



INTERNATIONAL
GRENFELL
ASSOCIATION

Among The
Deep
Sea Fishers

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THE GRENFELL ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA

136 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Among the Deep-Sea Fishers

Vol. XXXI

APRIL, 1933

No. 1

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Articles and items for insertion in the magazine should be sent to the editor, Mr. Frederick E. Shnyder, 156 Fifth Avenue, New York, not later than the fifteenth of the month preceding the month in which publication is desired.

morning for a month asking each other, "Do you think Sir Wilfred will come today?", or how diligently the housewives tried to improve their homes by repapering the walls with new pages from rare old magazines and newspapers, or how the older women went about for days with their hair in tight plaits so that it would be frizzy for this gala day. About nine o'clock, August 1, "the big boat" moved quietly and majestically into our cove.

How all the children listened to the stories and exclaimed at the posters which Miss Maude Phillips showed about kindness to animals! How interested Sir Wilfred was in each child he examined and talked with and how proud Wilfred Burden felt because he had been named for Sir Wilfred! How quickly word of Sir Wilfred's arrival traveled to the four little settlements on our island and how quickly those who were sick came for medical aid, and those who had sealskins, boots, rugs and other things came either on foot or by boat to trade them for the desirable clothing and material which Miss Cushman took charge of!

About four o'clock, after Prof. Sears had marked out a choice spot for our garden and showed us some of his interesting photographs, after all the sick folks had been attended to and all the trading that was possible had been done, after our many questions had been answered and four new projects had been suggested by Sir Wilfred, we were waving a regretful good-bye to those on board the JESSIE, whose personalities we had enjoyed immensely. As we at last turned our backs on the fast disappearing "big boat," we felt that our work in George's Cove had only begun.

There was a wall to build about the yard of our cottage, the garden to fertilize and prepare for next summer's seeds, a night school to be started for the adults, a way

found to drain the unnecessary pond which existed in the center of the cove and a pipe laid to run drinking water to the other side of the pond for the convenience of the families who lived over there.

In spite of our "town meeting," to which all the male inhabitants came to hear and discuss these new projects, and in spite of the much enjoyed refreshments which were served, we were unsuccessful in accomplishing the three last mentioned projects. This failure in our plans whets our desire to see what can be done by spending another summer with these people. How far they must have come since the first Grenfell workers went there!

There were other days filled with new and interesting events: Dr. Paddon's very helpful visit in the STRATHOONA just in time for one of the wops to receive a pressing invitation to attend a wedding of two of the inhabitants of our cove, the wedding itself and the wedding party and dance, the minister's yearly visit, the KYLE's few arrivals with our mail, a beautiful motor boat trip twenty miles "up the bay" with the Kippenhoucks to see where and how our people live in the winter, and some visits to the homes of our neighboring friends for tea. These all meant so much to us that I could write pages more, but must not for fear of tiring you.

The many bills which accumulated from the improvements and constructions about the cottage were capably handled by Miss Thorne. Second-hand clothing was our only medium for payment, and there was a great amount of shopping and selecting by the women. What pleasure they obtained from this natural, feminine activity was plainly evidenced by the long hours they spent in choosing.

We can't overcome the urgent desire to return again and again to that land of the northern lights and its people, and those friends all along the way whom we love.

Spotted Islands—Summer of 1932

Elizabeth B. Twyeffort

THE summer was eventful from start to finish. The travel during the first week was via the north shore of the St. Lawrence River to Newfoundland, where we went fishing for several days on the west coast. In order to connect with the north-bound

SAGONA we were compelled to run for our lives to catch the one train going in our direction on the day of departure, which happened to be a freight train. Our host, the section boss, obligingly entertained us in the caboose, fed us on fresh lobster and tea, offered me

his comfortable berth for a nap, and secured for us a ride in the engine cab.

Our first stop was at St. Mary's River, where we lived at the well loved Sam Acreman's

—the hospital, the new pigs and the flies—and all were flourishing.

The grandeur of the Labrador coast filled us with awe as we watched many icebergs pass-



FISH STAGES AT SPOTTED ISLANDS

house for ten days awaiting the arrival of the KYLE which was to take us to Spotted Islands. Dr. and Mrs. Moret showed us all the sights

ing between us and its black rocks that first afternoon on the KYLE going north. To our dismay a chilling fog enveloped us from Dead



THE MISSION BUILDINGS AT SPOTTED ISLANDS

Island Harbor to our destination. We then turned to the ship's company, and got acquainted with the delightful Paddon family and the wops, not to mention the three hundred fishermen who crowded the deck and passed a

Bob did everything, from carrying water to making pancakes on Sunday nights. The remaining member of our household was Minnie Turnbull, a native of Labrador and the best cook on the whole coast. Her sense of humor



MINNIE TURNBULL AND HER MOTHER

tea kettle attached to a rope into the hold where they ate and slept.

We approached Spotted Islands in a fog, but it cleared like a slightly drawn curtain to reveal the shore and the houses. We were greeted by some of the inhabitants, into whose motor boats we jumped while they pitched un rhythmically at the foot of the ladder. Soon the KYLE was swallowed by the fog, and our summer at Spotted Islands had begun.

Somehow things turned out to be much better than they seemed on first sight, as so often happens—all except the fish stages upon which we climbed to get ashore. Below us in the shallow water around the stages hollow eyes stared at us from colorless fish heads, legion upon legion. The footing was slimy, the odors more than penetrating, and the mud outside the sheds quite effective in spoiling the coats of the Huskies which greeted us with piercing voices in a hundred different keys.

The Mission buildings consist of a school-house and another house with a dispensary at one end. When the summer ended both had been repainted in white by our obliging wop, Bob Gillis, and the roofs had been done over.

was most lively, and her culinary achievements noteworthy.

Mr. Charles Patten, the school teacher, invited me to help with the teaching. This was a new experience for me and somewhat difficult, but nevertheless very enjoyable. The Labrador children seem to be above the average of American children in looks, manners and charm, and welcome any new thing, whether mental or material, with unbounded enthusiasm. They were thrilled over each new story I told them, and tried to act it out; and they proved to be adept in the use of crayons, scissors, and stencils and in the working of simple puzzles. To keep busy from twelve to eighteen boys and girls ranging in age from five to sixteen years taxed the imagination; but all efforts were well repaid.

Louis gave medical care not only to the one hundred and thirty inhabitants of Spotted Islands but also to the people of Black Tickle, Salmon Bight, Red Point, Sand Banks and Indian Tickle, all places within a radius of twenty-five miles. Many and varied were his duties; they included the pulling of teeth, the sewing up of a hand that had been "split

abroad" by an axe, the treating of cases of tuberculosis, beriberi, impetigo and colds.

Our one sad experience was that of helping a rachitic baby fight a losing battle with all the odds stacked against her. Through a long starlit night, while a grounded iceberg crashed in the dark near the shore, by the dim light of an old oil lamp, we took turns sitting in a chair made out of a barrel and holding the baby, watching, waiting, while our hearts went out to the parents. As I write I wonder whether the other five children in this family will starve to death this winter.

The high spots of the summer came often. The bimonthly mail-steamer visits, the stops made by the CLUETT, the STRATHCONA and the JESSIE GOLDTHWAIT found us bobbing over the water to meet our visitors with open arms. Sir Wilfred's two visits were to us the most memorable, and having him with us for the night was more than our share of pleasure. With him were Miss Maude Phillips, Professor Sears and Mr. Willmer, all of whom we were so pleased to see. Some of the other red-letter occasions were the two school parties, the evenings given to square dances, a wedding and a never-to-be-forgotten night at Batteau. Since the Mission building at Batteau was practically unfurnished, we were obliged to spread our mattresses on the kitchen floor by the stove and to sleep in most of our clothes. We were on hand the next morning for the unexpected arrival of Miss Ruland, who took charge at Batteau for the remainder of the summer. With supplies from Spotted Islands she made a most comfortable station of it, and turned her energies to nursing, gardening and social work.

We shall not soon forget the perfection of the moonlight nights, nor the northern lights which one night danced above our heads in waves of brilliantly luminous color like swaying tulle skirts.

The austere black-rock promontories on the coast often reveal bays on closer acquaintance, or sandy beaches or flat islands of tan and grey rock. Of the last description is Spotted Islands. The hamlet consists of about fifteen one-story wooden houses scattered among the rocks. Each house consists of a low-ceiled room and a shed, the former sparsely furnished with a stove, one small table, perhaps a few chairs and a wooden seat built around the walls. A few dishes on shelves in one corner of the room, and old pieces of magazines and newspapers pasted on the walls complete the

decoration. Above the main room in each house is a loft, reached by a ladder, and here wooden bunks or piles of rags on the floor accommodate the members of the family. The Saturday scrubbing is done with sand and water; and for lack of a broom some women use a bunch of weeds or a bird's wing.

Styles are of no importance on the Labrador coast. The people dress mostly in clothing dragged from the depths of American attics or donated by the Needlework Guild of America. This clothing fills them with joy, and saves many from freezing to death. Garments are given out in exchange for labor done for the Mission and in payment for the making of hooked mats, knitted gloves and socks, etc., under the supervision of the Industrial Department. With many this industrial work is the sole source of income. When fish brings a low price there is often no money left for clothing after food essentials have been purchased and after the trader has been paid for fishing equipment. The people are generous, congenial and simple-hearted. When our time was up we hated to say good-bye to them, for we knew they would be hard put to it in the matters of food and clothing to get through the winter.

Three gorgeous days brought us to St. Anthony, in time to see the eclipse of the sun and to wave Sir Wilfred on his homeward way. Dr. and Mrs. Curtis welcomed us on the dock and hospitably entertained us in their home, which is so attractive with its lovely garden. Everyone we met there was most cordial so that after a week's stay we regretted to say farewell.

We sailed on a ninety-four-ton fishing schooner bound for St. John's three hundred miles away, leaving in the teeth of a North Atlantic gale. Our sturdy vessel rode out the storm, partly at sea and partly at anchor in safe harbors. Though the galley and after cabin were packed with dried cod, and the deck covered with barrels of cod oil, we managed to get through without seasickness. Two of the crew, finding their feet overboard in the waves, saved themselves by hanging to the rigging. When, in St. John's, we had removed the marks of five days and five nights of schooner travel, we were able again to recognize each other.

Our address for the coming summer will be Spotted Islands. We are returning equipped with a pressure cooker, seeds and garden tools. Come and see us.