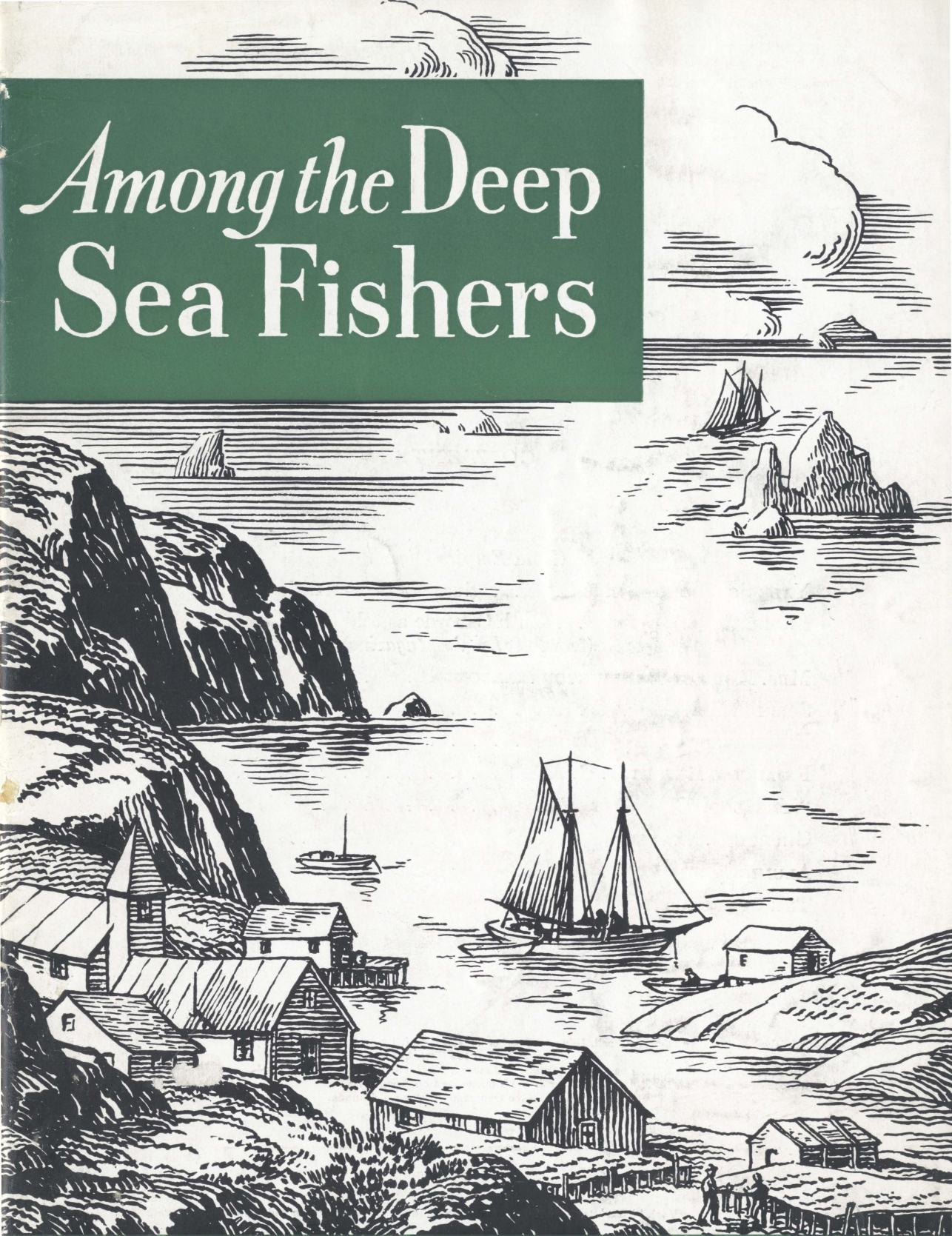


Among the Deep Sea Fishers



INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

JULY 1944

Among the Deep Sea Fishers

The Official Publication of the International Grenfell Association

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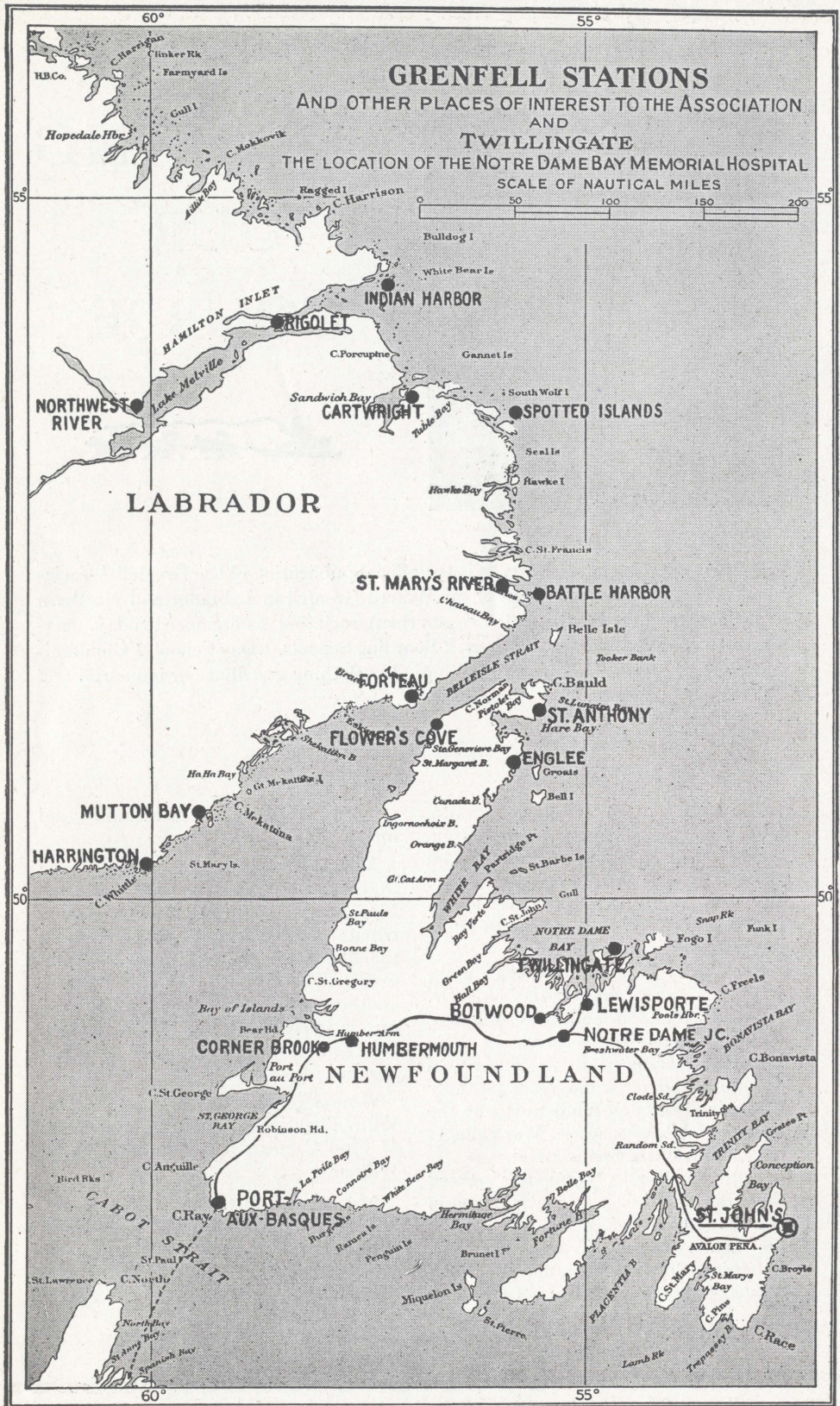
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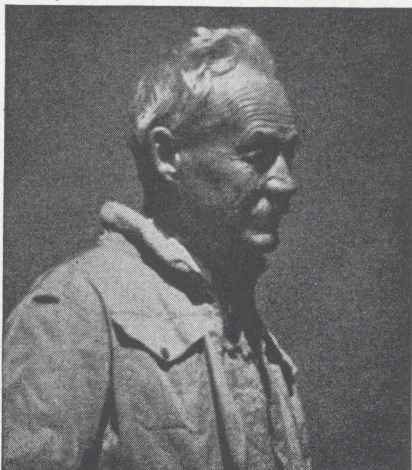
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CHARTING OUR COURSE



AMONG THE DEEP SEA FISHERS is the official publication of the Grenfell Association, which promotes the work of Sir Wilfred Grenfell in Labrador and Northern Newfoundland. On those isolated coasts the Association, as organized today, operates 5 Hospitals, 4 Nursing Stations, 2 Boarding Schools, 1 Day School, 1 Children's Home, 2 Hospital Ships, 1 Supply Ship, also clothing distribution, industrial and agricultural efforts at all stations.

Empire Digest, published in Toronto, has given permission to reprint from among its many informative articles on the various parts of the British Empire. The name of EWART YOUNG is already familiar to readers of AMONG THE DEEP SEA FISHERS.

SURG. LT. WM. ANTHONY PADDON, RCNVR, eldest son of the late Dr. Harry L. Paddon and Mrs. Paddon, writes feelingly of the needs of Yale School at Northwest River. The school was built and for some years partially maintained through funds raised by the Yale Grenfell Association. War changes have stopped this financial aid.

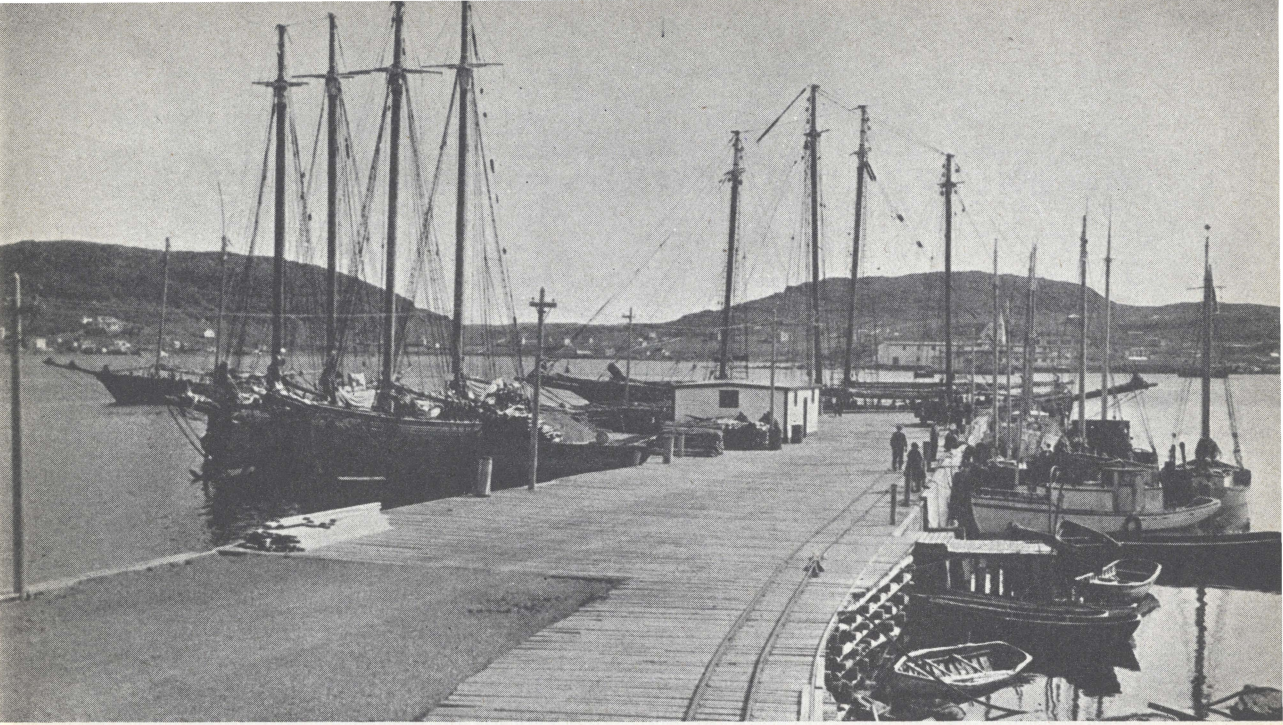
Ruth Heidger, a Vermonter, served the Grenfell Mission at the Harrington Harbor station before her marriage to the lighthouse keeper on Belle Isle, Labrador. ELLIOTT MERRICK uses Ruth Heidger Osborne's own words to produce

a vivid picture of her personality and unusual life.

MURIEL J. LUTES, associated with Mrs. Hodd as industrial director for the Mission at Harrington Harbor, pays a tribute to Mrs. Hodd's unique place in the affections of the Canadian Shore people. The sketch of Winnie Rousell, another well known Canadian Shore figure, is by MRS. LAURA N. THOMPSON, head nurse at Harrington Harbor hospital.

Several glimpses of our beloved Sir Wilfred have been caught by the camera of Fred C. Sears in "Remembering Sir Wilfred."

MISS KATIE SPALDING is Hon. Secretary of the Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland. She was orphanage superintendent at St. Anthony in the "Goode Olde Dayes."



Open Water

SUMMER TIME is business time along the coast of northern Newfoundland and Labrador. Off shore the giant icebergs, loosed from Greenland glaciers, are speeded south by the Arctic Current in their annual majestic deep-water parade. A lacy edging of drift ice beads the curves of the shore instead of winter's grim chains of sea ice. Elsewhere blue water sparkles under the hot sun of the short northern summer or lies gray under the northern fogs. Now, alone of the year, northern waters are navigable for small boats.

The tense weeks are nearly over when fishermen put down their nets on one tide only to have them torn to strings by jagged chunks of ice at the turn of wind or tide; when drift ice, swept out to sea by warm offshore breezes, is pounded back into the harbors the next hour. The put-put of motor boats sounds at all hours as men rush to fishing grounds. Brown schooner sails are dried and hoisted.

The women hang winter clothing in the sun, and pack their winter's grist of hooked mats and runners ready for a trip to the nearest Mission station. Seed

potatoes are sorted, the black earth turned for gardens. Salmon leap in the rivers. Puppies tumble over the doorsills.

The busy sea lanes are churned by the propellers of corvettes, tankers and merchantmen on their perilous, urgent errands. The air above Labrador throbs with the passage of giant bombers. The first trip of the government mail steamer brings into the small harbors their first mail in months, flour barrels for depleted larders. It brings new patients to the Grenfell Mission hospitals. Summer may possibly see the advent of war casualties, too, for Mission stations are near war-touched areas.

The "Maraval," Mission hospital boat, prepares for her annual mercy round of outports. The "Cluett," sturdy Mission supply ship, starts south on her essential task. Her deck and hold link the Grenfell Mission stations, the small Labrador coves, and their hard-working people with the friendly aid of Grenfell Association members, carrying the fruits of your neighborliness in Labrador's season of open water.

Newfoundland's New Regiment

EWART YOUNG

(Reprinted by permission of *Empire Digest*)

STARTED from scratch as an anti-sabotage squad in the early days of the war, the Newfoundland Home Defence Force is today a full-fledged regiment with the dual rôle of sharing the defence of the homeland and providing reinforcements for the Island's two Regiments of Royal Artillery overseas.

Without an army, navy, or airforce of its own, Newfoundland was naturally slow in getting on a war footing when the Mother Country's declaration of September 3rd, 1939, automatically brought the island into the struggle. The breach was filled by the new and untried Home Defence Force.

A few days after the war started, a British officer and two experienced N.C.O.'s arrived in Newfoundland to organize and train the local unit. The declaration, coming while they were en route, caught them unprepared, and they had to do some hurried improvising when they got on the scene.

The first recruits were housed in a fire hall in St. John's, later moving into the Y.M.C.A. building. Hastily they were equipped and trained. Col. W. F. Rendell, a local Great War veteran, was made commanding officer of the unit.

When the historians tell the story of the defence of the "Gibraltar of North America" in World War II, they will not forget this brave little handful of volunteers who, alone, guarded the shores of the key Atlantic island in those first hectic months of the conflict when defence was needed everywhere at once.

At the start the Newfoundland Regiment was sharply ridiculed, even called the "Home Expense" unit. The common feeling was that this, like the Great War, would be fought overseas, and the thousands of boys who were volunteering for the Royal Navy, the R.A.F. and the Royal Artillery regiments to be raised in

England, were getting all the heroes' laurels. The stay-at-homes, even though they were in uniform, were not given much credit.

With the "invasion" of Canadians and Yanks in strength, this attitude gave way to one of pride in the country's own defence force, which, folks said, could compare with the visiting forces in military bearing and ability.

It is almost exclusively a Newfoundland force. Its present commanding officer, Lt.-Col. A. T. Howell, is a Montrealer but his parents were Newfoundland-born. All the other officers are Newfoundlanders who have come up from the ranks. The strength is made up of sturdy young men from all sections of the island and described by Col. Howell as "excellent fighting material."

The Regiment comprises infantry, coast artillery, and headquarters staff. Gun crews man vital positions on the coastline and other units stand guard at important centres in the interior. Meanwhile, training goes on constantly, for the local job and also to prepare men for overseas duty with the 166th (Nfld.) Royal Artillery Regiment, training for the "big push" in England. Hundreds of men have been sent over from the local Regiment to reinforce these R.A. units.

Under Canadian command for operational purposes, but maintained by the Newfoundland Government, the Regiment draws heavy equipment from the Canadian forces and shares manoeuvres with its Canuck cousins. It has its own base, Shamrock Field, which has grown to a huge depot of sprawling huts and supply buildings.

So the Newfoundland Regiment carries on, in the tradition of its predecessor, the Royal Newfoundland Regiment of 1914-18, which was said by Earl Haig to be "Better than the Best."



Josephine Colgate Wilkinson

Northern Nurses

SOME like their nurses blonde and brisk, some like them dark, or quiet, or gay, or motherly, or self-effacing, or tall or short. Many may be the opinions expressed as to what qualities make a good nurse, but no two people will agree on a general formula. And good nurses are not the product of only one locality, like the Hottentot bread-fruit of South Africa or the bakeapple of Labrador.

When fever runs high, when bombs thud, or when a lonely mother holds a small, hot hand in the dawn hours, then the gentle firmness of a good nurse, the steady patience, the confident deftness born of training, are always hope-giving.

Labrador and Newfoundland girls make fine nurses. Most of them are at some time family nurses perforce, even when they are so small that they have to stretch on

tiptoes to hand their hard-working mother a glass of water in the bed to which she has finally had to repair, temporarily done in by the constant job of caring for her big family. They have to "nourish, tend, cherish" (as the dictionary says nurses do) their small brothers and sisters, and help apply crude but effective handed-down first aid methods when big brother splits a finger.

Some of these girls stay in the home all their lives, "nourishing, tending, cherishing." But when a northern girl has a chance to go "outside" for training, she is likely to turn to nursing, not only because of her family background but because deeply within she feels the will to help others.

There is the Labrador girl, fifteen years old, awkward in her ways, with big, rough hands, who came to the Grenfell Mission



F. C. Sears

hospital at St. Anthony to do kitchen work. From a tiny, remote settlement, she could barely write her own name in sprawling characters. Yet she went to Miss Carlson, head nurse, one day and asked to be allowed to work as a Nurse's aide. Dubiously Miss Carlson consented. Could this big, lumbering girl, who bumped into things and dropped dishes navigate the crowded wards without banging patients' beds and clattering food trays? Patiently Miss Carlson showed her ways to do and not to do. Eagerly the girl imitated and then learned. She became the best aide Miss Carlson has had in her long experience at that hospital. Finally the aide came to Miss Carlson and said she had decided to become a nun. She left Newfound-

land for a Canadian convent where last summer she took her final vows. At the convent this former Labrador girl has entire charge of a twenty-bed hospital and is, the Superior claims, the best nurse any of them can recall.

Another Labrador girl came from a stalwart family. Her father, though crippled by a deformed hand, had managed to make a good living. Trained in the Mission hospital at St. Anthony, this girl received further training in Chicago through the Educational Fund which Lady Grenfell maintained while she lived. She did excellent work as a nurse in many places. Returning to the Coast, she was for a time in charge of one of the Mission's nursing stations on the Labrador. She married a

Newfoundland government agent and went far north on the inhabited part of the Labrador coast to live. There this nurse had plenty of chance to exercise the ingenuity handed down to her by her ambitious mother and father, and to put her Mission training into action. She and her husband made their home in an old Hudson's Bay Company post which consisted of seven big rooms entirely minus furniture, with the single exception of a large bed. From that unpromising start she has created a comfortable home, and continues to practise her nurse's training whenever necessary.

Elliott Merrick has given for all time the accurate and true prototype of a northern nurse, in his book, "Northern Nurse," but Mrs. Merrick had no North in her background, only acquired affection for Labrador, the great unknown tract of land sparsely inhabited along its coast by hard-working people. Tall, dark and handsome F. came from Northwest River, famous home of doughty trappers, Nascopie Indians and an ancient fur trading post. She won distinction in her training in Canada. V. is the daughter of another well known Labrador family. Her dark skin, black hair and large dark eyes, very slightly slanted, indicate a trace of Eskimo blood. Her uncommonly pleasant smile indicates the quiet charm and warm kindness which are a great part of her nature. The settlement from which V. came is not one of the most prosperous nor progressive of the Labrador Coast, but from it V. went to Liverpool to become a Registered Nurse, and lived in England nine years. She is now the wife of a newspaperman, living in Montreal.

G. was one of a family of 23 children who had lived all their lives on the Labrador though the father was of Scottish background. She was trained as an aide at the Grenfell Mission hospital at Indian Harbor and was so good that she was offered a chance to go to the United States. She was graduated as a Registered Nurse from New Britain Hospital in Connecticut, worked, married, and now lives in Connecticut with her family, but helps

out at the hospital whenever she is able.

Most of the northern Newfoundland and Labrador girls who become nurses go back to the Coast. C. was an aide at St. Anthony for two years before she trained in Sherbrooke, Quebec. She returned to the hospital at St. Anthony for a year, then took a course in public health nursing in St. Johns and is now a public health nurse in Newfoundland.

Another V., also from Labrador, trained in England where she received a medal for excellence in practical nursing. She returned to the Coast and took charge of one of our nursing stations until she married and moved to Newfoundland. She is a memorable supervisor, for she knew her people thoroughly as few who are not "liveyeres" do, knew when they were to be taken seriously and when they were to be humored but gently disbelieved. She was respected, liked and deeply trusted in the community.

One Labrador girl almost failed to return. N. was trained as an aide at the hospital in St. Anthony and was an aide there for five years. She was ambitious to go on and become a Registered Nurse — but was an inch too short. That difficulty having been overcome, N. proceeded to England and her course of training. For good measure she added a year's training in midwifery. N. was in London during the worst fury of the Nazi blitz. She recalls how she piled all the pillows over her head to shut out the blinding light and deaden the awful crash of bombs and buildings. One morning she woke to find it lighter than usual. Cautiously digging herself from under her tent of pillows she discovered that there was no roof over her head; the daylight was streaming through the ruined walls. N. considers herself marvelously lucky to be back in quiet Newfoundland, working hard and steadily at a Grenfell hospital.

Eight more girls, trained at the St. Anthony hospital, are at present in training in Canadian hospitals. All are outstanding in their classes. Northern girls, painstakingly trained, have what it takes to be tops in the gallant profession of nursing.



The late Dr. Paddon and his eldest son

F. C. Sears

Yale School Marches On

SURG. LT. WM. ANTHONY PADDON, RCNVR

I KNEW the school at Northwest River when it was still a deep hole in a newly cleared plot of woodland and the workmen were pouring the concrete upon which the oldest of the buildings still stands. I was a boy of twelve then, and not wholly in sympathy with the idea of schools in general, and if I thought much about the new project it must have been with regret that a community hitherto blessedly free of schools was about to become as bad as most other communities. I kept my complaints to myself, however, for it was obvious that my father and mother terribly wanted the school.

The school has expanded and become

more and more important to northern Labrador, until it is now indispensable. The students are of two types: those who live within walking distance and attend daily classes, and those who come from farther afield and board at the school. One of the functions of the "Maraval" is to make a special trip, picking up children all along the northern coast and transporting them to Northwest River for the school year. Some of the children from destitute homes come on board virtually naked, and I have seen the "Maraval's" cook busily making "uniforms" for several small fry by the time-honored procedure of cutting a neck hole

and arm holes in a cotton flour sack.

Our schools teach the youngsters of Labrador and northern Newfoundland cleanliness, hygiene, sufficient academic basis, and how to live successfully in their country. The girls learn how to run households and to care for children, how to plan an adequate dietary, and the boys are taught manual training, agriculture as applied to the North, and something of the boats, machinery, equipment, etc., they will use during their lives in a sub-arctic community. In Northwest River the children live in small cottages similar to the sort of frame house a Labrador boy would some day build for himself, but they have the extra windows, the living space, the construction that seldom characterized the Labrador home of an earlier day. The dormitories themselves are run as homes, with the children doing as much of the work as possible.

Our teaching staff, once entirely from "outside" and representing Canada, the United States, England and Australia, has been completely replaced by Newfoundland and Labrador teachers.

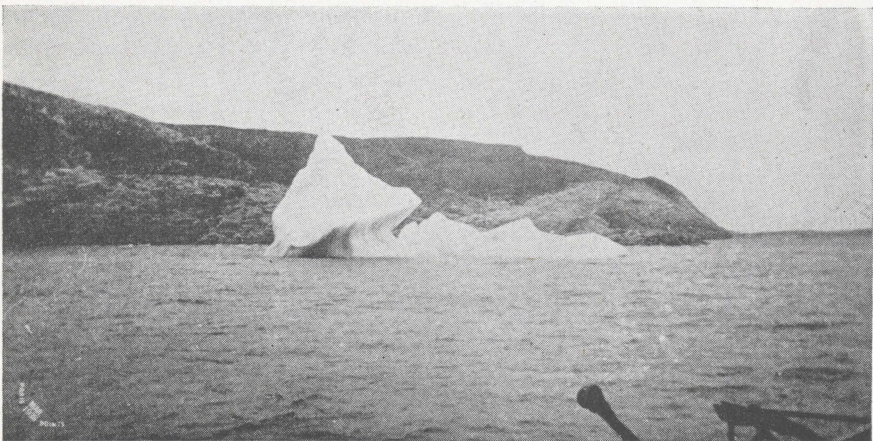
However, we face a problem. For the past ten years there has been no increase in the existing plant though the enrollment has grown by leaps and bounds. The hard-used and over-crowded buildings have naturally deteriorated. Classes are jammed into tiny rooms. There is literally barely standing room in some of

them. The standards in housing we try to teach are sadly betrayed by the rooms in which we teach them. One dormitory is in fair repair. Another is very rickety. The class room building is utterly inadequate.

After four years away from home, part of the time with the Royal Canadian Navy, it was very pleasant to see Northwest River again recently. My mother seems to have been successful in keeping the post running since my father's death and not without considerable effort and, I suspect, some guile, has managed to accomplish something towards the goal of improving our facilities.

Labrador is a tiny country, in population, but you who know her people know them to be brave, simple, sturdy and Christian, worth help. It is interesting to note the preoccupation with education that has characterized so many of the Mission doctors — Sir Wilfred Grenfell, my father and Dr. Curtis, to mention three. My father once called education "the subtlest and most powerful form of medicine in a frontier country."

I do not think the numerical smallness of a school makes its future part insignificant in a world recovering from war. Northwest River has made a good start. The urgency of war appeals is indisputable, but may I present the necessity of a present building fund to insure the future of the Northwest River school?





Cape Charles, A Labrador Lighthouse

Lightkeeper's Wife

BY RUTH OSBORNE

As told to Elliott Merrick (condensed from *McLean's Magazine*)

EDITOR'S NOTE. — *Out in the North Atlantic, 30 miles from the northern tip of Newfoundland and less than 20 miles off the coast of Labrador, is an eerie heap of rocky cliff and moss — on old charts named the Isle of Demonds — but today known as Belle Isle. Too bleak for trees, a small gnarled willow bush stands bravely up to the winds, and the pussy-willow buds grow horizontally.*

In all the rocky shores there is not a safe harbor. Fog surrounds the island half of the summer, while pack ice grinds the shore all winter. Between Christmas and June there is no way to leave the island fortress.

Two lighthouses stand 12 miles apart at either end of Belle Isle. To the outermost one came Ruth Osborne as a bride, with her husband who was keeper of the station that guides Canada-bound shipping into the stormy Gulf of St. Lawrence. The Osbornes were there the greater part of 14 years. Mrs. Osborne is now a Red Cross nurse on

the Maine coast, and Fred Osborne is serving with a Canadian commando unit.

WE HAD a long rough trip after boarding the little lighthouse ship which was to take us to our island home. When we arrived off the dark cliffs of Belle Isle quite a sea was running. The Captain called for a volunteer crew to man the surfboat. For the first time — but not by any means the last — I stood in an opening in the side of the ship, where a great iron cattle door had been thrown open, and watched the surfboat rise and fall below me. I aimed for a potato bag, and as the boat rose to the crest and the sailors who had me by each arm shouted, "Jump!" I made my dizzy leap. Everywhere the white surf was booming.

When we came round the shoulder of a rocky island and into the treacherous anchorage known as Black Joke, I looked up and saw a solid wall of water roaring down on us, and above it, on the cliff, a white cross glistening. Highly symbolic it seemed at the time. And so it was, for having slid down the curled lip of destruction to solid land I found that the white stone monument commemorated the drowning of two fisher boys in Black Joke — two of many.

The boat's crew left us at the stone dock with a barrel of flour, a barrel of sugar, a bag of potatoes and a trunk. Four workmen had come ashore with us to repair the lighthouse and we were to board them, but I didn't know that at the time. We climbed to the house by the 90 steps cut into the rock, and the vessel steamed away.

I built a fire in the range but it was rusted out and a huge flame filled the oven. None of our furniture had come ashore. We had no table, no chair, no bedstead. The trunk which I had thought was filled with blankets and dishes and silver was the wrong one, containing useless trinkets. Some of the fishermen who frequent the island during July and August took in our workers, but I had to get meals for three days, for six people, out of a barrel of sugar, a barrel of flour and a sack of potatoes. Fred and I slept between two mattresses, there being no blankets.

November of that first year I had to leave on the *Aranmore* because I was going to have a baby. She was born in February and her father never saw her until August when I got back on the next supply ship. We had a new range, crates of hens, a fine supply of vegetables and new curtains.

One hundred barrels of oil it took to supply the light and fog alarm engines. The August boat usually brought those along with scores of blessed letters from our families and friends. There was no time to answer letters in all the commotion of unloading freight; the answers had to wait until November. And in November the answers had to wait until the following

August. Most years we received a live ox, unloaded by a sling harness into the surfboat and brought ashore to be kept until freezeup, when we butchered it for our winter's beef. They tied the bullock's head down tight to a thwart in the surfboat and hoped he wouldn't kick the bottom out.

As well as being a trained nurse I had once studied elementary teaching. By the time we had two daughters the older one needed schooling, and it wasn't long before both girls were studying in "The Belle Isle Institute of Learning and Seminary for the Enlightenment of Progressive Females," taught by a person who was known in the kitchen as "Dearie." The girls, however, changed her name annually in the schoolroom — for who ever heard of having the same teacher year after year? In successive years I was known as Miss Simpson, Miss Black, Miss White, Miss Jimpie, and one year when we began a week early and the pupils were angry about it, I was christened Miss Black-and-Blue.

In the winter, evening after evening with the earphones on, Fred taught himself the Morse code by listening to the ships at sea. He studied radio in all its phases, got his license, and by studying and experimenting on his own and consulting with experts at the west end he built his own sending set. It was one of the grandest things that ever happened to us. He could talk with our friends in the long winter now — and with scores of amateur radio pals in Wisconsin and Holland and Hudson Bay and Philadelphia. When war came and all the amateurs were put off the air, we felt lost without our radio friends.

In recognition of the hundreds of necessary messages that Fred sent for the summer fishing crews, the Government equipped him with a more powerful transmission and receiving set. I remember one wild December night we were sitting in our cosy living room close by the warm stove, Fred with the earphones on, listening to short-wave stations and the ships, when he suddenly held up his hand and said, "Sh-h! An SOS." It was a coaster sinking in the storm, not 100 miles from Belle

Isle. And we sat there while Fred told off to me the last words ever heard from them: "The officers and crew send their undying love to their dear ones at home, and may God bless and keep them every one. Good-by." I wept and didn't feel ashamed. There were things like that that I can hardly speak of.

As a rule when the snows came and the ice, and navigation closed, we settled in with a feeling of real happiness. Everybody was gone and our lives were our own. The cellar was stocked with food by the ton. Our two 5,000-gallon fresh-water cisterns under the house had been carefully filled and the pipe from the pond above us as carefully drained. Our house was solidly built, had an eight-foot cellar blasted out of the rock and was anchored with iron bolts.

To leave or get back to the island was almost as much as your life was worth. I had to go to the dentist one summer when I broke off a front tooth and couldn't stand the sight of myself in a mirror. I braved the 40-mile trip in an open motorboat — the filthiest, fishiest motorboat that ever was. We started out across the Strait with a sail, but the roughest sort of weather soon made my fishy friend claw that down in a hurry. I lay all day among the fish scales in the bottom, rolled up in a Hudson Bay blanket, drenched with spray while the boat tried to pound its bottom out in the tide rips and couldn't quite manage it. We stopped for gas, in a little Newfoundland harbor, but out of there the weather got so dirty we had to put back and complete the trip next day. It was worth it, though. In St. Anthony there were an American surgeon, a British officer, a Polish refugee girl, a Scottish doctor with a wife who had sung in opera, a New York Junior Leaguer who played the violin like a professional and three splendid Dutch, Swedish and Labrador nurses. We had the grandest music, talks and parties I had enjoyed for years. My dentist bill was one dollar, and my motorboat fare an even hundred.

Whenever I tell people about our years

on Belle Isle they usually suppose I am a great sailor and just love the sea. The fact is that a breaking sea on a sharp-toothed reef is not much kinder than a German tank, and I dislike the sea intensely. Then how did I come to live there so happily? It is hard to explain, but I will try.

You must know that every window of our house faced the sea and the grey rocks. One day I was feeling unusually sad about the sternness of our surroundings, so sad that even the little willow bush outside the house did not comfort me, for all its fortitude. A torn piece of a magazine had fluttered to the floor. I just happened to pick it up and read this poem:

Oh, weary am I of this gaunt grey land
And the ceaseless ebb and flow
Of the hungry sea as it surges in
To crash on the rocks below:

Of the blinding fogs and the cutting winds,
And the bleached contorted tree
Gripping the soil with its knotted roots,
In its stubborn will to be.

For I was bred in a kinder land,
And felt myself as one
With the rich black earth and the slanting rain
And the fierce compelling sun.

But my man is here, and the sea he loves
Is linked with his love for me;
So I bide me here with the rocks and tides
And the brave old twisted tree.

And there was my case stated for me,
even to the rocks and the tree and the
man.

H.M.S. Newfoundland

An important part of the armament of HMS "Newfoundland" was paid for by funds contributed by the people of Newfoundland and Labrador. The "Newfoundland" is a cruiser, the first ship to be named after Britain's oldest colony. She visited St. John's before departing for active service.



Newfoundland's part in the war effort cannot be too highly praised.

Mrs. Hodd, of Harrington Harbor

Dr. Donald G. Hodd has resigned from his post as Medical Officer in charge of the Canadian Labrador district.



M. J. Lutes

EIGHTEEN years ago this June Dr. and Mrs. Hodd came to the Canadian Labrador. Dr. Hodd has "borned" and watched a generation grow up, and has earned the respect and affection of every man, woman and child along the three miles of rugged and isolated coast that has been his field of service.

No less highly thought of is Mrs. Hodd. She came a bride to the Labrador and here made a home for her family on wind-

swept Hospital Island. Like every good homemaker she has not only "looked well to the ways of her household" but has made a magnificent contribution to the community in which she lives.

Every Saturday afternoon finds Mrs. Hodd at the Hospital Library caring for and dispensing books. Monday and Tuesday afternoons she gives music lessons to all who ask and in return asks only that the lessons be practised. She has played the organ for church service for each succeeding student minister. She is always ready and willing to play for a wedding, a funeral or a concert. Every Sunday finds her teaching a Sunday School class; and during the winter, when the superintendent has moved to the mainland, she takes charge of the Sunday School. She is Secretary of the Ladies' Aid of the United Church which meets weekly during the winter. She is Treasurer of the Women's Auxiliary of the Anglican Church which also meets each week during the winter. She is President of the Canadian Labrador Branch of the Canadian Red Cross Society and does her share and more of the sewing and knitting, and looks after the work that is to be sent out to other communities along the Coast.

But no list of activities can cover the multitude of small and friendly deeds that have been her part of being a good neighbor—the baby picture her ever-ready camera provided for a soldier lad in Italy, the wedding pictures that are the treasured possession of every couple married in the last eighteen years, the rose in the hand of a new mother. One does not wonder at tear-filled eyes when mention is made of the departure of so good a friend.

M. J. L.



H. S. S.



Soldier Winnie

Winnie is Canadian Labrador's first soldier girl, and Harrington claims that distinction. Winifred Rousell was born in Harrington, the eldest of a family of nine children. Being the oldest, and a girl, she naturally assumed responsibility toward the rest of the children. That is what an oldest girl in the family is expected to do on the Labrador. Winnie scrubbed, and baked, and tended the babies, always with a happy disposition and a grave sense of responsibility for the rest. Besides this, she had time to hook mats for the Mission and good mats they were, too.

She was an excellent student and especially able in concert plays put on by the community. Like her name she has a winsome disposition. This is not only our opinion, for during a parade before the Governor General she was one of a very few he chose to address.

After her basic training in Halifax she was sent to Ottawa to do clerical work and has been there since. Harrington knows that Winnie will conduct herself in uniform with the same upright and wholesome manner she has always displayed at home. The Canadian Labrador has other women in uniform, but Winnie is our first to join.

L. N. T.

"God Speed and Safe Passage"

"Strathcona II"

In June, 1925, a small white yacht, with trim lines and a "pipey" whistle, steamed out of Southampton, England, bound for Labrador. Ever since, the "Strathcona II" has been an integral part in the life of the Grenfell Mission, for many seasons sailing under the command of Sir Wilfred Grenfell, Master Mariner, on his annual coastwise cruise.

Like her predecessor for which she was named, she was closer to Sir Wilfred's heart than any other of the Mission's fleet. Many will always remember him best standing on the little open-air bridge, bare-headed in the cold air, making notes and drawing sketches, all the while discussing the welfare of all generations at the last port of call.

Other personalities too are interwoven with "Strathcona II" — Will Styles, her engineer and most loyal friend, "Uncle Abe" Mercer, her deckhand, and a succession of volunteer crews, who struggled with charts, brass polishing and even tin cans in her galley.

Often her decks were lined with queues waiting for medicine, clothing, or just to shake "The Doctor's" hand. Twice she embarked on a scientific expedition. She acted as a floating ambulance, school transport ship, travelled for the Newfoundland Government in collecting votes from outports. Hers was a useful life, and she was, in naval parlance, a "happy ship."

Now her term of usefulness to the Mission is over, and newer ships can do the hard work. When "Strathcona II" steams out of St. Anthony for the last time, the best wishes of many will follow her, whatever her new career.

A subscriber says: "Have read the last issue from cover to cover. It is so interesting. . . . Dr. Grenfell's work must go on and I believe those now interested will continue to be and tell others. One has to visit the place as I did to sense the importance of the undertaking."



REMEMBERING SIR WILFRED

by Fred C. Sears



Upper Picture:
Sir Wilfred
poses with his
Orphanage
family

Middle Left:
Sunshine Vita-
mins—sup-
plied by Sir
Wilfred's visit

Lower Left:
A new level of
childhood—
by Sir Wilfred

Lower Right:
Sir Wilfred and
his northern
neighbors



The International Gre

Genera

CONDENSED BALANCE SHEET

| | | <i>Assets</i> | |
|--|--------------|---------------|----------------|
| CASH | | | |
| (Including Special Funds Cash of \$24,496.83)..... | | | \$ 27,384.65 |
| ACCOUNTS RECEIVABLE | \$ 21,506.08 | | |
| <i>Less</i> Reserve for Doubtful Accounts..... | 2,495.73 | | 19,010.35 |
| | | | |
| STORES AND SUPPLIES, LIVESTOCK..... | | | 104,213.64 |
| EXPENDITURES TO BE REFUNDED BY SPECIAL PURPOSE FUNDS | | | 2,754.00 |
| | | | |
| TOTAL WORKING ASSETS..... | | | \$153,362.64 |
| INVESTMENTS..... | | | 3.00 |
| DEFERRED DEBIT: | | | |
| Fire and Marine Insurance Premium paid in advance..... | | | 5,420.00 |
| REAL ESTATE: | | | |
| Buildings, etc..... | \$746,191.28 | | |
| <i>Less</i> Reserve created through Special Funds..... | 502,384.92 | | 243,806.36 |
| | | | |
| BUILDINGS, ETC., UNDER CONSTRUCTION..... | | | 1,307.50 |
| CASH ADVANCED TO INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENTS: | | | |
| Grenfell Labrador Industries, Inc..... | \$ 26,293.57 | | |
| Coast Production Accounts (credit)..... | 30,112.95 | | (3,819.38) Cr. |
| | | | \$400,080.12 |
| | | | |

DR. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE ACCOUNT (GENERAL

| | | |
|---|--------------|-----|
| TO HOSPITALS AND NURSING STATIONS..... | \$ 92,364.89 | |
| “ HOSPITAL AND OTHER VESSELS (Net)..... | (3,714.03) | Cr. |
| “ SCHOOLS AND ORPHANAGES..... | 35,444.88 | |
| “ MISCELLANEOUS OPERATIONS (Including Local Expenses and Repairs).... | 12,708.35 | |
| “ NEW YORK, ST. JOHN'S AND STAFF SELECTION OFFICES..... | 5,740.33 | |
| “ EXECUTIVE SALARIES, TRAVELLING, ETC..... | 9,212.08 | |
| “ PENSIONS AND RESERVE FOR PENSIONS..... | 3,800.00 | |
| “ AUDITING AND LEGAL EXPENSES..... | 1,100.00 | |
| “ RELIEF, CHARITY, ETC..... | 3,784.90 | |
| “ CASH PAID TO DR. CURTIS FOR USE AT HIS DISCRETION..... | 2,400.32 | |
| “ ADULT EDUCATIONAL WORK..... | 1,200.00 | |
| “ MISCELLANEOUS..... | 248.26 | |
| “ DONATION — NOTRE DAME BAY HOSPITAL RECONSTRUCTION FUND..... | 1,000.00 | |
| “ RESERVE FOR DEFERRED MAINTENANCE..... | 2,500.00 | |
| “ PERMANENT IMPROVEMENTS AT VARIOUS STATIONS..... | 3,897.64 | |

NOTE: Above figures are in Canadian Currency.

\$171,687.62

We have audited the above Balance Sheet and attached Income and Expenditure Account Insurance Fund are not included, as they are now held by contributing Associations. Subject to Balance Sheet is properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the and as shown by the Books of the Association.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND,
20th April, 1944.

Grenfell Association, Inc.

Balance Sheet

ASSETS, 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1943

| | | <i>Liabilities</i> | | |
|---|-------|--------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| ACCOUNTS PAYABLE | | | | \$ 9,146.15 |
| RESERVE FOR DEFERRED MAINTENANCE, ETC. | | | | 17,411.12 |
| SPECIAL FUNDS | | | | 24,496.83 |
| DEFERRED CREDIT | | | | 5,000.00 |
| CAPITAL: | | | | |
| Balance 1st October, 1942 | | | \$340,522.87 | |
| Add Sale of Buildings — Battle Harbour | | \$ 200.00 | | |
| “ Transfer from Williams Fund for Orthopedic Work at St. Anthony in prior years | | 4,203.78 | 4,403.78 | |
| | | | <u> </u> | |
| | | | \$344,926.65 | |
| Less Labrador Mining and Exploration Co. Limited Investment | | \$ 1.00 | | |
| “ Excess of Expenditure over Income for the year to 30th September, 1943 | | 899.63 | 900.63 | \$344,026.02 |
| | | | <u> </u> | |
| | | | <u> </u> | <u>\$400,080.12</u> |
| | | | | |
| FUNDS RECEIVED FOR THE YEAR ENDED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1943 | | | | CR. |
| BY GRENFELL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA | | | | \$ 61,961.09 |
| “ NEW ENGLAND GRENFELL ASSOCIATION | | | | 13,500.00 |
| (Annual Quota \$18,000.00; Balance credited in subsequent year.) | | | | |
| “ GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION | | | | 25,102.02 |
| “ GRENFELL ASSOCIATION OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND | | | | 633.49 |
| (Balance of contributions 1938 to 1943 credited in subsequent years.) | | | | |
| “ ROYAL NATIONAL MISSION TO DEEP SEA FISHERMEN | | | | 281.62 |
| “ NEWFOUNDLAND GOVERNMENT GRANTS | | | | 18,256.25 |
| (Excluding Customs Privileges and Educational Grants.) | | | | |
| | | | | <u> </u> |
| TOTAL | | | | \$119,734.47 |
| “ BANK EXCHANGE | | | | 4,303.06 |
| “ MISCELLANEOUS: | | | | |
| Clothing | | \$ 10,644.98 | | |
| Christmas Cards | | 5,636.38 | | |
| Patients' Fees and Local Support | | 18,630.11 | | |
| Royalties on Timber Licenses | | 2,212.76 | | |
| Miscellaneous | | 1,840.30 | | |
| Special Donations for Relief and Educational Work | | 7,785.93 | 46,750.46 | |
| | | | <u> </u> | |
| “ BALANCE BEING EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE OVER INCOME | | | | 899.63 |
| | | | | <u> </u> |
| | | | | <u>\$171,687.62</u> |

and have obtained all the information and explanations we have required. Special Funds and the foregoing, and to our Reports to the Directors dated 20th April, 1944, in our opinion such Association's affairs, according to the best of our information and the explanations given to us,

READ, SON, WATSON & LEITH
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

R.N.M. Deep Sea Fishermen Orphanage,
St. Anthony, Newfoundland.



“Ye Goode Olde Dayes”

KATIE SPALDING

IN SPITE of all the excellent progress which has taken place throughout the years, I think the fun of those first years would be hard to beat. The small number of children and staff brought us very close together. In those days each member of the Mission staff had not only his or her special job but had a hand in all else for which the necessary workers were conspicuous by their absence. But — specialised training for each department is a distinct step in advance and had anything approximating the Staff Selection Committee been in existence in those days I for one had never seen the Coast.

When in 1906 Sir Wilfred was faced with the problem of three orphan children he persuaded Miss Eleanor Storr to come from England and take charge of them, and by rights it is she who should be writing this. Under her efficient management the children grew, but not the house,

and five years later it became necessary to add a wing. Incidentally the Orphanage was not Miss Storr's sole care for she also frequently helped out with operations at the hospital and attended midwifery cases.

In 1912 I came out to help Miss Storr who after a year together basely deserted me and left the children to my tender mercies. I have always had a lurking suspicion that she thought I was a little “soft” in my dealings with them and would not be surprised if I occasionally came to grief.

On first coming to the Orphanage I must confess I found the Spartan rule prevailing a little unusual, but throughout it was Miss Storr who shouldered the hardest part of the work. All the year round we rose at 5.30 A.M. and at 6 called the children. Through the winter the elder boys had to be sent out to break a hole in the ice and bring back the water for the

day, which stood in wooden barrels round the kitchen. Alas! sometimes a barrel would spring a leak, flooding the kitchen and working havoc with the temper of both the cook and the boys. In those days all the water for cooking for over forty persons, for cleaning the house, and the nightly bathing of the children had to be heated on the stove. It says much for the efficiency of Miss Storr's management that the golden rule of cleanliness being next to godliness was carried out with scrupulous exactitude.

I arrived shortly after a furnace had been put in the building but owing to the uneven foundations of the house and the fact that the furnace came in second to the house all our efforts to coax it to heat more than a portion of the building were unavailing. Noah Kaarle, whose name will be familiar to many old-time workers, was the first boy to take charge of it. As long as Miss Storr remained, all went well, and she and I took it in turns to come down during the night to stoke. After she left, as a concession to my weakness, outside help was given and I was saved from the nightmare of finding the orphans frozen in bed.

In those days, too, we suffered invasion — by rats — hordes of them, but in that respect we were not a bit worse off than the hospital, as many of the nurses of that time can tell. Not that we seemed to suffer any harm, and one soon learned to take them as a matter of course. I think my first acquaintance with them was at midnight when, going down to stoke the furnace, I found three rats on the stairs outside my room waiting as an escort. Our storeroom from which we drew our weekly supplies was outside the house, to which on one day of the week, wrapped in our warmest garments, we repaired. Even the extreme cold did not dishearten the rats who leapt from the shelves and scampered away as we approached, unaware that the hatchets with which we were armed were intended for the peaceful pursuit of hacking out the frozen sugar, etc., and not for any warlike design upon them. We had too a small inner lardre which was once broken into by three rav-

enous husky dogs who broke through the window, carrying away frames and all.

As the years passed the house became more and more unstable, more and more children came and in a wooden and congested building there was constant anxiety about the danger from fire. And how the wind shook the building, as if to hint that we had overstayed our welcome. One stormy night when the old portion of the house seemed as if it surely would come down we carried the sleeping children from that side to the new wing. As time went on the roof, in spite of numberless patches, continued to leak more and more and the rain to come in faster and faster.

Ten years after the Home was started it was filled to its utmost capacity and there were more children who needed its shelter. Before I left the Coast plans were already being made by Sir Wilfred for a new concrete building and when later I returned the children were in their new home. The number of girls and boys who can be cared for has doubled, there is more space and improved training of the children which is being done so admirably under Mr. and Mrs. Linwood Brown. But with all the disadvantages of the old days we were a very happy crowd and the past is full of happy memories. Christmas then as now was the crowning point of the year. Weeks before, with great secrecy, I would have handed to me letters to mail to Father Christmas. I once watched the tiny children playing Christmas with an old stump of a tree to which they attached twigs as gifts and gravely distributed them to one another. When I saw one mite handing a dead twig to a smaller edition of himself and announcing with a lordly air that it was a *piano*, I realised what Father Christmas was expected to produce! But I understand the same difficulty besets the present staff of creeping with stockinged feet round the beds on Christmas Eve and being awakened at 1 A.M. by the beating of drums and the shrill blasts of whistles.

"Were children silent we should half believe

That joy were dead, its lamp would burn so low."

George G. Williams

Mr. George G. Williams died very suddenly on May 17, 1944, literally "with his boots on," after a day spent fishing from a canoe with friends in Pemaduncook Lake, Maine



MR. WILLIAMS loved the bays and streams of Labrador, admired and liked the fishermen families of the North whom he met in his perennial summer trips the length of the Labrador shore. Having met Dr. Grenfell and been inspired, like so many others, by tales of the people he served, Mr. Williams characteristically decided to see for himself what this strange coast was like. Again and again he went back. His tall, erect figure with keen eyes and ready, quiet smile became familiar in most of the coves from Codroy to Nain.

His courtesy and friendly helpfulness to Mission staff and local people alike were unfailing. Mr. Williams was a delightful host, as many a Mission doctor, nurse and teacher can testify. More than once he carried an agonized patient to the nearest Mission hospital when no other transport was available. There was always a "mug-up" available on board his yachts, with good talk and fishermen's tales. But on Sunday his boat never moved from

anchorage and its owner was always to be seen attending divine service or, if none was available, quietly reading in his bos'n's chair on deck. He liked to join in "hymn sings" at the Mission stations.

Mr. Williams liked to help individuals, but his aid to the northern people did not stop there. As early as 1916 he made a substantial contribution to the permanent funds of the New England Grenfell Association. Later he gave, in memory of his mother and father, the Williams Fund, income from which was used, first at Sir Wilfred's discretion and now at Dr. Curtis's, for orthopedic work and crippled children. For many years he had been president of the Hartford Branch of the New England Grenfell Association. During the winter of 1944 he arranged a meeting of the Branch in Hartford at which his friend, Commander Donald B. MacMillan, spoke. Mission staff members were invariably entertained at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, "Overdale" in Farmington, Connecticut. Frequent visitors included Sir Wilfred, Lady Grenfell and others.

Mr. Williams' correspondence was voluminous, much of it with people on the Coast, who felt free to tell him their troubles, sure of his sympathy. No one will ever know how many new pairs of eyeglasses he quietly furnished, how many hospital trips he paid for. Even after he retired from the presidency of the J. B. Williams Company, many boxes of soap, shaving soap and other luxuries of civilization found their way via the mails or via the lockers of the "Sibyl," the "Norseman" or the "Karluk" to remote settlements in Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Labrador.

His presence gave a sense of vitality, composed of alertness, broad knowledge, dignity, human sympathy and underlying humor. He was a fine gentleman, a true friend.

Alumni News

C. SPANTON ASHDOWN, JR., is taking a four-months officers' training course at the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland.

COL. THEODORE L. BADGER has reported a call from DENLEY CLARKE who was in the uniform of a British major, R.A.M.C., and was in charge of a mobile surgical unit.

WILLIAM R. BENNETT, JR., was married in Portland, Maine, on February 26th, to Miss Margaret Lincoln Gignoux.

DR. RALPH F. BOWERS is on active duty in the Army.

ROBERT M. CROOKER is overseas, according to the notification which came with his regrets for the New York Alumni Dinner.

GEORGE H. DUNNING is an Ensign in the Navy now.

ROBERT H. GOODWIN, Lieutenant Commander, M.C., U.S.N.R., has been somewhere in China since last August and is expected to be away for at least another year.

Dr. H. T. Greeley, son of DR. HUGH P. GREELEY and the late MRS. EMILY *Elmore* GREELEY, is living at 1 Lime Street, Boston, with Mrs. Greeley, having moved to Massachusetts recently from Wisconsin.

REV. DR. THEODORE A. GREENE has spent two months in Argentina, Brazil and Mexico as an official representative of the General Council of Congregational Churches in the United States, upon invitation of Congregational Churches in South American countries.

WILFRED GRENFELL has been appointed by the Office of War Information a Field Representative. He has been taking extensive special training courses in preparation for going overseas.

EDWIN HANCOCK is stationed in England and has had an opportunity to visit his sister, who lives there.

MARY JANE HAWLEY is now Secretary to Dr. Luther Woodward at the New York Hospital of the National Cte. for Mental Hygiene, for the rehabilitation of psychiatrically handicapped servicemen.

CHARLES HUBBARD is a Colonel in the Army, in charge of all rescue work for the U. S. Army. He spoke recently for National Broadcasting Company and was referred to as one of the outstanding men of contemporary United States.

VIRGINIA JEVNE is managing the Cooperative Food Store in Stamford, Connecticut. She writes that she is interested in knowing how the co-ops are going in Newfoundland.

COMDR. HARRISON E. KENNARD, M.C., U.S. N.R., is stationed at Chelsea Naval Hospital, Boston, after two years in New Zealand.

CAPT. GORDON KEPPEL, Medical Officer in the 3d Ranger Battalion, was in the Anzio beach-head landing and was reported "missing in action as of January 30th." On May 8th his mother had a letter from Gordon dated February 4th, saying he was a prisoner of war in Italy.

DR. FRANCES T. LANNON has been on the staff of the Eastern Maine General Hospital in Bangor and has been appointed House Officer for St. Anthony hospital this summer.

DOROTHY LEAVITT is teaching home nursing at the Essex County Agricultural School and is also teaching adult classes in Essex County towns which organize a class in home nursing. The last lesson of her course is always based on her Labrador experience. The courses are sponsored by the Massachusetts Department of Vocational Education.

WINTHROP H. LEE (Captain, U.S.A.) is a liaison officer on the staff of General Mark Clark. Riding with General Clark in a jeep on an inspection tour in Italy, he and the General both had a narrow escape when a concealed mine exploded less than twenty-five feet away. Captain Lee enlisted a year before Pearl Harbor and won his commission before

going overseas in October, 1942. He is a veteran of the African, Sicilian and Italian invasions. Last January he spent a month in a base hospital after a leg wound. After that he attended an Army School of Instruction in Palestine.

MRS. LORT-PHILLIPS (*Katie Grenfell*) is the mother of twin sons, born recently.

JESSIE LUTHER has had an exhibition of pictures at the Art Club in Providence.

KHARIS MAYERS has the responsible position of head of public health nursing in Baltimore, Maryland.

PENRYN MONCK (*Pen Goldman*) is now a Lieutenant Commander, Royal Navy, and has gone to Hawaii to be Liaison Officer for the British Navy with the United States Navy, with headquarters at Pearl Harbor.

The engagement was announced on May 5th of SURG. LT. WILLIAM ANTHONY PADDON, R.C.N.V.R., to LUCRETIA WILLIAMS, niece of MARTHA GIBBONS. They plan to be married soon and to make their home in Northwest River after the war.

JAMES PHINNEY is now a Captain in the Medical Corps with the 118th Station Hospital somewhere in Italy.

The engagement has been announced of Miss Mary Pauline Choate of Groton, Massachusetts, to HENRY H. RICHARDS, JR., Pfc. in the U.S.A.A.F.

PAT RUSSELL has been with the British forces in Northern Africa.

GIBBS W. SHERRILL has been promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Commander, U.S.N.R.

The marriage of MRS. RICHARD GORDON (*Prudence Wallis*) to Mr. Matthew Suydam, Jr., took place at the home of the bride's parents, "Annandale," Malvern, Pennsylvania, on April 8th.

DR. AND MRS. NORMAN STEWART (*Anita Bowman*) are living in Huntington, Pennsylvania.

MAJOR NORMAN VAUGHAN, who heads the Arctic Search and Rescue Section of the Air Transport Command, was in charge of a

demonstration recently, simulating the rescue of a flier, for the benefit of newspaper reporters and camera men.

MARY P. WHEELER is working at the Yale University Library. An article on "The Papers of Sir Wilfred Grenfell" in the *Yale University Library Gazette* bears her initials.

ENSIGN SUSAN C. WILSON, U.S.N.R. (W), is stationed at the U. S. Naval Hospital in Seattle, Washington.

A son, Willis McGuire Payne, has been born at Winchester, Virginia, to Capt. William M. Payne, U.S.M.C., and MRS. PAYNE (*Jacqueline Winslow*). Captain Payne has been stationed in the Southwest Pacific.

REV. GIBSON WINTER is now located in Belmont, Massachusetts.

VIRGINIA (*Danforth*) WOLF is doing technician work in the cardiology department of Johns Hopkins University.

DR. APPLETON C. WOODWARD is practising in Stoughton, Massachusetts. His home address is 119 Park Street and his office is at 15 Walnut Avenue.

This is a preliminary list of Grenfell alumni in active national service. Please help complete the list.

Apollonio, Howard L.
 Ashdown, C. Spanton, Jr.
 Atkins, H. Thomas
 Badger, Theodore L.
 Bailey, Rollin W.
 Bankart, Deborah (Red Cross)
 Bean, Andrea (Y.M.C.A.) L. F.
 Bean, Ruth (Red Cross)
 Beck, Joseph H.
 Belden, Laurence P.
 Bensen, Harriet L. (Red Cross)
 Bettcher, Carl W., Jr.
 Bickmore, David P.
 Black, Alexander
 Blackett, William C.
 Bowers, Ralph F.
 Bozenhard, Lillian
 Brown, Peter H.
 Brown, Thornton
 Burge, Edward S.

- Cafferata, A. J.
 Cameron, Evan R.
 Canfield, Norton
 Cheever, F. Sargent
 Clark, C. Denley
 Colley, Marshall Y.
 Conza, Ermine
 Cook, Douglas
 Corbett, R. William
 Cornelius, Mary E.
 Crandall, Elizabeth B.
 Crooker, Robert M.
 Currie, Margaret E.
 Curtis, Roy Peter
 Cushing, Edward H.
 DeWind, Norman J. S.
 Downs, Edgar S.
 Edwards, Roger J.
 Eliot, Theodore L.
 Esty, Frederick C.
 Evans, Ernest M.
 Forsyth, Philip A.
 Frantze, Henrietta
 French, Stanley G.
 Gilbert, James H.
 Goodale, Edward E.
 Goodwin, Robert H.
 Greene, Ruth W.
 Grenfell, Wilfred T. (O.W.I.)
 Gricius, Joseph F., Jr.
 Hall, Albert E.
 Halsted, Evelyn
 Hammond, Franklin T., Jr.
 Hancock, Edwin
 Hardy, Ralph J.
 Haring, Philip S.
 Harris, James B.
 Harrison, Harlan W.
 Hasbrouck, Louis
 Hawley, Theodosia B. (Red Cross)
 Higginbotham, Richard D.
 Hinchman, John
 Holland, Francis A.
 Holmes, Samstone
 Hubbard, Charles
 Hurd, George D.
 Hurlbut, Robert S.
 Ingram, Cicely M. (Y.M.C.A.)
 Jackson, Francis
 Jacobus, Melanthon W.
 Johnson, Chandler W.
 Johnstone, Miss (Red Cross)
 Karpick, Catherine E.
 Kennard, Harrison E.
 Keppel, Gordon
 Kimball, Stanley
 King, Henry P., Jr.
 Kinsolving, Lucy Lee
 Kirkaldy-Willis, Mr. and Mrs. W. H.
 Knox, Samuel D.
 Lee, Francis L.
 Lee, Winthrop H.
 Louderbough, Harry
 Loud, Norman W.
 MacDonald, A. Sterling
 MacKelvie, Marion Watson (Y.M.C.A.)
 MacMillan, Donald B.
 Mason, Bertha E.
 McMaster, Anne H.
 McMurtry, John C.
 McSweeney, Catherine M.
 Merrick, Elliott T. (O.W.I.)
 Messenger, R. D.
 Mixer, David
 Monck, Penryn (Penryn Goldman)
 Morgan, Laurence W.
 Morris, Theodore H., III
 Nixon, John W.
 North, Daniel F.
 Noyes, Eliot F.
 Paddon, Richard
 Paddon, W. Anthony
 Parker, Gerald
 Peirce, Samuel F.
 Quimby, Thomas H. E.
 Rackemann, Francis M., Jr.
 Ray, John Gilbert
 Rea, James C.
 Reggio, A. W., Jr.
 Richards, Lyman G.
 Riesman, John P.
 Rowbotham, Pansy
 Seabrook, Betty
 Shaw, Wyman B.
 Smith, Max
 Stern, Joseph S., Jr.
 Stewart, Norman B.
 Stoddard, David G.
 Storrs, Lewis A.
 Stuart, Harold C.
 Sturges, Frederick, 3rd
 Sturgis, S. Warren
 Taylor, Tom D.
 Thorndike, Benjamin A. G.
 Tilley, Rex
 Timmins, W. D.
 Vaughan, Norman D.
 Vaughn, Catherine, Y.M.C.A.
 Ward, Edythe
 Wenyon, Winifred
 White, Edward P.
 Whitney, Thomas P.
 Williams, Mary F. (Red Cross)
 Willis, Frances E.

Wood, Arthur T.
 Wolf, Horace Louis
 Wolfe, Horace
 Wolfe, Paul L.

New York Alumni Dinner

The annual New York Alumni Dinner was held at the Murray Hill Hotel, Park Avenue at 41st Street, Friday evening, May 5th, at 7 P.M. Fifty-two people attended. This is a far smaller number than in pre-war years, but it was a very enthusiastic gathering. The Dinner is a very great factor in the life of the Association — more so than ever in these days when it is so difficult to keep in close touch with the former workers.

Elliott Merrick made an excellent Chairman and Toastmaster. Mrs. Harry L. Paddon was guest of honor. Mr. Ashdown told of the work and conditions of the Coast today, based on his trip North last summer; Mr. Francis Evans, the newly appointed British Consul General at New York, gave a brief greeting and spoke of British-American unity; Fred Sturges, now a Lieutenant (j.g.) in the Coast Guard, recently returned from Greenland patrol, spoke of his experiences in Greenland and St. John's; and Pen Monck (Pen Goldman), a Lieutenant in the British Navy, gave an inspired talk on his experiences during the war. Pen was en route to Hawaii, where he is to be Liaison Officer for the British fleet with the American fleet in the Pacific.

Those who attended were: Dr. Auchincloss, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Evans, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil S. Ashdown, Elliott Merrick, Fred Sturges, Pen Monck, Capt. Bob Bartlett, Dr. and Mrs. Robert Miller and Mrs. Miller's mother, Miss Mary Sartwell and guest, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Shakow and two guests, Constance Roberts, Constance Sherwin, Dr. Helen Hosmer, Nellie Casey, Mrs. Blanchard Mundy, Harriet and Barbara Mundy, Mr. George Parmly, Mrs. John Mason Little, Tommy Little, Mrs. Harry Green, Catherine Vaughn, Wilfred and Nora Grenfell, Major and Mrs. Basil B. Elmer, Ruth Blackburn, Marjorie Hanson, Miss Emily Fowler and guest, Miss Aletta Crump, Mary Williams, Ester Andersen and her sister, Marion Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Earnshaw, Kathleen Young, and Eleanor Cushman.

Grenfell Night at the Pops

The third annual "Grenfell Night at the Pops," held this year on the opening night of the concert series, May 2nd, was a great success. Every seat which Symphony Hall could allow the Grenfell Association to sell was sold several days before the concert and the financial profit to the Association reached a new high this year. In place of Grenfell Labrador Industries, Vermont maple sugar bars, bearing the famous northern dogteam, were sold this year, together with giant gardenias, brilliant flower corsages, and packaged correspondence cards. Honorary patrons were His Excellency the Governor and Mrs. Leverett Saltonstall, Bishop Sherrill and Mrs. Sherrill, and the Acting Consul General for Great Britain, Boyd Tollington and Mrs. Tollington.

The thanks of the Association are due Mrs. Robert M. P. Kennard, chairman of the benefit; Miss Gertrude Peabody, who accomplished the difficult problem of assigning tickets; Mrs. Lea S. Luquer, in charge of flowers; Mrs. A. W. K. Billings, Jr., publicity; and the Patroness Committee consisting of Mrs. W. Lloyd Allen, Mrs. Theodore L. Badger, Mrs. W. T. Grenfell, Mrs. Ludlow Griscom, Mrs. Robert S. Hurlbut, Mrs. Lea S. Luquer, Miss Natalie Marston, Mrs. John A. Mason, Mrs. Wyman B. Shaw and Mrs. John W. Stanley.

A SeaBee writes from New Guinea that he read most of "Forty Years for Labrador" on a troop ship crossing the Pacific. He comments that Sir Wilfred must have needed all the sense of humor he evidently possessed.

The Newfoundland Railway has acquired 26 new cars, built to the specifications of the Railway by Canadian Car and Foundry, Ltd.

| | | |
|------|--------------------|------|
| A.B. | James R. Carpenter | R.N. |
| | <i>St. Anthony</i> | |

The Grenfell Associations

New England Grenfell Association

A distinguished visitor helped this year with packing the first shipment of used clothing to go north — Miss Selma Carlson, head nurse of the Mission hospital at St. Anthony, who had been on vacation in the States. Both quantity and quality of goods to go north are excellent again this season. A rummage sale in Brookline yielded a good quantity of excellent used garments, through the kindness of Mrs. Shields Warren. We are indebted to a fire, apparently, for a lot of children's and other clothing, which had been scorched and fumed on the left side but can be at least partly rejuvenated. Shoes, magazines and silk material are useful to fill the corners of the cases around the heavy bales of clothing which compact so much into a comparatively small space.

The Lend a Hand Society has again filled the famous "medicine chest" for the Mission. An anonymous "Good Wisher" wrote that she was "sending a small box of needles, thread and odds and ends" with the note that "It may not be worth sending on, but I did send a big box at Christmas as asked for in the magazine." We like that. Even the odds and ends will be exceedingly welcome on the coast.

The Hartford Branch reports that contributions thus far have exceeded last year's. We hope the other Branches are finding the response to the annual appeals equally encouraging.

The death of Miss Emma A. Taft, for many years treasurer of the Providence Branch, is a deeply felt loss. Miss Taft was conscientious and devoted as a treasurer. As a person, she was a quiet and gentle lady, devoted to her home, intensely loyal to her friends, stimulating by the sweetness of her character. She made a trip to Labrador in the first year of the Clarke Steamship Company summer cruises and took great pleasure in seeing the work in which she had long been interested.

The *Worcester Telegram* carried an excellent article on Dr. Curtis in one of its Sunday supplements in April, entitled "Surgeon to Fisher Folk in Labrador," with a sub head, "Worcester's Charles S. Curtis Begins Second Quarter Century as Head of Grenfell Mission." Some weeks later the society section of the

same paper carried an appreciative article on the activities of the Worcester Branch of the New England Grenfell Association and the Worcester section of the New England-Labrador Needle Work Guild, with pictures of Mrs. Benjamin H. Alton, Mrs. Samuel J. Gummere, Miss Helen C. Marble, and other officers of the two related organizations which work for the Grenfell Mission in Worcester.

One of our members, Mr. John R. Emery, of Chatham, Massachusetts, has offered the Association a display of the decorative candles he makes at his Old Harbor candle manufactory, for the next sale we may hold, in memory of his friend, Joseph C. Lincoln.

The New England Grenfell Association has presented the Rhode Island School of Design with some Labrador curios in the form of carved ivories and pieces of embroidery as an aid to the exhibit arranged by the Museum of Art for the schools of Providence and vicinity.

SHIRLEY S. SMITH, *Secretary*

The Grenfell Association of America

A review of the first six months of the present fiscal year of the Grenfell Association of America proves again how much we owe to our subscribers who continue so loyally to make it possible for us to meet our obligations to the work on the Coast. It is the day by day contributions from our members which mean so much.

As for special activities, our annual Opera Benefit, a special performance of "Tristan Und Isolde," with Marjorie Lawrence and Lauritz Melchior in the leading rôles and Sir Thomas Beecham conducting, packed the Metropolitan Opera House on Tuesday afternoon, March 14th. It was a crowded house and the financial return for the Association will be very good, especially in these days of increased taxes and other calls. From the publicity standpoint and the number of new friends for our work, the Benefit was an unqualified success. Mrs. Basil B. Elmer deserves our heartfelt thanks for serving as Executive Chairman for the fourth year; we owe much to Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, who was once again our Honorary Chairman; to the Vice Chairmen, and to all the committee chairmen and mem-

bers and patronesses and subscribers who helped us. We wish to make particular mention of one of our Vice Chairmen, Mrs. Busch Greenough, who gave us so much of her time and thought, and who sold for the performance over one thousand dollars' worth of tickets. Mrs. Greenough's long friendship means a great deal to this work. We wish also to express our special debt of deep gratitude to Dr. Delatour, who not only made it possible, but who gave the project so much of his wisdom, understanding, and active supervision.

The Christmas card committee has held its annual meeting to select the designs for the coming season, under the able chairmanship of Mr. Minturn LeRoy. Again this year the designs were contributed by art schools, as well as by individuals. In some cases, our moving pictures were shown at the schools to give a clearer idea of the background of the work, and this also stimulated interest in our activities in general. Contributing schools included the Grand Central Art School, New York, Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y., Moore Institute, Philadelphia, and the Philadelphia School of Industrial Art.

Samples of this year's American cards as advertised in this issue are now on hand in the Boston and New York offices. However, we wish to make it clear that we will not be able to fill extensive orders until September, at which time samples will be mailed to our regular list, and to others on request.

ELEANOR J. CUSHMAN, *Secretary*

Grenfell Association of Great Britain and Ireland

No news items have been received from the Grenfell Association of Great Britain, but we quote from their recently published folder entitled "Northern Lights," the first publicity literature the Association has been able to publish in some time because of government restrictions on the use of paper:

"Newfoundland and Labrador were known in peace-time for the immense potential wealth of their fisheries, furs, timber and minerals, and with Grenfell's dynamic personality to lead them, were surely coming into their own. It is appropriate that in this second world war, these countries should be destined to become a bulwark of our civilisation as the eastern seaboard of Canada and a terminus of the trans-Atlantic air service."

Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission

For thirty years the W.C.T.U. in Nova Scotia has been sympathetic toward the Labrador work, most generous in their contributions of clothing and cash, and the members have always stood ready to answer any calls for help from Dr. Grenfell himself. The late Mrs. Ada Powers and Mrs. S. W. Oxner of Lunenburg, Mrs. W. E. Banks in Kentville and Miss Harriet Johnston in Truro are but a few of the members who have been instrumental in rendering this help. The service program of the W.C.T.U. includes aid to sailors, fishermen and lighthouse keepers and this is carried out largely through the Grenfell Mission on the coasts of Labrador and northern Newfoundland. In February with a trip through Nova Scotia ahead the field secretary left Ottawa to visit the branch organizations of the Mission, also the W.C.T.U.'s in various parts of this Maritime Province.

Kentville

A tea meeting at the home of Mrs. Bain, a Dorcas sewing group under the leadership of Mrs. Freeman, and a talk with slides to the Junior High School students as well as a public meeting, with slides, in the United Church were all arranged by Mrs. W. E. Banks. In spite of a heavy fall of snow with difficult "going" this visit of a few days was most interesting and gave an opportunity to meet many old and make many new friends.

Halifax

The Grenfell Association of Halifax, through their executive, had been most diligent in their preparations. Mrs. G. A. Smith had invited all members and friends, also representatives of the Halifax churches, to a tea meeting in her home. On Sunday a chance presented itself in the morning to address a men's discussion group in the St. John's United Church and in the afternoon a Bible class in the West End Baptist Church. A public meeting, when slides and movies were shown, was well attended. In Dartmouth the W.C.T.U. had made arrangements for a meeting with slides.

Lunenburg

The secretary was entertained by Mrs. Iversen, Captain Kenny's mother. Mr. Collins, Principal of the High School, kindly allowed the students time for a talk on Labrador children. In Women's Institute Hall the W.C.T.U. members and friends met for a tea meeting

one afternoon and the W.M.S. of the Lutheran Church gave up one of their regular meetings to hear an address on the Grenfell Mission with movies.

Sydney

Miss Agnes Hamilton, the energetic president of this branch of the Grenfell Mission, had made excellent preparations with all details arranged. Miss Annie McIntosh again was hostess and with Mary MacDonald dispensed gracious hospitality. At a W.A. meeting in St. George's church there was an opportunity to meet old friends and to discuss Labrador problems. In the evening, down at Whitney Pier, Archdeacon and Mrs. Arnold were most kind in their assistance to make the public meeting with slides a success. Many friends from Newfoundland were in the audience, including Amy Noseworthy from Flower's Cove. An address to the Rotarians at a luncheon, two talks to W.M.S. groups and a public meeting in the hall of the Presbyterian Church were other engagements.

Truro

An illustrated talk given in the First Baptist Church was well attended and the W.C.T.U. have reason to be proud of the interest alive here in Dr. Grenfell's work.

Bridgetown

In the First Baptist Church a talk on Labrador with the showing of slides was followed by a most interesting few words on Dr. Grenfell's early days on the coast from Rev. J. MacDonald who had been with him in some of his travels. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beattie helped to make this brief visit a most enjoyable one.

Ottawa

The reports for the past year presented at the annual meeting of the Ottawa Grenfell Association on February 23, 1944, were most interesting.

The spring tea and money shower at the King's Daughters Guild, when the goods for Labrador were displayed, had been well attended. Again the showing of handicrafts and Christmas cards was at Earncliffe, and record sales were reported.

On retirement from office of Mrs. D. Kemp Edwards, after five strenuous years, Mrs. R. G. Knox will be President, Mrs. W. G. Burns, Secretary, and Mrs. A. H. Brown, Treasurer.

The report of the supply convener, Mrs. Percy Gillespie, expressed thanks to the follow-

ing organizations for the bale for the Mission: First Baptist Church, Dominion United, Parkdale United, St. James United, Southminster United, Stewarton United and Chalmers United Churches; Hintonburg Y.W.C.A., Ever Ready Circle, Will-to-do Circle and Thoughtful Circle of the King's Daughters.

London

Mrs. A. T. Little, President of the Grenfell Association of London, reports an encouraging year. New members joined the ranks while old friends put forth an effort to keep up the interest, and it is, indeed, a cause for thankfulness that with the many demands of war this loyal support should continue to be so generous.

At the annual meeting held on January 31st, the financial statement from Mrs. Kenneth Murray shows that the funds have been maintained with a slight increase this year.

A most successful event last autumn was a musicale held in the Auditorium of the Public Library. This was well patronized and thanks should go to the artists, Ruth Faulkner, Mrs. H. K. Ingram, Miss Jessie Elliot and Catherine Brickenden.

Guelph

This Branch has suffered real loss in the death of Mrs. E. S. Singer. As Secretary of the organization for so many years her work and inspiration will be missed.

On March 7, 1944, Miss May Keatinge, daughter of the late Dr. Thomas A. Keatinge, passed away. A graduate of Johns Hopkins Hospital School for Nurses, Miss Keatinge went to Labrador in 1907, was the first nurse at Flower's Cove, and spent three years altogether on the coast working in close association with Dr. Grenfell.

It is through the enthusiasm and unflinching zeal of such workers as these and their fellow members, that our Grenfell Branches in Canada are able to make such generous contributions in cash and supplies.

During a call on one of the oldest members of the Grenfell Mission in Canada the following incident was related:

"Back in 1894 or 1895 our family doctor called on my mother one morning and brought with him a young English doctor from Labrador and introduced him as Wilfred Grenfell. He appeared to be in a hurry as his boat was leaving, but with his hand on the door knob he turned and said, 'Oh, by the way, would you form some sort of organized group here to raise a little money for me and be ready to stand

back of me when I call for help in any emergency?' With that he was gone. I turned in bewilderment to our doctor and said, 'Who is this extraordinary young man and what is it he wants?' However I started a Grenfell Branch and kept it going for over forty years."

Perhaps the spirit back of such efforts as those in the early days is responsible for the life and character of the Grenfell Branches in Canada today — a something which has kept them alive and active through two wars and still keen and eager to carry on Sir Wilfred's work.

ETHEL G. GRAHAM, *Secretary*

Bequests Received by Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission during the Past Year

| | |
|--|----------|
| January, 1943, Mabel C. Jardine Estate..... | \$50.00 |
| April, 1943, Hubert Reeves Jackson Estate..... | 142.54 |
| July, 1943, M. E. and M. Carty Estate..... | 748.16 |
| September, 1943, Anonymous legacy..... | 5,000.00 |
| February, 1944, Agnes Y. Thompson Estate..... | 1,000.00 |

Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission

Following the decision of the International Grenfell Association to change the date of their fiscal year from September 30th to May 31st the Board of the Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission have adopted the following resolution:

Resolved that, beginning with June 1, 1944, and in each and every year thereafter, the fiscal year of the Grenfell Labrador Medical Mission shall commence on June 1st and end on the 31st day of May the following year.

H. T. R. MOUNT, *Chairman*

Needlework Guild Notes

The Needlework Guild has lost two of its most faithful and generous workers, both of them presidents of their sections for over twenty-five years. Miss Emma A. Taft of Providence guided the section which was one of our Charter Members and which for some time has been our largest contributor in New England. She was interested in the work of the Mission from its earliest days and worked tirelessly for it.

Mrs. Joel L. English, who died in March, was president of the Hartford Section which has contributed many garments for the work of the Mission.

Mrs. Gibbs W. Sherrill, for a number of years president of the Boston Branch, has resigned from that position though she continues to maintain her interest in the work. The new president is Miss Dorothy Blake, long a loyal worker for the Mission, both on the coast and in the United States.

At the March Executive Meeting of the New England sections, the guest of honor was Miss Selma Carlson, who has been out on holiday. She spoke briefly on the work in the hospital at St. Anthony and its particular needs, the effects the war has had on the work of the Mission; and she expressed gratitude to all the members of the Guild for their untiring efforts. Due to their many contributions the Mission is able to help out in emergencies as well as care for the routine needs of the people.

Earlier in the course of this war the staff was often asked to clothe men whose ships had gone down in northern waters. One man who arrived in his stocking feet and underwear had had four ships sunk under him.

She also told of the children with tuberculosis of the bone who come to the hospital for a year or more of treatment. When they are ready to go home they have grown a few inches and put on weight so that their old clothes no longer fit. They are equipped with a "grown-up layette" for the homeward trip.

Mrs. Loomis who has been handling the varied and many duties of the Clothing Store wrote not long ago: "Whatever you send is most appreciated and greatly wondered at — the fact that you send so much. . . . The quality of the things you sent up could not have been better. It was a joy to unpack. As you know, the supply was limited so that the people had to be rationed severely. They were thankful and grateful for all they did get. I'm sure the clothing is being cared for as they realize how fortunate they are having received what they did."

ELISABETH L. HAMILTON

From a member: "I feel I must tell you how much I liked the blue on the cover of the April DEEP SEA FISHERS. I am sending my copy to the library."

THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

CHARLES S. CURTIS, M.D., F.A.C.S., *Superintendent*
MISS KATHLEEN YOUNG, *Assistant Treasurer and Purchasing Agent*
Board of Directors composed of two Representatives from each of
the Supporting Associations listed below

SUPPORTING ASSOCIATIONS

UNITED STATES

NEW YORK — The Grenfell Association of America, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York — Pres., Hugh Auchincloss, M.D.; Vice-Pres., William L. Savage; Treas., Henry C. Holt, 156 Fifth Ave.; Sec'y, Miss Eleanor J. Cushman, 156 Fifth Ave.

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SCOTTISH BRANCH — Hon. Sec., The Hon. Mrs. John Maclay, 21 Bothwell St., Glasgow C. 2.

LONDON — Royal National Mission to Deep-Sea Fishermen forwards contributions especially designated for Labrador work.

NEWFOUNDLAND

ST. JOHN'S — Grenfell Association of Newfoundland, incorporated under the laws of Newfoundland — Sec'y-Treas., H. R. Brookes.

CANADA

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WASHINGTON, D. C. Officers pending.

{Continued on next page}

THE INTERNATIONAL GRENFELL ASSOCIATION

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GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND

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American Christmas Cards for 1944



Sketch in full water color by Cecil S. Ashdown—French fold, grey background. Measures: 4 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 6". Price, with envelope, 10 cents.

Left: Snow scene in blue and white. French fold. Measures 5" x 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ ". Price, with envelope, 5 cents.



Below: Brightly colored Northern Lights, on white background. French fold. Measures 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 5". Price, with envelope, 5 cents.



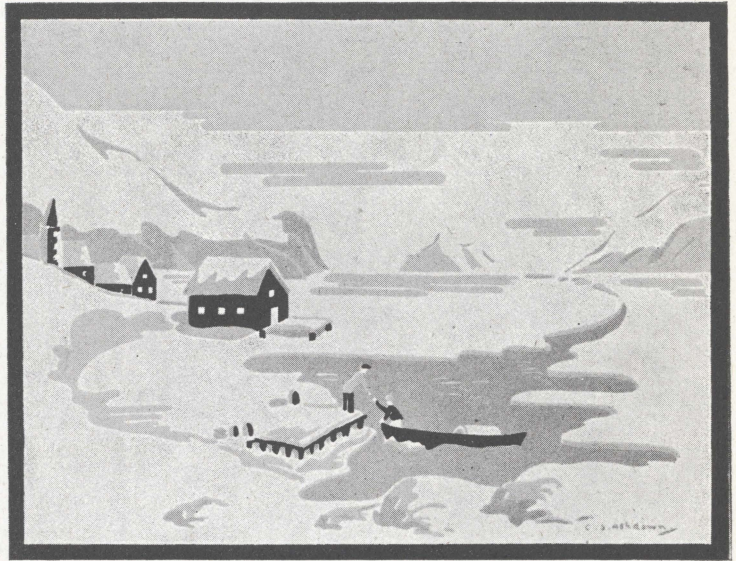
Please order from: Grenfell Association of America, 156 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

- For New England orders: New England Grenfell Association,
25 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

FOR DISTRIBUTION IN THE UNITED STATES ONLY

Canadian Christmas Cards for 1944

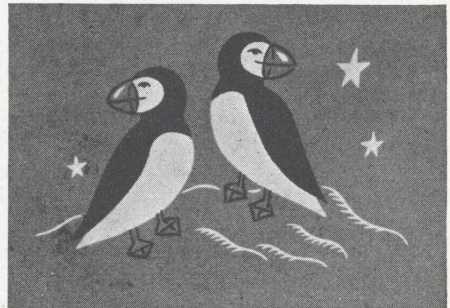
10/44 Last Boat
through the Ice before
Christmas. Blue sea be-
tween ice floes with
snowy background.
Measures 4 1/4" x 5 1/2".



5/44 Left: Village Church with blue
shadows. Pastel colours. Measures 4"
x 4".



5B/44 Below: Pocket Calendar with
two puffins. Bright red with white inside.
Measures 2" x 3".



Doctor Grenfell claimed that a better chance of education for the children
is the wisest and most profitable outlay that love can make.

Will you further this claim by purchasing cards from

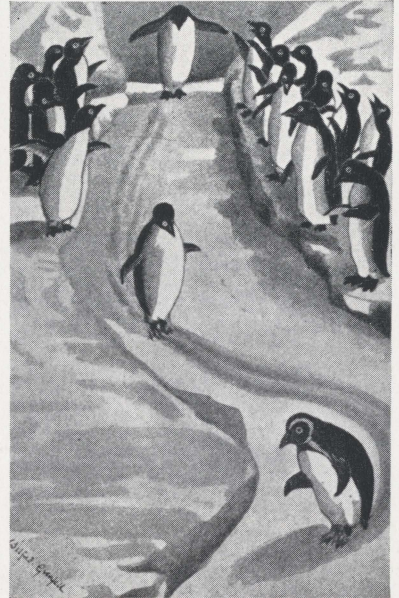
THE GRENFELL LABRADOR MEDICAL MISSION
48 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario, Canada

FOR DISTRIBUTION IN CANADA ONLY

British Christmas Cards for 1944



"Adrift" 5" x 4"



"Penguins at Play," designed by
Sir Wilfred Grenfell. 3½" x 5"

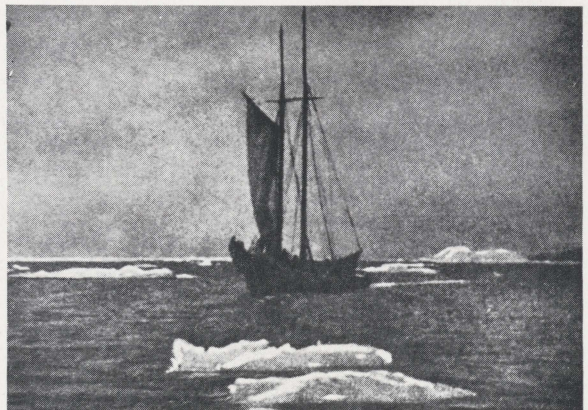


"Labrador Dog Team" 5" x 4"

"Bound North" 5" x 4"

The above cards in black and white. Price 6d each with envelope or in cellophane packets of six with envelopes 3/- per packet. Postage extra on all prices.

Below: Pocket calendar in sepia 3" x 2".
Price 3d each. No envelopes.



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CALENDARS

Pocket Calendar

Child catching snowflakes. Design in varied colors with blue background. Space for memorandum throughout. $3\frac{3}{4}$ " length, $2\frac{1}{4}$ " width.

Price, with envelope, 10 cents



Engagement Calendar

The cover of this calendar is a photograph of a Polar Bear rug, the handicraft of a northern woman. It is reproduced in actual colors. Frontispiece illustration in full water color, by Cecil S. Ashdown. Quotations by Sir Wilfred throughout. Composition binding. $9\frac{1}{4}$ " length, $7\frac{1}{4}$ " width.

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