to the summit collects a choking, blinding drift when the wind is ahead as one ascends.

To-day we had a fair wind with snow already commencing. From the summit we caught a glimpse of the harbor and the Mission station. Then a descent, more or less headlong in places, to another brook; and we raced across the harbor to the settlement.

There are five households at Mokkovik besides the Moravian Mission house and the Company’s post. When I first visited there they said to me, “Doctor, if you will come down here to visit us, you shall never want for dog feed or teams or pilots.” The pledge has ever been faithfully redeemed. Soon I was shaking hands with the Reverend Mr. Lenz, a veteran of almost forty years of devoted service. Monday was spent in renewing acquaintances and seeing a few patients, and Tuesday passed in the same way. There were a goodly number of people in town for one of the Moravian Church festivals.

Wednesday, March 5th.

While Mokkovik was to be the turning point for my team, I was, of course, available for any calls in the neighborhood. Two claimed attention. Six miles to the northward a young housewife had been attacked and badly bitten by Eskimo dogs. Only the courage of an Eskimo girl, and the fact that two-thirds of the attacking team were occupied in fighting the dogs of the house to which the victim belonged, saved her life. Personally, I am a strong advocate of the Eskimo dog, if he is given fair play, despite his occasional lapses; but this is not the time or place for discussion of that topic. Fifteen miles further on was the mother of Ted MacNeill, for many years our contractor at St. Anthony, sick, perhaps, unto death.

At the first calling place, Ben’s Cove, it was my first visit since the death of the old Welsh owner, Tom Evans, and his devoted wife, Harriet. I had known him in his sixties and in his seventies. She had been a victim of cancer; but a former colleague, Dr. Wakefield, had amputated both breasts and prolonged her life some twenty years. She suffered terribly at times, but was ever patient, cheerful and surprisingly active. It was old Tom’s adopted son, Stanley, whose wife had been so viciously attacked in his absence. There was still a gaping wound in the left thigh, but the patient was progressing well and was all too energetic. As I expected to get back to Ben’s Cove for the night I hurried on, and before midday I arrived at Island Harbor. My poor old hostess on many a visit was a mere shadow of her former self, but fortunately was not suffering. While only an exploratory operation, out of the question under the circumstances, could clinch the diagnosis, suspicion pointed very strongly in an unpleasant direction. No one will be better pleased than I if I was mistaken. After a four hours’ stay we faced south once more, I not at all sure that I had not seen the last of one more old friend. We stayed the night at Ben’s Cove, and ran into Mokkovik on Thursday to prepare for the southward trip. I was able to get the names of a number of eye and ear cases in this neighborhood, and also of dental cases which we might hope to benefit from the Makeraval next summer.

Friday, March 7th.

Southward ho! Incoming teams had brought the news that the brook on Kill-a-Man Neck was now so bad that it was foolhardy to go by that route, unless one were prepared to spend endless time lowering the komatik with lines and toiling through woods. The only alternative was to go away round Cape Strawberry, which put on a good many extra miles. The straight dash from Tissiujaliuk to fore-
stall the storm had caused us to miss a couple of our usual calls on the northward trip. These we proposed to make on the trip southward. Rounding Cape Strawberry we made a straight cut for Adlavik Bight, which is a hamlet of two households. A rather alarming report about a blood-poisoned hand turned out fortunately to be something of a mare's nest; and, after checking up on a couple of tubercular chests which I knew of old, I was able thoroughly to appreciate the fact that a couple of Indians had killed a number of deer in the neighborhood by which my host had profited.

**Saturday, March 8th.**

Poor going, and a rough, mild day, with storms of wind and drift coming off the Tissijalik mountains. We called at Seal Cove, six miles from Adlavik, and then went straight for Tilt Cove, leaving out Tissijalikuk Bight where we had spent a night when northward bound. We had seen some of the people at Mokkovik and were to see more at Tilt Cove, so there was no occasion to make a long detour to windward where the going was of the worst. We had hoped to make Bob's Brook and hold on there over Sunday; but by the time we reached Tilt Cove we were almost wet through with the drift melting on us in the warm wind, so we stopped there.

**Sunday, March 9th.**

A brief run of an hour and a half to Bob's Brook.

**Monday, March 10th.**

Across the barrens once more with bad going but fine weather. Here we branched off to Pottle's Bay settlement, which we had missed going north, a hamlet of three families. Another tragic occurrence: The veteran mailman of the Rigolet-to-Mokkovik section, a wonderful old traveler and pilot, had just had a light stroke, the first warning, and must quit after thirty years of service, just when he was beginning to get a decent remuneration for his work. We spent the night there.

**Tuesday, March 11th.**

Across the neck to Rocky Cove. Then two more calls, missed in the stormy weather as we came east, on the two families at Fox Cove. One man is a veteran trapper from Grand River, trying a change when in his eighties. At seventy-two this man had not an unsound tooth in his head and could crack nuts with his molars. At eighty he would still go off for three weeks at a time by himself on trapping trips. He has had outside contacts and maintains a live and intelligent interest in many things. A couple of hours passed pleasantly here before we made our final run to Ticoralak, the dogs' paradise. We were quite resigned to the bad weather which held us up next day.

**Thursday, March 13th.**

Into Rigolet, whence we had planned a tour of Double Mer, the fifty-mile cul-de-sac referred to above. But now many things had happened. Storms and thaws had resulted in two deep layers of snow, each with a cutting crust on top, which will shavc and then lacerate dogs' feet and legs like a razor. Teams that struggled in for supplies reported no illness but awful going in Double Mer, while on Lake Melville the snow had been blown off and there was a good crust that bore up dogs. There was only one course to take, and that the straight one up Lake Melville. We were held up a day at Rigolet.

**Saturday, March 15th.**

Improved weather with only occasional snow flurries. An uneventful trip to Valley's Bight.

**Sunday, March 16th.**

Often we have ended a longer trip than we had just done with a fifty-seven mile burst from Valley's Bight to Northwest River, but the going did not permit it on this occasion. Feed was very scarce at Valley's Bight and we had lost much time with bad weather during the week, so we used a fine day to get ahead. We called at Pearl River, and ran into Mulligans' for the night. Here we found that poor old octogenarian Uncle Tom had been seriously ill with the "flu," sharing his affliction with his wife. But he was rallying once again.

**Monday, March 17th.**

Home again after thirty-eight days. For many years our average absence was six to eight weeks, but one cannot go the same pace forever, sad to say. However, it was not yet time for repose. I found that Nurse Austen was away, dealing with a very severe epidemic of infantile diarrhea, which decimated two families, and brought three little ones to the Valley of the Shadow only to emerge after days of delirium. Just after I arrived home a team reached Northwest River sent by Miss Austen for supplies and to request me to come if I had returned. Our dogs were about done out, and the overnight frost had given way to a thaw which had ruined the going. The visit-
ing team was not a strong one, and to walk twenty miles on snowshoes in slush was hardly feasible. We therefore sent off the visiting team with instructions and supplies—the lightest possible load. It was 10 p.m. before they reached their destination.

Tuesday, March 18th.

I followed at daybreak on a good crust. There certainly were some desperately sick children, and the nurse and I had some anxious discussions. I went into Mud Lake five miles away, a settlement of ten families, for the night, returning to Travers' Pine next morning.

Eventually Miss Austen's persistent efforts extending over more than three weeks snatched back three lives, literally from the brink of the grave, and prevented others from reaching a condition in extremis. But before this was achieved, another distress call, from Double Mer this time, had started me off on a one-hundred-and-fifty-mile round trip.

In these April days it pays best to do the bulk of travel in fine weather by moonlight or starlight, as the crust is apt to give way in the forenoon leaving a veritable slough to wallow through. The snow is melting fast; serious dog-team travel is over; any distant wanderings must be postponed till open water.

Blackface Highland Sheep for St. Anthony

Fred C. Sears
Professor of Pomology, Massachusetts Agricultural College

ALTHOUGH the George B. Cluett, owing to circumstances which need not be detailed here, is not going to run in competition with Noah's Ark, as I suggested in the April issue of Among the Deep-Sea Fishers, yet we are making progress with livestock. One of the interesting things resulting from the generosity of Mr. Frank B. Foster of Philadelphia is the shipment of a small herd of Blackface Highland sheep. These went forward in the steamer Farnorth from Boston to St. John's on June 19th, and are to go to the Mission at St. Anthony.

The plan is to replace gradually the present herd of Shropshires with these Blackface Highlnds in an effort to find a breed of sheep which will be hardy enough to withstand the rigors of the climate and which will produce lambs freely. The Shropshires do well enough in most respects, but in Dr. Curtis' experience with the Mission herd the ewes are likely to be barren.

Mr. W. C. Coffey has this to say of the
Blackface Highland breed in his book, "Productive Sheep Husbandry": "The Blackface Highland is a mountain breed native to the highlands of Scotland. They are a wild, active, small sheep with black or mottled face and legs. The wool is coarse, wavy and loose, and when of twelve months' growth hangs down almost to the ground. The make-up of the Blackface suggests its adaptability to the difficulties it must encounter in its mountain home. It is the hardiest of the mountain herds, and thrives best on pastures where it requires much traveling to obtain the food. Hence it is better adapted to the high mountain pastures yielding moss, heather and a little grass than to the succulent green pastures of lower altitudes. When Blackfaces are taken to shelter for fattening, however, they do exceedingly well. Blackface mutton is famous for its superior flavor and quality."

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**Report of the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital**

**A**

GOOD letter came from Sir Wilfred Grenfell in New Orleans yesterday, only nine days in transit from climatic extreme to climatic extreme—rather a good record for our mail service which has to battle with severe snowstorms and travel a good distance over ocean ice.

We have had an unusually severe winter so far as frost is concerned—weeks of below-zero weather and very high winds. The winter set in unusually early, around the first part of November, and we have been having cold weather ever since. Everyone is getting short of coal as a consequence, and there may be suffering from lack of it unless the weather moderates. The hospital has already used almost half again as much coal as is usually used.

**Medical Report**

The year 1929 was a record year for the Memorial Hospital in many ways. We cared for 474 patients in the hospital during the year—a total of 15,403 days of care. The average stay in the hospital per patient was about 32 days. This rather long period of treatment was due to a large number of long-term orthopedic cases, and cases under treatment for pulmonary tuberculosis. We averaged 42.2 patients per day throughout the year, the high peak reaching 70 patients for a short while during the summer.

The surgical side of our work was predominant, as it has been since the opening of the hospital, with 375 operations, an average of slightly more than one a day. The average for the second six months, when navigation is open and our clinic heavy, was more than two a day.

Our surgical work was ably assisted by the annual visit of our two specialists for several days each during the summer, namely, Dr. J. B. O'Reilly of St. John's, Newfoundland, in eye, ear, nose and throat and Dr. T. B. Acker of Halifax, Nova Scotia, in orthopedic surgery. Many cases were given specialized help by these highly trained consultants.

There were nineteen deaths in the hospital during 1929, giving us a hospital mortality of 4 per cent. Of these, four deaths occurred within less than twelve hours of their admission to the hospital, and the outcome was obviously not greatly influenced by their stay in the hospital. Deducting these cases the hospital mortality was 3.1 per cent.

There were six deaths from advanced hopeless tuberculosis of various sorts, and two deaths from uraemia and chronic kidney disease. In none of these cases could the final outcome have been influenced by hospital care. This leaves only seven cases in which death occurred where there was a chance for hospital care to influence the course of the disease. These included two difficult late childbirth cases which had been given up by family physicians or midwives, a case of pellagra and a case of very severe diphtheria. The remaining three deaths were from shock after relatively serious operations. Considering the large amount of surgery done and the many sick cases, we consider the record for the year an exceedingly good one.
There were 439 cases discharged from the hospital during 1929, divided into the following classes:
Cases discharged as cured ... 55.2 per cent.
Cases discharged as improved ... 30.0 per cent.
Cases discharged unimproved or died ....................... 7.3 per cent.
Cases discharged not treated ... 7.5 per cent.
We believe that our having discharged 85 per cent. of the cases treated as either cured or improved clearly demonstrates the great value of the Memorial Hospital to the communities which it serves. Over 3000 outpatient calls and dressings were handled in the out-patient department of the hospital. During January and February of 1930 there were 40 per cent. more admissions and 50 per cent. more days of care than for the same period in 1929.

Staff
The Memorial Hospital has had the best year in its history so far as staff is concerned. For the first time since the opening of the hospital there has been a really adequate staff. Seven trained nurses drawn variously from the Johns Hopkins Hospital, Calgary Hospital and St. John's General Hospital, ably assisted by twelve nurses' aids, who come from nearby communities and who are taking preliminary nursing training, handled the nursing work of the hospital.
Dr. Sherman E. Andrews of the University of Michigan Hospital completed a year of faithful and very able service as house surgeon on August 10th; and Dr. Richard Blackwell of the Johns Hopkins Hospital has been house surgeon since early in September. Mrs. Andrews was most helpful with the housekeeping and in other ways.
The medical work was greatly helped by three fourth-year medical students from the Johns Hopkins Medical School, Mr. Brawner, Mr. Hawkes and Mr. Ziv, who acted as interns for periods from early April until late November.

Nurses' Aids
Two nurses' aids, one from Twillingate and one from Botwood near-by, were sent away to the Royal Victoria Hospital in Montreal to complete their training.

Barn and Agriculture
This division of our work once more proved itself to be invaluable. The barn provided milk, fresh beef, pork and veal, poultry and eggs for the hospital; and nearly 200 barrels of vegetables—peas, beans, lettuce, Swiss chard, cabbage, radishes, celery, Brussels sprouts, turnips, potatoes, carrots, beets, etc.—were raised on hospital land and helped greatly to provide a good living for patients and staff. Hundreds of gallons of berries—raspberries, partridge berries, squash berries, baked-apples, etc.—were canned and preserved in the hospital kitchen, as were also several hundred pairs of rabbits.

Financial
1. The people of Notre Dame Bay conducted a campaign during the winter of 1929 which completely paid off our accumulated deficit on running expenses of $10,000.
2. Generous friends of the hospital in the United States and Canada contributed funds which made possible the addition to the hospital plant of the following badly needed equipment:
   a. A new semi-Diesel engine for our power plant,
   b. A new Ford station wagon to be used as an ambulance and car of all work for the hospital,
   c. New linoleum for the floors of the hospital,
   d. A Buckey diaphragm for the X-ray machine.
   e. A moving-picture camera, projector and films, which have added greatly to the pleasure of the patients and the staff.
   f. A sailboat, built locally and used for recreation purposes by the staff.
   g. Numerous smaller but vitally important pieces of equipment.
3. An appeal was made to the Commonwealth Fund for help in adding a new wing to provide further beds and facilities for the work of the Memorial Hospital. The Commonwealth Fund had also been told of these further needs which should be met before constructing the new wing, namely:
   a. A new reservoir for the water supply,
   b. A garage and storehouse,
   c. Enlargement of the hospital barn,
   d. A woodhouse, etc.

After considering the appeal of the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital the directors of the Commonwealth Fund voted, "because of the hospital's extraordinary record, and because of their faith and confidence in the increasing usefulness of the institute:"

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a. The sum of $25,000 towards the construction of a new wing to the hospital to cost about $50,000 on condition that the directors of the Memorial Hospital raise the sum of $25,000 to go with it.

b. An unconditional grant of $25,000 to be used in further needed improvements to the plant of the Memorial Hospital.

Needless to say the people of Notre Dame Bay are eternally grateful to the Commonwealth Fund for this magnificent gift of $50,000, which they are adding to the $50,000 previously given by the Commonwealth Fund towards the work of the hospital.

New Construction Work During 1929

1. Following the plans and specifications made for us in 1928 free of charge through the generosity of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company by their chief engineer, Mr. Roland Philip, a good-sized reservoir was excavated on the hill back of the hospital, and a concrete dam 150 feet long, 25 feet high and 14 feet thick at the base was completed in October, 1929. The hospital has been using this water supply for the past five months. The dam was built entirely by local labor under the direction of local people, closely following the engineer’s plans and specifications.

2. A new one-and-one-half-ton Ford truck was purchased, which paid for itself in service in construction work during the summer.

3. A large concrete-block garage and warehouse, capacious enough for the truck, the ambulance and one car, and including a tool room, a carpenter shop, storage space for storm windows and screens and storage space for a large amount of food supplies, was built entirely by our own people.

4. A large concrete-block storehouse for firewood and lumber was built.

5. A large addition was built to the barn so that it might house more cattle and store more grain and hay.

6. The vegetable cellar, the old warehouse and the coal storage cellar were enlarged and repaired.

7. Considerable work was done on the hospital road. New roads were built or improved; concrete drains were put on the sides of the main road; a stone retaining wall was built and a considerable amount of grading was done around the hospital site.

Practically all of this new work was made possible and was paid for from the generous grant of the Commonwealth Fund.

Hospital Needs

The work of the hospital has grown so rapidly since its opening in September, 1924, that, though we are able to stretch what was originally intended to be a fifty-bed hospital to make it give care to seventy patients, as we did last summer, our space is still inadequate for the work.

Not only are more beds needed to take care of the patients who come to us in increasing numbers, but many of the rooms which were adequate for a smaller hospital are far from being so for the work at present. A new wing has been planned which will include the following features, of which the estimated costs are as follows:

- Operating suite .................. $2000
- Children’s ward .................. 1500
- Eight private rooms at $500 each .......... 4000
- Two wards for treatment of pulmonary tuberculosis .................. 3000
- Housekeeper’s apartment and sewing room .................. 1000
- Laboratory .................. 1000
- There are many smaller rooms, such as diet kitchens, storage rooms, utility rooms, etc., which must be added to make this new wing a self-sustaining unit. The cost of equipping a single bed is about $100.

We must raise $25,000 before we may receive the grant of a like amount from the Commonwealth Fund for this new building, which we hope to start constructing this spring. Our local people have already raised $10,000 towards this amount, leaving only $15,000 to be raised, though a slightly larger amount would be greatly appreciated as new needs are always arising and estimates of construction costs are often overreached.

The people of Notre Dame Bay would greatly appreciate the help of their friends in raising the needed amount; all gifts will be most acceptable, whether small or large. Any one of the features of the new wing mentioned above might be made the subject of a memorial, and individual beds might be provided for by memorial gifts. The Newfoundland Government has very kindly permitted all materials for construction and equipment to come in duty free—a saving to us of over $15,000—and is helping in other ways.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

The tubercular wards will be the beginning of a tuberculosis sanitarium in conjunction with the hospital, which will mean a lot in helping to combat the terribly serious tuberculosis problem in our district; and the Newfoundland Government has spoken most favorably about helping us with this problem.

Please remember as you read this request for further help that the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital was built by the people of Notre Dame Bay as a memorial to the men from the bay who died in the World War, and that it has run for nearly six years entirely on local support and without a penny from outside of Newfoundland for running expenses. Though 40 per cent. of our work is given free to patients, 30 per cent. of the cost of caring for patients comes from the patients themselves. The Newfoundland Government contributes about 60 per cent. of the cost of caring for patients; and the balance of about 10 per cent. comes in voluntary contributions from the people of Notre Dame Bay, whose average cash income per family is probably less than $500 a year.

Contributions to the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital should be sent through the New York offices of the International Grenfell Association.

CHARLES E. PARSONS, M.D., F.A.C.S.
Medical Director
March 3d, 1930.

Northwest River District Medical and Surgical Report

NORTHWEST RIVER
1928 and 1929

\begin{tabular}{|l|c|}
\hline
\textbf{Medical} & \textbf{Surgical} \\
\hline
Respiratory & Extremities \\
Nervous & Head and neck \\
Gastro-Intestinal & Thorax \\
Renal & Abdomen \\
Malnutrition & Pelvic \\
\hline
\textbf{Total} & \textbf{11} \\
\hline
Abdominal & \textbf{67} \\
Extremities & \textbf{15} \\
Gynecological & \textbf{15} \\
Dental & \textbf{1} \\
Thorax & \textbf{1} \\
Nose and throat & \textbf{11} \\
\hline
\textbf{Total} & \textbf{215} \\
\hline
\end{tabular}

\begin{tabular}{|l|c|}
\hline
\textbf{Out-patients} & \textbf{6} \\
\hline
\textbf{(At Northwest River and on itinerary)} & \\
\hline
\textbf{Medical} & \\
Respiratory & \textbf{5} \\
Nervous & \textbf{15} \\
Gastro-Intestinal & \textbf{60} \\
Circulatory & \textbf{18} \\
Rheumatic & \textbf{84} \\
Acute specific fevers & \textbf{15} \\
Malnutrition & \textbf{17} \\
Gynecological & \textbf{15} \\
\hline
\textbf{Total} & \textbf{235} \\
\hline
\end{tabular}

\begin{tabular}{|l|c|}
\hline
\textbf{Obstetrical} & \textbf{22} \\
\hline
\textbf{INDIAN HARBOR} & \\
Summer of 1929 & \\
\hline
\textbf{In-patients} & \\
\textbf{Medical} & \\
Respiratory & \textbf{5} \\
Circulatory & \textbf{2} \\
Rheumatic & \textbf{1} \\
Nervous & \textbf{3} \\
Genito-urinary & \textbf{1} \\
Malnutrition & \textbf{2} \\
\hline
\textbf{Total} & \textbf{14} \\
\hline
\textbf{Surgical} & \\
Head and neck & \textbf{2} \\
Thorax & \textbf{1} \\
Abdomen & \textbf{2} \\
Extremities & \textbf{14} \\
Genito-urinary & \textbf{1} \\
\hline
\end{tabular}
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

Renal ............................................. 1
Eyes ............................................. 3
Throat ........................................... 5
Dental ........................................... 5
Venereal ......................................... 1
Gynecological ................................... 1

Total ........................................... 37

Obstetrical ..................................... 1

Surgical
Gastro-intestinal ............................. 36
Respiratory .................................... 45
Circulatory .................................... 9
Rheumatic .................................... 8
Acute specific fevers ........................ 4
Nervous ......................................... 12

Total ........................................... 114

Extremities ...................................... 124
Head and neck ................................ 15
Thorax .......................................... 13
Abdominal .................................... 1
Pelvic .......................................... 2
Genito-urinary ................................ 10
Skin ............................................. 20
Eyes ............................................. 15
Ears ............................................. 5
Nose and throat ............................... 5
Gynecological ................................ 2
Dental .......................................... 38

Total ........................................... 250

Obstetrical ..................................... 1

CRUISE OF THE “MARAVAL”
Summer of 1920

Out-patients
Gastro-intestinal ............................. 2
Respiratory .................................... 3
Circulatory .................................... 2

Nervous ......................................... 3
Rheumatic ..................................... 1

Total ........................................... 11

Obstetrical ..................................... 1

Surgical
Extremities ...................................... 4
Abdominal ...................................... 1
Genito-urinary ................................ 1
Eyes ............................................. 6
Nose and throat ............................... 1
Dental .......................................... 3

Total ........................................... 16

In the above classified lists certain things stand out. The high proportion of “extremities” at Indian Harbor is due to septic lesions of the hands incurred in fishing, to boils from the chafing of oilskins, etc. The high proportion of “gastro-intestinal” on the Northwest River out-patient list is due mainly to defective dietetic conditions encountered on the itinerary through the poorer districts. Where whole-meal flour, bran, etc. have become popularized, by example rather than by propaganda, there are fewer troubles of this kind.

The respiratory cases are high everywhere due to grippe and common colds. The fisherfolk, landing from a long voyage and starting to live in a shack that has been abandoned for eight months and is probably full of snow, are ready victims. Ever since the epidemic of 1918 influenza has been unduly prevalent, I think. There have been three quite severe epidemics since that year. We have had little pneumonia.

HARRY L. PADDOX, M.D.

Northward Ho!
Sir Wilfred Grenfell

On board the power-schooner CLUETT, bound for Labrador from Boston. At sea, about twenty miles to the eastward of Cape Sable. June 12th, 1930.

THIS good supply ship, under charge of Captain Kenneth Iversen, left Boston two days ago; and since then we have seen nothing beyond the sails of the vessel. The wind and sea were directly ahead as we left, and are still; and, with our heavy load and cluttered deck and large crowd, we surely have a right to be uncomfortable. One or two of our passengers, I hear, have vowed never again to put out to sea. One remarked to me yesterday, when I asked him what he would have done had it been really stormy, “Oh, I would have preferred dying quicker than I am.”

Yet, as I write, sitting forward on the main-
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

sheet block to avoid the fumes of the engines with the short funnel and partially burned oil and to avoid the black smoke of the galley, I hear a couple of roosters daily trying to crow each other down, and I am grateful to them for once in my life, for an optimist is always an asset. Thus, with all the assaults on the nose coming directly down the deck, with a piercing fog-whistle going off like a cannon every few minutes to offend the ears, with the noise of the engines and even more grue­some noises thrown in, with one's eyes blanketed in semidarkness and everything soaking wet, there is some excuse for the feeling that it needs a readjustment of the senses before Nature agrees to allow one to fall in love with it all—even though it is carrying us to Labrador. Through it all, however, comes the innate kindness of the sailor, who manages to find time to do everything to help others that circumstances allow.

Albert Gould, beloved of all our sailor­ men, had at the last moment secured his brave wife's permission to come "just as far as Lunenburg," and we are grateful, for he certainly has been the good angel on board as well as in loading the vessel. As I look at the compass, the binnacle, the flags, the new portlights, the new halyards, the ambu­lance kit, the navy stores, and realize how friends of his have given these for the cause, I am conscious of what a help we have in him in Boston, and of what a wonderful homelike port good old Boston, now celebrat­ ing her tercentenary, can be. In the midst of yesterday's chaos one of the new large rabbits, a gift of Mr. Webster of Greenland fur farm, chose to add yet another family to our crew; and it did one good to see Albert carrying down the new arrivals, mother and all, in the box that had held all the ship's books, which he had incontinently emptied into my bunk, and placing them in the warmer region of the engine room. It reminded us of our beloved captain of the first schooner Cluett, now gone to his last port, who had as passengers a volunteer worker and his young wife and baby. Theology, alas, is no guarantee against the woes of things material. The father being badly prostrated by the storm, the captain alternated his attention between taking in reefs, battering down loose hatchways and staying loose freight on deck, and intruding into the cabin with saucepan and milk can to warm up the necessary food for the unlucky infant. A certain Cincinnati clergyman will, I know, remember this if his eye happens to light upon it.

A splendid radio, freely donated by Mr. Atwater Kent and "tubed" by Mr. Yarnall and Mr. Cheston of the City of Brotherly Love, has rendered us already its first ser­vice; for, added to all the other noises, with the clearest audibility came shouting into our cabin the news of the collision of the steamer Fairfax with an oil tanker in this very fog that is bothering us at the moment. The roar of the foghorn is even now disturbing, I fear, the sequence of this account, which must be landed at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, with our special engineer expert, and that presumably in a few hours provided the fog allows us to approach the land. For one thing, however, we are thankful—we are not in the air and forced to land. At least we can heave to and wait in the rocking cradle of the deep until we get some idea where we are.

Truly, the start for Labrador this year has been the most wonderful in all these thirty­eight years, wonderful as many starts have been. Never have I been so conscious of the unfair way in which one man gets all the credit for the work that others do. To dis­cover at the last moment that the mayor of the greatest city in New England, which at one time was not so eager to honor an Eng­lish crew, had invited us to a special banquet and in the name of the city was presenting us with an engraved loving cup! I knew that His Honor had that very day a long­standing engagement at the great Institute of Technology at Cambridge, and I knew that at the same time in his home his beloved life partner was waiting to bid farewell to all the opportunities with which this world challenges our lives. It is impossible to describe one's feelings as these thoughts filled the mind. But every provision had been made with his usual meticulous forethought, and his own private secretary was awaiting our arrival with his special welcome and generous address when we reached the hall. As I was permitted to reply to the distinguished com­pany gathered there, I could not help but say how glad every man must be that the chief magistrate should on this probably unique occasion be proclaiming to the world that he had seen the vision that alone can ever make this world the kingdom of peace and righteous­ness that every good man strives for, and that he possesses that knowledge that must
just at this time be his only possible comfort, namely, the knowledge that life, in spite of its tragic brevity and its consciousness that all material things we strive for must without exception be parted from us, is yet more justifiable and glorious by the fact that it is to us that God Almighty has entrusted the bringing of His kingdom on earth, and by just such simple, apparently insignificant, and to some even wasteful acts, as this act of his today. For the civilization we are so proud of can be retained in no other way; and America, like all the nations of old, can hold her own in her ever-westward flight, following the course of the sun itself, if she is held together by bonds that are not forged out of things material or by acts of force, but by spiritual ties, by identity of ideals, and by that which is absolutely, experimentally and scientifically by far the greatest thing in the world—human love, the true reflection of God in all His creatures. From the Far East power came to Mesopotamia; but Ur and Babylon and Nineveh were unworthy of it. It passed west to Palestine, to Egypt, to Greece, to Rome, to Spain, to Britain, and now seems to be still passing west to the New World. Nothing can bind nations that will not bind individuals. The fear that power will pass still farther westward is not ungrounded. Until the individuals who guide the destinies of nations learn this truth and practice it, all efforts of man, such as indiscriminate undersea warfare, air and sea power, poison gas or the diffusion of diseases, no exhibition of material force, can ever save long the existence of a nation. For truly, in man's as in God's economy, such is not worth indefinitely preserving.

Centuries ago civilized man sailed to the port of Boston in the service of civilization, and blotted out to the last its inhabitants which they found there. A century and a half later in the same cause, from the very place where our little schooner recently lay, the rattle of musketry, the screams of the wounded and dying rose to heaven, white men killing white men, even brothers killing brothers, for the sake of civilization.

Today a fine Canadian vessel, registered in Newfoundland, engined and paid for in the United States, is sailing northward to the help of less privileged brothers in a little autonomous dominion, especially in its new northern territory of Labrador. Once the chief magistrate of this same Boston ruled over the destinies of that country. But, worried by his responsibility, since he could not control his lawless fishing vessels, whose crews thought nothing of the lives of the natives, he begged Canada or Newfoundland or England to relieve him. Apparently only Newfoundland came to his relief, and this accounts for the strange anomaly that still today the fishermen of New England retain the right of fishing grounds to testify the family relationship and the bonds of blood relationship that must ever exist between New and Old England.

The captain of this vessel is Canadian-born with viking Norse heritage; his mate, one of Newfoundland's fishermen, whose unrivaled seamanship is known the world over. The engineer is Donald Smith, an American, a man who inherits all that his name and nationality suggest, whose services are paid for by a Boston merchant, a friend in need of many years. The crew are all American college boys, freely giving their time and services to help carry a fuller message, and incidentally a larger and fuller ship than our limited funds could otherwise possibly permit. At the farewell on board were well known lawyers, doctors, officials, merchants and many ladies, folk and "just folk" who had come to show their vision of the real fun of being partners, however small, in the venture of love for others; while at the humblest of possible banquets, in the tiny and crowded cabin, sat the greatest industrialist in the world today with his partner, who, we who know her realize, may be classed easily equal with him, as truly worthy in her work of that love evoked by Maggie in Barrie's famous story, "What Every Woman Knows."

At the other end are waiting hospitals and sick folk and cripples, schools and their hopeful potential for man's services in the orphanages, nursing stations, co-operative stores and industrial centers, while with us on board are seven graduates of beautiful technical colleges in America which have fitted to serve the world these fine lads that otherwise would have had no chance to develop their talents.

The cargo is of every kind and sort, from an eight-ton engine-bed, lashed and nailed on deck because otherwise it could never be gotten out of the ship at our still backward end, and put on with their big derrick through
the kindness of the lighter crew, as we had no means for moving it—an act of true kindness. There is no such thing as size in deeds of love. There have been so many of such deeds of which I cannot possibly make mention here.

If ever we sailed away with a true sense of our insignificance, our indebtedness, our responsibility and our opportunity, it was on June 10th, 1930, as we left the port of Boston, Massachusetts, from the ancient T Wharf for the lonely Labrador.

Same day, 1 p.m.

In Oxford, England, the study of the Regius Professor of Medicine faced the blank brick wall of his neighbor’s barn, which formed the boundary of his vision. He has had a great picture painted all over it. It represents two children hand in hand standing on a mountain top and looking over the lovely blue sea at the last of the red orb of the setting sun, and underneath this simple legend, “He will rise again.”

Suddenly the wind has changed to the west; the fog has been swept out of existence; the sea is calm, and the great white wings of the schooner are carrying us along to the place where we would be. The smoke and smell of the engines are being carried over the side instead of into our noses. The raking noise of the fog whistle has ceased. We have doffed our oilskins, for no longer is everything dripping water, and our eyes are relieved of the blinding blackness. Over the blue sea is visible some twenty miles away the Nova Scotia shore, just where we were hoping it would be.

Life on the ocean is always a parable of life itself. Faith, venture and struggle against odds are the inevitable circumstances of success. Without them success would bring no more joy than a prize won when no one competes. Achievement is the explanation of life as well as its permanent joy. Achievement for the sake of others alone makes its tragedy into a field of honor.

The greatness of the greatest industrialist, and, as I see it, one of the greatest philanthropists of today, and that of his gentle wife are three things that have made the kind of men and women whom we love to resemble, and that were the chief characteristics of the greatest of men. The first is faith in practice, which I call venture. The second is courage, when one’s mind is perplexed and one’s intellect assailed with doubts and fears as a result of whole-souled venture. And the third is unselfishness, making our life a venture, as God intended it to be, for others. This needs no missionary life in the ordinary connotation, no mere persuading others that our theories are the only true ones, but just doing as the greatest man did in our place and job. That is the record that alone can stand in any day of righteous judgment. That made Lincoln, Gordon, Livingstone, Nathan Hale, Hancock, Florence Nightingale and all the real heroes of human history.

3 p.m.

The wind has suddenly changed right around. It is square behind us; our fore and aft sails will no longer hold the wind. The large new squaresail, purchased at a bargain for $100, is set, and we have logged ten knots in the last hour instead of six. The beautiful shore with its trees and houses and occasional spires forms an entrancing panorama as we skim peacefully by over the now perfect blue of the sea.

Little Hope lighthouse was abeam an hour ago. Now it is Cape La Have, Ironbound Island. Even now the last cape is looming ahead, and we shall all too shortly, it seems, be rounding the last milestone of the first chapter of our ocean voyage, and running into the quiet of the haven.

8 p.m. exactly

Albert Gould has steered us up the beautiful bay, with the twilight and the setting sun adding the glories of mystery and of changing colors to the joy of the welcome that awaits us. The captain and the cook especially are wreathed in the smiles of expectation, for they have loved ones awaiting them on the wharf. And now at 8:30 they are embracing their old friends and old colleagues and their beloved families as I close this record.

A parable! Surely it is. Over the new radio in our cabin came today the news of the passing home of the kindly mayor of Boston’s beloved life partner. And the parable which I, a hardened old surgeon who for over forty years have watched the passing of so many fellow men, am certain is literally a presage of our spiritual story, is that our passing into the last port will be as happy as this one. Not a passing to fear, but a glorious meeting of friends who have gone before.
Report of the Staff Selection Committee

The following list includes all staff members so far appointed who will serve during the period June 1st, 1930, to May 31st, 1931, excepting such as will terminate their service shortly after June 1st. Since replacements will be made in some departments in the course of this period, the list shows a larger staff than is ever at one time on duty. Staff members, excepting district and department heads, whose home addresses are not given are from the local population.

**ST. ANTHONY DISTRICT**

Dr. Charles S. Curtis, in charge.

**ST. ANTHONY**

*Hospital*

Dr. Charles S. Curtis, in charge.
Dr. Alistair G. Cruikshank, Edinburgh, Scotland, house officer.

Miss Selma Carlson, Arlington, Massachusetts, head nurse.
Miss Marian A. Murray, Harvey Station, New Brunswick, Canada, nurse.
Miss Bertha E. Mason, Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, nurse.
Miss E. Beryl Pomeroy, nurse.
Miss Vera M. Beach, Torrington, Connecticut, nurse.
Miss Violet E. Widenmyer, Mt. Rainier, Maryland, nurse.
Miss Ruth Minteer, Cadiz, Ohio, nurse.
Miss Emma Simms, nurse.
Miss Alice H. Suffern, Waverly, New York, occupational therapist.
Mrs. Elsie M. Parry, Bywood, Pennsylvania, occupational therapist.
Miss Laura B. Thayer, Beverly, New Jersey, secretary.

*Orphanage*

Miss Laura Lamonby, Penrith, Cumberland, England, superintendent.
Mrs. John M. Gates, Detroit, Michigan, assistant.

*Wilfred T. Grenfell School*

Mr. Albert Baldwin, principal.
Miss Josephine M. Morris, Coatesville, Pennsylvania, teacher.
Two teachers to be appointed.

*Clothing Store*

Miss Linda H. Nesbit, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, director.

*Office*

Mr. Oliver R. Davison, Eastbourne, Sussex, England.

*Summer Volunteers*

Mr. John D. Steele, Wayne, Pennsylvania, medical student assistant.
Miss Louise F. Gilman, Wellesley, Massachusetts, clothing store assistant.
Mr. Waldron L. Morse, Canton, Maine, hospital orderly.
Mr. Leonard W. Snyder, Winchester, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. George F. F. Lombard, Brookline, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Charles H. Hollis, Swampscott, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Robert P. Blake, Cambridge, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edwin D. Brooks, Jr., Concord, Massachusetts, outdoor worker and radio technician.
FLOWER'S COVE
Miss Margery Vaughn, Garnett, Kansas, community worker.

CONCHE
Nurse to be appointed.

SUMMER VOLUNTEER TEACHERS
Mrs. Walter B. Bodenhafer, St. Louis, Missouri, at Barr'd Harbor.
Miss Justina M. Eich, Columbus, Ohio, at St. John's Island.
Miss Ethel G. Muir, Painesville, Ohio, at Black Duck Cove.
Miss Maude H. Marvin, Erie, Pennsylvania, at Black Duck Cove.

BATTLE HARBOR DISTRICT
Dr. Herman Moret, in charge

BATTLE HARBOR
Dr. Herman Moret, in charge.
Miss Mary E. Cornelius, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, nurse.
Miss Ardella L. Barth, Dayton, Ohio, nurse.

Summer Volunteers
Dr. William G. Downes, Jr., Boston, Massachusetts, dentist.
Miss Thora M. Riley, Washington, D. C., nurse.
Miss Lilian S. Sanger, New York City, housekeeper.
Miss June E. Johnston, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, assistant housekeeper.
Mr. E. Ross Jenney, Hollywood, California, medical student assistant.
Mr. Monroe T. Gilmour, Wilmington, North Carolina, hospital orderly.
Mr. Edgar H. Betts, Jr., Troy, New York, outdoor worker.

FORTEAU
Miss Wilhelmina Murdoch, Gourock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, nurse.
Miss Elizabeth W. Craig, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland, community worker.

ST. MARY'S RIVER
Summer Volunteers
Mr. Louis H. Twycross, Paris, France, supervisor of outdoor workers.
Mr. Stanley Kimball, Dedham, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Preston M. Cole, Dedham, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Dudley Buck, Jr., Chicago, Illinois, outdoor worker.
Mr. J. Dilworth Beggs, Jr., Haverford, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.
Mr. Marshall T. Whiting, Baltimore, Maryland, outdoor worker.
Mr. John M. Morse, Brookline, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.

SPOTTED ISLANDS
(Unit of the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York City)
Summer Volunteers
Mrs. Robert E. Tschorn, Briarcliff Manor, New York, nurse.
Mr. Robert E. Tschorn, Briarcliff Manor, New York, medical student assistant.

CARTWRIGHT
Summer Volunteers
Mr. Frederick T. Buel, New York City, supervisor of outdoor workers.
Mr. Herbert Cramm, St. John's, Newfoundland, outdoor worker.
Mr. David W. Exley, Cincinnati, Ohio, outdoor worker.
Mr. Thomas Parker, Greenville, South Carolina, outdoor worker.
Mr. Cecil K. Vaughan, Ardmore, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edmund H. Kellogg, Morristown, New Jersey, outdoor worker.
Mr. Peter H. Jackson, Washington, D. C., outdoor worker.
Mr. Edward M. Brainard, Hartford, Connecticut, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edgar V. Seeler, Jr., Newton Square, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.
Mr. Oliver W. Robbins, Haverford, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.
Mr. Allan Burke, Brookline, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Saul R. Nelson, Syracuse, New York, outdoor worker.
Mr. Rollin W. Bailey, Wollaston, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Sydney M. Williams, Jr., Wellesley, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.

SUMMER VOLUNTEER TEACHER
Miss Mabel E. Thorne, Fort Wayne, Indiana, at George's Cove.

NORTHWEST RIVER DISTRICT
Dr. Harry L. Paddon, in charge

NORTHWEST RIVER
Dr. Harry L. Paddon, in charge.
Nurse to be appointed.
Miss Elizabeth Criswell, Columbus, Ohio, school principal.
Miss Frances W. Conrow, Watseka, Illinois, teacher.
Mr. Elliott T. Merrick, III, Montclair, New Jersey, teacher and scoutmaster.
Mr. John Watts, Brigus, Newfoundland, clerk.
Mr. Nathan Budgell, agriculturist.
Miss Ethel Pye, housemother and domestic science teacher.
Miss Stella Williams, housemother.

Summer Volunteers
Dr. William G. Downes, Jr., Boston, Massachusetts, dentist.
Miss Emily deF. Whitman, Englewood, New Jersey, secretary.
Mr. John M. Little, 3d, Brookline, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Malcolm P. Taylor, New York City, outdoor worker.
Mr. Charles M. D. Reed, New York City, outdoor worker.
Mr. Robert C. Evans, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, outdoor worker.

INDIAN HARBOR

Miss Kate I. Austen, Campsie, New South Wales, Australia, nurse.
Miss Martha L. Gibbons, Haverford, Pennsylvania, housekeeper.
Mr. Dudley Merrill, New York City, medical student assistant.

Summer Volunteers
Dr. James M. Dunning, New York City, dentist.
Mr. Harry H. Grace, 3d, Toledo, Ohio, outdoor worker.
Mr. James B. J. Townsend, Albany, New York, outdoor worker.

MUTTON BAY

Miss May Jowsey, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, nurse.
Miss Josephine C. Mann, Brookline, Massachusetts, community worker.

HARRINGTON HARBOR DISTRICT
Dr. Donald G. Hodd, in charge

HARRINGTON HARBOR
Dr. Donald G. Hodd, in charge.
Miss Olga Butterworth, Wallingford, Pennsylvania, nurse.
Mrs. Bertha M. Purdy, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, nurse.

Summer Volunteers
Dr. James M. Dunning, New York City, dentist.
Mr. Harry H. Grace, 3d, Toledo, Ohio, outdoor worker.
Mr. James B. J. Townsend, Albany, New York, outdoor worker.

INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT
Miss M. A. Pressley-Smith, director

Miss Janet W. Stewart, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada, assistant director.
Miss D. Kathleen Young, Cuckfield, Sussex, England, secretary-bookkeeper.
Miss Anne Fitzpatrick, Revere, Massachusetts, sales assistant in the United States.
Miss Mary Bird, secretary in St. Anthony.
Miss Maude Baikie, office assistant in St. Anthony.
Mr. Will Clark, in charge of men and boys in St. Anthony.
Miss Beulah Beaufield, in charge of weaving in St. Anthony.
Miss Dora Mesher, in charge of weaving in Battle Harbor.
Miss Minnie Pike, in charge of weaving in Red Bay.
Miss Jessie Wilshire, in charge of weaving in Flower’s Cove.
Miss Annie Baikie, in charge in Northwest River and northwards.
Mrs. Charles Bird, in charge in Cartwright and Sandwich Bay.
Miss Nellie Wilcox, in charge in Englee.
Miss Gladys Gale, in charge in Westport.
Miss Bertha Anderson, in charge in Makkovik.

Summer Volunteers
Miss Elaine Squires, St. John’s, Newfoundland, assistant in St. Anthony.
Miss Mary A. Lord, New York City, assistant in St. Anthony.
Miss Caroline Hunter, Montecito, California, assistant in St. Anthony.
Miss Polly Pease, New Britain, Connecticut, assistant in St. Anthony.
Miss Bretha D’E. Neilson, Maplewood, New Jersey, secretary in St. Anthony.
Miss Elizabeth K. Sears, Amherst, Massachusetts, sales assistant in St. Anthony.
Miss Eleanor Scattergood, Germantown, Pennsylvania, sales assistant in Battle Harbor.
Miss Edith Tallant, Columbus, Ohio, assistant in Boulter’s Rock and Seal Island.
Miss Pearl Rehorst, Fort Wayne, Indiana, assistant in George’s Cove.
Miss Susan M. Cabot, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts, sales assistant in Indian Harbor.

ON BOARD THE “GEORGE B. CLUETT”
Summer Volunteers
Mr. Theodore H. Morris, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, seaman.
Mr. Robert S. Hurlbut, Cambridge, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Richard L. Masland, Melrose Park, Pennsylvania, seaman.
Mr. A. R. Gallatin Welsh, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, seaman.
Mr. Alfred T. Hill, Montclair, New Jersey, seaman.

ON BOARD THE “MARAVAL”
Summer Volunteers
Mr. J. Gordon Earp, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, assistant engineer.
Mr. Stanley A. Carrington, Brooklyn, New York, seaman.
Mr. John W. Nixon, San Rafael, California, seaman.

ON BOARD THE “ZAVORAH”
Summer Volunteers
Dr. Frank D. Phinney, Cincinnati, Ohio, ophthalmologist.
Mr. Charles T. Keppel, Montrose, New York, seaman.
Mr. James D. Phinney, Cincinnati: Ohio, seaman.

F. E. Shnyder, Chairman.
Last Winter at Harrington Harbor

The following reached us with the medical report of the Harrington hospital for the first quarter of 1930.

Harrington Harbor, Canadian Labrador,
April 7th, 1930.

In submitting this quarterly report of our hospital activities during the past winter it might be of interest to add a few sketchy remarks.

Coming on the heels of a very poor catch last summer, the winter, with its severest weather in thirty odd years, gave us and the people some considerable cause for anxiety. Food supplies in some localities were not very great, and in the beginning of the winter a small famine seemed rather more than a mere possibility. However, as the spring comes on and we look back, we are reminded once more of the futility of "crossing bridges" and of the Labradorian's native ability for facing hardships and overcoming difficulties that would seem almost insurmountable to most of us. It appears that we have come through in very good shape. No one has starved, and almost everybody has been warm enough—too warm at times, in fact. We have burned "half as much again" wood this year as in the ordinary winter. There has been the occasional epidemic of the "common cold," but for the most part that bit of ill health has been lacking in comparison with former years. Fortunately we did not experience an outbreak of influenza such as struck almost every individual in some villages last year. This is indeed fortunate, as no other disease works so much havoc as that in a community where the tendencies towards tuberculosis are so strong. I think the lessons learned last year are bearing fruit in that people are more careful of themselves when attacked by any respiratory disease. We had the beginnings of a repetition of the epidemic diarrhea that was so severe last year. By means of advocating care of water supplies and sewage disposal and by the simple distribution of chlorinated lime, it seems that the epidemic was stopped, and it continues to "bide" away.

Most of the hospital beds available for winter use have been occupied and characteristically seven out of the eight patients in hospital at one time were suffering from tuberculosis disease. There were three with pulmonary tuberculosis; "two with tuberculosis of the spine; and two with peritoneal tuberculosis, one complicated with tuberculosis of the genital organs and the other complicated with tuberculosis of the hip. Another man in hospital at the same time had a chronic disease of the tendon sheaths of the hand which is probably tuberculous. As usual our major surgery did not keep us very busy. During the winter we performed one appendectomy for gangrenous appendix and two separate incisions for a severe case of perinephric abscess.

Fortunately or unfortunately the people got the idea that the doctor could "haul" teeth without too much pain resulting, and so, while on the eastern trip, the major part of the work seemed to consist of dental extractions. However, even though seventy-two teeth were extracted, there remains no dearth of dental work for a dentist this year. This activity gave an opportunity to preach greater care of the teeth, especially among the younger people who require fillings. It is amazing the number of persons under twenty-five who possess only half their teeth. We hope that our summer dentist will come well prepared to do everything necessary in correcting dental conditions. There are a number of people ready or nearly ready for plate work, many of these having only mediocre health because of the lack of teeth.

During this trying season of the year we are glad to report that the staff has carried on splendidly. There has been hearty cooperation and a graciousness that has eased the twilight days and the long nights. This factor more than any other adds morale to the workers on the Coast. If I were choosing the staff for the Coast, the qualifications necessary would be considered in this order: first, character or the capability of living harmoniously and actively with the people and with fellow workers; second, physical fitness; third, ability to do the work needing to be done.

This is the house-cleaning time of the year, and so it seems there are many things to be put in order. There are always those bits of repair necessary to keep the equipment from falling to pieces. At present the hospital
DEATH OF THE HONORABLE ROBERT WATSON

From the Daily News, St. John’s, Newfoundland, May 5th, 1930.

On Wednesday last the Honorable Robert Watson left the General Hospital, where he had undergone treatment for some months, and was the guest of His Excellency the Governor at Government House where he was to spend the month recuperating. He felt so greatly improved in health that he was confidently looking forward to the end of that period, when he would be equal to resuming his regular tasks. But it was not to be. Yesterday afternoon he had a slight heart attack which returned in a more severe form several hours later and just before midnight the summons unexpectedly came and his spirit quietly took its flight. One of the best known citizens of St. John’s, and one who in public and social life has loomed largely in the public eye, the news of his unexpected death will be learnt this morning with very general regret.

Robert Watson was born at Hant’s Harbor, Trinity Bay, on September 1st, 1868, the son of the late E. R. Watson, for some time Deputy Minister of Marine and Fisheries. He was educated at St. John’s and at Rugby, and was for some years accountant with the firm of Clift, Wood and Co. His public career started in 1897, when he was elected for the district of Trinity as a supporter of the Winter government. In the election of 1900 he was defeated, but won his seat again in the bye-election of two years later. In 1904 he again met defeat, but in 1908 and again in 1909 he was successful. In the latter year he became Colonial Secretary in the ministry of Sir Edward Morris, and held office till 1913 when he retired from political life and became cashier of the Newfoundland Government Savings Bank. During the absence of the Prime Minister in 1910 he acted in that capacity, and the following year was a delegate to the Imperial Conference and the coronation of King George.

Mr. Watson took a prominent part in church, educational and philanthropic affairs. For many years he was People’s Warden of St. Thomas’s Church, and took a keen interest in all that pertained to the welfare of the old Garrison Church. He was also a director of Bishop Feild College, and a member of the executive board of the Diocesan Synod. He was, too, a director of the International Grenfell Association, chairman of the Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, and a member of the Board of Governors of the Y.M.C.A. For some years he was honorary
corresponding secretary of the Royal Colonial Institute. In 1916 Mr. Watson became Private Secretary to Sir Walter Davidson, and from that date he was attached more or less formally to the staff of succeeding governors, who found his knowledge of the country’s political and business affairs very valuable.

For sixteen years Mr. Watson was the Honorable Treasurer of the Permanent Marine Disasters Fund, and he shared with the late Dr. Robinson the burden of the work which it imposed. His interest in the fund never faltered and this year’s annual meeting has not been held at his own urgent request as he was most anxious that it should be delayed until he was able to personally prepare his report for that occasion. In his passing the P. M. F. D. has lost a good friend and the committee a valuable and experienced member.

In 1924 during a visit to the Old Country Mr. Watson was taken seriously ill, and from that time his health failed. Last year when he appeared to be improving he was compelled to enter the hospital for treatment, and underwent several severe operations. From these he made a remarkable recovery and appeared to have several years of life before him, when unexpectedly the summons came. His passing removes an upright citizen, a true friend and a loyal gentleman. In 1891 Mr. Watson married Miss Dora Melville Pye, who died in 1893. He is survived by one brother, Richard F. Watson, who resides at Baltimore, Md. The funeral, it is understood, will take place on Tuesday, but fuller announcement will be made later.

THE LOCKWOOD SCHOOL AT CARTWRIGHT

We are all thrilled at the news which has just been received that the work at Cartwright has progressed so splendidly as to make possible the realization in the fall of Sir Wilfred’s dream of a really adequate school on the Labrador. It is expected that the school will open with twenty boarding pupils, the number to be increased to at least forty as rapidly as conditions permit. This school will take the place of the very inadequate schools conducted by itinerant summer teachers, which have been the only possible means to education in the little isolated settlement along the Labrador coast. The plan is to take the children into a simple but well equipped building where, under careful supervision, they will have continuous teaching and training throughout the winter, and to return them to their homes for the summer so that they will not get out of touch with home conditions or the normal activities of the fisherman’s life. They will take home with them, it is hoped, ideas on sanitation, diet and other things which will help the people to make the best of the conditions in which they pass their lives.

Equipment for the school—books and schoolroom supplies, furniture for the dormitories and teachers’ cottage, kitchen utensils and much other paraphernalia—is now being collected. We expect that this equipment will go forward on the next trip of our active and useful schooner, the George B. Cluett. We have received some very useful gifts for this equipment which have helped us greatly, but we still need about $2,500. (500 pounds). If any of our friends are interested in this splendid educational work, which is now to go ahead under really sound conditions, and feel inclined to support it, their help will be warmly appreciated.

We have heard of some special items as desirable for the school in addition to the actual necessities. The contributing of these may appeal to some of our friends who wish to have a part in the equipping of the school.

Following are some of these special items:

Subscription to the National Geographic Magazine.

Subscription to the Junior Red Cross Magazine.

Subscription to Progressive Education, published by the Progressive Education Association, Washington, D. C.


Subscription to School Life, published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C.

Subscription to The Grade Teacher, published by the Educational Publishing Corporation, Boston, Mass.

A portable ocearan costing about $70. (14 pounds).

A sewing machine.

A victrola and records.

Alfred A. Whitman.
Association Items

THE NEW ENGLAND GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

SUMMER apparently makes Grenfell Mission offices the busier; and, since Boston is in the midst of celebrating the tercentenary anniversary of the founding of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, more than usual activity is evident on all sides. Letters to our out-of-town friends contain a special invitation to visit the Boston office if they plan to join the sight-seeing crowds in Boston; and the more widely the invitation is broadcast, the better pleased the New England Grenfell Association directors will be. The Boston office acts as agent for the Industrial Department, and has a representative display of Labrador products and a stock on hand from which to fill orders.

The George B. Cluett departed smartly on her first trip north under power, leaving historic old T Wharf, Boston, at the stroke of three o'clock, her announced sailing time, on June 10th. Sir Wilfred, bare-headed, smiled and waved from the deck; Mr. Gould stood by the wheel in business clothes, supremely happy at having made a last-minute decision to go with the ship to Lunenburg; Mr. Sayre made the trip down the harbor. The crew appeared to be very busy as the Cluett slid away from the dock, while ferryboats, ocean liners and tugboats blew the three blasts of salute, and all the Cluett's brilliant pennons fluttered triumphantly. The newspapers described the occasion variously, using large headlines because of the pleasant call Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ford made on the ship before her departure. "Explorer and College Crew Start North," said one. "Auto-King's Party See Arctic Ship Sail from Hub," "Sir Wilfred Grenfell Sails with Loving Cup" and "Fords Are Guests of Grenfells" were variations of the announcement. The loving cup was the gift of Mayor Curley to Sir Wilfred for the City of Boston at a testimonial luncheon tendered him by the Maritime Association of the Chamber of Commerce.

"Henry Ford partook of a halibut dinner yesterday on Sir Wilfred Grenfell's auxiliary schooner George B. Cluett, having motored from the Wayside Inn where the Grenfells have been guests. . . . The motor magnate had a glimpse of T Wharf and was held up a bit by the stream of traffic on Atlantic Avenue, but a real test of his agility came when he stepped from the cap log into the schooner's main rigging and to the deck littered with all manner of gear. The women were assisted down, and avoided a row of oil drums lashed in the schooner's waist on the way to the afterhouse, where a table had been arranged with benches cushioned with newspapers and with the schooner's crockery and cutlery neat as wax." The Boston Herald of June 11th thus described the party.

The sailing could never have taken place had it not been for the tireless energy of Mr. Gould in seeing to the multitude of details necessary for the stowing of the big cargo and the clearing of the ship. The cargo was remarkably varied. The deck was well laden with lumber; the hold contained radio equipment, canned milk, cloth and yarn for the Industrial Department, repaired surgical instruments, even a crate of live rabbits which were given to Sir Wilfred for experimental breeding purposes, not to mention large supplies of staple articles.

Captain Kenneth Iversen is again skipper of the Cluett. Her first mate this summer is Stanley S. Shaw, born in Newfoundland but now of Gloucester, the Massachusetts fishing port. Donald Smith has charge of the engines, and the cook is Edwin Jennings who has been cooking at sea for nearly twenty years. How good his cooking is can be vouched for by those fortunate people who came from Gloucester to Boston on the schooner's first trip under power. Miss Margaret Peirce is one of these; Mr. and Mrs. Hollis French and their daughter, Mr. Gould, Mr. Henry Parkman, Dudley Merrill, Thomas Shipman and Gibbs Sherrill are others who made this trip.

The schooner made remarkably fast time to St. Anthony, arriving just one week after she left Boston. On her second voyage from Boston starting about July 5th she will make a clean sweep of the Grenfell Mission freight for the summer. Wilfred and Pascoe Grenfell and John Mason Little, Jr., will be deck hands on the second trip.

Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell accompanied
by Eleanor Cushman made flying trips to Boston early in May and again early in June. Their presence always warms with personal affection the interest of "the plain people" in the work of the Mission.

The two-weeks cruise along Newfoundland and as far north as Battle Harbor, planned by the Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission with the Clark Steamship Company of Montreal, has proved so popular that space was long ago exhausted. At the suggestion of this office the steamship company put on a second cruise similar in all details to the first to start on August 10th, and this also has been completely booked. Many former volunteers are taking this way of catching at least a glimpse of the Coast they love. Miss Jessie Luther and Miss Emma H. Taft, president of the Providence Branch, are among those who have booked passage on the second cruise. Miss Molly Tongring and Miss Helen Whittemore have Battle Harbor and Bart'd Harbor respectively in mind as they go. Helen Fogg wishes to be sure the ship goes close enough so that she can see L'Anse au Clair, and Shirley Smith regrets that she cannot fly from Battle Harbor to Square Islands while the ship waits. While Miss Smith is away from the office, Mrs. Beckwith, a Wellesley College graduate whose home is in Boston, will be in charge. The steamship company permits the Industrial Department to place a stock of goods in display on board for sale to passengers.

The reunion dinner of New England alumni brought together ninety-eight former volunteers at the Twentieth Century Club on April 24th. Mr. Gould acted as toastmaster most efficiently and most pleasantly. He introduced as after-dinner speakers Dudley Merrill, who described his medical trips on the Coast; Commander Donald B. MacMillan, who told of his own work and paid tribute to Sir Wilfred's; and Sir Wilfred himself. On behalf of the 1929 volunteers Catherine Cole presented Lady Grenfell with a necklace of carved amethyst quartz and old gold. For the 1929 crew of the MAVAVAL Gibbs Sherrill presented Sir Wilfred with a gold knife and chain. The speeches at a Grenfell alumni reunion dinner tell much less than half the tale. Informal conversation breaks out sporadically and continuously, and much news is exchanged. One of the best results of these reunions wherever held is the freshening of our records of former workers. The Grenfell offices makes a real effort to keep these files up to date for reference, and they appreciate help. The dinners so evidently meet a genuine wish of the alumni for continuous contact with Sir Wilfred's work that we hope most heartily for early organization of a body of Grenfell Mission workers. Mr. Henry Parkman has consented to act as vice-president of the Grenfell Alumni Association for New England.

S. S. SMITH, Secretary.

Brief Items

MISS EMILY DROWN died in Binghamton, New York, on May 18th after an illness of a month. Miss Drown was long connected with the Association, and spent three periods of service in the North. In Binghamton she was active in raising funds for the Association.

EDWARD GOODALE AND NORMAN VAUGHAN, who have spent two years as members of Admiral Byrd's South Pole Expedition, are warmly welcomed upon their return from the antarctic. Many of the alumni will recall that these men were members of the St. Anthony staff in 1924-1925. Readers will be interested to know that Goodale and Vaughan feel that their association with Admiral Byrd was made possible because of the familiarity with life in the North which they acquired while serving on our staff. Both served as dog drivers on the Byrd Expedition, and both first drove dogs at St. Anthony. It will be remembered that a wireless message was received from Admiral Byrd, Goodale and Vaughan at the Grenfell alumni dinner in 1929.

VARICK FRISSELL IS ANOTHER ADVENTURING ALUMNUS who has recently returned to the United States after some months in the North, having completed a moving picture built around the annual seal hunt. This picture is now being prepared for release. Frissell had been on the ice fields with the sealing fleet in 1925, and was, therefore, well qualified to take the lead of the company
A woman school teacher for Nain, Labrador, is being sought by Commander Donald B. MacMillan. He desires that this teacher serve from August, 1930, till the summer of 1931. She will take charge of a group of Eskimo children from ten to sixteen years old, and teach them the common-school branches, especially English. Nain is on that part of the Labrador coast, north of the Grenfell stations, where Moravian missionaries have been working for many years. The teacher will live with the family of one of the Moravian missionaries. This is an exceptional opportunity for one who wants a rare experience which will afford material for writing. Letters from interested persons addressed to the Chairman, Staff Selection Committee, will be properly forwarded.

The Scottish Royal Geographical Society has awarded to Sir Wilfred its gold medal. The presentation of the medal will take place next December in Edinburgh.

Victrola records are needed at all of our schools. Records sent to the New York offices will be equitably distributed or will be dispatched to the station designated by the donor.

By every mail Sir Wilfred receives numbers of requests for his autograph. He is always glad to send an autograph provided the person asking for it encloses a stamped, self-addressed envelope for his reply.

The Grenfell colostomy pouch was devised by an old friend and supporter of the Mission, who some three years ago underwent a serious operation which necessitated the constant wearing of such an appliance, and who found nothing on the market exactly suited to his needs. Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who was visiting this friend at the time, considered the pouch better than all others and gladly consented to give it his name. The well known surgical house of Providence, Rhode Island, the Davoli Rubber Company, offered to put the pouch on the market on a royalty basis, and a contract was made with this house providing for the payment of royalties to the Grenfell Association. Each quarter we receive a generous cheque in payment of royalties, and our friend (Mr. Hyde of Mentholatum fame) has the satisfaction of knowing that he has brought relief to fellow sufferers and at the same time is helping the Grenfell work in which he is so much interested.

The spring at Northwest River has been unusually early this year. During the month of May there were continuous warm southwest winds, and the temperature on one day during that month rose to eighty degrees. The ice had disappeared from Lake Melville before the end of May, and in general the spring is a month further advanced than at the same date last year. Ducks and geese are reported in abundance.
FORM OF BEQUEST

The International Grenfell Association is the general governing body of the various Grenfell Missions. It is, however, a representative body governed by delegates from incorporated associations which have been formed in different parts of the world to support the Grenfell work. All moneys for the Grenfell work should be given to these latter institutions, and bequests of money or property should also be made to them. These incorporated institutions are as follows, the territory covered by them being indicated:

1. The Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland, incorporated under the laws of Great Britain—covers Great Britain and Ireland. This is a London branch of the International Grenfell Association.


4. The Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, incorporated under the laws of Newfoundland—covers the colony of Newfoundland.

5. The Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission, incorporated under the laws of the Province of Ontario—covers Canada.

The form of bequest should be as follows:

I give, devise and bequeath to ___________________________ Insert name of one of the Associations enumerated above, as the donor may prefer. It is suggested that the selection should be made in accordance with the country or territory within which the donor resides.

to be used for its corporate purposes.

THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

Executive Officer, Alfred A. Whitman. 156 Fifth Avenue, New York
St. John’s Office: Seamen’s Institute. St. John’s, Newfoundland

SUPPORTING ASSOCIATIONS

UNITED STATES

Boston.—New England Grenfell Association, incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts—Pres., Albert T. Gould; Treas., Frederick R. Galloway, 15 State St.; Sec., Miss Shirley S. Smith, Room 635, 120 Tremont St.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND
London.—Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen, incorporated under the laws of Great Britain—68 Victoria Street, S.W.

London.—Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland, incorporated under the laws of Great Britain—Sec’y, Miss Katie Spalding, 82 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

NEWFOUNDLAND
St. John’s.—The Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, incorporated under the laws of Newfoundland—Patron, His Excellency Sir John Middleton, K.B.E., C.M.G., Governor of Newfoundland; Vice-Chair., Charles F. Ayre, M.B.E.; Sec’y, H. R. Brookes.

CANADA
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(Continued on fourth cover)
THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

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Leicester.—Loughborough, Sunday School League.
Salford.—Elmwood, Knutsford Sunday School League.
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Glasgow.—U. F. Church Sunday School League.

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