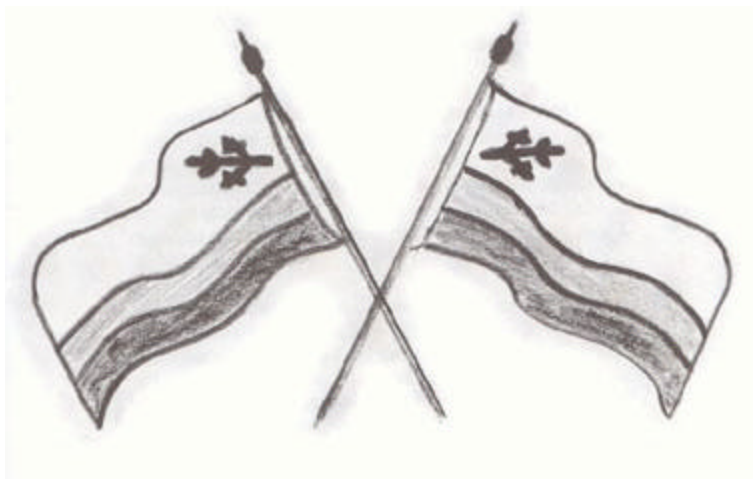


Around The Bay

*Community history, folklore and more
from Charlottetown, Pinsent's Arm and
Norman Bay*

Illustrations by Johnny Roberts
Researched and compiled by Ardena
Cadwell

Edited by Ruth Cadwell and Selma Noel



Dear Readers;

Compiling this booklet was one of the most interesting things I have ever done. I am a descendant of the Campbells who played a major role in the history of St. Michael's Bay. While I was researching, I gained a great deal of knowledge about my own family history. I am very proud of my Labrador roots.

Learning together has been our motto throughout all Oral History Projects and will continue to be. I have been blessed by the learners in the White Bear area who have always been my support team. They have been my inspiration throughout this and other projects. When we work together and share our ideas and experiences there is no limit to what we can accomplish.

The *Literacy Management Committee and I*, apologize to those of you whose stories were not included in this booklet. Unfortunately we had to limit the number of stories this time around. On the up side, all stories are preserved at the local literacy office and will eventually be placed in an archive. We assure you that your story was just as important as the ones printed in this book and your efforts were not a waste of time. Thank you all for your cooperation and wonderful stories.

Our deepest regrets for the many stories from the past that have been buried already. We realize that unfortunately for many questions we may never know the answers, since the stories are now lost and buried forever with the story tellers of yesteryear. This is a real tragedy, for we have lost genuine treasures! May we learn from these past mistakes and take measures such as this Oral History project to ensure this does not happen again.

The purpose of this booklet is to give you a glimpse of the many people who have contributed to the strength and culture of our "isolated" communities. We hope to not only preserve our heritage but also capture some of the character, personal triumph, pride and humor possessed by our ancestors of yesteryear.

May the tradition of story telling and the courage of our ancestors be forever a part of our heritage and may it be an inspiration in your life today. We must realize the importance of preserving our community history before it falls by the way side.

We thank you for your support as readers. We ask that you please give us some feedback. Please forward your comments or questions to Ardena Cadwell. PO Box 114, Charlottetown, Labrador. A0K 5Y0.

Happy Reading,

Ardena Cadwell
Oral History Director

Information collected from the following:

- *Labrador By Choice* (Ben W Powell)
- Informant **Sandy Campbell**, Charlottetown 1998
- *Alluring Labrador 1980 (Them Days Magazine)*
- Informant **Paul Kippenhuck**, Charlottetown 1998
- Informant **Mary Clark**, Charlottetown 1998
- Informant **Wallace Campbell**, Pinsent's Arm 1998
- Informant **Mildred Clark**, Pinsent's Arm 1998
- Informant **Bella Burden**, Pinsent's Arm 1998
- Informant **Olive Marshall**, Charlottetown 1998
- Informant **Ki Ward**, St. John's, NF 1998
- Informant **Katie Ward**, Norman Bay 1998
- Informant **George Roberts**, Norman Bay 1998
- Informant **Voilet Ward**, Norman Bay 1998
- Informant **Sarah Campbell**, Charlottetown 1998
- Informant **Roland Powell**, Port Blandford, NF 1998
- Informant **George Jefferies**, Charlottetown 1998
- *Where The Fishers Go*, Rev. P.W. Browne
- *Newfoundland and Labrador Encyclopedia*
- **Lisa Dempster (Powell)**, Charlottetown 1998

A special thank you to each and everyone who helped make this book possible!

Table of Contents

[St. Michael's Bay History](#)

[Folklore](#)

[Poetry From The Bay](#)

[Interesting Facts](#)

[A Personal Tribute](#)

St. Michael's Bay History



John Campbell was born at Mulligan, Labrador to Lydia (Brooks-Blake) and Daniel Campbell in 1849. He later went to Halifax and attended University. After obtaining a business degree John also studied carpentry. He returned to Mulligan again in the late 1860s. John married Martha Davis of Goose Cove, near Cartwright, Labrador. The young couple settled at Pearl River, some four miles from Mulligan. They had several children.

John being a carpenter by trade, constructed the first schooner ever built on the Labrador. He named the schooner the "*North Star*." John and his family decided they would move to Halifax in the 1890s. John's brother, Donald also decided to move with them. First they tried to sell the *North Star*.

Arrangements were made to sell the "*North Star*" at Battle Harbour some 300 miles from Pearl River. John's half brother, Tom Blake (from Lydia's previous marriage) and his family were making the trip in Tom's schooner "*Light of Home*" while John Campbell, his wife and kids along with his brother Donald in the "*North Star*" set off for Battle

Harbour. On their journey they overnighted at several fishing villages. Square Island was one of their stopovers. They took a liking to it and knew they would return someday.

They sailed on to Battle Harbour to sell the "*North Star*" as planned. Upon arrival there, they were disappointed. The summer fishery had been poor and the Spearings were now unable to buy the schooner. Unable to close the sale, they decided to stay on the Labrador coast for the winter. The search for a place to settle began.

They sailed up Alexis River and anchored the "*North Star*" and the "*Light of Home*" at a site called *Mill Cove*. This area is now home to a floating dock at *Port Hope Simpson*. The families decided this place was suitable and stayed there for the winter. They built log cabins and trapped fur in the area. That summer John and Donald salmon fished at *Sandy Hook* (some 20 miles away). Tom Blake and his family returned to Lake Melville in his schooner.

John heard that the *White Hills* in St. Michael's Bay was a good area for trapping and hunting caribou. He decided to relocate there. The next summer John and Donald fished at *Square Island* and moved inland to St. Michael's Bay once the season ended, to search for a winter settlement. It was now the fall of **1896**. John spotted a little cove on the north side of St. Michael's Bay and immediately he knew this was where he would settle. He called his new home in the Bay, *Campbell's Cove*.

They anchored the "*North Star*" in a tidy place with very thin ice. This place is now known as the *Barges*. Here they built a log cabin that winter and provided for their families by trapping and hunting. They did very well with the furs. The following summer they went back to Square Island to fish and later returned to St. Michael's Bay for the winter.

They remained in the area for three years, moving to Square Island in the summer to fish and inland to Campbell's Cove to hunt and trap again during the winter. The last summer they spent fishing the fishery was booming once again. This meant that the Spearings (who were fishermen) at Battle Harbour were now able to buy the "*North Star*".

John sold the schooner and moved his family to Port Blandford in Bonavista Bay. There John worked in a steam mill owned by Pelleys. He, being a man of trade, received a wage of \$2.50 a day. His sons, Alex and Tom, who had no trade were hired as loggers and were paid only \$1.00 a day. Their sister Margaret (better known as "Aunt Maggie") found work as a house servant and was paid \$2.50 a month. John stayed and worked for three years. Tom remained for one year and then returned to Alexis River on the Labrador. There Tom trapped fur with his brother-in-law, Will Notley. Will was married to Tom's sister Lydia. Alex stayed at Port Blandford for two years, then returned to Campbell's Cove, Labrador.

When Alex returned to Campbell's Cove, he was followed by his brother Tom. A man named Bill Croft (of Indian descent) from *Wild Bight* moved with them as well. The

Campbells partitioned their house allowing Croft to reside in one section of it. The Campbell's sister, Barbara later came back to cook for them. The two families got along beautifully and soon became close friends. They trapped and hunted together during the winter.

The next year John and his family moved back to Campbell's Cove and settled permanently. Once again relocating to Square Island to fish during the summer and returning inland to Campbell's Cove for the winter. Sam Kippenhuck and his family also moved from Wild Bight to Campbell's Cove at this time.

At Square Island John became layreader for the Methodist Church. As well he was the Justice of the Peace and Post Master there. He also established a grocery store and trading post in the early 1900s. His business was located at Square Island during the summer and at Campbell's Cove in the winter.

Mountaineer Indians who lived on the Hawke River, Gilbert River and St. Michael's Bay at that time, traded their furs at Campbell's Cove. MARQUES was their chief then. The Indians were great friends with the Campbells and other people in the area.

John Campbell later retired from his position as Post Master. He was replaced by his daughter Margaret ("Aunt Maggie"). Once "Aunt Maggie" was up in age she too retired. She passed the position down to Effie Powell (Campbell), her niece.

John Campbell died on January 03, 1934. His wife **Martha** soon followed, she died October 1934. Many Campbells lived at *Campbell's Cove* for years after.

Soon after World War II in 1949, **Ben Powell** and **Clarence Perry** chose a site known as *Old Cove* in St. Michael's Bay for a logging operation. In Captain George Cartwright's time this area was known as *Mosquite Cove*. They took into account the abundance of timber and its many qualities that would make it a good future settlement. The area had level land, a fresh water supply, a very sheltered harbour and an abundance of hunting and trapping grounds. Cartwright wrote, "Sept. 8, 1771, The whole of the land which we crossed today, appeared very promising for deer... The hills near the shores are steep, the valleys full of thick bushes: there are also some cliffs, twenty or thirty feet high. The middle part is very good to walk over, for the hills are low, rise gradually, and have an even surface, covered with Empetrum Nigrum (black berries); and there is an abundance of larches, small ponds, and marshes dispersed about, which cause a beautiful appearance. In many places we found plenty of ripe currants, which were very acceptable." Ben and Clarence saw the many possibilities for this land and set up the lumber operation one mile from Old Cove.

Ben decided that their new home should be made official by giving it a name. He hoped others from the little villages in St. Michael's Bay would relocate to his newly established village. He imagined his new home as someday being the capital of "the bay" and thus named it **Charlottetown**, after Charlottetown P.E.I.. The opportunity of employment at the logging operation soon lured many to Charlottetown. Before long Ben's hopes

became a reality as his new found village grew in number and many new homes went up in the little town. By 1951 there were numerous families residing at Charlottetown. School was held in a house, with Hayward Green of Hawks Harbour as its first teacher. Then in 1954 a school house was built in the little village. The opportunity to provide an education for their children attracted more settlers. By 1961 Charlottetown had its first Post Office and store, operated by Ben Powell and his wife Effie (Campbell). Ben's sawmill operation continued to boom. By 1966 Charlottetown had 146 residents. During this time, contracts were made with Anglo Newfoundland Development Company. Locally cut pulpwood was shipped to Botwood by boat and sent by rail to Grand Falls. This was the first pulpwood taken out of Labrador. Later new opportunities arose and building lumber was shipped to Carbonear.

Because of the presence of the sawmill operation, Charlottetown people were able to build sturdy wooden boats. By 1969, 100 fishing boats had been built by the locals. Among those built was a longliner named "*Miss Charlottetown*", said to be the first longliner ever built in Labrador. The "*Miss Charlottetown*" was constructed by Paul Kippenhuck of Charlottetown and Henry Hancock of Forteau, Labrador for Ben Powell. Today Paul continues to build boats upon request.

The little isolated community was served by a radio telephone. The only means of electricity was provided by a diesel generator owned by Ben Powell. Later, other locals purchased their own gas and diesel generators for personal use.

The pulpwood industry declined. By 1969 the only logging operation at Charlottetown was primarily for domestic use. Once the logging industry failed, Charlottetown people resorted back to their old way of life, the fishery. By 1975 a fish plant was established at Square Island (some 13 miles away). The Plant was owned by Ben Powell and was known as Powell's Fisheries. Today Powell's Fisheries is still in operation. It is run by Ben's son, Sandy Powell.

In 1971 Charlottetown was given a Hydro Plant. It was serviced by Newfoundland & Labrador Power Commission which has since been renamed, Newfoundland & Labrador Hydro. The majority of locals experienced electricity and its benefits for the first time.

Charlottetown's population was at its peak during the winter months when people moved or "shifted" in the bay" after the fishing season ended at the nearby fishing villages of:

- Dead Island
- Square Island
- Pinsent's Arm
- Snug Harbour
- Triangle
- Venison Tickle
- Penney Harbour
- Styles
- Tub Harbour

The population in 1966 was said to be 30% Anglican, 30% Pentecostal, 30% Christians gathered in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ (Plymouth Brethren) & 10% United Church of England followers.

A Nursing Clinic was built by the people in 1975. Many donations came from outside as well. In 1976 a traveling dentist came to the area, all equipment was donated to the clinic. By 1976 a nurse, Isi Rumbolt was stationed at the Clinic year-round.

In the Fall of 1985 Charlottetown received its own airstrip. Scheduled flights were made regularly by Labrador Airways. This meant that Charlottetown was no longer as isolated as it had been in the days of the float plane which could only land at Charlottetown at certain times of the year.

Charlottetown which was once but a wooded area has grown in modernization and population over the years. According to the **1996 Census** there were **330** people residing at Charlottetown. There are four grocery/convenience shops in town, one of which is still owned and operated by *Ben Powell* and family. The Nursing Clinic is still intact and now has three nurses on staff permanently. The dental clinic, fully equipped with the latest dental equipment is frequented by a traveling dentist from St. Anthony. Charlottetown has a modern all grade school which employs seven teachers. It is fully equipped with computers, Science Lab, gymnasium and is linked to the Internet. Distance Education courses are also made available to students who want to take additional courses which are not in the regular school curriculum. Charlottetown is now experiencing a boom in Information Technology due to access to the Internet by a Community Access Program (CAP). Charlottetown may still be somewhat isolated as a community but it is certainly not suffering from a lack of educational opportunities. Students have just as many educational avenues to explore here as they do elsewhere.

The cod fishery was closed in June of 1992 due to declining stocks and has not yet reopened. This closure brought about many changes for the fishermen and their families. None the less the people have learned to adapt and Charlottetown is still in existence.

There are many "new" fisheries evolving in the area. Fishermen are learning to harvest scallop, whelk and crab to name a few. Charlottetown has recently been promised a Shrimp Plant. Charlottetown Town Council met with Mr. Linstead of the Labrador Fishermens Union Shrimp Company recently to discuss the proceedings of the new plant. Mr. Linstead said, "everything is proceeding as planned and moving along quite well." He also said he expects a deal to be signed soon. He says this new plant will create many jobs for the people of Charlottetown and also the surrounding communities. Mr. Linstead is hopeful that the plant will be in operation in late 1999!

Charlottetown people have always been resourceful, adaptable and hardworking. Despite the declining Newfoundland and Labrador economy, Charlottetown and its people will find a way to persevere as always.

Charlottetown is considered by many to be Central due to services such as mail, medical and air transportation that it provides to the nearby communities of *Norman Bay* and *Pinsent's Arm*.

Pinsent's Arm is a small fishing community located on the south side of St. Michael's Bay. It is approximately 20km south of Charlottetown. *Pinsent's Arm* has a population of Seventy (70), a total of 15 families. It was once known as *Southwest Arm* among the local trappers. Later the name was changed to *Pinsent's Arm*. It is speculated that it may have been called after Andrew Pinson, an early trader on the Labrador Coast. *Pinsent's Arm* is believed to have been first settled in the late 1800s. Records show that three families lived there in 1863-1864, their names Morgan, Orman and Reeves. There was once a large fishing station located at *Pinsent's Arm* which was managed by Mr. Morgan. The premises were later moved to Fishing Ships Harbour.

Pinsent's Arm was first settled as a "winter place" only. Families used to resettle to nearby Square Island to fish during summer. In 1986 the community received electrical power. In 1992 Water and Sewer Services were supplied to the town. Today settlers stay at *Pinsent's Arm* year round. It is now home to a viable fish plant, operated by the Labrador Fishermens' Union Shrimp Company.

Although *Pinsent's Arm* is an isolated community with no roads or airstrip to connect it to the outside world, winter travel makes for easy access to its neighboring communities. Groomed trails act as a winter highway for travelers to and from the area. Local speed boats and Marine Atlantic provide travel during the shipping season. During "spring breakup" travel in or out of the community is not possible. In case of an emergency a helicopter would be sent in to assist.

The most common family name at *Pinsent's Arm* is *Campbell*, some others are Clark, Morris, Glover, Burden, Martin and Rumbolt.

Its neighbor, ***Norman Bay*** is located some 28-30 km north east of Charlottetown. According to "*Them Days*", it is likely to have been settled in the early 1800s. Captain Robinson writes, "In all harbours where there are considerable fisheries, a few people "winter" to take care of property, cut wood and catch furs. These constitute the only resident population." *Snug Harbour* nearest Norman Bay and St. Michael's Bay are both mentioned. "At all these places there are small establishments. At all these smaller intermediates there is an appearance of settling and building houses. These smaller harbours seem to be established by independent fishermen". Seary's book on family names show several Normans came to Labrador around this time and he lists place names of Cape Norman, Norman Island, Norman Lake, Norman Reef, Norman Rock and Norman Bay Pond, all in the vicinity of the present Norman Bay.

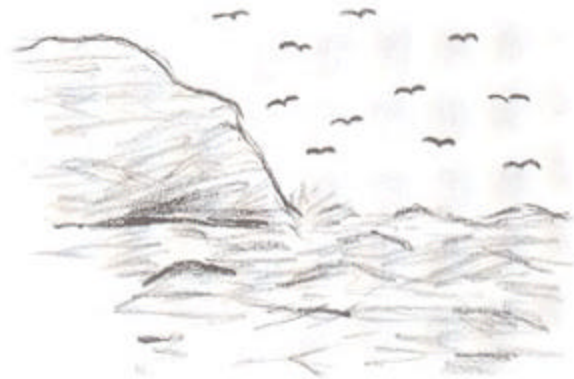
Many say Norman Bay was named for *William Norman* who once fished at the nearby village of *Venison Tickle* and moved inland to Norman Bay during the winter months. There are ponds in the area named for other people who once lived in the area as well. To name a few, Morgan's Pond and Billy's Pond.

The most common family name at Norman Bay is Ward. Other family names are Morris, Turnbull and Roberts.

Norman Bay was once renowned for its fishing berth at Coopers Block. This berth was so dependable it was said to be "money in the bank". Newfoundlanders used to stay all winter at Norman Bay hoping to get a chance at this excellent berth. Settlers only wintered at Norman Bay during early years. Electrical Power came some twelve years ago. Norman Bay was the last community in North America to receive electricity!

Norman Bay is located about nine miles from the once active whaling factory at *Hawke Harbour*. It is also a mere five miles away from *Snug Harbour* which was once home to a large "Fishing Room" operation. People would often travel to Norman Bay from these nearby villages to cut timber for firewood and building purposes.

Norman Bay is a remote but beautiful, scenic wooded area. It is not a growing community due to the lack of employment and educational opportunities. The recent promise of a new school for Norman Bay may create more short term employment and hopefully improve the present level of education. ***Norman Bay's*** future is definitely looking brighter than before!!



Folklore

Folklore has always played an important role in providing entertainment for the people of coastal Labrador. Folklore is part of our heritage. Each community seems to have its own tales to tell.



EARLY LABADORIANS WERE GREAT STORY TELLERS. MANY BELIVED IN GHOSTS AND FAIRY TALES. PEOPLE IN THE! SMALL VILLAGES WOULD OFTEN COME TOGETHER AND ENTERTAIN ONE ANOTHER WITH STORIES ABOUT GHOSTS AND FAIRIES. THESE OLD STORIES ARE PART OF OUR LABRADOR HERITAGE AND WE WOULD LIKE TO SHARE SOME OF THEM.

Toothache Relief

In the early 1900s and before then, people at Square Island suffered all too often from toothache. They had no access to toothpaste, there was no dentist in the area and so their teeth decayed needlessly. Paul Kippenhuck says people would sometimes brush their teeth with bread soda (baking soda) then. Some would also use ashes from their stove to brush their teeth. It was said to make them whiter.

In the early 1900s Sam Kippenhuck and his cousin Cecil Borne were fishing at Square Island. Cecil had been up all night with a terrible toothache. In the morning he still had no relief and the pain was more than he could bear. Sam told Cecil how he had heard the older people say that if you were suffering from toothache then you should go to the graveyard around midnight, pull a blade of grass and the pain would vanish. Cecil was not a brave man but he was desperate and was game for anything. At midnight, Cecil

went alone to the graveyard. He was scared and shaking but the hope of curing his toothache strengthened him to go on. He reached the graveyard, still shaking he reached in through the fence board. He was about to pluck a blade of grass when suddenly a white ghostly object arose in the middle of the graveyard. Cecil screamed and ran with all of his might back home. Strangely enough his toothache left him immediately!

Before My Time

Sandy Campbell recalls this tale which he heard often as a child.

Triangle was a fairly large fishing village. Twenty-one families residing there, most of which were Newfoundlanders. A dance was usually held on weekends. Schooners were anchored at Schooner Cove, one mile south of Triangle. The crew on the boat would often row in to attend the dances.

One night seven crew men from a schooner were rowing to Triangle in a Trap Skiff to go to a dance. It was dark and they were unable to navigate well. In the black of the night they rowed unto Harbour Rock Shoal which has since been renamed the Breaker. Their boat swamped. Six men drowned, one survived. A big disaster. The people of Triangle mourned the deaths for some time.

Years later, some Newfoundland crews lived and fished during the summer on a small Island just off Triangle. Some of the crew men would row to Triangle at night to be with their girlfriends. They would often tell that they would see a strange light on Harbour Rock Shoal as they rowed in. One night after an encounter with the unusual light some of the men became scared. They would not return to the Island until morning. They claimed that the ghosts of the six men who had drowned on the shoal had returned to the place of death.

Unusual Finding

Mary Clark (Kippenhuck) tells a story she once heard her Uncle Sam Kippenhuck telling.

In the 1900s Sam went hunting/trapping at Hawks Bay, Labrador. He walked for miles. He climbed a high mountain to get a good look at his surroundings. When he reached the mountain top he was awed. There on the mountain he came upon big rib bones of what he figured must have been a whale. He was amazed and wondered how a whale could have ever been on a mountain top.

He returned home. He told of what he had seen on the mountain top. Many laughed but some believed it to be the truth. The believers concluded that the bones must have been the remains of a whale from the flood in Noah's time.

Some say there is no truth in this while others say the bones can still be seen today!

Woody Cove Bait

Wilton Turnbull recalls a story his father Barton Turnbull used to tell.

Some Newfoundlanders came down to a little place called Woody Cove located on Nowlan's Harbour shore, Labrador to fish. There were several crews there. One older fellow came down with only a small boy for a shareman. They were fishing hook and line then. Bait such as herring and caplin became scarce. The fishermen in the little village were unable to get any bait at all after a time. All were bringing in a poor catch except the old gentleman who was doing extremely well. Bait continued to be nil but the old guy was still getting good landings in spite of this.

The other fishermen who knew you could not be doing that well unless you had bait decided they would investigate. They waited until the fisherman was asleep and they sneaked down in the dark to search his boat. There in the boat, covered over they found his source of bait and they were horrified. There lay the boy, dead! His body was sliced to death as if he were a piece of salt beef. The old fisherman had killed the boy and was using him for bait!

Lurking in the Deep

Wilton Turnbull heard this story many years ago from the older people.

Two brothers sailed up in a bay somewhere on the coast to get a load of wood. It was low tide. They moored their boat and went to get the wood. When they finished cutting the wood they returned to their boat and found that the water had risen and the boat was now way out in the bay. No matter how hard they tried they were unable to haul the boat back to the shore.

One of the brothers was a good swimmer. He decided he would swim out to the boat and sail in to pick up his brother and the wood. He jumped into the water and began swimming with strong steady strokes toward the boat. Just before he reached the boat he suddenly screeched out as if he was in unbearable pain. His brother who was on the land was unable to swim and could do nothing to help. He stood crying and watching in horror as his brother was attacked and eaten by two dogfish. His brother shrieked and wailed bitterly until he was dead. A horrible, painful way to die!



Blood Stained Rock

by Ardena Cadwell

Centuries ago Indians were said to have been living at Square Island and the surrounding area. There are said to be Indian graves on Square Island and other nearby Islands such as Scrammy. Some claim that they have found Indian tools in the vicinity.

Throughout history many legends and tales have been handed down from generation to generation from families who lived at Square Island. There is one very popular story that still lives on among the youth today.

An Indian tribe was living at Square Island. Among the tribe was a beautiful Indian maiden. She had raven hair and captivating eyes. Marriages were arranged then by the father of the maiden. Her father who was the chief chose a young tribesman to be her husband.

The maiden did not like the young man but none the less she had to agree to the marriage because of the traditional customs of the tribe. The dreaded day came and she was wed to the man her father had chosen to be her partner. She was very sad and the wedding ceremony seemed like an eternity to her.

Soon after the ceremony her husband wanted to consummate their marriage by sleeping with his beautiful wife. She despised him so much that she could not bear to let him touch her. He became enraged. She ran trying to escape from him. He was very athletic and soon captured her. He roughly embraced her and tried to kiss her. She pulled away from his grip and told him she would never kiss him and how much she despised him. He was furious, he drew his knife and slit her throat. She fell to the ground where she bled to death. Blood streamed from her body and spilled unto a rock beneath her.

Today at low tide as you pass through the main tickle (*Motion Tickle*) at the entrance to Square Island you will see a rounded rock sticking out of the water. If you look closely you will notice that the rock is stained crimson red in its center. Legend says that the red you see is the blood of the beautiful Indian maiden who was slain by her husband centuries ago!



The Ghost From The Cove

Wallace Campbell of Pinsent's Arm recalls stories told to him by his grandmother, Louise Campbell.

In the early 1930s a young fellow living at Square Island set up a mink trap down in "the cove". During the summer Newfoundlanders used to live there but now it was winter and they were all gone back to the "Island".

Every morning the young man would go down to check his trap. A woman would come out on a bank and look down at him. She would be dressed in white and was always wearing an apron. It seemed like she was watching him but he could never see her face since there was a foggy haze about her head.

This lady appeared each and every time he went to look his mink trap. It gave him the chills because he knew there was no longer anyone living down in "the cove". After awhile he stopped tending his trap. His mother noticed that he had stopped looking his trap and questioned him about it. He did not reply. After a few days she told her son to go check his trap because he might have a mink and they were a good price (\$10.00 then). He did not go down the cove right away. Another day went by and the young man decided he would have to go down to his trap because he had been getting a few minks

all along and he really needed the money. He finally went down, hoping the lady had gone by now.

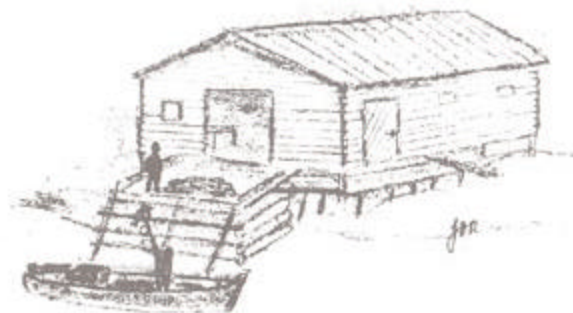
Once he reached his trap he was glad to see he had caught another mink. He gazed upon the bank and was shocked to find there the ghostly lady whom he had seen before. She was still dressed in the same clothes as before and the foggy haze was once again surrounding her. He quickly grabbed his trap, mink and all and ran for home.

Once he arrived home he told his mother what he had seen. He also told her he was not going back down in "the cove" again. His mother laughed and tried to assure the boy that he was only imagining things. The boy would not listen, he told his mother that he had seen this lady every time he had gone to his trap and it was not something he had imagined. He refused to put his trap back in that area again.

That spring when the coastal boat came the regular Newfoundland fishers and their families came back for the fishing season. One lady who for years had been coming to Square Island was not on the boat. The local Square Islanders questioned the Newfoundlanders about this. They were told that the lady had died a couple of months earlier.

Once the young trapper boy's mother heard about the Newfoundland lady's death she believed that her son had truly seen the ghost of the now deceased lady. It was a Penney lady who always wore a white apron. Prior to her death she had resided "down in the cove" during each fishing season she spent at Square Island.

Since there were no means of communication such as telephones at Square Island then, locals believed the appearance of ghosts or "tokens" was the spirits means of letting them know that someone was in danger or dead.



My Home

by Ardena Cadwell

*Where the Northern Lights flicker and enlighten the sky
Where Snow Geese and other birds nest and fly
Where fish spawn and whales blow
Where wild berries and flowers grow
Where mountain cats prey and the caribou roam
This is where I belong, I call it my home*

*A land of rocks, ice, mountains, ocean and snow
A land where natural beauty and peace surround you wherever you go*

*Where waves crash to the shore
Echoing the history of our forefathers who have lived and fished here before*

*Bakeapple picking and "boilups" on the rocks
Sun glistening on the ocean as overhead the seagull squawks*

*A rich blend of culture, beauty and history
How anyone could call Labrador "the land
God to Cain" to me is mystery*

*Moonlit nights that take your breath away
Friendly people who greet you each day
Labrador is my home and this is where I plan to stay*



Southern Labrador Fisher

by Ardena Cadwell

*Early morning rises with the sun
Barely took time to eat
Always on the run
Hard work in the summer heat
To him it was fun*

*His eyes lit up as he recalled his day to me
A hardy fisherman, making a living from the sea
He's proud of who he is and so he should be*

*Some days his catch is great
Other times small
He took the good with the bad and relied on faith
Never complained, seemed pleased with it all*

*Never rich but never poor
Fed his family, paid his bills and never asked for more
Then one day, out of thin air
Came an announcement, the cod stocks are dwindling, haul up your gear*

*The jolly man soon faded like leaves in the Fall
To him a life without fishing wasn't living at all
He hung up his needle and stowed his gear
Still maintained his fishing premises year after year*

*He waited anxiously as government reported the growth of the stocks
Always longing to pack up and move back to his home on the rocks*

*The news was never bright
No immediate reopening in sight
The stocks are not increasing as they should
The government promised to compensate as long as they could*

*His heart grew heavier and his spirits low
Government's financial stocks are down and TAGS must go!*

*Letters keep coming in the mail
Fisheries explain their plight in scanty detail*

*They're reviewing each fisherman's life, they say it won't take long
"Grandfather Fishers" will stay but all others must move along*

*The past is the past so the government say
Mistakes have been made but help is on the way
Licenses to fish scallop, whelk and crab were given
Fishermen geared up and tried once again to make a livin'*

*All the new equipment, licenses and gear had cost fishers a mint
Once their expenses were deducted they hadn't gained a cent
The government declared not to worry about that
They'll issue some shrimp licenses that's where the big bucks are at*

*Changes, Changes year after year
Always needing new licenses and gear
Hard on the wallet and hard on the man no doubt
Feels like being in a dark tunnel with no way out*



A Way Of Life

by Lisa Dempster

*Today I toured a coastline of beautiful Labrador
But this trip was different then other trips before*

*We were on a government charter
And yes, the boat ride was nice
But there were going to be changes
In the people's way of life*

*Crosbie brought the news
An unexpected shock
There would be a moratorium
Placed on our Northern cod stock*

*Two years were announced
But we knew it would be more
And the traditional way of life
Would not be like before*

*As we met with the people in each village
And had tea with some
You could search the world over
But nicer people find none*

*There were many emotions
And feelings expressed
We listened to their stories
And wished them the best*

*We felt sad for those people
But could not really understand
What they were going through
Or feeling first hand*

*Will they ever fish again?
Or shift out in the spring?
These are all things that remain
To be seen*

*Retirement plans were offered
And emergency payments made
Just to meet the criteria
And you would get paid*

*Now we're headed homeward
Everyone is quiet
And memories of our trip
Will not fade in one night*

*Oh, the berries will continue to grow
And the gulls still fly around*

*But as for as those small villages
They will soon become ghost towns*



Memories Of The Past

by Lewis Cadwell

*There are many precious memories as I look o'er the past
There are some that are hard to remember and those that will always last*

*As I would sit and listen, as those stories would unfold
I could tell that they weren't fiction but were from the heart and soul*

*One could only imagine as you listen to those words,
the hardships of the old folks as they lived upon this earth
They never always had the things we enjoy today
but what they had they shared around to brighten up the way*

*Their way of life was different than what we have today
They had to earn their living off the land and sea
They experienced many hardships as they fished along the shore
Now their row boats and their dories are put up to fish no more*

*If they could only be around to see our livelihood destroyed
It wouldn't only break their hearts but would bring tear drops to their eyes*

*Sometimes it's hard to understand what it's all about
Why did the government allow those ugly draggers to come in and wipe us out?*

*Our livelihood has been destroyed and now we have to pay
For there's not enough money in the TAGS Program to brighten one's day*

*I feel those hard times will come again as in the days of old
So prepare yourself as those old folks did as those memories now unfold*



Interesting Facts

Rev. P.W. Browne writes:

"Nowlan's Harbour- This little Harbour is settled by people from Conception Bay, all of whom are descendants of the energetic Irish emigrants of 1820, and practically every cove in the neighborhood has a Celtic name. Here I met Captain Fitzgerald, the learned and entertaining planter, who has given us such a fund of information about "spooks" and so many other things concerning the Labrador settlements. The captain has also several acts of heroism to his credit, but he invariably eliminates the personal ego from his recitals.

Numbers of mariners have received imperial decorations for less heroic services than his. One of these acts of bravery was the rescue of the Keefe crew in 1867. The vessel which Captain Keefe commanded had been driven to sea from Corbett's Harbour in a gale which swept the coast on the 9th of October. Captain Fitzgerald rescued the crew from the sinking vessel some miles south east of Belle Isle several days later, when only the forward part of the vessel was above water. The crew and freighters were huddled together awaiting their doom, when they were rescued from a watery grave by the heroic action of the valiant captain."

Nowlan's Harbour is commonly known amongst the fishermen in the area as Nowan's Harbour today. There are no longer any inhabitants living there.

Dead Islands

Taken from Browne's book, *Where The Fishers Go* (published in 1909):

"We remained at Nowlan's Harbour until the storm abated, and then proceeded through the "Tickle" to Dead Islands.

This settlement is an archipelago consisting of two large and several small islands, the group covering an area of nearly two square miles. West Island is the largest, being about two miles long and 250 feet high. North Island is smaller and is separated from West Island by Stove Tickle. The settlement, one whose first planter was my grandfather, gets its name from the finding of a dead body on the North Island shore, by one of the early fishermen. This locality was very familiar to me in name, as in my younger days; as soon as I was capable of doing office work, I made out a great many "shipping papers" for sharemen and crews who had accounts with our Labrador business."

Tub Harbour

Taken from *Where The Fishers Go* by Rev. Browne:

"Close by Snug Harbour is a little creek known as Tub Harbour, whose name evidently suggested by its resemblance to the democratic utensil of that name. In connection with this settlement a very interesting story is told by Dr. Grenfell's "Vikings of To-day." The incident occurred in connection with a lawsuit regarding the stranding of the English schooner "High Flyer" in the 1880s. The case was being adjudicated in the Admiralty Court of Great Britain, and the learned judge asked the counsel for the Plaintiff: "Where is this Tub Harbour?" The counsel answered: "In Labrador." And then His Lordship asked: "Where is Labrador?" The counsel gravely replied: "In Tub Harbour."

Venison Tickle

Taken from Browne's book also:

"After a pleasant stay with the genial agent at Snug Harbour, we were again en route, and went northward to Venison Tickle- an important fishing centre, situated on the southeast corner of Stony Island.

On the summit of the Island is a "lookout", surmounted by a flagstaff which serves as a landmark to fishermen. Venison Island has a large "room", established in 1795 by the same firm which did business at Battle Harbour and St. Francis Harbour- Slade, of Twillingate. Within the precincts of the "room" is a neat school, which is in operation during the summer months. The school also serves as a church on Sundays."

Hawkes Harbour

(an excerpt from Browne's, *Where The Fishers Go*, 1909 publication)

"After leaving Venison Island we passed close by the 'Skerries' and 'Eddystone' Islands and reached Hawkes Harbour, a busy little port situated at the south end of Hawkes Island."

Hawkes Harbour was once home to a large, successful Whaling Factory.

A Personal Tribute

There have been many remarkable Labrador women throughout history. Sadly enough very few of these women have been written about. It is with great pleasure I share with you this tribute to one such lady.

Wallace Campbell of Pinsent's Arm extends this tribute to the memory of his late grandmother, Louise Campbell. Wallace is unable to read or write but as you will see he is one tremendous story teller!!



A Legend In Her Time

by Wallace Campbell

My grandmother, Louise Campbell was a great lady. She did a lot for people in her day. Lately I've been thinking often of her and I feel her story should be told.

Louise Campbell was born to John Penney and Liza (Kippenhuck) at George's Cove, Labrador. In the 1800s Louise better known as "Aunt Loui" married Tom Campbell of Pearl River, Groswater Bay. They moved around some and then settled for good at Campbell's Cove, St. Michael's Bay.

Before Louise married, she worked as a babysitter for George Windsor at Merchantman's Harbour, near William's Harbour. She first worked for Mr. Windsor when she was only nine years old. She remained there each summer for nine years.

Once Louise married Tom, she no longer worked for the Windsors. She started a new life with her husband. She raised nine children of her own. She had a very busy life. Along with being a mother and trapper's wife she was also a midwife, doctor woman, fisherwoman and more. She learned to born babies from her mother who had also been a midwife. Louise's mom had born some of her daughter's children.

Louise was often called on to born babies in the area. Even when she became up in age, she was still active. It didn't matter what time of day or night she was called to go, she always went. She would travel to communities in St. Michael's Bay usually. She was sometimes called to go to Hawke Bay, Venison Tickle, Tub Harbour and other harbours "down the shore" as well. Sometimes "Aunt Loui" would born babies for Newfoundlanders who were fishing around the Square Island area. She never turned down anyone who needed her.

Grandmother was also a "doctor woman." She made her own medicines. She seemed to have a cure for everything. If someone in the area had sores, gatherings, cuts or was hurt or sick they would always come for "Aunt Loui." She would go out of her way to help. She never complained. She was always there to help everyone. She would go by dog team in the winter and by motor boat during the summer. I remember people coining for her after two in the morning, she would jump right out of bed and go. Some other "Granny women" in the area would not go when they were called on but grandmother would not say no to anyone.

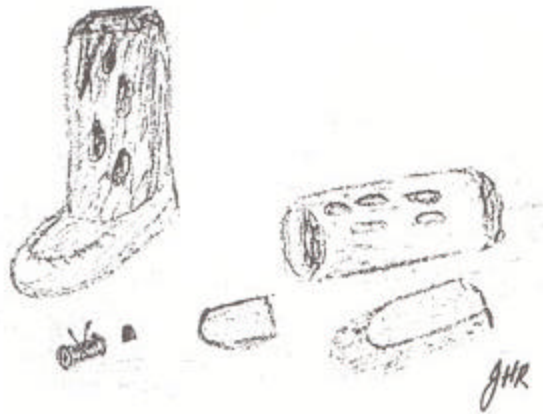
Grandmother was a very smart lady and she would not give up until she found a cure for the different problems that came at her. One time a fellow from Carbonear was fishing at Square Island. He drove a fish bone in his hand and it got infected real bad.

The medical boat, the *Marvel* came into the harbour and he went aboard to see the doctor about his hand. The doctor looked at the man's hand and said he could do nothing for the hand. He told the man to get on the next boat, the *Kyle* and go back to Carbonear as fast as he could to have the hand taken care of by a doctor or he might end up getting it

removed. The man was upset, he came up to tell "Aunt Loui" the news. She looked at his hand and she said, "Bill, you don't have to go home about that. You listen to me and I can cure it. You have that hand poisoned." She went right away and made up a bread poultice to put on the wound. She then washed his arm and hand in hot water with a piece of clean rag. She did this three times a day at first and then put it down to twice a day, morning and evening. It was looking better in no time. Then one day she took the bandages off and Bill couldn't believe the difference! His hand was healing. Bill was sure now that "Aunt Loui" could cure him. Grandmother looked after Bill's hand for another two weeks and then he was as good as new. He went back fishing again.

Grandmother was a good worker. She used to work in the fishing stage too. She could do just about anything, including splitting fish. She had to work hard to raise her family but she didn't seem to mind it.

Grandmother was also a very handy lady. She made clothes and seal skin/deer skin boots for her family and others around the area. In the summer schooners from Newfoundland would come to Square Island on their way north where they fished. They would often visit "Aunt Loui" to ask her to make a pair of slippers for their wives. They would pick them up on their way home in the Fall. She always made them real fancy with beads. She never said no. She enjoyed making things and would put her best work into sewing. She was paid about two dollars a pair for the slippers. She was very happy with that. She was a generous woman.



Grandmother was always pleasant. She liked to joke and was a great story teller. She put out the best side of life no matter what. It seemed like just being around her made you feel happy. She loved people and this was easy to see.

Grandmother came from a fine family. She had a mother who could do just about anything and I guess she learned from her. Her two sisters, Lenora and Rachel were good women too. Lenora married Alex Campbell, Tom's younger brother. Rachel married Barton Turnbull of Hawke Harbour, Labrador. These ladies, like Louise, were midwives as well. They too were friendly to anyone who came to their door. No matter who you

were you never went away without a cup of tea. They were always willing to give shelter to any passerby who needed to spend the night on his/her way.

Aunt Loui spent her last twenty years with her oldest son John Campbell at Square Island during summer and at Newtown during the winter. John was a trapper and fisherman. When he was finished fishing he would go back in the country to trap fur. That was the way of life for most men then. Fish were plentiful at that time but the prices were very low and there was not much money to be made at it. Trapping fur was a way that people could make a few extra dollars then.

While John was away "Aunt Loui" would take good care of everything back home. She would care for the family, as well as the husky dogs. She would sometimes get help from neighbors. She seemed to be well liked by everyone.

In the winter grandmother loved to help with the dogs. I remember she would help people get their teams ready for travel. She would always see that the travelers and their dogs were well fed before they went on their way. It seemed to me that she had a special way with the dogs as well as with people.

Although "Aunt Loui" was my grandmother, she raised me as if I were her own child. She was always good to me. I'll never forget her. She was a special person. She didn't have any education but she was wise and smart. She learned from her mother and by her life.

She was always concerned for others. She would go around the place in the spring and warn people about the thin ice. She would teach them what to do if they ever fell through. She thought of everything.

When Grandmother was older and living at Square Island. A young boy named Dave fell in *Martle Pond* He had been playing around the high end and fell in. He couldn't swim and he panicked. In his panic the boy was going further and further out in the deep end. A couple of kids who were with the boy ran for "Aunt Loui" to help. Aunt Loui was old now but she didn't stop for that. She ran up to the pond and jumped right in after the boy. A couple of young women were standing around yelling but were too afraid of the water to be of any help. "Aunt Loui" had no fear. She was only a small lady about 5' tall but she was strong and stubborn. Her size or age never got in the way of anything. She dragged the boy to the land. She checked him over to see if he had taken in any water or was hurt in any way. Then she brought him straight to her house to dry him up. She was about sixty now but was still full of energy and would go out of her way to save a life or to be a friend to all who needed her.

The great "Aunt Loui" took a stroke in 1962 and died on New Year's night. She had been active right up to her death. She always showed her great love for life and people. She had suffered from a stroke a couple of years before her death but had pulled through it. Unfortunately this time she did not get well. It was her time to go I guess and be an angel in heaven as she had been to many on earth.

Grandmother was well missed after her death because she had done so much for the people in her area. There have been a lot of great women on the Labrador throughout history but to me she was the greatest woman who ever lived. No one could ever take her place. She should not be forgotten. I hope that because of this story the legend of the great "Aunt Loui" will live on for generations to come. She is gone but should never be forgotten!!

