Among The Deep Sea Fishers
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Among the Deep-Sea Fishers

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No. 2

A Review of the Past Winter

Sir Wilfred Grenfell

The eve of sailing for Labrador seems so closely to resemble the beginning of a new year that a brief review of some of the events since the New Year began for me in a warmer climate is not inappropriate.

When last winter came and our fine voyage of fish was found to be unsalable, bleak starvation faced many families. The Government of the Colony, itself in difficulties, had warned us that it was useless to look to them for help. Merchants were in the same position as ourselves, with tremendous losses on their stocks and with many bad debts carried over. We ourselves were obliged to forestall the closing off of our people by winter from sources of supply with such stocks of spare food at various places as we could afford. A generous gift from an anonymous friend after the benefit opera performance in December, to be used at my discretion, was just in time to warrant us in sending along to several of our stations a small reserve of the cheapest but most essential articles of diet, to be held until necessity called. A new friend, who had visited St. Mary's River, sent to Dr. Moret one hundred barrels of flour, which unquestionably served to save human life. The doctor most wisely distributed this in small amounts where he knew it would be the only "staff of life" until March or April. The Government were better than their expectation, and from each station as far north as Indian Harbor we have now had word that no one has starved.

On the other hand, alas, Dr. Curtis reports very severe want south of St. Anthony, testified to by the arrival in the first mail steamer in the spring of a larger number of stretcher cases of beri-beri and food-deficiency cases than ever before. Bad as that is, it carries with it the suggestion that, to our Labrador people, who were always most in need when first this work began, the gospel of feeding the hungry is really being preached, and that not my work, nor our work, but the work of the whole association of friends of good heart who read this magazine and lend a hand is carrying a demonstrable message of love that relates to this world as well as to the next—a message which is in no way mistaken by people, and which is the best answer to those who can see no solution of the terrible conditions within civilization but bolshevism, communism or new forms of human legislation, which by experience we know can never possibly bring and maintain among human beings peace, joy and righteousness on earth. Love alone can do that. Not man alone, nor even God without us, but God and men in union can bring His kingdom to our earth. Over-anxiety for tomorrow is still as unchristian as when Christ forbade it. Faint as yet may be the echoes of the victories our union has brought; but they are sufficient to show that, were He the ruler, the real ruler, dictating and carrying out His way, not ours, but through us with that real devotion that He challenges men to, there is no question but that peace on earth would come. It all depends on the closeness of the union, on the loyalty of us men. Christ's spirit on a monarch's throne or in the White House is not enough. It must pervade the senates and congresses and parliaments, the civic governments, the police and public services—in fact, the individuals. Have we patience to be able to believe that, patience enough ourselves to work for it, whether the other man does or not?
Exactly here lies the cross of Christ today. That is the venture of faith to which He calls us. It is not our intellectual opinions that trouble the Master. His service calls for faithfulness to death in us; but it wins the crown of life here and now. The words of a familiar hymn always suggest the value of a review:

"Steals o'er the hills the distant triumph song;
And hearts are brave again, and arms are strong.

Alleluia!"

So here is my heartiest gratitude to all who made it possible to send that food. Here in the house as I write is a girl, as fine a specimen as can be found of what Scotland can produce in the way of volunteer workers, who has just come from a second winter in Labrador to take charge of the Dog-Team Tavern on the Champlain Highway, with a girl volunteer from Texas, who also it is temporarily my infinite good fortune to have as a guest. If I were Burns I would write something about bonnie lassies that would make both Scotch and Texan ears tingle. Perhaps one of our poetic-minded readers will help me out for our next number. It is a cure for the anxieties of these days to see an international team united by the one force that we all know can make the Kingdom of Heaven come to earth. "How large a matter a little fire kindleth!" The Scotch lassie—I can get that far after Burns—is only looking for the day before winter comes to return to Labrador, to that "isolated, barren, forbidding land of Cain," as it has been stigmatized by predatory visitors and explorers; though the Very Christian King of Portugal did praise it as a good land if it send him regularly such fine slaves as the shipload his henchmen brought him from Hamilton Inlet. It is no secret that both of these volunteers have special reasons why they could be very happy in their comfortable homes just at this time instead of selling teas and industrial goods to tourists on a wayside equally distant from both their homes "just to help out fisherfolk in Labrador." The wise- acres and Solons still ask, why this waste? Youth and beauty, courage and perseverance, love itself being wasted. Oh, yes; wasted—as a girl once centuries ago wasted them over the feet of a village carpenter, a girl who, however, saw that the tiny driblet from her poor homely pitcher in that little cottage tapped the stream that flows from the throne of God Himself, and still so waters this old earth wherever it touches it that even one such tiny act has through the centuries made millions brave, brought infinite inspiration to endless millions who have read of it, and proved that love is eternal. Kings and potentates, senators and financial magnates will pass, and as such will inevitably be forgotten, for material things, like current knowledge, pass away. This is the "light of life," that those who make the great venture to follow Christ personally at all costs find in the following.

Do, gentle reader, tell every friend you have who will pass along the Champlain Highway this summer to look in at the Dog-Team Tavern, twenty miles south of Burlington. It will repay them more than well. The place is called Ferrisburg.

But I must come back to Labrador, the outside temperature of which calls so loudly for woollen clothing that I have ventured to pray hard that Dr. Grahame Bell's experiments might be successful, and a breed of sheep developed that have as many lambs as sows have piglets. The Scotch girl tells me that in her country they have nineteen. I think I will not tempt the Texan after that. Alas, clothing has been short in Labrador this winter; and that does not refer, alas, to the cut but to the quantity. I am a utilitarian, and regard simplicity as beauty, and think the best clothing is that which handicaps efficiency least.

The Needlework Guild of America, and the donors of barrels of clothing, must know that the volubility of our gratitude is no measure of its depth. Of course, if a destitute human being has to choose between a barrel of flour and a barrel of clothing, he having neither food nor clothing, in ordinary countries he would have no trouble in deciding for which he would be most grateful; but in Labrador it is almost as difficult as to decide whether to vote Democratic or Republican at a Presidential election. This was especially true last winter, when the extreme cold apparently did its best to match the advantage the flour had temporarily, no flour being obtainable since the fish was not sold. To the president and members and all the workers of the Needlework Guild this carries as much gratitude as we are capable of. I remember well what a warm garment would have meant to me, when I had to kill my beloved dogs who had just saved my life and take all they had. That adventure has made me know that clothing means love to a Labrador man. I can still
see, from my early days among fishermen, three as tough and rough skippers of fishing schooners as ever walked a deck, sitting on the locker in the cabin of our little hospital vessel as she rolled over the hurdles on the Dogger Bank in the North Sea. Our skipper had given them tea, and had made the hold, could get more fish there,” a policy he lived up to on land as well as at sea. That man became a new man. He quit drinking; and his home, though naturally the better off for the cutting out of intoxicants, became heaven instead of hell for the reason that there was a new man at the head of it. He had to

which looked so tough to me, quite homey to these shellbacks. He had just presented each with a glorious wool muffler, and was talking.

“A lady what never saw yer give me them to give yer.”

“Eh? Ain’t there nothing to pay for ‘em?”

“Pay? What did I tell yer? They’re good warm ‘uns, ain’t they? What made ‘er send them out ‘ere for us fishermen? Well, yer don’t know ‘er do yer? No, nor she don’t know you, do she? Well, it was love made ‘er do it, and that’s why I say Christ loves yer, because ‘E gave ‘Is life for yer.”

That fishing admiral commanded a fleet of one hundred and fifty fishing smacks called the “short blues” because of their flag. They sailed out of Great Yarmouth. The man’s name was Joe P., though very few besides myself knew that he had any name but Joe. He was a hard-drinking daredevil of a man, whose chief idea of the qualifications of a fishing admiral was, in his own language, to stand ready to “sail the fleet to hell if they appear a hypocrite and to bear ridicule; and, worse still, he had to withstand the temptation to go back to his old habits. But he made a new fleet of the short blues. He even hove to on a Sunday morning; and, instead of forcing all the fleet to work, he came aboard for service whenever weather permitted. He became far more careful about other people’s lives; and would not show his flags to make them send out their young men in small boats to put fish on the carrier steamer, when the only excuse could be that, if a few got drowned, the rest got a better price for their fish. He himself told me that it was that new idea of God’s love that “did whatever was done.” So, friends of the Guild and donors of clothing, here’s hoping you may rejoice over knowing that a garment is sometimes more than a garment, even if at other times it is only a display of selfishness and folly. “Naked and ye clothed me not,” will not trouble the Needlework Guild members, I know. All the stations are calling for more
like Oliver Twist. The Squeerses, I know, don't take in our magazine, which accounts for my courage.

Then comes the healing of the sick. My space is already filled, and I am going to deal with that in the next number. To all the generous givers who make that work possible my congratulations go out. The work is being
done as you would wish it done. The men who are maintained by you there are giving modern medical and surgical service in the way you would consider a message of love. If Dr. Curtis, Dr. Moret, Dr. Hodd, Dr. Paddock, Dr. Forsyth and the others, volunteers and otherwise, would tell their own stories, and there was time to read them, you would be more than satisfied with these investments of yours. They are paying dividends even in these days.

Dr. Kuehnert leaves his record to you, and it is the best that any man can have. I know that my beloved colleague, he who has indeed put on my mantle as well as his own, Dr. Charles Curtis, will forgive my saying that he is not a man of many words. Not every Christian man can make a speech; some make far too many for my liking. Yes, I know it: talking is one of the dangers of old age. But Dr. Curtis even cabled to me—here is the message on my desk—"Dr. Kuehnert was a real man. He helped in every department of the work." Does any man want or expect a better eulogy in the Day of Judgment? There is no need to pray for "peace" for the man who has honestly earned that record. We do weep for those who now are in human grief for the loss of a loved one. It seems that the longer he stayed the more there would be left grieving for him. But, thanks be to God, those who might well be heart-broken suffer least, for they have no "anxieties for tomorrow." Having themselves followed the vision, they are not now finding that it fails them.

There have been other losses among our friends. What else do we expect in the nature of human life? If that spells tragedy, then life is nothing else. God help us to see the real tragedy that lies in not using it, while it is ours, with the one purpose for which it is given to us—the one which never fails to show us that life's glory saves all "anxiety about tomorrow," and robs the grave of its victory.

Amongst our losses I will only mention the loss suffered by one of our best men, J. C., a fisherman of Lance au Loup. Not a few among my readers who have been on the Coast knew him, a good man, a good worker, a Catholic in church affiliation. His two sons and a friend were capsized by a sea when
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

bringing to land a load of seals—a severe loss for the plucky father who had just embarked on a new enterprise for the success of which his sons were so necessary. Thank God, all the harbor wants to "stand by."

did you say? "Don't involve yourself in any more expense?" It makes one feel like an auctioneer who keeps asking, "Did

The schools and orphanages are a vital part of love. If anybody left my babes on a doorstep or in the road to starve, I often wonder what I would think, if I were gone and could look back from the other side, as I listened to these neighbors who claimed to be Christ's followers with more than they need for themselves in their barns, and far busier in building bigger barns than in feeding the hungry. I cannot help thinking, anthropomorphically (the only way man can think of God), that I should turn around my head to look at the Righteous Judge, without being noticed by Him but just to gather what He was thinking about it. You who have helped Miss Lamonby, Miss Murray, Miss Criswell and Mrs. Moret, in their work among children, will be glad to know that there is the best kind of news of that work after the long winter, and that is no news at all. That which one expects can scarcely be called news; and, though we shall see unquestionable advances in the children, and no doubt bigger and better activities, we are grateful to have no news of the kind that fills the most widely read sections of the journals of civilization. A pathetic letter has, however, just reached me, begging us to

THE ST. ANTHONY ORPHANAGE

THE ST. ANTHONY ORPHANAGE STAFF
I hear anyone say — "?" naming some response which he knows perfectly well he did not hear. Did I hear some one say, "Let them starve" or "Why were they born anyhow?" No one say that? Their father was a fisherman. Their mother has done her best; but her friends of challenge is what keeps the heart young, and the body too.

Who can possibly grow old, pessimistic, merely because as the years pass physical assets naturally become, like the Deacon's shay, unfit for service? Having those quanti-

know that she cannot give the children the chance she wants to give them, and the time has come when neighbors can do no more. They have heard that last year we took one lot of four, mother and all. We who put out crumbs for birds, and who love dumb animals and are supporters of those noble societies for the rescue and protection of dumb animals, have already voted. "These four dumb animals must be safeguarded."

This reminds me to say welcome to Miss Maude Phillips of Boston, who is to visit Labrador this year representing the Animal Rescue League of Boston. The new kennels given by one of the ex-presidents of the League will, I know, feature largely in her appreciation of that particular, and perhaps somewhat unusual, interpretation of the love of God for his creatures through a mission association.

 Everyone knows the excitement that stirs the heart of a schoolboy going home for the holidays. I have been talking to several workers who are going to Labrador for the summer. Not one has been more excited than I find myself after all these years. That kind ties of lovely children to go back to, makes one unalterably wedded to what we call "Deacon-shay" philosophy, that is, determined to go on to the last enjoying work, till the remaining bit is beyond economical or safe service. This lure of persons you have been allowed to love, we want to share with all who have contributed.

So we have again helped you, through Messrs. Clarke of Dominion Square, Montreal, by getting them to increase the opportunities their excellent steamers offer, to come and make direct contact with your own handiwork. "Come and look at the garden, won't you?" is irresistible in summer. Oh, yes, you may get wet, and you may get cold or hot. What of it? Come and see the garden! And away we rush to Labrador, rain or no rain, as young as fifty years ago; just because we want to see the flowers.

We have all felt this lure. We feel it more now when the world needs venture so much. I asked a great big football star one day, "X, do you ever go to church?" "Never," he said. "Why not?" "Well, I don't get anything out of it." Literally, my eyes popped! "You, a

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Sportsman, are you going through life that way? Hasn't it ever occurred to you what a lot you can put into it?" "What have I got to put in, I would like to know."

try had to give up so much, and "got so little out of it." They knew he got everything because he gave everything. Experience suggests that those tears were indications of a try had to give up so much, and "got so little out of it." They knew he got everything because he gave everything. Experience suggests that those tears were indications of a

I referred him to the great American leader of men, President Roosevelt, for an answer. His little pamphlet, "On Nine Reasons for Going to Church," is one of his most characteristic gifts to America. Of its direct, undeniable, simple statements, I repeat just one—"The parson may not preach a good sermon, but he'll preach a better one if he just expected a row of football men in the front pew." What you take with you to church is the measure of what you get out of it, just as what you bring into America or into the world is what you will get out of them. I think of the crowds that, this year, day after day, I hear proclaiming George Washington. Even the traveling circus here had a really beautiful and inspiring pageant of George Washington. I saw—I am prepared to swear to it—tears in some eyes as the pageant conjured up all that one life had meant to this nation and to the world. One does not expect sentimental slop at circuses, and perhaps that was why some of those present were surprised into showing their real selves for once by just blowing the nose and, as they did so, wiping a tear they were ashamed of from an unaccustomed cheek. Who dares to suggest this was because the Father of his Coun-
gotten, but something that is eternal and that never can be lost or forgotten, something that laughs at the cost, and even at death itself, because, through our feeble lives also, God Almighty still continues to make lands of real ability to produce them. Last fall we walked into our gardens and plucked cabbages up to eighteen pounds per head, and gave them to the chief steward on board the mail steamer, who carried them around the whole Coast as

freedom, of true peace and happiness. Am I, an Englishman, the less loyal to my King and Country for loving and praising, yes, and trying to follow in the footsteps of all men everywhere, who, like their Master, but in humbler circles, have lived not for what they could get but for what they could give to the world?

Did I hear anyone say that is folly. If so, I must let it go at that. But I still hear one of the bravest of the brave, who lived and suffered and died in that spirit and in that faith, say, "We are fools for Christ's sake"; and we are defiantly proud of our right to say so.

I must omit the nursing stations; each will report for itself. Nor can I now describe the work of that strange new preacher of the gospel, the schooner-repairing dock, or the relief log-work at the mill, or the reduction in the cost of living due to co-operative stores, or the industrial work—not till the next number of the magazine. But I cannot pass the cabbages. They are such successful preachers that all the Coast has waked to their tocsin of more production of necessities and of our of old they carried flaming torches all over the country to rally the clans to battle. A photograph taken in February of one of the greenhouses sent by Mrs. Steer, president of the Garden Clubs of America, reached me in sunny Italy. There was not a cabbage that I could discover on the Riviera to beat ours. Even then, in February, the greenhouse was full of lettuce and spinach, and the hospital and orphanage never lacked green food all winter long. Everywhere on the Coast gardens have been created and doubled and trebled; and the blessed authorities of our Government have this year out of a blue sky done something that every man, woman and child among us is grateful for. They have sent seed potatoes to all our needy settlements, which come not only when they are most needed but also when the people have learned how not to cut them up, how to mix the shells from the beach with their rich black soil, and how to defend these new "awkward squads" from the cutworm and other enemies that do so easily beset them. A letter from our volunteer agriculturist expert, Professor Sears, by today's mail says, "I am on my way
to consult you about the year's programme."

If a potato skin or a cabbage heart can save men and women from paralysis and pain, why is it sacrilegious to regard them as preachers of the gospel of love? A pathetic letter has just arrived. "We have twenty thousand young cabbages ready to plant out. We sorely need more glass to make a hardening-off house. So bring us a dozen boxes of ten by twelve glass if you can afford it."

I cannot help referring briefly to the sad loss we and others have suffered by the passing so suddenly of John Hamilton. Many knew him. Many who loved him as a great athlete and a great heart have told me more of him than I was privileged to know personally. But I did have the privilege of a few days' contact with him before he passed on; and I can say that no man ever more gladly accepted a challenge to do a really dangerous piece of work in order to help others than he did during those days, when in the face of much gossip in the harbor he agreed to take a small sailing boat, with a really ancient engine, across the mouth of the Strait of Belle Isle to Battle Harbor, and to help tow home the injured MARAVAT, which lay there derelict. He never allowed me a chance to say "thank you." He was not the kind of man who look for bouquets, and I felt he was not the kind of man who do things only because they "get something out of it." He served as a wop last fall. He stayed for the winter, and suddenly passed out while Dr. Curtis was unfortunately at Flower's Cove. We knew him only a short while; but he was the kind of man you could readily learn to love.

How about the leading lady? I have not mentioned her. I dare scarcely return to the Coast if I named her. No. I am not referring to part of myself, my better half or otherwise. I may suggest that she comes from a world-famous city in the West, though I have recently heard its fame compared with lovely world of opportunity, and our mixed feelings. We shall regret leaving this toast always is, suggests that she comes forward to the crossing of the last bar with God's blessing on them. That is a paralysis which suffered by the Dr. new fields of labor. We could not for one paralysis trespass there can be no "sadness in farewell when I embark."

"For I shall meet my pilot face to face,
When I have crossed the bar."
Dr. Kurt K. Kuehnert
Charles S. Curtis, M. D.

THE staff and the community of St. Anthony have been under great suspense and sorrow during the past ten days owing to the tragic disappearance of Dr. Kurt Kuehnert.

On Monday evening, May 30th, Dr. Kuehnert with Arthur Sullivan, a St. John's aviator, left St. Anthony at about 8:30 for a short aerial trip. They were last seen flying over a village three miles north. Since they failed to return within an hour, and as fog and darkness came on, we sent out motorboats to search the sea; but with no success. The STRATHCONA then put to sea and cruised the ocean from Belle Isle to beyond White Bay. Again with no success. Since they might have been forced down over the land, the next morning over a hundred men from
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All the settlements on the coast searched the interior; but with no result.

Dr. Alexander Forbes generously sent his plane to join in the search, and the Newfoundland Government sent a plane of the Canadian National Airways. All the land was thoroughly searched from the air. All rumors were investigated. Dr. Forbes' plane flew all over southern Labrador. Still no success.

After such a thorough search by land and sea and from the air, we must accept the fact that they are lost. What caused the accident and where it occurred will probably always be mysteries.

Dr. Kuehnert joined the staff of the St. Anthony hospital in October, 1931. He was a graduate of the Dental School of Northwestern University, Chicago. Shortly after his arrival he accompanied me on a medical trip in the Strathcona, and his skill and his devotion to his profession were much evidenced. In every little village in White Bay he worked all day and far into the night. Word went about that he was very gentle with his patients, and everyone came for treatment. In the winter he again accompanied me on a dog-team trip along the Strait of Belle Isle, taking his apparatus with him and making a large number of plates. He was most careful and painstaking, spending a large amount of time with every patient so that his work would be satisfactory. He was always busy—always anxious and willing, no matter what time of day or night, to help a patient.

He was strongly built, of fine physique, a fine athlete. He was an amateur boxer and wrestler, and a beautiful ski-runner. He taught the local boys the art of ski-jumping. When he was on a hill on skis, there was always a crowd of boys to watch and try to imitate him.

He was an ideal companion and friend, loyal, never upset by petty grievances, keeping his own counsel, always cheerful. When his own work was done he was anxious to help in whatever way he could.

It is hard to reconcile ourselves to the going of such a gallant young man, so full of life and youthfulness. But we who have been associated with him for the past eight months, professionally and personally, are profoundly grateful for the opportunity of knowing such a man. To his family, to which he was so greatly devoted, and of which he talked so much, the staff at St. Anthony and the entire community express their heartfelt sympathy.

Days That Are Past

J. T. Richards

Out of the blue, out of the blue,
Sir Wilfred Grenfell comes to you!

So, in substance, the message from St. Anthony as we sat down to dinner. I put a shell in my gun to give the ship a salute as she circled over the harbor before landing. Dinner was just finished when Mrs. Richards, who had gone out frequently to listen, detected the whir of the machine. I emerged in time to fire a shot just as she passed over the parsonage. Sir Wilfred told me afterwards that he did not hear the report.

Out of the blue, out of the blue,
Sir Wilfred Grenfell comes to you!

Forty years ago it could have been written,
To a land of fishers, seal and cod,
Grenfell, Grenfell, sent by God.

Ah, well I remember those days that are past, and as I take my pen a wave of emotion grips me. It is one of those transient waves that have the knack of making one live over again, in rapid retrospection, the scenes and sounds of long ago. May we not say that they are evidences of man's affinity with the eternal?

Once more it is spring in my little native village in southern Newfoundland. Great bark pots are boiling cutch; and fishers are drawing their nets, pale with the wear and tear of the year before, through the dark liquid that gives them new life and color for the coming struggle with the briny sea and the sprightly cod. Miles of fences by the roadside form the lines on which the nets are hung in the sun to dry.

Schooners of from fifteen to two hundred
tons are being overhauled. Some are on their beam ends while the fishers—shipbuilders as well—try them over with calking mallet and iron. Others sit gracefully on the calm waters while masts and rigging are being painted and set, or hulls given the finishing touches by a double streak of paint in high contrast with the dark, white or green color of the body of the ship. The day for sailing comes at last. Chests are filled with clean, well mended clothing by mothers who know that their husbands and boys must go through much hardship and in many cases wash and mend for themselves during the next three months. Sweet cakes are provided, and other things as they can afford, to make what must be a very disagreeable passage as comfortable as possible.

“All hands aboard,” shouts the skipper; and strong men embrace their wives and shower kisses on the ruby, fat-cheeked babies whom they will not see again till the autumn—in many cases, of course, until they meet across the bar. Aprons and kerchiefs wave a last good-bye as the flag is dipped while rounding the point that hides the outward bound from view. Then with sad hearts and streaming eyes those faithful wives and mothers go back to the little cottages to think and to pray that the good God will prosper the work of their hands, and, above all, bring back their loved ones once more in safety to the haven where they would be.

To my bo yarnish mind a few names had become familiar—St. Karl’s five miles from St. Anthony, and Braha where we hail to land a few fishermen, and Indian Tickle one hundred miles north where my father and grandfather had fished for many years. This was to be my terminus ad quem for the next thirteen summers, after which, in the providence of God, I was to become a fisher of men. In my first years the name “Grenfell” was still unknown in northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

St. Anthony

I well remember the first time I heard of St. Anthony or, as it was then called, “Sat Antoni” (long “o” well stressed), an approximation to the French pronunciation. We had come to off St. Karl’s to land a crew, when Uncle Joe came alongside in a small fishing punt. Everybody knew Uncle Joe, and greetings were profuse. In those days almost the first question in the spring would be, “How are the people off for food?” On this occasion Uncle Joe replied, “Bad enough, skipper Bill, bad enough, sir. We’ve managed to pull through so far, but we’re right out now and will be glad of a bit of flour.” “How is the Coast in General, Uncle Joe?” “The people is very bad off, sir, right along the shore; in fact, some of the families in Sat Antoni is starvin’.” This was the first impression on my boyish mind of conditions in what was to become, through the advent of Dr. Grenfell and the Deep-Sea Mission, much more than the metropolis of Northern Newfoundland and Labrador.

Grenfell of Labrador

Why do some impressions made on the mind fade so easily, while others live on? I have a most graphic recollection of my first sight of Sir Wilfred. It was at Indian Tickle, Labrador. One morning I noticed, a short distance away, a group of fishermen very intently listening to some one whom at first I could not see. I drew near, and saw in the centre of the group sitting on a log a young man, about twenty-five, in hip boots or rubber. He recounted the ravages of the great fire of 1892 in St. John’s, whence he had just come. There was something in the personality and bearing of this young Englishman that at once gripped me. This was intensified the next Sunday when I listened to him holding service in a little chapel that had been built by the summer fishermen for that purpose.

Text: Noah was a just man and perfect in his generations, and Noah walked with God. —Gen. VI:9. Honor, integrity, righteousness, manliness were forcibly emphasized, and I came away wanting to emulate Noah—perhaps to emulate Dr. Grenfell himself. I can hear now the sweet singing of his boat crew as they rowed him on board the yacht Albert—“Throw out the life line,……….. Some one is sinking to-day.” Henceforth the coming of this magnetic young English doctor was eagerly looked for, not only by myself but by the whole Coast. I know not how much influence Sir Wilfred had in the next few years in shaping my character for what was to become my life’s work.

I well remember how, in the early dawn, for the next eight years, I would awake, jump out of bed, and away upon the waters with a song of praise to Almighty God while reaping the harvest of the sea. It was in 1899, during a winter spent on Labrador, that a long talk with Dr. Apsland of the Grenfell
Mission turned my thoughts more definitely to the acquisition of a better education; and, should Dr. Apshall see these notes, I wonder whether he can remember Sandy Hill Bay and a long talk we had while going through Domino Run to Spotted Islands in the month of April.

Uncle Rich Dempster

The scene had changed. Christ had come along the Atlantic seaboard, and one day while I was mending the nets had said, "Follow me and I will make you to become a fisher of men." Right into the heart of the great Grenfell Mission field he sent me, with headquarters at Flower's Cove on the Strait of Belle Isle. It was a day of joy and gladness that found me a co-worker with the man whom I had already come to esteem very highly in love for his work's sake as well as for his own.

I had just landed at Flower's Cove in the summer of 1905 when a call came. "Uncle Rich Dempster wants to see you, sir." I went and found a unique condition of things—the partition removed from the loft to give more room, an improvised wooden bath pan and other adjustments made by Dr. Grenfell to suit the emergency, and on the bed Uncle Rich. "Yes, sir; Dr. Grenfell saved my life under Providence." Uncle Rich was careful to give due praise to the Great Physician. He then told the story, how blood-poisoning had set in and almost reached his body, when, just in the nick of time, Dr. Grenfell came along. With no instrument but his pocket-knife, well sharpened for the occasion, no less than seven deep incisions had been made in the leg from the ankle to the thigh in order to drain off the poison that in a few days would have numbered Uncle Rich with the dead. Uncle Rich was a real asset to the community where he lived for twenty-five years after this.

Perhaps a more striking providential coincidence took place a few years later. It was in May when dog driving was over for the season and the whole North was in the grip of immense fields of arctic drift ice. Transit by land or sea was, therefore, out of the question except by the slow, laborious process of walking. With neither doctor nor nurse nearer than St. Anthony, a good hundred miles from Flower's Cove round the coast line, accidents or serious illness must perforce do without either. About noon on May 10th Mike Gould, while out bird-hunting, drove a whole load of shot into his thigh. As no medical aid was at all possible—so everyone thought—there was nothing to do for the poor fellow but bandage him up with local methods and wait for him to bleed to death. At that very hour Dr. Grenfell, with Mr. Hillier from Griguet as companion, was, foot-sore and weary, dragging himself towards the parsonage at Flower's Cove, which he reached about the time when Mike shot himself. Having tried in vain to get out to the States by the southern route, Sir Wilfred had undertaken the awful journey overland to Flower's Cove, hoping to get out by the west coast. He arrived just in the nick of time. News of the doctor had spread rapidly, and Sir Wilfred had just sat down to lunch when in rushed Will Gould. "Oh, doctor, doctor, come quick; brother Mike have dru a whole load of shot into his thigh and is bleeding to death!" Weary and still hungry, away went Sir Wilfred to Bear Cove, three miles away, where he spent a most exciting night trying to save Gould's life. Mike, minus a leg, is going strong to-day, and well remembers the thrill of hope that passed through him when, his life blood fast ebbing away, he heard that Dr. Grenfell had just reached Flower's Cove.

Dr. John Mason Little

One cannot recall the days that are past in these regions without being sensible of the important part played in the life of the people by that veteran medical missionary, the late Dr. Little. His skill, his devotion to duty, his humanity were all of the highest type. I shall never forget the pride he took in showing me "Little Jack," a small boy who was born crippled. "Now, Little Jack," he said, "walk across the ward and show Mr. R. how well you can walk." I can see the little chap now as with beaming face he made the effort and succeeded in walking across the room. "We hope to make a strong man of him yet," the doctor said. It was not the will of God, however, that this should be, for a week or two later Little Jack developed meningitis, and in spite of skill and care passed to the land where cripples are not. Dr. Little asked me to bury him, and seldom have I seen a sadder little funeral. The whole staff attended him to the cemetery, lowered him into the grave, and, having committed his body to the dust, returned to their work, each feeling a personal loss. The bones of Little Jack
mingle with the dust of St. Anthony. The ashes of Dr. John Mason Little, at his own request, lie in solid rock on the hilltop at St. Anthony overlooking the scene of ten years of strenuous work on behalf of poor and suffering humanity. Their souls are in the hand of God.

But Dr. Little did not lay down the torch; he handed it on to a very worthy successor. Dr. Charles Curtis in the past fifteen years has demonstrated not only his skill as surgeon and physician but also his ability to brave the blizzard when duty calls in far distant portions of his extensive district. This embraces the major part of the whole northern peninsula of Newfoundland. Already this winter he has made no less than three trips to the Strait of Belle Isle at the call of Miss Weir, the very competent nurse in charge at Flower's Cove. Here he has performed operations, both major and minor, alleviated pain, and perhaps saved valuable lives. We are always delighted when he can spend a night at the parsonage, for, with all his exacting duties, he is an omnivorous reader and can sum up world conditions to date with a lucidity that is delightfully instructive.

The hardships and danger of winter traveling in St. John's Bay are soon forgotten when one crosses the threshold of Aunt Julia Gaulton's snug little home nestled away 'neath two remarkable peaks of the Long Rang that here overlook the sea. A couple of nights pass all too quickly with the two families that form the entire population of Barr'd Harbor and the one at Doctor's Brook a mile away. What is it in the isolated that lures and grips one? It may be difficult to explain but it is one of the most fascinating realities that the lure is in proportion to the isolation. The loneliest and most thinly peopled parts of my large mission have rare charm for me.

Grenfell Teachers

How could we ever reach the children of such places with a little education but for the Grenfell teacher! The time has come for evening prayer. The service of the Church of England demands, for its proper rendering, responses read by the congregation. This is by no means easy for children who hear the church service only two or three times a year. Thanks to the splendid work of the Grenfell teacher, however, the children take their prayer books and from them read and enjoy their part of the service.

Next day we go to Doctor's Brook. Here too the older children help the mother in the responses. These children have attended no other than the Grenfell school at Barr'd Harbor.

Grenfell teachers too have aided in laying a good foundation at St. John's Island, Shoal Cove, Brig Bay, Plum Point, Blue Cove, Black Duck Cove, Sandy Cove, Pine's Cove, Green Island Cove, Green Island Brook and Eddy's Cove.

The work of Miss Ethel Gordon Muir at Black Duck Cove is beyond all praise. Here this indefatigable lady built a splendid school and dwelling all in one, and for many years has given her summer vacations to the great work of uplifting and improving the minds of the children. All honor to Miss Muir!

Another bit of outstanding educational and community work was done at Eddy's Cove and in the vicinity by Miss Edith Sloane, now Mrs. Ludlow Griscom. Here this philanthropic young lady spent several years of her life, taking with a smile the hardships to which she had never been accustomed, and leaving the stamp of her personality upon the children. Her latest lend-a-hand in behalf of her old friends has taken the shape of a nice little school room built by her at Pine's Cove.

We thank you, Miss Muir and Mrs. Griscom.

A very energetic Grenfell teacher, Mrs. Colvin, took charge at Green Island Brook last summer and did a splendid two months' work. Our local teacher, Mr. Way, had worked hard with the women of the place to beautify the inside of the schoolhouse. Mrs. Colvin clinched his work by tightening the roof, painting the outside and adding other necessary touches. We could go on, if space permitted, enumerating the good work done by a large number of Grenfell teachers in other parts of the Strait of Belle Isle and Labrador. Many of them remember us long years after they have done their bit for our children. It will be seen, then, that the Grenfell teachers have done a noble work for our people in these isolated regions. May the Lord bless and reward them every one.

At present we are finding the work of providing yearly schools for our little ones entirely beyond our means. One-third of our local Government grant has been cut off; and, instead of being able to find teachers for our twenty-five school centres in the Strait of Belle Isle, we can barely reach a dozen. At Flower's Cove we had a splendid young man teaching for the school year just ended. We hoped it might be possible to retain his serv-
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

ices for another year, but lack of funds hinders.

Would to God that those who have a super-abundance might be moved to come to our aid in this matter. Such aid would certainly extend and consolidate the splendid work already done by Grenfell teachers during the summer months.

In common with the rest of mankind we are experiencing a time of great want. Last year Sir Wilfred Grenfell enlisted in our behalf the sympathies of the rector of Trinity Church, Boston, and his big-hearted congregation. Let me assure those Good Samaritans that their aid was a real godsend to us. Personally it has delivered me from the great distress of being appealed to by large and absolutely destitute families. Mr. Kinsloving and his people have relieved my own distress by furnishing means for relieving the distress of our people. May the Lord bless and prosper them!

Being fishermen, our people have not used to the fullest extent our agricultural resources. A great advance in this direction has been made since Dr. Helen Mitchell, an expert dietitian, visited the Coast three years ago. By actual photographs of rats specially fed for experiment Dr. Mitchell drove home in her lectures the effects upon the human system of a defective and unbalanced diet. She emphasized the value of green vegetables, and affirmed her belief that our soil could furnish the very things we lack in our diet if it were properly cultivated. Her pupil, Miss Vaughn, who spent the next year on the Coast, did a good work; and last year Sir Wilfred and Professor Sears paid us a visit and drove home the same truths.

All these good influences combine to shape our efforts agriculturally; and this spring we see our people turned into a veritable fisherman-farmer community. Gardens are being made in all directions; and our children will reap the benefit in a better balanced ration, and consequently a more robust constitution.

Miss Weir, too, is showing a good example by clearing land around the nursing station, and installing a hothouse, furnished, I believe, by the Grenfell Association through Professor Sears. It will mean a lot to the Coast to have plants ready to transplant at a time when now we begin to sow our seed. It will add a month to our season for such plants as can be supplied.

In closing, Mr. Editor, I would voice what many of us feel at this time, and that is that Sir Wilfred should relax a bit—in fact, take a real rest. His visits are storms of released energy; but, much as we value them, we would willingly forgo the pleasure of his presence for the benefit of his health. He was never craven in the smoke of battle. Let him now from his vantage ground watch the forces for righting wrong set in motion by his dauntless and unflagging zeal. Ten or fifteen years of safe and sane counsel would, we believe, be better for his great work than an impulsive onslaught led in person that may lay the leader low.

The Cartwright Pipe Line

Harry L. Paddon, M.D.

WHEN an enterprise such as that of the Panama Canal is entered upon, the confidence, the capital and the brains of nations are available; the mosquito is exterminated locally, for the safety rather for the convenience of workmen and prospective residents; and the best of transport and equipment is assured.

While the erection of small hospitals and schools, and the damming of streams for suitable water supplies in the Labrador of today, are, in comparison with the Panama Canal, very picayune operations, the obstacles are possibly proportionally greater. Capital is not, in this case, a matter of business investment and world-wide interest, but of voluntary contributions, good propaganda and the intrinsic merits of the cause. Confidence is a matter of an international Board of Directors, acting on the reports of Superintendent and medical officers, to the extent of saying, "let there be hospitals, schools, wharves and water
supplies" in places where they have never before been, and of a limited public backing their opinion. This says much for directors and public.

In the case of the Cartwright pipe line, the equipment was what our resources permitted of, the main armament consisting of one Ford truck, one Cleveland tractor, and an Ingersoll-Rand machine, including an air-compressor, a paving-breaker and a jack-hammer. Transport, apart from the perennially overloaded thousand-ton coasting steamer, which frequently has to refuse freight at St. Anthony and other out-ports, was a matter of what the I. G. A. could provide. The Cluett bore the brunt; the STRATHCONA and the MARAVAL did their bits. Brains were entirely a matter of the "home firm," consisting, so far as engineering is concerned, of Mr. Hollis French at the base and Ted MacNeill at the front. The accession of Mr. Willmer as Executive Officer added to the forces, from 1931 onward, a practical engineer of wide experience, though the number and length of his visits to any one point are necessarily limited. No one would deny, however, that it is on Ted MacNeill's shoulders that the brunt of the responsibilities, the worries, the conundrums, the emergencies, the disappointments and the delays have fallen during the seasons from 1929 to 1931, inclusive.

A walk along the 3650 feet of pipe line between Lockwood School and the dam on Burdett's Brook convinced the writer that here was at least a miniature epic, some particulars of which could hardly be otherwise than interesting to our supporters. Be it also remembered that in Labrador the mosquito, since he is innocent of malarial and yellow-fever germs, is left to do his worst.

During the summer of 1929, Mr. Albert Gould journeyed to Cartwright on behalf of the directors. The erection of Lockwood station was then in its early stages. Mr. Gould found a beautiful harbor with very picturesque surroundings. The prospective sites for buildings were still wooded knolls with no sign of road or wharf in their neighborhood. Mr. Gould came, saw and returned home deep in thought.

A conference took place on the STRATHCONA, and even that arch-optimist, Sir Wilfred, confessed that he "suffered from cold feet," for a few hours. These few hours, however, were followed by many days of renewed enthusiasm and determination; and, despite any disillu-
sion that Mr. Gould may have undergone, he and the other directors were far from being stampeded by a clearer understanding of the difficulties involved.

In 1930 a large fraction of the permanent wharf replaced the temporary makeshift of 1929, and a really fine schoolhouse and dormitory sprang into being. A thorough survey for the pipe line was made, and the first hundred feet from the building were laid.

Mr. Willmer's first impression on seeing the terrain early in the summer of 1931, as he candidly acknowledges, was of a possible three seasons' job. Yet, but for the defection of the jack-hammer, the entire line would have been completed before the workmen left on the 21st of last October.

And now for some description of the task:

Throughout the whole length of 3650 feet a uniform depth of six feet had to be maintained to provide for temperatures of from fifty to sixty degrees below zero. Apart from the frost, the other main considerations were the formations to be dealt with along the line, and the transport of materials for the dam from the water line to the proposed location.

For a distance of 2000 feet from the dormitory building the soil consists of a viscid clay, which is extremely unpleasant to work in, not only because of the water it contains
but also because of the frequent foundering of the walls of the trench. Diggers have stuck fast so that they themselves have had to be dug out; and yet the walls foundered in great masses which must be wearisomely removed.

Next comes a creek, formed by the confluence of two rapid little streamlets, under which the pipe line had to be conducted. This operation was only feasible at all, with the means at Ted's disposal, during the very driest weeks of the summer. The water had to be conducted across the pipe line in chutes while the excess fluid was sucked from the trench with pumps. Beyond the creek comes 1600 feet of shallow crumbled rock and big boulders. One of the latter required no less than six blasts of dynamite for its disintegration into removable pieces. Finally a special conducting trench, 180 feet in length, had to be excavated to divert the brook while the dam was being built.

Clear of the pipe line, a road which already led from the harbor up to the school buildings was extended to a point about midway between harbor and dam. Thence the tractor cleared its own path through the woods to the dam-side.

Besides the defection of the jack-hammer already referred to, another factor that helped to prevent the completion of the work in a single season was that last summer the volunteer force for Cartwright was delayed...
other place it took a whole day to lay a single twelve-foot length, half the time being consumed in pumping the trench sufficiently dry and the other half in dealing with the constantly foundering clay. Whereas the normal width of the trench was supposed to be one yard, in more than one place no less than five times that width would be grimly excavated before any wall was found to stay erect. Along the entire line, wherever heavy bed-rock or other cause prevented the excavation of the full depth, marks were put to indicate the height to which compensatory banking-up must be carried.

What remains to be done in the summer of 1932 is as follows: Less than 200 feet of trench must still be blasted out and excavated; less than 400 feet of pipe must be laid; about 1500 feet, between the dam and the creek, must be filled in; some remaining filling-in between the creek and the dormitory must be done.

But what is filling in compared with blasting and excavating? With a very moderate length of hose pipe, Ted can lay on water almost immediately upon the resumption of work this summer.

Several times during the struggle a sudden inquiry about the solution of a problem drew a frank, "I don't know," from Ted. But this does not mean, "I give up"; but rather, "I am going to find out."

Ted would be the first to acknowledge his indebtedness to his assistants, both wops and local workmen. He speaks appreciatively of the assistance rendered by Miss Berthelsen, the nurse, as purser, and by Miss Criswell, the school principal, as accountant. So, despite outside depression, hampered finances and local obstacles, Ted and his merry men have blasted, excavated, pumped, concreted and tractored their way to the threshold of complete achievement.
The “Jessie Goldthwait”

Shirley S. Smith

BUILT like a veritable fishing schooner to endure the rigors of northern seas, the JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT seems nevertheless the height of cruising comfort. After a glimpse at her, one realizes partially the generosity of Dr. Goldthwait, whose interest in the Grenfell Mission work was keen enough to cause him to give away the ship into which he had built so much thought and expectation. The JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT was given to the Mission as a memorial to Mrs. Goldthwait, who died before the ship was finished. It will be a living memorial to one who was so much interested in carrying help and comfort and her own spirit into far-away places.

The ship was fortunate, to speak of her personally, in being constructed under the supervision of the late Arthur D. Story, master shipbuilder, at Essex, Massachusetts. For statistics: the JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT is 68 feet registered length, 18 feet beam, draft about 10 feet. She is an auxiliary two- masted schooner, powered with an 80 h.p. Cooper Bessemer Diesel oil-burning engine. Unless you know ships on these terms, however, such figures give little picture of the trim, sturdy ship. The JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT is painted black. True to fisherman form, her name is lettered in gold on both sides of the bow and on the stern. She is graceful and swift to the eye, and when the smooth purr of her motor stops and the only sound is the hiss of water along the lee rail, one knows why sailing, in such a ship, is sport for kings. Within and without, the JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT is finished with thoughtful attention to the details of comfort and safety. To have duplicate parts wherever possible was Dr. Goldthwait’s aim, and that explains the extra propeller in the lazaret, the hand pump for use if by chance the electric generator should fail. The engineer is enthusiastic over her economy in the use of fuel oil. Already her oil tanks carry a supply for a full year. The JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT has great airy cabins, both fore and aft, with hair mattresses on the bunks, an electric desk lamp for poring over charts, easily accessible chart cupboards, rich dark blue leather transoms in the after cabin which can, if necessary, be used as additional bunks. A roomy closet for Sir Wilfred’s medical supplies has been thoughtfully supplied by Dr. Goldthwait. A landsman wonders how it is possible to arrange so much space everywhere.

Living quarters on the JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT will be warm and comfortable even in northern waters, for she is equipped with an Arcola hot-water heating system. “Cooker” aboard her should have an enviable job, with, her electric stove and electric refrigerator; and a glimpse inside the numerous closets and cupboards shows that the dining table, which swings down from the wall, will be set with white enamel-ware and some of Mrs. Goldthwait’s own table accessories which Dr. Goldthwait wished to have go with the ship. Other closets are stored with a full supply of towels and other linen, for Dr. Goldthwait has left no stone unturned to hand his ship over to Sir Wilfred fully prepared for service.

To be a member of the crew of the new schooner will mean a liberal education in the use of modern appliances in an old type of sailing ship. The mainsail can be hoisted along the impressive length of the smooth 70-foot mast by electric windlass; the running lights plug into rubber-insulated electric sockets. Both of the masts are somewhat larger than is usual in such a ship, but this was planned to meet the heavy weather which undoubtedly the ship will be called upon to face. The sails are of heavy canvas; the foresail, which carries the bulk of the heavy work in northern waters, is handsewn, of extra heavy-weight canvas.

Looking at the JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT one thinks of her as a triumph of artistry and utility; and the imagination follows her longingly into blue waters with icebergs dazzling on the horizon and children racing to view her as she swings through the “tickle.”
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

Lockwood School

Elizabeth Criswell

A BLIZZARD is raging outside; the storm king is driving the snow against the window panes, and the frost is waiting to nip one’s nose and ears as soon as one ventures out. But inside the Lockwood School dormitory all is warmth and cheer. The children are gathered around the three big tables in the dining-living room, for this is the evening study hour. Some are puzzling their heads over six times three; others are finding out for themselves the pleasures of reading interesting stories. The older boys and girls are poring over history, and one boy is making a map of Sandwich Bay.

The second year of Lockwood School began the middle of last September. This school is a continuation of the Labrador Public School, which was at Muddy Bay, and which was destroyed by fire a few years ago. This year we have double the number of pupils of last year. The number that came in last year even before the buildings were all completed, and the extra scholars this year, show the great need of this school for the Coast. There are at least twenty-five to thirty children in the out-
enough to try for the Council's examinations, but all three passed with honors. Few of the boys, however, can continue in school past the seventh grade, for the life on the Coast demands that a boy early learn the rudiments of what are to be his vocations, that is, trapping and fishing. Most of the boys, when thirteen or fourteen, go out with their fathers or older brothers for the fall hunt. Some of them can come in to school for the winter term, staying until the first of June, when again they must leave to aid in the salmon fishing. We must continually adapt our school system to the people's needs.
The children are eager to learn, and in most cases advance rapidly. When they come to school at first they are very shy and usually very homesick for the little isolated places they have left, for family ties bind very closely in this country. But soon they become accustomed to the routine of the work; and when they find they can read a story for themselves their joy is worth all the effort one has put into the work.

YOUNGER BOYS AT LOCKWOOD SCHOOL.

Letters

FROM SIR WILFRED TO THE EDITOR

Kinlock House, Charlotte, Vermont,

June 22nd, 1932.

DEAR EDITOR:

The airplane that was lost with our good dental officer, Dr. Kuehnert, brought a letter to me from Miss Criswell at the Lockwood School—our first Government winter air mail. She writes—and I hope you can get it in the July number of the magazine—

"We do so hope you will begin the building of the hospital here this year. Many men are sorely needing work.

"On Tuesday, May 14th, we had the sale of work and the games and the basket sales for children. We took in over eighty dollars. We feel this was very good, for the weather was rough and no one outside Cartwright could get to the post. We are taking enough of this to pay for a Ressure cooker for the canning club. The rest is to go to the Sandwich Bay scholarship fund. This is to enable some of the poor children, whose parents cannot give them any schooling or send them here, to send one child for one year. Each costs $50.00; and we had collected before in the Bay $17.25. Now, as I write, we have $50.00 for one child for 1932 and '33, and $18.00 towards a second child. The money is here in the office ready for use.

"We have started a large garden south of the school. The men are at work fencing it now. The pigs are working inside at the same time rooting it up. They make splendid plows. We have only three hens, but they give us three eggs a day. We wish they were a dozen. We are doing a lot of clearing out in the woods. A squadron of children goes in each evening to pick up and carry out. We think there will be fewer mosquitoes in future, as now the sun will get in and clear the ground. We are writing to Professor Sears to bring rhubarb with him, and we want awfully some currant, gooseberry and raspberry bushes, young ones, for our empty beds. Can you get us any down on the first boat. I was going to leave this year, but I cannot wrench
myself away. So I want to sign on for another term, if I can, say, for three years.

"The Lockwood School is going along splendidly. We shall close the season on June 10th; but those sitting for examinations under the Government will be here till the last of June.

"With all our love to Lady Grenfell and yourself."

As I read this I think of a certain lunch with covers at three dollars. At this time, in this hot weather, I felt, as a doctor, what a mistake! Such things rob good people of years of life, though they do not know it. My old friend, Lord Strathcona, never ate lunch for over fifty years—and died "in harness" at ninety-three years of age. Another colleague of mine never eats breakfasts—white-haired, but a fit, healthy man, still a professor "in harness."

And that lunch would have given two children a year's schooling; and we feed them well during the school term, and see that they have clothing. Miss Criswell in Labrador with her poor-children problems would love to have a "Luncheon Scholarship."

WILFRED T. GRENFELL.

FROM MISS LEBE CRAIG TO SIR WILFRED

Forteau, Labrador,
March 16th, 1932.

My dear Sir Wilfred:

The moon has waxed and waned several times since I wrote to you last. You will be glad to know that no one has suffered severe want in this district. Really the supplies you sent back with me have proved a godsend; they have been much appreciated by the people. At first I meant to be really strict and withhold payment until the wood was landed at the Mission. But I realized that it was impossible to haul wood here, especially from places east of Forteau. I explained to the men that if they failed to bring the wood here at the first opportunity in the spring I would notify you and that in all probability you would take legal action. I feel sure the wood will be landed. The people have been really hard hit. No fur at all and very little fresh meat. A hard winter indeed. Cold? The coldest snaps on record, the glass going as low as forty-two degrees below zero. The bay froze over as level as a lawn; was broken up and went out in an easterly gale; froze again and again was blown out; and froze over a third time. It has been just great.

Several times I crossed the bay on Jeff Wyatt's horse. He careered across in thirteen minutes from our door to the Davis's. Jeff has offered to lend me Dot, the mare, and a small plough for the farm, which I intend to make double the size. Everybody, I think, with the exception of the Harts, has now a fair-sized garden. If you could only see the pickets and rails that have been hauled out of the valley, I am sure you would be pleased.

The people now use the slogan, "Back to the Land," themselves. Will Cabot of L'Anse au Loup has bought a big piece in Schooner Cove, and is going to cultivate the land in earnest. More and more milch cows every year, and hens too. It's just great. I am afraid we are not going to have any kids this year. It's too bad. This has been a hard winter for the cattle. The people at Red Bay have had bad luck in losing goats, kids, sheep and lambs.

I was twice at Red Bay this winter. Minnie Pike is looking much worn. She has such a houseful it would wear anyone out. Mr. Doane has had few birds to stuff—a poor winter for him too. I have traveled quite a bit into the country. I am going in soon for a week's deer hunting with Eli R. Roberts. I do hope we kill. There are a few deer here and quite a number up the river.

Clara Morris has another boy, and I am afraid his eyes are just the same as Clara's. It is tragic to see the child going about. A lovely child he is, but so helpless, and requiring so much looking after.

Dr. Hodd has just been here for ten days, and we had a happy time. He went on to Red Bay to the Orange Parade. Sister and I were there too. It was nothing like last year as regards numbers; people simply did not have the money to spend. There has been no parade at all here. The men thought it was wrong when times are so bad and many people short of food.

Wild messages have been going between here and St. John's asking for more relief; and there have been threats to break into the Hudson's Bay Company store at Blanc Sablon by the men of L'Anse au Clair where they have been hardest hit and where there has been more real want than anywhere else.
Government sent a message last week to the effect that the people need send in no more appeals since no more relief would be granted. I think the people are going to pull through all right. I hope so.

S. and M. F. have been at the Mission all winter. They are a decent couple, but Uncle S. is much better suited to the woods than to working about a house. Their being here has been a great help to them, and they have been able to pay off some debts as well as to put in some provisions for the winter.

FROM MR. S. L. BUTT TO THE EDITOR
Red Bay, Labrador.
January 15, 1932

DEAR Editor:
To an outsider reporting on the work of the Grenfell Mission at Red Bay it is apparent that this year, owing to the worldwide economic depression, greater demands have been made upon the Mission workers than would have resulted from the very low price obtained for fish. The amount of cloth-

Fortéau Nursing Station

Little sickness so far. Sister has had six school children in to dinner every school day since the beginning of February, one child from each of the poorest families. There have been patients here all winter, and there are two here now. They are Sidney Roberts of Fortéau, who was admitted by Dr. Hodd with a tuberculous knee, and Nathan Pike's wife from Red Bay.

The time has simply flown, and I can hardly realize that spring is almost here. There is a breath of it in the air now. I am not yet tired of being here. I manage to have a thoroughly good time, and make the most of every opportunity to go here, there and everywhere. I am having great sport now with a .22, managing to get some good shots.

Very sincerely yours,
Levè Craig.
summer months. Sometimes hunting is attended by danger and risk. On Christmas Day a search party left Red Bay to look for two men who had failed to return from hunting long after they were expected. They were found some miles distant on the way home, one man with a gunshot wound in his shoulder. This man was brought home by the rescue party; and Miss Pike, with one or two experienced men, dressed the wound. The nurse at Forteau was notified; and it was decided to take the wounded man to Forteau. A storm delayed the departure for a few days; but finally he reached Forteau; and, after several weeks under the nurse’s care, came back in good condition.

The annual Christmas tree was very interesting and delightful to the children. Santa Claus appeared and gave a bag of candy to each of the fifty children. Then the mothers and children were served with cocoa and cake. A concert in the evening brought to a close a very happy day.

Nurse Murdock and the industrial worker, Miss Craig, from Forteau, visit us occasionally. Sometimes the nurse comes here on sick calls, and sometimes patients are taken to Forteau, about twenty-five miles distant, to be treated at the nursing station.

I must not fail to make special mention of the services of Miss Minnie S. Pike, the industrial leader at Red Bay. Her hospitality to friend and stranger is known all along the Coast; her devotion to the Grenfell Association, to which she has given so many years of faithful service, is unexcelled.

With best wishes,
Yours truly,
S. L. Butt, Red Bay Teacher.

The First Grenfell Alumni Meeting in England

Alice Blackburn

The first Grenfell Alumni meeting in England was held at St. Ermin’s Hotel, Westminster, on April 15th, 1932.

On approaching the hotel where the affair was to take place we suddenly noticed on the opposite pavement a familiar figure. Miss Rumsey, it must be! In another minute two friends appeared around the corner. Miss Christine Fellows, one of the early agriculturalists, and Miss Eleanor Storr of orphanage fame. Then just at the hotel entrance—it almost seemed we must now be on the Coast, in spite of the huge new St. James’s Park Underground station looming skyward just ahead—Sir Wilfred, Lady Grenfell, Dr. Paddon, Rosamond Grenfell and Miss MacKelvie.

As we entered and went to the rooms assigned for the reunion we were greeted at the
Of course Sir Wilfred addressed us. Laughingly Dr. Paddon handed his watch to Sir Wilfred, who held it carefully but never looked at it. We were glad he didn't, for we could have listened twice as long to his informal address. One caught again his unbounded enthusiasm and love for the work "down north" and was carried along with the tide of affection he still has for every activity. Many of us older ones had all we could do to control our desires when he made an appeal for helpers so fascinating, with so many opportunities on both sides, because we never serve without gaining much. He did mention definite ways in which everyone can help, by getting new subscribers to the magazine and so interest interesting new friends, by selling industrial products, cards, etc. He graciously spoke of Sister Williams' early work as his first nurse, and referred affectionately to Dr. Simpson and Dr. Curwen of 1893, both of whom were present, and to all co-workers through the years who had made the fulfilment of his early challenge possible. He thanked Her Grace Susan, Duchess of Somerset, and Lord Desborough for coming and for their interest in the Grenfell Mission.

After this formal part of the gathering we all met again in groups for tea and for another chance for reminiscence. Now that we have had our first Birthday we shall look forward to a second anniversary.

Congratulations are due to Miss Katie Spalding and Miss MacKelvie, who really brought this first British reunion into being.

Labrador Puzzles

Eleanor J. Cushman

PUZZLES! Every one is familiar with that word in these days. The world is full of them, of an international, individual, Chinese, and a Labrador variety. We are all "puzzled," and how to solve them is a universal concern.

Sometimes the remedy can take the form of the problem itself. That is the keynote of our latest venture. The puzzles of the North have assumed definite shape!

It has been done in this way: the Labrador picture puzzles, consisting of two hundred hand-carved, interlocking pieces, have just been imported from Raphael Tuck in London. They represent four different northern subjects: (1) Sir Wilfred on the bridge of the Strathcona. This is the same picture as was used on the cover of the Literary Digest on June 25th. (2) Down North on the Labrador—a schoner bound for the fishery through the ice fields in the month of June. (3) Hospital Steamer Strathcona frozen in the winter ice, with a dog team climbing on to her deck, and Sir Wilfred leaning against the ship's
funnel. (4) Winter in St. Anthony—a panorama showing the hospital, orphanage, industrial building, frozen harbor, etc.

The pieces are a fantastic arctic menagerie of bears, foxes, seals, walruses, Eskimo, etc. The puzzles can be obtained from the Dog-Team Tavern, Grenfell Labrador Industries, Ferrisburg, Vermont. The price is $3.00 each.

From this perplexing point of view, it would appear that the STRATHONA, the St. Anthony hospital and other buildings, the fishing schooners, not to mention Sir Wilfred himself, had "gone all to pieces"—although it is a slight consolation to know that Sir Wilfred told Lady Grenfell that he did not in the least object to being cut into two hundred bits if it would help Labrador! We sincerely hope, however, that all our friends will in this case help by literally "putting us together again."

If it gets too hot for you this summer, do cool off by solving this double riddle. Please help us to make Sir Wilfred's and Lady Grenfell's departure for Labrador happier by placing an order and telling your friends to do so, and once again taking an active part in the "sharing of our Labrador puzzles."

NOTES FROM THE DOG-TEAM TAVERN

"EVERYWHERE, Everywhere, People To-day"—this line paraphrased from the just-opened and unpacked Christmas cards rang through my mind as I beat with my feet a rhythmical tune between the dining tables and the sales tables. Both rooms full of people; the regular kitchen and serving staff not yet installed; Lebe Craig, my seasoned timber of support, away on some sort of publicity expedition; my hand the only one to make tickets, wrap parcels, display hooked mats and wooden-owl window pegs, and make change, besides doing such things as exchanging cubed for granulated sugar to facilitate the hasty sweetening of "Junior's" tea—thus I found myself in a kind of glorified whirl on a day near the middle of June.

And it was all because Sir Wilfred was so courageous as to venture into Texas once upon a time. Valor enough was required to enter the domain where ominous six-shooters bulged on both hips of each and every individual, where unsuspecting tourists were constantly endangered because of the expert lassoing of automobile radiators and sedan tops by playful boys hiding behind yucca plants and mesquite trees, a rattlesnake around one wrist and a knife in the free hand. But Sir Wilfred, undaunted, went further, and on an evening in the spring about seven years ago lectured in his inimitable style to eighteen hundred girls, students of the Texas College for Women at Denton. Spellbound, as one of that group, I listened to his stories, admiring beyond words his spirit, the lack of the usual tinge of martyrdom, his seemingly unbounded zeal and love of what he was doing. Twenty-five cents gave me an interest represented by one brick in his hospital, and a very determined resolution to do something for his work and for him some day.

During the past winter my inquiry, sent to St. John's, Newfoundland, and forwarded to Italy, was answered by the statement that I might possibly be useful at the Dog-Team Tavern. So that is how it came about that in early June Texas met Scotland to sell Labrador products and dispense New England food.

Some have wondered what would be a Texan's impression of the Grenfell Association and its works; and it seems that I am the first native of that State to be one of the Grenfell wops.

I came to Vermont, knowing absolutely no one but expecting to find Sir Wilfred and Lady Grenfell and all connected with them exactly as I have found them to be, without a single exception—energetic, tireless in their efforts, learned in the real values of life and of individual character, unselfish and kind. I have chosen simple words, elemental words which, because of that quality, are the strongest, for the reason that no others would fit Sir Wilfred and those about him. The organization I admire as an outsider for its wonderful production of results. The spirit dominating it is magnetic, and grips those who come within its reach. How else could I, at the end of a day of which I have described the beginning, be so utterly satisfied.

POLLY MINTON.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

Poems

VITAMINES
Anonymous

A
Oh, fine and fat was Ralph, the rat,
And his eye was clear, cold grey.
How mournful that he ate less fat
As day succeeded day!
Till he found each cornea daily hornier,
Lacking its vitamin A.
"I missed my vitamin A, my dears,"
The rat was heard to say,
"And you'll find your eyes will keratinize
If you miss your vitamin A."

B
Now polished rice is extremely nice
At a high suburban tea;
But Arbuthnot Lane remarks with pain
That it lacks all vitamin B.
"And beriberi is very, very
Hard on the nerves," says he.
"Oh, take your vitamin B, my dears,"
I heard the surgeon say,
"If I had not been fed on standard bread
I should not be here to-day."

C
The scurvy flew through the schooner's crew
As they sailed the arctic sea.
They were far from the land, and their food
was canned;
So they got no vitamin C.
For, "Devil's the use of orange juice,"
The skipper 'ad said, said he.
They victualled with pickled pork, my dears,
Those mariners bold and free.
Yet life's but brief on the best corned beef
If you don't get vitamin C.

D
The epiphyses of Jemima's knees
Were a truly appalling sight;
For the rickets strike whom they jolly well like
If the vitamin D's not right,
Though its plots we foil with our cod-liver oil,
Or our ultra-violet light.
So swallow your cod-liver oil, my dears,
And bonny big babes you'll be,

Though it makes you sick, it's a cure for the rickets,
And teeming with vitamin D.

ST. ANTHONY
Isabel Bayne

(This poem was originally printed under the title "Fort Gary" in The Beaver, the quarterly publication of the Hudson's Bay Company. Its publication under the above title and with the necessary alterations of the text has the generous authorization of Miss Bayne.)

The snap of the whip,
The swish of the sled,
The flash of a sash,
The snarl of the wind,
The hiss of the snow,
The numb of the frost—
St. Anthony!
The toil of the day,
The sun at the noon,
The smoke of the camp,
The star of the night,
The warmth of the snow,
The watch of the moon—
St. Anthony!
The peril of trail,
The still of the waste,
The blind of the snow,
The mile and the mile,
The mile and the mile,
The silence of mile—
St. Anthony!
The twang of the wind,
The tug of the trace,
The path of the Red,
And swifter the lead,
And the sweep of the load.
The end of the Trail—
St. Anthony!

O, Men of the North,
Who ever go forth
On the trail for the world;
The iron in men
Is pledging you then
The iron men
Of St. Anthony.
Report of the Staff Selection Committee

The list below contains the names, home addresses and occupations of all members of the permanent staff who will serve during the winter of 1932 and '33, and of all members of the 1932 summer volunteer staff.

ST. ANTHONY DISTRICT
Dr. Charles S. Curtis, in charge.

ST. ANTHONY
Hospital

Dr. Charles S. Curtis, in charge.
Dr. Robert H. Goodwin, 308 Thompson Avenue, East Liverpool, Ohio, substitute during Dr. Curtis' vacation.
Dr. Carl F. Hammerstrom, Memorial Dormitory, University of Cincinnati, Cincinnati, Ohio, house officer.
Miss Selma V. Carlson, 28 Trowbridge Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, head nurse.
Miss Eleanor S. Fisher, 301 South 8th Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, nurse.
Miss Bertha E. Mason, Camp Douglas, Wisconsin, nurse.
Miss Elizabeth B. Van Pelt, 817 West 36th Street, Baltimore, Maryland, nurse.
Miss Jane E. Bennett, 114 Chestnut Street, Englewood, New Jersey, secretary.

Orphanage

Miss Marion A. Murray, Harvey Station, New Brunswick, Canada, superintendent.
Miss Catherine E. Karpick, 248 View Street, New Haven, Connecticut, assistant.

Wilfred T. Grenfell School

Mr. Albert Baldwin, Pouch Cove, Newfoundland, principal.
Miss Violet Bursey, St. Leonard's, Newfoundland, teacher.
Miss Jessie Halfyard, Bonne Bay, Newfoundland, teacher.
Teacher to be appointed.

Clothing Store

Mrs. Susan Wood Lee, 7 West 92nd Street, New York City, director.

Office

Miss Dorothy K. Young, The Studio, Cuckfield, Sussex, England, secretary and cashier.

Summer Volunteers

Dr. Frank D. Phinney, 22 West Seventh Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, ophthalmologist.
Mr. James D. Phinney, 22 West Seventh Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, clinical clerk.
Miss Sarah H. Millidge, 205 Rugby Road, Brooklyn, New York, nurse.
Miss Moira M. Ward, 432 Third Avenue, New York City, nurse.
Mr. Edward B.-D. Neuhauser, 246 West Upsal Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, medical student.
Mr. Clifford C. Baker, 235 Park Avenue, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania, hospital orderly.
Miss Frances P. Bell, 70 Unquowa Hill, Bridgeport, Connecticut, clothing store assistant.
Miss Elizabeth H. Clark, 124 Main Street, Orono, Maine, clothing store assistant.
Mr. York Allen, Jr., 33 East 70th Street, New York City, outdoor worker.
Mr. John S. B. Archer, 41 Federal Street, Salem, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edward H. Coy, Jr., Henrietta Plantation, Santee Postoffice, South Carolina, outdoor worker.
Mr. Reginald D. Kernan Jr., 9 Noyes Street, Utica, New York, outdoor worker.
Mr. James H. Norton, 56 Ridge Road, Pleasant Ridge, Royal Oak, Michigan, outdoor worker.
Mr. Eliot F. Noyes, 112 Lake View Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

FLOWER'S COVE
Miss Effie Mansfield, 210 East 68th Street, New York City, nurse.
Community worker to be appointed.

CANADA BAY
Summer Volunteer
Mr. Alexander A. Mackenzie, 935 Park Avenue, New York City, outdoor worker.

SUMMER VOLUNTEER TEACHERS
Miss Kate Andrew, Owen Sound, Ontario, Canada, at Reef's Harbor, Newfoundland.
Mrs. Nellie H. Starrett, Thomaston, Maine, at Barr'd Harbor, Newfoundland.
Miss Prudence W. Wallis, "Amandale," King Road, Malvern, Pennsylvania, at St. John's Island Harbor, Newfoundland.

BATTLE HARBOR DISTRICT
Dr. Herman Moret, in charge

BATTLE HARBOR AND ST. MARY'S RIVER
Dr. Herman Moret, in charge
Nurse to be appointed.
Miss Millicent Bird, Cartwright, Labrador, housemother.
Two school teachers to be appointed.

Summer Volunteers
Miss Sarah J. Rands, 15 Sherman Place, Utica, New York, nurse.
Mr. Reinold W. ter Kuile, Montvale, New Jersey, medical student.
Mr. Asa I. Atkins, 2207 Upland Place, Walnut Hills, Cincinnati, Ohio, outdoor worker.
Mr. Ralph Crews, Jr., 38 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Stanley Kimball, Dedham, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Elliott P. Palmer, 1170 Edwards Road, Cincinnati, Ohio, outdoor worker.
Mr. George A. Perera, 49 East 80th Street, New York City, outdoor worker.
Mr. John S. Wright, Santa Barbara, California, outdoor worker.

CARTWRIGHT
Miss Karen Berthelsen, Sonderlungsgaard, Roskilde, Denmark, nurse.
Miss Janet W. Stewart, 185 Flora Street, Ottawa, Canada, housemother.
Miss Elizabeth Criswell, 2332 Neil Avenue, Columbus, Ohio, school principal.
Miss Violet Stone, Henley Harbor, Newfoundland, school teacher.

Summer Volunteers
Mr. Robert Gillis, Howe, Indiana, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edward M. Holland, Eucalyptus Lane, Santa Barbara, California, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edward P. Hubbell, Loudonville, Albany County, New York, outdoor worker.
Mr. Philip H. Ickelheimer, 300 Park Avenue, New York City, outdoor worker.
Mr. Edward L. Pratt, 72 South Street, Great Barrington, Massachusetts, outdoor worker.
Mr. Pierre M. Purves, 8525 Seminole Avenue, Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.
Mr. David Riesman, Jr., 1520 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.
Mr. Herbert A. Tullgren, 2610 East Kenwood Boulevard, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, outdoor worker.
Mr. Lowell N. Weston, 7 North Chestnut Street, Augusta, Maine, outdoor worker.
Mr. John B. Wilkes, 82 Hodge Avenue, Buffalo, New York, outdoor worker.
Mr. David E. Williams, 3d, Ardmore, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.

SPOTTED ISLANDS
Summer Volunteers
Mr. Louis H. Twyeffort, Princeton, New Jersey, social worker.
Mrs. Louis H. Twyeffort, Princeton, New Jersey, social worker.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

GEORGE’S COVE
Summer Volunteers
Miss Isabelle Shoemaker, 1122-15 Avenue, Altoona, Pennsylvania, school teacher.
Miss Mabel E. Thorne, 311 South Cornell Circle, Fort Wayne, Indiana, social worker.

NORTHWEST RIVER DISTRICT
Dr. Harry L. Paddon, in charge
NORTHWEST RIVER
Dr. Harry L. Paddon, in charge.
Miss Doris V. Kimber, Seamore, Bay Road, Larne, Ireland, nurse.
Miss Pauline Colbath, 53 Maple Street, Plaineville, Connecticut, school principal.
Miss Elizabeth K. Lorimer, 37 Grant Street, Chicopee, Massachusetts, school teacher.
Miss Blanche Davis, Sandwich Bay, Labrador, school teacher.
Mrs. Kate Mary Keddie, The Pas, Manitoba, Canada, housekeeper.
Miss Bella Butt, East St. Modeste, Labrador, housemother.
Miss Ethel J. Pyle, Cape Charles, Labrador, housemother.
Mr. Jack Watts, Brigus, Newfoundland, clerk.

Summer Volunteers
Mr. Edgar M. Williams, Jr., 875 Park Avenue, New York City, outdoor worker.
Mr. Theodore W. Heermance, 241 Lawrence Street, New Haven, Connecticut, outdoor worker.
Mr. C. Hollister Judd, Jr., Summerville, South Carolina, outdoor worker.

INDIAN HARBOR
Summer Volunteers
Miss Yvonne Matthews, Highland Avenue, South Norwalk, Connecticut, nurse.
Mr. Robert W. Huntington, Jr., 145 Bloomfield Avenue, Hartford, Connecticut, medical student.
Mr. Thomas Higgins, 84 Llewellyn Road, Montclair, New Jersey, outdoor worker.

HARRINGTON HARBOR DISTRICT
Dr. Donald G. Hodd, in charge
HARRINGTON HARBOR
Dr. Donald G. Hodd, in charge.
Dr. C. Hogarth Forsyth, Sunninghill, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex, England, substitute during Dr. Hodd’s vacation.
Mrs. Laura N. Thompson, 434 North Menard Avenue, Chicago, Illinois, head nurse.
Mrs. Bertha M. Purdy, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada, nurse.

Summer Volunteer
Mr. R. Elliott Sellar, 323 Orchard Street, New Wilmington, Pennsylvania, outdoor worker.

FORTEAU
Miss Wilhelmina Murdoch, 1 Park Place, Gourrock, Renfrewshire, Scotland, nurse.
Miss Elizabeth W. Craig, Cambusnethan Priory, Wishaw, Lanarkshire, Scotland, community worker.

Summer Volunteer
Miss Winnifred Robertson, 38 Queen Street, St. Thomas, Ontario, Canada, nurse.

MUTTON BAY
Nurse to be appointed.
Community worker to be appointed.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

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

Summer Volunteers
Miss Theodosia B. Hawley, 54 Rusling Place, Bridgeport, Connecticut, sales assistant.
Miss Elizabeth P. Coolidge, 58 Holyoke Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, sales assistant.
Miss Elizabeth Hoppe, 9 Granden Lane, Cincinnati, Ohio, general assistant.
Miss Anna Kivimaki, 610 West 130th Street, New York City, secretary-bookkeeper.
Miss Marion D. Ward, 108 East 86th Street, New York City, secretary.

ON BOARD THE "GEORGE B. CLUETT"
Summer Volunteers
Mr. Norman DeWind, Jr., 8 Cardinal Court; Newton, Iowa, seaman.
Mr. George A. Douglass, 651 Steamboat Road, Greenwich, Connecticut, seaman.
Mr. George A. Eyer, Jr., 170 East 63rd Street, New York City, seaman.
Mr. John P. Holbrook, 1 Waterhouse Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Stanley C. Hughes, Jr., Training Station Road, Newport, Rhode Island, seaman.
Mr. Winthrop H. Lee, Monument Street, Cambridge, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Franklin Lynch, 2d, Highland Avenue, South Norwalk, Connecticut, seaman.
Mr. John C. Montgomery, Jr., 5 Kraft Avenue, Bronxville, New York, seaman.
Mr. John J. Mossman, 88 Pleasant Street, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Henry H. Richards, Jr., Joy's Lane, Groton, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Arthur R. Stebbins, 10 Gibbs Street, Rochester, New York, seaman.
Mr. William H. Wetherill, 420 Allen Lane, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, seaman.

ON BOARD THE "JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT"
Summer Volunteers
Mr. John T. Blackwell, 4 Riedesel Avenue, Cambridge, Massachusetts, assistant engineer.
Mr. Lloyd Brown, 341 Highland Street, Milton, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Thornton Brown, 341 Highland Street, Milton, Massachusetts, seaman.
Mr. Philip G. Briggs, Wayland Manor, Providence, Rhode Island, seaman.
Mr. John G. Scranton, Broadhearth, Harbor Beach, Michigan, seaman.
Mr. Alfred T. Hill, 75 Lloyd Road, Montclair, New Jersey, cook.
Mr. Francis L. Lee, Robbins Road, Walpole, Massachusetts, cabin boy.

FREDERICK E. SHYDER, Chairman.
Alumni News

A NUMBER of the alumni are listed among this summer’s volunteers.
Again this summer, his fifth summer on the Coast, Dr. Frank D. Phinney of Cincinnati returns for the eye clinic. His son, Mr. James D. Phinney, who also has spent several summers on the Coast, will accompany Dr. Phinney as clinical clerk.

Mr. Albert T. Gould and Professor Fred C. Sears accompanied Sir Wilfred north on the JESSIE GOLDSWORTHY. Among the crew on this maiden voyage of the GOLDSWORTHY are Mr. John G. Scraton, CLUETT, ’31; Mr. Alfred T. Hill, CLUETT, ’30; Mr. Philip G. Briggs, Cartwright, ’29; and Mr. John T. Blackwell, brother of Mr. George H. Blackwell, Cartwright, ’29, the assistant engineer.

Mr. Philip H. Ickelheimer, Cartwright, ’31, is serving again this summer at Cartwright.

Mr. Henry H. Richards and Mr. William H. Wetherill, CLUETT, ’31, are again this year members of the CLUETT’s crew.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis H. Twyeffort are spending the summer at Spotted Islands in social service work. Mr. Twyeffort served at Battle Harbor in the summer of 1930.

Miss Winnifred Robertson, who served a number of years ago on the Canadian Labrador, is substituting as nurse at Forteau during the absence on vacation of Miss Wilhelmina Murdock.

Mr. Edward B.-D. Neuhauser, who served as hospital orderly at St. Anthony in the summer of 1931, is this summer serving at St. Anthony as medical student.

Mr. Stanley Kimball, Battle Harbor, ’30; Mr. Asa I. Atkins, brother of Mr. H. Thomas Atkins, Battle Harbor, ’29; and Mr. Reinold W. ter Kuile, twin brother of Mr. Roger C. ter Kuile, Harrington Harbor, ’31, are serving this summer at St. Mary’s River.

Miss Kate Andrew, who has spent some time on our staff as teacher, has returned to the service for the summer as teacher at Reef’s Harbor.

Miss Mabel E. Thorne, who has recently spent two summers on the Coast as teacher at Sop’s Island and George’s Cove, returns this summer to assist Miss Isabelle Shoemaker, the school teacher at George’s Cove. Miss Shoemaker was at Barr’d Harbor in the summer of 1931.

Miss Pauline Colbath, Northwest River, ’28 and ’29, and Miss Elizabeth K. Lorimer, Northwest River, ’30 and ’31, will both return to Yale School for next winter’s term.

Dr. James M. Dunning, Harrington Harbor, ’30, is making a dental survey of the Coast this summer on the CLUETT. Dr. Dunning was the efficient and successful chairman of the committee on arrangements for the last New York City alumni dinner.

Wilfred, Pascoe and Rosamond Grenfell are spending the summer on the Continent, adding to their knowledge of languages.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of Miss Emily deForest Whitman, Northwest River, ’30, and Mr. Edward Easton, Jr. Mr. and Mrs. Easton are living in New York City.

Miss Sylvia P. Miller, St. Anthony, ’29, and Mr. Kendrick Fitzroy Bellows were married on June 25th. After September 1st they will be at home at 200 West Fifteenth Street, New York City.

Miss Eleanor Scattergood, Battle Harbor, ’30, and some friends of hers constitute the volunteer staff for summer industrial sales. The Grenfell Labrador Industries black truck is becoming a familiar sight in New England.

Announcement has been received of the engagement of Miss Ruth B. Hosely of Waban, Massachusetts, and Dr. Roger J. Edwards, St. Anthony, ’26 and ’27.

Miss Helen Gaskill, St. Anthony, ’25, was married in late June. Further details have not reached us.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Marjorie Knowlton and Mr. Charles H. Hollis, St. Anthony, ’30.

The bulletin of the Massachusetts Occupational Therapy Society announces that Miss Margaret Edgerly, St. Anthony, ’22, has been appointed director of occupational therapy at the new Middlesex County Sanitorium at Waltham, Massachusetts.

The engagement has been announced of
Miss Ethel Hutchinson, "well known among the younger concert pianists of Boston," and Dr. Leslie A. Russell, St. Anthony, '25.

Mrs. May Dean Gates, St. Anthony, '30 and '31, is enrolled as student nurse at the Medical Centre, New York City.

The New York City and Boston alumni dinners, both held late in April after the return of Sir Wilfred to this country, equalled, if they did not surpass, those of former years in numbers present, interest and enthusiasm. Dr. Alexander Forbes most generously showed his pictures of the aerial survey at both dinners.

Miss Mary Archer Lord, St. Anthony, '30, will assist during the summer both at the Madison Avenue industrial shop and at the new temporary industrial shop in New York City to which reference is made under "Brief Items."

Mr. and Mrs. Philip Rogers are studying and traveling in Germany this summer. Upon returning in the fall they will make their home in Clinton, New York, where Mr. Rogers has been appointed a member of the faculty of Hamilton College. Mrs. Rogers will be remembered as Miss Anne Fitzpatrick, formerly in charge of industrial sales, and Mr. Rogers served at St. Anthony in 1926.

### Permanent Staff Notes

Dr. and Mrs. Charles S. Curtis will leave St. Anthony this summer for their long vacation.

Dr. and Mrs. Harry L. Paddon have returned to Northwest River after having spent last winter on vacation.

Miss M. A. Pressley-Smith, who spent last winter in New York City working on industrial problems, has returned to St. Anthony to resume her duties in charge of industrial production. Miss Margaret Peirce, who has had many years of service on the Coast and in this country, is the newly appointed director of industrial sales.

### Addresses Desired

The present addresses and other information about the following alumni will be deeply appreciated in the New York offices:

- Angell, Marion
- Atkinson, Edward
- Bacon, David
- Clark, Walter D., Jr.
- Collier, Janet
- Comstock, Mahala
- Crothers, Morris K.
- Day, Pearl M.
- Dorsey, Kathleen
- Hartshorn, Isabella
- Kendall, Francis P.
- Kennard, C. George K.
- Lambert, Richard Davis
- Lodge, John Davis
- Maxwell, Donald
- Merriam, Charles
- Stafford, Miriam C.
- Stocker, Sarah Leah
- von Lackum, Dr. H.
- Waterman, Joseph M.
- White, Mrs. Frank

LINDA H. NESBIT, Editor.

### Association Items

#### NEW ENGLAND GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

The waterfront and the warehouse compete for our attention at the Boston office from the first rumors that St. Anthony harbor is free of ice; and the Labrador Bazaar, Labrador jigsaw puzzles and personal appointments fall to secondary place during the busiest days of May and June.

Grenfell shipping activity has been considerable and colorful this spring, starting with the launching of the beautiful new schooner presented for Sir Wilfred's use by Dr. Joel E. Goldthwait of Boston as a memorial to Mrs. Goldthwait. For her christening, Dr. Goldthwait used a bottle of water taken from a spring at the home in Medfield, Massachusetts, which Dr. and Mrs. Goldthwait planned and enjoyed together. The masthead pennants, which fluttered as the shining new ship slid off the ways, have already looked down on the waters of Labrador from the Goldthwait's earlier ship, North
STAR. After she had been fitted out at Gloucester, the JESSIE GOLDSWAIT came to Boston. Because of Dr. Goldthwait's generous willingness to show the ship to guests, many people saw the fancy cabins, the three baths (a wonderful sight for a fisherman schooner), the cabinet especially constructed for Sir Wilfred's medical supplies, the electric stove and refrigerator, the lights which turn on at the pressure of a button as in our own homes, and all the other very modern conveniences and luxuries.

The Grenfell Mission schooner GEORGE B. CLUETT slipped quietly into Boston harbor one night in May to lie again at T Wharf for two days so that her engines might be checked and some cargo put aboard. Her look is a little the worse for the buffettings she must have received and to which last year's crew of wops can testify, but the GEORGE B. CLUETT looks very staunch and large and seaworthy. Newspaper reporters went to T Wharf in force to see hoisted aboard the bull calf, Snow Kornnyke Cofanthus Abberkerk, donated by Mr. Edward Shattuck of Andover for the benefit of the St. Anthony herd of cattle. Those who expected to see a fire-breathing, ton-weight creature were astounded to see a mild little animal weighing perhaps a hundred pounds which posed for them docilely and appeared to view with alarm the approaching long journey to strange lands. Captain Iversen was everywhere at once directing the unloading of empty oil drums and the stowing of our usual miscellaneous cargo, which ranges from diving equipment to garden plants; and the schooner finally cleared, to the accompaniment of all the whistles of Boston harbor, in the sunset light which makes the harbor look its most peaceful and pleasant. Aboard were her first two women inter-country passengers, Miss Elizabeth Coolidge of Cambridge and Miss Marion Ward of New York City, both going as Industrial assistants to St. Anthony. Morton Holland and Herbert Tullgren went as wops. Much interest in the ship was apparent along the waterfront during her stay; and the Boston office had half a dozen calls from prospective wops who were eager to sign up immediately so that they could ship aboard this busy-looking vessel bound for northern ports.

Multitudinous packages of used clothing arrived at the Boston storage warehouse, where we are packing this year to conserve the space and maintain the appearance of the Boston office; and after feverish days of packing, when torn nails and bruised fingers became mere incidents, eight large cases went forward by the May sailing of the CLUETT, and twenty-five by her June sailing from Portland. Even this year, when the requests for clothing have been numerous from so many sources, there was generous response and your Secretary and our faithful expression, Mr. Lakeman, had to jump on the covers of the cases to insure that every corner was solidly filled.

Not only in goods have our supporters held loyally to their support of Sir Wilfred's work. Some contributions have had to be reduced or temporarily suspended, of course, but it is with deep gratitude that your Secretary acknowledges with appreciation the truly remarkable support of many self-sacrificing individuals and organizations. One gift, additional to the usual amount, bore the notation:

"In honor of three Labrador workers. A special gift for this hard year, to be used preferably on the Coast itself."

The Clarke Steamship Company cruises have called forth such pleased comments and delightful recollections during the three years since their establishment that we feel almost like advocating the formation of a Clarke Cruise alumni association. We hope, however, to enroll as members of one or another branch of the Grenfell Association all those whose glimpse of the Coast has aroused affection for it and interest in the work being carried on along it. One of the passengers this season who will represent the Grenfell Association is Miss Polly Minton, who has come all the way from Texas to give her services and whose efficient help has already been invaluable to Miss Lebe Craig and the guests at the Dog-Team Tavern, which herculean efforts opened for an early and busy start to its second season. The director of "Where to Shop and Where to Stop Along New England Motor Trails," published by the Women's City Club of Boston, was eager to include the Tavern in its recommendation of representative New England inns suggested by members of the Club and investigated by its committee.

The biggest project of the Grenfell Association in New England this year is, of course, the Labrador Bazaar to be held at the
Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, Monday, November 14th and Tuesday, November 15th, this year. Ten thousand preliminary notices have gone out, a considerable amount in cash donations and the most interesting promises of goods for sale have been received. Many surprises are planned; and the tables, under the sponsorship of good friends of the Grenfell work, will cover almost every imaginable classification of edibles, gadgets and goods.

During recent months volunteers have been passing through Boston Sunday after Sunday, sometimes in groups and sometimes one at a time, to board the familiar GULL, the “9:30 p.m. Eastern Standard Time” train to the Provinces. We may be pardoned the sympathetic prophecy that some of them will be sadder and wiser in the knowledge of Newfoundland travel when they return, but we envy them the trip and agree with their eager enthusiasm to be on their way.

The sad duty fell to this office of forwarding to the Reverend F. G. Kuehnert the possessions of Dr. Kurt Kuehnert, dentist at St. Anthony during the past winter, whose disappearance in an airplane during a flight from St. Anthony is still unexplained.

An interchange of cablegrams preceded Sir Wilfred’s and Lady Grenfell’s return to this country in April, which they were good enough to speed so that Sir Wilfred might preach the sermon at the morning service at St. Paul’s Cathedral in Boston on April 24th. An audience which filled all the aisles with standees was on hand, eager to greet “the Labrador doctor.” Two radio broadcasts during the next two days carried messages from him country-wide; but his delightful informal message was reserved for the reunion dinner at the University Club on April 25th. At that time, too, Dr. Forbes showed his surpassingly beautiful pictures taken on the Forbes-Grenfell charting expedition last summer, and spoke most interestingly about it. Seventy-five guests signed the register this year, most of them alumni or alumnae of Grenfell Mission work. Signalizing the first year of official activity on the part of the Grenfell Alumni Association, now an organization which is beginning to flourish noticeably, the toastmaster at the dinner was Dr. Ted Badger, its president.

Concluding, we reiterate that the Boston office is now proud to receive guests, whose only qualification for admission need be that they are interested in the Grenfell Mission work.

SHIRLEY S. SMITH, Sec’y.

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Brief Items

FRIENDS IN SCOTLAND WILL BE INTERESTED in an effort which is being made at Bridge of Allan to get the industrial products made by the people on the Coast more widely known. Two of the Council members of the Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland, Mrs. Mackay and Dr. Welsh, have kindly given a show case, and have obtained permission for this to be on view in the Allan Water and Spa Hotel, where it can be seen by all visitors. We hope that this method of helping the Industrial Department may be taken up by others, and that we may be able to have show cases in other towns.

K. SPALDING.

A NEW EDITION OF SIR WILFRED GRENFELL’S AUTOBIOGRAPHY, in which he has brought it up to date, will be ready for sale in the autumn. The publishers are Houghton Mifflin Company, 386 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

“LIFE’S ADVENTURE” is the title of a book by Dr. Elwood Worcester, one of the directors of the New England Grenfell Association, which has just been published by Charles Scribner’s Sons. The Boston Herald calls this book “the story of a varied career told with fine zest.”
“BALLADS AND SEA SONGS OF NEWFOUNDLAND” is the title of a book which is being printed by the Harvard Press and will be published next fall. This collection of ballads and songs was made by Mrs. W. E. Greenleaf (Miss Elizabeth Bristol), who writes: “The beginning of this work was in Sally’s Cove on the west coast of Newfoundland, where I taught for two summers. The people there were fine singers of some very fine songs; and the collection I brought back impressed Dr. MacCracken so favorably that he asked the Trustees of Vassar to finance the Vassar College Folk-Lore Expedition to Newfoundland in 1929. That summer Mrs. Harvey Mansfield went with me to write down the music; and we traveled to many villages, recording the characteristic songs of each.”

TO MR. H. C. BLACKISTON, one of its Directors, and to the Furness-Withy Company, Ltd, our sincerest thanks are due for their kindness in shipping free of charge the materials necessary for the reconstruction of the heating plant and for general repairs at the Seamen’s Institute in St. John’s, Newfoundland, now occupied by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.

MISS B. MAUDE PHILLIPS, Executive Secretary of the Animal Rescue League, has gone to the Coast under the authority of her Board of Directors to co-operate with Sir Wilfred in extending humane work for animals on the Labrador by means of pictures, posters and films.

MISS SELMA CARLSON, head nurse in the St. Anthony hospital, flew from St. Anthony to Boston on the return trip of the airplane piloted by Lieutenant Harold Crowley which assisted in the search for Dr. Kuehnert and Arthur Sullivan. The trip was made in record time—thirteen and a half hours in contrast with the month Miss Carlson once spent en route. She enjoyed the trip immensely, she says.

A NEW TEMPORARY INDUSTRIAL SHOP is now open at 376 Fourth Avenue, New York City, in the New York Life Building. Miss Margaret Peirce, in charge of industrial sales, has promised an announcement on the opening of this new shop to be published in the next issue.

THE 1933 CALENDARS

The calendars for 1933 are similar in form to the 1932 calendars, but they contain but twelve pages, one for each month. Each page bears an illustration of a northern scene and a quotation from Sir Wilfred Grenfell’s writings. The cover of the new calendars, which is in color, is reproduced on the opposite page.

These calendars may be obtained at the offices of the Supporting Associations and at industrial shops.

PRICES

In Great Britain: 3s. 6d., book-post 4d., parcel post 6d.
In the United States: $1.00, packing and postage 10 cents.
AMONG THE DEEP-SEA FISHERS

DOWN NORTH ON THE LABRADOR

THE COVER OF THE 1933 GRENFELL CALENDAR
INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT

ANIMAL TOYS — FOR SALE — REDUCED PRICES

POSTAGE INCLUDED

Puffin Family, $1.70

Bear 85¢

Rabbit 50¢

Dog 50¢

Fox 50¢

Moccasins

Eskimo Dolls

Dickies for Sports Wear

Carved Ivory Gifts for All

Woven Scarves and Sashes

Handmade Wooden Toys.
BOOks about Labrador
Published in the United States

By Sir Wilfred Grenfell, K.C.M.G., M.D. (Oxon.), F.R.C.S., F.A.C.S.

A Labrador Doctor—Autobiography. Illus. $5.00.
A Man's Faith. $1.00.
Labrador Days: Tales of Sea Toilers. $2.25.
Labrador Looks at the Orient. Illus. $5.00.
Religion in Every-Day Life. Linen, 50c.; paper, 35c.
Tales of the Labrador. With frontispiece. $2.25.
The Adventure of Life. $2.00.
The Harvest of the Sea. Illus. $1.00.
Northern Neighbors; Stories of the Labrador People. Illus. $2.25.
What Christ Means to Me. $1.25.
What the Church Means to Me. 50c.
Yourself and our Your Body. Illustrated by Sir Wilfred. $2.50.

By Lady Grenfell and Katie Spalding

Le Petit Nord; Annals of a Labrador Harbor. Illustrated by Sir Wilfred. $2.00.

Published in England

By Sir Wilfred Grenfell, K.C.M.G., M.D. (Oxon.), F.R.C.S., F.A.C.S.

Labrador Looks at the Orient. 15/- net; 15/9 post free.
Tales of the Labrador. 5/- net; 5/6 post free.
That Christmas in Peace Haven. 1/- net; 1/1½ post free.
The Christmas Voyage of the Handy Lass. 1/- net; 1/½ post free.
What Christ Means to Me. 2/6 net; 2/9 post free.
Yourself and Your Body. 3/6 net; 4/- post free.
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.

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to be used for its corporate purposes.

THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

Superintendent, Sir Wilfred Grenfell, K.C.M.G., M.D. (Oxon), St. Anthony, Newfoundland
Executive Officer, Edward A. B. Willmer, O.B.E., C.E., 156 Fifth Avenue, New York
St. John's Office: Seamen's Institute, St. John's, Newfoundland

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(Continued on fourth cover)
THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

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Devon.—Exeter, Southernhay Congregational Church Sunday School League.

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