

The chief cause of sickness in Labrador was malnutrition, induced by the poverty of that hard land, worsened by the fact that fishermen and trappers seldom earned cash. Instead, local traders gave them credit, only to claim their catches later at cut rates.

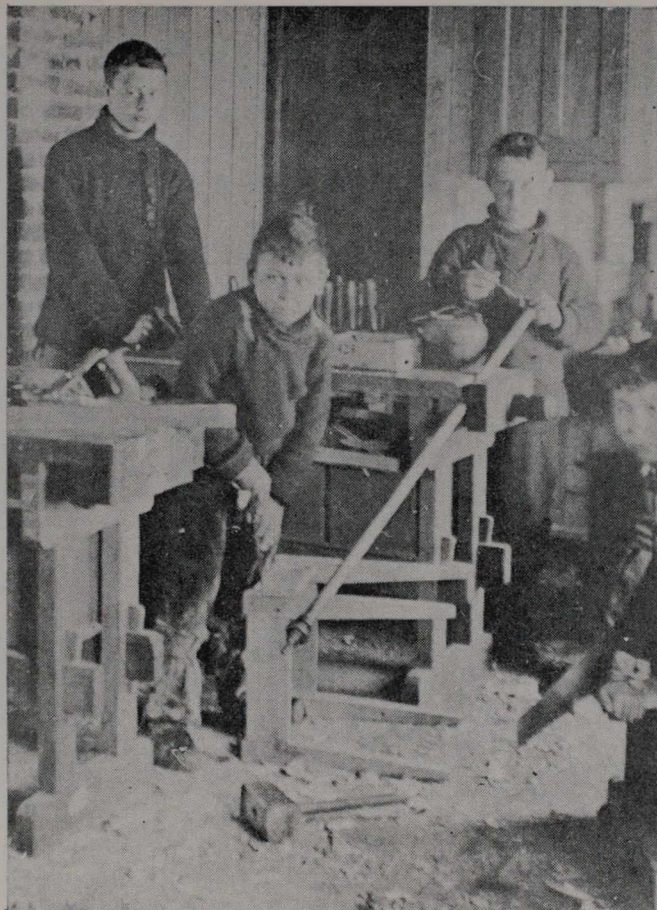
To fight such feudal exploitation, Grenfell rounded up furs, sold them on the outside market—at three times Labrador's going rate—and returned every cent to the trappers. In Red Bay, he helped 17 fishermen start a cooperative store. They bought their first supplies with money that Grenfell lent, shipped their catch to market in a schooner he provided. Before long, Red Bay was debt-free. In all, Grenfell launched ten co-ops. Most of them flourished; when one failed, he hocked one of his boats for \$12,000 to pay its bills.

Another reason for Labrador's poverty, Grenfell felt, was ignorance. The few schools were all strictly sectarian. While some settlements had none, others had four—Catholic, Methodist, Anglican and Salvation Army—competing against each other. Unable to convince missionaries that they should unite their energies, he recruited teachers from the United States and started his own schools, open to all.

He brought five orphans back from Labrador and found an anonymous donor to build a children's home—the first of four—at St. Anthony. He started "cottage industries"—mainly handcrafts—so that Labrador would not be entirely dependent on fish and furs. U.S. and Canadian women sent him silk stockings and old dresses to be turned into hooked rugs—and money. He set up a dozen centers to distribute cast-off clothing, and opened two more hospitals.

To support his work, admirers in the United States, Canada, England and Ireland formed the International Grenfell Association in 1912. Their best fund-raiser was Grenfell himself, whose speaking tours pulled in huge crowds and hundreds of thousands of dollars. Wealthy men gave him X-ray machines, Yale and Princeton students financed two orphanages and schoolchildren sent their dimes to help.

"Dr. Grenfell has a genius for generating sympathy," a friend said. "He can wring tears from people's pocketbooks." Once, on a train to Boston, he noticed a woman wearing a huge diamond ring and boldly asked its cost. Grenfell introduced himself to the indignant woman and told her of his work. "What a waste to wear an expen-



Boys' class in carpentry at a mission school, St. Anthony, Newfoundland; May 1906.

sive ornament like that," he added, "when there are so many hungry children in Labrador." The woman removed her ring and offered it to him.

"No one can eat a diamond," he said. "But I **will** accept its value in money." He got it—\$2500.

Dr. Grenfell explained his dedication simply: "I've always believed that the Good Samaritan went across the road to the wounded man just because he **wanted** to." Many others followed his lead. Dr. Harry Paddon left England for Labrador after hearing a speech by Grenfell. His son, also a doctor, eventually served there too. Charles Curtis, a brilliant young surgeon from Boston, joined the Mission in 1915 and gave it the remaining 48 years of his life. Grenfell nurses often stayed alone on the coast for months, coping with problems that would have fazed many a doctor. Once a delirious Liveyere fisherman ripped his stomach open with a knife. With a priest serving as anesthetist and directions wired from the nearest doctor—Mission posts were linked by telegraph—a Grenfell nurse performed a complex operation and saved his life.