

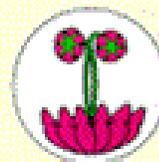
From Me . . . To You

A Collection of Stories by Adult Learners



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Newfoundland & Labrador
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| | | |
|------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
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| Caville Tarrant | Cecil Godwin | Elaine Woodford |
| John Philpott | Kathleen Ford | Marina Starkes |
| Mary Mouland | Maxine Steel | Noreen & Rex Culter |
| Robert Tulk | Roy Powell | |

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Amanda White

The highest grade I reached in public school was eight. I had been doing well in some subjects, but poorly in others. School just didn't interest me so I quit. I found a baby-sitting job, but soon became involved with a man.

The relationship lasted for 11 years. In the beginning it wasn't too bad. As time went on everything went from bad to worse. While I didn't suffer any physical abuse, the mental abuse became unbearable at times.

I wasn't allowed any independence at all. He always told me I couldn't do anything right and called me a lot of names. At one point I took a hospitality course to try and better myself, but that only made life more difficult for me.

When I tried to end the relationship, he made that very difficult also. I eventually went back to him again, though I knew it wouldn't work. The only reason I went back was to satisfy the people who thought I should give him another chance. One of my traits is that I will do things for other people rather than myself.

When I finally left for good, he continued to harass me. He used to tell me what he would do to me and my family if I didn't come back. He also tried to turn the children against me. But I didn't give in, eventually he left the area and things got better. The only thing I don't regret about the marriage is the two beautiful children that came out of it.

After settling into my new lifestyle, I realized I wasn't up to date on many issues; at the age of 23 I went back to school. I had two small children to care for and I wanted to be able to set a good example for them.

I began an ABE Course at the FFAW Learning Center in Templeman. With the responsibility of caring for two small children, a household and school, there were couple of times I didn't think I would get through it. Nevertheless, the teachers were really supportive. Every time you would put yourself down they were there to bring you up and encourage you.

I couldn't believe it when I received my grade twelve diploma. It really felt good. Going back to school gave my self-confidence a big boost. I now know that I have the strength and determination to make a better future for my family.

Questions:

1. What did Amanda say was one of her traits?
2. How old was Amanda when she went back to school?

Barbara Coffins

I am a fisher woman from Seldom, Fogo Island. For the past nine years I have worked at the Fogo Island Co-op Fish Plant. Before that I fished in the boat with my husband. We fished from a cod trap.

A good week of fishing for us would have been between fifty and sixty barrels of cod. During the last few years before the moratorium, my husband found a gradual decline in the amount of cod caught. My hours were cut way down at the fish plant. Things were starting to get really tough and it was getting to the point where you knew something had to give.

Fishing had gotten very undependable. What made it more difficult was the long wait between the time my husband stopped fishing (or making money) and when he could apply for U.I. Bills began to pile up from one year to the next.

When the moratorium cheques started coming, things began to get a little easier. It gave the people a chance to catch up and still maintain a good standard of living. The people in my community began to breathe easily.

My goal for the future is to be able to find long term employment outside the fishery. With the moratorium came the opportunity to go back to school and to retrain, so I decided to try it. I was 16 years old and in grade eight when I quit school and 31 years old when I went back.

I did upgrading six hours a week for two months at the FFAW Training Center in Fogo. Then I attended the Community College, where I completed Level One of a ABE Course. From there I went to the Career Academy and completed Levels Two and Three. By now I had goal number one accomplished.

The main reason why I went back to school was because of my three children. They were coming home with homework and I didn't know enough to help them with it. I would make excuses like 'I have to go to the store or I have to do the dishes'. I'd always have some excuse. It made me feel both guilty and frustrated. When the opportunity to go back to school came, I grabbed it with both hands.

When I first started there were times when I had many mental blocks, and times when I wanted to give it up. But my kids encouraged me by saying they would help, they did help me through a lot of things that I didn't understand. Also, I had the help of family and friends. And my instructors were excellent, you couldn't get any better.

One time I was about to write one of my final exams and I received a call saying my husband had crushed his foot in an accident at work. I spent ten days in a St. John's hospital with him.

After, with absolutely no studying done, I wrote the exam and ended up with 55% on it. Although the rest of my marks were in the 80's and 90's I felt really good about this one because even with all the turmoil, I still managed to pass.

When I finished the ABE Program, I would have liked to have gone further with my education but there are no courses offered on Fogo Island. I am interested in Early Childhood Education or Human Service Worker/Student Assistant. If either of these courses were offered on the Island, I would be able to reach another one of my goals. I am checking into the possibility of doing it through a correspondence course but that would be a second choice for me.

After the ABE, I did two weeks of training in Fogo and two weeks in Grand Falls to become a trained literacy tutor. The course was sponsored by the Fogo Island Literacy Association. I found it to be a really good experience. My job at the fish plant has prevented me from tutoring anyone yet, but when things slow down I will contact Delia Coish at the Literacy Association and find a student to work with. I would like to help other people who are struggling with reading and writing.

My advice to anyone who is considering going back to school is: GO FOR IT! It will be tough at first but in the end it's really rewarding. Set small goals for yourself at first, then move up after the smaller ones have been accomplished. Going back to school gave me self-confidence and self-esteem. But, you have to reach out and grab it. I highly recommend it to others.

With my Laubach training I will be offering help to anyone who needs it. If I can help only one person, then another one of my goals will have been reached.

I think the cod will come back. The Sentinel Experimental Fishery is reporting a lot of cod on the grounds now. Also, fishermen are getting twenty to twenty-five cod a day in their herring nets. They are all big fish! So that's a good sign.

The fish are there because I've seen them with my own eyes. My husband and I went to get capelin to spread on our vegetable garden and we could see cod among the capelin.

I don't think the moratorium will last until the suggested 1999 period. Should the cod fishery open again, I think it should go the same way as the crab fishery. Give the fishermen a quota. When that quota is taken, then cut the season off again.

If you can fish your cod one week and your crab the next, the people on Fogo Island will be able to maintain a living. I figure most people would then be able to survive for a while and we wouldn't have as many people leaving the Island.

Questions:

1. What is Barbara's goal for the future?
2. Why were Barbara's children the main reason why she went back to school? What were some of the feelings she experienced before she decided to go back?
3. What is Barbara's advice to anyone considering going back to school?

Barry Vineham

Going back to school was not something I would ever do again I thought, but I was wrong.

Our fish plant shut down, and in an outport town there is little or no work to be found. I looked in different places but nothing was out there. Toronto, I believed, was the answer, but without a high school diploma, the jobs were not what a person could live on.

Back to school I went, not knowing what was in store for me. I was a man who never did very good in high school. I was surprised to be one of the top people after the year was over. Great teachers and good friends helped to give me what I should have got many years before.

To any of you who think you can't do it (like me at first) please try your best. You too can have what many find easy to get but, take it like it's nothing. Good Luck. Pulling for you all ...

Question:

1. What do you think Barry means by: "You too can have what many find easy to get, but take it like it's nothing?" Discuss.

Caville Tarrant

Hi, my name is Caville and this is my story. I am a single mother of two boys, ages 11 and 3. In 1984 I dropped out of school to care for my aging grandparents; I have been trying to get back to school since 1993.

At the age of 29 I realized if I was to make any sort of life for myself and my kids I would have to become more educated before it was too late. In 1996, at the FFAW Learning Center in Durrell, I attended an ABE class and completed Level Two.

I grew up on Fogo Island and had two loving parents. They raised eight children besides me. I had a very happy childhood with lots of friends and good times. I was bit of a handful to my father and mother who had more than one child to chase.

Many times my father would come looking for me. He could usually find me on the beach or near the water. As a child I loved the water. It's a wonder I wasn't drowned.

My father always told me one day I would have children of my own and would know what it is like to worry. I now know he was right and understand how he felt back then. Whenever I see one of my kids near the water, I can see my father chasing me with a frightened look on his face. Now it's my turn to be scared.

I try not to be too hard on them because I remember I was once in their shoes. I want my children to be all they can be. But I have to set a good example by finishing my education and making a better future for us.

Question:

1. Do you think because Caville had loving parents it has helped her to be a loving parent?

Cecil Godwin

Hello, my name is Cec Godwin. I was 38 years old when I went back to school for the second time. I had thought about it many times over the years but the time was never right. When the moratorium came into effect, I took advantage of the opportunity.

The first time around I passed everything but grade eleven. I considered myself to be an average student. After grade ten I had lost interest in school. The upheaval in the school system at the time probably had something to do with it. Two years prior to grade eleven the students were shuffled all over the Island. When we finally got a new school, we were given (and took) so many free periods that it didn't seem like school any more. By that time I was more interested in the extra-curricular activities.

But the fact that I never finished high school didn't stop me. I spent six years as Fire Chief, thirteen years as a Firefighter and two years as a Town Councillor, I have been both vice-president and president of the Development Association, I am currently the President of the Fisheries Coop and was vice-president for six years before that. I'm also involved with the Folk Alliance, and have been vice-chair of the Newfoundland and Labrador Association of Fisheries Co-op and a board member of the Newfoundland and Labrador Federation of Co-ops.

Even with all this volunteer experience, when a job application asked for my education level, I could not put high school graduate there. In the past, education didn't matter because I was always employed as a laborer. But as time went on, I wanted to do more and this was where my lack of education hurt me.

I started back to school at Level Two. I did the Pathfinder course with the Career Academy. Like a lot of people, math was a major concern. When I was fourteen years old, I could see absolutely no use for fractions, decimals and the like.

My buddy and I were the first two to walk inside the classroom in 1993. It was the same classroom where I'd started kindergarten; it brought back a few bad memories. I had very few good memories of school.

I completed Level Three within a few months and received a diploma that said I had the equivalent of grade twelve. But I have to question the validity of it because I feel the Pathfinder course, being a computer lead program, can be abused. However, the people who were 'instructor' taught may have come away with a better education. But, I needed that piece of paper called a diploma.

Since then I have facilitated three Improving Our Odds courses and was employed as a Project Manager. I wouldn't have gotten either of these jobs without that diploma.

Now, don't get me wrong, I truly enjoyed going back to school. When I taught the Improving Our Odds courses, I saw people walk in there with a negative and somewhat frightened attitude.

They walked back out with an entirely different attitude. The difference was unbelievable. That kind of gain can hardly be measured in dollars. But I also look at the bigger picture.

My biggest pet peeve is that there were 100 million dollars allocated to bring the functionally illiterate rate down below the estimated 44%. I feel a fair chunk of that money has been wasted and when the statistics come down, the percentage won't have changed very much. Some people have gained; other people have more than gained. But, we as a province have lost big time. I think the money should have been community controlled instead of HRD controlled. Not to say that HRD shouldn't have had anything to do with it, but the communities should have had more say.

The Literacy Movement in this province is a big concern now. All the work that should have been done in the last four years has only just got started. The Literacy Outreach Offices that have been set up in the province have been doing some really good work. But now, because the money has run out, it has to be passed over to volunteers again.

When the money was there, we could have paid someone to work with the Outreach Offices and ten times the work could have been done. For example, if the money had been channelled differently, Fogo Island would have had a full fledged Literacy Learning Center with a paid position, \$200,000 worth of equipment, books and materials, and a good supply of well educated volunteers.

We formed a Community Education Committee (CEC). I sat on the committee as a representative of the Fisheries Co-op. The Co-op donated the space for a Literacy Learning Center. The center was to be used by the Co-op members, their families and the community. It could have addressed all their literacy needs for years to come.

The committee then put in a proposal to the now defunct FFAW Learning Center to access the equipment, books and materials for the Literacy Learning Center. We soon learned that the FFAW wanted to give the assets to the local school, which, in effect made the Co-op look like we were willing to sacrifice our children's education.

It is my opinion that the FFAW would rather give the school the equipment (that was bought with TAGS money) than let the Fisheries Co-op have anything to do with it. The irony of it is: the Co-op doesn't want it... the Literacy Learning Center does. Perhaps it should be said that because of the Fisheries Co-op, the fishermen of Fogo Island are not unionized.

We are losing people out of Fogo Island hand over fist. I am the only one of eight children in my family still living in Newfoundland. My other brothers and sisters say they are not coming back and they don't expect their families to settle back here. But I have made my choice. I'm staying! But I'd like to see my children finish their education and get a career that will take them somewhere else. It's just too hard of a struggle!

The crime of it is, if they do move on, their kids will probably never know the Newfoundland experience - the smell of the salt water, the joy of going out the harbor in a speed boat just as the sun is coming up, the sight of a cod trap being hauled, or the calmness of the bay on a warm

summer night. You have to live near the salt water to appreciate it and when you experience it for the first time, you understand it.

My hope for the future is for a vibrant outport Newfoundland. I'd like to see my community, the community down the road, and the community one hundred and fifty miles away survive, prosper and have some purpose. But then again, when it comes to purpose, as far as I'm concerned the moral fibre of this country comes from the outport communities.

Questions:

1. Describe what Cec meant by the sentence 'By that time I was more interested in extra-curricular activities'.
2. Why do you think Cec has decided not to leave Newfoundland?

Elaine Woodford

I worked at the Island Seafood Fish Plant in Herring Neck until 1992 when the Cod Moratorium was announced. In 1994, at the age of 33, I attended an ABE class in Fairbanks and completed Level Three. I don't expect to earn a living in the fishery again, so I am trying to retrain.

I had hoped to take a course called, *Human Service Worker, Special Needs Option*. It is a one year course offered by the Corona Institute from Grand Falls; enrolment and funding will determine whether or not the Island Learning Center will be able to accommodate the people of the area.

When the moratorium was called, things became very stressful. You didn't know what the next day would bring or where you would get the next week's groceries. The bank we had dealt with all our lives was calling all the time, and since we hadn't missed a payment before, we were very hurt by their lack of understanding.

Lots of people were in the same situation. We had moved into a new house in 1991 and were really worried about losing everything since there was still a nine-year mortgage to pay. We had two small children and didn't want to move; we didn't know where to turn.

In the beginning almost everyone's lives in the community were in turmoil. The uncertainty of it all was getting on everybody's nerves... nobody knew if they qualified for TAGS, how much they would get if they did qualify, would it be enough to pay their monthly bills? There was a lot of confusion about the criteria set out by the Government.

Personally, my husband and I didn't have any trouble qualifying. But, we have good friends who didn't qualify and *they* became very frustrated with the whole thing. One friend of ours didn't qualify because he didn't catch \$3,000 worth of cod in the time-frame set out. The amount he made at that time was 25 percent of his earnings, but because it didn't come up to the magic \$3,000, his application was rejected.

It wasn't his fault the fish weren't out there. He was the sole owner of his enterprise and he only used hook and line *but* that was how he earned his living.

Whereas, if a person was a crew member and made maybe \$2,000, but the enterprise he was with made the right amount, then the crew member qualified. In my opinion there were some people in the community who deserved TAGS benefits and others who did not.

It was the unfairness that caused friction and bad feelings around town. I wonder if the system could have got around this by having more personal contact with the fisher people, instead of trying to communicate through the mail.

Although I know I deserve the TAGS benefits, I sometimes feel ashamed to have people know I'm receiving it. I find myself having to try and justify it to people. Most people do understand, but the ones that don't make things very hard and confusing for me at times.

We didn't ask for the moratorium and I feel that if the Government had listened to the people years before, we probably wouldn't have needed the moratorium at all. I know I shouldn't feel ashamed. For the most part I don't, but there is always that nagging feeling when I say we are receiving TAGS benefits.

Some of the people I know are not getting enough to live on, but my husband and I are and we are quite thankful and satisfied. I think most people are thankful.

I'm expecting the TAGS benefits to be cut in 1997, so getting the Human Service Worker course is going to make the difference for me. If it doesn't work out, I think my days in the workforce will be very short. We really want to make a go of it in our own hometown.

Questions:

1. Why do you think Elaine sometimes felt ashamed to be receiving TAGS?
2. Give the dictionary meaning of the word 'criteria'.

John Philpott

Hello, my name is John Philpott and I am from Cottlesville, New World island, on the Kittiwake Coast of Newfoundland. At the age of forty-four I returned to school to try and finish my education. At that time I was between jobs. Finishing my education was something I had wanted to do for a long time. I felt it would broaden my employment options.

I had heard about the Laubach Organization through a friend, so I contacted Ida Reid and she became my tutor. I really appreciate what Ida did for me. She made me feel comfortable and I didn't mind asking her questions when I was unsure about something.

From there I went to night school at G. Shaw Collegiate. I was a little worried about going back to school, but I soon realized I had nothing to feel bad about. Everyone there was in the same situation as myself.

I found math hard but the teachers were really helpful. I guess they knew I was there because I *wanted* to learn. As I saw my work improving, I began to feel good about myself. I don't think grade nine was very far to get, but I had worked hard and felt proud to have finished it.

Before I decided to go back to school, I worked with the St. John's-based Crino Company for ten years. I was a deck hand on one of their boats. I've worked on three different boats that took me to many parts of the world. In the early 1980's I worked on a 350-foot boat that was looking for oil on the Grand Banks.

Sometimes we ran into rough weather. We'd have to set anchor and sit it out for two or three days. The time was long, but I had a hobby to occupy my mind. I built little boats and dories, I also built boats and put them into bottles... I used to rig the masts and sails to have them pop into place when I was ready; the whole process would take days to complete.

We left the Grand Banks and went to the Ross Sea in Antarctica. The home port of the boat was Ponta Arenas, Chile, and it was chartered by the American Government. There, we did geological work such as taking the water temperature, gathering rock samples and checking the bottom of the ocean ... looking for signs of oil.

Whales, seals and penguins were really plentiful. I found the penguins quite interesting because they looked like little people wandering around. While I didn't like being away from home, I found my job very interesting. After that trip, Chino registered the boat under the Norwegian flag and I found myself laid-off.

In 1994 I went to work with McKiel Marine from Hamilton, Ontario. This job took me away from home for longer periods of time, but it also took me to the Great Lakes and a job that I really like. Here, I work on a tugboat that pushes a 315 foot long barge. The barge contains liquid calcium fluoride that it delivers from Thunder Bay, Ontario, to as far as Quebec City.

We travel down through all the locks in the St. Lawrence Seaway. The locks look like big square boxes; when the water is low the boat drives into them, the door closes and water gets pumped in through valves until the level reaches sixty or eighty feet. The door on the other end opens and the boat continues on.

There are seven locks from Lake Ontario to Lake Erie and it could take from six to eight hours to make the run, depending on the traffic. There are twelve locks from Lake Ontario to the salt water.

I would like to work in Newfoundland but only if I could go home every night. While I do get some Newfoundland food when I'm away, I really look forward to coming home to a good salt beef dinner. If I had to work away from my hometown, I would just as soon stay with the work I'm doing. I am quite happy with my work, it has allowed me to see much of the world while I making a good living.

But in the midst of all this, finishing my education has always been in the back of my mind. Because I don't have a high school diploma, I've never had the confidence to write the Mate's Ticket that I've always wanted. If upgrading is offered in my area during a time when I'm off work, I will definitely take advantage of it.

My goals for the future are to finish grade twelve and to get my Mate's Ticket.

Questions:

1. What is one of the disadvantages of John Philpott's job? What is one of the advantages?
2. What are John's goals for the future?

Kathleen Ford

My name is Kathleen Ford, I am one member of a family business and I would like to tell our story. My family and I fished cod from a 32 ft. trap boat. My husband has fished cod all his life, but he still didn't qualify for NCARP or TAGS.

The two damaging years were 1990 and 1991... It was during those two years in the winter months when he would normally have collected U.I. that he went to work at something outside the fishery. Maybe it could be said that he was supplementing his fishing income by working, instead of by collecting Unemployment Insurance.

He drew fishing U.I. from November to January 1992. In January of that year he had a chance to do some teaching for the FFAW; it had no bearing on his fishing season because he would have been on U. I. at that time. When he applied for NCARP he found he didn't have enough insurable weeks. He appealed on the basis of historical grounds, and had his M.P. working on it, but it was all no good. DFO would not reverse their decision.

When I realize how much my husband has worked over the years to build everything up from scratch (once we were the top long-liner for the season), it makes me mad. We feel he was penalized for finding other employment.

I've often said to my husband, "How foolish were you to have taken that job."

I don't envy other people who are getting the package, personally I didn't have any trouble qualifying. But, I think there are people who have qualified but don't deserve to. Things like that happen, it's a fact of life. But when you get the short end of the stick, it makes things very much harder to swallow.

I didn't go back to school because I felt forced, although some people were told if you didn't take any of the courses or the training, your NCARP payments would be cut.

People were frightened. A lot of us were frightened. To have that cheque coming in every two weeks was our only chance of survival. So we did what we could. If it meant going back to school, then we did it. Was that force?

I gave it a lot of thought before I went back to school. Being an active person, I find it difficult to sit around and do nothing. You'll never hear say I'm bored or I have nothing to do. I want to be active. For my mind as well as my body I have to keep occupied.

At the time I was under a great deal of personal pressure caring for my elderly father-in-law. So going back to school meant giving me a break, getting me out of the house and giving me a sense of being stabilized. I was also a great challenge for me.

I asked myself, "Can I do it? A person of my age, a grandmother of three, can I do it?" Then I asked, "Why would I want to do it?" If you set your mind and your heart to something, you can do anything. Just have the willpower, mind and drive, then *you can do it*.

When I first started, there were people who were further advanced than me. I could pick up any book and read it, so I didn't feel learning was going to be a problem for me. But when I heard the advanced people saying 'such an such words', I thought to myself, "Do I have to learn that?"

I had a vague idea what they were talking about because I had gone as far as grade nine in school, but most of it was forgotten. I started flipping through the pages of my book, thinking, "I wonder if what they're talking about is in this book."

It frightened me. I used to get frustrated at first. Math was my biggest problem. It scared me like nothing else. But once you got into it took it step by step and didn't pay any attention to the person next to you eventually you got there. I did it my way, at my pace and after a while it wasn't so frustrating. I knew I could do it.

I would come home from school, do my house work and by seven o'clock at night my books would be on the kitchen table. Nobody dared speak about bingo or darts.

I just loved it when I had my books, a pack of cigarettes and a can of Coke on the table, my leg up on the chair, and doing my lessons. I would be so proud. I tell you, I was a proud person.

One time I had to take a couple of months off to take care of my father-in-law. I would go into the school once a week, get all my assignments and work on it at home.

At first I thought it was wrong for the Government to force people to go back to school. But later I thought we should have been forced because if that extra pressure wasn't put on, I might never have been proud to show my diploma. It was definitely a good thing for me.

A lot of people are sorry now that they didn't go. I think they missed out on a gold mine. The opportunity was there, it was all free... They missed out on a lot.

The sad part for me is that I would have liked to have gone further with my education. Fogo needs a training facility. There was one course offered but everyone couldn't take that course and expect to get a job from it. I love working with the elderly and the sick and would like to be able to take a Nurse's Assistant Course. But now the momentum is gone. We have applied for a crab licence and are hoping to hear back from it soon.

Questions:

1. What did Kathleen mean by 'when you get the short end of the stick it makes things harder to swallow'?
2. What did Kathleen say was the best way to tackle a math problem?
3. What did she say was the sad part of things for her?

Marina Starkes

My name is Marina Starkes. I quit school before completing grade eight. I was sixteen years old and had lost all interest in education. I never studied at home, skipped classes every chance I got and simply wanted to be anywhere but school.

Getting an education didn't seem to be very important back then. The teachers never encouraged students to stay and my parents allowed me to quit. Before my seventeenth birthday I found myself married with a child on the way. Any thought of returning to school were lost to the struggles of every day living.

With the announcement of the cod moratorium I knew my days as a fish grader with Crimson Tide Fisheries were almost over. The TAGS cheque I received helped but I knew it wouldn't last forever. Thoughts of a bleak future made me realize the only chance for a better lifestyle would be to get more education.

The opportunity was there, so I grabbed it. But I had another reason for going back to school. My husband doesn't have much education either. It's not that he's stupid. he's good with his hands, he has worked at the fish plant for years, and he's a good carpenter. He went back to school for one year in 1992 but found it very difficult.

One day he heard about the local Laubach Organization that offered one on one tutoring in the home. I feel sure with a bit of encouragement he would take advantage of something like that. I helped him study for his driver's written test. it only took him three hours to study everything in the booklet. He passed the test with one question wrong.

At the age of 34 I signed up for an ABE class at William Mercer Academy.

spent one year there and the next three at the Dover Recreation Center.

Starting school again was very scary. It was extra difficult for me because I was still working at the fish plant on a call-in basis. There were times when I would have to leave class to go to work for a couple of hours.

But knowing what I've accomplished and feeling so good about it, I would do it all over again. It's the best feeling in the world. Without an education you're nothing. With it, you feel more comfortable when you go places; you don't have to look over your shoulder to see if anyone is watching you make a mistake. You just feel better.

Toward the end, our group was concerned that the school would close because of low enrolment and lack of funding. We were about to do our final exams when things became pretty hectic. All the talk about closing down after we'd come so far and had worked so hard, left us feeling despondent.

We were devastated but we stuck together and put up a good fight. The instructors were behind us all the way. We were down to our last two credits and things had become very stressful by then.

We had worked so hard. We studied all night long. When I was studying for the last math exam, I was so nervous and depressed from the commotion and confusion that I didn't think I was going to pass it.

My instructor called from his home and told me the good news. I had passed. What a big relief. There's nothing easy about getting an education and if it wasn't for the instructors, I don't think we would have gotten through it.

We started with twenty-eight students in class. At the end of the fourth year, only ten had completed the course. Out of that ten, there were only three of the original twenty-eight students left. It was enjoyable and never boring, there was something new to learn every day. It felt really good when I graduated, but I know there is still a lot more to learn.

At the age of sixty-five, my mother also went back to school. We both attended the same class. Although she had to deal with a lot of sickness, she stuck with it for three years. I think she kept going for me. She said she didn't care as much about herself but she wanted to see me finish my grad twelve while I was still young. So she was more or less cheering me on and helping me through.

I had hoped to follow up with more training. My goal was to become an interior decorator but the only thing offered was a fifteen hour evening course. I've considered doing a computer course. I could have gone right into a cooking course after the ABE, but I don't believe in putting all that time, effort and money into training just because it's available.

I am now working fourteen hours a week at home care. I am glad to have the job, but home care isn't for me. I am still hoping to further my education. I miss getting up early in the morning to get ready for school. It gave me something to look forward to.

Questions:

1. What did Marina say was her only chance for a better lifestyle?
2. What was her other reason for going back to school?
3. What did Marina say about having an education?
4. Give the dictionary meaning for the word 'despondent'.

Mary Mouland

Hello everyone, my name is Mary Mouland. As I sit on this beautiful white sand, under the clear blue sky, I wonder how I got here and why. The insecure feeling I have inside me came from somewhere. It seems like I have felt this way my whole life. They say your early years have a lot to do with the way you think about yourself and others. I keep remembering back over the years, and the day I went to live with my adoptive parents.

I was three years old when my mother and father died. I was placed in many foster homes until I was eight years old. At that time I was adopted into a very loving and wonderful home.

The people that adopted me were much older than me and didn't have any children of their own. I remember the first day I went there; Dad was tarring the roof and Mom was on the porch waiting for me to come. The first thing I said was, "Hello, Mom and Dad," and I ran into their arms. From that day on I was their little girl.

I finally had a family I could call my own. I belonged to someone after all

those years. But everything wasn't perfect. There were times when I wished I could disappear into the thin air. My parents were always protective of me and always wanted me to be the best at everything, especially in school.

I always had to be the perfect lady, not allowed to run and jump and have fun. If I did any of those things I was called wild and a tomboy. Although my parents were very good to me, it was like I could never do anything to please them. Even to this day I am very insecure about everything I do or say.

The years passed. At the age of fourteen I started dating a man who is now my husband. I became pregnant at the age of fifteen and was the mother of three children by the time I was nineteen. I had only got as far as grade nine in school.

I took a GED course when I was 25 years old and received my grade 12 diploma. I was so excited, it felt like I finally achieved something. Eight years later I enrolled in a business course and successfully leapt another hurdle.

Right now I am a 35 year old mother of three grown children and have one beautiful grandchild. My husband is very supportive of me and I thank God for him. Although the years have been hard, after 21 years we are still together. Today I am still insecure, but I am learning how to love myself and to do things for myself and not for everyone else.

Questions:

1. Why did Mary feel excited about receiving her grade twelve diploma?
2. Why was Mary called a tomboy?

Maxine Steel

At the age of 16, I dropped out of school, got married and never thought about my future or my education. When my marriage didn't work, I realized I had two children and no education; only then did I begin to wonder what the future held for me.

I worked in the fish plant in Musgrave Harbour for eight years. Then the fishery failed. With the thoughts of a failed fishery and two small children, I really had no idea what I was going to do.

Before long the government came out with a support package for the people affected by the cod moratorium. It really helped a lot of Newfoundlanders. In this package came funds to retrain people to better educate themselves. I was all for this.

For starters, I went back to school and completed grade twelve. Then I decided to go further. I did a course with Centrac College. At times it was very difficult. It was stressful having to deal with school and to leave my two children for five days a week.

I was really put to the test sometimes, but with the help of my wonderful friend Mary and my wonderful mother, I finished my course in February of 1995. I haven't yet found a job that relates to my course but I am still working in a fishplant, at Beothic Fisheries in Valleyfield. The knowledge that I have a course that I can rely on to back me up in the future puts me at ease a little. I am very proud of my accomplishments and especially proud of myself.

Question:

1. Who did Maxine say helped her through the difficult time of dealing with school and leaving her children for five days a week?

Noreen and Rex Culter

Hello, my name is Noreen Culter. My husband's name is Rex and I would like to tell our story.

Rex has been a full-time commercial fisherman for twenty-four years. He fishes crab now but before the moratorium his main catch was cod. Most of the time he fished with a partner. They used cod traps, jiggers, gill nets, trawls, hook and line or whatever the season called for.

He quit school in grade seven and has been fishing ever since. He is one of the fishermen who qualified for NCARP for only six months. He said he is glad to have the chance to tell his story. He has a lot of frustration to get off his chest.

For three years he fought the system to try to get what was rightfully his. The reason he was given for not qualifying was, he didn't fish cod in 1990 and he didn't have any historical attachment to the fishery.

It's not that he didn't fish cod, it's that he didn't have receipts for it. He used to go fishing for cod day after day and didn't catch enough to pay for his gas. Because of the financial strain we were under, he had to call it quits that year.

Maybe he could have manufactured receipts (like it was rumored other people were doing) but Rex being a honest man, wouldn't have anything to do with that. So he was penalized for being honest.

When Brian Tobin first became the Minister of Fisheries, Rex contacted his office and for a while it looked like things might work out for us. Rex made a trip to the DFO office in St. John's for a meeting and straightened out a few things, but by then it was too late to qualify for TAGS.

At the meeting Rex accused the government officials of saying he didn't have any historical attachment to the fishery. When they looked over his record it was plain to see that he did. They changed his status from a non-fisherman to a historical fisherman. *That was the only thing accomplished at the meeting.*

After they corrected his record, he was asked if he came to the meeting to see if he'd have to repay the benefits he'd already received, or to see that he met the requirements for compensation. Rex told them he was there to get what was rightfully his. No comment was made.

Rex says it's common knowledge there are people on TAGS who have never set foot in a boat. The unfairness of it eats at your stomach and makes for bad feelings around town.

When the DFO meeting was finished, one fellow put his arm around Rex as they walked down the corridor. He said to him in a kind but sarcastic way, "if you had stayed at home and watched other people go out in the boat, you would probably be on TAGS by now." That told Rex he'd been penalized for working.

In Rex's opinion DFO should have sat up committees when they decided to compensate the fishermen. There should have been one or two local people on each committee. That way *all* the fishermen could have benefitted from TAGS.

I am originally from Walbush, Labrador. I worked in the Herring Neck Fish Plant for thirteen years and qualified for TAGS. But I feel my husband, being a fisherman for twenty-four years, surely had more right to TAGS benefits than I did.

Things are very tough for us but before we end up on welfare we'll leave the province. That will bring a whole new set of problems, because the only work Rex knows is fishing.

Right now Rex doesn't know if he will even qualify for the CORE Fishery. He doesn't know where he stands. He couldn't take advantage of any of the training that was offered. He feels like he is nothing in the eyes of the government.

There was a navigation course offered in his area and he was going to take it, thinking it could benefit him in his line of work. The night before he was to start class, he got a call saying he couldn't attend because he wasn't on TAGS.

Of all the people who did retrain, Rex figures about fifty percent of them wanted to retrain and the other fifty percent were forced. He wonders if some time in the future he'll be penalized for not having a navigation course.

Rex got in touch with the local Laubach Council and began one on one tutoring with Ida Reid and Blanche Powell. He stayed with the program for five years and received a *Learning Achievement Award* from Laubach Literacy of Canada. He finds studying very difficult but he's proud of what he's achieved so far. He is always in touch with the Literacy Office in his area and when more training becomes available he'll start again.

"The worst thing about this cod moratorium", he said, "is that nothing has been learned. The crab is going the same way as the cod, turbot and everything else. DFO is issuing more licences, giving more quotas and allowing every Tom, Dick and Harry to fish if they buy a fifty dollar license."

The crab season is over for this year. They caught their boat quota but the price was low, and they had to haul more gear to get the same amount of crab as a few years ago.

I work at the Twillingate Resource Center monitoring the crab landings. This is the Center's third year and they are seeing that the fishermen have to haul more gear to get the same amount of landings.

Rex figures the obvious thing to do is not increase the quota. But the real question is, how to allocate the over-all quota so that it will be fair. He realizes that it is a vicious circle.

He doesn't only blame the government, because in his words, "The fishermen are doing themselves in by keeping on for more and more. The government will give in to them and the stocks won't stand it."

Anyone can buy a fifty dollar permit to fish all summer. Rex doesn't agree with it. He said, "There are people on the mainland who take their holidays during crab season so they can fish on the crab boats. The fishery should be for fisher people, but not for teachers, carpenters, welders and so on."

There are plenty of fishermen around town who would welcome the chance to work on the crab boats. The fifty dollar permit is fine, but only if it is issued to fishermen. Rex said if fishermen tried to take a welder's job, you'd soon see their union fighting for them, *but* we don't have a union.

Fishing is not the way of the future around Twillingate. It'll be a job for some people, but it will never be the way it was before.

I would like to get out of the fishery because it's much too stressful. I have looked into the possibility of starting a home-based business. But I have some real concerns because once the TAGS benefits stop, there will be a lot less money going into the local economy and the businesses will find themselves in trouble again.

At one time Twillingate and the surrounding area was booming; even the school kids made money by baby-sitting for the people who worked in the fishery, by cutting out cod tongues and cheeks or by helping a fisherman for a share. All the small businesses were booming also.

Gradually the boom came to an end. In the beginning you'd work twenty to twenty-five weeks a year, then it got down to scraping enough stamps together to collect UI. Stamps to me is a dirty word. I have drilled it into our children, "Don't ever, ever, ever depend on unemployment insurance to get you through the year. You look for a full-time job."

I have also preached about education to my family. Nine chances out of ten their future will be away from the Island. Even if they stay here, they need to be well prepared.

Rex and I both know this is no life. If he could have a go at cod, crab, capelin, mackerel and herring, then maybe we could earn a living.

Fishermen work like dogs. Most people working in offices wouldn't be able to stand the pace. About five years ago they worked almost year round because when the fishing season was over, they'd have to mend their nets and traps, make new gear, fix their boat and motor and get ready for the next season.

Today, most of the boats are fibreglass or aluminum, which don't need much repair; when the season is over they only have to mend a few crab pots. All this leisure time is not what fishermen want. They want to be busy doing what they do best. Through no fault of their own, they are twiddling their thumbs and biting their nails. They end up being called lazy.

The rest of Canada has a bad impression about the moratorium and TAGS. The stories relayed to me by other family members living throughout Canada were enough to make me sit down and cry. The unfairness of everything was almost too much to bear. I was raised with the belief, 'when you don't fully understand something, you shouldn't pass judgement on it.'

Our people were suffering; whole communities were suffering, businesses were folding, neighbors were at each other's throats and families were breaking up. It was a disaster. Something had to happen to relieve the strain.

It is a big decision to uproot our family. We'd hate to leave this beautiful Island and everything we own. Starting over in a busy city of pavement, steel and glass will be another struggle. But before we end up on welfare, that's what we'll do.

In order for the fishery to survive we believe licenses should only be issued to a bonafide fisherman. We don't think every Tom, Dick or Harry should be allowed a fishing license. And if a fisherman leaves the fishery, for whatever reason, only another fisherman should be allowed to obtain that business. Rex doesn't think there should be another commercial fishery for another twenty years.

In closing, on behalf of Rex and myself, I would like the people in government to realize the aggravation, heartache and stress that we (and people like us) have been through, and compensate us in some way.

Questions:

1. How long had Rex been fishing before the cod moratorium came into effect?
2. What do you think Noreen means by 'stamps being a dirty word'?
3. What was the name of the award Rex received?

Robert Tulk

My name is Robert Tulk. I have been a full time fisherman for as long as can remember. For the last few years I have been interested in furthering my education. In my spare time I write. Here is my story.

I was sixteen years old and in grade eight when I quit school. I had learn read before kindergarten, so reading wasn't a problem. My partial deafness and speech impediment, however, were part of it.

The hardest thing I found while growing up was the lack of attention by the teachers. Back then teachers had up to a hundred students and taught a subjects. On top of all that, they considered me to be a problem student. *At times I was.*

I was never allowed to take part in the Christmas Concert. At the time I had a big problem ... People found it hard to understand me. The teachers made me stay in the back room. At those times they used to make ice cream and sell it. Well, there was one time they didn't have any ice cream to sell, because I ate it all.

I got a hidin' for it, as usual. The hidin' came in the form of a strapping across the hands, legs or wherever could be reached. When I visit what is now the Parish Hall, I fancy I can see my picture or name, in a particular corner. I spent more than one hour in that corner.

I'll tell you another story about a geography test we had once. The day before the test, I got into a fight with one of the boys at school. The teacher got kinda mad with me, so he put me right up front. In them days we never had written tests where you'd pass in a piece of paper. The teacher would stand up behind the desk and ask the questions. I could see his lips perfectly and I could hear him good. I got 100% on that test and I got the biggest kind of hidin'.

Because I had failed all the other tests the teacher accused me of cheating. It didn't make any difference that I couldn't have cheated because the teacher had asked the questions verbally, I still got the hidin'. I got lots of hidins that didn't make any sense. But I received one for taking comic books to school; I hid them inside the big geography book.

After I quit school, I worked as a Fuller Brush Salesman for a while. Mostly everyone around was poor, so I didn't do too well at that. I tried going to Trade College, but I felt my biggest problem was fitting in with people because of my speech.

Growing up in a small town can be tough, and people can be cruel you know. If you're called stupid long enough, you end up believing it. I used to go out of my way to avoid people, but eventually I got over that. Much to my shame I started drinking, but that only made things worse, so I soon gave that up.

I began fishing with my father and Uncle Dave Black from Newtown. We fished cod but there wasn't much money in it. I got tired of not catching anything and decided to go away to the mainland.

The day I told my family I was leaving home everyone laughed at me; they thought I wouldn't be able to stick it out. I told them I had enough money to see me through, but when the boat landed in Port aux Basques I had only ten cents in my pocket. Wasn't much you could buy outta that.

I found a few odd jobs and worked my way to Ontario. While in Ontario, I had an ear operation that restored part of my hearing. But because I've been a lip reader all my life, I still need to look at people when talking to them.

I bought an old fashioned hearing aid at one time, the kind that had a cord going down into the pocket. When people talked to me they would get close to it and talk at the top of their voices.

When I was going across the Gulf, I said to my buddy, 'I'm going to make a clean break,' and I took the hearing aid and threw it out into the Atlantic Ocean. It was nine years before I returned to Newfoundland.

Newfoundland is something that gets in your blood. I came back home and went fishing again.

These days, due to the cod moratorium, I fish mostly lobster. I fish alone and haul the gear manually. The lobster fishery wasn't too good this year and I believe the reason for it is the pressure put on the lobsters by the moratorium.

Before the moratorium, some fishermen stopped fishing lobster in June and started fishing cod, now they continue with the lobster. Some people think the Government should have closed the whole fishery down instead of just the cod fishery. Even though there was a lot of unfairness with the moratorium, I don't think closing everything down would have been the way to go.

With the moratorium in place, quite a few people were going back to school so I decided to give it another try. In 1993, at the age of 47, I signed up for the ABE class in Valleyfield. Although I had quit school at grade eight, a Canadian Adult Achievement Test (CAAT) started me at Level Three.

The first day of school I walked up to the entrance but didn't have the nerve to go in. I turned around and went home again. I figured everyone would laugh at me if I went inside. My cousin Katie Bungay, was a councillor at the time and she called me a coward.

I said to her, "Never call me a coward."

After three more failed attempts, I convinced myself I had to go back a fourth time. The first problem I ran into was Math... After failing my first math test, I was going to quit. One of my teachers convinced me to forget reading and writing for a while, and concentrate only on math. By the time I finished, I'd gone through every math book and passed every other test.

Before I finished Level Three, Centrac closed their school. I then signed on with the FFAW Learning Center in Templeman. I hitch-hiked to school every day. My son and I would get ready for school around the same time. He would say, "Now Father, you stay in the house until I get on the bus." At first he was a little embarrassed, but he soon got over it.

My instructor Guy Perry, asked why I spelled certain words the way I did. "That's the way I hear them," I told him.

Mr. Perry told me to slow down and my writing would get much better. I started doing just that, and before long I realized when something was written wrong and could fix it. I also keep my dictionary close by. Writing is my life. I really enjoy it.

I received my Level Three Diploma in 1994. If I went back to school again, I would like to learn more about writing. I've considered taking a correspondence course, but being a single income family man, I think the tuition would be too high for me.

I'm glad I decided to go back to school; it has increased my self-confidence, made me stop looking at myself as being stupid, and has given me a sense of accomplishment.

In September 1996 I will be fifty-one years old. I have put in a bid for the *Licence Buy Out Program*, but I don't know what will come out of it. If I ever retire from the fishery I will write full-time, fix up my house, and plant the garden that I've always wanted to plant.

Questions:

1. Why was he accused of cheating?
2. What was the biggest problem Robert had to face after returning to school the second time?
3. What has going back to school done for him?

Roy Powell

I quit school when I was in grade six at the age of sixteen. Because of a hearing problem, some words sound different to me than to other people. I found it difficult to learn even back then, but with more *one on one* teaching I feel I could have done much better.

I went fishing with three other partners after leaving school. We fished cod from a trap-boat. From there I went to St. John's to do carpenter work. After that I went to work at the Island Seafood Fish Plant, where I stayed for twenty-one years.

In the beginnings there were times when I used to work from 8:00 a.m. to 12:00 midnight. About three years before the Cod Moratorium was announced, I found my hours were starting to be less and less. Gradually, people weren't getting hardly any hours, the cost of living was going up and the household bills began to pile up. The TAGS cheque that eventually came helped with the monthly bills. It also helped ease some of the stress the whole community was feeling.

But, at the end of 1998 when the TAGS is finished, I don't know what the next step will be. Unless the government can come up with something else, there will be a lot of people on welfare. I don't see the plant re-opening because it is only a small one.

The TAGS councillors suggested that people on TAGS should go back to school and retrain. I felt under pressure to do so. I know of people who went back to school and quit, but didn't lose their TAGS benefits. Although I found it extremely difficult, I stuck it out.

At the age of forty-two I enrolled in the ABE class at the Island Training Center in Twillingate. Taking the first step was very scary. I found my two instructors, David King and Randy Gidge to be considerate of my problem and very helpful.

One day in class we listened to a tape that told the story about a Captain on a cruise ship. This Captain could go anywhere in the world on a ship and read any chart, but he couldn't write so he went back to school to learn. That story made a good impression on me.

The ABE class started out with approximately sixteen students. Halfway through some people dropped out. I have my own opinion as to why that happened. After some of the test marks came back, a guy from Gander, or somewhere, came out to Twillingate. He told me that I would never see Level Two. I know this guy said the same thing to other students.

It had a really negative impact on the class. People became discouraged and after that some people quit. I almost quit too, but I wouldn't let it get to me. Six or seven people passed Level One with me.

I went back to school to get Level Two but found it too difficult because of my reading skills. I am now working on that by having someone tutor me. I want to get my grade twelve diploma more than anything.

The learning center is closed now and there are no ABE classes offered anywhere in my area. But I think it should be offered again because there are a lot of people out there who want to go back to school. People who are more able to learn than I am. I do a lot of sketching in my spare time. If the fish plant doesn't open again, I don't know what I'll do for employment.

Questions:

1. How many hours, was Roy getting when he first worked at the fish plant?
2. How old was Roy when he went back to school for the second time?

Eric Hancock's Seal Hunt

(Barbara Collins)

I first went sealing in 1971. The sealing vessels were named N.V. Minia II and N.V. Theron. The Minia II is about 300 feet long and the Theron is about 150 feet long. There were twenty-two sealers on board, eighteen of them were from Fogo Island. We were out to the ice for about a month and half.

Guns were used to kill the old seals and bats were used for the young ones. At that time we were allowed to kill the white coats, but not any more.

Once my friend and I were chased by a polar bear. We shot at it and missed, but at least we weren't eaten. Another day we had a fire on board the Theron. All the rooms were burned inside.

Another time we were stuck in the ice for twenty-one days. We drifted for miles. The only way to clear our path was to use dynamite. After we got out, we had to work long and hard to catch up for lost time. The more seals you killed the more money you would make. One day our meals had to be brought out to the ice because we were too busy to stop.

There is no longer a big seal hunt; it is only for long liners and small boats. don't think it will ever be like it was back then. But, they will have to put a quota on it because the seals are eating a large percentage of the fish. It was a good experience for me at the time because it was my first trip to the ice. Now that I am married, I don't think I would go back to the way it was.

Question:

1. When the boat Eric Hancock was on was stuck in the ice, what did they use to clear the path?

Stuck In the Ice

(Barry Vineham)

In 1961 Canadian and Norwegian ships were stuck in the ice off the Grey Islands, Northwest of Long Point. They drifted South to Twillingate in Notre Dame Bay. Northwest of Twillingate one ship went down, the rest were stuck in the ice for fifty-five days and never moved. The men from Norway walked to shore in Twillingate to be helped by the Red Cross so they would be in good health when they left for home.

On the 26 day of May, a man named Ralph Horwood and his dog walked out four and some half miles to where the Norwegian ship was and killed a beater seal for a meal for their family. On the 27th day, Ralph and his cousin walked out to the ship again and killed another seal. Ralph and his cousin were then asked to board the ship and have dinner with them.

Ralph took letters from the ship to mail home to Norway for the men. On the 28th day of May the men on the ship walked to shore because they had no food left on board.

The next day wind from the South West came up strong and made water, so the ships started to move. The lighthouse keeper told the Captains to use life boats to reach their ships, rather than trying to jump them. That evening the men reached their ships just in time to stop them from hitting the rocks off of Baccalieu. Finally, after 55 days, the men were on their way home to Norway and their families.

Question:

1. What countries were the ships from that were stuck in the ice?

To Fogo I Left Behind

When I leave this harbor
tomorrow, across the wide
ocean to go. I leave behind
my love ones, and everyone
that I love so.

Farewell to old shores of Fogo,
farewell my one true friend.
Wherever I may be I'll always
be true to thee.

The fishing is no more, so
away from these shores I must
go. To look for work
wherever it may be.
I'm so sad to be
leaving behind my dear family.

There's a dark cloud of sorrow
hanging over me. There's a lot of
weight on my mind, for I know
there's a family loving me truly
In old Fogo I'm leaving behind.

Caville Tarrant

In the Army

(Barry Vineham)

The year was 1941-42. A young man named Carl Rogers worked for the Canadian Army. Apart from working with the Merchant Marines, his job was to carry men across the bay in his own boat.

Each Sunday he carried about forty people three miles across the bay to Phillip's Head, where they attended church. With them Carl carried supplies needed by the Army. There were no roads or street lights leading to places here in Newfoundland. Boats were used for passenger travel, transporting goods and everything else in the small communities.

An Army camp was built in a place called Wiseman's Cove. Carl stayed there all night to bring people back to the mainland in the morning. The group had about six hundred officers. They were from all over Canada, including Quebec and British Columbia. They would take the sick to Botwood by boat and from there by train to the Grand Falls Hospital.

Carl would make trips to take and get mail for the men of the Canadian Army. The men looked forward to getting mail from the loved ones that they missed back home. War is hard, but not all men needed to carry a gun to help the cause that men died for - so we can be free.

Questions:

1. Name two of the Canadian provinces the, Army men were from.
2. Where did the men attend church?

The Fifty Dollar House

(Marina Starkes)

My name is Millicent Way, I was born at Hare Bay, Bonavista Bay on June 25th, 1922. My father and mother were Samuel and Jane Collins. My father was a camp foreman with the A. N. D. Co. for many years. He also had a Saw Mill at Three Brooks. My father worked hard to support a family of four boys and four girls.

My husband, Lewis, was born in New York, U.S.A. His family moved back to St. John's when he was five years old. After his mother died, he and his father, Garfield Way, moved out to his grandfather's house in Butier's Cove, near Dover. We met in 1939 and got married two years later.

We bought a house in Butier's Cove for \$50.00. Lewis and a few men launched the house across the water to Hare Bay. A block and tackle, and long skids were used to haul the house down to the water. To help the house float, oil barrels were placed around the floors and braced to the ceiling with two-by-four lumber.

A boat owned by Percy Wells, called the Sylvia Joyce, towed the house up the bay. It was an all night job. They arrived in Hare Bay around 1:00 am. The house was moored up in Little Island Cove for the night.

During the night a vicious storm came up. The house was no match for the strong Southern wind that blew into the little cove. When Lewis went down in the morning to check on it the only things he salvaged were a door and the ground pinion.

After that we built a small house with one bedroom, a kitchen, and a pantry. We lived there for five years. In 1949 we bought the Salvation Army Quarters for \$500.00. We still live in it today.

When we were first married Lewis worked in the lumber woods. He cut pulp wood with a buck saw for ninety cents a cord. He soon became tired of not making enough money to support his family so he went to St. John's and renewed his U.S. citizenship.

From there, he joined the U.S. Army at Fort Pepperrell in Pleasantville. He stayed with the Army for two years and then joined the U.S. Air Force where he became a Staff Sergeant and moved to Washington, DC. He used to come home for two week leaves, but sometimes he was gone for a year at a time. One time it was thirteen months before I saw him again. The last place he worked was the Elision Air Force Base in Alaska. After seven years he quit the military because it was too hard on his family.

We had four children during this time and I found it very hard and lonely. Everyday chores like bringing water, scrubbing clothes on a scrub board, bringing in wood and coal kept me busy. Cecil Wiseman's sawmill was just under the hill from my house and he kept me in wood.

My family was good to me but I was very lonely and downcast during the long winter months. I found the weekends especially lonely but with a strong will and perseverance, I got through it.

Questions:

1. How much money did Millicent and Lewis Way pay for their first house?
2. How many years was Lewis gone away from his family?

Barbers' Light

(Barry Vineham)

Once in awhile in the early morning just before dawn, a strange light can be seen moving quickly in the harbor mouth like the hand of death that will take anyone in its path.

No one knows what the light really is but some say because of the wind and rain that follows, it's probably from a sunken fishing boat that went down one stormy morning.

The boat was owned by the Barbers and it was never found. Some people say the strange light is a spirit of a lady trying to tell people how to find the lost boat that never made it home on that cold, wet, windy spring morning so many years ago. Legend has it that if you follow her light before the sun breaks out over the hill from the east, you would find an anchor moving across the bottom which leads to the boat.

Some people say there are no ghosts or that the dead cannot contact us in any way. But I say why not? If you were in a ship that went to the bottom in the cold waters of Newfoundland, so close to home but to never see your family again, wouldn't you try to ask for help to let your spirit rest forever with God.

Question:

1. What would you find if you followed the lady's spirit?

My Growing Up Days

(Maxine Steel)

My name is Rosie Wellon. I will be 78 years this coming February (1997). I am from Ladle Cove, Bonavista Bay. I can remember when I was two years old in my little, white painted crib. I used to be sick then. My mom died with T. B. when I was 14 months old. My aunt and uncle had no children so they raised me as their own. As I grew in years, my health improved.

At eight years I started school. We had no nice warm clothes like they do today. In winter we wore a long coat, a wool tassel cap and sheep's wool knitted stocking and mittens, and a wool scarf if we were lucky. We wore faced up boots with short, rubber boots to wear over them to keep out the water (these days they would be called 'ducky boots'). We used to have some real stormy weather back then.

I can remember my school days. I think it's the best days of one's life - even though we only had a one room school, a pot belly stove and had to carry two bundles of wood under our arm three times a day. Some kids would throw their wood on the beach and it would never reach the pot belly stove.

We used slates in a wooden frame and a slate pencil to do our work. We cleaned them with water. It used to be some cold, more than once it froze on my slate like ice. My first book was called a Primer; we had to spell words like cat, dog, fly, tub, hen, etc. I would like to have my slate, pencil and Primer to keep as a souvenir. I only got grade nine and I never went to a two room school. My first teacher's name was Miss Nancy Halfyard.

In our teen years we sure had to work. We sawed wood with a cross cut saw, then it got more modern and we used a buck saw. We'd split the wood into four pieces. I used to split it into smaller pieces and dry it in the oven to kindle the fire in the morning.

Everyone was scared of fire in them days. When we'd go to bed in the winter time we would douse the fire in the old Waterloo stove; the water would freeze in the kettle on the stove.

We never smoked tobacco, but we did have several smokes in the winter time. I know I did in my bedroom on a cold frosty morning with my breath, when my uncle was lighting the fire to warm up the kitchen.

In our teen years we had to respect the Sabbath. On Sunday we'd go to church in the morning, to Sunday School in the afternoon, and to the Church Service at night. We all had special clothes to wear. We weren't allowed to wear them during the week. I hung up each garment as soon as I took it off.

One thing I can remember quite well is that we were taught to respect old people. We would have to call them aunts or uncles if they were related to us or not.

We sure did enjoy Christmas, even though the presents in our stockings were very small. We'd get a hankie, a hair buckle, an apple and maybe a few candies. But how our little hearts would leap for joy on Christmas morning.

Next, there was mummering. Oh, what fun that was! The next thing was Valentine's Night. That was spent with every kid making their Valentine cards and coloring them brightly. When it got dark, we would get together and go to the neighbour's porch door, throw the Valentines inside, make a loud noise and then hide outside, under the window. We'd listen to them reading the Valentines and have the big hearty laughs. What fun!

We did not have everything like the teens do now, but we had a lot of happiness. We spent a lot of hours weeding our parent's vegetable garden and picking berries. There was always plenty of jam in the house and sometimes we sold a few berries.

I remember one time I sold enough partridge berries to buy a hat. It was red. I sold enough bakeapples one summer to buy a red coat. We did work hard but enjoyed it and had lots of fun and laughs.

I fell in love and married at the age of 23. We had seven children who are all married now and between them have 17 children.

Questions:

1. What do you think Rosie meant by: "We never smoked tobacco but we did have several smokes in the winter time."
2. Why did they have to call older people 'aunt or uncle'?

Squid

(Barry Vineham)

In 1979-80 for the first time in many years, squid came to shore. Twillingate and other towns needed jobs very badly. The cod fish were on the way out; no one knew it but the squid were indeed something from God.

The sun was on our side, everywhere you went you could see fins and lines of squid drying in the sun. Even the politicians made a visit and said how great it was to see people making money and to see a smile on the face of each man, woman and child.

"Could this be a start of many good years for squid?" people asked themselves. But it was not to be, as we know now. Today nearly twenty years have gone by and the smiles on everyone's faces are not so bright. Not only has there been no squid, but the cod are all but gone too. What will happen to our little towns?

Little outports like Twillingate might soon become ghost towns. But we have known happy times, like the years of 1979-80 when the rows of squid swung in the breeze and made people feel useful. These days might never come this way again.

In spite of the mismanagement of cod, squid, capelin, etc., God has forgiven the greed we have shown for the resources he gave us to make a life for our families in our little outports towns.

Question:

1. What did the politicians say when they came to visit?

Trip to the Well

(Barry Vineham)

Forty years ago there were no snow ploughs to clear the roads after a winter snow storm. At times the snow drifts would be so high that people could touch the phone wires. If you didn't own a horse and sled, you would have to go to the grocery store or to the well on foot.

That could get dangerous because the drifts would be high in some places and not so high in others. If someone on a horse and sled was coming around the bend and you were on foot, then you'd better get out of the way in a hurry. To help with this problem, the horses used to have a bell around their necks.

Walking to the well to get water for drinking, housework and bathing was a major task. One particular well was at the bottom of a large hill. After many trips by people and horses, the hard snowy path turned into a hill of glare ice. To get back over the hill with the buckets of drinking water, some people would tie squat-up milk cans on their boots to give them a little traction.

Sometimes it would take them over two hours to get enough water for drinking and bathing. The five gallon galvanized buckets felt heavier and heavier with each trip that was made to the well. This heavy chore was done by men and women, but mostly by women because the men were away in the woods.

Questions:

1. Why did the horses wear bells around their necks?
2. Why did people tie squat-up milk cans to their boots?
3. Can you remember bringing drinking water in buckets?

Two Seagulls

Two seagulls flew from the
shore, and they said Twillingate
they would see no more.

The fish was so scarce
they could not feed, so away
from Twillingate they had to flee,
and take their chances
out on the sea.

The sea was rough, the weather
was harsh, their bodies were weak
and they couldn't go far.

One lonely sea gull returns
to the shore, his mate and the
cod fish he will see no more.

Caville Tarrant

Around the Home

(Barry Vineham)

Women today don't do as much around the home as they did in my grandmother's day. Years ago women did more than look after the kids and other housework. After the kids were off to school they would chop wood, bring water and feed the hens, cows, sheep, and any other livestock they might have.

They would weed and water potatoes, carrots, beets, and other vegetables. They didn't have to go to the store for very much because everything was grown at home, they even had eggs and meat.

The women had to put out and turn over all the fish the men caught during the summer. The dried fish would be one food staple for the cold winter, it would also be sold to store owners.

The women in my grandmother's time, and a little while after, did a great deal of work. More than some people today might think. They did a lot of this work before twelve noon.

Question:

1. Do you think women work as hard today as they did years ago?

The Jim Hurley Story

(Elaine Woodford)

It was February 2nd, 1965, that Jim Hurley, along with a few of his buddies, left for Herring Neck to take part in the Candlemas Celebrations at the Orange Lodge. That night there was a supper and a dance to end the *"Time"*.

From what I've heard my parents and other people in the community say, Jim had a few drinks that night and had gotten into a dispute with some fellow.

As the story goes, Jim left the Lodge after the Time was over and headed for home on foot. It was a pretty bad night for walking so a couple of people suggested that Jim should spend the night in Herring Neck. But, for whatever reasons he wouldn't stay; he left alone.

The next morning Ross Woodford was on his way to White Point to check out the wood he had cut there earlier. As he crossed SudderBar (Southern Bar), the horse that was pulling his cart stopped and refused to go any further.

Up ahead, lying on the ice, was Jim Hurley. One of his boots was standing straight on the ice and his body had melted the ice beneath him about an inch or so.

The RCMP said that he had become exhausted and disoriented; he didn't know which way to go so he lay down on the ice. It was there that he perished. The community was shocked and saddened to hear of the tragedy.

Question:

1. Can you remember going to a Time when you were young? If not, ask someone older than you to tell you what a Time is. Write a few sentences to describe it.

Treasure at Too Good Arm

(Elaine Woodford)

Down in what we call Burton's Cove there is a greyish rock which lies on top of a pirate's treasure. You might laugh, but it's true. Uncle Pat Hurley told me when he was a boy he found several old coins around the rock.

According to Newfoundland history, from 1550 to 1815, while Britain was fighting its battles with France and the United States, piracy was ever-present.

Sometime during that time a pirate robbed a British ship and buried the treasure in Too Good Arm-New World Island. Until the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries New World Island wasn't permanently settled, so it was a safe haven for a pirate to hide his treasure.

Question:

1. Do you know any hidden treasure stories? Write a few sentences about it.

Destiny

(Kathleen Ford)

The path we take today can lead us to any destination. Circumstances beyond our control can force us to relocate to another town, community or city. Not knowing what lies ahead can be a learning experience as well as a place to call home.

My name is Kathleen and I was born in the wilderness of the Gander Valley in a place called Glenwood. Glenwood is located on the Trans Canada Highway, twenty kilometers west of Gander. Until the 1980's Glenwood was a growing community with hopes and expectations for a bright and prosperous future. In 1982 we faced the unexpected loss of our major industry - the logging industry.

The logging industry provided employment to hundreds of men from all over the surrounding inlets and bays. If the outport fishery had a bad season, the lumber woods was the place to go to seek employment.

In 1982 people had to take a different look at their future and decide what would be best for their families. Some had to seek work elsewhere; uprooting and moving became the answer. It became a new way of life for many people.

I was very fortunate to have married a man from Fogo, Fogo Island. His family had moved to Glenwood during the resettlement times. His father found work in the lumber woods and they decided, to make Glenwood their home.

After the logging industry collapsed we sold our home nestled in the Gander Valley and moved back to Fogo Island. The outlook on the fishery was better than ever and modern equipment made it easier than ever. We decided to go back to what my husband's father had done before he left Fogo in the late fifties.

I had no idea what lay ahead of me nor did I have any idea on the fishery. I thought with the ferry being only one and a half hours away from home, I would be able to come and go any time I wanted. I was wrong. Living on an island has it's advantages and disadvantages.

I had pictured Fogo Island as a small island with lots of trees. While there are some trees, the otherwise stark beauty of the island and the openness of the cold Atlantic Ocean was a shock to my system. The harshness of winter made the gentleness of a Glenwood summer only a fond memory.

The weather and wind on Fogo, I soon learned, would make or break a day of fishing. When trying to make a living from the sea, the weather is your survival. So listening to the forecast, looking at the clouds and checking the wind became a daily routine.

The lifestyle of any Newfoundland outport that makes a living from the sea is a lifestyle that is completely different from any other. It was work from dusk to dawn, with never a moment to spare. The old saying 'make hay while the sun shone' was no truer words spoken.

The work began as the month of May and the first sign of fish came. As the season for each species of fish opened we worked, with never a moment to spare, from dawn to dusk. We fished until late October or November, depending on the weather.

I remember one time when our crew were still splitting fish until 2:00 a.m.; everyone were busy, both young and old. Young boys and girls were earning pocket money by cutting out cod tongues. The fish plants were in full force with fishermen coming from the fishing grounds all hours of the day and night.

"Amazing," I thought, "how lucky the people on this Island are. So rich in many ways and so fortunate to have the resource to provide a living for their families. There was no such thing as time for a holiday; this was the time for work."

I have learned to accept the isolation at certain times of the year and the hard work. We have learned that the wind won't blow forever. There's a reward at the end of a good day fishing. The fresh smell of the ocean at five o'clock in the morning makes you take a deep breath and realize how lucky you are to be alive. How fortunate we are; surely we can count our blessings.

Even though the fishery is now on a decline, we have faith in it and are going to continue fishing.

Questions:

1. What was Glenwood's mayor industry?
2. When did the fishing start and end?
3. Do you think Kathleen enjoys working in the fishery? Why?

Reminiscing with John Fifield

(Robert Tuik)

The lure of Labrador in the early days called people from all walks of life, both young and old. It was common for fishermen to take their son, or maybe a friend's son along to the Labrador for the summer.

John Fifield of Wesleyville, Bonavista Bay, went to the Labrador when he was twelve years old, with his grandfather who was seventy-one. His grandfather William West, was taking a job of lighthouse keeper on Strawberry Island.

They went down on the "Kyle", taking along a three month supply of food, coal and oil. When they arrived at their destination, the sea was too rough to land. They had to land on the far side of the island, about a half a mile from their cabin. After unloading their supplies they had to carry it across the island over the rugged terrain to their cabin.

The first advice Fifield received from his grandfather was this, "John, there's plenty of salt in the shed out back of the cabin. If I die, pack me in salt until somebody comes along."

According to Fifield they were completely isolated. There was no such thing as a wireless or radio. Sometimes a ship would stop and the crew would come ashore. John and his grandfather would go jigging for cod near the lighthouse, they would also hunt ducks and partridges for their own use. They had a wonderful time and the summer passed quickly.

But, life on the Labrador wasn't always that easy. One year while on the Labrador he came down with acute appendix. He went sixteen days without sleep or food. The only thing that he put inside his mouth was aspirin.

"I must have used up every aspirin on the Labrador." related Fifield. On the sixteenth day they sailed into St. Anthony where he was taken into the hospital and an operation was performed.

When he wasn't on the Labrador during his younger days, he went to the ice hunting seals.

"That was hard times," said Fifield, "we couldn't wash or shave. Our clothes would be covered with seal fat."

"Duff with soup was the main food back then," related Fifield. "One day we were served the best tasting soup that I ever had. When the pot was half empty, someone went to stir the soup and found an uncooked flipper from an old dog Hood Seal. It was no place for someone with a weak stomach."

Another time he was on the sealing ship "Ranger". They got stuck in the ice near St. Anthony. They had a long hawser attached to the ship and were trying to haul it through the ice. One man slipped and hit his head. He was knocked unconscious.

There were no helicopters back then. Fifield and a group of men put the man in a dory. They hauled the dory over the ice to St. Anthony. Then they took the dory, with the man aboard and carried it to the hospital.

"We left the dory on the hospital steps," said Fifield. "We must have looked a sight. A bunch of smelly, dirty sealers lugging an unconscious man around the hospital looking for a doctor."

The era that Fifield lived and worked in is long gone. It will never be duplicated. Soon it will be remembered by a small few, and after these few have passed on to their reward, the memories will be gone forever.

Questions:

1. What was the first advice Fifield's grandfather gave him?
2. Give the dictionary meaning for the word 'hawser'.

The Fire of 1961

(Marina Starkes)

On June 12th, 1961, a fire started somewhere between Hare Bay and Gambo in an area called Traverse Brook. It swept through most of Bonavista North, leaving behind destruction and despair. Three months later it was brought under control in Carmanville, Bonavista Bay. The cause of the fire was listed as 'careless smokers'.

The estimated volume of wood burnt was in the area of three million cords valued at approximately \$12 million, many homes and businesses were destroyed and there was no way of estimating the numbers of wildlife that died. The actual cost of fighting the fire was listed as \$86,914 but if a value was put on free services such as military aircraft and personnel and local volunteers the cost could easily have doubled.

There were 18 settlements affected by the fire. The communities that suffered the most were Hare Bay (12 homes, one garage and one workshop burned), Brookfield (three homes, one general store and one furniture store burned), and Carmanville (12 homes burned).

Residents were evacuated as the fire reached each community along the coast. Some went by car to the neighboring community, others went by boat, while others gathered in the Northern Ranger (a large ship that followed the fire and stationed itself in each harbor according). Many lives were disrupted and changed forever. The memory of that summer will never leave the minds of those touched by the fire.

Gary Collins of Hare Bay is a saw mill operator working in the Traverse Brook area. He remembers the day the fire started. It was a beautiful, hot summer day and he was in school doing grade eight exams. The students noticed the teacher's concerned glances toward the window.

Soon all the teachers gathered in the hallway and began to talk under their breath. Finally one of the students got up from his seat and looked out the window. Then everyone looked out and saw smoke towering up just over the ridge.

If the wind breezed up, the fire would spread quickly and the school would be in its line of fire. The school board decided not to take any chances. School was closed without finishing exams and stayed closed for the rest of the school year. Later that day the wind did breeze and the rest is history.

Gary said there was a lot of activity in the town before very long. Fire trucks, Mounties and all the residents were out and about. They gathered on what is called Wells' Hill.

The fire was brought under control in Hare Bay (as they thought). It swept on down towards Indian Bay; all the firefighters and equipment went with it. Meanwhile, a few hot spots had broken out in the upper end of town and another, more serious fire was started.

Because most of the men and equipment were gone, the second fire couldn't be controlled as easily, 12 homes, one garage and one workshop were burnt to the ground. It's Gary's opinion that the second fire caused most of the environmental damage.

With Davis's Garage destroyed, Gary's parents, Theophilus and Sarah Collins owned the only gas pumps in town. By 12:00 p.m. almost all the people had been evacuated, but with his father fighting the fire Gary had to stay and help his mother pump gas. He said although at times things became very hectic, he never saw his mother lose her cool.

Sarah said, "I never felt scared because we could see the fire from the house, plus, the job had to be done." At times the smoke was thick and choking but she also knew there was a large bog between her and the fire.

One lady was so distraught that she asked Sarah to pump all the gas from the underground tanks and dump it in the bay so the gas pumps wouldn't explode.

Gary said the flames' on the horizon were a spectacular sight. Smoke and heat had a magnifying effect on the bright orange and yellow colors. The whole sky was a haze of smoke, heat and ash. It looked strange and unreal but very beautiful.

He remembers one night going with a crowd of people to Hare Bay Island and watching everything from a distance; its a sight that will be printed in his memory forever. He said some of the older people were scared, but as a teenager he and his friends saw it as an adventure.

Eighty-nine year old Mildred Vivian remembers the fire well. There were times when it was only five or six hundred yards from her home. Davis' Garage had caught fire and the acetylene tanks had exploded. There was flankers and burning debris flying everywhere. By now, other houses in the area were burning. She and her husband Charlie wouldn't leave their home. Charlie stayed up on the roof of their house with the water hose and kept the house from burning. She stayed inside and cooked meals for the firefighters. After the immediate danger was over she could look across the road and see the blazing fire as it made its way down over the country. She said it was a pretty scary thing to go through.

Mildred's daughter-in-law, Eliza said since many people worked in the lumber woods the only thing to do after the fire was to leave the area to look for work. A lot of people moved to the mainland. Some people came back home after a couple years but others stayed much longer. She and husband only recently came back home to retire.

Theophilus Collins said while there were thousands of jobs lost, out of the fire came the blueberry industry. Within three years there were enough blueberries for every man, woman and child to pick for years to come.

He started a blueberry business and employed agents from Glovertown and on down the shore to Carmanville. A twenty-five acre blueberry farm was built as well as hundreds of blueberry trails. It created employment for many people. In the years between 1964 and 1979 he paid out almost two million dollars to people of the area for blueberries.

Louis Collins was working in Square Pond when the fire started; everybody left work to fight the fire. He said during the night Mounties went door to door to make sure everyone was evacuated.

Some people went to neighboring communities by car and told stories of driving through roads that were surrounded by fire and smoke. One lady was due to have her baby and had to be air-lifted to the hospital.

Another woman remembers the panic of rushing to the government wharf where the Northern Ranger was standing by to take people to safety; she was the last one to get in a crowded car, the car door wasn't properly closed and she fell out, losing a shoe and scraping her hand.

A water pump was set up in Wiseman's Cove but it wasn't strong enough to carry the water to the fire. A speed boat was placed at a half-way point to be used as a holding tank. Water was then relayed to the fire by water hoses.

Louis remembers one incident when he was hosing down Pearce Saunders' house. There was fire everywhere, it was so hot that his eyebrows had burned to the skin, he looked around and realized he was by himself. All of a sudden the water hose went dry; he couldn't figure out what had happened.

He went back to the command post and found the hose had been cut. Someone had been trying to save his own house from the flames and had cut the hose to use himself. This man hadn't realized the consequences of doing such a thing.

The fire spread towards Indian Bay, leaving destruction in its wake. As each community in between became exposed to danger they were evacuated.

Seventy-eight year old Leah Ackerman of Wareham remembers the panic everyone was in. One night a group of people went up to Centerville to see what was happening. Fire flankers blew in under one particular house and they watched as it started to burn. The Army was there and put the fire out.

The Army was stationed at Camp 12 in Number One Pond. She said the Orange Lodge was set up to give the men meals. Some of the fire-fighters were paid, but others were volunteers.

Many people had re-located from Fair Island and Silver Fox Island in 1961. Leah said there were a couple of houses being floated up the bay at the time of the fire and the owners kept them moored off rather than bring them ashore. They even stayed in them when the fire was at its worst.

Leah's daughter was only four years old but she remembers her uncle Fred using a tractor to pile gravel up around their house to prevent the fire from coming further.

Leah said a lot of people were evacuated to Valleyfield. She was scrubbing clothes on a board in the porch when they were down to Valleyfield and flankers from the fire came in through the doorway. When the fire was in full swing down there, they went back to Wareham.

Florence and Jack Wicks of Wareham were about to be married when the fire reached their town. As they were going into the church, they could see the smoke and flames about 10 miles away. All the women and children were taken on board the Northern Ranger which was stationed by the wharf. All the arrangements were made with Reverend Cluett who had to come from Greenspond so they decided to go ahead with the ceremony. Florence said the only woman at her wedding was Caroline Culter.

As soon as they were married Jack left to fight the fire. They kept the reception going for two nights because the men came back to rest and eat their meals.

A.G. Pickett said the fire was so close to his general store - only fifty feet away - that the outside toilet burned to the ground. The Mounties asked him if he had insurance on his store. When he said yes, they took the hose from his place and used it to work on Skipper Percy Pickett's house because it was in danger. Neither his store nor Skipper Pickett's house burned.

A.G. said he and his family wouldn't leave the store until the smoke drove them out. When they finally decided to leave they were only able to drive the car a few hundred feet up the road before the smoke blocked off their view completely. They had to stay in the car for hours.

He said time seemed to drag forever. They could see flankers all around and the fear of a gas leak was always in his and his wife's mind. The children had fallen asleep and didn't realize the danger. When the wind breezed up and the smoke lifted they felt they were out of danger so they went back home.

Eventually things got back to normal. Throughout his lifetime A.G. has operated many businesses but the one he remembers well is the blueberry processing business. In 1972 he went to a Nova Scotia Agricultural College and successfully completed two blueberry processing courses. From there his business boomed.

The fire continued on down the shore leaving many people devastated in the small towns. If time and space allowed there could be hundreds of harrowing experiences told. When it was finally over everybody picked up the pieces and life returned to normal.

Questions:

1. Can you remember the fire of 1961 ? If you can't ask someone about it and write a few sentences about it.
2. Do you think you would have stayed with your home like Mildred and Charlie Vivian did? Why or why not?

Cabot Island Memories

(Robert Tuik)

In the early days of lighthouse keeping the keepers brought along their families while attending their duties. On Cabot Island there were usually two families. At one time Ephriam Blackmore and Norman Gill were keepers of the light.

While the families were living on Cabot Island they would be isolated for long periods of time. Because of this problem and the lack of education facilities, a school was started by Ephriam Blackmore. He taught his own children and some of Norman Gill's family. Ephriam only had a grade two education but he was gifted in writing, reading and arithmetic.

He taught the basic skills of reading, writing and adding. The school was started in the Sailor Home located on Eastern Head. The pupils were Marjorie Blackmore, Jesse Blackmore, Hariand Blackmore, Ike Gill and possibly Albert Gill.

While living on Cabot Island Jesse Blackmore had a close call. He almost drowned. He was walking along the shoreline when a huge wave came in and swept him off his feet. When the wave receded it took him too. He was swept beside a crevice in the rock where he was able to get a grip and hung on until his father came to the rescue. He was a very frightened and lucky boy.

According to the Blackmore family, life on Cabot Island was a combination of good times and bad. Lack of activity would result in boredom among the younger ones, especially when the weather was bad. But an active mind can result in many pleasant hours. It was because of boredom Jesse and Hariand Blackmore built a boat that was unlike any other.

According to Jesse, six pieces of one by two were driven into the ground in the shape of a boat. It was then sheeted up, pulled up out of the ground, the ends cut off and then the bottom was put in. Rags provided by their mother were used to seal the seams. It was twelve feet long. The boys spent many enjoyable hours rowing their boat in the small pond on the island.

When the weather was good and the sea calm they would take boat rides and cod jigging trips in a dory powered by a 3 HP Acadian engine. Trips would be made to Pinchards Island for supplies and to visit people.

Drinking water was delivered to the island by Mr. James Hill from Wesleyville. The mail was delivered by Uncle Benjamin Sturge from Pound Cove. Visits by these people were looked forward to because of news from the mainland. Many a good yarn was told.

Vegetables were grown on the Island to supplement their food supply. Bakeapples grew out there too. Sea birds and seals were killed for meat.

In the spring seals would appear on the ice. Once they lost their dog because of the seals. The dog spotted two seals and went after them. It killed the whitecoat and pursued the older seal in

the water until they both disappeared from of sight. Guns were fired to try and lure the dog back, but it didn't work.

A couple of weeks later they heard on the Doyle Bulletin that a dog was found alive on the ice near Happy Adventure. They had no way of knowing if it was the same dog.

Ephraim retired from his job as lighthouse keeper later on in his life, but his children still have fond memories of life on the Cabot.

Questions:

1. Name the pupils who attended school on Eastern Head.
2. What did Jesse and Harland do to relieve their boredom?
3. Do you think the dog found on the ice near Happy Adventure was the dog from Cabot Island?

Christmas in a Newfoundland Outport

Christmas in Newfoundland is so much fun.
It's hard for me to remember only one.
I'm going to remember one, so you all can
see. This one's about Grandma,
Grandpa and me.

Grandpa with his pipe, Grandma in her chair.
We were all sitting, around without even a
care. Then out on the porch there was a
loud bang. I got scared, and upstairs I ran.

Grandpa got up with a wink and a grin.
He went to the door, to see who wanted in.
And who should it be, mummers, oh
mummers for us to see.

I peeked from the stairs as quiet as a
mouse. That's when they all came into the
house. There were big ones and small ones,
fat ones and thin, And grandpa just stood
there with his toothless grin.

One had an accordion, another had the rum.
They were all there for some good old
Newfoundland fun. The dancing began, the
singing did too. What was a child of ten to do.

Well down the stairs I crept. So no
one could see, I hid behind the
Christmas tree. But Grandma, she saw me,
and pulled me right out, to see all
of them mummers that were scattered
about. Oh! They were so funny, so funny
to see. With boots on their hands and mitts
on their feet.

up a storm that made the
floor boards bend. Even Grandma joined in
to a Newfoundland Jigg.

When it was all over and they were
ready to leave. They all turned around and
looked at me. Now remember they

said, remember my son, a Christmas
without mummers isn't very much fun.
Always let them in every year when they
come. And you will see what fun a
mummer's Christmas can be, for any old Newfie.

Now that I'm older with kids of my own.
I always tell them the story of when I
was young. And when a loud bang at
Christmas time comes, I know it's the
mummers, back for some more old
Newfoundland fun.

Caville Tarrant

A Brush with Death

(Robert Tuik)

It was a cold winter's night in the year of 1894 when Jim Davis of Pinchard's Island, Bonavista Bay, took his gun (a muzzle loader) in hope of getting a shot at a bird that was offshore. Jim was 14 years old at that time and in these far off times, a 14 year old was considered a man. Hunting back then was a way of putting meat on the table.

He was besides a fishing stage waiting for the bird to 'come in under' (outport slang for a bird coming close to shore). In the fishing stage a trap skiff was under construction. A fisherman from the island was planking a boat. He saw Jim waiting by the stage and asked him to come inside to hold the chalk line which he was using to mark a plank. Jim went inside and leaned his gun besides the boat while he held the line.

In those times the floor of a fishing stage was often constructed out of 'lungers' which is lengths of a round wood laid cross-ways on the beams. Sometimes they would be a couple inches apart.

While holding the chalk line Jim's gun slipped and went down between the lungers. The gun discharged and hit him in the lower part of his arm.

There were no doctors on Pinchard's Island at that time. The nearest doctor was at Greenspond about five miles away. But the people of Pinchard's Island were used to emergencies. Jim was given first aid as best as they could provide. Then he was bundled up and placed on a four oar boat. The boat left on it's journey of mercy. It was a race between life and death.

When they arrived at Greenspond he was taken to the doctor's clinic. Jim was not put under anesthetic while he was undergoing treatment. He was awake the whole time his hand was being amputated.

Jim Davis survived. In his lifetime he was a fisherman and a sealer. He even built a model of a two-masted schooner. It was remarkable, since he had lost his right hand and had to learn how to use his left.

There is an interesting bit of history concerning Pinchard's Island. There were four one-handed men living there. They all lost their hands due to accidents with muzzle loading guns.

Questions:

1. What do you think would happen today if a fourteen year old took a gun to go duck hunting?
2. Do you know any "outport slang"? Write two and give their meaning.

Childhood Days

(Robert Tuik)

I made my first outcry in this world on September 30th, 1945. I had no say in this, so don't blame me. I was out voted two to one. The night I was born my father was running flat out to get the local midwife. Someone had an old punt hauled across the path that night. He ran smack into it and broke three ribs. Because of that one accident, my grandmother said I was trouble from the day I was born. Anyway, Dover was never the same after that.

My father was a fisherman and a logger. As a result of this I spent half of my early childhood days being shuffled back and forth between Dover and Newtown. I don't remember much about my diaper days in Dover, only my adolescent days.

There are a few things about Dover I can't forget. One of them is Halloween night. That was the night my grandmother wrote me off as a lost cause.

My cousin and partner in crime, Harold Lane and I must have been born to cause trouble. On that night we decided to go trick or treating dressed up as soldiers. We looked around and found two pairs of breeches. Being young and foolish we never did ask for permission to wear them. The answer would have been no anyway.

The best prize of all was the Salvation Army bonnet. Now, that bonnet was Grandmother's pride and joy. She wore the bonnet like it was the most important thing in her life.

That bonnet was resting on the night table besides Grandmother's bed. To my young eyes it looked like a German soldier's helmet. Standing before the mirror I placed that bonnet on my head. Instantly, I was a German soldier.

The die was cast. Harold was the Canadian soldier and yours truly was the German Commander. Together we marched off to do battle with the ghosts and goblins.

We thought we had it scaled. Our parents were up in Hare Bay visiting some friends. Grandmother and Grandfather were busy elsewhere. Everything was going good. We got our share of goodies (well, as good as could be gotten back then).

I don't know who told Grandmother, but when we got back she was waiting for us with her broomstick. The first swing connected with Harold, which gave me time to move out of range. The second swing unfortunately or fortunately depending how you look at it, connected with the bonnet saving me from decapitation.

The rules of war regarding the treatment of P.O.W.'s according to the terms of the Geneva Convention never entered her mind. The next day we had to be careful how we sat down, in fact we had to stand up for the next couple of days.

Even today the sight of a Salvation bonnet always makes me tremble and it makes me rub my rear end.

Questions:

1. Write the dictionary meaning for P.O.W.
2. What's another phrase for 'The die was cast.' Discuss.

Three Generations

(Elaine Woodford)

My name is Elaine Woodford. I grew up and still live at TooGood Arm in New World Island. My husband and I have two children who are about to start back to school.

The shopping begins! They need two pairs of new runners, one pair to wear to school and one pair to wear inside school. They need several outfits of brand name clothes and a cartoon book bag, pencil case and lunch bag. The next thing on the list is school supplies; they want (or need) crayons, glue, markers, scissors, pencils, pens, paper, folders and tons of other necessities.

When my children start school they have play-time, learn how to share and co-operate with each other, and learn how to recognize if an older person would try to hurt them. Our kids have computer time, gym classes and career development classes. Although they will never believe it, school is more fun nowadays.

In their leisure time my kids watch T.V., play Nintendo and play with Lego Blocks. They go outside only when I insist. Kids today are so used to being entertained that they don't know how to play outside.

I remember when I first went to school it was quite different. It was called Primer. We had our Primer Book which taught us how to read and write. I didn't have the crayons, glue and other necessities to use in school. We didn't have play-time either. We did Primer from September to December and Grade one from January to June. The only play-time we had was recess time when we'd all go outside to play Farmer-in-the-Dell, Ring-around-the-Rosie or Hide-and-Seek.

When I was growing up, our imagination kept us from being bored in our spare time. My mother ran a shop. She sold groceries from the porch of our house. When the trucks came with the goods, we'd wait for her to unpack the boxes so we could play with them. We'd stack them to make houses or use them to play Hide-and-Seek. It would be hours before we'd grow tired of playing with the cardboard boxes. Other times we would cut pictures from catalogues and stick them on cardboard or paper.

One thing that sticks in my memory is when my brother Gerard and I used to wait for Mom to go outside so we could eat the catalogue paper. We'd watch through the window for her to return. I know, it's disgusting! I guess we wanted to do it because we knew we weren't supposed to. But, it was a big thing with us.

Our outdoor activities were jump rope, hop-scotch, and copy-house. In the summer we'd make mud-cakes and go swimming in the salt water, in the winter we'd make snow-cakes, have snowball fights, and build snow forts and tunnels. We would also have lots of fun sliding down the hills around our community.

When my mother started her school year there was no shopping for supplies for her either. Her mom made all their clothes. In the fall they'd each get a new pair of shoes from the catalogue and a new book bag for Christmas every year. In her first couple years of school they used slates, after that the school board supplied them with pencils and paper.

Elaine's mother used to also make mud-pies, play hop-scotch and hide-and-seek. They would go down on the wharf to catch Connors and tom cods. they'd have a contest to see who could catch the biggest fish. In the winter they'd go skating on the bay, sledding, and have snow ball fights. They used to play hockey using a picket from someone's fence for a hockey stick and a tin can for a puck.

Fifty years ago in the summer months most men would go fishing for cod and the women would put it on the flakes to dry. They would cut and dry hay for the horses to eat during the winter months. In the late summer or early fall the vegetables would be harvested. Nowadays there is no cod to fish and hardly anyone makes hay; some people still have gardens but on a much smaller scale.

Back then many houses were launched from one place to another. It required a lot of planning, manpower and maneuvering sometimes it would take days or weeks to complete.

Traveling was quite different too. My mother, her sister and her mother went to Corner Brook one year. Their father had to take them in a motor boat to Herring Neck to catch a boat called "The Clyde". From there they went to Twillingate and had to stay overnight. They called in at a lot of places until they finally reached Lewisporte where they stayed overnight in a hotel. They caught the train on the fifth morning and reached Corner Brook late that night. The same trip would only take four or five hours today.

"But," mother said, "my dear, the olden days were much happier times. People had more time for each other. Everything wasn't rush, rush, rush like it is now.

I tend to agree with my mother. We've become too materialistic and depend too much on technology for our own good. I wonder what it will be like twenty years from now? Do I really want to know?

Questions:

1. Is watching T.V., and playing Nintendo and Lego Blocks good or bad for kids? Why?
2. Write a few sentences describing your childhood or describe the longest trip you've ever taken.

The Big Storm

(Robert Tuik)

It was a beautiful summer day in August. The sun was just sending its rays over the ocean and the sky was a brilliant red when Skipper Bob Tuik and his father Don put out to sea. They were heading for Chard's Rock, which was five miles from their home port of Newtown, Bonavista Bay. They had put out some cod nets the day before and were expecting a good catch of fish.

The wind was blowing a fine summer breeze from the South West. There was a little swell in the water, but otherwise the sea was smooth as oil. The two men were experienced fishermen. Both had spent long hours in the fishing boats. Don was a fisherman and sailor all his life. He was 66 years old and retired from the fishery but he still liked to feel the salt spray in his face. He enjoyed going in the boat with his son who had come home from the mainland four years earlier to take over his fishing enterprise.

The two men, father and son were always close. One could always sense the mood of the other. Before they left for the fishing grounds, Bob had kept looking at the western sky.

"What's the matter son?", questioned Don. "You don't seem to be in a hurry this morning. What's bothering you.?"

"I just don't like the look of that western sky," replied Bob.

"Go away with you," his father joked, "the trouble with you is all that partying you did last night. This a good morning for fishing, not daydreaming.

"No Dad, I just don't like the look of that sky." Said Bob. "See that black sky over to the west?"

"So what, we're going to the eastern and away from it."

They reached their nets after an hour steaming, They had five fleets of nets to haul. A fleet consist of two nets tied together'. Five fleets were ten nets. While they were hauling the fourth fleet, the wind died out. The sea was calm and the fish plentiful.

"See son," Don said, "I told you the weather would be civil. You worry over nothing."

"Yes Dad," answered Bob, "but remember what you always told me. The weather and the sea are like a woman, unpredictable."

They were hauling the last fleet when Bob took another look at the western sky. It was black. There was also a low haze hanging over the land.

"Take a look at that, Dad." requested Bob, pointing to the westward. "What do you think of it?"

His father was hauling in the moorings on the nets. He paused at his labor and looked to the westward. After a minute of studying the sky he said, "Son, get the motor started and the nets overboard as fast as you can. We're in for a gale."

There still wasn't a breath of wind. They got the net out and Bob pointed the boat toward land. Other boats in the vicinity were doing the same thing.

About five minutes later the storm struck. The wind came howling out of nowhere. The ocean that was so peaceful a short time ago was turned into something out of a nightmare. The waves were frightful to behold. White water was everywhere. Every inch of the sea was an enemy. In every direction all the fishing boats were turning head into the wind. They were in for the fight of their lives to reach home.

Bob and his father had installed a new 10 HP. Diesel engine in their 22 foot boat at the start of the fishing season. They weren't worried about the motor. Would the boat survive the savage sea?

Bob remembered the advice given to him by an old fisherman some years ago.

"Bob," the old fisherman had said, "if you get caught in a storm, don't fight it. Keep the boat head into the wind and give way to the waves.

Bob kept the engine at half speed. The wind was coming from the west. Their home port was in that direction so he kept his boat head to the wind. His father was in front of the engine house pumping water. There were times when they couldn't see each other for spray.

The Turr Rock loomed ahead. It was a dangerous place to be caught in a storm due to the underwater shoals which run out under the rock.

The Lapstones Rocks lay to the north of the Turr Rock. It looked to be impossible to steer a boat through that tickle. They had no choice. It was do or die.

Straight into what looked like certain death the little boat went. Some of the other boats were doing the same thing. Some of the bigger boats were turning back, seeking deeper water to ride out the storm.

The little fishing boat was tossed about like a cork. Bob was still following the old fisherman's advice. He was keeping his vessel head to the wind. His father was still pumping water.

It seemed like forever. Finally the little boat was through Turr Rock tickle. The other boats were also through. The sea was still running high but they were in the shelter of the land.

When they reached their home port they were wet and weary. They were also thankful to be alive. Then the wind abated and the storm left like it came.

"Yes son," stated Don, "just like a woman... Unpredictable."

Bob didn't say anything. There were fish to be cleaned. Maybe it would be suitable to go jigging later on in the day. After all, he was fishing for a living.

Questions:

1. How many fleets of cod nets did Bob and his father have to tend to that day?
2. How many nets are in a fleet?
3. Have you ever been out in boat when a storm started?

The Screw-Press

(Cecil Godwin)

Mr. Earl was one of the main merchants in the Fogo Island area in the late 1950's early 60's. All of Cecil Godwin's family had worked for him at one time or another. His Uncle Gerald worked in the fish store where part of his job was to store the fish in puncheon barrels. The fish were pressed down into the barrel with a screw-press. It took two fellows to handle the press.

One day Gerald and a buddy were using the press when it slipped out of his buddy's hand. It came back up and hit Gerald in the head with such a force that it left him unconscious for days. There was no hospital in Fogo at the time so they called down to Twillingate to have one of the coastal boats take him to a hospital.

His injury was so bad that he needed to go to a hospital in Montreal. No one in the family could afford such a trip at the time, so the Earls paid the fare to Montreal where he was operated on and survived with a steel plate in his head.

That's another example of the control the merchants had over the people's lives.

Question:

1. What do you think would have happened to Cec's Uncle Gerald if the Earls hadn't paid his fare to Montreal?

Spring Cut

Barry Vineham

It was early one spring morning in April 1963 when three men left Durrell to go across the ice to provide fuel and wild game for their families. To get where they were going these men used a horse and cart to pull them and their supplies; it was hard for one horse to pull such a load through the snow.

The camp where they stayed was full of men from all over the province. At times there could be about seventy men in two bunk houses. Sometimes a fight would break out. There might be a bully in the bunch who would pick on a smaller fellow and grab his share of the food. Someone else would pick up for the smaller fellow and that would start the fight.

The heat and black flies made cutting wood in the summer very hard work. But in the winter and spring, cold rain and snow made it even harder. The amount of money a person made depended on the amount of wood they cut. To get to and from the trees to make even a small amount of money took a lot of time and patience.

One particular time when they were ready to come home and cross the ice again, they found that because of the rise in temperature it was not safe to cross on horse and cart. One man had to walk home to get a dog team and return to get the men and their supplies. They had to try and move slowly over the soft ice to make it home without losing a man.

These men worked hard for very little money for themselves and their families. But they loved life and showed it. We could all learn from these men and care more about loving and not about money.

Questions:

1. Why would a fight sometimes break out?
2. How did the men in the woods get paid?

Odds and Ends

Flipper Pie

(Elaine Woodford)

Seal flippers

Pastry

Vegetables, cut as for stew. Potatoes can be cooked separately or with meat.

Soak flippers in cold water with 1 tsp. baking soda. Fat will turn white. Remove fat, dredge flippers in salted flour and fry in rendered pork fat until brown. Add a little water and simmer until partly tender. Put in roaster with onions and other vegetables, seasoning and 1 cup of water. When cooked, top with pastry and bake at 425 degrees until nicely browned. About 15-20 mins.

Rhubarb Relish

(Caville Tarrent)

1 quart of onions 1 tsp pepper

1 quart rhubarb 1 tsp salt

1 tsp cinnamon 1 pint vinegar

1 tsp cloves 3½ cups sugar

1 tsp allspice

Boil onion, rhubarb and vinegar until the rhubarb and onions are tender, add sugar and salt, boil for 10 minutes. Add allspice, cinnamon, cloves and pepper. Boil again for about 10 minutes.

Salt Pork Buns

(Elaine Woodford)

1 cup finely chopped pork
1 cup flour
8 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ cup butter
½ cup molasses
1½ cups water

Sift dry ingredients into bowl. Add butter and pork. Combine molasses and water. Add to flour mixture. Stir lightly. Roll on a floured board until mixture is ½ inch thick. Cut into desired shapes and place on cookie sheet.

Bake at 400 degrees for 15 minutes.

An Old Saying

(Elaine Woodford)

If you don't want to over sleep in the morning, ask a dead person whom you once knew to wake you and that person will do it.

Believe it or Not

(Cecil Godwin)

Cec's grandfather and family used to spend their winter up around Birchy Bay, Fogo Island. They'd go there to cut wood, build a boat, catch rabbits or whatever. The first time Cec's father went up there he went with his uncle. Cec's father said to him, "Do you know what your great-grandfather gave me for the whole winter? A fifty pound sack of rolled oats. That's all he gave me for the winter. Now what do you think of that?"

Indian Burial Ground

(Elaine Woodford)

Grandmother Andre told me that her grandfather told her stories about white settlers killing the Beothucks who were taking iron, nails and other items from the fishing rooms. As the story goes these Beothucks were all buried on Graveyard Point in unmarked graves. As a girl I dug a lot of holes looking for Indians, but to this day, I've found nothing.

Old Rituals

(Cecil Godwin)

Cec can remember when his great-grandmother died. She was laid out in the bed rather than a casket. The ritual back then was to touch the corpse so you wouldn't dream about them. Cec's father wasn't satisfied with that, he wanted Cec, his brother and his sister to go in and kiss their great-grandmother. They did it, of course. It was an experience he will never forget and to this day he has a problem with touching a dead person.

Doppelganger

(Elaine Woodford)

My father, Bramwell Hale, told me about the time he saw his grandfather walking toward the wharf. His grandfather didn't speak to him so Bramwell didn't say anything. When my father got into the house, his grandfather was sitting at the table eating his dinner. My father was confused but didn't say a word about it. A few days later his grandfather died. My father had seen his grandfather's Doppelganger (Ghostly Counterpart).

Death in the Family

(Barry Vineham)

Years ago when people lost a loved one, they would lay him out in his coffin and put the coffin in the living room. The door to the room was always kept shut so it would be cold in there. Relatives would go back and forth to look at the deceased any time they wanted.

In the kitchen everyone would sit and talk about all the funny things that happened to Uncle Bill, Aunt Effie, Grandfather, Grandmother or whoever it happened to be. They would also have something to drink and eat.

These days you have to lay out your loved one in a funeral home. The old days will soon be all but gone.

Exaggerated Tales

Elaine Woodford

Uncle Charlie Russell from Twillingate and a few fellows were bragging about sleep-walking one time. One fellow said that he woke up one morning and found himself on the davenport and didn't know how he got there. The other guy said he woke up one morning on the living room floor. Well, Uncle Charlie had a wonderful problem with sleep-walking, he could top that tale.

He dreamt one night that he was climbing up over his stage head-rails and stubbed his toe when he climbed up over his wharf. That was all he thought about it.

The next night he went to Herring Neck to visit his girlfriend. She asked him how he got on rowing back home the night before. He couldn't recall having visited Herring Neck the previous night.

Finally, he summed it up like this: "After I went to bed, I got up in my sleep, rowed to Herring Neck to see my girlfriend, rowed back again and woke myself up when I stubbed my toe." Byes, he was a wonderful fellow for sleep-walking.

The Merchants

Cecil Godwin

Cecil Godwin remembers his grandfather as a fiercely independent man; he would hit the table with his fist and say, "I never, never ate the dole in my life!" He raised a small family of three. He fished from May to November, then he always worked at something else, either in the woods on the West Coast or with the A&D Company. That was the way of life, there was no such thing as U.I. back then.

His grandfather always made choice fish. Being a trawler or a hand-liner he wouldn't hear talk of jigging a fish. His reasoning was simple; if you used a jigger and hooked a fish in the gut and the fish got away with the gut hanging out of it, then it would tow all the fish away from the fishing ground.

Cec remembers one day in particular when he was nine or ten years old. It was a blowy day (which meant they couldn't go out fishing) and his grandfather decided to take his fish to the merchant. Cec went along with him.

After the fish was graded and weighed they went to the office. The routine was, to be given a note that allowed him to purchase his groceries and supplies at the merchant's store; there was no such thing as getting paid by cheque or cash.

Just outside the office was a little porch, his grandfather stood there, took off his cap, fixed his hair and straightened his clothes. He wore a dark navy guernsey, bib pants and black knee rubbers. He took his cap in his hand and they walked into the office.

In the office was a huge desk with a very high chair behind it. In the chair sat a scrawny little man who was Mr. Earl. Cecil noticed his grandfather was nervously twisting his cap in his hands. He was saying, "*Good day, Mr. Earl. Yes, Mr. Earl,*" and seemed as nervous as a cat. Mr. Earl casually wrote out the note and gave it to his grandfather.

The merchants in these days were considered next to God. They had so much power and control over the people's lives that the people were in awe of them. The whole episode made such an impression on Cec that he has never forgotten it.

Questions:

1. Do you think Charlie Russell went all the way to Herring Neck while sleep walking or is it an exaggerated tale?
2. Do you know any stories about the Beothucks?
3. Do you think Cec's grandfather really meant for Cec's father to survive on a sack of rolled oats for the winter?
4. What do you think is meant by "I never ate the dole in my life"?
5. Why would Cec's grandfather never use a jigger to catch fish?
6. Write the dictionary meaning for the word "awe".

Glossary

ABE -> Adult Basic Education

FFAW -> Fishermen Food & Allied Workers

UI -> Unemployment Insurance

HRD -> Human Resource Development

NCARP -> Northern Cod Adjustment & Recovery Program

GED -> Grade Equivalency Diploma

TAGS -> The Atlantic Groundfish Strategy

MP -> Member of Parliament

DFO -> Department of Fisheries & Oceans