

Linking the Generations

A collection of Oral Histories excerpts
from the Battle Harbour Region

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Battle Harbour Literacy Council

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Layout and Design: Christine Rumbolt

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This book is dedicated in memory of the late

Hughlett Acreman,

a man whose love of Labrador and his fondness of storytelling will never be
forgotten

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FOREWORD

The Battle Harbour region encompasses the three permanent communities of Lodge Bay, Mary's Harbour and St. Lewis as well as a number of summer stations where traditionally locals relocated seasonally to fish. One of these stations is the National Historic District of Battle Harbour, where prior to the 1960's, a year round settlement existed heavily centered around the rich floater fishery. In fact, the entire area at one time depended on the cod, salmon and seal fisheries as well as a lifestyle deeply connected to the land for sustenance and survival. To date there has been very little written documentation regarding the traditions and rich heritage of this area.

The need was identified to record stories and traditions rich in the history of this region. The Battle Harbour Regional Development Association recognized the importance that this information sharing and collection could play in passing on historical data from one generation to the next.

In the fall of 1997, funding was obtained from the [National Literacy Secretariat](#) to allow for the collection and compiling of local oral history. A Program Co - ordinator was hired and thirty local volunteers received training in the collection and transcription of oral history. These volunteers included learners, tutors, teachers, students and others. To date, an estimated sixty - seventy stories have been collected, transcribed and edited. Only excerpts have been selected for this book due to the overwhelming amount of material that has been collected. In addition, the level of enthusiasm which we have received toward this project is phenomenal. The skills that local people have gained and the invaluable information that has been gathered is only the beginning of this project. We hope to raise enough funds from the sale of this book to begin preparing for the next collection which is set, tentatively, for March 2000.

The Battle Harbour Regional Development Association would like to thank the collectors, transcribers and local informants who gave willingly of their time towards this project.

Bonnie Rumbolt
Program Co – ordinator

Chapter 1

REFLECTIONS

Gettin' Around

By Hugklett Acreman
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Strictly dog team and by foot were the only means of transportation when I was a child growing up in Battle Harbour. Everybody had their own dog team. I had three dogs when I was going to school when I was 12 or 13 years old. I'd come out after school and haul a barrel of water and then take off to my rabbit slips. The dogs had "distemper" and they were all perishing, see. They used to go crazy and all perish off. In fact, all the dogs were gone across the straits when they flew in the ski-doo. People lost their dogs. Come down to 2 or 3, that was nothing. It was about the mid60's when better machines came out. The Bosak was my favorite. That was the first one was here.



Hugklett with sons Donald and David proudly display the new Bosak.
Photo courtesy of Madeline Acreman

That's in 1952, I believe. Brand new. I got her from Brokenhead, Manitoba. I was trying to pick up bits and pieces to make one. This day the nurse came downstairs, they used to have a lot of old newspapers come and she knew I was up to this, see. And she ran downstairs with the newspaper bawling out to me, "You know, I got just what you wanted." And this is where it was to. I ordered it by mail. I sent them the money. I never had no trouble until it got to Corner Brook. And it never got to Corner Brook until the last boat in the fall. They called me. I found her. She was in Corner Brook so I called Marsh Jones then. He was one of the ring leaders of EPA. I said, "Boy, I got a machine in Corner Brook now and I'm gonna use her for you fellers hauling gas and I gotta get her down." They charged me an awful lot of freight, someone there in the office you know, made a mistake I suppose. I called her back again. I said, "What can you do

for me? Can you get her and sometime when you gets room for her ship her down." And that's all I bothered about her. One day when Bill Eaton come here with the first otter EPA ever had and he had her on board. They had her come over on the train and came in here on the ice. They came in here with a load of mail all froze up, hauled her out of the plane and started her up. I paid \$695.00. The freight came up to somewhere between \$300 -\$400, almost as much as the machine. The machine was nothing because we used it eleven years. We used it hauling wood and hauling all the gas for the airplanes. Dave Pye had the first ski-doo from me. I sold her to Dave Pye. I had her come. He bought her and went right on in the woods. That was a 8 horsepower. That was the starting of the ski-doods in this area. The next year, then, we had one given to the hospital by somebody. I don't know who. That was the next year, about 1964 or 1965. From then she started. I took subagent, that's what I was, for C & G Enterprises in St. Anthony. They used to ship me in the machines and the parts. I wouldn't take them without the parts. There was a warranty. Sometimes I used to do electrical stuff on them but they wasn't too bad. But I didn't do that much maintenance on them because I never had the time. I give them all the parts. They could come here to the shop and I'd fit them right out. They'd screw it on themselves. Ski -doods are better now. More hauling power, less maintenance because first when they came out the driver pulley was no good and used to burst up the belts so the next year they changed all that. That seemed to make a big difference. I retired in 1987, gave up the business that year, having them come in, still had parts after that. I still got a few here now. But I give up the business, I couldn't carry on, see, because there was too many agents around then. I love working at snowmobiles, mechanic work. Always been at mechanic work, all my life.

Dances at Deep Water Creek

By Guy Poole

Researcher: Peggy Brown

My dad, George Poole, lived in at Scott's Pond. That was six or seven miles from Deep Water Creek. He and two or three more people used to leave Scott's Pond with their snowshoes on and walk up to Deep Water Creek and have a dance. Of course, the houses wasn't all that big and there wasn't much room to have what they called a square dance and step dance. So what they would do was take the old wood stove out on the bridge and then they would start dancing. The fellow who played the accordion would be in a room adjacent to the kitchen. About an hour before daylight they'd put the stove back in and the pipes up and walk back to Scott's Pond again.

Living in Lewis' Bay

By Margaret Curl
Researcher: Peggy Brown

We would move from Deep Water Creek to River Head, up St. Lewis' Bay. We would live there in the fall, through the winter and then we'd move out to Fox Harbour by dog team in the spring. I went to school at River Head. My teacher was Harold Millers. If there wasn't a minister around, the teacher would hold the funeral if someone passed away. The minister, I remember, was Mark Penney. The weddings were kept up in the homes. In the summer we'd have caplin, smoked salmon, fresh salmon, seals and ducks. My mother had a garden all summer long. She'd have cabbage, turnip tops, potatoes, carrots and lots of berries.

A scattered time we would have dances. Uncle Tommy Paulo had his violin and he would play some nice jigs. We used to have dances at the old school house built over by Uncle Johnny Curl's house. Christmas time the men would come from the lumber woods. What a great time we used to have. There was one grocery store. Carl Peterson had this shop. It was five minutes walk from our house. My mother, Florence (Poole) Curl, used to make her own soap out of seal's fat and Gillett's Lye. You wouldn't believe how it would take the dirt out of the clothes.

I met my husband, Tommy Curl, here on the point at Fox Harbour. He was born in Battle Harbour and he fished here. We were going together for about two to three years. I was the age of seventeen when he put the wedding ring on my finger up to St. Lewis' Bay. He bought it in Port Hope Simpson, he told me, for seven dollars and fifty cents. He worked in the lumber woods in the winter time for a company called the Labrador Development Company. In 1946, the first year we were married, horses came to St. Lewis' Bay. The company used the horses to do work. That was Tom's job. He used horses named Blackie and another one named Prince. They would go with these horses in the morning and then in the evenings he'd put them in the shed. They would feed them oats and hay which would come from Port Hope Simpson. The sheds were little places down on the wood trail. I liked to walk down and watch him feeding the horses. When we moved to Fox Harbour the first time it was even better. In St. Lewis' Bay there were so many trees, you couldn't see nothing. But when we moved out here it was like a city to us.

Life at Lewis' Bay in My Younger Days

By Hubert Poole
Researcher: Harvey Brown

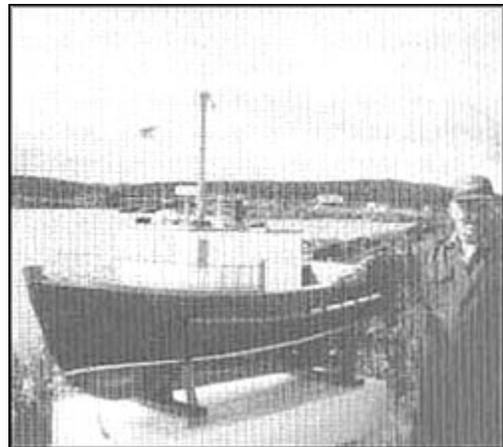
I was born at Hatter's Cove, Lewis' Bay. A lot of people lived in Hatter's Cove at that time. The Grenfell Mission had a hospital there. They later moved the hospital to Mary's Harbour. I was only about a year old when I lived further up the bay to River Head. I grew up there and started school. That was the only school I did go to. I remember my teacher was Harry Shea. He used to smoke a great big pipe. I also had another teacher later. His name was Mark Penney. At that time

you only went to school if you like and if you didn't want to go, you didn't have to. When I left school, I was about 14 years old, I went in the country to hunt and trap with my father Jim Poole.

Mark Penney was also the minister. He performed all the duties. He used to marry people and bury people. The one room school house also served as the church and dance hall. There is a graveyard up there at a place called Samson's Brook. My grandfather, Jerry Strangemore, is buried there. Carl Peterson had a store close to where we lived. You can still see signs of the old place there now. The Labrador Development Company also had a store up there. It was a ship they used for a store. They had it at Toope Cove, a man lived on board and looked after the store. His name was Anstey. The ship later floated off and was towed away. I watched it going out the bay.

When I was a young man we would have dances every night at Christmas time for the twelve nights of Christmas. Uncle Tommy Paulo would play the fiddle for the dance and he could play it so good that he would almost make it talk. Later I was married in the old school and I only lived there one year after that. The school was later bought by Hughie Poole. He brought it to St. Lewis and built a house out of it. After that Tom King bought it and took it to Petty Harbour where it still stands today.

Everyone moved from St. Lewis' Bay in 1948. I think it was a big mistake for people to leave. It would be much more comfort living there in the winter time and much easier to get firewood. The Labrador Development Company closed down and there was nothing left to do only hunt and trap. The older people were getting too old to go in the country to trap any more. Some of the younger people was at it for a while and then they gave it up. The old traps are still in there. A group of us went in there hunting a few years ago and saw what was left of some of the tilts. Some of the traps were left there on a stick by the camp. Trapping was very hard work but it was worth it because the price of fur was good and most years there was plenty of it so we didn't mind the work and long hard walk to get there and back.



Hubert Poole standing next to a model of one of the many boats that he has built over the years. *Photo courtesy of Harvey Brown*

There were some very large ships that would go in to St. Lewis' Bay to carry out the wood. Uncle Billy Murphy was the pilot to guide the boats in and out of the bay. They would pick him up at Battle Harbour and drop him off on their way out. Uncle Billy was a good pilot. He never did run any of the ships on a shoal.

When I was a Young Feller

By Allen James (Jimmy) Rumbolt
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was born in Battle Harbour in 1909. I'm 89 years old. I lived at Mattie's Cove, just around the point from Battle Harbour. I lived there all my life time, pretty well. I was 70 when I moved up here to Mary's Harbour. I was out fishing when I was 70 with my son, Edmund, after we came up home.

It was lots of fun when I was a youngster. Lots of girls. Every family had five or six girls. Big families back then. There were no doctors first, only midwives. Aunt Polly Snook used to born all the youngsters. She used to tell us she used to get them (the babies) up in the gulch among the rocks. We used to believe her see. Youngsters didn't know so much as they know now, my dear. We didn't know nothing, wasn't told nothing. Now they can see it now sure. We used to go up in the gulch back of the hill and look. Couldn't find none. She used to say, "No my son they're up there. You'll see one of these days." That's all we knew about it see. Youngsters these days knows everything, they knows more than the old people, sure.



Uncle Jimmy and Muriel Rumbolt. *Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*

We used to play games. There was no school in Battle Harbour back then. They used to all come over to our school. Boys and girls. Geez boys, what fun we used to have. We'd play Farmer in the Dell, Hide and Go Seek, up in the tall grass with the girls. The girls used to sing them. I didn't know them at all. Havin' lots of fun. I loved living outside. Teachers coming in the fall on the boat wouldn't get back home no more til the boat came in the spring. Those teachers couldn't go home for Christmas, see. All girl teachers, mostly. They liked it out there, though.

We used to go up back of the hill and down in the old house courtin' the girls. I first met my wife when she just came up. She was in the hospital up to Mary's Harbour. Then she went out to Trap Cove. I thought she was alright. I didn't know her at all first. We've been married for 58 years now. We had 13 children - 7 boys and 6 girls.

My Life So Far

By Douglas Bradley
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Now that I've reached the age of 80 years, as we sit here in the comfort of our home, surrounded by most everything we need to make life easier during our golden years, and listen to the fire cracking in the old Findlay Oval stove, my mind wanders back over the years to some of the not so easy times when none of life's amenities came easy. During my upbringing, there were many things we didn't have and never looked for. We were happy, healthy and contented and that's all that mattered. The things we now take for granted, we did not even dream about then.

Over the last sixty years we all did our own thing; like building houses, boats, wharves, stages and everything else we needed for our survival. I'm sure most of you will recall many of the things I mention here as part of life in days gone by like hauling traps, picking berries, harnessing dogs, walking, rowing, gardening and all the other things we did for a living or maybe just to pass the time.

It's certainly true that the busy work schedule we had when we were young left no time for most of the negative things we have to face these days like crime, vandalism, alcoholism and breakdown of marriage. I guess in some ways life has changed for the better but in a lot of ways it has changed for the worst.

During my lifetime, I built five houses, three shops, nine stores and sheds, nine boats, fifteen komatiks and four wood sleds. I drove in about nine hundred pounds of nails and put on over two hundred and fifty gallons of paint and roof coating. I owned my own sawmill for over forty years and sawed about sixty thousand feet of lumber, most of which was used to build my houses, stores and sheds. I cut and hauled about fifty thousand sticks of firewood, sawed off five hundred thousand junks, split up eighty thousand junks and broke off thirty five axe handles. I lit the kitchen fire eighteen thousand times, wore out five wood stoves and replaced the stove pipes ten times. Alice lit a good many fires too, but since I was usually the first one up in the morning, it's only fair to assume that I gained quite a few on her over the years. I carried three thousand buckets of water and boiled the kettle about eighty- seven thousand six hundred times. I guess I picked around two hundred and fifty gallons of berries, killed ten million flies , walked twenty - five thousand miles, wore out fifty pairs of boots, one hundred and fifty pairs of socks and fifty pairs of mitts (I didn't wear any mitts picking berries). I fell down forty- five times and fell in the water five times.

I fished for almost fifty years and hauled about two hundred and fifty thousand codfish, fifteen thousand salmon, one hundred and fifty tubs of herring, twenty barrels of caplin, ten barrels of mackeral and an unknown number of sculpins which I threw back in the water. I hauled the cod trap about five thousand times, spent forty - five hundred hours mending and knitting twine, two hundred hours splicing rope and fifty hours making dog's harnesses. During my forty - five years in business, I handled over sixty thousand packages of freight; landing it on the wharf, storing it in the sheds, taking it over to the shop in the wheelbarrow and then bringing it back to the wharf when somebody bought it.

During my lifetime I was always able to afford most of the things I needed. I have had seven inboard motors, five outboard motors, one large cabin cruiser, one long liner, two trap boats and several other flats and dinghys. I also had three speedboats, two cars, one truck, nine skidoos and several dog teams. I did not get my driver's license until I was 68. There wasn't much use for a vehicle until the road was completed between Mary's Harbour and Lodge Bay.

In my younger days, I used to do quite a bit of hunting. There was always lots of ducks around Indian Cove and Battle Harbour and we usually killed enough in the fall to last most of the winter. I have owned eighteen different types of guns and during my lifetime, I shot seven thousand ducks, eighteen harp and bedlamer seals, two caribou and one black bear. I have netted close to five hundred old seals and hauled home about three hundred whitecoats.

Over the years I have harnessed and unharnessed about two hundred and twenty different dogs. We usually kept ten for a team and had to feed them once a day for six months a year. During the summer months, when they weren't being used they didn't need so much food and managed to feed themselves by eating fish heads and anything else they could find along the beach. Feeding them one hundred and eighty times a year for forty years comes to seventy two thousand single meals. That would be rather expensive at today's prices for dog food.

I have done quite a bit of traveling by plane, making several trips to St. Anthony, two trips to Goose Bay, one trip from St. John's to Halifax, one trip from Goose Bay to Moncton, one trip from Gander to Florida and one trip from St. John's to London, England.

Here are a few of the necessities of life which I carried out during my time on this earth. I dressed and undressed eighteen thousand two hundred and fifty times, washed my face eighteen thousand times, ate fifty-six thousand six hundred meals, drank one hundred and ten thousand cups of tea and coffee, slept ninety thousand two hundred and fifty hours, spent four years just sitting down, had forty feet of hair cut off my head and shaved thirty five feet of hair off my face.

All jokes aside, I feel that life has been good to us. We were never in want of anything for the children or ourselves. We probably never gave them everything they wanted, but we did give them everything they needed. In return, they gave us their love and respect which is all any parents could hope for and something we will treasure for the rest of our lives.

It was hard to see them grow up and head off in their own direction, but we know that's what life is all about. We truly enjoyed the happiness of watching them grow up, but we also had to learn to live with the loneliness we felt after they left us and made their way down life's rocky road. As they raise their own families, I am sure that they will share the same happiness, hardships and loneliness as we older people. Our sincere wish is that their children will in turn show them the same respect, love and understanding that we have enjoyed over the years and that they will be blessed with good health, happiness and prosperity for the rest of their lives.

Up The Bay

By Leander Poole

Researchers: Judy Pye & Daphne Richards

We used to move in the bay in October month, I suppose. And we'd be glad to get up there then because the first thing we'd do when we got up there was to go and tail⁽¹⁾ a rabbit slip. We'd go and tail one before dark that same day if we got up there time enough. The first slip I tailed, the rabbit was still alive in the snare when I got it, so I killed it with an axe. There was lots of rabbits and partridges then. If the water wasn't high when we got there, we'd have to wait for the water to rise. It would be dark sometimes before we'd get there. We'd go up in the motorboat.

Back in them days we didn't have clothes lines, we had clothes poles. People used to skiver⁽²⁾ the clothes on with no pins or nothing. You just tie it up on one end and the other end you'd just slip the clothes off.

We used to go around night time doggin⁽³⁾ anyone going home with the girls or something. We'd dog 'em. That was bad. There was a feller named George Toms'. He used to always 'keep up'⁽⁴⁾ his birthday. He used to have rabbit soup. Then he used to take the table and stove and heave it outdoors and have a dance. He'd put it out on the porch. A feller named Tommy Paulo used to play the fiddle. The first beer I drank I must have been sixteen or seventeen years old, I suppose. And it went down through me like a dose of salts. We would walk up to Uncle George Toms' house. It wasn't very far. Twas no ski-dooos or nothing back then. Some used dogs but I never used no dogs. I used to walk. I walked to Mary's Harbour from up to St. Lewis' Bay one time. I walked to Hope Simpson a good many times. I would walk over there to get paid off from working with the company or something. That was the Labrador Development Company. Me and George Poole walked over there one time and we came back again the same day. We had to light matches to find the dory. We went across the brook in the dory and then we walked over. From up the heart of Lewis' Bay to Port Hope Simpson is nine miles. I galled my feet that time with the old logans on. That was in the fall of the year before any snow. I went over there that time with George Poole who was on some kind of business. That's what that was.

1 Set

2 to hang by running through

3 chasing

4 celebrate

We lived up the bay all our lifetime until the company give up and that's about fifty-five years ago now, I suppose. That was the Labrador Development Company. I worked with the company for a while. I don't know for sure what we got for pay but it wasn't very much. It might have been six or seven dollars a day or something. That's the minimum wage now. Tin bulley beef⁽⁵⁾ then was twelve cents a pound. There was not that many families then, not until the company started. When the company started there were quite a few there then. They were from Mary's Harbour and Indian Cove. We don't have no snow now like we used to have then. We used to have to shovel the snow away from the door and then shovel a step to get up over the bank. The company was cutting long props. They used to boom them across the brook and then drive it out the river. When the wood boat would come in they would take the boom and tow it out to where the boat was. Then they would take it aboard a big boat. They used to take it to Norway somewhere. It was a Norwegian boat, see. They would take the props out in the fall of the year. They had a lot of Newfoundlanders working there. Everyone around here was at it that was big enough to go at it. I think they were here for fifteen or twenty years. We moved out of the bay when the company went broke and we never went back after.

5 Corned Beef

My Younger Days

By Paul Bradley

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Augustus Paul Kitchener Bradley. I'm named after Parson Gardener who baptized me. My father was Augustus. I was born in Indian Cove, 1915, July 12th. I'm 83 years old now. I'm not very smart now. I got a bad foot, see. I'd be up around like a rabbit now if I had two good feet.

We all fished together, my father and brothers. There was eight brothers of us all together but there was only five of us fishing. One feller died when he was only seven and a half years old. I don't know what happened to him to tell you the truth. We were out there and no doctor was around, a nurse in Battle Harbour. By the time I got back from Battle Harbour, he was dead. His appendix burst, I think. He turned right green. His name was Ralph. There was Max, Art, Don, Doug, Stewart, Pierce and myself Pierce, Stewart, Doug and Max are still living.

Max is the oldest of the family. He was 86 in May. He lives out in England. He was oversees when the war was on. He married out there. His wife is dead now. He enlisted for World War II. A lot of young fellers enlisted when the war was on. He contacted the mountie in Battle Harbour, the Ranger then, and they contacted St. John's. He left here on the steamer. The old Northern Ranger was running then. He went to St. John's. He had a couple of weeks training there and then he went oversees. He was in the Navy. He was torpedoed three times. He lost three ships.

He only had one accident, a bullet struck him in the knee. Aside from that he never had a scratch. He put a steel plate in his knee. He still walks around on it but he got a little limp He saw a lot of action. My dear, you don't what it's like unless you went through it. He never told me very much. He don't like to talk about it. I don't know why it is. Jack Luther, Beat Stone and Bob Perry from over to Fox Harbour all went oversees the same time as Max. They all joined the Navy but they had different boats and they all got separated.

It was hard for us. You didn't know what to expect. There were so many ships sunk. We didn't hear very much. They wouldn't report that over the radio much. We never heard from him when he was oversees. He was oversees four years. He was home twice in those four years. You wouldn't hear much about it only a scattered time in the news, every now and then, that this ship sunk or that one sunk. You didn't know what ship they were on. You didn't know what to expect. We felt good when the war was over. We still didn't know then if he was alive or not. He came to St. John's after the war was over and we heard from him from there. We had relatives in St. John's. He came over there on a ship when the war was over and then went back to England again. He got married when the war was on. He was home once since his wife died. He's just about bedridden now. He is living with his daughter. He had two children - a boy and a girl.

The best summer I had fishing we had 2400 quintals. There was six of us, me and my five brothers. That was in Indian Cove. We sold the fish to Earles in Battle Harbour. It was the second year Earles was in Battle Harbour. We got 1600 quintals the next year after that. Most everyone got a bit of fish. There were years there was none. We got \$4.00 a quintal. That was nothing. That was before Confederation. There was unemployment on the go. You couldn't make no money other ways then. Money was no good to you then. There was nothing to spend it at. There was nothing in Battle Harbour only the rough food - beef, pork, flour, molasses, beans and peas. There was a lot of difference when people started getting their unemployment. There were more shops to spend it in then. Shops today are a lot different. There was nothing on the shelves in them days. You'd go in the office with your note and get your stuff that way. Scattered time in the fall of the year they'd get a few candies in. There was no milk and no sugar. You'd use molasses to sweeten your tea. You wouldn't drink it today. I can remember in late years we used to have some of that Borden's Evaporated Milk, cream. Mom used to get a couple of tins of that in the fall of the year in case someone got sick in the winter. That was all the milk we had. If no one got sick, it would be there until the next year. You'd want to get good and sick to get some of that milk!

Uncle Peter Blanchard

By Eva Coish

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt Author

Battle Harbour, Indian Cove and Trap Cove were the places where people who moved to Mary's Harbour moved from. There wasn't too many from Battle Harbour came in here first. T'was mostly from Trap Cove. But then after the Battle Harbour people came in after we got resettlement. The Rumbolts, mostly from Trap Cove, came first. There was a man we used to call Uncle Peter Blanchard. He belonged up at St. Andrews, Newfoundland, but his family had moved to the States. When he came here, he was an American citizen. So before we came here,

he lived here in Mary's Harbour. I don't know how he came to be here. He came to Battle Harbour. We used to remember him as children, like a gentleman, with his quiff hat and his long coat and everything. We didn't know much about him. All we knew was his name - Peter Blanchard. He used to make moonshine. The first year they were going to have the hospital done here, they had two goats and he offered to take care of the goats for the winter because he had lots of hay where he lived. That was about one mile inland of here. He had a little old cabin. Anyway, he took the goats to take care of. One night he got drunk and the goats got out. Then he got out after the goats. Well, probably, with nothing on his feet and got his two feet frozen. So nobody knew about it since he was living there alone. So there were some men up to Shoal Cove, about three miles from here, cuffing wood. They came over one night to see him. And when they came over he was in the bed with his feet frozen in all kinds of pain. The goats were dead. So they told him they would take him to Battle Harbour to see the doctor. He refused at first but they took him anyway. And he had his toes amputated at the Brazil home at Battle Harbour. The house is still there now. They took him in because the hospital wasn't open in the winter time. So this is where he had his toes amputated. He had one little toe left on one foot. He refused to let the doctor take it off. So this is where he had this surgery done.

So then he came back to live again. He lived here right up until he died. I don't know how he lived because I don't know where he got any food. He didn't have any pensions or nothing like that. I think he would have starved only for my mother. She used to feed him when he'd come out here for food. He used to walk out here with two wooden sticks and a brin bag on his back to get a bit of food. And that's all he had. He'd come out early in the morning and have his breakfast, his coffee and his porridge, "mush" we used to call it then. "Chase and Sanborn" was the brand of coffee. He used to ask, "How is Chase and Sanborn this morning?" He used to catch a few trout early in the morning and he used to bring out the trout, you know. Bring out some but that's what we called him. Other people called him 'Old Pete'. He lived by the side of the river, nice little spot. He had lots of land. He had a few strawberry plants, he had black currant branches, he had rhubarb. He had cabbage and a few potatoes. But it wasn't enough for him to live on. It was a hobby for him, I suppose. He'd catch his trout too.

Nobody ever knew why he came here. All we knew was that he had three sons in the States - Charlie, Jimmy and Billy. I don't know what happened to his wife. He came here all alone. He had a deaf and dumb daughter because he had pictures of her. And she married a deaf and dumb man. People thought that Uncle Peter had money but he didn't have any money. My mother found him dead. After doing all the good she could do for him, she was the one who found him dead. After he died, when the Ranger force, Glen Denning, came up and searched the place, he found a five dollar bill that his son, Charlie, was after sending him from down in the States.

I used to address his letters for him all the time to his son. But I never saw any letter that he wrote. But I addressed the envelopes. He used to say, "You know who - Charlie Blanchard, 1010 Middlesex Street, Lower Mass., USA." That's the address. I told Kathleen about it when she was here and she said, "That's it alright. That's where he lived." I remember it. But he never used to get very much from his family. If he did get anything, it would be a very small package with a bit of spices in it, nothing like clothes or anything. He didn't have very much. He was very poor. There's nothing around now as poor as he was then. But he was a happy poor old man.

Chores

By Clyde Saunders
Researcher: Rena Rumbolt

Well, these are a few chores I used to do when I was a young feller getting wood and that for the house. Well, we used to saw wood then with an old buck saw. I suppose there is some used now this day but not very many, I would imagine. Mostly what we use now are chainsaws. We used to be sawing wood all summer when we weren't fishing.

When we used to get water, we had to bring all our water in buckets and sometimes in the summer time when the weather would get hot, the water would dry up. We used to have to go up to Anthill's Cove and bring down water. That was a nice way in boat, about a mile anyhow, probably a mile and a half. We'd go up to where the old whalin' factory used to be, to a little river or brook that used to run out there. When we used to bring it in boat, it would have to be about three times a week. Lots of times when the icebergs were around, when they used to founder, we would go out in my small boat (I still have this boat out behind my house at the Cape) and bring in the ice to fill up the well and let it melt. Lots of times we used to bring the ice in and put it in barrels in the stage. Lots of people used to do that. We had to do all that kind of stuff. They don't have to do that now because everyone got the water running into their homes with the plastic hose. The water do dry up down over the hill. There's still places up over the side of the hill. In fact, I had eleven hundred feet of plastic hose to get the water from the watering holes. But then, that's the kind of stuff we had to do.

To go and get firewood we had to use dogs then, in the winter time. When the wood wouldn't slide down you would have to carry it down on your back and help the dogs as much as you could. You would go in with your axe or your buck saw, not like it is today. You got your your rackets and make a path for your dogs to go through. Now it's mostly all groomed trails. There's still lots of places that people go to get their wood when they have to haul it out until you get on the bay to the groomed trails. As far as I'm concerned, it's only fun now to what it used to be when I was growing up.

When we went hunting we had to make our own snowshoes. It was a long time before I learned to fill them in. Just the same, I used to do that myself. I can still do that. Certainly, I used to fill them in for other people when I got big enough. I used to fill them for the old man. He never ever did learn how to do it. He could do most everything else with a pocket knife to make things but he couldn't fill snowshoes. He could turn the snowshoes alright.

For trapping we used to use the leg hold traps then. We're not allowed to use them now. You got to have a certain kind to use now. Everything wasn't so particular then as it is now. Well, it's just the same as fishing. I used to fish all my lifetime. Now we're not allowed to catch one. I will, I suppose, next Friday when the season opens. We're going to have the food fishery for three days. We could go salmon fishing then, go out wherever you like. When the time of the year came to go set your salmon nets, you could go out and set your salmon nets. No one would tell you that you weren't allowed to set them. You could have them out as long as you like in them days. Now

they got a certain date to set them and a certain date to take them up. This year you can't even set them at all!

There was always a closed season on birds. The way it was when I was growing up, you couldn't go to the store and get a piece of fresh meat because there was never any to get. Most everyone just went out and killed their meal of birds whenever they wanted it.

Then and Now

By Paul Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

There's lots of thing that have shaped our communities to what they are today. There's so many that I wouldn't be able to name them all. The changes have been so great from the present day back to when I can remember and I can remember back when I was three or four years old. But to pinpoint any one thing, I think the snowmobile is one of the great changes. People were able to travel greater distances and get around from one community to the other a lot easier. I think that you had a better chance to get around and cover more ground to do hunting in the winter and pick up more meats: partridges, rabbits, porcupines or whatever at that time. The other thing would be when the air service came it made quite a difference. There was a time if someone was sick in the winter months you got to the nursing station in Mary's Harbour and that's as far as you could get. I think when the Grenfell Mission got what we called the Mission Plane, I think that was one of the turning points in the history, at least medically.

Communications, back as far as I could remember, we always had some kind of communication at Battle Harbour. That was where the wireless station was at. There were a lot of communities on the coast that were a long way from Battle Harbour. We were only about 10 miles (Cape Charles was only 3 miles from Battle Harbour) from Battle Harbour. We always had some kind of communication, in case of an emergency, with the Marconi Station. Another change was when the RT sets came to just about every community. It made things a lot better but not to what they are today. Probably next to perfect today, I guess.

Computers are scary although I guess you can do a lot of good things with them. There can be a lot of damage done with them if they're not handled properly and if the wrong people gets hold to them that can do damage. I don't think there will be as many changes in the next forty years as there was in the last forty years. I don't think it can happen.

Rearing my Family

By Alma Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt



Alma Pye proudly displaying her knitted goods. *Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*

My full name is Alma Sophia Pye. I was born on August 7th, 1924, at Battle Harbour Hospital. When I was a youngster you couldn't run to the shop and get everything. You had to live off the land. You couldn't go to the shop and get a chicken or a turkey or anything like that. You'd have your meats: your partridge and your ducks and your rabbits. That's what you'd have in the meat line. My husband would go in the woods and set snares. He'd go with his gun and get the partridges and go out and get the ducks. That's how they lived years ago. What they had they got from the land and the water. When I was a youngster we wouldn't have turkey for Christmas dinner. We'd have baked ducks, all the vegetables and your own greens that you reared up⁽⁶⁾. You'd have peas pudding, blackberry pudding and blueberry pudding. It was a rare thing to go to the shop and get a chicken or anything like that. Apart from the rest now we lived off the land. It's only since my children got older that you could go to the store and get meat when you wanted.

There was a fire in Lodge Bay in 1946, the year that Clifford was born. It was a big fire. A lot of people tore their houses down. The reason that they torn their houses down was so that they could save some of it. We lived out in Cape Charles for the winter. Must have been four or five families lived out there that winter. Late in the spring, there was a boat that came in with a lot of food I forget the name of the boat now. First when we were building our houses it wasn't like it is these days. Our houses were built out of logs. People had to saw it themselves with a pit saw and build their houses like that. They had the lumber to put the roof on but apart from that it was all log. We lived here all the time. Our house was over there where Clifford's house is at now. That's where I was reared up to. The fire stopped before it got down to the houses. It came down a long way though on the side of the river. It was only on one side of the brook, our side. It was pretty scary. You had a job to get up here in the Lodge for smoke.

The first order ever I sent to Eaton's catalogue was when I got the youngster's first family allowance. I had coats come for Doretha and Edna and I had a suit of clothes come for Clifford. What I could get out of their family allowance, that's what I had come for them. The family allowance helped a lot. The cheque was mine so I could buy what I wanted for the youngsters. It was a good help to buy all their clothes. If we never had it we would have had to buy it ourselves. When we straightened up in the fall of the year, we had to buy all our winter's grub and everything like that and keep enough to pull you through the winter until fishing started again. Unemployment was a good help too to people because they would be getting a cheque all winter long. Then in the fall they'd buy their winter's grub. Then well they'd go to the shop and

buy a little bit extra. First when we were married if you wanted anything, even a box of matches, you'd have to go to Battle Harbour. There were no shops around here then. According as the years came on' there was a scattered little shop getting built up. Then they didn't have to go to Battle Harbour to get every little thing they needed. If they had money to buy it they would buy the grub in the fall as a lot: they would buy the potatoes, the turnip, the salt meat, the flour, sugar, butter and milk. It would be only just a few small things you'd have to buy after: cream of wheat, peas and beans.

I was reared up by my grandparents. There were four boys: Cecil, Sam, Hayward and Ned. There was three girls home: me, Mildred, and Florence. There were more girls but they were married and gone. There was Maggie, Nettie, Ella and Ada. They were big families then. The way I look at it now is that it is really expensive now to rear up a big family. You can have two or three and rear them up good. I don't think you would be able to rear them up like you'd like to be able to rear them up. Not that you wouldn't be able to but you might not be able to give them the means they'd like to have. When I was rearing up mine, I made the most of my youngster's clothes. I still do some knitting and some fancy work. I used to make coats; duffle and Canadian Mist parkas for the youngsters. When I was growing up people used to spin their own homespun wool. They'd have a spinning wheel and they'd have sheep wool come. They would card their wool and spin it out. I've carded the wool for Mom and watched her spin but I never spun wool myself. There would be two big cards with needles on it. You would haul them together and have it all ready. That would make it fluffy and wooly. Then you would stretch it out and spin it to make wool. They would use steel needles mostly. I can remember Dad making a set of needles for Mom out of a wire hoop from a barrel. We used to hook mats. We would make our curtains and stuff from fancy cotton. We might get the cotton at Battle Harbour. Sometimes we'd send away and get it come from Eaton's catalogue.

When we were rearing our family and we would shift outside, we had to take everything: stoves, beds - move everything we had from one place to another. That was life for us. That was what we had to do. In our day we never had so much as people got these days. We had a table and chairs, stove, a couple of beds. It was a rare thing to have a bureau or anything like that. We would keep our clothes in suitcases and they would make shelves and put up a screen to it, stuff like that. In 1952, we used to shift from Lodge Bay out to Watering Cove and from that up to Carroll's Cove. We used to shift three times. That was when I was rearing my family. The people would shift from Lodge Bay to Cape Charles in March or April. We had to stay down to put the youngsters to school. We would shift to Carroll's Cove then in June. We had our own house in Watering Cove. There were only two houses in Watering Cove and that was our house and Mr. Pyes. There were houses down the tickle. They tore down our house after. When we left Carroll's Cove in the fall, we would just move back up in the Lodge to put the youngsters to school. There's a lot of difference now. That was the good old days.

The Murphy Family

By James Norman
Researcher: Eva Luther



Uncle John Murphy Photo
courtesy of James Norman

John Murphy, his wife, and sons Ned, John, Jack, Denny and Billy were Newfoundlanders who had squatters rights to a rocky site a few miles south of Battle Harbour, Labrador. On this site they had a small shack in which they lived during the summer; a fish house for storage of their gear, a boat and a fish flake. They lived in St. John's, Newfoundland, during the winter. John, Mrs. Murphy and sons Ned and Billy came to Labrador during the summer fishing season. 'Uncle John' as we called him, was 72 and Mrs. Murphy was in her sixties. Ned was about 40 and Billy was in his 30's. The family jigged for codfish and put their nets along the shoreline in hope of catching a few salmon. Generally, the catches were meager but apparently provided enough to sustain the family through the winter in St. John's. Their winter income was supplemented by whatever work they could obtain around the docks.

The Murphy's occupied their site under a provision in Newfoundland law called "squatters rights". This provision permitted citizens to occupy certain sites for indeterminate periods as squatters without any other form of title. This occupancy gave the squatter exclusive rights to the land, after having been properly recognized, and no one could move in on him and take over his site. The Murphy site was only about 200 yards from the Coast Guard Loran Transmitting Station. The local knowledge provided by Uncle John was of inestimable value. He provided pilot service when arriving naval vessels needed to send supplies ashore. He provided transportation with his boat when needed. From time to time he gave us fresh fish from his meager catches. The existence of the Labrador Squatter was primitive, to say the least. Their buildings were without heat, running water or electricity. There were no trees along the coast and firewood had to be brought in by boat from several miles away. Soon after arriving at the station, it became obvious to me that it would be a simple matter to run an electric line to the Murphy's shack. This was soon done and the Murphy family perhaps became the only squatters on the Labrador coast to have electric lights. After I left Labrador, I received a letter from the Newfoundland Ranger (Barney Christian) notifying me that the Coast Guard had built a new house and shed for the Murphys. Uncle John was a very slight individual, perhaps 5'6' and 145 pounds, who ruled his household with an iron hand. He usually displayed four or five days stubble on his face. Once a day he made a trip to a puncheon (a large cask in which he stored the livers from the cod fish catch) which was located behind his house. These cod fish livers exuded pure natural undiluted cod liver oil and Uncle John drank a small cup of cod liver oil from this puncheon every day. He attributed his good health to this regimen.

From time to time, we would hear a blast from Uncle John's shotgun. That was an indication that Uncle John had taken a few too many swigs from his supply of home brew. The shotgun had been given to him by Admiral Robert E. Peary on his return from his North Pole Expedition. According to Uncle John, Peary had stopped in Battle Harbour area to clean his ship prior to going to the States. Uncle John and some of the locals had performed much of this work and

were rewarded by being given guns and items that were of no further use to Peary's expedition. No harm ever resulted from these shootings and son Ned always responded quickly and relieved Uncle John of his firearm.

Mrs. Murphy must have been a very lonely lady but one would never know it from talking with her. Her accompanying the family to Labrador involved travelling steerage class from St. John's harbour up the coast of Newfoundland and across the Straits of Belle Isle to Labrador. This means that she had no stateroom or bed and had to sleep in the unheated cargo holds or on deck. They had to provide their own food while underway for they could not afford to eat in the ship's dining room. Once in Labrador, she maintained the household and did the cooking and washing for the family. I frequently stopped by to chat with her while "her boys" were out fishing. Without fail, she offered a "mug - up" which is a common Labrador term meaning a mug of tea and a cookie. An invitation to have a mug - up is a sincere gesture of hospitality and should be accepted as such.



Uncle John Murphy's stage and boat at Battle Harbour Loran Station
Photo courtesy of James Norman

I recall one day when two navy vessels, *USS Linniet* and *USS Flicker* arrived about two miles offshore from our station and sent a message for us to send a boat out to them to provide transportation for some materials they were supposed to deliver. I informed them that we had no boat but that I could come out with Uncle John on his boat and perhaps provide some local piloting information which would permit them to come a little closer to shore and then use their small boats to offload whatever freight they had to deliver. When Uncle John and I boarded the *Flicker*, we proceeded to the bridge and Uncle John, based on his years of experience in the area, proceeded to tell the captain that there was plenty of water for the ships to get much closer to the shore. However, these waters were poorly charted and the captain did not want to approach the rocky shoreline just on Uncle John's word. However, Uncle John insisted that the ships should go in much closer to the shoreline to minimize the hauling distance for the small boats. The captain was adamant that he was not going to take his ship any closer to the shoreline whereupon Uncle John yanked his hat off his head and said, "Captain, you are a gentleman, but you are a goddamned fool!" He left the bridge, got in his boat and went home. Our materials were ultimately deposited on the rocky shoreline and *USS Flicker* and *USS Linnet* sailed into the horizon and went back to war. I doubt that the captain of the *Flicker* ever forgot Uncle John.



Uncle John Murphy's house and shed at Battle Harbour Loran station. Photo courtesy of James Norman

Although we did a lot for the Murphy family, their presence meant even more to us. Mrs. Murphy was sort of a surrogate mother to some of our lonesome young men who were destined to spend at least a year at this desolate frozen outpost. No dollar value could be placed on the help that Uncle John gave us. One of my last acts as CO of the station was to recommend that Uncle John be issued an appropriate citation for his services to the Coast Guard Loran Transmitting Station, Battle Harbour, Labrador. Although I did not have the pleasure of presenting this award to Uncle John, I received a letter from him in which he told me that his

letter was the first he had written in more than thirty years. He wanted to tell me that he had received an official citation from the secretary of the US Navy Commending him for all his assistance to the US Coast Guard in Labrador. This was one of the most satisfying pieces of mail that I ever received.

Coming to Labrador

By Daniel Taylor
Researcher: Catherine Pye

I came from Harbour Grace, Newfoundland, to Spear Harbour, Labrador, in 1953 on the *Kyle*. The *Kyle* is in Harbour Grace today. I was five years old. I stayed in Harbour Grace with my aunt after my grandmother died and my mother came to Labrador and got married. After she got married, she came up and picked me up.

Coming to Spear Harbour is something that you can't imagine being a five year old. There were only three families living there at the time. Being in Spear Harbour for a month or so, in July I started to get homesick. I bawled to go back home, I didn't know where to go and I didn't know anybody. There were no children only myself. My old man's father was Jack Chubbs and they lived over in Seal Bight which was five to ten minutes away. Mother said, "You're home now, you can't go back to Carbonear anymore."

I started to wonder where you would go to a shop to because there were no shops. I was used to fresh milk but you couldn't get that around here and mother said that we would go to Fox Harbour or Battle Harbour when we wanted something but we didn't go very often. After being there all summer, I'd be homesick almost every day. One day we went to Fox Harbour to the shop but I didn't see either shop, not what I was used to. There was an old twine store belonging to Fishery Products. There was only ten to a dozen houses in Fox Harbour then. The summer went and as a youngster I said, "I have to stick it out because my mother is here and I have to stay too."

So that winter, my sister Mary was born. The old man's mother was a midwife then. They talked me into going over to Seal Bight to sleep. I went over and stayed all night but didn't know what for though. The next morning I came home and heard a baby bawl. I said, "What's that?" Mother said, "That's your sister." I said, "Where'd you get that too?" She answered, "Oh, Jerry got that out of a stump on the hill". Well you couldn't make me believe that. How did you get it out of a stump that's so cold. So after awhile they convinced me that the baby came out of a stump and I believed it, I suppose. As time went on I adjusted to living on the Labrador. We used to go days and months without seeing anyone.

In the winter time, my father used a team of dogs to get around. He had ten dogs, mostly husky and very saucy. When the old man was gone, me and mother wasn't allowed outside the door. He used to be gone almost all day long, every day. He'd be either hunting, looking for ducks or in the woods. Our main source of food were ducks, partridges, rabbits and other wild game. I remember this day, half stormy, the old man was gone, mother never got worried, no such thing then. Everyone was alike then, gone for all day. Father came home late in the evening with blood

running from him. Mother said, "What'd you do now?" He said, "Nothing maid, just got a smack." Then they used to use the old muskets. He had his powder horn and shot in a sealskin pouch in a little container. He had a muzzle loader that his father gave him. He went on the back hill and got a shot of ducks and the muzzle loader kicked a lot and drove the hammer through his nose. He was in an awful mess. So what he did, he brought in 24 ducks on his back and the rest he buried in the snow and went back the next day and got them.

In the winter time then all you had to do was hunt and get wood. I remember in the spring when the going gave up⁽⁷⁾ and we ran out of milk, sugar and potatoes. We never had anything like that. All we had was beans and pork. The old man walked all the way to Fox Harbour to get some milk. It took him five hours to walk up here and when he did there was no milk, the kind you'd drink in your tea. He got this thick milk. He had three cans when he came home. That lasted until he got up in the boat when the ice went away. That was pretty much the life on the Labrador then. A lot of difference, no roads, all foot paths and dog team paths just wide enough to get through. No electricity. I remember we used to have kerosene oil but I also remember for a full month we burned pork, not a nice smell and very smoky. We only lit it when we were going to bed or getting a lunch or something like that. We went to bed early in the nights. Kerosene oil was the main thing for light then. Mother used to go up back of the house on the marsh in Spear Harbour and chop up ice and bring it down and melt it for washing clothes the next day. Even when we moved up to Fox Harbour, she used to melt ice and snow to wash clothes.

In the summertime, the old man used to fish. People used to come from Newfoundland to fish. I remember there was a lot of salmon and a lot of fish. One day they brought in a boat load of salmon. Fishery products couldn't take anymore. Everything was full. They got word to Bert Hardy in Battle Harbour. He couldn't go down because there was too much salmon but told him if they brought it down he would take them! I think he had fourteen hundred pounds of salmon. He took them to Battle Harbour and when he came home Mother asked him what he got for them. He said that they done very good. They got five cents a pound for bringing them up. I was only eight years old then.

From the time I came to Labrador and went back to Harbour Grace it was 32 years. My wife, Frances, encouraged me to go back. There were quite a few changes then. I could remember where I had lived but the old house had been tore down and another one had been built back up there. The train which used to run by the door didn't anymore. We used to hear her blow when the train left St. John's. I adjusted to the Labrador life more than you can imagine. I never want to give it up.

7 No longer possible to travel by dog team and komatik.

My Memories of Cape Charles

By Sophie Mae (Pye) Locke
Researcher: Lisa (Locke) Rumbolt

I was born on September 10th, 1915. My grandfather (John Charles Pye) was born in Labrador. He married a girl from Red Bay. Her name was Elizabeth Lacey. I believe they had twelve children. They lived in Cape Charles until my father (Sam Pye) was about twelve or thirteen. Then they moved to Victoria, a place outside Carbonear. When my father was older he moved to Bay of Islands in Georgetown, Curling, where I was born and all the family. But my father went back to the Labrador fishing.

I'm not sure how many trips I made to Labrador with my father, but I remember being in Cape Charles in my grandfather's house. This is where we stayed in the summertime. The whole family would go to Labrador where my father fished. He fished for Eugene Baggs who was a merchant in Curling. My two brothers, Jesse and Mac, fished with my father. I remember the house we lived in - my grandfather's house - a small house, sort of; near the beach. There was a shed on the wharf with a trunk-hole. We used to get down in the boat/dory and cross over the tickle and go to visit the other Pye families. Rex Pye was one. Usually we stayed around Cape Charles. I remember going up on the hills picking bakeapples. I remember going to Uncle Jim and Minnie Pye's house. They weren't my uncle and aunt, but we always called them uncle and aunt. He was known as Big Jim, I believe. They had a daughter Hilda. She went away and married in the states. They also had a son Clarence. I think he stayed in Labrador.

Anyway, I remember well enough the day I left the house to go over to Jim's and Minnie's house. Their dogs chased me. There were five big dogs (huskies). They were sort of chained together. They dragged me up under a shed, but I wasn't up too far because Jim was able to reach me. I guess if Jim hadn't seen me or heard my screeches, I probably would have been eaten to pieces. But anyway Uncle Jim took me out and took me over home. After that he went in and got his gun and he shot the five of them. That was the end of his dog team.

I remember Cape Charles was a beautiful spot. I loved to go over to Minnie Pye's house. She was such a sweet lady. She was a good cook and had lovely food all the time. Minnie was so pretty. Her cheeks were red and she wore her hair back in a ball. She was smart-looking and very pleasant - she would laugh a lot. She was so clean - her house was spotless. She had a big white tablecloth on her dining room table. Her daughter Hilda went away to the states and married a man from there. I believe she made a lot of trips back to the Cape. She would stay overnight at our house (Curling).

I remember going back and forth from Curling to Labrador on the Coastal boat when I was young. My memories of the coastal boat are not very nice. We would get aboard the boat in Curling on Eugene Bagg's wharf. He was a merchant in Curling. I remember being down in the boat. I believe it was called steerage. Anyway there were bunks all around. I remember it being rough and everyone was sick. There was a mess all over the floor. I wasn't sick, but my sister drink. I remember them being really sick. Everyone was sick. My sister, poor Sadie, was so sick. She was a big girl then.

First of all my father fished for himself but after that, by the time we got older and went back and forth, he went to Labrador fishing for Eugene Baggs - a merchant in Curling. In the winter my father also worked for him doing carpentry work. There would be a crowd of us in my grandfather's house in Cape Charles. My mother cooked for us (the children), my father (Pop), and a couple of more men. Steve George, my cousin, used to go there fishing.

I remember going to Lodge Bay because Fanny and Les Pye, who were my cousins had a house there. So did Jim and Minnie. They had their winter homes there. I remember going up there and spending the day. It was a nice memory. My brother, Jesse, used to walk in his sleep. One time in my Grandfather Pye's house in Cape Charles, Jesse left the bed and went down to the stage head. Mom heard him and when she got there, he was down through the hole in the stage head and getting ready to jump in the boat. Mom grabbed him and called, "Jesse wake up!" I guess if Mom wasn't there, he might have drowned because he couldn't swim.

My father (Pop) still went to Labrador after I was got older but the rest of us no longer went. He would stay in my Grandfather (John Charles) Pye's house. I often wonder what happened to the house. I believe it was two-storey. I remember the old-fashioned stove in the house; it might have been a Waterloo. I also remember a big table and chairs. I remember the feather beds because you could get on them and bounce. They were so comfortable.

My brothers, Jesse and Mac, fished in Labrador but none of my brothers stayed. I had another brother, Giles, who fished there but he died of the flu when he was nineteen. He spent a lot of time back and forth on the Labrador before he died. When Mac was about seventeen he said fishing wasn't for him and he went to the states. He went there because my father's brothers were there-Uncle Eben, Uncle Jim, Uncle Jesse. They all worked there.

I remember Ollie Pye and Dorothy Pye who lived in the Cape. They were about my age. I believe they lived on the other side of the Cape. It seemed like we crossed over to see them. Going to Labrador in the summer was the thing to do. There were a lot of people who went to Labrador fishing from Curling/Petries. My memories of Labrador right now, probably is not even the way it was, but it is the way I picture it.

Fannie and Les Pye stayed with us in Petries many winters and went back to Labrador in the spring. That's when Pop used to go back and forth. When we were bigger, the children and mom didn't go back and forth. Pop was the only one then who went back and forth to Labrador. Eventually when I was older, my father stopped going to Labrador. He would go to Boston where all his brothers were. He would go there and work all summer and come back and work in the woods in the winter.

One of my father's brothers shot his other brother. I don't know if this happened in Labrador or not. He was in the woods. When he came in the house, the gun went off and the brother was shot in the head. The brother who shot the other went away and never came back to Nfld again, as far as I know. They had a lot of sad things happen in the family, but there were good things as well. Dad's brothers all did well in the states, but they went back to Labrador for holidays.

I remember someone being buried - I'm pretty well sure it was a Pye, but I don't know where we went. I remember quite well all the boats in a line. I was kind of scared- I was small. The casket was up in the head boat. We weren't in that boat; we were in the next one. We could see the casket as we were riding along and I could see the people sitting up there in the head boat. I don't know who it was.

I'd like to know more about my grandfather's (John Charles) father. After my grandparents moved to Victoria, they would come back to Cape Charles, but they didn't live there. Later my grandfather built a house by us in Georgetown. He died and my grandmother lived with us. She later died of the flu. She was in her eighties then, I believe. I remember her as a tall slim woman. When she was sick in bed, I remember taking water to her. She died in our house. But we continued to go to Labrador after that. I enjoyed going to Labrador. I liked the boats and the water. Mom also enjoyed going to Labrador. She didn't mind taking us: my sisters Irene and Sadie and me, and my brothers, Jesse and Mac, although they were older - fifteen or sixteen. My brother Bill wasn't born then. I was a bit of a tomboy. I liked it around the boats. My sister, Irene, didn't like it because she would get sick going to Labrador and so would Sadie.

It was a nice time in our life. I'm sorry I didn't ask questions before my mother and father passed away. If I had known then what I know now I'd certainly have a lot more information I would have known more about their families.

Leaving Home

By Muriel Rumbolt

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt



A familiar sight along the Labrador coast many years ago as women scrubbed all their clothes by hand. *Photo courtesy of Verna A. Pye*

I was born at Seal Islands. It's up from Cartwright, south of Cartwright. I'm 75 years old. I was born in 1923. I can't remember anything at all about Seal Islands. I was about 9 or 10 when I left, I came up here to go to boarding school. My parents were dead. I came up and lived with Aunt Ethel Snook, her husband and Stan (another child she had reared). I wasn't very old - 9 or 10 years old. I lived with Aunt Ethel Snook until I got married.

Aunt Ethel was like my mother. I only had grade 5, couldn't get no further than that then. I didn't quit school, I was afraid when I first came up here because I didn't know what it was like. I came up on dog team in the winter. Uncle Sam's son brought me up. My father was with us. He was dying but he wasn't very old.

I lived out to Trap Cove with Aunt Ethel Snook. I had to wash dishes, wash the pots and pans. I had to do all the work. I didn't find it hard. It's different than what it is today. They don't work now like they had to then.

I can't remember where I first met my husband. We had 13 children altogether. I didn't find having children hard. Some were born up here in the hospital, some were born outside. Some of my children live away in Nfld. and some are dead.

Arrival of the Americans

By Calvin Poole

It was early June in 1954 and the weather had been fine for a week or more. Most of the snow had disappeared from the land, except for patches on the hills and stubborn drifts that remained in the valleys. The heavy Arctic ice had moved offshore but numerous pieces of loose ice remained in the bay and harbour. Most of the fishermen had their motor boats and punts in the water and some were bringing their fire wood out of the bay, while they waited for the salmon fishery to start. These past few days something unusual was happening at Fox Harbour. For a week or more a large plane would come and circle the harbour and then head off north again. Everyone was wondering what was going on as the sight of a plane in those days was quite unusual, especially at that time of the year. Finally the plane landed one afternoon, in the bay and taxied to the mouth of the harbour. This caused some excitement and commotion and soon there were boats heading out to the plane to see what was up. The plane appeared large, with twin engines, pontoons down from each wing and it sat heavy in the water. The boats soon returned with large packages and strange men. They landed at my grandfather, Arthur Poole's, wharf on Fox Harbour Point and the mystery was soon over as it was learned that the Americans had arrived and they were in to survey Fox Harbour Hill for some sort of Radar Site. They had been coming for a week but could not land because of the loose ice.

From then on that summer the large planes landing in the harbour became a common sight as the survey work got underway. The survey crew were housed in tents by the bottom brook and began cutting lines all across the hill. That fall the ships started to arrive and prefab buildings were set up at the camp site as construction work was started. Most of the men of the community went to work on the construction that fall and for the next couple of summers there was very little fishing from the community. The fishermen liked the good wages paid by Drake Merritt, the contractor, all in American currency. I remember after a year or so it was odd to see a Canadian dollar. One of the unforgettable things that I remember was seeing a large tractor being driven down from a ship on planks onto a barge. It was soon landed and construction of a road around the bottom of the harbour began. These were quite exciting times for young boys and we spent many hours up around the "camps" as we called them. Once the site was constructed, the Corps of Engineers moved in and erected the dome on the tower and two large antenna dishes, then followed the American servicemen. The site was part of the Pine Tree Radar defense line and also a weather station. I remember going to the great Christmas parties on the site and also to the weekly movies. It brought many new things to the community. One spring part of the American Air Force Brass Band arrived at the site and the whole community was invited up to a concert. Can you imagine a brass band playing in Fox Harbour in the late 1950's? Yes, it happened. During the summer large supply ships would come and barges containing trucks would float out of the stern of these ships, then come ashore and truck their supplies up the hill to

the sight. During the winter the site was serviced by helicopter and these large twin bladed machines would always come in twos.

What did this do to the community? It brought it into the Twentieth Century, it brought cash, good jobs for a short while and an end to the isolation. However the site was short lived as technology was advancing in great strides and soon the site was obsolete and closed during the early 1960's, but it put Fox Harbour on the map!

One Hundred Years Ago.

By Calvin Poole

With the year 2000 fast approaching and the end to the Twentieth Century, I thought this would be a good time to look back 100 years and see what Fox Harbour was like just before the end of the Nineteenth Century. Of course written details are sparse but there is some information, mostly from the diaries and personal accounts of missionaries that visited this settlement, some referring to it as "Esquimaux Village."

We do know that in 1890 the community had ten houses, some with more than one family. One widow had a large family and lived with her brother. Another man had several sons that remained with him after he remarried and had several more children. Fox Harbour was the only southern Labrador settlement of predominantly Esquimaux origin, though most of the family names were English. This demonstrates the intermarriage of the European settlers with the local inhabitants. Some of the family names were Holley, Thorns, Pawlo, Mangrove, Brown, Wakeham, Sampson and Bibby. There is some written description of the houses and they range from "a mound of earth on the bare rock" to some that were quite comfortable and boasted of an "airy family room." Some had wooden walls covered with paper inside and sods on the roof. Most were noted to be clean inside despite their unattractive exterior appearance. During the winter some families moved to the "bottom" of the harbour to much smaller houses that were easier to heat. Some even took the windows from their summer houses to put in their winter places.

The residents fished for salmon and cod that were sold to Baine, Johnson & Co. at Battle Harbour. Rarely did any money change hands but the fish sales were credited to accounts for food and other supplies. During the winter some trapping was done, otter skins sold for \$9.00 while lynx only brought \$3.00. Dried codfish sold for \$13/ a quintal. The price of flannel was 2/6 per yard while wool was 6/ for eight knots. A winter's diet for an average family consisted of 5 barrels of flour, 100 pounds of hardbread, 8 gallons of molasses and 4 pounds of tea. Of course this was supplemented with other things like salt fish, berries, seal, ducks, rabbits, partridges, porcupine and any other thing that could be taken from the land.

Missionaries coming to Battle Harbour often came to Fox Harbour to visit and hold services. In 1894, two such services were held and in 1891, A.S. Packard describes the community as "a small settlement of Esquimaux who are now orderly and industrious Christian people." These

missionaries were also impressed with the picturesque location of the community and Rev. Louis Noble, during a visit in 1862, describes the harbour as "a small sheet of water, not unlike a mountain lake, with its background of black, wild hills."

What did the people wear one hundred years ago? All wore skin boots with some of the men proud owners of fine leather deck boots. They had wool sweaters, cotton shirts with tweed jacket and pants. While fishing the men wore cotton pants and jackets that were treated with linseed oil, to make them waterproof. The ladies wore long black dresses and big white aprons.

Lodge Bay's First Ski - doo

By Gerald Pye
Researcher: Senie Pye

My father's name was Edwin Kenneth Pye. He was born and raised at Lodge Bay and Cape Charles. He lived there all his life. He went back and forth, to the Cape for the summer fishery and up in Lodge Bay for the winter months. There were four children in my family including myself; my brother Ralph, sisters Alvina and Patricia May.

My father owned the first snowmobile in Lodge Bay. That was in 1959. There was a lot of fish that summer, a real good summer for cod fish. During that summer the old fellers would be getting together in the store. There were rumors spreading that there were snowmobiles. It was the first time I heard it. I never paid much attention to them talking about it. If I can remember correctly, Gord Acreman had some papers come about them. But we had not seen any papers or anything up to that time. I think Gord Acreman planned on bringing them in to sell. Up until that time, there were no snowmobiles around.

That year after we moved into the Lodge, late in October, one day we were having dinner and my father mentioned to the table that he would be going into Corner Brook on the next boat going south which was the *Springdale*. He said he was going to buy a snowmobile if he could find either one up there. He went on the next boat and was gone two to three weeks. We had a telegram back from him saying that he had a snowmobile and freight on board the boat and he wanted us to have the motor boat ready to meet the *Springdale*. That was well up in November when he wired me and Ralph the telegram. We were surprised when he had said that there was a snowmobile on board. That was the talk leading up to a number of days before the *Springdale* got here. Back then we used to haul all our fishing boats up at the Cape. Even the Carroll's Cove people too used to haul them up at the Cape. We'd go out there just before the ice would make and haul them up on the slips. Everyone had slips out there. So in the Lodge there was only one boat left here and that was Clyde Saunders'. So we asked for a loan of that one. He had her hauled up at Grassy Point.

When the *Springdale* came, the bay was froze right over. It was solid ice down below Grassy Point. We got a lend of Clyde's boat and we left here just as it was getting daylight. It was a clear, frosty morning. There were stars in the sky as we left the house to walk down to Grassy

Point. There was Rex and Clyde with Ralph and myself. We launched the boat, the four of us. We never had her turned over or anything. We soon got her going. We had three miles of bay ice to beat through to get down to the anchorage. Three miles of bay ice is a lot of beatin'. We got down to the *Springdale* and took the freight out and stowed it in the boat. We had a nice bit of freight. It was only a small boat. She was only 24 or 25 feet - a rowboat. I had noticed when we tied up alongside the *Springdale* that there were two autoboggans on deck, up by the forward hatch. I figured then that was what the old man had - an autoboggan. I could see "Autoboggan" marked on the side of them. They were quite big machines. When we got all the freight aboard the boat, they took our machine out last. It wasn't an autoboggan at all. It was a ski-doo! She was much smaller than the autoboggans. I was a little disappointed because I didn't think she would be any good. I thought we were going to have a bigger machine. When the ski-doo was being lowered down aboard the boat, you could see the words "Bombardier Ski-Doo" marked on the front of the machine.



Kenneth Pye's skidoo. Photo courtesy of Ivy Rumbolt

We got the machine aboard the boat and we came on up the bay. We put the ski-doo out on the ice. It had wooden skis which were quite long. The whole chassis was steel. The cab didn't rise up or anything. It was all one piece of metal and kind of heavy. I think it was somewhere around 400 lbs. The boogey wheels on her were real big. It had a seven horsepower Kohler motor. We landed the ski-doo on the ice and tried to get it going. It was a pull cord that you had to wrap around. There was no rewind starter or anything. We had a good many hauls on it. Then I remembered that my father had said that the sailor had it going on the way down. He had said that before you start the ski - doo to haul out on this little machine there. There were shutoff valves on the pre-filter with a little brass bowl on it. That was the choke but we didn't know then. That was the first machine we had ever seen. When you hauled the choke out and

turned the oil on and let it go to the carburetor, you could haul on the starter cord and you could go on. Then we got it going and drove it up to the house. The four of us got on with the old man who was driving. Rex got on next, then me, Clyde and Ralph. I think it was a nice bit longer than what the twelve Elans are today.

What happened was my father went into Comer Brook, found the machine and bought it at Westpart Motors. The agency was turned over to different companies and so on after, like J.W. Randell and so on. Charles R. Bell is the agent now, I think. I think my father's main interest in getting the snowmobile was so that he would have it to get around to his rabbit slips and stuff like that. He was getting up in years. He figured he'd be too old for driving dogs and for walking very far on snowshoes. He'd have something comfortable to ride on and he'd probably use her to haul a bit of wood. I believe the machine cost somewhere around \$980.00. I don't think it was over \$1,000.00. It was a lot of money back then. You might say it was a whole summer's wages for a shareman with a big voyage of fish. You'd have to have a thousand quintals of fish for a shareman to make that much money. But that year there was a lot of fish.

The two other autoboggans went to Gord Acreman in Mary's Harbour. Clarence Pye bought one and I think Gord had the other one himself. Those autoboggans were big. They had a nine horsepower Kohler motors. I remember my father using that ski-doo to go to his snares and using her to haul down wood. One time in particular me and my father went cutting dry wood up to the Big Steady on ski-doo. We cut the load of wood and put it on the komatik. We never had no towbar or anything then. We wasn't advanced enough for that. The komatik was tied fast to the ski-doo with two bass ropes. When we went to come home, we couldn't get the engine going. When we came to find out, the high speed needle was after falling out on the way up. So my father got a piece of wood and shaped one out the same shape as the one that was in it. We would go a little way and then it would stop. After a while we got home. He said, "When I get home I'm going to get a new needle right away." He wired a telegram to Bombardier Company in Quebec and it wasn't very long before he had the needle come in the mail. Later that winter, my father made up a towbar out of half-inch iron. He had it crossed over and it would shackle on both sides of the ski-doo. Later on someone made a towbar that would shackle on in the center. We still kept our dogs for a few years after that. Ralph was the dog driver in the family then.

I remember one time that first year with the single track when Aunt Edith Stone died. The next day they were going up to the funeral. There was a lot of crust on the ground and that was hard on the dog's paws. So they came to the old man and asked him if the ski-doo could go ahead and beat down the path and make it easier on the dogs. That morning Ralph left on his team. Alvina was on with him. I was on with the old man on the ski-doo. We only got halfway to Henley Harbour when the motor gave out and we broke down. So we had to haul the ski-doo back with the dogs. We needed the dogs then. They were more dependable, they wouldn't break down!

It did cost a bit to operate the ski-doo. It was very easy on fuel. I hardly burned any gas worth speaking of. But it had a four-cycle motor with lube in the base. We used to have problems getting her going in the morning. Some days you would be around half the day trying to get it going because the lube would be frozen solid in the base. What we used to do was drain it off in the evening and bring it up to the house, keep it warm and put it back in the next morning. When we got tired of doing that, we got a gasoline torch. In the mornings then we would light the torch and let the heat go up around the motor. The cam shaft gave out once. Hughlett Acreman from Mary's Harbour welded it for us. The ski-doo was hard on belts. I think we might have used out one or two tracks. We used that machine for three years. Then my father traded her in and bought a double-track. He shipped the skidoo he was trading out on the boat in the fall of the year with the extra money needed to buy the new machine. The new double-track had an 8 horsepower Rotax motor. That was the first double-track here as well. There was a lot of difference in the machines. We had a lot of piston trouble with the double-track. When we came up with the first ski-doo in 1959, everybody came around to see because it was something new. After a while, everybody started to get them. There were a good lot of arguments between the autoboggan and ski-doo owners over what was the best machines but it was all in good fun.

Since 1959, there has been a lot of changes in machinery, ski-doo's especially. They are way different now than they were back then. Now they ride like a motor car. They are far more dependable with far less breakdowns. They are still our main mode of transportation in the wintertime.

Chapter 2

THE GRENFELL MISSION

Workin' With the Mission

By Hughlett Acreman
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Hughlett Benjamin Acreman. I was born in Battle Harbour, in 1925. I was born by a midwife named Catherine Williams. My grandmother was a midwife too. She used to be gone for months. Go and live with the person. That's how she used to do it. My parents were Samuel and Hannah Acreman. As far as we know, my father came from England and my mother from Battle Harbour. They were very young when they got married. That's when my father took the job with the mission. My father was a fisherman. He worked in Glace Bay mines in Nova Scotia. He went from there down to Maine in the lumber woods. He went from there on a four-masted schooner as a sailor. And from there he ended up in Boston. There was three of them, looking for work, same as they do now. He got a job as a carpenter in Boston for a short while and then he threwed it all down and came back to Battle Harbour to go fishing. He was getting a boat ready to go fishing, cross-handed, they called it then - row - and Sir Wilfred offered him this job. So that's how he came to get it. My mother came to Labrador with her family. There were three sisters. They owned Gunnin' Island. Aunt Miriam, the oldest, she got married. Aunt Maryann married Uncle Ike Cumby from Indian Cove. My mother married my father.

My father and I both worked with the Grenfell Mission. You could say that I spent all my life there. I first took the boat in the summer when I was sixteen years old. Now, I used to work with them when I was big enough to lift a wheel barrow. You'd go down and wheel in freight, wheel in clothes, you know. You'd only get 10 cents an hour, anyway. Well, first when we came here, I was only five years old. When we growed up big enough to be able to go down and help a little bit, we used to go down and help, you know. But to do any work, I went to work part-time when I was sixteen, driving the boat, taking the nurse around, driving engines and all that stuff I took the job in 1951, 24th of February. That's when I took the job, signed on for 20 years. I finished up in 1987.

The problem was we'd never see Dr. Curtis very often. I worked with them in the fall. They'd come over and look around and say that everything's all right, we'd like for you to do this in the spring or something like that. We wouldn't see anyone else then until the spring. There were no airplanes. Airplanes were just starting to come on when I went to work. More or less my work then and my father's work then was maintenance. We had a janitor there for hauling in wood, looking after the kitchen and all that because we never had the time to do it, see. And then if they wanted to go on a trip in the winter, they always hired a dog team. I traveled on the first ski-doo a little bit but then maintenance came up more and more that you couldn't be away. Because if the doctor was there and he was operating, well, we had to sterilize all day, keep everything sterilized. We had a sterilizer there, steam. This is how the maternity women used to help out the nurse. They'd wrap it all up in gauze, put names on it and stick it with paper and we'd take the

works and sterilize it, see, so everything was ready for the next job. Maternity patients would help a lot. Wash clothes and all that. They did so. First when I went there the nurse was going to do Fox Harbour. Now that was about one hundred needles over there and she only had about a couple of dozen needles. And I'd do them up, she'd bring them up and I'd sterilize them. She'd sterilize them herself then on the stove. So then when we were over to Fox Harbour, she'd use them up. By and by the children would get afraid of her and they'd run away from the school and she used to have an awful time trying to do them. She'd send them down to me then and I'd do them up again and sterilize them. I'd sharpen the top with a little stone. I still got the stone. Then I'd boil them. She had metal machines to put them in. So I'd put them on a Coleman stove then and I'd boil them and take them back up to her. And from there she'd do her job. The tops would get blunt, same as a trout hook. Couldn't haul your finger nail over them. You'd never believe it. No throwing away needles then. If she had one broke or buckled it was thrown away. But ordinary use, I sharpened them for years, I suppose.

We had a lighting plant to run. We only had 32 volts. We never had no standby, just one engine and we had to run her all day long to charge the batteries because we were on DC. And then I changed over to 110 volt AC and I was getting ready then to put diesels in. They had them all rumbled up together and with a bit of luck we had the batteries blown up with lightening one Sunday. Just a flash. I had them out on a plank because I was going to move in with the new diesels and we never had a chance to get them in before the batteries all blowed up on me. I went down in the morning, the nurse called about 10 o'clock and said, "We got no lights!" She figured I'd come down and see what was wrong. That Sunday there was a lot of people around. I thought some of the children might have ran on the wire or something, you know. "No, don't come down," she said. "Tomorrow morning is all right." I went down the next morning. Not a light nowhere. The battery had blowed. What a mess! So I had to run it direct then for two weeks.

I'm just fooling around now. Building a garage and fooling with trucks, something to pass away the time. Here now I got two doubletracks and two twelves. There's five ski-does here now because I gave Donald one last fall. One will call it wore out but it's not hurted. I had six vehicles, jeeps and trucks and stuff because I used to rent them out.

A Nurse's Recollections

By Isobel Rumbolt
Researcher: Katie Rumbolt

I am not originally from Labrador. I was born in Scotland. I came to Labrador in 1973 when I was 25 years old. My friend, Allison, and I completed our nurse's training and our midwifery training, and Labrador sounded like a challenging place to work. My mom heard Dr. Grenfell lecturing in Glasgow, in Scotland, in the 1930's. He was on a fund raising tour for the I.G.A. (International Grenfell Association) and she was very impressed with what he was trying to do. She often spoke about it and I guess that was one of the main reasons I felt it would be an interesting, challenging place to come to work. My mother was totally supportive of me, moving to a different country, but she thought I was planning to stay for only one year.

When I first came here, I was very, very nervous. We flew into Mary's Harbour on the mission plane. At the time there was no airstrip, so we landed on the water in a float plane. It was a beautiful, sunny day in early July. Tom Green, the pilot, flew around the community several times to give us an idea of what it was like from the air. I thought to myself what a beautiful place to come and work. When we landed on the harbour, we went in to the mission wharf. The nurse we were taking over from, Margaret Harris, came down to meet us. She took us up to the nursing station and as I walked in the door, there was a vicious scream from the kitchen. We wondered what was going on, only to discover one of the nursing aids was killing a rat on the kitchen table with her shoe. This was within the first five minutes of walking into the nursing station. It was kind of dramatic. We had a brief meeting with Margaret and we were invited up to the minister's house for supper, where we had a nice meal. After supper Margaret figured she would take us up for a walk around the community, so we walked up to the tower. It was blowing hard and sunny. We really enjoyed our walk. When we got to the top of the hill, the wind dropped out. We started to come back down the hill to the nursing station through the trees and the woodies and we were infested with black flies. I had never heard of black flies before. I didn't realize how bad they were! We almost went crazy trying to get back to the clinic. So earlier on in the day, I thought, "What a beautiful place I had come to," but by the end of the day I was thinking, "Oh, what have I come to!"

Margaret left the next day on the plane. So my friend, Allison, and I went down to the wharf to say goodbye. As the plane drifted off for take-off, we looked at each other and said, "What are we doing here? What responsibility have we taken on?" We felt very, very scared. We were very confused, mainly because we found it very hard to understand people talking. But on the same breath, people found it hard to understand me and Ali, due to the different accent. I speak quite quickly and I soon learned that I had to slow down. Some of the words that people used here were very different to what I was used to. One of the first patients I ever saw was an elderly gentleman who came in one day and sat down. I asked him what could I do for him, and he looked at me and said, "I finds me pole, miss." I tried not to look surprised and I tried to stay cool. I said, "Well, can you say it again please?" and he said, "I finds me pole, miss!" I didn't know what he meant. I didn't understand what he said and I didn't like to ask him a third time. I had to excuse myself from the room. So I went out to ask the cook what this meant. She looked at me like I should've known what it meant and said it meant that he had a headache in the back of his head. A pole was the back of your head which to me was unheard of. Another word which confused us was when someone would phone us and say, "My wife is sick." I would ask, "How long has she been sick?" and they would say, "Probably half an hour." I thought to myself a half an hour isn't very long to be sick. So I said, "Just let me know how she gets on." He wanted to bring her to the clinic but I felt that it wasn't necessary. I didn't realize that to be sick actually meant to be in labor and going to have a baby. That was very confusing and there were lots of other words that we misunderstood. Another one was one day a lady called down and she said that her little boy had a sore bird. So I said without thinking, "What kind of bird does he have?" Of course, I didn't realize that it meant a delicate part of his anatomy. My instinct was almost to laugh, which would have been a very wrong thing to do. Another common one which got us into a lot of problems was if someone said they were coughing, we naturally assumed that they were coughing and spitting something out of their lungs, but in fact coughing meant vomiting out of their stomach. For the first little while, we were treating people for chest infections instead of the stomach flu or possibly early appendix. The longer we were here, we realized all the differences

and we asked our supervisors if we could put a sheet in the policy manual for people who came after us. They could familiarize themselves with these words so that they wouldn't make a fool of themselves. We could have been giving out the wrong treatments. The list is no longer in the policy manual today at the clinic. I don't think it's the fact that these words are dying out because I still hear people talking about the pole of their head or little boys talking about their birds. Perhaps the manual was updated or this sheet wasn't reinserted. I'm not sure.

When we first came here there were no nurses along the coast between Mary's Harbour and Cartwright. There was a great need for nurses because Port Hope Simpson, Charlottetown and Fox Harbour had no resident nurse. So we covered those communities by telephone and we would make a monthly trip to do the clinics. In the winter we would travel on a ski-doo and in the summer, in a boat. The year before I came to Labrador, the nurses had to travel around on dog teams, so I missed it by only a year. This was not exactly the first time I had been on a ski-doo; I had been on a big covered-in ski-doo, used as a rescue vehicle for first-aid on the ski slopes in Scotland. But we had never been on a small ski-doo like they have here. I was very excited and I was just crazy on the skidoo when I first came here. I didn't know much about them and I was a bit of a show-off. One day Dr. Thomas, the executive-director of the I.G.A., came to visit us. We went to pick him up from the plane and I decided I would show off a little bit. So I said I would give him a tour of the community before we got to the clinic. He got on the back and I raced off as fast as ever I could go and I went charging around the harbour. When I got to the clinic and turned around, he wasn't there, only to discover that when I had taken off down on the mission wharf; I had taken off on such speed that he had been catapulted off the back of the ski-doo and was lying on the ice. He wasn't mad but that was a daft(8) crazy thing to do.

We always traveled with a guide. We were not allowed to travel on our own. Even if we wanted to go to Fox Harbour for our day off, we had to take a guide with us. Our guide was Uncle Dan Campbell. He used to take us all around on ski-doo. Sometimes it was a hard, difficult journey because there were no groomed ski-doo trails then and we would often have to break a path after a snow storm if we had to go out and see someone who was ill. I can remember going to Charlottetown one day and we had to go up a hill off Gilbert's Bay. This hill is fairly steep and there had been a big snow storm. So we had to get from the bottom of this hill to the top with two komatiks loaded down with medical gear. We couldn't do it. We'd get so far up and then we had to stop and dig ourselves out. So finally we took everything off the komatiks and carried it up the hill which took three or four hours. When we got to Charlottetown, I was so tired and physically exhausted. Back then I don't think the strain had any effect on my nursing because I was younger. It was fun and you were out of the clinic and doing something a bit adventurous. I think nowadays, to me, the nursing wouldn't be so appealing.

If there was a situation where we couldn't get to someone who needed us, because of weather, we would be kept in telephone contact by a lay-dispenser in each town. She would tell us the symptoms of the patient. Lots of times the telephones were either out of order or it was difficult to make a connection and so we relied quite heavily on the operator in L'anse-au-Loup, who was very helpful to us. She would often relay information back and forth. She would spell out the name of drugs to the lay-dispenser and she would keep in contact with us and give us updates. Sometimes the telephones would be out of order for two or three days. In a way that was quite nice because the phones wouldn't ring, but once the phones came back in circulation, we were very, very busy. Most of our work in those days was done over the telephone. It was very hard to diagnose and treat sickness over the telephone.



Isi Rumbolt, the nurse in charge at Fox Harbour, tries out her new motorbike. *Photo courtesy of Isobel Rumbolt*

Many times if we were stuck in a situation, the community was very helpful. If we had to go to Port Hope Simpson when someone was sick and we were waiting for the plane to do a medivac, the local women would come down and they would offer to stay up all night with me or they would help bath the patients, give treatments or answer the telephones for us. The men were always more than willing to get people on stretchers for us and take them out to the plane. It was a great community effort. Another example of this was when I was working in Fox Harbour. Fox Harbour is a fairly spread out community and there are roads all around the community, so this was how I got around. There was no vehicle for me to use. So I would either walk or people would come and get me if I had to do a house call. When I first went there, there were two people sick in bed: one was at one end of the town and one was at the other. Some days I would be walking four or five miles back and forth to treat these people at

home. The people who I was staying with and working out of their home (there was no clinic in Fox Harbour at the time), mentioned to me that I needed something to get around on. They offered to have a fund-raising drive to raise money so I could buy a small motorbike. They sent letters out to every household and asked for a donation for a bike for me to get around, listing the advantages of this to the people of the community, as well as to myself. Within ten days the response was amazing; they donated \$1700 for a motorbike for me. I was over-whelmed by everyone's generosity and very touched. I realized that one of the great things about small communities is how everyone will get together if something is needed or has to be done. Plus I think where people saw me walking around so much, that they felt that there was a need for some kind of vehicle. Obviously we couldn't raise enough money for a truck so a motorbike suited my needs perfectly. The new motorbike was ordered, along with all new spare parts. There was also \$600 left over which went into a fund to be used for any necessary medical equipment that we subsequently needed. It was a fantastic community effort and the response was just amazing. I was very, very pleased.

Ski-dooing was pretty much new to me. I loved snow-shoeing and I really used to enjoy that after a hard days work. I used to enjoy the house to house visiting (house calls) and I liked going to the times⁽⁹⁾, the dances and listening to people playing the accordion. It was very different to my way of life in Scotland, but also it was kind of similar in many ways; I found the music similar and the land is similar in some ways. The weather on the other hand is completely different. It is much colder for much longer.

I think that nursing is easier today in many ways because the nurse here in Mary's Harbour now doesn't have such a large area to cover; she can concentrate only on Mary's Harbour and Lodge Bay. There's not the worry of telephone diagnoses and being unable to get to someone if they are sick. But I think in some ways it's harder because with television coming, a lot of people now want the services that outside communities have, and that the expectations of the nurses are fairly high. There's also a lot of paper work, which we never had to do back then. Overall, I think it kind of balances out, but I think now for me, it's not so appealing because you don't have the traveling. The ski-dooing and the boating was the fun part of your work. It was relaxing.

I've been here now for 25 years. When I first came out, I thought I would be here for a year and then go back home. I worked here for two years and then I went back to Scotland. When I went back there, I was very restless and I didn't know what I wanted to do. I wasn't happy to be in Scotland and I guess I had what they call the lure of the Labrador. There's something about Labrador that is very appealing. I think it's a combination of the people and the land that draws you back.

9 traditional Labrador gathering consisting of soup supper and dance.

Nursing Then And Now

By Rita Stevens

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt



Rita Stevens with sisters Clara and Flo. *Photo courtesy of Doreen Poole*

My name is Rita (Paulo) Stevens. I was born at Fox Harbour on July 12, 1924. I was born by a midwife, my grandmother. My grandmother died when I was about eight years old so I don't remember much about her. Cyril Chubbs was the last baby she born. She born all the children in our family and many more children at Fox Harbour. She used to go as far as Cape Charles. She wasn't the only midwife but at that time she was the one they would always come for. She used to get small amounts of money, five dollars or something to show appreciation. The practice wasn't passed on to my mother. I had two brothers who died young. I had three sisters. One of them died young. There was two others.

One of them, Flo, was seventy-three when she died and the other, Clara, was in her seventies. She married and went to St. Anthony. I'm the only one left in my family.

I came to Mary's Harbour when I was seventeen. I don't know what year for sure. I was seventeen in July and I came here on the 17th of July. I came here to work. They asked me to come, girls from Fox Harbour used to come here to work. I was the Nurse's Aide. The first day I came here I had to go in the dispensary. Rita Russell came in. The dogs had her bit, her throat, one thing or another. Dr. Osmer was sewin' the wounds. Ms. Jupp was giving her the heater and I had to hold on to her feet. I didn't know anything about doing anything then. So, when they started to use the heater, I fell asleep, standing up to the table. But it was only a minute and when Dr. Osmer asked me to get the dressings, I turned my head right quick and they were right in front of me. I could hear them but I couldn't see them. That was first using the heater, see. I wasn't used to that, it was the first time ever I was in where it was to. I did have to give heater because it was only the doctor and nurse there. We done appendix down here and I used to take blood pressure. I born Evelyn Rumbolt, Muriel's daughter. It was unexpected. We were outside and the ice was in. I knew what to do but home like that you didn't have anything to do your work with. I mean, you had to pick up stuff. She (Muriel) never had time to pick up nothing and I never had time either. So what I did was she had lots of flour bags washed out. I went down and took a whole lot of them and I raveled one and used the twine to tie the cord. And I put them all in the oven and says, "Jimmy, put on a big fire!" So he put on a big fire and we put it all in the oven and sterilized it. That's what I used. That was out to Mattie's Cove. We lived in Trap Cove then. Boyd (my son) was a baby. I don't remember how old I was. They brought the baby up here to Mary's Harbour when the ice went out. But everything was normal. There was a couple of more older women but they didn't feel like going so Jimmy had to come for me. He was over to Battle Harbour for Celeste. She was a nurse but she couldn't come. I just got up and went on because I felt it was my duty.

I certainly enjoyed my work with the clinic. I spent 4 1/2 years the first time before I was married. After that, I had broken up time. Together over 13 years. The last time I went back I went back cook, 6 1/2 years when I went back cooking. I learned lots of new things in my work as Nurse's Aide. We used to do everything down there then - give blood if someone got shot and stuff like that. Things have changed a lot. It's not the same anymore. I suppose it's more or less up to date. I suppose they work harder now, There's not so many around to help but we used to have lots of patients then. We had just one nurse. Dr. Osmer used to travel from up to Forteau. We used to have lots of patients to help us too. I was the only aide. There was only a cook, an aide and a laundry woman. That's all that was there then. Mostly one nurse on staff - Celeste worked there, Ms. Jupp worked there and Millicent Blake worked there. That's who I was with the last time I was there as aide. Celeste was married and would come when they needed her to come help.

We had an Eveleigh fellow from Petty Harbour came in with his arm shot and they came with the *Cluett* from St. Anthony - a boat that used to run here then. Four o'clock in the evening we had to give the fellow blood. It was only his father we could get it from. So Dr. Osmer, Celeste and Ms. Jupp was there. But Dr. Osmer always wanted me to hold up everything. So when I was holding up the bottle of blood to stick up on the pole the thing came out, come all down over my clothes, wasted some of it. I used to be frightened to death up here because Dr. Osmer could be strict if she wanted to. I thought to myself, "She's going to kill me!" We got it back before we lost too much but I had to burn everything I had on.

I'm not sure how the young fellow shot his arm but they brought him in here. Other patients might have pneumonia or something. They'd come in and we used to tend on them. We'd rub their backs in the morning and in the night. It seemed like no time and they'd be better and go home. They had a men's ward and two women's wards and sometimes we'd put beds on the landing and up on the third floor. Perhaps 8 or 10 people altogether. TB was common. We'd have TB patients come over here for a rest when they'd get finished with them over to St. Anthony. They'd just send them over here. We had one girl who died. She's buried outside in the Catholic graveyard. She was only in her twenties. She was from Twillingate, I think. They sent her here. I think her parents were dead. She was living with somebody. So when she was a little better, she wasn't really well, still coughing and everything, they sent her over here for a rest but she got worse and died. So they didn't bring her back. I think she had a stepbrother but that's all. Anyway, we took her outside and buried her. If people died here in the winter, we couldn't bring or send them home to be buried. After they passed up to Forteau, they'd bring them here on dog team. They couldn't get them back then.

We had two or three bad cases for sure - we'd have to take them with forceps and that, doctors cases. Wasn't normal birth. Nurses were doing doctors work. That was dangerous. We lost one baby. It was a big baby and we couldn't born it very good. I wasn't here though. My mother was sick and I was home. I got to see lots of babies being born. Susie Rumbolt was the first I saw born. When Lawrence Rumbolt was born, the nurse had to go out to the boat. So Lawrence had just come into the world when she said, "I got to go to the boat." I had to do the rest of it until she came back. But there was nothing to borning a baby here because there was everything here to do your work with. Sometimes I had to use three doubles of the line to tie the cord. Well, there were clamps and everything here. More harder when you went out to someone's house to do it.



A young Rita Stevens. Photo courtesy of Rita Stevens

I used to have to go to the Lodge if the nurse was busy and give enemas. Stuff like that, I used to do. I enjoyed it. It was real interesting work. Learned a lot too boy, I tell you. When you got to do something, do so much of it, you never forget it. If I got caught, I'd remember. I haven't got the nerve now.

A Family Affair

By Gordon Acreman
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My father worked for the Grenfell Mission for practically all his life. He went to work for Sir Wilfred when he was just a young man and he served 44 - 45 years with the Grenfell Mission. Not much pay - \$25.00 a month, that was his salary. But we lived on it. There was a family often of us one time, 10 children. We were never hungry. And he worked at the hospital. He was, well, a jack - of - all - trades, you call it. He was a carpenter, a repairman, he took the doctors and nurses around wherever they wanted to go around to places, pick up patients and a bit of it all.

So then my wife, she was a nurse, she came here from the United States. Her name was Celesta Gerber. She went to George's Cove first, just for the summer. She didn't know what she was doing so she came here. She came down to seek her fortune and she did. We got married on November 18, 1942, and we were together 54 years when she died. She came here to seek her fortune and she found her fortune. She found me. When my wife was down to the hospital nursing, we had no telephone, no nothing then. There was no communications at all with the outside world. We had a wireless station at Battle Harbour. If you wanted to connect with any other part of the world, you'd have to go to Battle Harbour and write off a telegram and it would be sent by wireless to St. John's and then it would be forwarded on to different areas just from Battle Harbour. And the wife there in the hospital, if somebody was real sick she needed advice from a doctor, she'd have to send somebody to Battle Harbour with a telegram explaining the situation and wait until they'd get a telegram back from St. Anthony. So that's the way it was.

Chapter 3

MAKING A LIVING

My First Job

By Faith Bradley

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Faith Pye. I married Paul Bradley. I was born 26th of September, 1919. I suppose I was born in Cape Charles, as far as I know. My mother's name was Julia Ann. She was a Stone from Henley Harbour before she married Dad. Dad's name was Henry Thomas Pye. He lived in the Cape. I worked in the house and I worked up with my two brothers. They used to move up to Pleasure Harbour, I don't know how many miles it was now from the Cape, fishing in the summer. I used to head the fish and cut them. I used to help out with the fishing. I used to cook for them and wash and stuff like that. Then I went out to Battle Harbour went Out in service with Ranger Christian. I was there two years. I lived there in the Ranger Station. They moved into Mary's Harbour one winter and lived in the Holly Cottage. I had all of it to do - all the cleaning and the cooking. They had a little boy, he was only about 9 or 10 months old, and I had to look after him too. I made \$5.00 a month. That was good pay then. I thought I had my fortune. Well, there's not much I could have spent my money on because there was only the shop in Battle Harbour. There wasn't much in that besides groceries. I was able to save enough to get my wedding outfit. I had a dress, a hat, shoes and gloves. I had it come from Eatons. They had a mail-order shop then. I guess it cost about \$150.00 altogether.



Paul and Faith Bradley. *Photo courtesy of Faith Bradley*

Carrying the Mail

By Paul Bradley
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

We used to do a lot of komatik driving in the winter time, dog team driving. We used to be hauling around doctors and nurses, hauling the mail service, industrial workers, always someone going around. We were paid by the day, \$2.00 a day. We thought it was good pay but there wasn't much money on the go then. Two dollars then was as good as twenty today. Twas nothing to buy. We used to buy our food in bulk from Battle Harbour when we'd trade in our fish. My father was carrying the mail from Battle Harbour to Blanc Salon for fourteen or fifteen years. When he gave it up, me and Art took it over. It would take us on average ten days. You could do it in eight days if there was good weather. All depended on the weather. Some days it would be stormy, see. We would stop in a different settlement each night - the first night we'd go to Henley Harbour, the next day we go to Red Bay, the next day Point Amour, the next day we'd go to Blanc Salon. We had relatives in Henley Harbour and Point Amour. No trouble to get a night's lodging then. It would be an insult if you asked them what they wanted for your night's lodging. It wasn't too bad work. It was tiresome. When it was bad going, you had to work hard. One time on our way down north from Henley Harbour, we were there two days in a snowstorm. Then we were nine hours coming from Henley Harbour to here. One had to walk ahead of the dogs and the other by the komatiks. God what snow! There would be only a letter bag. Later years they started sending newspapers and catalogues. We used to have to go with two teams on the last of it. Very few parcels. Scattered wedding ring, that's all!

When we got to Battle Harbour, another carrier would take it and go on to Frenchman's Island. Stanley Brazil was the postmaster in Battle Harbour. He was the operator in Battle Harbour of the Marconi Station. There were couriers all along the coast, right up the coast to Hebron. The funny thing about it was we used to get letters then quicker than we can get them today. Then we used to get the plane come into Blanc Salon with the mail. In the month of March, if we were there when the plane come, three days after that we'd be in Battle Harbour. It's a week now before we gets it from St. Anthony even. When you'd see the postmaster coming, you'd see the people coming. The first time I went on the courier service was with my father when I was 12 years old. I was at it until I was 26 years old - up until the time I got married.

Starting a Business

By Gordon Acreman
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was about 15 or 16 when I first went to work. I was 15 when I finished school. I had Grade 8. That's how far I got in education and we figured it wasn't much need for education in them days.

There was no work anyway, nothing only the fishery. So I went fishing then. Myself and my oldest brother went catching furs. We were at that 7 years in the country furring and then we did a bit of fishing, you know. Cod fishing and salmon fishing. We got by. That's before I got married, you see. I was still a single fellow then chasing the girls. I was 21 when I got married. I was doing a little bit of fishing between picking up jobs. There was some work one time down around the hospital here doing maintenance work and working around different jobs at the hospital repairing and things. One summer myself and another feller belonged here in Mary's Harbour worked down there. They had a big barn down there in the bottom of the harbour. They wanted a cement floor put in it and mangers built up for the cows, you see. Myself and this feller from Mary's Harbour, Bill Walsh his name was, they wanted us to go to work. We got 18 cents an hour and we had to mix the cement on a board. That's how it was done then with a shovel. Put the sand and cement on a board and mixed it up and poured water on it and carried it down in buckets and put it in the containers wherever making the floors and one thing or another for the barn. Eighteen cents an hour - \$1.80 for ten hours work. That's when I made my money!

My wife and I had a family of six children; three boys and three girls. She only nursed that one winter. First when she came to Labrador she came to George's Cove and that was in the summer. She went to St. Anthony for the winter and they wanted her to go to Flower's Cove the next spring. So she nursed in Flower's Cove and in 1940 she came to Mary's Harbour in the fall. So we fell in love. She came here in November and the next November we were married I never met her until Christmas time either. So it was pretty fast. It was love at first sight, my dear. So we got married. That winter we stayed home. The next winter we went to Goose Bay. I



Holly Cottage where the Acreman family lived one year.
Photo courtesy of Gordon Acreman

I worked in Goose Bay a couple of years on the base doing carpentry work and she worked at North West River with the Grenfell Mission in the Industrial Store. They had an industrial store in those days. She that's what she worked at in those days. She worked at that for two years and that's where our first baby was born at down there and she's a nurse today nursing in Halifax. She has been nursing herself 35 years now. I then came back to Mary's Harbour and built a house. I didn't know what I was going to do. I didn't want to go back to Goose Bay. We then had a forest fire years ago. That's 51 years ago. Burnt my house and I never even lived in it. I was out at Battle Harbour fishing that summer and Celeste was with me. But there was a lot of work to be done on it. I was going to use it that year. I was fishing over there and we lost our house. Well we came back to Mary's Harbour that year, all of us Acremans. My father's family, my brother's family and two or three more. We all lived in the cottage belonged to the Grenfell Mission that one winter. Down where the RCMP is now, that building was torn down after. That's where we all lived that winter. We had no other place. So Father started building a house again. Well, the Grenfell Mission helped him. There were two or three other families that's all. The houses were all destroyed. All our families houses were gone. There were two or three saved. My sister, Mrs. Bert Cosh, their house was there saved in the fire. It's the same house they are living in now. That was there when the fire was on. That was 50 years ago. My new house was where my brother John's house is now. Never even lived in it.



Gordon Acreman's first business at Battle Harbour.
Photo courtesy of Gordon Acreman

So, I didn't know what to do. So I decided to go back to Goose Bay again and make some more money That's what I did. I went back to Goose Bay again. I was only down there two or three months. They needed a nurse in Port Hope Simpson and they asked my wife to come over and she went. So she went over and she was over there about a month or so and they said they'd find work for me if I could come back from Goose Bay. So that's what I did. I left Goose flay and came back to Port Hope Simpson, spent two years there and I was working at carpenter and maintenance work over there. Me and another man was over there, repairing boats and houses

and different things. That was the Labrador Development Company. They were logging, cutting props, sending over to England for the mines, pit props. But then they ran out of money and went broke. So they couldn't carry on no longer so the last year we were there, well, we was there just doing nothing. There was no work there. So in the spring I decided, well, I couldn't stay there. So I said I'd come back to Battle Harbour. That's where I was born at. I had a big home there, my father's home it was. So we came there. Father gave me the home and I went out there and said, "I'll do a bit of fishing - salmon fishing, cod fishing - and start a little business." That was in 1943 I started that. We carried on there for six years in Battle Harbour. I had a bit of everything nails, paint, canned goods, pocket knives, cigarettes, tobacco, chocolate bars, confectionary, you know. Earles was there. T'was Baine Johnson and Company before that. When I started it was Baine Johnson and Company. Earles came the next year or two after and they were there all the while I was there. They carried on there summer and winter. See, Battle Harbour then, there was a lot of people living there. We had a school out there, a church. Pretty active. So, I had six years out there and I didn't like it, not in the winter time. Isolated in the winter time, too much. The runs out there could freeze up and break up, freeze up and break up. I didn't like that. The reason I came here, we were expecting another baby in Christmas and I couldn't be caught out there on that island - no nurse, no nothing out there then. My wife was a nurse but nobody to look after her. So, I decided to come here. That was in 1953. I built this house. I started in September gathering materials and I had to go in and get logs and saw them and get a bit of material where I could and started building this house. In November, my family was into it. So I worked pretty fast but I had a lot of help, you know. It's the same house that I'm living in now. It was a one - story affair then. I built another story on it a few years later after our family got bigger and needed more room. I put an upstairs on it.

I brought my business in here to Mary's Harbour, didn't have much to move. We didn't carry no big stock like we do now. My living room, where we are now, that was my store the first year. I used this for two years up until I got my new shop built. Not very many people living here then. Could have been 12 or 15 families at the most. Lots of people from Lodge Bay came and people from Mary's Harbour. No store in Lodge Bay then, none at all. So I did very good. Didn't make a lot of money. There wasn't much money to be made but we made a living anyway. We stayed here. I got another job one summer. I was Fisheries Warden here for 2-3 years, I suppose. I ran my store. My wife helped me. While I was on my business, she'd look after the store. So we made a living anyhow. We sold nails, paint, moldings, all kinds of canned goods and a bit of dry goods also. Mens jeans, shirts, underwear and everything. Two years later I built a new store and

moved my stuff out there. Then I was able to carry more goods. I could expand. I had more room. By rights, the first year I was here I didn't have much room just for storage you see, but after that I expanded. I sold autoboggan machines. Uncle Rex Pye and Clarence Pye had one, Wilf Pye had one and I sold several to Fox Harbour. There were different sizes. That was before skidoos came up, autoboggans they were called.

I started my business in 1948 first at Battle Harbour and that business is still running today. I'm not at it now. I've been out now for near ten years. My son Henry is running it today. It's still carrying on, bigger than ever. We handle more goods. It's my own private business. Myself and my wife made a few dollars at our work. We put it aside. We didn't have much money to start with. So we started our little business. We never had a loan in our lives. No loans, just our own little bit of money. Years ago there wasn't much money. There was nothing only the fishery and people didn't get much money for the fish those days. There was no cash, very little cash until we joined confederation in 1949. There was a bit of money then because people went and got family allowance, old age pensions, widows allowance, what not. Before that, there was nothing, only the bit of cash the fisherman made which was small. So business wasn't very great in those days.

Not hard times now. People say it is hard times but we had nothing years ago. Right now today, we got running water, we got electricity, we got telephones, we got television, we got radio, we got practically same as any city and we had no paved roads. We got a nice road around our town and this road leads over to Lodge Bay which we didn't have years ago. We probably might even be linked to Red Bay and then we could go on to New York if we wanted to. We have come a long way, my dear.

I've been around. My wife came from Ohio. So I went down with her three or four times to the United States. Then we had a daughter was a marine biologist. She was all over Canada. She was in Montreal for a number of years, Toronto and before that she was in British Columbia. So we went over there and visited her. I got another daughter in Halifax is a nurse. We visited her several times. I do know what it's like to be in a city. I don't feel isolated here. Young people would. We had no computers here, nothing at all. Starting a business years ago I marked everything in a counter sales book, marked down one pack of beans, one tin of soup or one tin of so and so and make up the bill. Today, it's all done with adding machines. So there's quite a bit of difference in the way that business is carried on. Everything had to be done with your hands and your head. I never used a adding machine much in my life. You make out a bill, all the different items and then you added up end of the page, then you mark your taxes in under. And the taxes had to be kept and returned. Took lots of time. Then the end of the month, we had to go through all those sales books, we might have 10, 15 or 20 sometimes. Then we'd go through everyone of those pages, mark it down, find out how much taxes we collected for each month and forward to government. That was retail sales tax, you see.

Now, today the stores are carrying a lot bigger variety than I carried. Well, we're more like the outside world. People have been out to Newfoundland and different places where you get all those stores, all the different items. They speak about them and we try to get them for them here. So make it the same if you went to St. John's. We can buy things here in Mary's Harbour almost the same as you buy in St. John's. Not in so large quantities, not so cheap. Our sales are not so

large as in big stores in St. John's. People expect it. You can go in there and buy any kind of garment of clothes in

most of the stores; clothes, boots, oil skins, name it, different kinds of tools, we carry a lot of tools, hardware, household goods, more than we did years ago. Bigger variety of kinds. All of the new goods had to come in by coastal boats. And I used to start one time early in June or sometimes as early as May. But those years it's late in June and cut off in November where in years ago we used to have coastal boats right up until Christmas and keep bringing supplies. After that, no more supplies. We had to stock pile for the winter. No planes, years back. There wasn't even any planes, you see. Our mail traveled along the Labrador coast by dog team. Go right from Blanc Salon. People by the name of Bradleys used to leave out there in Indian Cove, up to Blanc Salon and bring it to Battle Harbour. A man from Battle Harbour by the name of Billy Murphy or his brother before him, Ned Murphy, used to take it down as far as Frenchman's Island. Another carrier take it and carry it further like that. Right down the coast like that. And then it would take about a month to get to one end of Labrador from the other by dog team. So then we only got the mail about once a month but then it was only five cents a letter too. We've changed a lot. We had no telephone. Telephone is a wonderful thing. I can pick up my telephone and order stuff right from New York if I want to or different parts of Canada, you know. But in those days we had to write our letter and send and wait until we got the goods. But now we can have the order there in a matter of days. So we've come a long way.

Great now, you pick up your phone and get information right away. We can't get anything done fast enough today. We can't travel fast enough. We used to travel by motor boats years ago. The fax is a wonderful machine. I've never used one. I don't know anything at all about them but I know they're good machines. My son has got one out there in the store. Good advantage, I never had that. Fax order, next day it's in Lewisporte or wherever you want it. I had to do it all by writing. I'd have to sit down and think what I wanted and write a letter and send to St. John's, Lewisporte, Carbonear or wherever it might be. I did business with a company in Carbonear for 25 years - A. Powell Ltd. His brother is down here to Charlottetown. That's Ben Powell, the famous Ben Powell, the feller that writes all the books. I know him. By the way, both me and him are the one age. We were born the one year.

Life in the Fishery

By Paul Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I don't think there's any comparison whatsoever between the past and today in terms of hard times. I don't know about hard times today but it's very uncertain because you don't know what's happening next. You don't know what you can make a living at. You don't know if there's any species of fish left to be caught anymore. Looking at it from a fisherman's point of view, I think it's very uncertain. It's not easy. It's no doubt that people expect more today than what they did one time. There's so much to keep going today. Every household got so much into it. When electricity came, then everything started to gather up in the house. Just about everything in the

house today is run by electricity and you got to depend on that. So that means extra income you got to have to keep those things going. It's not only the basics. Everyone seems to want everything they can get. That's what it looks like. Back in earlier years it was quite different. It was quite hard going. There's no doubt about that. A lot of hard work. But in the fishery, it was more stable. Although you had the odd bad year, you always had something to look forward to. You knew the fish was out there somewhere if you could find it. And if there was one bad year, the next year had a chance to be a really good one. People know today there's nothing left out there. There's so many telling them there is nothing left, they believe it whether it's right or not. I definitely believe it's right. I wouldn't say for salmon, they're probably not so plenty as they used to be, but I don't think they're gone. But I think the cod is as good as gone. What you can get in this area now, I think, is very little. But I'm sure if you didn't have someone to tell you that it is gone, you'd have trap skiffs going in all the places, in the bays, seeing if they could find them.

I remember the year in 1955, I left the fishery. I think it was the first year I did leave it. I only left it for two summers. In 1955, I left the fishery but not for the reason that there wasn't any fish. In the summer of 1954, I think we probably had about as much fish as we could handle. We had the stage lull and everything. We sold, in the fall of 1954, semi-dry fish (that's hard-dried fish) for \$4.75 for 112 lbs. When we ended up in the fall we had very little money, if any at all. Barely enough to get through the winter after hauling and dragging and having plenty of fish all summer. It's quite hard to say if the market was glutted at the time or if it was the merchants that were taking the profits and we got very little. This was after Confederation. The following spring, they sent someone around and the federal government paid something like \$2.00 a quintal on every quintal of fish that was caught that summer before. We probably had more money in the spring than what was on the go in the fall when the people had 'straightened up' ⁽¹⁰⁾ their accounts.

There was one year, I guess there was a scarcity of food on the coast. I don't know if it was because people didn't have the money to buy it. I don't think that was the problem even though no one had much money. I think the problem was that there was very little food on the coast. Now, there may have been some supplies in Battle Harbour which is out on an island and very hard to get to in the spring. It was somewhere between Confederation and 1952. The word got out somehow, it might have been through the Grenfell Mission, that the people on the coast were going through hard times. With that the federal government, maybe with the help of the provincial government, I'm not sure, they sent in an icebreaker with quite a lot of supplies; mostly can fruit, flour, milk, butter, maybe some salt beef and pork. These were the main things. The boat was the *Sorrel* and she came into Cape Charles. I think she may have been heading for further north than that, down around St. Lewis somewhere, but the ice was too hard and too thick for her to get around Battle Harbour. She dropped everything off at Cape Charles. She came in the harbour and the ice was hard enough to get over it with the dogs and komatiks to get the food off but it was still fairly sloppy. I think they had to use some boards and some plank in the bad places on the ice. They spent all day getting the food off.

10 To settle accounts with the fish merchant.

Everyone was in the summer communities by then. They used to move from Lodge Bay to Cape Charles then about mid-April. It would depend on the kind of spring it was. If there was lots of snow and fairly frosty, people might hang on in Lodge Bay. It was tradition at that time to move from Lodge Bay early in the spring. They had their reasons. I think the biggest reason was where they lived off the land and the sea, I think by that time most of the partridges and rabbits around Lodge Bay were getting scarce and all caught up. I don't think they wanted to take it all on account of providing for next year. So this was about the time the ducks start to migrate north. In them years we used to have the king birds which used to fly in the month of April and then later on we'd get the shore ducks flyin' north. I think that was their biggest reason. Most of their livelihood was out there then where they could get out there in the boat and provide. At least, they could get meats at that time. It would probably be around the 20th of October or so before they would move back into Lodge Bay. Half the year or more would be spent at Cape Charles. That was considered the permanent community at that time. Lodge Bay was just a place where you went for the few hard winter months. The houses in Lodge Bay were not what they are today. They were just made as small and as snug as possible to keep warm during the winter. I think in the early years it was the other way around from what it is today. The houses in Cape Charles were the ones that were classed as your home and Lodge Bay was just classed as a house that you had to survive in the winter until the fishing season began again in Cape Charles.

Getting back to that food supply that came in that time, very little of that was needed in Cape Charles. I don't know where it was needed at the most but it got distributed all around the coast. A lot of people living in Lewis' Bay at that time, people from Battle Harbour area and St. Lewis. They lived at Hatter's Cove, Toope Cove and those places. That was late in the spring. There was a small lot of dogs left at that time. I suppose the dogs was there but they certainly wasn't like they'd be in the winter when you'd be using them every day. Some people came around with their dog teams. I know they came from Indian Cove, Mattie's Cove and Fox Harbour. I think there was a crowd up to Lewis' Bay there that probably didn't even have any dogs. I know for three teams that left a day or two after the supplies got in Cape Charles and went up to Lewis' Bay with supplies to some of the families that was really in need. I think probably they were up there with no way to get down to get the supplies.

Moving Away

By Elizabeth Pye
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My maiden name is Elizabeth Alice Maud Ryan. I was born in Red Bay on April 2nd, 1927. I was thirteen when I came down her to work with Mae Pike at Battle Harbour. I used to do housework and look after the kids. I had to clean and wash. I didn't make any bread the first year I was down here. But I knew how to make it because I had made bread before I left home. I made bread the next year though. I stayed down all winter and all summer and went home in August and came back again in September. When I came back the next year, I came to work for Nita Welsh. They used to live up there on the hill by the towers. There's no house up there now. Mr. Welsh was one of the operators in the Marconi. They had two children. I went home the next

year and came back with their mother, Mrs. Brazil. That was the third year. After that I left Battle Harbour and I went up to Cape Charles with Elva and Rex. They were looking after their father. He was in bed with a stroke. I used to make bread and do everything up there. I had to wash and lug (11) water. I had to lug water down to Battle Harbour too. It was what you had to do. It was hard, I suppose, but you didn't mind it. I got paid \$6.00 a month. I was able to buy a bit of clothes. Six dollars then was as good as twenty. I'd almost say its as good as fifty now, when it comes to that. You'd go down and get a pair of shoes for \$1.50, sometimes \$1.00.

How I came to get the job in Battle Harbour in the first place was there was another girl down there from Red Bay and she came home and said that Mae Pike was looking for a girl. So I wrote a letter down to her and I got it. I felt lonely the first couple of weeks I was down there but after that I got used to it. It was my first year down there. I met my husband while I was in Cape Charles and got married when I was seventeen. We had twelve children altogether. I didn't get home to Red Bay very often. You just get used to it and you don't mind it so much. Once you got used to it where you were at, that was your home anyway. Not like now, you go away and you like to come back. But then you couldn't get back and forth like you can now. You could only get up there in the summer. And then in the summer we was fishing and couldn't leave anyway. So you had no other choice but to stay. It was years before I got to see some of my family. When I went back I didn't even know my brothers. John came out aboard the boat for me one time and I didn't know who he was. It was probably ten years since I had last seen him. You had no way to get home in Christmas. Sometime in the winter there might be a dog team come down from up there. The mail used to come down by dog team once a month but apart from that there never used to be very many dog teams come down from up there. They'd come down from Henley Harbour but they wouldn't come down from Red Bay.

My husband lost his arm in a sawmill accident twenty-seven years ago. We had all our children then, all except Wanda. Carl was ten years old when Wanda was born. He didn't fish after that, he gave over his license to the boys and they fished. When they were over in the stage he would be over there pronging in fish or bringing in salt. A good many times he still went out in boat with them too. He was still always to work. Wilf used to do everything he done before. He'd still bring in the water and the wood. He still worked after he lost his arm. He used to go out and help them haul the trap.

When I was rearing my children most they got for Christmas was knitted stuff and other stuff you made for them. No odds how much money you had, you couldn't buy nothing. You might buy a few handkerchiefs or something like that but there was nothing else for you to buy. After Confederation when we got the catalogues you could send to Eatons or Simpsons to get anything. You never had very much. They had lots of mitts and socks and clothes. They wouldn't get very many toys because there was no way to get them, only what we made themselves like a sleigh for the youngsters. We didn't have chicken and turkey and stuff like you got now but you still had lots of fresh. When I was growing up that was all we lived on. I didn't know what a piece of fresh beef was until somebody killed a cow and gave us some. That's true. It's only since we got the fridges that we had meat like that. We used to have fresh beef most every fall. That

had to do you for the winter. You would put it out in the store. You wouldn't have it come in until the last boat. It was cold by then. Not very often you'd have any left over in the spring. If anyone did, they would bottle it when it started to thaw. Back then people bottled a lot of ducks, partridges, rabbits and everything in the winter for the summer. We had lots of work to keep us busy. Good and often we got up five o'clock in the morning when we were out fishing to try and get done whatever you could get done before they came in with fish. Then we would have to go in the stage. We used to take the youngsters over in the stage with us and put them where we could, in the puncheon tub sometimes when they was small. Then we would have to do whatever we had left in the house to do; make bread and wash clothes, and you had to scrub it on the wash board then. Up home in Red Bay before they had clothes pins people used to have clothes poles. They'd string the clothes out through the poles. They poles would be laid upon a shear stick. It would be no trouble to see a suit of underwear strung out through the sleeves. The sheets would be strung across. A lot of people used to string their sheets out on the tree boughs and dry it like that. I think if the younger crowd had to work like we had to work they wouldn't get very much done.

My First Twenty Dollars

By Douglas Bradley
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Having finished Grade Six at the age of fourteen, I decided to quit school, and was satisfied that I had enough schooling to get by. Being one of eight boys in the family I felt it was time to get out and get started working, learning all the things we were expected to know to survive on our own when the time came. Dad made sure we all did our part and was always there to help us if there was something that we didn't know. We didn't get away from anything by saying that we couldn't do it.

One thing that stands out in my memory is once when Dad told me to make a paddle. I think I said that I'm not sure that I know how to do that but he said it was very simple. So he got me a stick, an axe and a plane and gave me another paddle to go by. Now," he says, "All you have to do is make another one just like this." My paddle didn't turn out as good as his, but he did appreciate the fact that I tried and did my best. He was always ready and willing to teach us new things, and didn't mind if it didn't turn out perfect the first time. As time went on and we did learn to do most everything the way that he thought it should be; that gave him and us a feeling of pride and satisfaction. I fished with my brother and my father for the next few years. Most years we did fairly well with fish but due to the low price we received in those days, we didn't always end up with a lot of money at the end of the voyage. By the time the winter supply of food was bought and the rest of the bills paid off, there was no money left for anyone. At that time there was no unemployment insurance or any other way to make a dollar until the next fishing season came around. We would usually get a few seals in the fall but there was no money in that. Instead, we would get what they call a "merchandise note". That could be for twenty -

five or fifty dollars or whatever, we would take this to the store and what we purchased would be listed on the back of the note until the full amount was taken up.

The year that I reached 16 or 17 years of age was one of the best years that we had and when we settled up in the fall my father gave me thirty five dollars. That seemed like an awful lot of money and I wondered what I was going to do with it all. I had a twenty dollar bill, a ten and a five and I remember saying to my mother, "I'm going to see how long I can keep this twenty dollar bill "Her reply, God bless her, was, "Probably not long." That bill was dated in 1927 and believe it or not, I still have it to this day. I believe that I am the only person in Labrador at almost 80 years old who can boast of having the first twenty dollar bill they ever earned.

At the age of twenty, I decided to start a small grocery store as a side line. At the time I hadn't planned to go into it at a large scale. I was more interested in fishing and wanted to continue it at least for the time being. I started out on a very small scale with a few candies and drinks, some gum and a few other little things which I sold from the bureau drawer in my bedroom. The small profit from this got me interested in a business venture and I soon found myself wanting to expand into a larger building. I then built a little store about ten by twelve feet and soon had it stocked full of groceries , small items of hardware, clothing and a few other things that people needed from day to day.

In 1943, I went to Goose Bay for a winter to work. By spring, I had saved enough money to return home and start building a large store and further expand my business. The next year, I was carrying a full line of groceries, hardware, furniture, paint, building supplies, appliances and marine engines. With the added amount of work involved in trying to run the business, I found myself unable to devote much time to fishing. All this turned out for the best as the fishery took a downturn for the next few years and there wasn't much to be caught. I was glad then that I had something else to fall back on, but I did do a bit of fishing in my spare time, after spending most of my life on the water it wasn't easy to give it all up. It just seemed to get in my blood.

Managing Things in Battle Harbour

By Herbert Hardy

Researchers: Peggy Brown/Bonnie Rumbolt

I was born at Point Amour, Labrador. I've been a Labradorian all those years. There's not very many years I've spent off the Labrador. My grandfather, Frank Lewis, he came over from England and he married my grandmother, Victoria Pye, from Cape Charles. You will see on a beam in the salt store at Battle Harbour his signature. He wrote himself, "Frank Lewis, October 3rd, 1883." It's in red letters. It's on the flat roof side of the salt store. He was foreman in the summer time and winter agent in the winter because the manager came back to Newfoundland in the winter time. He stayed there all his life. He came over as a boy, just about. He's buried up in Shoal Cove there. The Pye family had their own graveyard. He died with appendicitis when he was only just a young man. He was only fifty-two years old. So the family had to leave and come up to Newfoundland. My grandmother was quite an ambitious woman. She took in boarders in

St. John's. There was a man who used to run the whaling factory, Ira Kennedy. He married Milly Pye. He went up there and was manager of Jobs there on the south side. They used to buy oils and all that stuff. He was a great friend to my family.

My mother's name was Ethel Lewis. She married my father, Herbert Hardy. He was a wireless operator up in Battle Harbour. That's where he met her. Eventually he was wireless operator in Point Amour where I was born, you see. They lived in Battle Harbour before I was born. Mother was born there, you know. They got tangled up. I was second to come along. My brother, Jim, he was first. I might mention that he took over from the Americans at White Point when they left up there.

I had served my apprenticeship with the Hudson Bay Company. I served in James Bay and in Cartwright. That's where I met my wife, Olive. We had one child and another was about to be born. We were supposed to be going out west. We decided to come home and look for a job. I worked with the unemployment insurance for a while. This advertisement was out in the paper that they wanted a manager for Battle Harbour. It was Baine Johnson & Company then. I applied and got the job. I was with them for a couple of years and then they sold the business to the Earle's Freighting Service Ltd.

So, I went back to Battle Harbour to work with Earle's Freighting Service as Manager. Battle Harbour was an all year round business. In the spring of the year they would come down with salt, nets, twine and other provisions. Whatever the fisherman wanted we'd get for them. We'd have the salt come in and the fisherman would come down and pick it up. Or we'd go around with the vessel and they'd take it from the vessel up in each place. They'd charge it up. They'd send notes down and every day we'd send back whatever they wanted. The collector would have a notebook to take note of what people wanted or they'd send down a note themselves in an envelope. We'd be collecting salmon and fish. We'd pick it up and have it ready for them the next day when the collector went back up.

In the fall of the year, we'd pick up everybody's fish. When they were ready to get straightened up, they'd let me know. To avoid anyone coming down and not being looked after I used to make an appointment with them. They'd know then, for sure, that they would be straightening up instead of having to wait. I did it that way so that everybody would be looked after. So what would happen then is they would bring in all their receipts for their fish and cod oil and if they had any drums returned from the gasoline or anything we'd credit them all up. We'd have the account all written out. Then whatever fish or salmon they had we would credit that to their account. Whatever was left they would be paid by cheque. Sometimes they would want to pick up some supplies for the winter: pork, beef, flour and stuff like that. People usually went home with some money. If they had nothing when they straightened up they could get some government assistance. A good fisherman could get whatever he wanted on credit. I came in to Battle Harbour when Earles took over and everything was flourishing. They had just gotten a market for salt bulk fish.

Earle's took over in 1955. More fish came all the time. 1962 was the peak year. We had a market over in Norway. We had two boats come and we had the wharves filled up with this salt bulk fish. We had the tarpaulin to keep it dry so the rain wouldn't get on the fish. When the boats

came we got everybody down there to load her. They had to cull the fish too, cull the different sizes because there was small, extra small, medium, large and so on. It was actually grading, "cull the fish" we used to call it. Everybody around - Indian Cove, Trap Cove, Mattie's Cove and Battle Harbour - were all over there every day loading the fish, one feller culling it, another feller putting it in the handbar and lowering it down the hole, fellers down there stowing the fish in piles in the hole. The fish went over in bulk form and when it got over there they would dry it, I suppose. We had cod oil. We sold that locally, up in St. John's. We used to buy it from the fishermen. What the fishermen would do is they'd put all the fish livers in a puncheon or barrel and the sun would render it out. We'd give them steel barrels and they'd fill up the barrels with this cod oil and bring it down and we'd buy it off them.

I was there from early June. It all depended on the ice conditions in coming down. That was arctic ice up there and the boats couldn't get down to go fishing. So we would have to wait for the ice to clear away to get down. The Labrador coast fisherman had to do the same thing, they had to wait, The Kyle used to bring down the fishermen and ourselves. Then the Cabot Strait was another boat, there were several others. The weather was never the best at Battle Harbour because it's out on the coast. Some summers it would be fog all summer. More summers you'd get a bit of sun out of it. The ships would come right in to the wharf. The skippers on them used to be pretty scared. To get in you had to rub the south side of the harbour or they'd go right in on the rocks. They thought that was too close. To get in there we'd get some line ashore and then we'd get some motor boats and would push the boats in to the wharf. Then when they got loaded it was a big day trying to get them out. It was hard to turn them around. Sometimes the wind would take them. We'd get some small boats and haul them off and help them to go out through. I remember one time there was a boat coming in and it slammed into the building on the other side. She was going very slow, the wind took the bow. It never hurt the boat. She was almost going too slow. When the skipper gave her more speed, she straightened up again. Some of the skippers were some scared. We'd send out a pilot to bring them in. I was scared myself of the big ships coming in there, wondering how they were going to turn them around and all that stuff. I remember we had a big storm one time while they were down here, they just about tore up the wharf. We had ring bolts in the rocks that more or less kept them there. But in this storm we had a sea and you could hear the ships groaning and tore up part of the wharf and stuff like that. It was pretty exciting. Sometimes we would have quite the swells coming in through the harbour. When boats were tied up, they would go forward and then come back and so on like that. If there would be too much line out, she'd be liable to tear everything out. They'd have to be fastened as tight as they could. We'd throw out their anchor on the way in so that we'd be able to haul her off when she came out. When she'd be ready to go out all we'd have to do is tighten up the winch and take her out in the harbour.

I suppose we'd have thirty or forty people working with us back then in those times, when things were going good. We had a job to retire because they didn't want me to give it up. It was pretty exciting. This big old salt steamer came in there one time. There are big old iron salt tubs out there. You used to buy salt by the hogshead then. That was about 600 lb in a hogshead, I would say. They'd put two hogsheads in the tub and you'd bring it over this ramp and dump it down in this hole. Hogshead was a measure. Men would be down in the hole shoveling the salt in the tub. It was hard work. We had one ship inside and we'd have to put the salt out in the schooners and bring it in. That ship was too big, she couldn't come in the harbour. They'd get aboard the boat

and they'd have to shovel it all out and wheel it in the store. In the beginning, in Slade's day - they were the first people who had the premises at Battle Harbour, everything was block and tackle. They never had no machinery then, only block and tackle and stuff like that. You know in the old days what it was like. They'd hoist it up by hand, they'd throw it in the wheel barrow and wheel it in the salt store. When the fishermen came, they'd measure it and put it down in their boat. Three wheel barrows full is a hogshead. That's how it works, something like that. The fishermen would bring it home to their stages and take it out with water buckets up there so they could salt the fish. Everything was done by hand, you know. They had it hard. One feller would be in the boat and would hand it up to the next feller with one foot on the boat and one foot on the wharf. There would be another feller on top. Sometimes that would be pretty high and they would usually wait for high water so that they could take advantage of a four foot tide. You had to work everything according to the tides and the winds. Like hauling a cod trap, for the tides to slack. When we would collect the fish I'd have to size up the wind. If the wind was north, I'd go south where it was smooth. If the wind was south, we'd send the boats north. Up to Camp Islands, she couldn't get up there, we had to watch the tides because they were so low. In August we'd start collecting fish. We'd send off a culler or a grader, you call it, and he'd go up there and he'd grade the fish for one fishermen. You know he would go to one fishermen's wharf He graded approximately one hundred quintals. A quintal in those days meant 112 lbs. When the tides was right they could come out through. Some of those places where they had their stages was pretty low high tide there.

I got along quite well with the fishermen. They were the best as far as I was concerned. We got their full cooperation and we helped them as much as we could. We gave them whatever they wanted: boats, cod traps, salt, gas. We did everything we could for them to try and help them out. When the unemployment came up they used to come to me wondering how they should do their shares, what was the best way to do it up. They always came to me for advice. In all those places the managers had to do just about everything. Someone who could not write might want a letter wrote. We would do everything we could to help them. Of course, they were very grateful for all this stuff We got along wonderful. When we clued up I think they were very few who didn't have their bills paid. We used to deal with fisherman from Camp Islands, Carroll's Cove, Cape Charles, Indian Cove, Fox Harbour, Murray's Harbour and all those places. We used to collect salmon and fish. We'd have boats going both ways, one going north and one going south. In them days, we were able to employ many people. Everybody gained.

What You Had To Do

By Bert Coish

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I came from Conception Bay, a place called Ochre Pit Cove. I came down working at Port Hope Simpson in the lumber woods with the Labrador Development Company. I got tangled up with the women. I had a good life, a lot better than I would have had than if I'd stayed up in Conception Bay. There was nothing up there to do. That was about the worst place on earth then, back in them times. No regrets to have come to Labrador. I'm a Labrador man. I'd never want to go back there no more. I was 47 years before I went back for a trip. I was up there for a couple of days. I was up with my son, Scott, again since then.

I was down to Goose Bay fourteen months working one time. Never came home at all. And I was 21 days getting home. That was in 1944 or somewhere around that time. We had to get on the *Kyle* in Rigolet. We came out from Goose Bay to Rigolet on the big American ship, the *Laurentian*. Then we got on the boat and she had to call in all ports. Then we had to go up north to Nain first. In the evening about 4 o'clock, she'd go in some bay somewhere. We had no water then. Used to turn off the water in the evening. She was on the trip so long. They'd anchor up every evening. And that's the way we had to work all the way up. I was fourteen days and nights on her. Submarines were out here in the straits that time. But we didn't care about that. Didn't worry, not a bit.

All I was worried about was getting home. Wife and four small children at home. Olive, the baby, was seven months old before I even saw her. It was hard to have to go away. But then it was what you had to do if you didn't want to live on the government all your life time. It's not what you wanted to do, it's what you had to do. They don't do that stuff now. A good many won't leave their women now for as long as that. I was over to St. Anthony two summers when they built the base over there. I worked in Fox Harbour, built that place. And I worked in White Point when they worked out there.

Working In Service

By Doris Chubbs
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was born on Bell Island in 1931 on August 29th. I was raised for a small while at Bell Island. We went from that to Carbonear to Harbour Grace to St. John's. My father worked all over the place and so we had to chase him. He worked at Bell Island in the mines and then he worked at Argentia and then he went to St. John's and went to work there. I've been here on the Labrador forty-six years. I came down first as a cook with Del Forward from Carbonear. I was in service with him. I had to mind a twin, two more girls besides that and his son's wife who was sick. I used to get \$20.00 a month. And I also worked in the stage too with all of that. I had to do all my washing in a washing tub and scrub in on the board. It's way different from what it is today. Then I met up with Jeremiah Chubbs. Well, I met him first in Carbonear before I came down on the Labrador. He used to live in Carbonear and he was up to Harbour Grace after the girls. I was the first one nabbed⁽¹²⁾ him. So after I came down here on the Labrador I got into contact with him again. I came here in May and in August I was married. So I never lived with my mother-in-law or none of them. Me and him lived down to Spear Harbour by ourselves. We spent four or five winters by ourselves down in the cove. That's where our first baby was born, down there - Mary Chubbs - well Mary Rumbolt she is now - married to Eric Rumbolt from Port Hope Simpson.

I worked hard in the stage. Two years after Mary was born I had another daughter, Glenda. Five years after that I had Beverly, my baby. That's not counting my miscarriages. I had eight children all together. I had four miscarriages. I had a boy before I was married, Dan Taylor. Jerry wanted to take him. So I went home to Harbour Grace on the Kyle and I took him down here with me. I got married in August and my mother died in December. So Dan had to stay with my sister-in-law then until I went home to take him. Since I came down here on the Labrador, I had tough times. We had our ups and downs. I reared my children mostly in the stage when they were small because I had to work in the stage. I used to put them in the fish box and take their bottles down with them. I used to take them up and put them to bed. Then at three or four o'clock in the morning take them out and put them back in the stage again. I was afraid to leave them in the house, afraid they would get at the fire or something. I did have it hard on the Labrador first when I came down here because I didn't know anybody. My sister-in-law, Mary Young, she married Joe Chubbs. She belonged to Carbonear. Josephine Chubbs, she was my sister-in-law too. We did alright with the fish but you didn't get anything for your fish them days. I remember one year we had five hundred quintals of fish and when he went to straighten up in the fall of the year, he had five hundred dollars coming to him. And we made do with that for all the winter. Then we had to get all of our groceries in and clothe the children the best way we could. Then a few years after that we got ahead a little bit. Our children grew up and went away.

Moving Around

By Violet Pye

Researcher: Myra Pye

I was born in Carbonear but my father was a fisherman in Cape Charles. So we always fished in Cape Charles and came back there in the summertime for fishing. There was years we'd go back to Newfoundland to see if you'd get work for the winter. I was ten years old my second trip back to Carbonear and I didn't see Carbonear anymore until I was twenty. I lived in Cape Charles all of my growing up. My father belonged there and when he any my mother got married they just lived on in Cape Charles. They used to go to Newfoundland sometimes to get work for the winter.

On my first trip I went on the Sagona. Later when I was married and went back it was the first trip of the old Northern Ranger. She wasn't like the up-to-date one they got now. The way that the sleeping quarters was, the beds were all in one room. But the men slept down in bottom. There was the women's steerage and the men's steerage. These were separate rooms. Why they called it steerage, I don't know. It wasn't very comfortable and sometimes it was really crowded. There were people that was blocked around you so much at times that you could hardly breathe, when people were going back to Newfoundland after being down on the Labrador all summer.

The year we were married, we were nine days from Cape Charles to Carbonear. We called every little port on the way right up until she got there. Mostly I was sick all the time. I didn't even get out on deck. Coming back in the spring of the year, it still took nine days. By the time you got off, you were really sick.

My husband always went to Pleasure Harbour fishing. That's about fifteen miles above Cape Charles. I went up there for about nine years. Went up in June and came back when it was time to put the youngsters to school. Then we moved up in Lodge Bay for the winter. We would go to Cape Charles in the spring for a couple of months and then back to Pleasure Harbour again. I worked in the stage and brought up my family. They were most all reared up there in Pleasure Harbour. You had to get up early in the morning and get so much done for when the men came in to get their breakfast. Then I went in the stage and when they were gone to haul the trap, I did so much more work around the house. When you had a family there's so much you had to do besides going berry picking, in the garden and all the rest. We grew some potatoes, lots of cabbage and some carrots. I used to go berry picking. The kids would go with me. I never had no babysitters. I looked after all mine myself. If I couldn't take the children, I stayed home. I had eight children, 2 girls and 6 boys in between the two girls. Soon as they were big enough to go in the boat they went and that was it.

When we moved from one community to another we took nearly everything we owned. We even took the stove when we moved from Pleasure Harbour down to Cape Charles. We didn't have to bring the stove in the bay but you brought everything else - your beds, clothes, cooking gear and everything. We used to move back and forth in the old fashioned motorboat. When we lived in Pleasure Harbour, I used to move down to the Cape for the youngsters to go to school because then men couldn't come down sometimes until October. I always had to wait to move out to Cape Charles until school was over.

The first year that we didn't move out to Cape Charles for the summer was about seven years ago when they were building the bridge and the road to Mary's Harbour. So everybody was staying up here in Lodge Bay then except for the few that were salmon fishing. The cod fishery was poor so people stayed up in the Lodge. It's about seven years since I was outside. But I always enjoyed going out there. So I miss it. There's a lot of difference. My grandchildren wouldn't know how to start to try like we did, the different things and the moving around. You can hardly believe it now what you had to do in them days. But you survived and I'm eighty-one and I'm still here. Even with all my hard work, I'm still here.

Away for Work

by Calvin J. Poole

These years with the uncertain events of the fishery there appears that there are more and more people moving away for work. This is not so uncommon as it might first look as there were always lean years along this coast when fishermen had to turn to other jobs. This was quite true during the construction of Goose Air Base and also at other times, one of which I will now relate.

It was around the year 1950, long before any U.I. benefits for fishermen and just after the Labrador Development Company went bankrupt at River Head and Port Hope Simpson. Carl Peterson had moved from River Head to Main Brook in Newfoundland and he sent word that there was plenty of work there, cutting wood. Most of the single men and some of the married

men of Fox Harbour decided to go to Main Brook or Hare Bay, as they then referred to it, to go to work. My father, Hughie Poole was one of them and although I do not remember his leaving I can certainly remember his return in May of the next year. On the last trip of the *Kyle*, probably during late November they left. I do not remember all the names but I know that including my father there were Val Brown, Jim Holley, Sol Curl, Charlie Poole, Charlie Curl and a few others. I do not know if the *Kyle* called at Fox Harbour at the time of if they had to go to Battle Harbour to get on. Anyway, away they went for the winter.

I must add a couple of amusing stories here that were related to me by my father. After the *Kyle* left Battle Harbour on the way south I guess the boys were in a bit of a party mood and all were gathered in the smoke room on the *Kyle*. Among them was Skipper Jack Murphy from White Point, who was returning to his Newfoundland home for the winter. Apparently the boy from Fox Harbour was kicking up quite a racket until Uncle Jack got up. He stomped his foot on the floor and shouted at the top of his voice "Shut up boys, shut up, wherever there is a crowd of Newfoundlanders there is always a row." The irony of it was that Uncle Jack was the only Newfoundlander in the room.

After the *Kyle* arrived at St. Anthony the Fox Harbour men got passage on a boat to Main Brook. I think that a man by the name of Sansford ran this service. I remember father telling me about the trip across Hare Bay on the small boat that carried about thirty people. After arriving at Main Brook they were dispersed to the logging camps and began cutting, not with chainsaws but with bucksaw and axe. They would go out to Main Brook a scattered time on Sundays and on one occasion Uncle Charlie Poole got under the weather. Now Uncle Charlie was only a very small man and the oldest of the bunch but this day he had great ambitions. There was a schooner's mast about fifty feet long lying on the beach. Down goes Uncle Charlie and tries to get the mast on his back. He said he was going to carry it back to camp and cut and stow it. Well, there was a very hard winter's work ahead for these hearty Fox Harbour men. At the logging camps they cut and stowed the wood, hauled it together with horses and lived in camps constructed with logs. The weather was cold and snowy and the food consisted of mainly salt fish, salt beef, some vegetables and beans. All winter they worked and coming towards spring as the snow started to melt they thought of returning home to prepare for the summer's fishery. This was long before any airline operated to Southern Labrador and the *Kyle* would not begin service until June. There were snowmobiles, the old style Bombardiers that carried twelve passengers, operating across the Northern Peninsula. While traveling was still good in early May the Fox Harbour men left Hare Bay and traveled across to Black Duck Cove. Here my father stayed for a week or so with some family of Dredges, while they waited for transportation across the straits to Forteau. Once across to Forteau they engaged a Mr. Hancock, who had a good motor boat to take them down the coast to Fox Harbour, about a hundred miles away.

I remember well the night they arrived home. We were living with my grand parents Arthur and Charlotte Poole. About two a.m. grandfather heard a motor boat coming in the harbour and as this was very unusual he was immediately out to see what was going on. They were soon in to Val Brown's stage and before long father was home. After gone for seven months he was very happy to be home and I can still remember the excitement for me, a small boy of three or four years old.

Whatever It Takes

By Roddy Rumbolt
Researcher: Amanda Rumbolt

I'm a commercial fisherman on the South coast of Labrador. I do a bit of fishing and carpentry; whatever it takes to make a living.

I started working when I was about ten or twelve years old. I used to fish in a fishing boat helping with the cod traps and helping around with our father, lugging in wood and carrying water and everything else.

I've been building boats and other carpentry. I was scope watcher for seven years on White Point at the Loran station and one thing and another. I don't know what I got paid when I was scope watcher. I think it was only four something an hour. First when I went to work at the fishery, I went to work loading the salt fish boats. We only got paid 25 cents an hour. We'd get up 5 o'clock in the morning to be at Battle Harbour at 6. We'd have a lunch around 9 and work until dinner time. We'd have a break dinner time and we wouldn't have neither other one until supper time. We'd come home to have our dinner and go to work again until 10 o'clock, for 25 cents an hour! At the end of the week, you still didn't have much coming in to you, perhaps 20 or 30 dollars every couple of weeks.

Now there's no cod fishery because it is all tomcods and it's not fit to be salted for rounders. One time you would kick them over the wharf. They were very plentiful. You didn't need much gear. Most people only had one or two traps, three at the most. There were no gill nets. There was mostly the jigger and the trawl. Some of the fish you'd get, it would take two of us to haul them up over the stage head. You wouldn't be able to throw them up on a prong. It was 5 and 6 feet long, some of it; maybe not 6 feet but 4 and 5 for sure, guaranteed.

Sometimes we washed it out and dried it on the flakes. Most times we used to ship it in salt bulk piles. We used to put the fish aboard the boat and carry it to Battle Harbour that way. When they had it took in over there, they would have their men dry some of it on the flakes over there. And what they couldn't get dried over there, they would take it in to Harbour Grace or Carbonear I think. They would dry it in there; they had the fish driers and that and they would send it across to wherever they had to send it to, overseas, I guess.

Chapter 4

SCHOOL DAYS AND CHILDHOOD MEMORIES

Teaching In The Early Years

By Mary Acreman
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Mary Jane (Knee) Acreman. I'm called after my grandmother. I was born November 25th, 1922 at Badger's Quay. That's in Bonavista Bay, NFLD. That was a real thing, rhyme me along - Mary Knee from Badger's Quay. Easy to remember. That rhyme came with me when I came here.

I was not quite 19 when I came here. I had gone to summer school that summer and of course, you go to summer school, you look for a school afterwards. Well, I had three choices - one was on the south coast, the other one was in Trinity Bay and this one in Labrador. It was fine. I'm still here. I decided to stay.

I first came to Battle Harbour. I came down on the *Kyle*. Just as we got there a storm was brewing. So we stayed there over the weekend. Then I went to Trap Cove. That's where I taught school, in Trap Cove. But then they would have just so many months and you would move on to another place. You didn't stay there all year. I went to Mary's Harbour then in February. I was going to go in January but we had to wait until we could cross the run. That seemed to be the thing then. Well, there was ice breaking up and slob coming through and all the rest of it. So you couldn't cross in boat and you couldn't cross on dog team. I stayed in Mary's Harbour then until June. I was in Trap Cove from September up until February. That was it for the school year there. That's what happened to all the schools. The teachers would go and spend part of the time there and part somewhere else. There was a school board. We were paid by the minister. He would look after the school. It was a parish school. It was under the same school board as St. John's. Don't be talking about getting paid. You worked for nothing - about \$25 a month and you had to pay your board out of that. My board would cost me



Mary (at right) with friend Lucy at Badger's Quay. Photo courtesy of Mary Acreman

about 10 or 12 dollars a month. That's all you could afford to pay anyway. And then you would get augmentation afterwards which was money was paid maybe \$300 or something like that. That was to augment your salary that you got. Well, in the beginning there wasn't too much to buy down here that you would want to spend money on. You came prepared with clothes and what you needed. We would put away some to pay our passage home in the spring which wasn't very much then. I don't know, I can't recall now just what you would pay on the boat. But it's nothing compared to what it is today. You make up your mind when you came to a place. You know that you're not going to get out of it at Christmas time because when the boats finish up, I think usually it used to be around November, everybody would stay put. I think Christmas here

was about the same as at home. Some people would have a little tree, some would and some wouldn't and well, they went jannying¹³. We used to always call it mummings. I stayed with Joe and Millicent Rumbolt in Trap Cove, well you know, Reg's parents. They had a lot of children. Some of their children went to school to me, the older ones. I enjoyed my work. I thought it was wonderful. I'm easy to adjust to things, you know. Doesn't bother me too much. Sometimes you realize well I'm here and if I get sick, well, "Where do I go?" but everybody thought then if you get to the nursing station you were okay just as much as if you get to some of the big hospitals now. You don't miss what you never had. When I left home, we had no phones, we had no electricity back home and I didn't miss that because I wasn't used to it.



Trap Cove one room schoolhouse where Mary first taught. *Photo courtesy of Mary Acreman*

Not much more than a hundred people in Battle Harbour first when I came here. In the summer, people would come there to fish and in the fall time the schooners would be there fishing. There would be more people in the summer time. But local people, there wasn't very many there at all. In Trap Cove and Mattie's Cove there was only about fifteen families. Well, I tell you we didn't have very much there to teach with. The blackboard was always in the school but all you got mostly was a box of chalk, maybe not even a box. That had to be shared up among maybe a couple of schools. The minister would see to all that. Well they would have their school books, what was left in the school all the time. I taught Arithmetic, of course we didn't have any high grades. I don't think we taught any more than seven or eight there, I don't think. I also taught hygiene, English (which we called grammar) and a little bit of Literature, some reading and writing, the basics. I was the only teacher there. I had all the students from beginners to grade seven or eight. All schools back then, that was all they were, just one classroom. That's what I started out with. So, I really didn't know any different. When I went to school, most of the time there were only two rooms in our school at home. Then they built another one on for the beginners and there was three rooms. I started in the same school and that's where I ended up. From beginners to grade eleven in the same school. Then we wrote exams at grade six right on up to grade eleven. But seven and eight, we didn't do grade seven. We just went from grade six to grade eight after awhile because it was so similar that we didn't. After a while they started to phase out some of the exams, not from the department but you took it in school. This was the time they were phasing out some of the grades. All of the papers would be sent to St. John's then and corrected. Starting then the teachers then would correct it on their own. So I left school then at grade ten because I wasn't going to write exams like we were doing before. I was stubborn. Well, I saw the rest of them. Some of them went on and they were ahead of me and all that. Next year I decided to go back to school again. I finished up my grade eleven. That was as far as you could get. Then I went on to summer school in St. John's for two months. In the school in Trap Cove there was no furnace, just a pot-bellied stove. The bigger boys would go and light up the stove in the morning. Everybody was supposed to bring a junk of wood when they went to school. If we were lucky enough, well the board would buy a small amount of coal you could use

¹³ Christmas tradition to visit door to door in disguise.

to go along with the wood. The children would keep on most of the clothes they wore because they didn't have very heavy clothes or very warm clothes. There was no nylon parkas or anything like that then. But everybody survived. I guess we're all used to it, kinda tough. And now it's too warm in school. They open the windows.

When I came back the next year I went to Indian Cove and taught there. When we left, actually it was the 25th of November and we came to Mary's Harbour. We hadn't intended to leave quite so early but Mr. Bradley was sizing up the weather pretty good and he knew it was getting colder and slobby. He came in and said, "If you're going to go to Mary's Harbour, we better get ready and go tomorrow!" So it was kind of a bit of a rush then because their daughter, Emmy, she came up here to go to school too that winter. We were grabbing whatever we could find - our boots and our stuff and shoving it in bags or boxes, whatever we could get. I stayed with the Bradleys in Indian Cove. In Mary's Harbour, I stayed with the Acremans, John's mother and father and his family. The house is still there where the one is to now, where Hughlett lives. But their house burnt in the fire.

I taught at the Princeton School. I was the only teacher there. But we only used the one room. We used the smaller room. That was a boarding school. They used to take in children from all around the coast. Now that was before I came here. We used the smaller room. I don't know much about the boarding school because it all happened before ever I came here. It would take children in from all other parts of the coast. They had a basement underneath it where they used to cook, kitchen like, and feed the children. One of the rooms was taken for a dormitory. It was ran by the Grenfell Mission.

It is now fifty-seven years later. I got married to John Acreman. We had children - an army! We had six boys, no girls at all. They're all married and got their own families. There's only one of them left here now - Eric. I'm satisfied. I had a pretty good life here. Nothing much to complain about. Well, we had to work hard because we didn't have any modern conveniences, not like it is today. You got up and you spent all day washing. You couldn't put your clothes in the washer and forget about it. We didn't have any electricity and we didn't have any phones. It came after awhile. Now we're alright. We can talk to any part of the world that we want to talk to, I guess. We can get up in the mornings put our wash in and forget about it. Do all that kind of stuff. Well, that's all they do in other places. The only thing here is you can't go very far, can't go anywhere really unless you fly out or go by boat. Not like most of the places around Newfoundland where you can get in the car and drive anywhere you want to go. I guess you can't have everything.

I taught three years, two before I got married and another year later. Then I started having a family. One of the boys went to school to me - the older boy. I spent twenty-five years with Canada Post. I think we had the post office about 1940 but John used to do it then. After awhile he got involved with the Fisheries and used to be gone quite a bit. So I took it over and I had it for twenty-five years. At least we got the mail right here in our own harbour. Before we used to go out to Battle Harbour and get the mail. I did the best I could. We were just beginning to get the post office upgraded and stuff when I gave up because John was sick. You have to give up sometime I guess. You can't go on forever, can you.

School Day Memories

By: Eva Coish

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was born at Battle Harbour in 1917 on January 22nd. I'm 81 years old. We came here to Mary's Harbour on November 8th, 1930, from Battle Harbour. Nobody lived here then. The hospital just started that year. There was a few families in ahead of us. They were in here working. They had little shacks built, you know, and was working at the hospitals. My father worked with the Grenfell Mission for over 40 years and so he had to move with them here from Battle Harbour. We stayed here permanent. Most of the people that settled here were from Battle Harbour and Trap Cove. They wanted to move here because the hospital was here. That was one of the main reasons.

We didn't have a school but we used half of that store down by the Grenfell wharf there. That was the first school in Mary's Harbour. I went to school there. The teacher was Francis Conrow. She married Hayward Pye after. She was the first teacher here. But she was more or less for kindergarten. The children that they had brought in to the Grenfell that winter, boarding children, was people that didn't have much education, just started. But I was doing my first primary exams that year. Then the next summer I went to Battle Harbour and took public exams. First time ever there was public exams north of Red Bay, right from the Department in St. John's. I was the first one and the only one here to pass that year. Gracious, I was proud.

I did primary and preliminary and got my certificates from the government in St. John's. 1932 was my last year in school. I went to school from the time I was 5 until I was 15 years old - 10 years. We had the same subjects, the majority of them, that they're doing today for grade 12. That's true. Even had a foreign language. I did Latin. I suppose why is the doctor that was here, he was from Switzerland. This was supposed to be a Grenfell school. They wanted somebody to know Latin, probably get a job in the hospital. I figure that's what it was about. There was a choice - French or Latin. But he wanted us to do Latin and he taught it in school. I can still remember it. I can remember "I love" - Amos. After all these years, I still got a good memory. I can go right on back to when I was a little child and tell you anything.

Early School Years

By Faith Bradley

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

We used to have games with the rope, skipping over the rope, you'd call skippin'. We used to ride on a piece of board, one on each end. We used to do some running. Sometimes we'd play Hide and Seek, all kinds of foolishness, one thing or another. I went to school in Lodge Bay and Cape Charles. I should say it is some different that what it is today. We used to have some kind of an old stove. We lived a long ways up here up the brook, first. A little old school we used to have. And no carpet or canvas or anything on the floor. We used to have to scrub it with the brush. And the same thing when we went to school down here. We used to have a pot-bellied stove in

the middle of the room. The little ones would get around the stove and we'd be all froze out on the back. It was really cold but the little ones had to get warm. Everyone used to bring their week's supply of wood and then the next week it would be somebody else's turn. There wasn't so many books as there is today because there wasn't as many subjects. Our books didn't cost us anything, only just our pencils. First when I started off I had a slate and a pencil (chalk). We used to take a little bottle of water and a cloth. Then whatever work I did, well I'd have to rub that off and then write it over again. Then we got the paper and pencil after that. We had to buy our pencils ourselves. Our parents used to have them come for us. There was no store in Lodge Bay then. Sometimes we'd order out and have it come in. My, there's a lot of difference. Now they got their carpet down and they got the running water and they got the toilets in the school. We used to have to use an outhouse⁽¹⁴⁾ they called it. They can take off their boots and put their slippers on. They got comfort. We had nothing like that. If we wanted to use the toilet we had to go outdoors, snowing, no matter how bad it was, frosty. But now they got comfort. We survived. But there's a lot of difference now.

Games We Used To Play

By Verna A. Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

We used to always play when we were going to school. We used to have Junior Red Cross every Friday. It was for playing, things like I never see kids playing today. We used to all join hands and go around in a ring. Then someone, one person, would get in the middle and the ones outside would say:

"King William is King George's son
And all the royal race he run
And on his breast a star he wore
Pointing to the governor's door..."

And on the last of it was:

"Come choose to the east, come choose to the west
Come choose to the very one that you love best."

If you were in the middle, that was very exciting for us kids, you got to choose who you loved best in that ring. Usually, if that was a girl they chose a boy and if it was a boy they chose a girl. Then they would come in the ring and you would have to kiss them. Then whoever was chose had to stay in the middle and they had to choose who they loved best. I loved that one.

14 Outdoor toilet

We used to play a lot of Hide-and-Seek which I hardly ever see the kids playing today only playing in the house trying to hide in closets. We used to spend hours and hours at this. Like today, we used to say, "My mother and your mother were pinning out clothes. My mother gave your mother a pinch on the nose. Guess what color the blood was?" I hear the kids saying that now.

We used to play 'Sheep, Sheep, Come Home'. One fellow would get up and stand alone somewhere. All the other kids (the sheep) would get about 100 yards away from the person standing alone (the wolf). The sheep would hide away. The wolf would sing out, "Sheep, Sheep. Come Home". The others would reply, "I can't." He would say, "What are you afraid of?" The others would reply, "The Big Bad Wolf." The wolf would say, "The wolf is gone for a hundred years. He won't be back for a thousand years. Sheep, Sheep, Come Home." The kids would run then and the wolf would try and catch them. Whatever sheep the wolf would catch then would be out. The last one to be caught would be the wolf the next time.

I know we were never bored. I can't ever remember hearing a child say they were bored. I know I was never bored. I think that kids today have got too much, that's why. Why do people that got everything in the world, all kinds of money and everything, not be happy? It's the same thing. If you got a toy or something back then, you would be so glad.

Perfect Attendance

By Leander Poole

Researchers: Judy Pye/ Daphne Richards

The school we went to was made out of logs. The logs were rhined over and done with sheeting paper. We went to school in October when we went in the bay and we went until we came out again late May or early June. I was about eight, nine or ten, something like that when I was in grade one. We had a wood stove. I used to live right alongside, about three hundred yards from the school. The teacher came from Newfoundland. Art Miller was his name. He wasn't that old, not much older than myself I suppose he was a bit older. There was only one classroom. There was only about fifteen or twenty students back then. They built another school after that but I didn't go to that one. I was give up school then. I got grade one. We used to have another teacher. His name was Harry Shea. He used to live in Battle Harbour. He used to use a stick for caining your hands if you were doing anything bad. Other times you would have to put your two hands in front of you and he would put junks of wood in your arms and if you dropped it he would strike you on the elbows and make you pick it up.

I used to light the fire every morning. I was the only one on the register that wasn't marked absent for a full year and the teacher told me I could get a radio for that. But I haven't got it yet. That's fifty-five years ago now.

School Days

By Harvey Brown

Researcher: Peggy Brown



School at Loder's Point. Photo courtesy of Eva Luther

I started school in July of 1957. The winter before that there was no teacher to come to St. Lewis to teach school. So when school was over in other parts of the province, they finally got one to come to St. Lewis to teach school here in the summer time.

The school was located at a place called Loder's Point. It was no easy task getting to school. In the fall and in the winter, we'd walk to school, you know - it was quite a job. In the fall we'd get up at lamp's light to get ready to go to school. We had a long walk to go, all in around Tub Harbour. There were no roads then so we had to walk all this way. If the water was high we'd have to walk all the way up around Salt Water Pond. When we'd get to Tub Harbour Brook, there was no road there at that time.

You'd get some of the older fellers who had long rubbers on to take us across the brook on their backs. That was between two or three miles. We had to get up at 7 o'clock. It was quite cold because there was no furnace back then. You had just a wood stove. My father used to get up and warm the house before we'd get up. Sometimes he'd have his parka on, it would be so cold. There was sixteen of us with mother and father. I was seven years old when I started school. We would have rolled oats and toast bread for breakfast. The size of the school was 30 feet by 30 feet. It was just a one-room school. Everybody from kindergarten to grade eleven was in the school. There were forty or fifty students and just one teacher for the lot. Kindergarten was called Primer. Then there were grades 1 to grade 11. The bathroom was a little hut just up from the school with a hole cut in the floor. It was cold in the winter time. There was no toilet paper so you'd have a piece of rag. School started nine o'clock and would break at twelve o'clock for dinner. Start at one o'clock, the same as now. We had a pot belly stove in the middle of the school room for heat. Cold days everybody would get around there. You used to have to take a junk of wood under your arm to school with you. That's what they used for heat. Some of the parents used to bring a load of wood in the fall or haul wood on dog team. For those whose parents didn't bring a load of wood, well the youngsters had to bring a junk of wood under their arm everyday. There were no ski-doo's then. My father had to bring a boat load of wood in the fall. We used to have to go at recess time and saw the wood. We had a bucksaw. Two people, one on each end of the saw. We would spend some time sawing in the morning before school. We would begin school saying a prayer and reading a verse from the bible. That's what we started off with and I think Math or what we called Arithmetic was the first subject we'd have in the morning. In the early years, because we were only small kids then, we used to stay in for our dinners. As we got older we used to come home. The first book I had was Primer. It was a reading book. The story was about Dick, Jane and Sally. Spot was the dog. Puff was the cat and Tim was the bear. My first teacher was Mr. Skinner. Every year we had a new teacher. If you were bad they had the old strap there and you'd get a strapping. Or some times they'd put you in the corner and put books on your head. Sometimes they's make you hold out your hands and put the books in your hand. I never did get a strapping. I was a good boy!

We used to play soccer and tiddly after school. Tiddly is played with two blocks and two sticks. You'd have two blocks and put one short stick across the blocks. You'd have to hook the short one with the long one out among the crowd. Anybody who caught it was out but if they didn't catch the stick. You had to throw the stick and try to hook the long one of the blocks. The short stick was about 18 inches long and 1 ½ inches in diameter. I heard that one girl got knocked out one day with the stick when it hit her in the head. Another fellow, my cousin, got his eye cut open. Soccer was a winter game we played on the pond or bog by the school when it was frozen. School wasn't thought of at that time as very important. As soon as students got old enough, sixteen, they'd just give up and continue on fishing. Everybody was into the fishery so as soon as you got old enough and out of school you automatically went fishing. Today there's a moratorium on and I guess the fishery will never be the same way it was then.

Teaching At Home

By Redgeway Snook
Researcher: Deanne Stevens

My name is Redgeway Snook. I was born July 21, 1925 at Trap Cove, Labrador. That's where I grew up. I went to St. Anthony to take my grade eleven. There were no phones back then. I only got two letters all winter. I was homesick as could be. I really missed my friends and family. It was especially hard because we were a close family. I was a very lonely person. I was a bit lucky when Charles Stone from Henley Harbour came over and I got to visit him. Cornelia Stevens and Lillian Rumbolt came over to work in the orphanage. That helped a bit to get to see someone from home. I made a few friends but it was still hard.

I went away to be a teacher when I was seventeen years old. I went to St. John's for two summers. The minister of the day, Reverend Fudge, they had all to do with the schools: hiring teachers, paying teachers and looking after the schools, wanted me to go away. The government was short of money. The teachers then had to go to two places - one for five months and then another place for five months. So I could only go to one school for five months when I was teaching.

I didn't mind going away at all. But my father didn't want me to go at all. I was too young to understand. I had a brother died just a couple of months before that. And was only two years between us. I suppose that's part of the reason why he didn't want me to go because the two of us would be gone from him the same time. But he agreed after that if I wanted to go, I could.

The first place I taught was William's Harbour. I was paid \$25.00 a month. They had enough money allotted for me to teach until April. Then they got some more money for me to teach until May. Then I left the last of May.

I came back and went to St. Lewis. I taught over there for two years. I went to Henley Harbour and taught for three years. I taught in Battle Harbour for a year and in Trap Cove for two years.

When I was home I had to teach my own relatives but in other places they weren't relatives of mine.

There is a lot of difference between schools today than in the past. When I taught there wasn't much to work with. A bit of chalk and that's about all for the blackboard. There weren't many books like there are today. They had what you called "Primer". It was a book for beginners. It was a reader about Dick and Jane.

The buildings weren't heated very much. It was very terribly cold sometimes in the winter. I would spend half the day trying to keep the children warm and the other half trying to teach them something. Children often cried in the mornings because they were cold so you wouldn't get anything done. The first years I was teaching it was only the lower grades but the later years I taught from Primer up to grade nine.

Chapter 5

TRAGEDIES AND NARROW ESCAPES

Drowning At Goose Bay

By Doris Chubbs
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Our daughter Glenda went to Goose Bay to see her sister Mary. She was drowned when she went in on the river and got swept out with the tide. Aubrey Sampson was with her. Glenda was sixteen when she was drowned. They went to the river for a boil-up. Aubrey Sampson was her friend. Mary was expecting her first baby. She was drowned the 1st of July and Mary had her baby the 17th of July. Aubrey Sampson jumped in after her but he couldn't get her. He was swept out through and she was swept in through. Lester Powell was there. He dived down and got her after fifteen minutes in the water. But it was too late then. She was gone. They couldn't save her at all. That was tough on me. The first year I was down here my mother died. Two years after my brother died. He was in the sanatorium in St. John's. A few years after that my sister died. Then I lost Glen' and then I lost Jerry, my husband. He has been dead for two years now. I thought the world of my husband.

Below is a poem composed by a local writer on July 1, 1973 that explains the tragedy associated with the drowning of Glenda Chubbs.

A Tragedy to Fox Harbour & Port Hope Simpson

By Alex Poole

Come all ye good friends and comrades and listen unto me.
It's all about a couple who left here for Goose Bay.
Little did they think that morning on rising from their beds,
That when the evening shadow closed, they would be with the dead.

The names of these people, I will not try to hold.
They are Glenda Chubbs from Fox Harbour and Aubrey Sampson from Port Hope.
There were dozens of cars that morning, parked along the river side.
But Glenda Chubbs from Fox Harbour was the first to jump in the tide.

It was only a matter of minutes when her body was swept below.
With dozens of spectators looking on, but very little they could do.
Aubrey Sampson was the first to jump in the lake to save the girl from drowning.
But he was just a little to late

The incident of this story is really to sad to tell,
For while trying to save the young girl, the young man drowned as well.
It was only a matter of minutes when the news spread over the land.
The old, the young, the rich, the poor all gave a helping hand.

To find the bodies of the two, every effort was put through.
In less than fifteen minutes Glenda's body was rescued.
God help the poor parents in such a terrible shock.
But Jesus promised in his word to help the broken heart.

Lester Powell, an airline pilot, stood by the river in swimming trunks.
And Tom Turnbull, a truck driver, assisted in the hunt.
The water in the river, it was so awful green.
They made no hesitation until the body was seen.

In such a time of grief and sorrow in the hearts that must feel glad.
The average among the swimmers, Labrador has ever had.
May God in Heaven guide them over land and on the sea,
And bring them safely to their home from wherever they may be.

Glenda's casket was handsome, the like was never seen.
We looked on her with sorrow as she was sweet eighteen.
We are sure they are resting where pain and sorrow are no more.
And trust in God to meet them upon the golden shore.

It's sometimes hard to understand why things do happen so.
For this boy's body was four days in the river before it was rescued.
Now who can read this sad, sad tale and yet not shed a tear.
They are resting now in the cemetery where there is no pain or fear.

Glenda was stricken with illness when she was very young.
And many times in life she must have felt alone.
Her boyfriend was a pallbearer, it was so sad to say.
He dropped his armband in her grave and slowly walked away.

She was a fisherman's daughter and always dressed the best.
Her parents gave her money at her first request.
They almost went out of their minds when the news was passed around.
The same thing could happen to you or I if we had a daughter or son drowned.

Plane Crash at Battle Harbour

By Herbert Hardy
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

There was a plane chartered by the Weights and Measures. They used to come around and check the weights in the shops. We had those 56's for weighing fish and then we had regular counter weights. They'd check them to make sure we were giving people the right weights. I remember we had just finished getting the weights checked. There were two jolly fellows there. The pilot came in and said, "The fog is coming in. We've got to get going!" He said to me, "I'll see you again next year." I joked with him and said, "You can never tell what is going to happen between this year and next year!" That was the last conversation I had with him. Next thing I knew they were taking off out through the southern tickle. The fog was starting to come in. All we knew was that the plane was left and on her way. We didn't know anything until a couple of days after and someone called in and wanted to know where the plane was. We told them that they had left here 4 o'clock. What actually happened was she was climbing up over the side of the mountain. Just as she was on top of the hill there, her wing tip hit the side of the cliff and wheeled the plane right around on top of the bill where it is to now. And it caught fire and exploded. That was it. It



News clipping of fatal plane crash at Battle Harbour. Photo courtesy of Herbert Hardy

was a foggy, drizzly day. After that night and the next day, my son, Bob, he was about 10 or 12 at the time, went up on the hill. He looked out on the edge of the hill and there was this red thing out there. This was the wing. Everything was burnt except the wing. There was the plane. Everybody was burnt. He ran down to the house and told everybody what he had seen. As a matter of fact it affected Bob all that summer. He used to come out in our room and sleep with us. It was a pretty traumatic experience. Anyway I remember we went up. The plane was all burnt. The three bodies were there. The heads and legs were burnt off them. The skulls were showing. Apparently, when the plane was burning there must have been a piece of burnt stuff went and pitched on one of the skulls. It looked like a beak. Everyone that knew about it went up. We sent word down to the men on the wharf. We contacted the RCMP. They came down with the nurse. They got some garbage bags and put them in the bags. We couldn't tell one from the other because the legs and heads were gone. The only way to identify them was by their watches or whatever they had on them. The RCMP took the bodies and that's all we knew about it.

War Times At Battle Harbour

By Alfred Spearing
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Alfred Spearing. I was born in Battle Harbour, August 12th, 1932. I was only about seven years old when the war started. I can't remember anything about people talking about that then.

The ship that was sunk in the Straits was the *Chatham*. She was a cargo ship carrying troops and working people to parts of Labrador and Greenland. I didn't see the ship. I just heard that she had a big lot of people on board. She was on her way north traveling through the Straits. As far as I know she got torpedoed by German subs. They said the subs were hanging around the Straits. They'd be holding up for the ships coming through because the oil ships came through, most all the ships came through the straits. That's where they would hold up.

There was a Newfoundland Ranger who had a story put in the Them Days books tellin' about the subs that used to hold up there to Forteau. They used to go in there night time, guide their way in by the bright light and he said the only bright light there was his light on the detachment. Then they'd go out and steam around on a hunt and look around and see if there was any ships to torpedo.



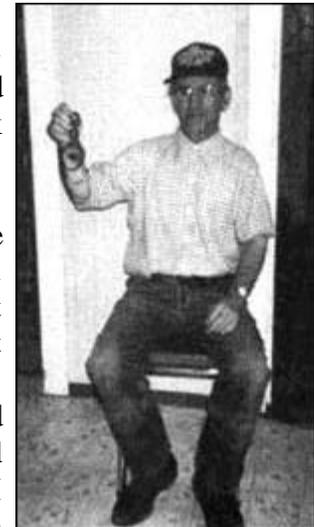
Pieces of U.S. Navy PB4Y-1 aircraft that blew up in the water at Battle Harbour in 1942. Photo courtesy of James Norman

I can remember when the boat sank up there in the Straits. I was out in the fishin' boat with my father and my brother, George. We heard some gunfire and we saw a battle ship coming around the northeast end of Double Island. She turned off to the eastern. After she came around the island, we never heard no gun shots after. We didn't know what was going on until we saw the boat. After we came in they said they was out and sunk the sub. I was eleven years old at the time. We didn't know what was going to happen next. You wouldn't know nothing about what was going on. You wouldn't know that it was a ship sunk, without they give it out on the radio, the BBC news. We had the old radio that give out the news quarter to eight in the evening. I couldn't tell you how many died. I never heard no talk of it. They brought sixty survivors down to Battle Harbour and they stayed down in the old dancing hall until this American ship came about three or four days after, anchored over in the bay and came over and took them and carried them aboard. That same summer there was a plane that blew up.

That was the plane that used to bring the stuff they needed at White Point and "boss men" (15) would come in and look at the place and see what was going on and if there was any American guys that were going out. They'd take them out, the Commanders and stuff like that, you know. So this day the plane came and there was one man for sure that was going out on her. The plane came and pitched in the bight just up of Tiltcea Point. I was out on the grass, only ten years old,

sitting down myself and I was watching the plane steaming up towards Tiltcea Point. It was a beautiful day, nice warm day. That was in August month, in 1942. I watched the plane going up towards the point and it was sort of like a light in her. I thought it might be the sun shining on the glass. And I saw men running out on the wing. And by that time there was a boat going out through the harbour. It was Ben Cumby going out with this passenger that was going. Another man was with him, I think it was Fred Rumbolt. They were going out in Ben's boat carrying this man out to put him aboard the plane. Before they got out to Killick Island, all of a sudden, I saw a streak of smoke, was white like steam. After that was gone, it gave a big blast. The plane had drifted down towards Black Rock then. So then a big old pile of black smoke came up and then it gave a big old blast. So that was it. The plane drifted down towards Gun Point there and between Gun Point and Black Rock, it sank down. Well, there was one man that was killed in it. Frank Grant picked him up out there towards Big Island, Maggie's Rocks, picked him up in small boat. They said there were two men went down in her. I think it was the captain and another man, went down in the plane, you know. There was a ship came up, one called the *Beaver*, from Goose Bay, and she had a whole fit out of divers and that aboard. And some more men went out there along with them. Mr. Sam Grant, the boss man, went out there along with them, George Smith and a couple more of the boys. There wasn't very many in Battle Harbour at that time because all the boys and men had gone up to White Point. All that were old enough to go to work was up there working.

So they were out there for a nice little while and they brought one of the engines in and put it up there on the wharf. They had a mechanic. Then they took it apart and they put it aboard of the boat. Then they went out again another evening when they came in. I wasn't up on the wharf, but they said they wouldn't let no one aboard and they said they had the main parts. What they meant by the main parts I don't know. They could have. Some people had different stories too. Some people said they had the payroll for White Point, money to pay the men off. But if they did, I don't know for sure, I couldn't say. It could be because she came there that day and there was so many goings on. That's all I know. After that day the ship went and that's all I know about it.



Alfred Spearing holding an old fashioned block from one of the lifeboats of the *Chatum*. Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt

From the *Chathum*, I got a little block of one of the little life boats from over on Gunnin' Island. There were three life boats over there and there was another big boat with a motor used to tow them around. They sent the boats away. I don't know if they went to Newfoundland or where they sent them.

Drowning At Burnt Point

By Verna A. Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt



Headstones of the two boys who drowned at Burnt Point. *Photo courtesy of Verna A. Pye*

My name is Verna Alice Sandra Pye. I was born in 1941 at Port Saunders, NF. I was raised on the Labrador.

The only bit I know about the tragedy with Raymond and Peter Hunt is what my grandmother told me. My grandmother's name was Alice Pye. She was a Hunt, Peter and Raymond's sister. Peter was 21 and Raymond was 18 at the time of the accident. They lived at a place called Cowhouse in Simmond's Bay. It's over by Carroll's Cove. That's where they lived in the winter time. My grandmother, Alice, was married and living in Lodge Bay. They came over for the weekend like young men do chasing the girls. I think Raymond had a girlfriend at Lodge Bay. So my mother told me anyway. It was Marjorie Pye, George it is now. I don't know if he was just interested in her or if they were actually boyfriend and girlfriend. He was over to see her. My grandmother didn't think Peter had any girlfriend. My grandmother was older than her brothers but I don't

know how old she was for sure. It was about 1920 when the accident occurred. Both of them traveled in from Cowhouse to Lodge Bay on the one dog team. I think it was Monday morning or late Sunday evening when Peter went to my grandmother and said, "Al maid, I think we're going to go and take the short cut this time." Now, the short cut was straight across Simmond's Bay along by Burnt Point which never ever froze up good. People didn't usually travel around Burnt Point in those days although in later years, I've heard talk of people traveling out there on ski-doo. It's a hard place to freeze up. Peter was the oldest and he was the boss. My grandmother told him that he shouldn't be going Burnt Point but should go the other way. But he was really pigheaded and stubborn. He had a mind of his own and he wouldn't listen. He said there was nothing to hurt. There was no way she could stop him and there was no way she could let anyone know that they had gone that way. There were no telephones, no way to communicate. I don't know why they left from Cowhouse to look for them. Maybe they were expecting them. Anyway, they went to look for them some time later. They found the dogs still on the ice. The komatik was down in the slob. They couldn't get out of it. The two boys were gone. I think it was Dan Griffin, Billy Griffin and that bunch who went with Grandfather Hunt to look for them. Grandfather tore the hair out of his head in anguish when they heard the news. My grandmother told me it was awful. Her father, especially. She never ever seen anyone grieve like that in all her days. He was really, really upset. They dragged the bottom and they found the two of them. They said what happened was when the komatik went through the ice, the dogs never went down. Instead of holding fast to the komatik they jumped clear. They got a fright, I guess. It was a real tragedy, you know it was.

In communities along the coast, everybody, even if you don't know the person, everyone mourns. If you know who they are even, it affects everyone in these communities.

There was a tragedy at Red Bay before I was born. The team of dogs ate a woman by the name of Ann Riggs (Hilliard). The team of dogs were tied up, I think. The mailman who was traveling the coast carried the mail back to Battle Harbour from Red Bay. I think she was going from one house to the other. She never showed up. When someone went to look for her all they found was clothes, mostly, all tore up. They think what happened is that she tripped over a bank and went down amongst the dogs. That was a big tragedy too.

Lost On The Ice

By Garland Curl

Researcher: Peggy Brown

It was May 1st, 1982. Clifford Curl and George Brown was with me. We left here in the morning around seven am to look for a seal for food purposes. That's all and as it turned out we were gone six days before we got back. We didn't have a compass with us and the fog came in. We really didn't know where we were at when we got so far off from the land. There was no wind and no swell in the water.

We had no way of telling where we were. We just ran out of gas after a while. We thought we were coming toward land but apparently we weren't. Late that evening on the first day the ice closed in on us. We couldn't get anywhere in boat so we had to haul the boat up on a pan of ice there and we used the boat for the night because of the rain. The first night we slept maybe a couple of hours. We just crawled up in under the boat and made a mattress out of the turrs. We had seventy something turrs. It was the best night we had while we were on the ice. We didn't have any water only a bit that was on the ice pans and anyone familiar with the drift ice knows that water don't taste very good. It's salty and if you drink a little drop every now and again, it would burn your lips up and they would crack apart. The first night we had a fire in. I had a wooden boat at the time. We burnt the nylon rope I had in the boat and the bulk headings which we tore out of the boat. I think we burned a paddle or two. We had it pretty comfortable that first night. We had shelter underneath the boat and the fire in the front. A couple of nights after that we tried to burn a seal skin pelt but we didn't have any success with that at all.

We all three smoked and after the first day we got out of them too. The weather was very damp and foggy all the time. We didn't have any sleep. You'd probably lay down on the ice for five or ten minutes and you'd have to get up again. We were on one pan of ice for two days and two nights and couldn't get off it. They were searching for us by helicopter, plane and boat. We did hear a plane and the last day we saw both a helicopter and a boat but they didn't see us. The trouble was we were 35 miles off St. Lewis' Cape and they were searching 10 - 12 miles off. We weren't making any headway. The next morning we could see that we couldn't get anywhere else in boat. The ice had closed in on us. There was no open water so we just had to leave the boat and walk ashore on ice. We thought we'd walk to land in a couple of days if the ice conditions

were good but as we used to walk in, in the day, we used to drive out with the tide in the night. We couldn't see the land. We only saw it twice while we were out there. We cleaned a few birds and put them in our bags. The only food we had with us was a couple slices of bread and a bottle of juice.

George froze his foot because he got in the water. He was in the house about a month after the rescue. He had logans on with felts and they got wet. They would wring out their socks and felts while I tore the leg of my long johns to give them to put on their feet. After a while I tore the sleeves of my sweater and the sleeves of my coat and that would help another 2-3 hours. They also did the same thing with their clothes.

We had five or six guns when we left the boat. There we left all the guns except for a thirty-thirty and half a dozen bullets. Sometimes the ice conditions were so bad walking that you'd have to walk a mile to get a couple of hundred feet in a straight line. We all had lighters with us and the funny thing about it was all the lighters gave out on the same day. On the fifth day there was a coast guard boat close to us. We could see her lights and hear the men talking but we had no way to get something, a piece of rag lighted, to make a signal. We took the twelve gauge shells and took the powder out of them, put the flint from the lighters with the powder, hoping we'd make some spark but it didn't work. By the time it got daylight the next morning, the boat was gone toward Belle Isle. We yelled as loud as we could but they couldn't hear us over the motor in the boat, I suppose.

The most thing that was on my mind was not water or food but heat. After you're out in the cold damp weather for that long you'll find that the chill goes through your body and you'll want heat more than anything. We'd talk about different things like stories and why we were out there in the first place and hope that maybe tomorrow was the day we'd be picked up somehow. Probably in the night you would worry more because it seemed like a long time between that and daylight. You would be thinking that so much could happen. Maybe the pan of ice you were on could tip over or it could break in two. It's so different being out there and being on the land. The last day was probably the worst day. The weather was bad. There were high winds and water blowing over the pan of ice we were on. One fellow didn't get along as good as we did because he couldn't eat the seal meat or turrs. He fell through the ice one day and he got wet. We had no way to get dry.



Garland Curl, Clifford Curl and George Brown along with crew members of the rescue boat, the Wolf. Photo courtesy of Garland Curl

We were picked up by the coast guard boat, *The Wolf*, out of Halifax. We were 18 miles southeast of Double Island. They just put the ladder down and we weren't long going aboard the boat. When we got on the ship they offered us all kind of food and drinks but I don't think any of us ate anything. We weren't hungry then. We were thirsty. We had some hot tea and coffee. That

seemed to be really good. We were picked up on the sixth of May at 3 o'clock. We got to Battle Harbour around 5:30. A helicopter took us into Fox Harbour.

I got my boat back three weeks later. I had a call from a fellow in Conche who had picked up the boat. The boat was an eighteen foot wooden boat I built myself. We had a 55 Johnson motor. It was in good condition with just a bit of oakum hauled out of the bottom of her. I got her sent down that coming spring on the CN boat. I lost fifteen pounds in six days. I still go out hunting but a warning for people who go out - make sure you got a compass on board. If we would have had a compass, we could have been home that first day.

Shipwrecked at Peckford's Island

By Olive Hardy
Researcher: Peggy Brown

I've lived at Upper Gullies in Conception Bay for ten years. My husband, Herbert Hardy, worked for Earle's Freighting Service in Battle Harbour for thirty-five years. On June 26th, 1962, in the early morning my children John, Ted, Keith, Janice and I left Carbonear on the *Burgeo* to join my husband at Battle Harbour. The kids were in school until June 18th so we didn't travel with Herbert on the first boat. At midnight I settled the kids and Baby Janice, who was three weeks old, in for the night. There was a lot of jumping around. It was like going over a lot of pot holes on a bad road. I heard the rattling of a chain and I knew then we were anchored. We were shipwrecked on Peckford's Island. There wasn't any panic. The passengers were just so quite. The chief steward came into our room and said he wanted us all to put on life jackets and leave the room. He said, "Go to your boat stations on the second deck and don't bother taking anything with you." There was no time to be scared. You were too busy. I awoke the three children and put on their clothes and tied on their life jackets. I put the baby in a straw laundry basket, which I still have at home, and I had a down pillow in the bottom. I covered her in tight with her blanket. The steward remarked if she fell overboard she would float. We slid over the boat down into a lifeboat by rope. As I was sliding down the rope, I heard a voice say, "Don't worry Olive. I'm here." When I looked up this was the mate. He was our neighbor in Carbonear. He became 'Captain' Dowden afterwards.

Our lifeboat was the first to leave because we had small children. When we got to the beach, they had built a huge driftwood fire and we sat around the campfire. Alex Poole was traveling on the boat as well. She tried to get us to sing. We were cold on the sides away from the fire. I remember Alex took out a flask of whiskey and held it up high. She asked if anybody wanted a drink but everybody refused. We were worried how we were going to get out of there and we were all in shock. Just as daylight arrived, around 5 o'clock, they passed around oranges and biscuits. We all walked to the lighthouse over swampy land so it took us awhile. One of the stewards took Keith who was three years old and crying. He had lost one of his shoes. The stewardess took Baby Janice. I remember the stewardess had blisters on her feet from walking back and forth, to and from the lighthouse helping people. The lighthouse keeper and her husband had one child of their own. They had a kettle of water on the stove when we arrived.

There was 75 people aboard this boat plus the crew. They made sure that I got a drop of water for the baby's bottle. They also gave Keith a pair of shoes.

Our rescue boat was the *Eastern Explorer* which took us into Carmenville. We were met there by the Red Cross. They gave me a basket of clothes for Janice. Mr. and Mrs. Snow was the family who took us in while we were there. They wouldn't have us separated. We were at their house for five days. She gave me some clothes, a pair of slacks and a top. All I had on was my short summer housecoat and a raglan over that. We weren't allowed to take anything with us, not even my handbag which I left hanging in my cabin on the wall. I remember there had been a bad fire in Carmenville at the time. The people had dug ditches and buried their things in these ditches so they wouldn't get burned. No ones house was burned. When we were ready to leave, I asked Mrs. Snow what she charged and she said, "Nothing, only some cod tongues!" She got them as soon as I got to Battle Harbour.

Many years later when my son, John, was in MUN University he met a girl from Carmenville whose name was Snow. She said she'd remembered her mom and dad talking about a family by the name Hardy that they cared for when the *Burgeo* ran ashore. John replied, "Yep. That was us." We boarded the *Northern Ranger*, after five days, bound for Labrador. Mrs. Alex Poole helped me out a lot with the kids. The boat already had her complimentary passengers so we went in and sat around. This passenger, who must have been 400 lbs, this big fellow took Ted and John and sat them outside in chairs. Keith was crying so he took him and threw him in the top bunk. He let us stay in his room but no one was allowed in except family. I remember Alex came down to visit me and he said, "Unless you're a relative you're not getting in this room. It's full of kids." "Well," Alex said. "I'm her sister!" "Well," he said. "You don't look much like her and you're eyes aren't the same color either." But he let her into the room after someone confirmed it was true. But of course it wasn't true. We had to board the last of three ships in order to get to Battle Harbour. Our last ship was the *Nonia*. We were on this trip for eight days. We got all our belongings back. They took really good care of everything. The *Burgeo* arrived in Lewisporte under her own steam. You could look down in the hole on the boat and see javex jars and green peas floating around. No one got hurt but one lady who was on board did have a heart attack. But she survived.

Rescue at Petty Harbour

By Graham Chubbs
Researcher: Harvey Brown



Graham Chubbs and his father, James Chubbs. *Photo courtesy of Gert Chubbs*

When I was a boy about 15 or 16 years old, my father, Jim Chubbs, and I would go from St. Lewis to Petty Harbour to hunt seals. Petty Harbour was a small summer village where some people moved to fish. When fishing was over they would move to other communities for the winter.

One day late in December we left home at St. Lewis on dog team and went as far as Hawke's Nest Pond. We left the dogs here and walked to Petty Harbour to check out the ice to see if it was good to go on. The ice looked good so the next day we left home early in the morning for a day of hunting seals around Petty Harbour. We went down across the ice and where we were about to get ashore on the other side, the ice all flooded over because

the tide was so high. So we tried to go out further around the point. As we went Out around the point the ice got thinner and could not support the weight of our dog team, with us on the sleigh as well. So we broke through. The ice was not strong enough to walk on. Now we were in the water and the ice for a long distance around us could not support our weight. Then we had to beat our way through the ice about 360 feet before we got to the edge of the ice which was strong enough to walk on. When I got to the edge my father was about fifty feet behind me. He was coming in my channel. When he got to the edge, I grabbed his hand and pulled him up very fast although I was only a small boy and he was a big man. His clothes were soaked with water.

We then walked to shore and tried to dry our clothes by wringing it out and getting as much water out of it as we could. By this time three of the dogs had broken their traces and came ashore where we were. I said to my father that I would take the dogs and get home for help as fast as I could because I knew we would freeze to death on such a cold winter day since we already spent three hours in the water.

I then tied the traces of the three dogs around my waist and started towards home which was about three or four miles away. I was running as fast as I could to keep up with the dogs and sometimes they were dragging me but I had to get home very fast because my father was still left to walk and his clothes were freezing fast.

I arrived home and sent back help to my father. Noah Rumbolt, Joshua Perry and Eugene Burden took a team of dogs and went back to get him. They met him at Jerry Thoms. He was walking but at this time had not gotten very far. His clothes were frozen so much he could hardly move. When I got home Aunt Alex was there. She told me the best thing I could do was take a drink of rum and go to bed until I got warmed up. The next day I was alright. The cold water did not hurt me at all.

Plane Crash at Mary's Harbour

By Harvey Brown
Researcher: Peggy Brown

It was cold February day in 1970. We left Goose Bay early in the morning on a single engine otter aircraft owned by Eastern Provincial Airways. They flew along the coast about two or three times a week to carry passengers and mail. There were no airstrips on the coast at that time so the planes were fitted with wheels and skis for winter and floats for summer. They landed on the ponds or harbours wherever the best place in each community was for landing.

On the day we left Goose Bay our first stop was Forteau. We landed on the ice and before leaving we fueled up the plane. We had to roll a drum of fuel out on the ice to the plane and we helped the pilot to pump it in the plane with a hand pump. After refueling we took off again for Mary's Harbour. We landed in Mary's Harbour and picked up three more passengers. The next stop was supposed to be St. Lewis but when we tried to take off in Mary's Harbour, we were heading in through the harbour but could not get off the ice as the plane got close to the land, the pilot saw that the plane was not going to lift. So he aborted the take-off and then turned the plane around to try to take-off going out through the harbour. So as the plane was going through the narrows it looked to me that we were going to be in trouble. The plane lifted off but didn't get very high when it seemed as though the engine stalled and the plane came crashing down on the ice. It bounced a couple of times and then broke through. The door where I was sitting, next to the pilot, would not open because it was jammed against the ice. I then very quickly climbed over the pilot and opened the door on his side, then jumped out in the water. The ice was broken around the plane. The pilot was still sitting in his seat. I was trying to make my way to the edge when the plane started to sink further. I was in the water. The wing was just above me. I was thinking the plane might sink all the way and trap me under the wing. I then got on the ice as quickly as I could and shouted to the pilot to jump out. After some hesitating, he did.

The other passengers got out through the back door and walked in on the wing, then got down on the ice. We then started to walk into Mary's Harbour. The pilot and I were wet. It was very cold and our clothes were freezing. Before we got very far, some ski-doo's came out and picked us up and took us into Mary's Harbour. I was taken to Clara Smiths where I got a change of dry clothes and a hot drink. I was shivering so much with the cold that I could barely get the cup up to my mouth. Later that day my brother came over to Mary's Harbour and picked me up. I finally made it home that day by snowmobile.

Narrow Escapes

By Clyde Saunders
Researcher: Rena Rumbolt

This happened to me when I was around eleven years old out in Cape Charles, Labrador. Me and another guy got into some home brew belonging to a feller which we know we shouldn't have done. We should have had better sense but never the less, two of us got drunk, I guess, or intoxicated, whatever you might call it. We got down to the flake through a hole, on to a rock and made believe we were cleaning fish and all this sort of stuff. All of a sudden, I was down there in the water. I don't know how long I was there. After I was in the water for a while, I started to think I was dreaming or something. I didn't know nothing before I heard voices. Then all of a sudden someone grabbed hold to me and hauled me out. I could hear a lot of stuff in the background. I know they got me home and into bed. I was pretty sick. I believe I was in bed for all one night, all one day, and the next day until I came to. They thought I was gone but I pulled through anyhow. I guess that was an early age for drinking. I guess I never touched any more home brew for a while. I got a good going over by my parents for doing that stuff I can't really remember how they punished me but I know one thing, I wasn't allowed out for a while. They didn't use a strap or anything like that on me but they used to do that then sometimes just the same. I got punished so I guess that ended that one.

Another narrow escape I had was when I was in my late teens, almost a man, out on the trapping grounds. Me and another guy went to our traps. We had some beaver houses up in the middle of the gulley, in the head of a brook. We were clickin' it off up over the head of the ice. It all looked right good. It looked almost like white ice. I was ahead of the other feller. Well, I was only a young man and the other guy was a half old feller, see. I was clickin' her off and I didn't know nothing until down I go, right down through the ice, over my head in water. When I looked up I could see the light above. So I started swimming or something. I don't know for sure, I couldn't swim just the same but I suppose I swam anyhow. I came back up in the hole. I could see the other guy up on the ice. He looked like he was pretty frightened. I suppose I was bawling and whatever. Then I grabbed hold to the edge of the ice and he ran ashore. He didn't have very far to go but he ran ashore, probably about twenty yards. He got hold to an old stick and broke it off. It didn't take very long, I guess. He got out where I was to. My hands were just starting to slip off the ice when he got the stick out to me. I grabbed hold and hauled myself ashore up on the ice. I tell you when I got up out of that water I never even looked back. We were on dog team at the time. We went down to where we had another beaver house. Now what happened was the beaver house was down below but we were up over the beaver house over the hole. That's how we come to be up there. We got down alongside the beaver house and had a good fire going and stripped off all my clothes and started ringin' it out. When I got warm we left and came home.

There was another time. This happened down in Wall's Tickle. We went down to put a fellow down on the island. The other fellow got aboard and pushed the boat off. I was only part ways aboard the boat. I had a radar light in my hand. Off I goes over the head of the boat. I went down to the bottom. I still had the radar light held in my hand. I said to myself, "I'd better let that go." So I let the radar light go and got up to the surface. When I got there, the other fellow grabbed me and hauled me aboard the boat.

Three times I fell in the water. This other time I got in the water we were out to Lodge Bay building a school. We were down across the point getting some gravel for the school. Me and the other guy were aboard the small boat, a dinghy with a load of gravel, and got out aboard the motor boat. I just stepped on the head of the boat and whatever happened I started to lose my balance. I started to go overboard. I started to run along the run of the boat. I ran the whole length of the boat. When I got back to the stern, overboard I goes. Certainly, that was where buddy was at too, right in the stem. The very minute I struck the water, he grabbed me. That was a nice warm day but that was four times I was in the water so I suppose I can't be going to drown anyhow or I would have been before this.

The Iona Hurricane

By Lawrence Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Lawrence William Pye. I was born in St. Anthony in 1937. My father's name was William Pye and my mother's name was Ina Pye. Thomas and Eliza was mom's mother and father. James and Stella was my father's mother and father. When we were young, we did the same as other young fellers at that time - foolin' around through the woods in the winter time, cuttin' a bit of wood, foolin' around with the dog team and in latter years we got the skidoo. So we had it a lot easier then getting around on ski-doo.



Lawrence Pye. Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt

I don't really know what year it was when the storm hit. I suppose I was twenty years old, a young man anyway. Old enough to go fishing. It was in September or in early October. Forecast was giving out for a storm, nothing unusual like. So we moored our boat over to Uncle Rex's wharf that evening around 6 or 7 o'clock. Later on that night, Clarence came over. He said he wanted his small boat hauled in a bit. He had her there on the slip and she was washing around a bit. He wanted her hauled in a bit more. So we all went over and hauled his boat in abreast of his store.

He had his other big boat out to the wharf. We was after having rain. Clarence dodged out on the wharf and got down aboard the boat to bail out the water. The rest of us was that were there all dodged out on the wharf too. Byin' by⁽¹⁶⁾ we heard the rush. The old man bawled out to him, "Come on! That don't sound right!" So Clarence dropped the bucket and we all started running towards land because we were out on the head of the wharf. Before we got to the land, we were

pushin' the longers⁽¹⁷⁾ down in the water. It was all going. So we got to the land and we were nowhere before we were over to Uncle Rex's and when we looked here was Clarence's two motor boats and his stage and his wharf going up through the harbour. Just as quick as that. T'was a good lot of wind then by that time but was mostly sea and it hove in quick because in the evening there was no sea.

When we got over around home we saw that our boat and Uncle Rex's boat had all swung up around the wharves and had only one rope left on them. We thought we were going to lose them too. So we fooled around and after a spell trying to decide what we was going to do we said if we would get a rope around them and then cut the other rope left on them and make a run for it, we thought we might get them up on the slip that way. So we watched our chance to get out on the wharf because the water was running pretty high. There were times the boats were hitting the roofs of the stages. The water was up in the stages everywhere. So we watched our chance. Uncle Rex took the rope and went out. He put the rope on the stem head and he cut the other one. We got that one on the slip after a bit. It all happened too fast to be scared. We were just doing what we thought we had to do. I say if it was in the day, you probably wouldn't do it. But you couldn't see what you was doing. It was black dark. You were there and that was it.

We were able to save the two boats. After that we went from one place to another seeing if there was anything we could save. Not like now, there was no CB's or anything. But we used to watch the flashlights and we knew that there was places gone on the other side too. We lived on Wall's Island. There was a tickle down through and on the other side was the Main Tickle. We knew the stages was gone on the other side because we were watching the lights and before when the lights came down, well, they'd go on back of that store and they'd be gone. You'd know the store was there. But we watched the lights and we could see the lights all the time so we knew the stages was gone over on that side too.

Only one stage and wharf lost over on the island. Clarence's store was down in the beach. He had a lot of dry fish down in that store. The door was facing the beach. There was no way we could get the fish out that night. So we said well we'd take a chance that she might not go with the sea. So the next day, then, we had to cut the other end out of the store and take out the dry fish.

The night of the storm it was 12 or 1 o'clock when the sea started to go back. Just about all night we were up. All of our family was down to Uncle Rex's so we would all be together. We was going from place to place, room to room, to try to see if there was anything we could save. It was Uncle Rex's old house, there in the beach. The water was coming right up in under the house. It was pretty scary. There was only three houses on the island then - my fathers, Uncle Rex's and Clarence's.

17 Long, thin sticks of wood used for fish flake top.

The next morning when we got up it wasn't the same place at all. The tickle was full of timber and boats bottom up. Grandfather's boat was out in the middle of the tickle and she was bottom up. George Pye's boat was up above the wharf there and she was all beat up. All that was there was the top part of her. There was twine and everything out there. I don't think there was any fish lost. Cyril Pye was after having food bought in for the winter and had it in the stage. He lost that. Some of his traps and nets was out in the tickle. Overall, there was a lot of damage done.

It was a hard looking sight for a while. There was still a big sea on. Couldn't talk back and forth to the people across the tickle. I think Clarence got something to help build up his room again, so much. I suppose the other fellers did too, Cyril and the fellers on the other side. I think they got some help but I don't think it was a great lot just the same. It was from the government. It was a couple of days before we could get off the island, hardly. But when it calmed down a bit, the old man and them went to Pleasure Harbour because Uncle Frank and them used to fish up there then. They thought it could be a bad time up there. No way to know what it was like up there so they went up. Wasn't bad up there at all they said.

Grandfather's boat was repairable. Only just a hole in her. She was bottom up right in the middle of the tickle. Clarence got his motor out of the big boat. He got that up to Taylors in the beach. Taylors is up there above the cove about one-half mile away. That's where the boat beat up at. The motor was on the bottom. It beat out of the boat altogether. There was nothing left of the boat. They had seen pieces of the boat there, was foolin' around then after the breeze and found the motor. He used the motor again after that for years. Now his small motor boat, she was up in the cove. She wasn't beat up all that much. They repaired her again after.

I don't think it was so bad up in the cove. It seemed like down the tickle the two seas came in and met both ways. In the cove it was only coming one way. Down the tickle when it met, that's what caused the water to rise up, go in so high. That's the worst storm I ever seen. It didn't last long but there was a lot of damage done in a short time.

Polar Bear at Deep Water Creek

By Margaret Curl
Researcher: Peggy Brown

We were the last family to leave Deep Water Creek. The only company we had on the last of it was little birds singing when you'd go outdoors. That is true. I remember one Sunday morning my brother got out early and went to the window. He called my father, Solomon, to come and see. There was a dirty piece of ice and it was coming in the Creek some fast. It was right close to the boat. My father went and looked and said, "That's not a piece of ice my son - that's a polar bear!"



Margaret Curl proudly displays photograph of polar bear. *Photo courtesy of Harvey Brown*

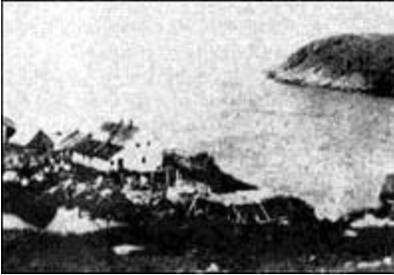
So all hands scrawelled⁽¹⁸⁾ out of bed and ran to the window to see the polar bear. It was the first time we ever saw one. My father and brothers went and got aboard the boat and chased the polar bear out to Herring Cove Point. We were on the bridge. There was no wind.

Just before they fired at the bear, it got close to the boat and we could hear the bear growling at them. Then they shot it right in the neck. They cooked the bear's liver for supper that evening and some people ate it and some didn't. The people who ate it got sick for two to three days after. They figured it must have been the gall that was left on it. They didn't know in those days that you can't eat polar bear liver.

An Almost Accident

By Aunt Gertrude Chubbs

Researcher: Eva Luther



Deep Water Creek, Labrador. Photo courtesy of Margaret Curl

I remember about one small accident but it's a wonder there wasn't more because, maid, we all lived on the edge of a cliff (Deep Water Creek). You wouldn't believe it, the Fox Harbour women when they'd bring their children down to the creek; they was frightened to death to let them go outdoors. They were afraid they were going to fall over the cliff. There had like to be a great big accident but it came to nothing after all. That was Patience and Charlie Rumbolt, a couple who lived at the creek and had no children. There was a girl over to Battle Harbour had a youngster and they decided they would like to have a youngster and they went over in the winter time and got the baby and brought it home. I don't know how old the baby was, but it wasn't very old. Now, then you'd go around in coach box⁽¹⁹⁾ with a komatik and dogs. When they come home, not very far from the Creek pond, where we used to have a flake for spreading our winter fish on, there was a snow bank that was right high. I would say it was March month, there was feets and feets of snow Out there on the edge of that cliff. When they were almost to the flake there was a dog running across in front of Charlie's house and when his dogs saw this loose dog they took off after him. Charlie had Patience and the baby in the coach box and there he was. There was nothing he could do only bawl at them to stop and as God should have it, my maid, there was only room enough in the path for the komatiks and the dogs and all . He didn't stop them because he wasn't able to. The speed they was going down the bank towards the dog. If they went that much farther, my maid, the whole shooting match would have been down in the cove, Tom French's Cove, we call it. Well now, we were watching for Charlie and Patience coming with their dogs because there was a new baby coming and that was a bit strange for us. We all seen what was happening. We was all frightened half to death and we didn't know what to do. We were screeching, all of us. Well maid, as God should have it, twas nothing but a blessing for the dogs stopped and that switched the komatik this way. You wouldn't believe it, you'd have to see where that komatik was to, and Patience and Charlie and the young feller scared for their lives. You'd never say it could happen because, see, it was down a slope. Well, poor old Charlie, all he could think about was where they were going to end up - down over the cliff. I suppose there was 200 feet of snow there. He was telling all hands afterward how he felt, you know. Poor old bugger, he was holding his heart like this, when he was telling them, because you knows his heart was beating hard every time he spoke about it. How he had time to think, I don't know All he could see was dogs, komatik, woman and child and everything down there. The bigger boys used to make fun of him, about how he was holding his heart. Maid, we were some frightened, he cried like a child, he and Patience when they got out of their misery. The child grew up and he's a widow man now. He was married to Stanley Campbell's sister. Wasn't he pretty, he was some pretty. Albert Rumbolt was his name. He belonged to Battle Harbour. Sarah Larkham was his mother.

19 Wooden box on a komatik used for carrying

The Polar Bear

By Dan Taylor

Researcher: Catherine Pye

Back in the sixties we used to haul down along. Haul down along was what we called it after we used to move from Fox Harbour back to Spew Harbour in the spring time on dogs and later years skidoos. Every year in April month, some years it might be March, we would haul down to Spear Harbour to get ready for fishing. We used to haul down everything because we only had one set of everything them days. The year of 1969 in the spring we had went down about the first of April. In the last week of May or the first week of June, we had gone to bed this night and there was still some snow on the ground. We lived in a two storey house and the snow was up to the top window upstairs then. We had a German Shepard dog and he would always be on the bridge. So this morning about 7 o'clock the dog started barking real savage. I heard the old man say "I wonder what's wrong with the dog now. It must be something he sees". I got up and went across the hall into the other room and looked out the window and the first thing I saw was a big old polar bear dodging down along by the window. I bawled out to the old man, theres a bear out by the door, so he jumped out of bed. When he looked out the bear was only about fifteen feet from the house and the dog got afraid of the bear and came back on the bridge.

The bear was dodging on down toward the stage. The old man sang out, "Dan, where are the bullets?" We never had no bullets because we never had no rifle only a twelve gauge. I told him that there were some bullets in my pocket and I was trying to get my clothes on. We always kept the gun in the house. He got the shells out of my pocket. He never had no shirt on but he had on what we called bullet proof underwear. It was big, had long arms and it had different colours in it. Anyway, he put on his rubbers and took off out the door after the bear. He ran toward the bear and when he got down there he walked because he was scared. He walked slowly towards the bear, and the bear walked slowly and looked at the old man. When he was about twenty feet from the bear, the bear stopped and the old man stopped and thought that was close enough. He put the gun up and fired at the bear. When he did, the bear jumped up on his hind paws and put his front paws in front of his face. You can't kill a bear with shot unless you blow out his eye or put it in his ear. The shot cannot injure the bear because it is only bone.

We thought he was going to grab the old man and before the old man could see what the bear was doing, he booted it back toward the house. At the same time, when he put on his rubbers, he had those knee rubbers, he had them on the wrong feet. His pants fell down because he never done up his belt. His storm front flap opened to his underwear and when he went to run, he used to trip up. When he did get to the door he couldn't get it open because when the old woman seen the bear she locked the door and went back to another room because she thought the bear was going to eat the old man. The old man was saying, "Open the door, open the door!!" She used to say "Where's the bear?" He said "'The bear is gone back up over the hill". Anyway, she opened the door for him and he came in and by this time I had my clothes on. He grabbed two more shells and she asked him where was the bear and he told her that he was gone over the hill toward the water on the other side.

He said to me, "Dan, you go get the speedboat." The old man took off as hard as he could go. By this time he had his belt buckled up but he still had his boots on the wrong feet and when he was going up over the point every now and then he used to trip up in his boots and he would almost fall down. I went and got the speedboat, went around the point and picked up the old man. The bear by this time was almost across the bottom on the other side. We got out and after a long time, we killed the bear. The last shot we blowed his eye out. We towed him home and hauled him on the wharf with the block and tackle.

By this time Uncle Joe, Jack and Dave Chubbs were on the other side. They didn't know what was going on and they came over and saw we had killed the bear and helped us to haul the bear up on the wharf. Dave said that was what must have been over to his house last night. We had a cat and we let her out. The window was broke in the room. I thought the cat broke the window trying to get in. I went out to the door and called out, "Here puss, puss." But the cat never came in so I shut the door again. So when I went in the room, we had only them small windows, eight by ten panes, the cold was coming in. I took off my jeans and stuffed them in the hole. I got in bed and when I did the jeans went out through the hole. So, I said the cat is not that big, so what did it I wonder. When he went back home, he had a look and here was where the bear had his front paws upon the house and slid down the wall and broke the window. His claw marks were left on the house. They didn't know anything else until they had seen that we had killed the bear and figured out the bear had visited them the night before.

Chapter 6

SUPERSTITIONS AND GHOST STORIES

Grandfather & the Stranger

By Verna A. Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I heard lots of ghost stories, hundreds and hundreds. My Grandfather George used to tell them like they were going out of style. When I was a little child I used to be frightened to death listening to him tell them but still for all I used to want to hear them. He didn't used to tell them to me. The older people would be together talking, just a chat in the late afternoon or before bedtime. Mom used to tell me a few stories that happened. The only thing I can remember them telling me about, when trying to frighten me as a child, is the boyhauler story to try to scare me from going on the wharf.

One incident Mom told me about was about Grandfather George. He was the type of man who would go anywhere. He wasn't nervous. He go anywhere - in the dark or in the country by himself. It didn't make any difference to him. Mom told me that even before I was born when he'd be going in the country, he'd go in the morning before daylight, go off with the lantern, and he would come home at night after dark with the lantern in his hand again. He'd do this day after day because he was a trapper. This particular day one winter he got up and went off to his snares. She said he'd never get back before dark but this particular day, it was only mid-afternoon and he walked in the house. He was as white as a sheet. She asked him what was the matter. He said he was getting ready to boil his kettle dinner time, to have his boil-up.⁽²⁰⁾ He was up on the Lodge River. He glanced across the river and he saw this man coming out of the woods. The first thing he thought was how good it would be to have someone to sit down and share lunch with. When the man came out of the woods and got on the hard snow on the river, he bent down to take off his snowshoes. The kettle boiled over and grandfather took his eyes off the man. When he looked again there was nobody coming. When he went over, there wasn't a print in the snow. He got a really big scare. He thought something happened home. He thought it was a token⁽²¹⁾. He returned home right away. He was so upset that he was in bed for two days. It took the good right out of him. I suppose, he got himself so worked up on his way home.

20 Boiling the kettle over a open fire outdoors.

21 A sign or signal that someone had died or was going to die.

Another story is about the jack-o-lantern - that was a light that people used to see like a lantern. There was no one particular place that people would sight this. I can remember one time when Mom and Dad had gone down to Uncle Franks playing cards, they had just come home and I heard them telling Uncle Raymond how they had seen the jack-o-lantern tonight. He was going across the harbour like the wind and up over Marley's Hill. That might have been a shooting star. A lot of the older people were superstitious. They might have investigated but might not have found anything.

The Ghost

By Faith Bradley

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Well, there was a woman out to Indian Cove one time. First when I went over there to live, that's fifty-six years ago, soon be fifty-seven. She used to tell me about the ghosts over on the island where we used to live. She said I'd never be able to stay there. I was wondering about the ghosts. I said, "Well, I don't believe in ghosts." And she said, "You're over there and you'll never live there." I said, "I didn't see anything any worse than myself over there yet!" Then she was telling me about one time she seen a lantern, a light come up from the graveyard and came down over the hill and she used to swing the light over her head, whoever it was, this ghost she called it. Then they came on down to the beach and the light went out. Never seen the light after. So that was alright. That was all I bothered about it.

Then over where we used to live, well, Paul had a dog pen where he used to pen his dogs. He had a pan on the pickets where he used to water his dogs. This old lady, she was home in her chair and she could see over across where we was at, see, and she used to be rocking back and forth in her chair. She could see this light. Every now and again she'd see the light and it'd go out. And she said she would watch and watch until she got tired. What the trouble was when I came to find out, heard her talking about it, I was over there one evening, this was where she was in her rocking chair and when she rocked back and forth she'd put out the light. When she'd go back, the light would shine on the can, on the pickets. This is what the ghost was! She used to be rocking in her chair, the old lady. Every time she'd be rocking back and forth. Whichever way she'd rock, she'd cut out the light that was shining on the can from the lamp through the window. This is what she called the ghost. Alright for her. She thought it was. Someone over there with a light. But that's what it would look like. So I never bothered about it. And I lived there and lived there and I never heard anything there. I lived there right up until five or six years ago when we moved in here. And I'd be there nights and nights by myself and I never bothered. I don't believe in ghosts or anything like that.

They used to say one time that there was a light down there going down towards Battle Harbour always see a light on the land. I never saw the light. They didn't know what caused it or anything like that. What I figured it might have been was they used to use iron shoes on their komatiks and I suppose when they go over the rocks in the night there would be a flash of light from the iron going over the rocks. I don't know. I never ever seen anything. I went down there a good many times in the night.

Ghosts and More Ghosts!!

By Stewart Pye
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

My full name is Henry Stewart Pye. I don't know why it is they called me by my second name. I'm called after my grandfather, Henry Thomas Pye. I was born in 1939.

Never ever seen a ghost. I don't think there's any such thing as ghosts. I've seen a few queer things over the years, like lights shining on something, you know. But there was always something to it. If you seen a light and you goes to investigate you're sure to find out what it is. I haven't seen that many but like sometimes you see a light and you wonder what that is. Now that shouldn't be there and when you come to find out it might be the reflection of a star or something shining on a bottle or a can or anything like that. Certainly not a ghost with a flashlight.

I heard my father say he was over to Cowhouse one time with I think was with Uncle George Pye and they seen a light out on Cowhouse Point and they said, "Oh for sure, it's a ghost!" But when they came to find out it was a light on the east end of Bell Island. So it turned out it wasn't a ghost after all.

Lots of people used to say they had seen ghosts but twas only somebody rigged up with a sheet or something like that. I'm not going to mention no names on this one but one time in the fall of the year when there was a crowd of fellers outside, out the Cape, sealing times when they was out there setting seal nets. There was one house out there, that's Dad and their house. That was always supposed to be haunted because it was spooky. Couldn't get nobody to stay there. So this feller in particular was going around the harbour in the night and certainly he was going to the house over on the point. When he got to this house, he had to stop. He heard a noise. He thought to himself, "Oh yes, he's in there tonight for sure!" And he had to come back. He wouldn't pass the door. The house was right out alongside the road. He had to come back and get somebody to go with him. So I think it happened to be my father that went with him to find out what they heard down the house. They went to see what it was. This was an old mother dog up in under the house with a brood of pups. That wasn't a ghost either.

Most people assumed, years ago they did, "Oh that was a ghost, boy. That was a ghost!" But I never ever seen one. I don't think I will to tell you the truth. But people years ago I think they really believed there was ghosts. And some people, they felt like there was ghosts and they made themselves believe it that much that they were frightened to death too, even the ones that used to rig up as ghosts.

There was no such thing as good ghosts. They were always bad. Any kind of a ghost was a bad one. I've heard of ghosts and then there's tokens. I believe in tokens. A token is something that some people say you can see before or after death. Like there's lots of times people sees things if someone is going to die or something. They see a token to remind them of something. It's some kind of a sign or something like that. Well, I can give you an example of one with my mother. The year my grandmother died, like I said I might not tell it like it really happened, but I think it was when she got ready to go to bed in the night or something. I'm not sure if it was on the stair

head or if they had any stairs or wherever but this thing went around her feet. She never seen it but she thought it was a rat running around her six or seven times. She didn't know what it was. She figured after when she heard the news that her mother was after dying that it was a token. She don't know yet what it was but they thinks it was some kind of a token.

I can't think of any more stories like that in my family. But there's lots of old things happened years ago. They say they used to see this and they used to see that and they used to see awful kinds of old things. I never ever seen Smoker either. Years ago, dog team times that was, this old feller he got lost down here somewhere on the Labrador in one of the bays somewhere or other in a snowstorm. He got lost. And they never ever found him, I don't think. Never ever found no trace of him. So years after that, every once in a while when fellers would be out and when they'd expect to have a storm or something they'd see this Smoker feller. They'd see him. He was all dressed in white. They'd see him, dogs and komatik and everything. And when they'd see him, they could never catch him. They'd never get close to him but they could always see him. But when they would see him, they always used to say well look out for a storm the next day, a storm coming up. That's what they used to say. I never ever saw him but I used to hear people say they saw him. But they could never ever find no tracks of him.

There's lots of old stuff happened years ago but I don't remember it now.

Ghost at Seal Rocks

By Leander Poole

Researchers: Daphne Richard/ Judy Pye

Me and the old man went up the bay to tail some traps. We was up there three or four days, a week or something. And when we came out, we had a little dory see, we were rowing. When we got down to a little place called the seal rocks. There was a campin' place there. There was an old man from NFLD named Wentzell. He camped there. He told the old man where to set the camp. When we sat there that night we heard a man screechin' and bawlin' off. He started screechin' just when it was getting dark. He screeched until 2:30 in the morning before he knocked off. It was in the fall of the year. You could put your head out through the camp door. Twas a canvas tent we had then, just for the night. Then he would stop screechin'. Then you would go on back in. Then you would hear him screechin' again. The last noise he made was a loud one and then we never heard him after. It was a nice night. A storm came on after that. They say there was a feller got lost there one time. He smothered in a snowstorm. I don't know how come he smothered in the woods. He must have just give up, I suppose. I think that place is haunted and that man was the ghost of the man who got lost.

Boyhaulers

By Laura Pye
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Dad and them used to tell us when they used to go out in boat, "Now don't go over there on the wharf or down in the beach because the boyhaulers will get you?" Whatever that was, I don't know. We used to be frightened to death then because if we'd go down in the beach, the first thing we would think was perhaps the old boyhauler would come up after us. They just said, "The boyhaulers will come and get you!" So we just took it for granted that they were going to come up out of the water after us, is all I know. I guess we used to be that scared, we didn't think about it. When our parents were there, we used to go over on the wharf. It's just when they were gone, we weren't allowed to go there.

The Day My Father Saw Himself

By Laura Pye
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I can remember a story about my father when he was young he used to be always hunting and stuff. I remember one time when he was up in later years then, I suppose, and he went in the woods this day to go hunting and went off in the path as happy as could be and then all of a sudden he saw this man over on the path a nice ways ahead of him. This man was coming towards him and he watched and he walked on in. He was going to meet this man. He watched and then he turned his head away and when he looked this man was gone. He was on a straight path. I mean, the man was coming right towards him. When he came home he was telling us about it and he said, "God, I seen myself in the woods today!" He almost got scared for the minute. It looked like himself to him and he thought, "God, I'm going to meet myself!" He said he turned his head away and he almost felt like coming home because he thought something was going to happen. When he came home he was telling us about it but apparently nothing never happened. He said he thought it was a token. He didn't know why he saw it, not up until the day he died. I heard him say it two or three times. He said it really looked like himself!

Another time when they were living in Corner Brook, that was the year his dad died. They had a cat. The cat hopped up on the bed three times. It was the next day or shortly after that they got this message saying his father had died. They figured that was a token too.

Chapter 7

THE HANDY THINGS WE DO

My Hobby

By Bert Coish

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt



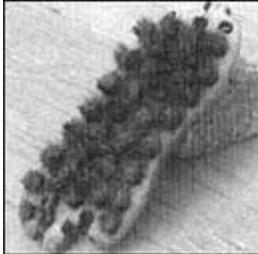
Bert Coish holding his award winning brass caulking iron. Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt

I've been making things ever since I can remember. I'll soon be 87 years old. I was born in 1911 on the 23rd of August. I don't know how long I've been making it now, mostly since I retired. Just for a hobby, mainly. I'd be down in the store and I had nothing else to do. I liked to be down there. I used to spend hours and hours down there, days. I made a boat, a sailboat. She was 6 feet long and 4 feet high. She was all planked the same as a schooner. She was a two-masted schooner. I made the sails out of flour sack. I made it all myself. I had no plans at all. I just took it out of my head, that's all. I give her to my daughter. She got her up to Trinity Bay. A lot of people have seen her, they says. They says it a wonderful job. That's a sixty-four dollar question how long it took me to do that. I just didn't go down and spend all day at that the one time. I'd spend a few hours at it and I'd heave it down and try something else for a while.

I made a brass caulking iron. That's used for caulking a boat, driving the oakum in a boat to seal between the planks. I won an award with that - \$500. I got second prize. It was an Atlantic Competition. Someone from Goose Bay came in and saw it and they wanted to take it down. I didn't make the plaque its on. Jack Squires made the plaque. I could have went to Prince Edward Island to get the award. I didn't go. I also made an anchor, a hammer and a plumb-bob out of brass. I make all kinds of things out of wood too. I've made candle holders, lamp stands, wooden spoons. I give it all away. I made quite a few paper towel racks. I made one of them for all the girls. I don't be down there in the shed now. I enjoyed every minute of it when I was at it. I used to make wooden spoons too. Used to give them away. My candle holders have gone over to Scotland, everywhere. Nurses that was here took them.

Porcupine Hair Filled Brush

By Aunt Gertrude Chubbs
Researcher: Eva Luther



Porcupine hair scrub brush front. *Photo courtesy of Eva Luther*

You get the hair from the lower part of the tail of a porcupine because there are quills on the top part, just like on a porcupine's back. You cut off the tail and scalds it the same as you would pick feathers from a duck. The hair comes off and this is what you use. You gets the back made, some of the men would carve out the back. This got to be done out of hard wood. The soft is no good. They had to make a tool to put the holes through the back of the hard wood. They made it out of the back part of a file, you know the end that goes into the handle.



Back of the porcupine scrub brush showing the lacing detail. *Photo courtesy of Eva Luther*

When you got a file and you got to use it a lot, you got to have a handle on it. Well now, you had to file down that end of the file or chisel it down or use some kind of grinder or something and make the tool so it could make the holes small on top and bigger on the bottom so it could hold the hair. That was the men's work to make the holes but some of the men would fill the holes for the women. I filled this brush myself. I didn't mind but it used to cut my hand hauling the line through. There was no special line you would use. I think this was called cotton twine, what they used to knit cod traps and stuff like that out of. When the brush was filled with porcupine hair, you'd get the scissors and snip them off fair because some of the hair would be stuck out so far and you'd snip them all the same height.

I've had this one for years and years. I don't know but I made this one after we had canvas. We didn't have canvas for a good many years, you know, and then we had to scrub the boarden floor with the porcupine brush. Yes indeed, but after, we got the canvas, we didn't have as much use for the porcupine brush but we had to use them once in a while. Sometimes, we had to use them for a very good use too and that was to scrub out the men's white canvas overall clothes. That was something to do. It was white and when it was bleached, it would come as white as your shirt. That was the men's cruising parka, not parka, but dickies we used to call them. They were round ones you used to have to haul down over your head with the hood all made onto them. They had three pieces of white canvas clothes and the men, that was their outside winter clothes years ago. It was white and it looked like a sin for them to put it on when it was cleaned up. They'd have overalls, not full bodied ones, but ones that would have buttons to go with braces, same as the men's pants. Then they'd have a jumper, made like a dickie only it wouldn't zipper, it buttoned over. Then they had a dickie to go over all that. That was all made of white canvas. That will give you an idea of how hard the poor old women used to have to work. You'd have to scrub that more than once in the wintertime. They didn't wear that in the summer certainly. That was their everyday wear around clothes and was worn and washed a good many times and bleached out. My maid it looked like a sin to have to put it on and mess it up again.

Aunt Suze Curl - hers used to be whiter than the snow I think. More than once she used her brush like that in the not too frosty weather. If there was a mild, she'd scrub her bridge, her rail and her gate where you put the loop over the gate to hapse it. My maid, that would be so white as the bit of clean board out there on the planchion⁽²²⁾. Yes, I guarantee you maid, she was some old woman to work.

SOAP

By Aunt Gertrude Chubbs
Researcher: Eva Luther

You take ashes out of your stove and put them in a boiler with water, put it on the stove and let it boil for so long and then you'd take that boiler off and lodge⁽²³⁾ it in the porch. When it was cold, you'd strain off the water, put some more ashes in it and then let it boil again. You'd do this because that wasn't strong enough yet. You'd boil two lots of ashes and I'd think it was just as strong as the Gillet's Lye. You wouldn't believe it but it was true. Now you'd boil your second lot of ashes and let them cool off and then you'd strain the lye water off the second lot of ashes and then you'd put that back in the same boiler again, after you'd cleaned the ashes out of it. Now, you'd take the seals fat, cut it up in little small bits and you'd put that in the lye and you'd boil that then for so long at a time, so many hours. Then you'd take some out, maid and you'd drop some on a bit of cold water in a dipper, or a pan or whatever you mind to. When that was stood enough to your liking, your soap was cooked. Then, you'd take off your pot of soap and put it in a cold place, then all you had to do was take your knife, my maid, and cut it up to whatever size blocks you wanted to use. We used to use that for scrubbing mats and everything. T'was the best soap you could get for wooden floors. T'was too strong to use for face soap. see. T'was too powerful, but to clean off your wooden floors, because everybody in my day had wooden floors, you had to scrub them with a brush and the porcupine brush, they always found was the best. Yes, my maid, in the winter time when the women would get a chance, they'd get seal's fat. You'd always use seal's fat, you'd never wait till it got stale.

22 Front bridge of a house.

23 To lay

MATS

By Aunt Gertrude Chubbs
Researcher: Eva Luther

Yes, my maid, I hooked lots of mats. I had an armful of mats and they all spoiled down there in the old house. That house we used to live into, they never bothered about it and it got leaky and the mats spoiled. I had some beautiful mats. Yes, my maid, we all used to hook mats - day and night, after supper you'd go hooking your mats. In the daytime you'd get your dinner on, get it cleared away and whatever you had to do and then it was to get down the mat frame. The men used to hate to see them because they said they were always in the way. There wasn't very many men who agreed with the mat frame but they had to put up with them. That's what the women used to do to get money. The men would make the hooks out of nails. I had two or three but Vic had the best one. You'd never believe what it was made of but its true, - a fork. It was a small fork and it wore out, the tops got broke off. They file it down, made it straight down because all you had to do was file it down and put a beard on it out there. There was your handle and there was your hook. That was the best one among all the mat hooks. Mat hooks was like everything else, there was favorites and some was way, way, way better than others. That's how they'd get the hooks. No such thing as going to the store to buy a hook.

We used to make raggedy jack mats too. That was made out of the big loops. You'd sit down to your mat frame with your hook and you'd hook up loops. Most of the women used to cut every strand and they looked a way, way nicer and they wasn't so ungainly like that, when they were hooked up long maid, the mats was awful hard to handle. When you'd go out to beat them out they was too heavy. We mostly used to use them for foot wipers, for the door when you'd come in. Most of the women used to have lots of nice mats to go on their floor. Anyone who had an upstairs had their rooms and their stairs covered with mats. There wasn't too many houses who didn't have mats. Everyone had a mat frame and some of them had a quilt frame.

BOATS

By Aunt Gertrude Chubbs
Researcher: Eva Luther

There was a lot of people who never built a boat in their life. A lot of people. There was only certain people used to build boats. There was a lot of people who didn't have a motorboat years ago. I can remember when the first motorboat came around here. I'll sing you a part of a little song that was made up about the first motorboat that ever came here:

Anybody here seen Tobin?
T-O-B-I-N
Is there anybody here seen Tobin?
You'd know him by his grin.

His hair is red and his eyes are blue.
He is Irish through and through

Is there anybody here seen Tobin?
Tobin in the motorboat.

There was a Tobin here when they cut the pit props up in Lewis' Bay and that was years and years ago. I was only a small girl and some of the boys around made up this song. It was a whole song but that was all I ever learned of it. This Tobin was the head over the wood they were cutting. He had the first boat and they decided to make up a song about it.

When people saw the first boat they thought the world of it. I can remember about the first motorboat and Tobin up in the bay with the wood work. They thought they were the richest in the world, anyone that could get a motorboat, but they were scarce here for a good many years. But, finally after that one would help another build their boat, or some of their friends would help them build a boat. That way it was a bit cheaper. They had no money to pay them but nevertheless, one friend would go to help the other one so he would have a boat to fish in. Then they would get an engine on credit and pay for their engine. If they had a motorboat they had a better chance to get more fish and they'd get more money, and then have a chance to pay for the engine.

KULLICKSENAIRS (KULL - ICKS - IN - EARS)

By Aunt Gertrude Chubbs
Researcher: Eva Luther

There was something else they used to make. This was a piece of food, they called it kullicksenairs. Did you ever hear tell of it? Now, I wouldn't know how to put it together to make a word out of it. You'd get your flour and your soda and sometimes they made them with molasses in them and sometimes with no molasses. But anyway, you'd get your flour and your soda and a bit of salt and sprinkle in your flour the same as if you was going to make some buns. You'd mix that up my maid, like a piece of pastry, you know mix it up hard and you'd put it on your cloth and you'd get your rolling pin and roll it out ever so thin. Then you'd cut it out in blocks and put trenches in it (lattice like). Then you put your fingers through all those spaces. Now you don't cut them apart here because you have to have a bit of pastry left to catch hold to. Now thats an Eskimo word, kullicksenairs. My mother and another woman down the Creek used to make lots of them and they would cut all these out and then they would go and drop them in a small boiler of seal oil and cook them. When they were cooked, they were delicious. Yes, they were delicious. They used to make bread pans full, my mother and Aunt Heidi Toms because there was big families of us. They was only just small but they was nice and we all liked them. Yes, that's what it was called, kullicksenairs. Now I wouldn't know how to spell it.

Traveling Snowshoes

By Levi Spearing
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was born up in Hook Pole Cove. That's the right name for it. Hatter's Cove people call it now. I suppose when you went up there you turn to your left and you always called that hatter, and that's why they called it Hatter's Cove. Hook Pole Cove, that's supposed to be the right name for it. I was born March 12, 1926. I'm seventy-two years old.



Levi Spearing holding a pair of snowshoes.
Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt

My father learned me how to make carts, komatiks, fix a boat, build a boat. I was about twenty years old when my father learned me how to do these things. I have made my own komatiks and built my own boats. My father taught me how to turn snowshoes when I was fifteen years old. We were living in Port Hope Simpson then. Everyone that didn't understand how to make snowshoes themselves had to get someone to make them. A good many people knew how to make snowshoes but not everybody. Women didn't make snowshoes, not that I know for. They'd be knitten', making mitts and socks and skin boots. People had snowshoes for walkin' around through the woods, keep you up from sinkin' down in the snow. You had to walk around through the woods in deep snow, you had to have those snowshoes. Perhaps you'd be in cuttin' firewood, perhaps you'd go off huntin'. Well, if you went to go on a journey anywhere you had to have these snowshoes in case you strike the deep snow see. Because if you had a load on with dogs, probably you'd have to put them on and walk ahead to beat the snow down for the dogs to get along. You'd walk along over the snow, see.

Well, you'd need birch wood to make snowshoes. Birch is different, better for turning, softer wood. You'd go in and pick out a birch, you cut a good one you want, a good clear birch. You bring it out and rip it up in strips and then you'd go and plane it up with the plane and when you got it ready you'd get a drop of warm water, hot water, and you'd steam it. That's for any place with a sharp turn like the tail part. But the head part, now you didn't need any steam. You could take it and turn it with your hands or you could turn it around another pair of rackets⁽²⁴⁾. You could haul it together the size that you want it. This is the racket bow.

24 Another name for snow shoes.

Next you'd take the chisel and cut out notches so far to put beams across the head part of the racket where you put your toe. Another set of beams down by the foot. Two sets of beams - one across the forward part and one across the after part. You cut a notch and fit the beams in. You'd haul the racket apart and when he go back in the notch, that was it see. You'd bore holes down through the head and the tail for to put the lines through to hook the filling onto. One time we used cotton twine but now we uses nylon twine to fill in the forward and after part of the snowshoe. You passes one part over the other. One part nips the other and keeps it in place and that.

The middle part of the racket; one time we'd fill it in with seal skin but now we fills it in with drag net twine. You leaves a hole called a toe hole for to work your toe in. Some uses a piece of seal skin or leather or something to make a sling to keep your boot on. But I didn't use that. First I used to use a piece of seal skin for a sling, put it through and come level for my toe to go into, come back and tie around the heel of my boot. Then you puts your toe out in your snowshoes, ties the sling around your foot and takes off.

It takes me two or three days to make a pair of snowshoes. It takes a nice while. I wouldn't doubt that I've made more than a hundred pairs. They went everywhere, these snowshoes. All over the place. Out in Germany, up in Manitoba, up in different parts of Newfoundland, even over in some part of India. Angela, the nurse, had a pair to take home with her. I don't know what she wanted them for, a souvenir or something. She never bought them for snow for sure. Up in Boston, everywhere. People came and wanted a pair. A good many places. They're even down around Goose Bay and over in Ireland. Just about everywhere. I did take pride in my snowshoes but I don't so much now because I'm getting fooled up on that you know. So long at it, see. Mostly made them because people wanted snowshoes. The first fellers had them I turned them almost for nothing. More for past time now. I don't think I turned either pair this year.

Birch Broom

By Guy Pye
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

This birch broom was made by a man by the name of Wall Stone. He's not around here anymore. That was his past time. He used to make a lot of them. I have made them. I learned by watching Dad and other people making them. They have been used in the home but mostly they were used around the stores like down around the twine loft for sweeping out the old dust and stuff. Probably out in the porch too for sweeping up the old wood rind and cleaning down the stage.



Guy Pye holding a birch broom.
Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt

When you pick out a stick, you pick out a nice straight birch without any burls, not twisty because it has to be straight-grained to be stripped with the grain. Well, I guess the first thing you would have to do would be to cut a ring around and take the rind of the part that you are going to strip. You'd leave the rind on the bottom part that goes to the handle to keep the bristles from going back too far. Then you got to go around the birch a lot of times before you can get one strand to stay on. Every time you strip one up, it'll probably tear up before it gets halfway down. So you would have to go around a half dozen times before you would get one strand to come right down to the bottom of the rind. There's a good many thousand strands in one broom. But you keep on stripping around and stripping around, as even as you could. You can't stick your knife in too deep because you don't want too coarse bristles. You haul back one strand and that strand has to be held back opposite way. Then you go right on around. Every time one strand is pulled back it has to be held there. You could use a piece of line to hold it there. You go right on around the broom until you get all the way around it. You can get all the stick stranded down because when you get into the center of the stick it begins to get all burly. So you just strip out as much as you can get out of it until you get to the heart. You would have bristles enough then and you would cut off that part left. This one got neither handle. But if you look around through the woods and find a nice straight stick, you would pair out the handle after you have your broom made. You cut it down nice and even, plane it out sand it down and you would have a handle and all to go into your broom.

I haven't made very many, probably a half dozen over the years. It's a nice thing to have around. Most everybody had birch brooms around. Now, somebody might have one for a keepsake, something to look at. You don't see them used very much anymore.

Chapter 8

OLD TIME REMEDIES

Old Home Remedies

By Guy Poole

Researcher: Peggy Brown

Back in the old days, of course, you couldn't go to the stores, I guess, and pick up a bottle of aspirin. So when you had the flu apparently the old people adapted remedies that they believed worked. They used to go out on the land and they'd get the juniper tree, come home and boil it and steep it out and drink the liquid. This would give them a lot of energy and cure their flu. There was another plant which they called bog beans. This grew on bog leaves in some of the ponds or bogs. They would use a hook attached to a line and they would throw the hook out into the pond, let it sink down to the bottom of the pond and then they'd hook the roots of the plant and haul it in. So what they used to do then was bring the plant home, boil it and drink the liquid. This was also good for the flu.

When they would get a sore throat they would get a salt herring right out of the herring barrel full of pickle. They'd clean the pickle off a little bit and they'd wrap this salt herring in red flannel and then they'd put a bit around their neck. This was used to cure their sore throats.

With the flu, there was often headaches. A lot of the old people used to get a bit of brown paper, the kind of paper used for wrapping up parcels in the shops and that. Basically, they'd get this piece of brown paper and they'd soak this in the vinegar plant. Then they would put this paper on their forehead. Apparently, in no time the headache would go away.

With the flu you'd often get a cough, especially the children. In the spring of the year the kids would get a terrible cough in the nighttime. The older people used to mix up molasses, butter, and a drop of kerosene oil and boil that on the stove and cool it off. Then they would pull it and stretch the candy with their hands. They would cut this and shape it into small square candies. In the nighttime when the kids would be coughing the parents would give them some molasses candies. I can remember the candies were really good too and would cure the cough. Lots of times we would try to fool our parents by pretending to cough. I guess we never fooled them but they gave us the candy anyway.

A lot of people got boils because they wasn't eating many fruits and vegetables. The old people would get some white bread and soak it in hot water and if you had a finger boil they would make a finger stall and fill this finger stall with the soaked hot bread. This would be changed everyday. After a few days the core that would be in the boil, this soft bread poultice it was called, would draw the poison out and the boil would get better.

Years ago when I would be fishing I'd have a lot of water pups, especially on my wrists. That's where the rubber clothes used to chafe and make blisters called water pups. The salt water along

with the chafing would cause this. Some people would have to spend time in the hospital from this. A soft bread poultice was used. I think these pups would have turned to blood poison without this soft bread poultice. Once I had red streaks going up my arm and they used this and it worked. Sometimes if you had boils a lot the old people would mix up some flour water and sit it by your bed post at the same time every morning for nine mornings running. Every morning you would take a mouthful of flour water. In the later years the merchants used to have some small fine copper chains and we'd wrap it around our wrists. Vartie grease was a kind of grease that used to come off these chains and it would get embedded in the pores of the flesh and apparently salt water couldn't get in then. It worked for me. Before the merchants brought those chains on the coast, the old people used to use another thing so they wouldn't get water pups. They would dip their hands down in the cod oil every morning. The cod oil was made from cod liver rendered out in a drum. They would save this drum and in the fall of the year they'd ship this to the merchants and get a fairly good price for it.

For nose bleeds they would get something cold made out of steel like a steel used for sharpening knives. They would stuff that down inside the t-shirt next to the bare flesh. You would lean back a bit. I guess the cold would cause the blood to clot.

The cure for sea sickness is kind of gross and I never tried it. If you would drink the bulge water down in the bottom of the boat once, it would stop your sickness. This bulge water was salt and fresh water mixed together that had been standing for weeks down in the dill room. This was the room under the engine.

Olden Day Medicines

By Stewart Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

Well, if they had a cut the first thing they would go for would be the turpentine of a big bladder on the fir tree. First thing they'd go for. Grab one of them and stick it on and wrap it up with a bit of rag and in a couple of days it would be better. The turpentine would stick it all together and heal the cut and two or three days, you'd never know it was there. I'd say it worked better than what they use today. I would use it now if I cut myself and I was in a position to have it, to get one, I would. I've used it in my day on my finger. Wrap it up with a bit of rag. Sure in a couple of days, it would be as good as new.

When we used to get chest colds, I used to see mother mixing up molasses, kerosene oil, Minard's Liniment and I don't know what else she used to put into it. They'd mix all that up together in a saucer. And if you had a sore throat you'd probably take a few drops of it in a little spoon or you would swallow it. Indeed you would! I don't remember what it was like but apparently it used to work. You could rub your chest with it and this kind of stuff. You wouldn't drink very much. It didn't have that much kerosene oil in it. If you was mixing it up in a saucer, it would only have a few drops or something like that. But it worked or they used to think it worked.

When I was growing up, mother told me that I drank that much cod oil that my shirt turned yellow. Honest, that's true. It came through the skin. She was serious. Cod oil was good too. Even up when we went to school, we used to drink cod oil all the time. Every morning when we went to school, you'd have to take your cod oil. It tasted yucky! But there it was. It kept you healthy. Cod oil is the best thing in the world, sure, for health. If you didn't have your cod oil every day, you wasn't healthy.

Castor oil if you was constipated. That was the real stuff. A couple of spoonfuls of that and you had no worries No exlax then.

Juniper was good for all kinds of sickness. They used to get that little ground juniper that the berries grows on. Well, they used to boil that out. That was wonderful; good for flu, colds and that kind of stuff. They used to use that all the time. I can't remember using that in my day, just the same, but I can remember when they was using it. The juniper and juniper berries would be all boiled up together to make a juice. I think they used to drink it, as far as I know. If you get an infection on your chest now or something well you can go to the nurse and get a few pills and in a few days it's all cleared up. I don't know if it's any better or not. You probably think it's better or something. It never worked no better, I don't know. It did work, it really worked. There's no doubt about that, it worked.

For a headache you'd get an old piece of brown paper and put some vinegar on it and stick it on your head and sure that worked too. Well I suppose, that was their headache remedy. Well, I don't know what it used to do, whether it worked or just you believed into it. Just like putting away warts. If you got a wart on your finger and I says, "Well I'm going to put away that wart." Well if you believes, that wart is going to go away, it probably will. There was people that claimed they could put away warts. And it really worked. It happened. I really got no explanation for that one. I do think that if you believe in something, it will probably happen. That's the only explanation I can tell you. Some people say if you get a piece of fat pork and rub over your wart and say a prayer and throw it back over your shoulder, it'll go away. Some more people catch hold to your finger and they rub the wart and they'll say the Lord's Prayer or I don't know what they say but if you believe in it, the wart will go away. Really, it do happen sometimes. I've known it to happen. It happened to me. Somebody had a wart. And I held on the wart and rubbed it a bit and God knows what I said. But it was only two or three days and the wart was gone. But probably it would have went away anyway.

Home - Based Doctoring

By Paul Bradley
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

People would use turpentine for cuts. If you had a ache in your stomach, you have a cup of dry juniper. You'd pick a lot of that in the fall of the year. There wasn't much headaches then. Put a cold cloth on your head. If you had a chest cold bad enough, you'd have a poultice made out of fat pork, pepper, mustard and that kind of stuff. They'd spread it on a rag and put it on your chest. It cured people. They'd cut up the pork fine and mix it all up. They used cod oil and red flannel. Mom used to seep it out. She'd get the liver from the fish and boil it and get the oil. If you had the flu or a sore throat, you'd get a spoon full every morning. She'd have so much done up in the fall of the year. It didn't taste very good, I know. I think it used to work alright. At least, you used to get better. Must have done some good, I suppose.

One time I had a gathered hand. It was really sore. My wife was treating it with a warm bread poultice - bread torn up in small pieces soaked with hot water and then strained and put over gathering or sore with a piece of rag. The *Marvelle* was coming with the doctor on board and so I went out to see him. The doctor took off the bandage and looked at the gathering on my hand. He looked for a while. Then he said, "Mr. Bradley, who has been tending to your hand?" I said, "My wife." And he said, "Go home. She has been doing a much better job than I could ever do!" And with that he put the bandage back around my hand and sent me on my way.

Chapter 9

THIS N ' THAT

Glaveen

By C. J. Poole

On the inner side of Fox Harbour Point there is a nice grassy place called Glaveen's Cove. When I was growing up on the Point during the early 1950's this cove was home to three families. They were Uncle Eliga Strangemore and his wife, Rachel; Uncle Bill Howell, Aunt Mary Ann and young Bill and Paul Holley and his family. Around 1955 Uncle Lige launched his house off in the water and towed it across the harbour to Frankie's Cove. Soon after other families built houses and moved to the Cove. This is my personal recollection of Glaveen's Cove but apparently the history of the Cove goes back many years.

Apparently Pat Glaveen was an Irish fisherman that came to Labrador, probably in the 1700's. There is an interesting story about Pat. It seems that he did not get along very well with his wife and he schemed up a way to get rid of her. He wanted to do this in a "dacent manner" as he put it so he went to Bidy and told her of his plan. He told her that he had heard that hanging was the most pleasant way a person could die and that he wanted to try it. The plan was put in place and he said "Now Bidy, when you are ready kick out the stool and as soon as you see me kick, cut me down." Well poor Bidy, fell for his trick and done as she was told. As soon as Pat fell on the floor he began to rant and roar "Oh, what an experience it was, I am sorry you cut me down, I saw St. Peter at the gate, welcoming me with open arms." So now Bidy I'm going to give you the same chance. Once again Bidy fell for his trick. The noose was procured, rope hung over the beam and she stood on the stool. Pat kicked out the stool and there fell Bidy, hanging by the rope, but not for long. A neighbour had been listening to the whole scheme, ran in and cut the poor creature down. Pat never tried this trick again.

I make no wonder, that to this day the grass still grows, tall and green in Glaveen's Cove!

SIGHTSEEING MEMORIES

By Gerald Pye

Standing on a mountain top
My back pack in my hand
By the side of my skidoo
Viewing this wondrous land.

Viewing the great valleys
From me now far below
The brooks, ponds and forests great
covered o'er with ice and snow

Great mountains in the distance
Many hills all around
Each eye movement that I make
More beauty to be found.

Great beauty in the country
Far back from the sea
All is quiet and peaceful
Tis where I love to be.

There's wolf tracks in the valley
Quickly check my 44
Ease my skidoo into gear
Good to hear the motor roar.

As I break down in the valley
Quickly the problem found
Recheck my old 44
as the wolf pack howl around.

Back home 25 miles later
Enjoy the home fire burn
Great beauty in the country
Very much to learn.

Christmas

By Douglas Bradley
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I wrote this poem for my four girls. They all left home at the same time and they wanted me to write a poem about what it was like at home without them.

The ocean lies between us
The hills and mountains high.
The northern lights are flashing
Across a moonlit sky.

A lonely wind is blowing
But stars are shining bright.
Our thoughts and wishes are with you
on this first Christmas night.

There are memories of the family
Old toys and school books too.
Your pictures they hang on the wall
Reminding us of you.

There are happy thoughts of everyone
Through tear we cannot hide.
Our home it is no mansion
But it's warm and snug inside.

There is no chimney made of brick
No open fireplace.
But there's a warmth in our home
All is welcome to embrace.

Our Christmas tree is all set up.
Decorating is all done
Our Christmas gifts are by the tree
from each and every one.

Some are tied with ribbon
And some are tied with string
But they all mean the same to us
No matter what they bring.

The Christmas lights are on the tree
In yellow, green and red.
The old wall clock is striking twelve
and children are snug in bed.

While they sleep old Santa works
with his reindeer and his sleigh.
His work is done for another year
For now it's Christmas day.

The telephone is ringing
For someone to attend.
And the voice that is so familiar
Comes from the other end.

Our Christmas dinner is ready
With all the trimmings too.
There's nothing we'd like better
Then to share it all with you.

Yes, the ocean lies between us
and we are far apart.
But we'll be there for Christmas
If it's only in our heart.
Yes, we'll be there for Christmas
If it's only in our heart.

"The Chewing Gum Song"

By Walter Stevens
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was 15 or 16, I dear say, 20, might have been 20 years old when I first heard the song. It was something the young fellers would sing when they were having parties.

"The Chewing Gum Song"

I knew a girl, a very fine girl that you did ever see
Her age was just seventeen and dearly I loved she
Her father was quite wealthy and he had a large income
But the only thing was the matter with the girl she was always chewing gum

I took her to the ball one night for to enjoy the fun
Stopped right in the middle of the dance and took her chew of gum
I introduced her to some friends. They all thought she was dumb
But the only thing was the matter with the girl she was always chewing gum

The night I popped the question and the wedding day had come
The parson came to tie the knot and her mouth was full of gum
She could not say she'd be my bride so I jumped up to run
But the only thing was the matter with the girl she was always chewing gum

The Compass & The Weather Glass

By Paul Pye

Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt



Paul Pye's compass. Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt

This compass is very old. My father had it in the boat when I got big enough to go fishing with it. I suppose that would be about 45 years ago, if not longer. My birth date is February 10th, 1935. As far as I know, I was born here in Lodge Bay by midwife. I wouldn't be able to say who it was that born me for sure but making a good guess by who was midwife at that time, it was Aunt Heddy Pye. No relation but called "Aunt" Heddy because she was an older person in the community and we called all the older people uncles and aunts. This compass was all my father used. He didn't have anything else besides this old card compass. That's the only thing he had to find his way around in the fog. You didn't go very far in them days, not like they go today. We went not further than ten miles, within a ten mile radius. I'm sure there were seasons we didn't go that far, it just depended on how plentiful the fish was and how close by it was. If it got foggy, the compass got hauled out from under the after seat in the boat. My father kept it there because that was his place in the boat and that's where he kept it to for his liking to look after it so us young fellers jumping around wouldn't break it. That's about all he kept there. Just the compass and his own jigger. In 1955, I think, was the Iona Storm. That compass was in the motor boat at the time. Because it was late in the fall and there was a breeze coming on, the boat was moored down in Wall's Tickle. Through the night when the storm was at its height, the boat went bottom up in the tickle. That compass went out from under the after seat and went to the bottom. I'm not too sure how they got it back because I wasn't home that summer. But when I got home they were telling me about it. Somehow they seen it on the bottom. The water wasn't all that deep there. In dead low tide they got a long stick on a dip net and rooted it out in the dip net with a gaff. It still works. My father fished for a good many years after that. When he knocked off using it I use it. I think it was always in my trap skiff. I don't think I had another one until I built the thirty-five foot long liner which I put a different compass in that one. The compass was still used on times right up until the moratorium.



Paul Pye's weather glass. Photo courtesy of Paul Pye

I got a weather glass down in my cabin, out the bay here about three miles. It came out of the lighthouse on Camp Islands, I think it was, the first lighthouse that was there. It was given to my father by an old man by the name of Sandy Vivian who looked after the light and the foghorn on Camp Islands for a number of years. I don't know how long he was there. He gave the glass to my father when I was only a boy. Uncle Sandy was finished on Camp Islands at the time. I think he was probably pensioned off or got too old to come down or whatever. I would imagine that he had it a good many years before that. That glass was out in the old house out in Cape Charles after my father died. I lived in the house all the time and what was there was mine. It's not fancied up like the ones we got today, very simple. It works perfect. I'm able to tell the weather a lot better by that one than what I am by the new one. I guess that because I've watched it closer while I was

fishing. That glass has always sat in my kitchen at Cape Charles, all through the years I was fishing and I watched it fairly close. I depended on it. I never had one in Lodge Bay until I got a new one. I don't know a darn thing about the new one. I don't even watch it in the winter time because it don't mean that much to me. I think the biggest reason I put it in my cabin is because I wanted to get it out of the house out in Cape Charles where it was sitting to because I thought that one day it would disappear from out there. I didn't need it here in the Lodge in the house because I already had one so it ended up in the cabin.

The Starvation Song

By Alex Poole

(Composed at Fox Harbour in July, 1948)

Come all ye sons of Labrador, come listen to my song,
While I explain in language plain, how this winter things went on.;
How the noble sons of Labrador. Hard workers, free not grand.
Were forced to take that poor relief, brought down from Newfoundland.

Responsible Government are promising much, before they are elected.
But what they'll do for us poor folks, may be what we least expected.
They are promising lots of labour, I hope it won't be strife.
They say that into Labrador they'll breath the breath of life.

Not forgetting our Convention candidate, who squarely told us all.
That Hope - Simpson had gone Bankrupt and supplies must come this fall.
Oh what a mess our men were in; I'm sorry for to say
That we'll always be in trouble while we live in Lewis' Bay.

Now for a while this winter, we all looked up with hope.
Hope - Simpson it was working, but it soon died without hope.
That company died a sudden death and left my men to stand.
And take that dole from hand to mouth, brought down from Newfoundland.

Some people blame the company, that we are down and out.
But we must thank the government for sending "*The Codroy*" out.
The food was handed out to them, "Five dollars a head" was all.
The person who can live on that can live on nothing at all.

The stores were full of food supplies, but rations, they were small.
Of cocoa, baloney and cereal; there was none of that at all.
The food was sometimes taken away in a very small pack - sack.
For two to live a month on that was living on dry wack.

Not a word about our loggers, so noble and so brave.
They earn their bread and butter, and take no time to shave.
Today there's no employment, and everything looks blue.
But Confederation is coming in the life boat of Rescue.

Not leaving out our fishermen, the mainstay of our land.
To keep starvation from their doors, they need a helping hand.
Why flour is twenty three fifty a barrel, I cannot understand.
The men who put the price on that, is he in Newfoundland?

Now these men they had to walk some fifty miles or more.
By a hauling rope they took their food from Fox Harbour to their door.
For the Magistrate had told them, their dogs they could not keep.
Unless they had the food to give them and plenty of it to eat.

But these poor children must survive on five dollars a month per head.
And these poor folks who live on that it's better they were dead.
While we chew hard tack in Tooth Cove, in Battle Harbour they have ham.
The man they have to thank for that, his name is Uncle Sam.

Now for a while bad threats were made to break into the store.
Can you blame a man to act like that when his family cries for more.
I know they did not do it, they know themselves too well.
But they surely made a sacrifice, in Heaven, I hope they'll dwell.

For the Rangers they had told them in prison they would go.
Five dollars a month was all they got, twas as bad as eating snow.
Our store clerk sent a message for ten dollars a month, no less.
But chasing the devil on horseback, was like sending a message to Wes.

So now my friends and comrades, there's one more thing to do.
Let us not forget the Codroy, her Captain or her crew.
It was on a December morning, we were all so proud to see,
The Codroy coming in St. Lewis, from way out o'er the sea.

She plowed her way thru sleet and snow, thru wind and seas as well.
Johnson bought her safely to the wharf, the rest I'll surely tell.
Part of the cargo was soon landed, Hope - Simpson was the next call.
It will be a good thing for all of us if the Codroy comes each fall.

Our merchant did also arrive, we are so proud to say.
His business he soon settled and then he sailed away.
These men should be remembered well for such a job put thru.
They brought Christmas to Fox Harbour, two weeks before twas due.

Supper was served at Georgie Poole's at 12:00 that night.
As the Codroy, she weighed anchor and soon steamed out of sight.
She met with a minor accident whilst going back to town.
But soon we heard from Gerald Doyle that she was safe and sound.

I stood by a pregnant mother, undernourished in her bed.
I saw the father months before crying for some bread.
The situation was desperate, I want all to understand.
Is that the way ye are treated up there in Newfoundland.

It would take too much paper, for me to tell it all.
But I hope no one will miss this song, please read it one and all.
Christmas seals, they are being sold to try to stamp T.B. out.
But persons living on five dollars a month, will soon spread it about.

Now let us unite together and see what we can do.
To turn the present government out and get another crew.
The ship is slowly sinking, the sky is black and blue.
But the Baby Bonus is coming and Joey will see us through.

Now if you chance to see a word a little out of place,
Just laugh and then consider to me its no disgrace.
Because I'm no composer, I've never composed before.
I'm just a Fox Harbour woman, belonging to Labrador.

Artifacts



ARBT Shot glass. Belonged to Art Poole. He got it from one of the fish merchants in St. John's in the early 1900's. *Photo courtesy of Calvin Poole*



Silk scarf once owned by Hugie Poole. Souvenir from Nfld Fisherman's Convention. *Photo courtesy of Calvin Poole*



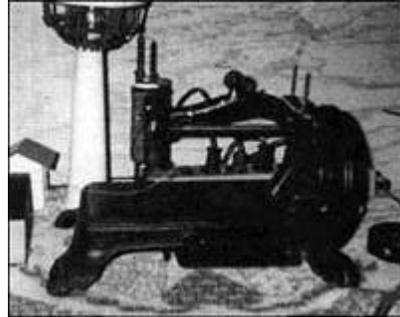
Powder horn belonging to William Pye, now owned by Roy Pye Dated February 12, 1829. *Photo courtesy of Catherine Pye*



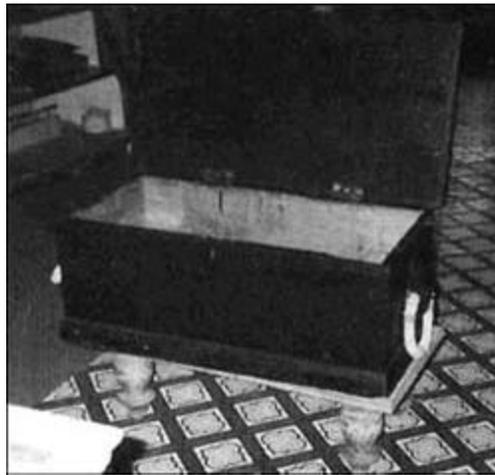
Autoboggan. Lydia Poole, Gregory Poole, Guy Poole and Ambrose Chubbs. *Photo courtesy of Guy Poole*



Coffee grinder owned by Douglas Bradley. This grinder originally belonged to Mr. Bradley's grandparents and dates back to the 1800's. *Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*



Sewing machine that once belonged to Fanny Fry's grandmother. Now owned by Douglas Bradley. *Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*



Clothes trunk given to Augustus Bradley while he was in the navy in 1903. Note that it was second hand when he received it. *Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*



The photos above display various items that Douglas Bradley has made from trap buoy barrels. They include a chair, magazine rack, suitcase, fireplace, various shelves and cupboard. *Photos courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*
