

TwineLofts  
&  
Pantries

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More Oral Histories excerpts  
from the Battle Harbour Region

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Battle Harbour Literacy Council

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Front Cover: Battle Harbour, 1901  
Photo courtesy of Labrador Institute of Northern Studies, MUN

## *A Message from Yvonne Jones, M.H.A.*

A stroll through the top of the loft in the twine shed not only awakens the senses to a time gone by, but it also feeds the soul. The strong smell of twine and bark, the smooth touch of the old post, worn from years of use by nets, and the creak of the floor boards as you move from one side of the loft to the other is a constant reminder of those who stood here before.

From the twine loft to the kitchen takes us from a place of hard work to a place of sweet reward.

The aroma of partridgeberry jam and homemade bread, the smell of Sunlight soap and the crackle of the wood stove - a sign of relief for this is full contentment.

As we strive to preserve the most precious moments in our history, we do so through the memories of those who have strolled here before us.

Congratulations to Bonnie Rumbolt and the Battle Harbour Literacy Council for their commitment to documenting and preserving the life stories of our most charming citizens, our elders. I offer sincere thanks to all of those who have shared their memories in this publication.

Sincerely yours

YVONNE JONES

## FOREWORD

It gives us great pleasure to continue publishing stories collected from local people that contain so much history and local flavour. Since our oral histories work began in 1998, we are now into this, the third publication. The response to our first two publications, *Linking the Generations*( 1998) and *Our Time - Our Story*( 1999) was phenomenal. Over 2000 copies altogether have been circulated around the province, across Canada and beyond. If you have already had the opportunity to read either of these publications, we hope you enjoy this one as much. Share these stories with friends and family.

The Battle Harbour Literacy Council gratefully acknowledges the work of collectors Alison Normore, Christopher Poole and Doris Roberts and to the many local informants who gave willingly of their time towards this project.

Bonnie Rumbolt  
Program Coordinator

This book is dedicated to the memory of the late  
*Leander Poole*,  
a man whose sense of humour and love of laughter will  
live on forever.

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter 1  
Hunting

Chapter 2  
Them Times

Chapter 3  
Christmas

Chapter 4  
Life in the Fishery

Chapter 5  
Stranded

Chapter 6  
Family Life

Chapter 7  
The Strangest Things

Chapter 8  
Songs / Poems / Joke

## Chapter 1

# HUNTING

## Duck Hunting

By Guy Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

I was about fifteen years old when I got my first shot of ducks. I left early in the morning before daylight. I went to a place called Lewis' Rock. I was there waiting for a long time and never saw a sign of a duck. Then later in the day a big company of ducks came in the cove to where I was to. I suppose there was a couple of hundred ducks or more in that company.<sup>(1)</sup> I took aim and fired. They took off but I managed to kill nine of them. The ducks were in the water. So I unreeled my floating jigger and jug them all. By the time I got all the ducks in that I had killed, it was getting dark and so I headed home. I remember being so happy and proud of the ducks that I had just killed. When I got home the old man could not get over the fact that I had killed nine ducks. He had been a bit worried about me gone all day but was really proud to see me bring home those ducks. I lodged<sup>(2)</sup> the ducks behind the stove to dry and got something to eat.

That night mother put on a boiler of water and started picking the ducks. I remember I could not keep my eyes off them, I was so proud. In those days hardly anything from a duck was thrown away. Mother had a big bag which she kept feathers in. She took the feathers from the ducks and placed them in the bag. In those days people used feathers to make pillows and feather beds. I remember on cold winter nights I would get in my feather bed and snuggle into it. It wouldn't be long before you were warm. Mother would also save the duck's paws. They would be cooked with the duck. They were really good, but not many people save the paws these days. In those days even the wings and the heads of the ducks were saved. Mother would use the heads and the wings to make a good pot of soup. The only thing that was thrown away in those days was the guts and the blood of the ducks. These were the only things that were no good to eat.

After my first hunt I was pretty excited and I guess you could say hunting ducks got in my blood. After my first hunt I spent many a day hunting ducks on the ballycatters<sup>(3)</sup>. I would leave early in the morning and return late in the evening. You would be out in the bitter cold. You would be beating your hands and feet together trying to get warm. Sometimes when I went hunting I would go with a buddy or two. We would spend many hours on those old ballycatters waiting for the ducks to come. To pass the time we would tell a few stories and yarn away until the ducks came. There were lots of good stories and jokes told. That was a lot of fun and we got to know each other a little better that way.

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1 Company - large group or flock

2 Lodged - laid down

3 Ballycatters - ice that has heaved up over the rocks at the shoreline.

One time me and Lawrence Rumbolt were up in Port Marlin Tickle hunting ducks. A big company flew in and we each only had one shot at them. We managed to kill sixty-three ducks that day. That was a good many ducks for two fellows. We brought the ducks home and two or three women from the community came and helped pick them. That was too many ducks for the two of us so we shared them with other people in the harbour. That was one good thing about the old days -people shared with each other and gave to those who were less fortunate or could not go duck hunting.

The most ducks I ever saw killed in one day was between two hundred - fifty and three hundred ducks. One day there was about eleven of us down across Deep Water Creek. A big company of ducks came in the cove and we all had a shot at them. We managed to get most of the ducks, but it was getting dark and the wind was blowing the ducks offshore. So we were unable to get them all. That was a shame because none of us wanted to kill a duck without taking it home. To us it was a waste when a duck was killed and we could not get it. The ducks we did get were divided evenly amongst us. The most ducks I killed by myself with one shot was twenty-six. That was with a factory loaded shell.

In the past four or five years I have give up ducking. For me all the fun is gone out of it. Years ago when you were hunting and you heard somebody coming you knew it was a friend or another hunter. Today when you're hunting you have to look over your shoulder because it might be DFO or the RCMP coming to take your ducks and gun. Today you got to have permits and licenses to go hunting. Nowadays there are all kinds of restrictions, such as when and where you can go hunting. Years ago you could take pride in going hunting and supplying your family with food. Today the government has taken away a lot of that pride that we hunters once had.

## A Walrus In St. Lewis

By Lawrence Rumbolt  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

One day in May during the 1980's my wife, Annie, was looking out the window towards the mouth of the harbour. She saw something swimming in through the tickle but she did not know what it was. She told me that she saw something and she wanted me to take a look. So I went and got my 22 rifle which had a scope on it. I looked through the scope and I said to her, "That's a walrus maid!"

I grabbed my 22 rifle and headed up by George Brown's house. The walrus was swimming up the harbour and I figured I would be able to get a good shot at him from there. When I got up by George's place, Darren Poole was there. He had also seen the walrus swimming up the harbour. Darren had a 30/30 rifle with him. Darren fired at the walrus. He hit the walrus but the bullet just bounced off of him. I got my 22 and took a shot at him and again the bullet just bounced off. Darren reloaded and took another shot and this time he aimed for the side of the walrus's head. it was a direct hit and he managed to hit the walrus in the side of the head. The bullet did little damage. The walrus was bleeding only a small bit from the side of its head, it was hardly noticeable.



The walrus turned around and headed out towards the harbour. I chased him down to the end of the Point and watched him swim away. It so happened that Leroy Poole and his brother, Steve, were in a rowboat behind the Point. They were going after the walrus and they asked me to go with them. I said yes and jumped aboard the boat. The walrus was heading out along shore. I tell you he was getting along pretty good. There were two sets of oars in the boat and there were always two men rowing but we could not keep up with the walrus. Leroy and Steve took turns firing at the walrus, but again the bullets kept bouncing off. They fired 7 or 8 shots at him in all and none of them did any damage to the walrus.

When we got to Trap Cove the walrus stopped and climbed onto the ice. We also got up on the ice and slowly crept out to where he was. He was lying on the ice with his back to us. We managed to get about 10 yards from the walrus. Leroy only had 1 bullet left and he decided to fire at the walrus from where we were. He figured he was sure to kill him from that distance. He took aim and fired. Again the bullet just bounced off and did no harm to the walrus.

That last shot must have made the walrus mad because he slewed around and faced us. He looked straight at us and raised himself up on his back flippers. Leroy ran for the boat. I said, "It's no good to run because if he wanted to, he could crush the boat." I still had my 22 with me and I had a few bullets left. I figured the only way we were going to kill him was to shoot him in the eye. The walrus stood his ground and looked right at us. I took aim and fired. It was a direct hit. Down went the walrus but he still wasn't dead. So I shot him in the other eye and that finished him off. What a kill! It took a long time, but we finally got our walrus.

We gathered around the walrus for a better look. We were all amazed at the size of him. He was huge. I say he was about 14 feet long and weighed over 2000 pounds. The walrus was leaning over the edge of the ice. We tied a piece of rope around his head, we figured we would haul him in a ways. The three of us took hold of that rope and hauled with whatever strength we had. It was useless. We could not even budge him an inch.

There was no way for us to get the walrus home so we decided we would clean him out there on the ice. We did not have a jackknife to clean him with, but we all had pocket knives on us. It was a hard job to clean him because his skin was so thick. I would say his skin was about half an inch thick. We had to make 3 cuts with the knife before it would even go through the skin. When we finally got him cleaned we took all the meat and loaded it into the dory. I remember he had big shoulders, they weighed at least 60 pounds each. We also took all of his head and that weighed about 70 pounds. I took his heart and that weighed about 12 pounds. I also took his penis. It was about 3 feet long, was ivory in color and was covered in some kind of skin.

When we got back to shore there was a big crowd waiting for us. There were a lot of people from the harbour and there was also some people from Mary's Harbour. News had spread fast about the walrus and everybody wanted to take a look at him. It was something rare and unique and something people had never seen before. I took some of the meat and so did Leroy and Steve. We also gave a lot of the meat away. I kept the heart for myself. I dressed it all up and cooked it in the oven. It was some good and we had some feed. I was going to make an axe handle out of his penis for a souvenir. I lodged it on the edge of the ice when I was offloading the meat and somebody accidentally knocked it overboard. The head of the walrus had two nice ivory tusks. They were each 16 inches long. I gave one to Leroy and kept one for myself. I chiselled out my tusk and hung it up on the wall for a souvenir. His teeth were also ivory. I took some of his teeth and so did Leroy and Steve. They made earrings and necklace pieces out of some of the teeth.

That was some day, one I won't forget very soon. That was a very rare kill. Walrus don't usually come this far south, they are found up north further. That walrus was the only one killed in this area of Labrador as far as I know.

## Killing a Polar Bear

By Walter Curl

Researcher: Doris Roberts

I am a trapper. I do not use a ski-doo unless I want to dart<sup>(4)</sup> to Mary's Harbour or over to Fox Harbour. For walking in the country all day long, I wear my showshoes. Takin' snowshoes, you know your gonna get home. But you might go right up in the country with a skidoo and get broke down in the woods all night. I get up in the morning, take my snowshoes and rifle and goes on. I'll tell you this story about when we lived to Fox Harbour one time. In them days it wasn't so good as people got it nowadays. When we were first married this one time we never had no fresh for Sunday dinner. So I said to my wife, "I think I am going to go down to Deep Water Creek." It was a wonderful place for seals and that. So I took my gun, I only had one bullet for her. That was one good rifle. Anyway, my wife said, "Please yourself my dear." I thought there might be some kind of shell bird down there by the point. I left and went down to the Creek. When I almost got to the salt water there was a big pond there they called Creek Pond. So I walked around the pond where there was a real footpath where people had lived there for so long. I went down the hill. When I looked down in under there was a big old polar bear lied down on his belly. "Oh my god!" I said. I had only one bullet. So I stuck up my 44 rifle in my hand and I skivered right down along side of the bear. When he heard me randyin' down over on my stem, he jumped up and looked at me and snarled and growled and jumped down on the ballycatters on the rocks. He looked back at me and growled and I said, "You won't growl no more buddy." I thought the shell might have been damaged comin' up but I shot the bear. I also killed two white partridges on the pond on the way up. I thanked God that I got some fresh for the next day because I knew that the wife wasn't goin' to touch the bear. That I was sure of.

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4 Dart - take a quick trip

So I went over to Uncle Saul Curl's to get a piece of rope to carry the bear home. Once I got the piece of rope, I came over and cut out holes in the bear's lips and four flippers. I reaved the rope through and tied it all up together. There was an old paddle there. So I got the paddle and I pried the bear off the rocks over against the stage headrail. We launched off the boat, poor dad, my uncle and myself and hauled the bear aboard. When we got home, everything<sup>(5)</sup> from Fox Harbour Point was up to the bottom. Out around Frankie's Cove, all hands had a piece of bear for dinner on Sunday, all a clear of me and Charlotte. We was the only two that never touched it. I only killed it to say I killed a polar bear!

When we got back to shore there was a big crowd waiting for us. There were a lot of people from the harbour and there was also some people from Mary's Harbour. News had spread fast about the walrus and everybody wanted to take a look at him. It was something rare and unique and something people had never seen before. I took some of the meat and so did Leroy and Steve. We also gave a lot of the meat away. I kept the heart for myself. I dressed it all up and cooked it in the oven. It was some good and we had some feed. I was going to make an axe handle out of his penis for a souvenir. I lodged it on the edge of the ice when I was offloading the meat and somebody accidentally knocked it overboard. The head of the walrus had two nice ivory tusks. They were each 16 inches long. I gave one to Leroy and kept one for myself. I chiselled out my tusk and hung it up on the wall for a souvenir. His teeth were also ivory. I took some of his teeth and so did Leroy and Steve. They made earrings and necklace pieces out of some of the teeth.

That was some day, one I won't forget very soon. That was a very rare kill. Walrus don't usually come this far south, they are found up north further. That walrus was the only one killed in this area of Labrador as far as I know.

A few years ago Charlotte woke me up one night because she thought there was something up on the house. So a bear goes up on the house on my ladder. When his foot hit the plank, what a rumpus! <sup>(6)</sup> I looked out through the window and saw the bear down by the dock. Great big old fellow. It was a polar bear. He had been right up over us. It was a wonder he didn't burst on down through. I'm going to tell you the truth and the truth is best to be told. I wouldn't have even known only for the one that was with me. He wouldn't have frightened me if he jumped down along side of me as long as he never bite me. I'm not afraid of anything on four legs!

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5 Everything – everybody

6 Rumpus - loud noise

# Family Lineage

By Keith Poole



James Poole & Elijah Strangemore  
*Photo courtesy of Keith Poole*

James Poole, the man on the right in this photo, is my grandfather and the other man is my great Uncle Elijah Strangemore. James was married to Elijah's sister, Mary. James was born on March 31, 1891, and he died on June 14, 1965, before I was born. His father's name was Joe and his grandfather's name was James as well. This is the James who is mentioned in the Moss diary of the mid 1830's. He worked in Battle Harbour for several years under Messrs' Slade & Co.. Afterwards he moved to Boat Harbour and began fishing. He married a lady by the name of Providence and started a family. One of his sons was Joe. He was born in Seal Bight and married a lady by the name of Elizabeth Chubbs. In 1853, the only two families in Seal Bight were Chubbs and Poole They raised a family and one of their children was also named James (my grandfather). My grandfather was a great hunter, trapper and fisherman. He lived at Riverhead, St. Lewis' Bay, during winter and moved to Fox Harbour during the summer to fish. He married

Mary Strangemore and raised eight children, one of which died at an early age.

He travelled the country for 42 years as a trapper. His brother, Arthur Poole, also travelled the country with him, at times along with Elijah Strangemore. He was my grandfather's brother (Arthur is Brent Poole's great grandfather.) He pulled a country cart<sup>(7)</sup> behind him attached to a piece of rope or seal skin. He had tilts built at several points along his trap line, usually at about a days hike apart, which extended all the way to the Quebec - Labrador border. Grandfather stood 6'2" tall and I don't believe Elijah was much shorter. There were many people in the area at that time who were named Jim, so to avoid confusion everyone just referred to him as 'Country Jim'. He was a very comical man and dearly loved to tell stories about his adventures in the country. I can only wish I had got to know him on a personal level as a grandparent.

where this photo might have been taken but I do know that he did not have a tilt here as they were staying in a canvas tent. It is most likely on or near the Quebec - Labrador border. On this trip they were accompanied by a surveyor who worked for the Canadian government who was surveying the Quebec Labrador boundary. I believe the boundary dispute was still ongoing at this time. His name was Hans Ausbeen from Norway and he spent the winter with grandfather in St. Lewis' Bay as he could not travel out of the region. He later wrote to grandfather and sent him some photos. This is one of them. Some photos were stamped on the back with a number and the word 'Oslo', indicating that they were probably developed in Norway. I would love to find out more about this person and his time and work in Labrador. He probably has more pictures.

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<sup>7</sup> Country cart - komatik

The rope around my grandfather's shoulders was his life line. He never travelled without it. He had fallen in brooks and snow holes many times and found it vital to saving his life and the lives of others. Note their attire, rather light garb for Labrador: seal skin boots, the hats, wooden snowshoes. Elijah's arms almost hung all the way to his knees. He could walk about four miles per hour in snowshoes and maintain that pace all day. The animal they are holding is a porcupine and a large one at that. While it may be considered road kill in Winnipeg, they are considered prime rib in Labrador. The surveyor wore a pair of skis on this trip. I wonder how useful they were. Grandfather had a black dog that travelled with him for many years. Her name was Sal and she was just a mutt. He used a .32 caliber rifle and had killed everything from a spruce partridge to a caribou. It is still in the family today and is in immaculate condition. On this particular trip they had lost their butter and had to finish the entire day without any. I guess they couldn't drop in to Sobey's and pick up a tub. Elijah died at St. Anthony, Newfoundland and could not be flown home for burial because it was too late in the fall. He was buried in St. Anthony. I don't know his age at death but he died before grandfather. My father, James, is the spitting image of grandfather in this photo. This photo was taken in the winter of 1937. My father was born on November 20, 1937. He was obviously conceived about that time this picture was taken. I guess grandfather got lucky on one of his trips back home that winter.

## Chapter 2

### THEM TIMES

#### Fox Harbour: A Busy Port

By Gertrude Chubbs

Researcher: Christopher Poole

When I was a young girl I would sit outside the house and watch hundreds of schooners go down the coast. The schooners were from Newfoundland and they came to Labrador to fish for cod. I remember one summer when five schooners used Fox Harbour as their resting port. They'd look for a safe sheltered spot in the harbour and drop anchor. They'd remain in that spot all summer until they returned home in the fall. Schooners were fair sized ships and people lived on them during the summer. There was usually five or six men on a schooner and usually one woman who would do the cooking and the washing. All the fish the crew caught were salted and stored onboard. The schooners didn't have engines. They used sails to power them along. The schooners had a couple of punts on board which were used for fishing purposes. The men would set and haul traps, set out traps and go jigging in those punts. Some of the punts were over twenty feet long and they had two sets of oars on them. When the crew got their fish they would return to the schooner. There the fish would be offloaded unto the schooner where it would be cleaned. They had splitting tables and everything set up. It was like a stage on water!

At that time there were also people fishing out of Fox Harbour. Sometimes the local fisherman and the schooner crews would fish right along side each other. In those days local fishermen had berths which they would fish every year. Some of those berths would be handed down from father to son. So some fisherman had real attachments to particular berths. The schooners crews respected the local fishermen's berths and never set their gear in those spots. The crews of the schooners were friendly people. They would often come ashore and visit the local residents. Everyone got along well. After all, the people on the schooners were fisherman like ourselves who were just trying to make a living. In the fall of the year the schooners would lift anchor and head back to Newfoundland. There they would dry their fish and sell it. Residents of Fox Harbour were sad to see the schooners leave. The residents would miss the company of the crews, the friends they had made during the summer.

# Cookin' For a Crowd

By Charlotte Curl  
Researcher: Doris Roberts

I worked in a cookhouse for one summer cooking for seven men. I was 21 years old at the time. It was over at Loder's Point at Fox Harbour. Fox Harbour is my home. There was no such thing as hamburgers and hot dogs. I used to cook fish, salt meat, whatever you could get to cook. I worked hard but never got paid much for it, about \$5 a month. It was real hard work. I used to bring water and cook for seven men and one woman. I used to get up 6 o'clock in the morning. They used to have breakfast, dinner, supper and lunches at 10 o'clock and 3 o'clock. I used to do all of the dishes. I would work until 7 or 8 o'clock at night. I worked every day clear of Sunday. I washed clothes on washboards in the wash tub.

When the men was home they would hunt and trap and they would supply the partridges and rabbits. Some meat would be in the shop but you could not always run to the shop. There would always be so much on hand in the cookhouse. The cookhouse had everything: fish, salt meat and anything you wanted to cook. There was no schedule for what had to be a certain day, you just had to make sure you had a lot of food. I was there two more years after working in what they called the bunkhouse. I had my husband and five men there. I still had to wash clothes on the washboard in the washtub. There was no such thing as an automatic washer. I also had a small child, about two years old. I was married when I worked in the bunkhouse. When I worked in the cookhouse and I got up in the morning for breakfast, I used to cook bologna, ham, toast, whatever I could get. I made the bread too. My boss used to be there helping me when I worked in the cookhouse but when I was in the bunkhouse I was there myself. I got \$10 a month when I worked in the bunkhouse.

I used to work in the stage at fish when I was home. We'd have the big scoffs cooked up: Fish & Brewis, Salt fish, sometimes you'd have fresh salted fish, soaked for a day or so. I'd put brewis in soak the night before and let that soak all night. Then you'd fry out your pork for srunchins'. Then you put on your fish and boil that but your brewis, you'd only boil that for about 10 minutes. Then the brewis is ready to eat. It's a good feed. When I was cooking for seven men, I'd have about a bag and one half of hard bread, for sure, and a boiler full of fish. You'd have to have that much!

# Life in Henley

By John Stone

Researcher: Doris Roberts



Henley Harbour, Labrador  
*Photo courtesy of Lorraine Stone*

I was born in 1939 on a beautiful sunny evening in August at Henley Harbour, Labrador. I was the fourth in line of a family of twelve children, six boys and six girls, sons and daughters of Alfred and Jessie Stone. We lived on an island called Stage Island. The day being a Sunday, everyone had gone his own particular way. My mother was all alone at the time, except for a seventeen year old girl, who cooked for Fishery Products Ltd. She was called upon by mother to get the midwife who lived across the harbour. She had to go by boat and since she didn't know how to row she needed a lot of courage. Just as she got ready to leave the wharf, my father arrived from berry picking. He immediately fetched my grandmother, the midwife, who brought me into the world on August 20th. I lived in Henley Harbour from 1939 to 1969.

We lived in Henley Harbour during the summer months and Pitt's Arm in the winter. Then under the resettlement program we were forced to leave our beautiful historic and picturesque community. We had to leave our comfortable homes, plus everything we ever worked for to go to places where we did not even know anyone and had no way at the time to earn a dollar by which to survive. I was married in 1967 to Lorraine Rumbolt and since Mary's Harbour was her home, we thought it would be convenient and appropriate to build a home and settle there. We have two children who are now grown and moved away. Paulette is a teacher and is now living in Port Hope Simpson. Curtis has chosen a career with the R.C.M.P. and is now stationed with their detachment in Sydney, Nova Scotia. As fishing was our way of life, we returned to Henley Harbour every summer since then to fish for salmon and cod, from which we made a fairly decent living. It seemed all was going smoothly until the cod moratorium in 1992. Then everything and everyone was uprooted and driven away by the closure of the cod fishery and eventually the salmon fishery. Fisherman were offered a meager survival in place of a good and prosperous way of life. To have everything taken away from you by people who don't understand is something that will never be forgotten nor forgiven by a lot of people. A whole heritage and culture has been destroyed by a few bureaucrats who do not know what they are talking about.



Growing up in Henley Harbour into such a large family has left us with many memories to cherish for the rest of our lives. School days were the ones never to be forgotten. We all attended the one room school. The enrollment would be about twenty or thirty pupils. Sometimes there would be a seventeen or eighteen year old for a teacher. Everyone did fairly well in regards to education. While attending school in Henley Harbour we had to use the rowboat. We would row to the mainland in the morning, back home at lunchtime, back to school again after lunch and home again in the evenings. Though all the trials and tribulations, we all tried to educate ourselves as best we could. As the young people grew up and finished school they moved away to further their education. They choose careers from every walk of life, and most of them are professionals in their field of work. They are all proud of their heritage and roots and still love to return to their homeland whenever the opportunity arises.

Apart from school, everyone was always busy. The boys had their outdoor chores to do which included chopping the wood, bringing water from the brook, feeding the hens and sheep, collecting the eggs, and feeding the dogs. The girls help spread the fish and pick the berries, along with the household chores each one was assigned to do. In our leisure time we played all kinds of games. In the summer it would be football, baseball and sailing boats in the pond and along the seashore. The girls played cobby, hopscotch and skipping, plus all the other things girls liked to do. In the winter we would spend a lot of time outdoors. We would go sliding, skating, ice fishing and skiing (on homemade skis made from barrel staves). We did many other things to occupy our time. All in all we never spent a dull moment. Having enough food was never a problem as nature helped provide for all our needs. Everyone had plenty of fish, berries, rabbits, partridges, seal, caribou, as well as all kinds of seabirds. In some cases berries and fish were exchanged for vegetables, mostly from Corner Brook. A small amount of potatoes were grown and everyone had their own cabbage garden. We all shared what we had with others so nobody went hungry. Overall living in Henley Harbour was the most memorable experience. It will live on in our memories forever. Everyone was always happy and kept busy especially in the springtime while preparing for the fishery. There would always be something to look forward to. Now that enthusiasm has faded, along with the communities where we lived. What was once an active and prosperous community has become a ghost town, along with many other beautiful communities along our unique and rugged coastline. Although we have all gone our separate ways, we still have many wonderful experiences that will be etched in our memories forever. I still return with my family as often as I can and will continue to for as long as I live.

## A Lesson Learned

By Paul Pye

Researcher: Doris Roberts

I want to relate to you this particular incident. It happened at the church, but the point I want to get across don't have much to do with the church just the same. I just used the church as an example to get my point across. This happened a long time ago back when I was very young. I suppose I was 16 or 17 years old and I got appointed to what they called it at that time "sexton" for the church. The sexton's job was to light the fire in the wood stove when the minister would be coming to the community for church. They used to pay you so much each service or so much every time you lit the fire. So anyhow, this time, first when I took it, I was very shy, and I guess the only reason I had it was because I was too shy to say I wouldn't take it. There was this one time when the minister came here in the middle of the winter, when it was really frosty, February month I guess, or maybe January. I went up in the morning when he was to have an 'early service' (Holy Communion) around 8:30 a.m. I went up and lit the fire in the old wood stove about an hour before church was to start to get it warmed up for 8:30. Then there was church again at 11:00 and by then the old stove was getting pretty hot. When the crowd came in to the service at 11:00 these two old people came in. I say they were the two oldest gentlemen in the harbour at the time. One fellow went in and sat down over by the wall and the other fellow came in and sat down in the nearest chair to the stove. Now over by the wall you could have the fire in as much as you liked, it was not going to be very warm over there anyhow because the building was not insulated or anything. After the service was over they went outside. It was on their way out through the porch, I heard one fellow say, "Boy, I almost froze to death in there tis' mornin', that fellow never had neither bit of fire in." And then out came the other fellow who was sitting down by the stove and he said, "I don't know what that young fellow had all that fire in for tis' mornin', I just about sweat to death!" So I thought to myself, "My God, what's going on?" Then all of a sudden it hit me that the fellow in by the wall was too cold and the fellow over by the stove was too hot. Those who were sitting in the middle, it must have been a fairly good temperature for them, and I always remember that right up to today. I've told a few people this story when they used to get angry because they were getting criticised and every time I got criticised myself after that, that story used to come to mind. This story goes to show that you can't please everyone. You probably can please people most of the time, but they are the ones you don't here from!

This incident occurred here in the community of Lodge Bay. It was in the school house that doubled as a church for services on Sunday or whenever the minister came. We did not have a church at that time. The school house was much bigger and that much harder to warm up over by the wall. At that time, the minister used to come up from Battle Harbour. You probably only used to see him about once a month. That was the only part of the winter when the ice was hard enough to travel on from there. When the run was froze over, you could get off Caribou Island. It always stuck in my mind about that. I never bothered anybody who criticised me after that. I don't think it makes a lot of difference when you really think about it.

## Life at Riverhead

By Ben Rumbolt  
Researcher: Doris Roberts

I was born in the old hospital in Battle Harbour. There was only one nurse there at that time. One year me and the old man built a small shack up at Riverhead. Those were hard times. We had only a small bit of flour to eat, that's all. After that I went to work in the woods. Sometimes I'd get a half cord of wood and sometimes I wouldn't get any. I was only 13 years old then. So I used to muck away at it as best I could. There was six of us in the family: me, Lloyd, Marj, Florrie, poor Liz and poor Tom. One time I went in the woods and killed a squirrel, brought it home, mom cooked it up and made gravy on it. That's all we had, not a slice of bread or anything. We used to get social services from the Rangers sometimes. They's give us a note and we'd go to Fox Harbour and get some grub. We'd have to walk down to Fox Harbour with our snowshoes on, about 21 miles or so. More than once I had the rope prints in my back from hauling the komatic. Another time I had the two boots froze on my feet and the old woman had to cut them off when I got home. There was only skin boots then, no ski-doo boots or rubbers. If it wasn't for the rabbits and porcupine that we'd get in the woods, we would have starved to death. In the summer, we'd have fish and salmon. I was only thirteen or fourteen when my father died. I had to take over all the responsibilities. We never had no fishing gear. I had to get my own gear and my own boat. It was hard times. But I always got away in the clear when I'd straighten up in Battle Harbour.

## Keepin' Track of Time

By Walter Curl  
Researcher: Doris Roberts

I used to travel in the country when I was up the bay. I used to travel right up across Pinware waters. That's where I used to camp at. It would take me a nice while to get there. It was fifteen days the first time I went in there. That was the first year me and Charlotte started going together. She was outside living with Dad and them. I left as soon as it was daylight. When I was leaving poor Mom said, "Now my son, only 15 days left from tomorrow is Christmas Eve." "Mom," I said, "I'll never remember that. I'll be gone that length for sure." So I said to Mom, "I want you to do something. Get a piece of paper and black lead pencil and give it to me. I'll put it where it won't get wet and every time I comes in for the day I'll take my pencil and make a mark and that will be one day gone, just the same as talleying fish." She said, "That is a nice idea." So every time I came in the camp door I'd mark it and that would be another day gone. I never missed a day. When I thought it was getting handy to Christmas I turned back towards home then. I got home Christmas Eve 9 o'clock in the night!

# Sports Day In Mary's Harbour Years Ago

By Gordon Acreman  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

Sports Day was always a fun and happy time for the people in the community. It was a time to relax and play a few games or get in few races. It was a time to see friends and family from other communities who would come to the Sports Day in Mary's Harbour. Years ago most of the Sports Days in Mary's Harbour were held on Easter Monday. People from surrounding communities such as Fox Harbour, Rexon's Cove, Willam's Harbour and Port Hope Simpson would travel to Mary's Harbour by dog team. The people would stay with family or friends in Mary's Harbour. I remember some houses would be packed with people. Some houses would have as many as 6 or 8 people staying with them. They would sleep on the floor, but they did not mind that.

On Sports Day there were always lots of races. There was usually always a dog team race. This race was very popular and always attracted a crowd. There would be dog teams from Mary's Harbour and from other communities as well. This was always a fun event and people would be laughing and cheering on their favourite dog team. The winner got a prize. I don't remember what it was, but it was only small and not worth very much money. There would also be three legged races, running races and sack races. There were small prizes awarded for these races, but people did not get in them for the prize but for the fun of it.

There would also be lots of games on the go as well. I remember one game in particular. A long smooth pole was greased all over and stuck up straight. A ham would be tied to the top of the pole. Then people had to try to climb the greasy pole and try to get the ham. If you climbed up the pole you were allowed to keep the ham. This was a hard game and hardly anybody could climb to the top. Many people tried, but when they got so far up they would slide right back down again. This was a fun game to play and also a fun game to watch. If nobody would climb the pole then the ham was given to the person who climbed the highest. There was also another game I remember, this game was for the children. A old man would put on an old coat that would come down to his ankles. Then woman would sew little bags of candy unto the coat. Then the old mm would take off running. The children would then chase him and grab the candy from the coat. The children sure loved this game. There would also be Tug- of-War contests. Mary's Harbour would take on Port Hope Simpson and Fox Harbour would take on Rexon's Cove and so on. It was not serious competition but just for fun.

When nighttime came there would be a big time<sup>(9)</sup>. The women of the community would cook soup, cakes, pies and all sorts of other goodies. They would charge 50 cents or a dollar for a supper. We sure had some feed on Sports Day. The money that was raised from the supper would be donated to the Grenfell Mission. At night the boys and the girls would be out courting.

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9 Time - soup supper and dance

It was a chance for boys and girls to date somebody outside the community. Later on that night there would be a big dance. There would be somebody playing the accordion and somebody else playing the violin. People would be out on the floor doing the step dance and having all kinds of fun. The dance would carry on until all hours in the night. When the dance was over we would all go home and go to bed. The next day everybody would return home again to their communities. Then a week or two later the people of Mary's Harbour would go to Fox Harbour or Port Hope Simpson for their Sports Day and the fun would start all over again.

# My Trip On The Newfie Bullet

By Stanley Howard Stone  
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

I was born the twenty-seventh day of March, 1916, to a family of nine children, six boys and three girls. I was born in Petries, Bay of Islands, in a big old house belonging to my Grandfather Stone's sister. Her name was Martha and she was married to Richard Hillier of Petries, Bay of Islands. My father name was Albert Stone and my mother's name was Edith Stone (nee Horwood). Our home was in Henley Harbour, Labrador.

During the early forties, I used to come back to NFLD in the winter time, as work was plentiful and the cod fishery poor in Labrador. The winter of 1949, I worked in Stephenville on the American Base, came back to Henley Harbour in early May month, back at the old trade fishing which I certainly enjoyed. The fishery being still poor, I came back to NFLD again in the fall, went herring fishing and after Christmas I packed my bag and went to Argentina to work on the American's base there. Them times there was plenty of jobs. It seemed like the Americans were always crying out for men. However, before being able to go to work, I had to be unionized. So I joined the Newfoundland Laborer's Union in Corner Brook. The annual fee was five dollars. Then I picked up a few tools at the second hand store: a hammer, square, wrecking bar, level and a couple of second hand saws. Took the saws to an old friend of mine, Uncle Sam Pye, as we all used to call him, and he filed them for me. They were as good as new then. Now the time had come for me to pack my bag and get going. There was a big crowd of us going. So when the train pulled in going east we went aboard at Curling station and in a short while we were on our way across the island. Our destination was Whitbourne where we had to change trains and finish our journey on to the Argentinia Branch. We arrived in Clarendville later in the day only to find a wreck on the rails. We were there twenty-four hours before the tracks were repaired. To make matters worst the weather turned bad, the worst snow storm for that winter. We had two engines so we only made slow progress. After a long while we made Arnold's Cove Station, where we got stuck. A poor place to get stuck - only two or three sector men near there and their wives in small cabins. There we were snow bound and so many feet of snow on the tracks in one of the worst snow storms for years or so the men said, perhaps the worst place on the Island to be stranded.

After the first couple of days the coal was all burnt, we had no heat and it was awful cold in the cars. There was a good size shed there with a big pot belly stove in it for the sector men's use. So we used to go there in crowds to keep warm, just standing room, but it was better than sitting in cold railway cars. It's the only time in my life I can remember going to sleep stood up. Then our big problem was no food. When we got good and hungry we used to go to the secton news cabins and knock on the door and ask if we could buy a lunch. Most times they let us in and gave us a lunch. A good hot cup of tea and bread and butter. It was some good, a real treat. I think that was the first time in my life I knew what real hunger was. After a few days they got the tracks

clear of snow and coal delivered by horse and cart, got steam up again and the engines thawed out. We stocked again and finally got to Whitbourne. The ninth day after leaving Curling; hungry, dirty and sleepy, we reached Whitboume. The next day we boarded the Argentia Train for Argentia, ten days out from Curling. I wonder if there are any people around now who spent ten days on the old Newfie Bullet trying to get from Curling to Argentia? There on the site they were building the Naval Base. They had seven cook houses and places to eat, seven bunk houses and god knows how many thousands of men working. We started working the day after we arrived. The weather was cold, damp and foggy. Most times we had to wear our rubber clothes. We were building two story barracks. I can tell any one, it was not too pleasant in the month of January and February up on them roofs trying to work with a suit of rubber clothes on, right open to the North Atlantic ocean. I, like a lot of their men, stayed a couple of months and then headed for home again. We only got sixty cents per hour for carpenter's work. Come back to Curling and went to work in Dumphy's Herring Plant. Now they call it processing plants.

I am not sure of the date I started working at Dumphy's. I know the year was 1943. I worked at Dumphys' until the first week in May. Then I got ready to head back home to Henley Harbour. So a crowd of us engaged Herb Porter to take us to Labrador as there was no coastal boat on the run yet as it was war time. Herb had a big thirty-two foot boat built in Trout River that winter and he had a new 10 horsepower Acadia in her. So he put a canvas house and a stove in her and we were ready to sail. There was Herb as skipper, Eric Pye as engineer, and eighteen of us fishermen going to places from Chateau to Cape Charles. I think I can still remember the names of all who went - from Chateau there was Mr. William George and Mr. Flechard Joyce. From Henley Harbour there was Ed W. Stone, George Stone and Stanley Stone. From Pleasure Harbour there was Arch Pye, Clifford Pye and share man. From Carroll's Cove there was William Butt, Rex Butt and share man. From Camp Islands there was Daniel Griffen and share man. The other sharemen who were there, the names I forget.

The following spring I went down with Uncle Hedley Horwood. He had to take his boat to Cape Charles to fish cod that summer. There was Uncle Hedley, his share man, William Butt and shareman, Bert Butt and shareman, and myself. This being my last trip going to Labrador in a small fishing boat, by now things began to change and work was not so plentiful. So my brothers and myself got a small saw mill and I stayed home winter time. We cut logs in the winter and sawed lumber in the spring, mostly for our own use. Now I stayed home in the winter, did a bit of trapping and other things as well. By this time I began to realize that the old saying was a true one -

"A rolling *Stone* gathers no moss."

*Stanley Howard Stone*

## Yarns From the Shop

By Douglas Bradley  
Researcher: Bonnie Rumbolt

There were these two old gentlemen in the store one day. It was in the spring and no doubt there wasn't all that much to be had in the way of goodies. One old fellow wasn't all that well off anyhow. If there were extras available, he had no means of getting them financially. He said to the other fellow, "Tis starvation, Boy. Nothing at all to eat except tea and bread, tea and bread, tea and bread every meal." The other fellow says, "Why the hell don't you have bread and tea sometimes for a change?"

A chap said to me once, "Can you change a fifty dollar bill?" I looked at him. It was rare then for someone to have a fifty dollar bill. "Yes", I said, "I have change for a fifty. Why do you have one?" No," he said.

This woman purchased five pounds of loose tea, took it home and a few minutes later she came back and wanted to know if I had made a mistake with the weight. She thought she had too much. She couldn't get all the five pounds of tea in a five pound baking soda can.

Another fellow picked up his order, which included five bottles of Browning Harvey's jams with a picture of the partridge on the label. He asked what the price was. There happened to be different prices. "How is that sure," he says, "It's all the same kind." "No," I said, " You have one raspberry, two strawberry and two partridgeberry." "Sure," he says, "the bird is the same."

This woman bought a crew neck sweater. She took it home and shortly after that, she sent the young boy back with it, with the explanation, "Ma said she didn't want the sweater, it was no good." "What do you mean, no good?" I said. He said, "She can't get her tit out." The woman had a small baby at the time.

The price of sewing cotton was nine cents a reel. This customer purchased a reel and threw ten cents on the counter saying, "I owes you one cent."

Two fellows came into the store one day. They didn't have much money, but they wanted something for lunch. One fellow says, "Lets buy a tin of fruit and go fifty fifty." The other fellow says, "No, lets buy a can of beans and go farty farty."

Two young fellows and their father used to fish together. The old man was getting up in age and as a result he didn't go out every time the boys went. This day a young fellow was looking out the store window. At the same time the two young men were coming in the cove in the boat. He said to me, "The old man don't go out now, do he?" "Yes," I said, "He goes out." He says, "He don't come back then."



His mother sent this young boy to the store one day. They were down and out, as the saying goes, and didn't have any money. The young fellow said, all under one breath, "Ma wants you to send her over two pounds of biscuits, two cans fruit, two tins of meat and two pounds of cheese. She's sick and can't eat anything." There happened to be another old fellow in the store at the time. He said to the young boy, "What the hell do she want all the food for if she's sick and can't eat?"

I had a Fairbanks scale there in the store. There were four or five young boys there once checking their weight. One fellow didn't know the figures, so he asked another fellow to weigh him, which he did. The young fellow says, "How heavy am I?" "You're eighty pounds." "Ha, ha, ha," he says, "I was only standing on one leg."

A person came in with his dole order one day. He passed it along and asked me if I could fill it. He didn't say fill it, just the same. I think he said something like "Give me some grub on my order," or something like that. I looked at the order. In fact it was the first dole order that I had ever seen. On the face of the order was the name, address and the amount and on the back a list of items which the recipient was allowed to purchase. This included just the essentials in the grocery line. It wasn't like it is here today where they receive a cheque and can spend it in any way they want to. Anyhow, I assured him that I could take care of his order and asked him what he needed. "Well," he said, "First I wants a sack of flour and the fittins." "What do you mean by the fittins?" I said to him. He said, "You don't know nuttin'. Didn't you see nar one them orders before? That's a sack of flour and the tea, sugar, butter and lassie to go with it." "O.K.," I said, "So much for the fittings. How much sugar do you want?" He didn't want any sugar, he wanted all lassie, so much tea, butter, some beans, peas, salt pork and beef. After he had all his fittings, so to speak, he still had about one dollar left. He wanted to know if he could get a pipe and a stick of baccy. "I don't see why not," I said, "There's a place here marked miscellaneous items. I don't know what you're supposed to get there." "The hell with that," he says, "I don't want any of that, whatever it is. I'll get a pipe and a stick of baccy instead." He got his pipe and stick of baccy anyhow. I think the pipe was seventy cents and the stick of tobacco was twenty - five cents. His order was for thirty - five dollars and believe me, he had almost as much as he could carry away on his team of two dogs. Now, you could put that thirty - five dollars worth in a shopping bag.

This old gentleman, Lorenzo Rumbolt, when he became of age to retire, he found out that his name wasn't registered in the church register and so it was difficult to determine his date of birth. After some investigation, through his two sisters, one older and one younger than him' he found out that he was no doubt past the age of sixty - five years. While all this was taking place, the old fellows cupboards were almost bare. He came in the store one day and asked me if I would let him have something to eat until he got his cheque. Certainly the answer was yes. So he picked up about one hundred and fifty dollars worth of groceries and went away as proud as a peacock. A few days later he came back again, and after his usual little rampse, a few clouts and bangs, he said to me, "I got my cheque." "Is that right, how much did you get boy?" "I got \$ 150.00" he says. He thought he was well off with that amount and agreed to pay the balance that he owed and take out some more until his next cheque arrived. He passed along the cheque to me saying, "You can write my name on it." I glanced at the figures on the cheque, wiped my eyes and looked again. Was I seeing right? Yes I was. Then I said, "Lo, who told you this was \$ 150.00?" "That's what Mary said. I don't know what it is, perhaps it's not as much as that." "Well boy," I

said, "It's a lot more than that. It's fifteen hundred dollars." Well, you should have seen the poor old fellow. He shivered, he laughed, he cried, his two old boots hooked into something and he went sprawling across the floor. Anyhow, after the shock and excitement was over, he paid his bill and bought everything else he needed at the time and went home with the most money in his wallet that he had ever had at one time.

## Chapter 3

# CHRISTMAS

## Janning

By Gertrude Chubbs

Researcher: Christopher Poole

My name is Gertrude Chubbs. I grew up in a small place called Deep Water Creek. I have many fond memories of my time there. Many of those fond memories are times I would spend janning during the twelve days of Christmas.



Deep Water Creek was a small fishing community and once was home to 6 families.  
*Photo courtesy of Rene Poole*

When I was growing up in Deep Water Creek it was great fun going janning. I remember a crowd of us would get together and dress up. The trick was to dress up as foolish and different as possible so nobody would recognize you. Men would dress up in women's clothes and women would dress up in men's clothes. Some women would wear old oil clothes and old overalls. Other woman would wear men's longjohns and stuff clothes down inside them to fill them out. They would stuff old clothes down in the back of them also to make it look like they had big old rear ends. They would disguise their faces with pieces of cloth or something and then put on old hats to keep the piece of cloth from falling off. Some men would put on woman's dresses. Other men would be a bit foolish and put on

women's bras and drawers. They would stuff the bras and drawers with old clothes. What a sight they would be! They would also wear a scarf or something to cover over their face with. When we were all dressed up there was some hard looking cases amongst us.

When we were ready we would head out to our first house. We would knock on the door and ask in a strange voice, "Are you going to let the jannies in?" Just about everybody loved to see the jannies coming. We would go inside the house and carry on and torment the people. If they had an accordion or violin we would have a little dance. Some people would offer us a drop of spruce beer if they had it. People would be trying to guess who we were and some would try to haul off our masks but we would not let them. Everyone would be laughing, joking and having a good time. When we would leave the house the people would be sad to see us leave.

We would visit all the houses in Deep Water Creek. There was not many houses there at that time so when we had finished all the houses we would walk up to Fox Harbour and do some janning up there. When we got back to home it would be late at night and we would be pretty tired. The next day we would make plans to go janning again that night and this time dress up in a different costume.

I sure had some good times jannying when I was growing up. In those days it was the only bit of fun we would have. Nowadays people don't go jannying anymore. That is a shame because it was a fun and harmless activity. Jannying put a smile on the jannie's faces and it also put a smile on the faces of the people they visited.

## Christmas on Fox Harbour Point In The 1950's

By Calvin Poole

My earliest recollection of Christmas on the Point goes back to around 1950. Now, this was long before we had electric power or telephones. Our only light was the regular old kerosene lamp. The houses only source of heat was by a wood stove in the kitchen, usually a *Comfort* or *Ensign*. Many people burned green fir wood, which was very sticky. I have often seen people put the wood in their ovens to dry it a bit first before it would burn. Everyone would be in bed about nine thirty or ten o'clock. There wasn't much entertainment except for the radio, a game of cards or story telling.

This far back I remember waiting patiently for Christmas day to arrive to see what was in my stocking. Most times there would be a pair of socks or mitts and a few candy, plus an apple and sometimes an orange. One Christmas I got a stuffed horse (or maybe it was a dog), all homemade. Another year I got a set of alphabet blocks. I always remember hanging up the biggest stocking (or sock) that I could find and they were always hung on one of the nails that kept the pictures on the wall. In those days when people hung pictures they didn't hang them flat like we do today but they would let the bottom of the picture sit on two nails and the top of the picture would be let off from the wall on a piece of string or wire.

We always had baked duck for Christmas dinner. Accompanying the duck we would have salt beef, potatoes, turnip, sometimes pickled cabbage or greens and pudding with gravy. Then after there would be molasses cake. Christmas Eve was always special too and most often we would have salt fish for supper and at exactly six o'clock many of the men would fire their guns to welcome the Christmas season. The Christmas season then would never arrive until Christmas Eve, not like today when by the time Christmas Eve arrives, Christmas is almost worn out. In those days one would never see a Christmas tree until Christmas Eve. The tree was about the only thing that was put up in the house, mostly decorated with Christmas cards and a few coloured paper bows. In later years some people would string Christmas cards along their kitchen walls.

Christmas Day was always a day for visiting. We would go from house to house to see what our friends got for Christmas and perhaps to get a few candies. Did we ever see Santa Claus in them times? Well, some years we did and some years we didn't. There was no trail or road coming off Fox Harbour Point when I was a small boy. The only route to get off if the harbour was not frozen over was along by the shore. Some years the rocks would be too icy and slippery to walk over so we just had to stay put. I remember one year we could not get off the Point but Santa Claus decided to visit us anyway. I don't remember what house he came to but after supper on Christmas Eve most all the residents gathered in someone's house and there was a nice tree up and a few presents underneath. Soon there was a great commotion outside as Santa Claus

arrived. He had no red suit but he wore a canvas dickie and a pair of seal skin boots. His face was covered with a white cloth with eye holes. He sure acted a lot like Sam Brown, but there he was with a jolly laugh and gave out the gifts. All the children got gifts and all the men got a carton of Camel cigarettes. Some years later when we could get off the Point there would be a Christmas Tree at the school on Christmas Eve and we would sometimes get a gift and always candy.

When I was about eleven years old, I got a BB gun for Christmas. It was the best present that I ever got. The American Radar Site opened on Fox Harbour Hill in 1957 and for the next few years we would go to the Site to the Christmas party. Every child in the community would get a nice present there and a box of goodies each, from some school in the States. Of course there would be all kinds of Christmas goods at the party and the whole community really enjoyed it.

Things changed after that and times became better. Well, I don't know if times became better but there was a lot more stuff around. These days it is gone beyond and most times the Christ in Christmas is forgotten.

## Christmas Years Ago

By Gertrude Chubbs  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

I certainly see a big change in Christmas when I look back to eighty-five years ago when I was a child. Back then people had very little money, if any at all. Parents could not afford to buy presents for their children like they do today. In those days children got very little on Christmas Day, but they were always thankful and happy for the little they did get. Children today get all sorts of presents. They are rarely happy with what they get and they are always wanting more and more.

When I was a young girl growing up in Deep Water Creek, Christmas was always a happy time for my family and community. In those days every house wouldn't have a Christmas tree. In fact, there would be only one Christmas tree in all of Deep Water Creek. Two or three men from the community would go out and get a big tree. On Christmas Eve usually the women of the community would gather together and set up the tree in my family's kitchen. There was only five families living in Deep Water Creek at that time. Our family was the biggest, we had a big kitchen and so the tree was set up in our house. The woman would decorate the tree with shiny wrappers that had come off packages bought at the store. It was not much to decorate a tree with, but it was all we had at the time and you could only use what you had. Each year the Grenfell Mission would send a box of used toys to communities on the coast just before Christmas. I remember the women would get the toys and place a name tag on it for the child it would belong to. The presents were left unwrapped as there was no wrapping paper back then. The big gifts were placed under the tree, but most of the gifts were tied unto the tree for decoration. I remember myself and the other children watching the women and wondering which present was ours.

When the presents were all sorted all the families would gather at our house. It was such a fun and exciting time. Everybody would be laughing, carryin' on and having a good time. The children would be all excited, wondering and asking, "When is Santa Claus coming?" Later in the night Santa Claus would knock at the door. The children would be so happy. One of the men would dress as Santa but we were young and thought it was really Santa Claus. The man would not have a proper Santa Claus suit like they do today. He would dress up in funny looking clothes and have something covered over his face. He looked more like a janny than Santa Claus! Santa would come in and sit down. The women would take the gifts from the tree and call out the children's names. One by one we would go up and get our presents from Santa. Some children would be afraid but not me. I always went up, sat on his knee and got my present. Every child would get only one present each. One year I got a small toy piano. It was second hand, but I thought I had a pot of gold. When the presents were all given out the tree would be taken down again the same night.

Christmas morning would come and the children would wake up early to have a look in their stockings. In those days we did not get very much in our stockings. I remember there would probably be half an apple. We might get a full one if we were lucky. There would also be a bun and maybe a small piece of cake wrapped up. Mother would also wrap a few raisins and peppermint knobs and put them in the stocking for us. Some years we would get a few candy if mother had them. We were always happy with the little we got and never complained.

For Christmas dinner mother would always cook a big feed. She would always save vegetables during the year for Christmas dinner. She usually cooked a couple of ducks with potatoes, turnip, carrots and cabbage. She would also cook two or three puddings with that as well. A few days before Christmas mother would always make all sorts of cakes, pies, old fashioned buns and cookies. This would be our dessert after Christmas dinner was over. There was always plenty of food left over from dinner and we'd have that as leftovers for supper. We would also eat bakeapple and partridgeberry pies for supper. On Christmas we ate like kings. Sadly there were people in Deep Water Creek who would have little food to eat on Christmas Day. People who had food would always share with those people who had little food. It was a blessing for the people who got the food and for those who gave the food.

Christmas night people would go around visiting each other. They would sing songs, tell stories and jokes. In those days the community was bound tightly together, like one big family. In those days people could trust and depend on one another. Looking back Christmas was always a happy time for me, not because of the gifts I got but because of the time I would spend with my family and friends.

## Chapter 4

# LIFE IN THE FISHERY

## Swamped To The Gunnels

By Ira Holley

Researcher: Christopher Poole

When I was younger, I used to be a share man with Paul Poole. Paul fished out of Murray's Harbour at the time. I remember one morning we got up really early, I would say five or six o'clock. There was a bit of fish on the go so we headed to our trap that was up in Salt Pond. We got on the trap and we saw a good sign of fish. We kept hauling up the trap until the fish were all dried up<sup>(10)</sup>. We knew we had a lot of fish so we started dipping it in as fast as we could. Before long we had the 'midshiproom' full. We put some up in the cuddy and some in the back. The only place without any fish was the engine house. We had the boat completely full and there was still a nice bit of fish left in the trap. We could not carry anymore so we let the rest of the fish down.



Bringing in a load of fish was a common sight in Murray's Harbour years ago.

In the boat is Tom & Joyce Holley.  
*Photo courtesy of Joyce Holley.*

We were ready to go home when we both realized that the boat was pretty low in the water. The water was almost up to the gunnels of the boat. We knew we could not go home like that because if a wave hit us or the wind picked up we would be swamped. One option was to throw some fish overboard to lighten the load. Neither of us liked that option because we had thrown enough fish away for one day. What we decided to do was bail the water out from the engine house. You see when you dip in fish you also dip in a lot of water. There was a lot of water in the boat and we figured if we bailed out some of it we would be able to make it home. That was a good idea, but where was the bail bucket? We could not find it! We were in such a hurry to dip in all the fish that we forgot about the bail bucket and covered it over with fish. So there it was, somewhere under all that fish!

It seemed we would have to throw away some fish after all. Then Paul did something I will never forget. Re took off his rubbers and started bailing out the boat. What a funny sight that was! It was a hard old bail bucket, but it did the trick. We managed to get most of the water out from the engine house. We let go of the trap and headed home. We made it home safe and sound without any problems. Yes, sir in those days you had to use whatever you got. We could not find the bail bucket so we had to use a rubber boot instead. It took a little longer to bail out the boat, but we managed to get home with our load of fish that day.

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<sup>10</sup> Dried up - to bring the fish in a cod trap to the surface by hauling it together in a bag at the back of the trap.

# Collecting Herring

By Terry Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

During the early 1970's I worked for a man by the name of Norman Goodrich. I worked as a herring collector for two years on a boat called the *Bella Rosetta*. Ambrose Chubbs and myself worked as deckhands on the boat. A man by the name of Ralph Martin was the engineer and another man by the name of Henry Hillyard was the captain of the boat. Goodrich would also be on the boat. He was called the paymaster (meaning the one who paid the fisherman). He would also measure the quality of the pickle in the barrels to make sure the pickle was 100% pure. The five of us would live on the boat. While working on the boat we were all 'found,' meaning our board and food was all free. We would start work in August and knock off sometime in November. We would work about 15 hours a day for 6 days a week. We were paid well for our work. I used to get \$8 an hour.

We would collect herring from people from Henley Harbour to Pack's Harbour. We would drop off wooden barrels to the fisherman to store the herring in. Then every week we would go and collect herring from the fisherman and drop off more barrels to them if they needed them. We could carry about 200 barrels of herring at a time aboard the *Bella Rosetta*. Each barrel would weigh between 200 and 225 pounds. We would bring the herring to Pack's Harbour. There the herring would be offloaded and another bigger boat would take the herring somewhere up in Newfoundland.

The fisherman had to clean the herring and salt them in barrels. Some fisherman would also salt and sell some mackerel. The mackerel was done different from the herring. The mackerel had to be filleted, which meant the backbone had to be removed. This took more time to manage but many fisherman fooled with the mackerel too. The fisherman had to work hard at the herring and the mackerel. It was time consuming work and it took a good many herring or mackerel to fill up one of those barrels.

We collected herring all down the coast. Gordon Penney of Murray's Harbour used to do the best with the herring. I remember one summer we collected over 300 barrels of herring and mackerel from him. Overall we collected the most herring from Murray's Harbour because that was a good place to catch herring.

Norman Goodrich collected herring and mackerel in Labrador for 3 years. Then he went bankrupt. That was the end of the herring fishery in Labrador. There has not been a herring fishery in Labrador since. The herring fishery was something people could fall back on in case the cod didn't come in that particular year. It was a big help to a lot of fisherman in the fall of the year when most of the cod fishing was done. It gave fisherman something to do in the fall and at the same time it put some money in their pockets.



# The Herring Fishery In Labrador

By Clyde Saunders

Researcher: Christopher Poole

Years ago there was a commercial herring fishery on the Labrador coast. In fact there was a herring plant in Cape Charles, where I fished and lived during the summers. The plant was owned and operated by a man named Banackon. That was his last name. I don't remember his first name. Most people just called him old Banackon. In later years his son took over the plant. Banackon was a Russian Jew who would come to Cape Charles each year to collect and process herring.

Banackon brought some of his own men down to Cape Charles. Those men would make wooden barrels to put the herring in. In late August when the cod fishery was just about over, fishermen would go fishing for herring. Banackon would supply the herring nets to the fisherman. The nets were about 15 fathoms long and 5 or 6 fathoms deep. Most of the fisherman in Cape Charles would catch herring to sell. People over in Indian Cove would also bring herring over to Cape Charles to sell. One crew over in Indian Cove had a herring trap. They would do really good with the herring. Sometimes they would come to Cape Charles with a boat load of herring. I also fished for herring out of Cape Charles. I would set out about half a dozen nets. I would usually get 3 or 4 barrels of herring in a day and sometimes more than that.

Most people in Cape Charles also worked at the herring plant. I remember when I was young I made 25 cents an hour working in the plant. In the plant the gills and the guts had to be taken out of the herring. This was called gibbing. Then the blood would have to be washed off the herring. Next the herring would be packed in a wooden barrel and salted. When the barrel was full of herring then somebody would put the head on the barrel. In the fall of the year, Banackon would have a big boat come and pick up the herring. He would also ship some of the herring out on coastal boats.

I remember one year the herring plant burned down, but Banackon rebuilt it. So he must have been making some money at the herring. Banackon was down to Cape Charles for a good many years. He retired and his son took over the plant but a few years after that the plant went out of business.

When the plant closed in Cape Charles another man by the name of Norman Goodrich started collecting herring. He did not operate a plant. Instead he gave fisherman wooden barrels and the fisherman would have to clean and pack the herring themselves. Then he would send a boat around in the fall of the year to collect the barrels of herring. Goodrich was collecting herring for 3 years and then he gave it up. For some reason the herring fishery could not make a go of it on the Labrador coast. That is a shame because there are thousands of herring in Labrador.

# Building Boats

By Paul Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole



One of the many boats built by Paul Poole proudly displayed by son, Terry.  
*Photo courtesy of Iris Poole*

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I was born in Murray's Harbour, Labrador. When I was 12 years old I moved up to Lewis' Bay to live. Ever since I was a young boy I loved to make boats. My father, Fred Poole, was a skilled carpenter and a good hand at making boats. I learned to make boats by watching the old man. He loved to make boats and took great care and pride in his work. Those traits were handed down to me by my father along with the skill needed to build a boat. I made my first boat when I was 14 years old. It was a 13 foot punt. I loved every minute of building that boat. Almost every year after in my life I would build another boat. I sold most of the boats I built. Not only did I get pleasure in building a boat, but I also got paid for my work which was a big bonus. What more can a man ask for than to do something he loves and get paid for it at the same time!

I remember one year I built a 30 foot long boat for Gordon Acreman of Mary's Harbour. I got \$250.00 for that boat. That was a good price in those days. On average I would get a hundred dollars or a little more for a motorboat that was on average 25 foot long. In those days building a boat was very hard work. You would have to go in the woods and cut your logs with an axe. Then you would have to haul the logs home by dog team. Then the real hard work would begin. All of your lumber and planks would have to be sawed with an old pitt saw. That sure was hard work and took a long time.

Over my lifetime I built 51 boats. That included motorboats, speedboats, punts and two jack knife boats. I enjoyed every minute of doing it. In 1991, I retired from the fishery. To pass away the time now, I make some model boats. I have built a 6 foot model boat along with a few smaller motorboats so far. Two of my boats are in Cartwright now. I am planning to build another model boat when the weather gets a bit warmer. I'm still an active man. I go in the woods. I also help out my wife with a nice bit of house work. I like to keep busy but I still miss the old days.



Model boat built by Paul Poole,  
*Photo courtesy of Christopher Poole*

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# Culling The Fish

By Terry Poole  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

When the cod fishery was open I had a job as a culler. A culler is a person the fish buyers would hire to go around to fishermen's stages and judge the quality of the fish and sort the fish into different sizes. I worked as a culler with Fishery Products of Fox Harbour for six years. They went out of business and Earle's Freighting Service moved in. I worked for them for five years.

I used to cull fish from Camp Islands to Ship Harbour. There were three full time cullers -myself, Ambrose Chubbs and Truman Poole. The company would also bring down five or six cullers from Newfoundland to help cull the fish. We would start culling the fish around the first week of September and stop about the last week of October. I would go to fishermen's stages and take my culling board and a set of weights with me. The culling board was just a board with all the different sizes of the fish marked off on it. Sometimes a fish inspector would go to a stage with me. He would check over the fish and inspect the fisherman's stage to make sure it was clean and that it didn't leak.

When you got to a stage you would give the skipper a piece of paper called a tallying card. I would also have my own tallying card. When we weighed off a quintal of fish, which was one hundred and twelve pounds, we would each make a stroke on the card. That way we would each have a record of the fish. When all the fish was culled, we would compare cards to make sure we both had the same tally. Most times it was right on target, but there was cases when the cards would be a little different. In those cases we each had to compromise a little.

There were three grades of fish. There was choice fish or number one as it was sometimes called. Fisherman got the most money for this kind. Choice fish was sorted into different sizes. There was extra small, small, medium, large and extra large. The bigger the fish, the better the price the fisherman got. Then there was standard fish - fish that had something wrong with it. This could be caused by poor splitting (fish with round or spilt tails), rust colored spotting caused by liver left on the fish, jigger holes or fin thorn. Standard fish did not sell for as good a price as choice did. The lowest grade of fish was called cullage, fish that was of poor quality. It was fish that was soft or the meat was hanging from the bones, usually gillnet fish that was left in the water for a couple of days. Fisherman got paid the least price for this type of fish.

Fisherman had to be careful when salting fish. They had to make sure that they used enough salt. If they didn't the fish would turn color, might get slimy or smell bad. Salt was not allowed to be reused year after year and was supposed to be thrown away. I remember one year a man down the shore reused old salt from the year before. The fish had turned a pinkish colour. He told me the fish was bay fish and that was why it was pinkish. I believed him and culled all of his fish. He had about one hundred quintals in all and it was all of the same color. When the fish was bought back to Fox Harbour my boss knew right away that old salt had been used to cure the fish. The fish had some kind of bacteria in it which made the fish uneatable. The entire batch of fish was dumped. However, that man still got paid for the fish because the fish had been receipted.

In my years of culling fish I would say Ship Harbour did the best with the fish per crew, but we always took the most fish out of Murray's Harbour because there were more crews fishing out of there. Of all the places I culled fish, Nelson and Norman Poole of Murray's Harbour always had the biggest fish. They would have some big old gaffers. They had a trap berth up by Spear Point and they would catch some lovely fish there. I would say half to three quarters of all their fish would pass for large or extra large.

The most fish I culled in one day was three hundred quintals. That was down to Murray's Harbour in Gordon Penney's stage. Culling was not an easy job. Sometimes fisherman would argue over the fish or try to trick or bribe you. I dreaded going into Murray's Harbour to cull the fish. You see most of the people in Murray's Harbour were related to me. People would try to get me to give them a better grade or wanted me to cheat on my tally card. I was always a honest man when I was culling fish. I took great pride in my work, tried to be as fair as possible and always culled everybody's fish the same.

## A Good Year Salmon Catching

By Norman Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

I remember one year I did really good with the salmon. It was in the 1970's, I am not sure of the year. That summer I was fishing with my brother Nelson. We were fishing out of Murray's Harbour at the time.

We only had one salmon license between us at the time, so we were only allowed to set out 4 nets which had to be 50 fathom each. We only had 3 salmon berths that summer. Our best berth was Fish Herring Point. We always did good at this berth so we had 2 nets strung together there. Our next berth was Shoal Point and our last berth was Fish Island Point. All of these berths were close together. They were no more than a minute's ride in motorboat from each other. These were all good berths and we usually did well in all of them.

The reason why I did so good with the salmon this particular year was because the ice was in. Actually, the ice was offshore a ways but you could see it. The salmon were caught between the ice and the land. There was little space for them to swim and no place for them to go besides in towards land where our nets were waiting for them.

You always had to keep a close eye on the ice. The ice was off a ways from land, but if we got the wind blowing on land the ice would come in shore within a few hours. The ice situation was like a roller coaster. When the wind blew off land the ice would go out. Then we could set our nets. Then when the wind blew on land the ice would come in and we had to take our nets up. It was like that most of the summer. We had to wake up most mornings 5 or 6 o'clock to go out and haul the nets in case the ice was coming in. Sometimes the ice would get the better of us and some of our nets would be torn up. I remember sometimes we would be taking up our nets and the ice would be only a few hundred feet away from us. The salmon would be pushed in to land. As we would be taking up the nets salmon would be striking them trying to get away from the incoming ice. It was quite a sight!

Most times when we hauled our salmon nets that summer we would get about 50 or 60 salmon per haul. Sometimes we would get more, sometimes we would get less. It stayed like that for most of the summer. There was lots of salmon on the go and everyone in Murray's Harbour was doing really well.

That summer there were three salmon collectors which came to Murray's Harbour to collect salmon. There was Bay Roberts Fisheries from Fox Harbour. There was Earle's Freighting Service of Battle Harbour and there was another collector called Kain. Kain was the man's last name. I don't remember his first name. Kain had a long liner and would go around the coast collecting salmon. He would bring the salmon to William's Harbour and ship them out on coastal boats. Kain paid the best price for the salmon, so he got a good share of the salmon that was caught in Murray's Harbour. The fishermen also had to sell to the other two companies because they had been doing business with them for years and some fisherman owed those companies money. I remember we used to bring out speedboat loads of salmon to his long liner and so did other fishermen.

Kain would pay us every week for the salmon which he bought. Then as the summer wore on he did not pay us at all. We did not think much of it at the time and figured he would straighten up with us in the fall. That was what the other collectors did in those days. I remember one day Kain came in his long liner and he had it filled with food. He owed some people a lot of money and he was planning to pay the fisherman in food. Some people took a lot of food, but I did not take very much. I remember taking 2 cases of cheeses, 2 cases of chips, a couple of cases of drink and some rough grub like bulk sugar, flour and molasses. The food I took did not come close to paying me for all the salmon I had sold Kain.

The summer passed and we still did not get paid by Kain. Then there was rumours floating around that old Kain had gone bankrupt. Kain still owed me and a lot of other fisherman a good bit of money. That winter I got a cheque from Kain. It was not much. He only gave me a small percent of what he owed. If I had known that Kain was bankrupt that day he came to Murray's Harbour with a load of food I would have taken a lot more food than I did. I was a out nice bit of money, but there was nothing I could do about that. When I think back on that summer I will not remember the money I lost, but the fun and excitement I had in catching all of those salmon. Those days are gone now and the government has taken away our right to catch salmon but they can never take away my memories of those days.

# Jigging Big Old Gaffers

By Edward Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

One summer when I was a young man, my father Earl Poole, my sister Shirley Poole and myself went out jigging. We were fishing out of Murray's Harbour at the time. The forecast had called for a storm and so we hadn't planned on going out jigging. That day Dad said, "Let's go out and have a couple of tries with the jigger. We'll be back before the storm hits." He didn't have to ask me twice. So we jumped aboard the motorboat and took off. We were the only crew out on the water that day. Everybody else was tied up to their wharves.

We headed straight for Spear Point. That was always a good place to jig fish and you usually caught nice fish there. When we got to Spear Point we threw out our jiggers and started jigging. We were there about fifteen minutes and we had not caught a single fish. We were just about ready to pull up our jiggers and go home when Shirley got one. It was a beauty of a fish. The next thing I know I had one on and then Dad caught one.

Pretty soon we were hauling in the fish as fast as we could. We would put our jigger down in the water and have one haul and you would get a fish. If you never got a fish with your first jig you were guaranteed to get one with your second jig. The fish were savage. I never seen anything like it before in my life. The fish were flying in over the boat as fast as we could haul them in. Not only were we catching fish, but we were catching big old gaffers. All the fish were big in size. The smallest fish we caught that day was thirty-six inches long. Some fish were so big one hand could not get it in the boat. Sometimes when you hooked a fish it would be like trying to haul up a whale, the fish were that big.

We kept jigging nonstop for couple of hours. There was no letting up in the fish. By now the boat was getting pretty full. We almost had a full load and we were getting tired and hungry. So we decided to head home. When we got home we cleaned the fish and we had ten quintals of the loveliest fish you had ever seen.

That evening the storm the forecast called for struck. It blew a gale and it rained. Two days later the storm was over. Again we jumped aboard the motorboat and headed up to Spear Point where we had jug all the fish. We tried jigging there for the longest time that day but never got a single fish!

## Schools and Schools of Trout

By Leander Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

When I was growing up there was no shortage of trout. I used to live in a part of Fox Harbour called Tub Harbour. I remember standing on the stage head and watching schools and schools of salt water trout pass by. In those days people did not go far to set out their trout nets. Some people would set nets off their stage heads, the trout were that thick. In June before the fish and salmon came I would set out a net to catch a few trout. In one or two days I would have to take up the net because I had enough trout. I would row a small ways up Tub Harbour in my punt and set the net. Then I would hit the water with the paddle. This would scare the trout and they would take off in all directions. I remember the trout would hit my net and drag it under the water. Then I would haul the net and pick out all the trout. I usually got a dozen or more trout at a time. Those trout were a nice size. Most of them weighed between 2 and 3 pounds each. I would usually eat a meal or two of trout and I would also salt some for the winter.

We used to have a cod trap up in Deer Harbour. I remember sometimes we would catch a hundred or more trout in the trap at a time. Some of the trout would be meshed and others would be mixed in with the codfish. I remember looking down in the trap and seeing some of the smaller trout swim out through the mesh holes. Sometimes I would take some home for a meal, but most of the trout would be let go.

Sometimes when I would be paddling up Tub Harbour in my punt I would feel my paddles pass through the schools of trout, they were that thick. Today the trout are not nearly as plentiful as they used to be. Now people have to go to Deer Harbour or up the Bay to set nets in order to get any trout. Most of the time you only catch one or two trout, if you catch any at all. How times have changed. Years ago we use to throw trout away and today we can barely get enough to eat.

# A Whale In My Trap

By Thomas Holley  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

It was a nice sunny morning in Murray's Harbour in late July of 1990. I got up and got ready for fishing as usual. Glen and Joy, my son and daughter, went in speed boat and my other son, Darry, went with me in motorboat. We set out to haul our traps. We went up to Salt Pond first to haul our trap up there. Then we went over to Seal Bight Head and hauled our trap over there. We still didn't have a load of fish so we decided to go and haul our third trap at Fling's Island.

Glen and Joy took off ahead of us in speed boat. They went in over the trap and were just about to hook up the center line when Gordon Penney passed by and called to them to get away from the trap because there was a whale in it.

When I arrived at the trap, they looked frightened as Joy was always afraid of whales. There was nothing we could do with the trap so we just went home. When we got home we used the CB to call the Fisheries Officers in Fox Harbour. I told them that we had a whale in our trap. They told me to stay away from the trap and that they would send somebody down to help. That day a breeze came on and it lasted 3 or 4 days and the Fisheries Officers could not get down. All this time I was saying that is the end of the trap for sure.

When the breeze calmed down Carl Bradley and Ronnie Rumbolt came down to Murray's Harbour. We all had dinner at my house, then we went back up to Fling's island to free the whale. When we got to Fling's Island we sank down the trap with rocks. All the time I was thinking that the bottom of the trap will be gone for sure. When the head of the trap was sunk the whale just swam out. It so happened that he was not tangled up in the trap. He just could not get out over the head ropes. The whale dived and went a small distance and then surfaced again. It was a funny thing that happened, the whale waved his tail as if to say thank you and good bye.

We took up the trap and to my surprise there was only a couple of holes in the trap about the size of a tote box. It was a great ending, nobody got hurt and in a couple of days I had my trap back in the water again.



## Chapter 5

# STRANDED

## Lost In The Fog

By Gordon Brown

Researcher: Christopher Poole

In August of 1974, I went over to Indian Cove in motorboat to get some supplies to build a new house. It was a nice day so I took my wife, Cora, my 2 year old daughter, Effie, my sister-in-law, Bernice, my brother, Lindsay, and Glenys Burden of Port Hope Simpson with me. It was a beautiful day and I saw no harm in taking them along for a ride.

We had a nice ride over to Indian Cove and there was hardly any wind. Once in Indian Cove we picked up all of our supplies and loaded them aboard the boat. While we were shopping the fog rolled in and the wind had picked up. I thought to myself, "Fox Harbour is only across the bay and I can make it home without any trouble." When we were getting ready to leave Sam Rumbolt gave me a compass. He told me to steer the boat northeast and that would bring us right into Fox Harbour.

We left Indian Cove and I steered northeast. Little did I know that we were heading out the bay towards Black Point. That was the first time I ever used a compass so I didn't know if I was going in the right direction or not. The fog was thick and you could not see a thing. The wind had struck from the southern and it began to rain. We were steaming for about two hours and still didn't see any sign of land. I knew then that we were lost because we should have been in Fox Harbour by then. I turned off the motor and let the boat drift. It was no good to keep on steaming along if you didn't know where you were going. There we were out in the middle of the ocean with a load of building supplies and a boat half full of people and we didn't have a clue where we were. The wind was blowing a gale and the rain was beating down which made it all the worse.

I never threw out the anchor because it was blowing too hard and the head of the boat would be thrown under the water where we had a load of supplies onboard. So we drifted all night and went where the wind blew us. I never went to sleep that whole night. I stayed awake in case we ran ashore or ran into an iceberg. I remember during the night my daughter Effie woke up. She was sick and she wanted to go home and get an aspirin.

It was a long and wet night but morning finally came. There was still no let up in the fog. We had drifted all night and I knew we could be anywhere by now. Finally, about 10 o'clock the fog began to lift. I spotted a hill in the distance and I recognized it. It was William's Harbour. Now I knew exactly where we were. I started the boat and we were on our way. I knew where William's Harbour was so I headed in the other direction which would take us to Spear Point. We were a long ways from shore and it took us two hours to reach Spear Point. We were low on fuel so we went into Spear Harbour. We landed at Dave Chubb's wharf. We told him what happened and

about the night we had. He took us up to his house and gave us something to eat. He also gave us some fuel to go home with.

By this time, people in Fox Harbour were getting pretty worried and there were people out looking for us. There were motorboats and speedboats from Fox Harbour, Indian Cove and Battle Harbour out searching for us. We said thank-you to Dave, left Spear Harbour and headed home. We were going up along shore when we came across the first speedboat that was looking for us. They were sure glad to see that we were ok. They headed back and told the other boats they had found us. The Coast Guard in Goose Bay were just getting ready to leave when they found us.

We made it home safe and sound without any trouble. We were all glad to be home after the night we had just had. That was a very hard and frightening night, one I will not forget for a long time.

## Stuck In Murray's Harbour

By Edward Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

One year in the Fall during the early 1970's I fished with my father, Earl Poole, in Murray's Harbour. It was November and we had just shipped the last of our herring. The herring boat left that evening and we decided we would get ready and shift up to Fox Harbour the next day. In Murray's Harbour at that time of the year there was not very many people left in the harbour. Our family was left and so was Uncle Gordon Penney's family, my uncle Nelson Poole and his common-law wife, Josephine Chubbs, were also left in Murray's Harbour. The rest of the people had already shifted up to Fox Harbour.

The next morning when I woke up there was a vicious sea. We were in no hurry to go to Fox Harbour so we decided to wait a couple of days for the sea to go back. We waited a couple of days and pretty soon a couple of days had stretched into thirteen days. There was no let up in it. By this time we were getting really low on food. I would say we only had enough food for another day or two. My father said, "We can't wait any longer. We are going up to Fox Harbour today." So we packed up all of our stuff and got ready to go to Fox Harbour.

Uncle Nelson Poole was also running very low on food. Father asked him if he wanted to go up to Fox Harbour with him. Uncle Nelson thought dad was mad to go anywhere in such a sea. Dad had his mind made up and he was going with or without Uncle Nelson. Eventually Uncle Nelson gave in to the idea of shifting up in such a sea. He figured two boats were better than one in case there was any trouble.

So we all got ready and loaded up the two motorboats. Now mother wasn't having any part of going around Spear Point in such a storm. So mom, my sister, Irene, and Josephine walked over to Spear Harbour, which was about half an hours walk from Murray's Harbour. I got in a motorboat with Uncle Nelson and my sister, Shirley, got in a motorboat with dad.

Before I can go any further with the story I must tell you about the many shoals located around Murray's Harbour. Murray's Harbour is a good place for catching fish but when a sea is on Murray's Harbour is one of the scariest and dangerous places on the Labrador coast.

Murray's Harbour has two tickles; the big tickle and the small one which is called Lamb's Tickle. Lamb's Tickle is a shoal and when a sea is on that shoal breaks and a boat can't pass through it. The big tickle has no shoal, but a shoal called the Scab breaks right into the mouth of the tickle.

The only way to get out through this tickle is to stay to the left and stay as close to shore as possible. Then head straight ahead for Double Island. The next shoal you have to pass is called Sparky. You have to stay well outside this one. Next there is a shoal called Mad Mall. This is the biggest shoal down in Murray's Harbour. It is a beautiful shoal to watch break from on land, but it's a scary sight when you have to pass along by it in boat. The next Shoal is called Jumping Rock. You have to give this shoal a big berth. Further up is another shoal called Paddey's Bank. The last shoal you see before you reach Spear Harbour is a shoal called Big Bank. This shoal breaks in towards Spear Point, but not all the way to land. There are many dangerous shoals around Murray's Harbour. Each shoal has the power to swamp a boat, turn a boat upside down or even break a boat in half. That day we left the harbour through the big tickle. Dad was the lead boat and he stayed to the far left of the tickle. Me and Uncle Nelson followed close behind him. That was a beautiful day. The sun was shining and there was not a draft of wind but there was some swell on in the water. I remember dad's motorboat would go down in a swell and disappear. Then a few seconds later the boat would appear again. That was a scary sight! It was a funny feeling to go up and down in a swell. You would go down into it and all you would see is the sky and water all around you. Then when you came up out of the swell it seemed you could see for miles around, you were that far out of the water. I tell you that day would have tested any man's stomach.

We made our way up towards Spear Point with shoals breaking all around us. There was banging and crashing sounds everywhere. It was like we were in a thunder storm. We made sure that we stayed well outside the breaking shoals. Sure enough when we got to Spear Point, Big Bank was breaking. We did not go out around Big Bank. Instead we went between the breaking shoal and Spear Point. What a frightening ride that was! A huge wall of water would rise out of the ocean and head straight for us. As the wall of water got closer and closer it got smaller and disappeared into the ocean where it came from. Anybody who has ever went around Spear Point in a sea knows full well how rough that place is. I tell you there was some backwash coming from Spear Point that day. Backwash is when waves hit the land and create another wave coming from the land. The backwash coming off Spear Point that day made our ride into Spear Harbour even worse. Now we were being hit by waves coming from two directions.

We managed to get into Spear Harbour and pick up the women. That day in Spear Harbour there were 4 long liners tied up. They were waiting for the sea to go back so they could go to Fox Harbour. We told them that we were going to Fox Harbour and they thought we were off our heads. To us the worst part of our trip was over. We left Spear Harbour and continued on our way. It was still a bit rough going, but it was nothing compared to what we just came through. When we got to Black Point it was like we were in another world. There was hardly any sea and it was like riding in a piss pot the rest of the way to Fox Harbour.

# Down In The Water

By Norman Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

One year in January, Wesley Curl was going over to Mary's Harbour and was looking for a couple of fellas to go with him. He managed to persuade his brother Grafton to go with him, but he wanted somebody else too. So he asked me to go with him. I was young and had nothing else to do so I said, "Yes boy, I'll go over for a ride."

We got ready and headed out. We went on dog team that day. We used Wesley's dogs. He had seven dogs in all. So the three of us jumped on the cart and took off. The bay was frozen up so we decided to dart on across because it would be faster. We went up behind Frankie's Cove and tried to stay as close to shore as possible.

The bay was covered with glitter ice with not a peck of snow on it. If we had skates we could have skated over to Mary's Harbour that day. The old dogs were barely mucking along and they were slipping and sliding on the ice. We were crossing Lewis' Bay when the dogs saw something up in the woods. It was a fox or something. The old dogs took off with whatever they had across the ice. The dogs were chasing whatever was up in the woods. The dogs were going a good speed across the ice. That was the fastest time they went when they were chasing something. We yelled and swore at the dogs to stop, but those dogs were as stun as me a \_\_! They would not stop.

There was a spot in the ice about 15 to 20 feet which had just caught and was not completely froze over. The old dogs were running straight for that spot and we had no idea about the bad ice that was in front of us. The dogs ran right over that spot of ice and never even broke through. The cart had three people on it and it cut right down in the ice. We all ended up in the water. When the cart went down, we all held on to it as tight as we could. There we were in the water clinging unto the cart for our lives. The water was freezing and neither of us knew how to swim. The dogs were on solid ice and we tried to get them to pull the cart up, but the cart was too heavy and the dogs couldn't get any footing. Wesley was up at the head of the cart and only a few feet from solid ice. He managed to pull himself unto the cart and eventually unto the solid ice. Grafton was next. He also managed to pull himself unto the ice. I was still in the water and it was freezing! It was my turn to get on the cart and try to get unto the ice. I had spent the most time in the water and I was beginning to lose feeling in my body. My hands and feet were numb. My clothes were wet and it felt like they weighed a ton. I didn't have much energy but somehow after a while I managed to get on the cart and then unto the ice. Finally, I was safe and sound on solid ice. The three of us were freezing. To add to our troubles it was a very cold day. Our clothes weren't long freezing and were as hard as rocks that we could barely move in them. We managed to haul the cart out of the water. We decided we would continue on to Mary's Harbour because we were closer to Mary's Harbour than Fox harbour.

It seemed like hours before we got to Mary's Harbour. Those stupid dogs were barely getting along now. What a change of speed from when they were chasing that fox. When we got to Mary's Harbour we went over to Noah Rumbolt's house. There we took off all our clothes to let

dry and get a good warming. It was some good to get out of those cold, wet clothes. I would say it took me about fifteen minutes to thaw out that day. When we got our clothes dry we decided we would go home before dark set in. We were young and had no sense so we left Mary's Harbour that same day and returned home. This time we took the long way just to be on the safe side.

Before we went home we decided amongst ourselves not to tell anybody what happened to us. It would only worry the folks and they might not let us go to Mary's Harbour by ourselves anymore. We managed to make it home safe and sound without any problems. Wesley and Grafton dropped me off. When I opened the door of the house the old man was there waiting for me. The first thing he said was, "Ye got down in the water today, didn't ye?" Well, I couldn't tell the old man a lie so I had to tell him what happened. As it happened somebody from Mary's Harbour was over to Fox Harbour and had told him all about it!

## Too Close for Comfort

By Gordon Brown  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

One year when I was about 21 years old, me and my brother Austin were up in Deer Harbour cutting sticks of wood and hauling them to the shoreline. Then in the summer we hauled them home in motorboat. We would usually cut wood for about a week. We had a cabin up in Deer Harbour that we would stay in so we would not have to come home everyday.

One day an hour before dark I said to Austin, "You go back to the cabin now boy and boil the kettle and get supper ready. I'll stay here and haul out another couple loads of wood." We had killed a couple of partridges earlier that day, so Austin agreed to go back to the cabin and cook the partridges.

I went back in the woods and loaded up the cart again. When the cart was loaded up I jumped on the front of her and made the dogs get moving. We were getting along good until the cart cut down in the snow. I lost my balance and my foot got stuck in the cart. The cart turned completely over. I could not jump off her so the cart of wood landed on top of me. The snow was soft so I was not hurt. I was pinned under the cart and the only thing showing was my head.

I began to yell out to Austin for help, but the cabin was too far away and he could not hear me. I continued to yell out for help and each time I did so the dogs would look at me. The dogs knew I was in trouble and they figured they had a pretty easy meal in front of them. Each time I yelled out for help the dogs would growl and move closer to me. The dogs were getting too close for comfort and each time I yelled they would come closer, so I stopped yelling and decided to wait until Austin came looking for me.

After a while Austin began to get worried about me when I had not returned to the cabin. He began to yell out to me. I could hear him, but I would not answer him because the dogs were close by and they had evil thoughts in their minds. So I waited until Austin came looking for me.

He followed the path of the cart and found me. He offloaded the wood and turned the cart over. I got up and I was ok except I tore the bottom right out of my logan.

When I got up I got a stick and gave those dogs some pounding that night. That taught those dogs not to growl at me. You could not trust those old dogs in those days, they would have eat me that day if I had been there a little longer. We headed back to the cabin to get a bit of supper. When we got there the partridges were all burned up. They did not taste very good but we ate them anyway.

## A Near Tragedy

By Lemuel Seaward  
Researcher: Doris Roberts

The story I'm going to tell happened when I was a young boy about 13 years old, I think it was 1947, around that time anyway. At that time we lived over across the harbour in the cottage, what used to be the cottage where the RCMP station is now, there in that vicinity. So I got up this morning. It was a very nice day, in April month, I think. The Caribou Run was still frozen over. I harnessed up my dogs and decided I'd go to Battle Harbour for the day. So I went to Battle Harbour and on the way everything was perfect. I spent the day out there and I came back, around 3 o'clock in the evening or there about. I had a good team of 7 dogs with a good leader. When we got back on the point on this side, there was water on top of the ice. When I had left there in the morning there was no water there at all, not a bit. So that was all that I bothered about it, dogs can go across that. I let them continue on exactly the same way when we left where we came back. The leader knew exactly what to do. When the leader got almost to the other side my komatic got in the water. When she seen that I was in the water she turned around and came back to me instead of going on across. There I was in the water with 7 dogs around me clinging on to the komatic. So I was there quite some time while I waited for people to come and help. They had to haul the dory from the mission wharf over across to this side here just outside where Reg Snook lives. That was where the hole of water was. They got me in the dory but one of the dogs drowned that time. We measured the water, it was 9 feet deep. I remember very clearly that time that Annie Snook was pregnant and I can remember saying, "Be careful, Annie is pregnant," something like that. I think that was when Freeman was born. What started off as a beautiful day almost turned out drastic in the end.

## Chapter 6

# FAMILY LIFE

## The Best Way We Knew How

By Charlie Smith

Researcher: Doris Roberts

I was born in 1928. My wife and I had lots of children - two that died, one who lives in Goose Bay, one lives in Pilley's Island, one lives in Fox Harbour and the rest are all around here. I was born in Capton's Cove, Battle Harbour. There were only two families there then. There was a lot of families up there in Hatter's Cove one time, around forty or fifty families. They came from everywhere - from Fox Harbour, Cape Charles and Battle Harbour and all over the place. We used to go fishing summer time and in the fall we used to go back in the bay again, up to April or March month. Then we used to haul<sup>(11)</sup> out to Battle Harbour again and get ready for fishing.

There was only four families living up there when I was living there - Uncle Earn Howell, Gregory Taylor, Alfred Allen and ourselves. They'd haul out in the spring too. When we would see one goin', we'd all get ready and shift out the one time. You'd straighten up in the fall with \$100 or \$200. You'd buy a bit of grub<sup>(12)</sup> in the fall and that had to do all winter. Probably sometimes in the spring now, if you was down and out and had neither bit to eat, you could get some welfare from the Rangers. They'd give you a little bit, about \$5.00 and that had to stand you a month. Then you had to go take oath for that probably or sign for it. The rough grub we call it, like flour, butter, sugar, stuff like that and hard bread, that's the most things you'd buy then. We'd go up there to Hatter's Cove in November month with a bit of rough grub and when it came spring we had to slack up on it then. Everything would be so scarce. We'd have to share the food as far as it could go.

The bit of money you got when you straightened up, that's all you could afford to spend. There was nothing else to get then anyway besides a bit of rough grub. You couldn't go to shops. You couldn't get nothing from the merchants, not like you can now. You wouldn't get nothing from them then til' you'd get so much fish. You would get a bit of salt and a drop of oil or something like that. They wouldn't give you no grub til' you'd get fish. We was only getting \$2.00 a quintal for our fish back then. If you got 100 quintals of fish, that was only \$200.00. That's not very much by the time you'd feed your family in the summer. Then you had to pay for your oil and salt and whatever else. For ourselves that wasn't very much but everyone shared, tried to keep alive the best way we knew how. Only for the rabbits and other wildlife and stuff like that, we'd have had it pretty bad you know. But there was lots of rabbits then and we'd go outside in the winter and get a scattered seal. There was no chicken to buy, nothing like that then to get.

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11 Haul - move; relocate

12 Grub - food



I worked out in Battle Harbour one summer on the Mountie's detachment. I was out there for seven or eight months, working on that. I worked on the government wharf out there all one summer. That was about 43 or 44 years ago. We was getting \$1.00 an hour. It wasn't very much. No one would work for that now, they'd hardly work for 9 or 10 dollars an hour. My brother, he went to work up to Trap Cove and he worked for \$30.00 a month, \$1.00 a day, that's all he was gettin. That's about 10 cents a hour. He would work about 10 or 15 hours a day and be workin' late until 12 o'clock in the night and again at 5 o'clock in the morning.

We didn't have very big houses, about 12 x 20, something like that. There'd be a couple of beds built up over, no bedrooms in those days. But it was warm. There was thousands of wood there right inside the door. Them Waterlou stoves used to warm up the water when we'd get it goin'. The old people wouldn't go to bed with fire in you know. They'd doubt the fire before they'd go to bed. Go outdoors, get some snow and heave it in. They'd be afraid the pipes might catch fire. In the mornings they'd have their shavins <sup>(13)</sup> drawn and everything ready to light the fire again. The first creak of light, they'd be up and have the fire goin' again.

## Black Bear Stories

By Nora Pye

Researcher: Doris Roberts

I was at Cape Charles in 1968. This night we heard a noise out on the bridge. We only had an oil lamp then. Guy looked out the window. He said, "Maid, it's a black bear!" I couldn't believe it. He ran upstairs. That's where he had a breech loader gun. Guy then asked if I'd hold the flash light. I wasn't very brave but said, "OK." As I shone the light fair for the bear's eyes, it blinded him and he just stood there. Guy tried the gun three times but it didn't work, then shut the door. He opened it again but by that time Mr. Bear was going up the hill.

Guy then went to tell his father. I was expecting Sandra, my third oldest, at the time. They were afraid it might come back and frighten me. We took Sheila and Sharon, my two eldest girls, and went to his fathers' for the night. Sure enough the bear came back and broke in the pantry window. That was the first time Guy's father saw a bear out there in the Cape.

The next morning Guy and Stewart waited up for the bear. He came again so they shot it. You know a piece of salt pork and spice bag was in its stomach. I was after making Rhubarb Pickles. That was the first time that I had encountered a black bear.

Up in the Lodge, in the 1970's, we were coming home one night when we saw a bear down by the sewer box. Guy said, "You give me the light, I'll chase the bear." I was so frightened! I ran towards the house. Guy went after the bear with no light.

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13 Shavins - kindling that has been shaved with a jackknife making it easier for lighting the fire.

Anther time at the Cape, Susan, my youngest daughter, was about eight, it was in the morning and she was getting dressed. She sang out, "Mom come here, there's something looking in the window, a big dog." I said, "It can't be." When I went to look, it was a bear under the clothesline. I took the frying pan off the stove and told Susan that her father had just gotten in from the trap. I said to her, "Hurry, put on your boots. Don't make a noise. We'll go tell them." We ran down the hill and told the men about the bear. They chased it but never caught it.

In 1992, my husband and I were both working at the crab plant. We were working nights. In the morning, Derek, our son, sang out, "Dad, there's a bear out on the bridge." Guy had left his lunch box outside when we came home the night before. The bear had the box in his mouth by the handle! Guy jumped out, in only his underwear, and ran after the bear. He sang out, "Come back with my lunch box!" The bear dropped it just like that and ran away.

# Working Away From Home

By Nora Pye

Researcher: Doris Roberts

I was born at Cartwright in 1942. I first went to work when I was fourteen for Mrs. Massie for one dollar a day. I liked working there. I did household chores and babysitting. I was there on and off for four years, weekends and summers, and in 1961 I came to Mary's Harbour. Ms. Grenfell asked me if I was going back to school and I said, "No." "Well," she said, "I'd take you here but we don't need neither girl." Then she asked if I would like a job in St. Anthony or Mary's Harbour. So I asked her what was the smallest place. She said it was Mary's Harbour. So that's where I came. I didn't have any family to live with when I came here first. I stayed at the hospital. We did laundry, cleaning and tended to patients: bringing up their meals and other things. The hospital was full of patients in those times. They came from Mary's Harbour to Norman's Bay. I went in once with the nurse when a baby was being born. There was also another time when a girl from Triangle was bitten by a dog and her entire head was covered with dog bites. She must have been only five or six years old and Mrs. May asked me to go in with her. Mrs. Butt was there too. So I went in but I was pretty shaken so Mrs. May told me to go out and get a glass of water and a cracker and come back in again. That's what I did. That little girl had over fifty bites to her head.

Planes didn't come very often at that time and when they did they used floats or skis. The clinic staff used to travel by boat in the summer time and by dog team in the winter time. There were other girls there besides me. We used to have four or five girls there at one time. Some of the girls that worked there with me were Marie Snook, Margaret Cumby, Doreen Chubbs, Loretta Stone and Verna Stone. Loretta and Verna Stone were there going to school and working in between. They used to do the same kind of work that I did. The hospital was a really busy spot. The first month I was getting \$26 when Mrs. May was in charge. At first I was homesick but I got over it. I became friends with the other girls at the hospital so I was okay. Mrs. Butt was the cook. Jack Howell and Hughlett Acreman were there too doing maintenance work. They all made me feel at home. I never had any kind of bad experience when I was working or anything like that.

That winter I met Guy. Then I wanted to stay. I worked there for two years and the last month I got paid \$45. I left then, got married, and had six children of my own: Sheila, Sharon, Sandra, Dean, Derek and Susan. They are all gone on their own now and we are left alone.

# Family Memories

By Verna M. Pye  
Researcher: Doris Roberts

I was born May 10th, 1945, at Henley Harbour. They didn't go to hospitals then to have babies. I suppose they was born in someone's house. They tell me I was born in my grandmother Edith's house up in Henley Harbour on the Island. I was born by Aunt Sofie Stone. That was Uncle Ben Stone's wife.



The island where the Stone family lived in Henley Harbour. Their house, the Fishery Products Room and the brother's house built in later years.  
*Photo courtesy of Verna Pye*

She was a midwife and she born me up there in grandmother's house. I grew up there until I was forced to go away. I started school when I was six years old. I remember my first teacher was Mr. Reg Snook from Mary's Harbour. He taught there for two years. I did kindergarten and grade one then. I always remember that he wanted me to get in the concert and I didn't like concerts. I couldn't get up but I had this pretty dress mom had for me and he persuaded me to get in the concert after. That was the first concert I got in of course.

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There was twelve kids in our family - six boys and six girls. I got a brother, John, in Mary's Harbour. That's the closest one to me now. He's married to Lorraine Rumbolt. I got a brother, Eric, and a sister, Mavis, in Wabush. I got two brothers, Paul and Ralph in Seal Cove. They're married and got families grown up. I got three sisters, Ruth, Stella and Edna, and two brothers, Lloyd and Hedley, in Corner Brook and one sister, Loretta, in Pasadena. My dad, Alfred Stone, died in 1973. My mom, Jessie, died in 1986.

Dad was a fisherman who fished all his life. He had lots of help with the crowd of boys. He was a real hard worker who liked to see things done right. He was always a fisherman right up until he died. Henley Harbour, I suppose, was like most every other little outport on the coast of Labrador. You had to work hard even though you had a crowd. Families were big but it seemed like we were never hungry. Dad used to have his own animals. He used to have goats, sheep and hens. That provided meat for food and wool from the sheep for socks and mitts and stuff. Mom used to spin wool all the time for our knitting purposes. We always had fresh eggs. We had our certain chores to do. Even though the boys were around a lot, we still had to lug water and bring in wood. In the summer time the boys would be in the stage fishing. There was a lot of work to the fish then. You had to spend all day at different things. Than you'd have to spread it and dry it. The girls had to help mom whenever they could to bring in a bit of wood and cleave splits and help around the house a lot. They had to lug water from the well. We never used to have running water them days. So we had to do whatever we could to help out the family. We even had to cut grass to store in for the winter for the goats and hens. I remember cuttin' grass in the fall of the year and poking it in bags or whatever you could get it in, piling it

up and raken' it together. We moved to Pitt's Arm for the winters. We'd move up in the fall of the year after all the fish was made and was shipped. We'd move in October and take everything, all your belongings, aboard the motor boat. There was a merchant up on the island in Henley Harbour, the same island we used to live on. There would be mostly one family on the island at one time while I grew up there. And there was a merchant there right alongside Dad's premises. They provided all the hard grub (food) like salt meat, salt pork, molasses and everything like that. Dad would buy food in bulk (large quantities) for the winter. Dad used to always have plenty stocked up for the winter just before we moved in the bay.

Everybody used to go berry picking back then. Then you used to have plenty of berries for jams and stuff like that. That's all you had to depend on for bottled jam. Mom used to always cook salt beef, dough boys and partridge berry jam. We used to have that a good many times for our meals. We enjoyed it and we even have it now, once in a while. It brings back some memories from the old times. The big table was pretty full sometimes when everybody sat around for breakfast. We'd all sit together and eat the one time. I can't ever say that I was hungry while I was growin' up. Dad used to spend a lot of time hunting in the winter. There was no limit to what he would bring home for food: porcupine, caribou, partridges and rabbits. You had to freeze it all out in the store. When you would want something to cook you'd have to bring it in, let it thaw and skin it, whatever it was. When the boys got bigger, they used to go along huntin' with dad on the dog team. They'd go for all day then. They used to go up in Chateau Bay in the winter time to cut their wood. They'd be gone for days cuttin wood and huntin' around. They would never come home empty handed. I remember dad comin' home and he always had something, wheter it be partridges, rabbits or porcupine, to put in the pot.

For transportation, mostly we used to get around in motor boat. There was no speed boats. You were almost always too busy to go around visiting but there used to be slack time in the summer that if you did get a chance to go places there would always be a crowd in the boat. You'd go down to the Cape for a night or maybe a Sunday visit. That was a big thing then. We'd go down there probably for a dance, Saturday night or something like that. Or a boat from the Cape used to come up to Henley Harbour and have a dance. When they used to know there was visitors comin' they made sure the dance was planned to get out and see the new boys. For transportation in the winter time there was dog team. All the boys then used to come down to Lodge Bay on dogteam. After I got a boyfriend down here that was an excuse to get down then. A lot of young fellers then had their own teams. And whenever a girl could hitch a ride to get down to the Cape or Lodge in the winter to see your boyfriend, well, you was going to go. I remember the first time I came down here. I came down with Dougal Pye, he had some team too. We had some time that day, Nellie and Millicent and all my friends. We all hitched up a ride with somebody. I think they had a dance down here at the Lodge that night. That was an excuse to get down, to tell the boys up home they was going to have a dance. So we came down anyway. If you came down one weekend probably you would be expecting the boys up the next weekend. They all had their own dog teams of course. They could travel whenever they wanted when the weather was good and it was fit to travel.

I came to Mary's Harbour to go to school. Actually I had a sister in Mary's Harbour that had been a diabetic for years. She went to the hospital when she was eleven years old, so she practically grew up in the hospital. I guess that's a long story, I know, but that's how I went there in the first place. Dad wanted to know if the nurse would take me in there so I could go to school, and work between hours and be company for my sister, Loretta. At them times Dad used to say he couldn't afford to send me away and pay my board. Because I didn't have a bursary for some reason and anyway I came to Mary's Harbour to go to school. Dad put me aboard the Cabot Strait early one Sunday morning and I came to Battle Harbour. Someone from Mary's Harbour had to come pick me up. At first, I didn't think anyone was going to come and take me off the boat. They sent the mail boat ashore and I was there, aboard the Cabot Strait, waiting and waiting and never seen anybody. It was Sunday morning And I thought probably no one got up early. The boat blew a couple of times, and soon I saw a motor boat coming out. It was Lloyd Lunnen. So he took me ashore to his house, up to his mothers. That was where I waited for someone to come and pick me up to go to the hospital at Mary's Harbour. So it seemed like I was there for ever. That's when Jack Howell came out from Mary's Harbour and got me in the motor boat. I never thought I was ever going to get to Mary's Harbour, it seemed so long goin' up that day in motor boat. Now you can whiz up there in a few minutes.

I was so glad to be with my sister and know that I was going to be there to keep her company. Miss May worked here then as a nurse and she gave me a little room up in the peak of the hospital, I remember it now. That was my private room. The workin girls had to share rooms. I was going to school, so I had to keep my room myself. I worked between hours when I wasn't going to school. I worked for my grub (food) I suppose, but I got a pay cheque of eight dollars a month besides. It was a bit of pocket money to help me out with school pencils, scribblers and stuff. I did have a bit of money when I left home because I worked with Fishery Products that summer cookin'. So that kept me going enough to buy a bit of extra clothes and winter gear and that for myself. I enjoyed it, working there and going to school. I used to have to get up in the morning, before I went to school, and clean down the steps, the dispensary (clinic) and the porch. Then after school I came home, I'd have to help the other girls with whatever they needed done. The only nights I used to be on night shift was Saturday and Sunday when the other girls would take their days off. There's one memory that sticks in my mind. I used to work on the weekend like I said so this Sunday I had to work. It was early Sunday morning I suppose and Miss May came and asked me to help her in the dispensary. I didn't know what she wanted. When I went in there was a little boy there. His father had just brought him in. He had his toe just about cut off, I suppose. Miss May tried to sew it on the best she could so she asked me to help her. I didn't know what to think. I went in and saw all the blood and everything and the toe hanging there. Miss May used to tell me to hold on to it now until she sewed it together and I was trying to make the little boy feel good and help him so much as I could. I remember his dad there, he was trying to calm him down. He said, "That's alright, my boy. That's okay, my boy!" I remember it so plain that the poor little fellow was screeching. It seemed like Miss May was tryin to comfort him as much as she could but you know it must have hurt.

My brother, Paul Stone, taught in Mary's Harbour at the same time so there was more or less like was a family here for me. I wasn't what you'd call lonesome. I suppose me and Loretta used to have a lot of catching up to do. We did a lot of talking about our growing up, the family, one thing or another and so we kept each other company.

We were married in 1964 on September 30th. We had four children; three girls and a boy. They are all grown up now and on their own, of course. When we got married, I remember getting the marriage invitation printed up on an old type writer. Paul did it up for us up in Henley Harbour. We had the date set for September 20th and of course, due to the bad weather and stormy winds then, we waited ten days for the minister, Reverend Genge, to arrive. He came by motor boat from Mary's Harbour while doing a trip around the coast. They do these trips now too only back then they had a few more communities to visit.

Now, in my spare time, I keep the house up and between whiles, I like to do a bit of sewing for myself. I like to sew different things and do a bit of knitting and one thing another like that. This past couple of summers I've been working at the Inn in Battle Harbour. I try and do the best I can at the Inn. There's a lot of people going though Battle Harbour. I like meeting people. I really enjoy the atmosphere out there. It's relaxing, it's cool and it's really nice.

I tell you one thing that happened when we were growing up in Henley Harbour that still sticks in my mind. We used to move out from Pitt's Arm to Henley Harbour. Then early in April or middle of April, most people would haul out on dog team. In them days the harbour used to be frozen over. We used to go to school over the ice. It was late in the spring about melting out time. I was only about ten then I say. This day there was a lot of rain and it blowed a living storm. So when we were leaving school, Paul, my brother, who was teaching home at the time said to us, "You youngsters wait for me. Don't go across the ice yourself, wait for me." There was Mavis, Ruth and myself. The three of us left the school. We figured where it was blowing hard and the ice was nice and slippery we would get a nice fast skate home and go across the ice in no time. Lo and behold, when we got down to the ice it was blowing so hard we couldn't stand on our feet and down we went into the water. One of my sisters, Ruth, started blowing towards the Harbour Rock where it was all eat out around the rock. There was a big hole in the Harbour and we were getting scared then even though we knew we shouldn't have left by ourselves. We were screaming because we thought Ruth was going to blow right into the hole by the Harbour Rock. I don't know how she managed to get away from there, only by clinging to her bookbag and sliding herself away from it. She finally made her way back to where Mavis and I were. Soon after that we saw Paul coming. Boy was he mad at us cause we weren't supposed to leave the school without him. When we got just about ashore off the ice, we saw Mom and them. It was only then that they saw us coming. We sure did have a rough narrow escape that time because we were sure our sister would go right into the open water. It was so scary. We didn't really know how much ice was there either. When we got home Mom, who used to worry about everything, said, "Why did you leave without Paul? Why didn't you wait for Paul?" She was hauling the wet clothes off us as we were going in the door. We were soaked through every stitch of clothes that we had on. We had cotton denim bookbags for school then. They were soaked as well. We were all crying as Mom was stripping the clothes off us and we were trying to hold on to it because the boys were all there. Some of them were laughing at us, the little devils. Mom made us all go up and crawl inside the bedclothes in the feather beds to get warm. We were really chilled. As we all lay there in the bed, we all talked about it, crying and laughing about it together. I can still remember that clear shiny ice, glistening in the sunshine. Even when we visit each other now, it is the one thing that we'll be sure to talk about and how tragic it could have been!

# Big Families

By Margaret Curl

Researcher: Christopher Poole



Florence and Solomon Curl  
*Photo courtesy of Rene Poole*

Nowadays there are no big families like there used to be years ago..There use to be lots that had 10 or more children. My parents, Florence Curl and Solomon Curl, was one such family. They had 15 children in all. That was one of the biggest families around at the time. There were four girls in our family. There was myself, Josephine, Lina and Mildred. There were 11 boys. There was Herbert, Solomon Jr, Clarence, Phillip, Grafton, Wesley, Harold, Holis, Ralph, Melvin and Austin. That was a whole lot of mouths to feed and a whole lot of bodies to clothe.

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My father was a fisherman and needless to say he had a lot of help in the stage. My mother was a housewife and she had to work like a dog. In those days we could not afford to buy clothes, so mother had to make all of our clothes on the sewing machine. She had to cook all of our meals, bake bread, wash the clothes and do all sorts of other things. When she went to bed at night she never had no trouble falling to sleep I guarantee you.

Having such a big family meant having to make a lot of food. Mother had to make bread almost everyday and sometimes twice a day if she had something to do the next day. In those days flour came in a 100 pound bag and we would use one of those bags in a week. One of our main meals was fish and potatoes. Mom would cook 4 or 5 nice size fish and she would cook a 2 gallon boiler full of potatoes. We also ate rice soup often. Mom would have to cook a big 2 or 3 gallon boiler full. Mom would also cook some sweet stuff like old fashioned buns and pies. She would make 3 or 4 dozen buns and about 4 pies at a time. That was a good treat, but it did not last very long in our house.

In the fall of the year we would move from Fox Harbour to Lewis' Bay. Father had a motorboat then. We would pack up all our luggage and materials and shift up to Lewis' Bay. There would be a big crowd in that boat. Sometimes Dad had to make a second trip back to Fox Harbour because he could not carry all the family and all the materials in one trip. We had a good size house up at Lewis' Bay. We had a upstairs and a downstairs. The girls would share rooms and the boys would share rooms. There would be 4 boys sharing 1 room. There would be 2 beds and two boys to a bed.

For a long time I was the only girl. I believe there was 7 or 8 boys and me before another girl was born. Being the only girl for a long time I had to help mother. I had to do the dishes, help get the meals ready and do countless other chores. The boys in those days did not do much house work. They would be outdoors most of the time fooling around. I used to say the only thing they are good for is to make a mess, which I had to clean up! Yes sir, when I was growing up I knew what hard work was.



Although my parents had 15 children altogether, we did not all live in the same house at once. As some of the children got bigger they would move out and start their own families. There was a big slew of us but we were always happy. We always had a lot of company and we always had somebody to play with.

## A Weeks Menu

By Doris Chubbs

Researcher: Christopher Poole

This is a list of all the foods me and my family would eat for dinner and supper in a week. This menu is what me and a lot of other women would cook around 40 years ago. Everything back then was cooked on wood stoves. There were no electric stoves or microwaves in those days. The wood stoves took a little longer for stuff to cook, but they got the job done. In those days everybody ate a lot of bread. Bread could go with anything and it was placed on the table with just about every meal. I would have to make bread 3 times a week and each time I would make 7 pans. Every morning for breakfast I would have a slice of toast and a cup of tea.

Monday was bean day for us. For dinner I would usually cook stewed beans and sometimes I would cook baked beans with molasses. Beans were cheap and they made a good hardy meal. For supper I would either have stewed fish or fried fish. With the stewed fish I would add some onions, potatoes and turnip.

Tuesday for dinner we would have smoked salmon. For supper we would probably have corned fish and I would also bake a few potatoes to go with the fish.

Wednesday was 'Jigs Dinner' day. We would have salt meat, potatoes, turnip, carrots and sometimes cabbage when we had it. I would also make a blackberry pudding or a peas pudding. If I did not make a pudding I would cook a few doughboys. Sometimes we might not have a turnip and sometimes we might not have no carrots but we always made due with what we had. Jigs Dinner was always a good feed. For supper we would not have much. Usually we would have some bread with partridgeberry jam on it and a cup of tea.

Thursday for dinner we would have rolled oats or cream of wheat. This was a good meal and it was very cheap. For supper I would bake some kind of bird A duck, a turr or even a gull. In those days people ate gulls if that was all that was around at the time. Actually gulls tasted good and there were always lots of gulls around. I would also put some potatoes in with the bird to stew.

Friday for dinner I would cook fish and brewis and of course what would fish and brewis be without some scruchins fried up. This was a traditional Newfoundland and Labrador meal and just about everybody loved their meal of fish and brewis. For supper we would eat the leftovers from dinner.

Saturday was pea soup day. I would cook some pea soup and I would also cook some doughboys to go with it. For supper we would usually eat the leftovers from dinner Saturday was baking day for me. I would bake a blackberry cake or a partridgeberry or a bakeapple pie. I would also bake some old fashioned buns, the ones with the raisins in them.

Sunday for dinner I would usually cook a big meal. I would get some kind of bird and I would stuff it. I would also cook some salt meat, a turnip, a few potatoes, a few carrots and a head of cabbage if I had it. I would also cook some puddings. I would either cook a hot water pudding or a raisin pudding. I would also cook a steamed pudding for dessert. I would usually make some chocolate sauce to go over the steamed pudding as well. This was a good feed. For supper we would have a piece of smoked salmon. I would also open a can of corned and meat and make some kind of salad. As you can see by the foods we ate that we depended a great deal on the land and the sea to provide a lot of our meals. In those days people did not have very much money. They could not afford to go to the store and buy most of their food like they do today. Also in those days stores did not have as much or as many different types of foods that they do today. In those days people had to buy some of their food, but everyone had to depend on the land and sea for a good share of their meals. By balancing the two that was how people got by.

# Good Times and Bad Times

By Iris Poole

Researcher: Christopher Poole

In May of 1955, the Americans came to Fox Harbour to start a military base on top of Fox Harbour hill. Everyone was so excited about the jobs and people were talking about all the money they were going to make working with the Americans.

When the last of May came my husband, Paul, said to me, "I don't want to stay up here and give up fishing." So we moved down to Murray's Harbour and got the fishing gear ready for when the fish came. That summer Paul decided to build a room on the end of the house. The children were getting bigger and we never had enough space. There wasn't any new lumber to buy then so Paul bought an old shed from someone. He had just about finished the room when he got a bad finger. Some of the old wood had gotten into his finger and had made it infected. I used to make bread poultice<sup>(14)</sup> and soak his finger in hot water but it would not get better. My three and a half year old son, Edgar, got the same thing wrong with his finger. He used to be out playing around with the old board.

Paul's finger was not getting any better so he went to the hospital in Mary's Harbour and took Edgar with him. Once in Mary's Harbour the both of them were admitted to the hospital by Nurse Stedman. She kept Edgar there for about a week. My mother went to visit them in the hospital so Nurse Stedman sent Edgar back with her. Mom took Edgar over to Fox Harbour and then sent him down to Murray's Harbour on the salmon collecting boat with uncle Tommy Pauls. When he came to our wharf Uncle Tommy said, "I got a parcel for you." When I looked down I saw my little boy all wrapped up in quilts in a salmon box. How happy I was to see him but Paul had to stay in the hospital for another three weeks. One day I got a note from Paul. He said Dr Thomas was coming to take him to St. Anthony and he was going to take his finger off. His finger had become really bad. He said in the note that he didn't care as long as it got better.

By this time the fish was in. Uncle Fred and the boys were crackin' on the fish. They were using Paul's trap along with their own. They were also using Paul's punt. They would tow the punt out in the morning and tie her on to the trap and then tow her back in the evening. One day around noon the wind came up from the northeast. It blew a gale and it rained. I stowed in some wood and brought in some water and took care of my five small children. Later on I went to bed with a storm raging outside. I woke up in the night and what a racket was going on. I never went outside to see what the noise was because I never had a tight. I just stayed awake the rest of the night and listened as the noises got worse.

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14 Bread Poultice - scalded bread that was applied to an infected area.

When daylight came I got up and dressed and went down to the stage. Well low and behold, the sight I seen made me sick to the stomach. Our motorboat was tied up to the head of the wharf. She was going up and down and banging into the wharf. One side of the motorboat was completely gone. The stage's head rails were all gone along with half the wharf I just stood there with tears running down my face. I said "Dear Lord what's going to happen next." I walked up to Uncle Fred's house, he was just getting up out of bed. Tears were running down my face. I said to my brother in law Nelson, "Come down and see if you can do anything with the boat before she is beat up altogether." We went down to the stage and looked at the boat. Nelson said, "There's nothing that can be done until the wind drops out."

All day I listened to the rattling and banging coming from the stage. At 5 o'clock the wind died out a bit. So Nelson along with his brother and George W. Poole took their boat off the collar. They had a hard job to steam ahead as the boat was almost blown back by the force of the wind. After awhile they got handy enough to Paul's motorboat to drop a graplin into it. They managed to haul the boat into the beach. What a sight she was sunk and the side was out of her.

That night the wind dropped out. The next morning Uncle Fred and the boys went to haul Paul's trap that was up in Salt Pond. There was an iceberg in Salt Pond and when the iceberg came out it took most of Paul's trap with him. The trap was all torn up. Paul's punt was also tied unto the trap and all that was left of her was the stem head.

The trap, the punt, the motorboat and the wharf all gone. I said, "Dear Lord please don't take my husband and children away from me, you have already taken away everything we had to make a living with." There was no way to get a note to Paul in Mary's Harbour so he had no idea what happened. This all happened in July on Friday the 13th. Paul's father, Uncle Fred, always said Friday the 13th was an unlucky day.

That following Sunday was lovely day. In the evening all the kids went to bed early. The water was high and I saw the caplin rolling in the beach. I said to myself I should go out and get a few caplin to salt for the winter, as we won't get anything else with Paul laid up all summer. I went down to the stage and got an old dip net. I went over in the beach and started throwing the caplin ashore with the dip net. A strange thing was happening that evening. Codfish were chasing the caplin right into shore. As I was dipping in the caplin I would also dip in a few cod fish, sometimes 3 or 4 in a single dip.

Dark began to set in so I had to give up. I picked up all the caplin and fish and brought them to the stage in old water buckets. When I had it all in the stage I lighted the lantern. I put the caplin in one puncheon tub and the fish in another puncheon tub. Then I drew up some water with a bucket with a piece of rope tied to it to cover over the fish and caplin with. I left the stage and went up to the house. I was beat out. I got ready and went to bed.

The next morning I went up to Uncle Fred's house again. Uncle Fred said, "What is wrong now?" I said, "Nothing." This time I had tears of joy in my eyes. I laughed and said to Nelson, "Come down and split my fish for me." I could manage to clean the fish by myself, but I needed someone to split them for me because I was afraid of that old splitting knife. However, I did split a few fish in later years.

We went down to the stage and Nelson couldn't believe his eyes. Nobody knew that there was a caplin in the harbour. When we had the fish all put away I had 2 quintals of lovely fish. I said to Nelson, "That is all we will have for the winter." Nelson said, "You will be alright maid, something will work out." I said, "I can't think of anything."

The next day I brought my caplin up on the hill and spread them out on the blackberry bushes. It was the best way to dry the caplin because they got the air from the bottom. When I was picking up the caplin in the evening I saw a man walking out from the bottom of the harbour. He was too far away to see who he was. I continued to pick some more caplin up and I looked again. I thought it looked like Paul. When he got closer I knew it was him for sure. He said, "What are you doing up there?" I said, "Come up and see." We went up and had a look at the caplin and then we went down in the stage where the fish was. He said, "Yes maid, that's all we will get this year." Then it was his turn to cry as tears ran down his face. He said, "I don't know what we're going to do." I said, "Did the doctor come yet?" He said the doctor looked at his finger and told him to go home and keep it dry and let it heal. It was picked at too much. The doctor also told Paul not to touch any salt water.

By the last of August Paul's finger was coming along fine. One day he went to Fox Harbour to see the manager, Jim Saunders, of the American base. Paul told him how he was laid up all summer. Jim said, "I have the perfect job for you." Paul went back to Murray's Harbour and we packed up and shifted up to Fox Harbour the first week in September. Paul got a job with the Americans cleaning and painting, but he had to wear gloves.

Paul worked right up to December 23rd. On May 1st he started work again. This time he had got a job using a jackhammer. He worked at that everyday, Sundays and all, until June 17th. Then Paul took sick again. We went to Mary's Harbour to see the nurse and she said Paul had chronic appendix. He had to stay in the hospital for a week and then he came home again. The nurse told him no more jack hammering or he would end up in St. Anthony. Paul told the boss and he gave Paul another job as a carpenter helper. Paul worked at that until December 23rd again.

After work was over Paul went in the woods, got some timbers, cut the planks and fixed up the motorboat. He also knitted the twine for the cod trap. I would help him out by filling the needles with twine for him at night. He also sawed the planks for the wharf. Poor old Jim Mangrove helped him saw the planks. When the time came to move to Murray's Harbour in the spring we were ready to go fishing again. One day Paul went out to Tub Harbour for a barrel of water. He met up with Ira Holley who was 17 years old at the time. Paul asked him if he would go down fishing with him for the summer. He said, "If daddy lets me." Paul went and asked Ira's dad. He said, "Yes boy, yes boy, he will be alright with you." The old man had a nickname. Everyone used to call him 'Uncle yes boy', but not before his face.

We went down to Murray's Harbour and did okay with the fish. We would have done better only the salt got scarce. Ira was with us for 3 summers. Then he took with the kidney stones and was not available the next summer. Ira was as good as anyone whoever stood on two feet. He used to go to bed singing and he would wake up in the morning singing. When they would come in with a load of fish he would get up on the wharf and do the step dance. I used to go in boat, but not when the children were small, but I did work at the fish. I could do anything with the fish except split. I was always afraid of that old knife.

That summer when Paul got sick was the worst summer of our lives. We lost our wharf, our trap, our punt and our motorboat. We had some hard times in our lives and we also had a lot of good times. We always had food on the table and we always managed to get by. Today me and Paul are retired and all of our children are grown up with children of their own. Today we look back with happiness and sadness. Happiness at the good times we had and sadness that those times are gone now.

# Makin' My Own

By Violet Pye

Researcher: Doris Roberts

I've always done knitting and always done crafts. I've knit different kinds of mitts. One kind was very nice and very simple to knit. It is just plain knitting but you have ends of raw home spun wool and you knit two stitches and then with the third stitch you put on this end of raw wool. Your ends of wool are about an inch long so when your mitt is done it is all wool inside just like sheep skin.



Norwegian Mitts (Inside)  
*Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*

You do not darn the wool, it just stays the way it is. I only ever saw one pair knit and it was when my father had rheumatic fever. After he got well my mother went and knit him those mitts because he could not keep his hands warm. That is the way they were done with those ends of raw sheep wool. My mother said she was going to knit a pair of 'drummed mitts', I don't know where the word 'drummed' came from. That is all she used to say, she was going to 'drum' the mitts. Where she got the name or the pattern from, I wouldn't know. Another name for the mitts was Norwegian mitts. I guess you could knit socks as well as mitts. Like I said, my mother knit them because Dad had this bad hand and he couldn't get warm. You didn't knit them like that everyday. That

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was something special.

I used to spin my own wool. The old fashioned way of spinning wool was with two cards. You carded it up and rolled it up and then you put it in the spin wheel and spun it. If you saw all of the wool I spun, you'd have plenty to knit socks. I always knit for my own family. We used to knit and get paid for knitting. You had to do all these kinds of things. I was only a house wife but I had to provide clothes for my children because we didn't have Eaton's catalogues. We couldn't send there and have something come in. You had to do the best you could with what you had. I also used to make clothes. The material we'd get from different places, then we'd sew clothes for the children from it. My father made seal skin boots when we were children. That is all we wore. I never had anything to do with that. He used to dry the skins, cut it out and make the boots.



Norwegian Mitts (Outside)  
*Photo courtesy of Bonnie Rumbolt*

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I also hooked mats by the dozens. I'd start with a piece of brin, which was likely to be a brin bag. Then I'd rip it open and sew it in a frame and make a border around it. Then you put your pattern on it and mark it out yourself. We used anything that we had such as old clothing, whatever, even our stockings to make the mat. We made all different kinds and sizes. We even had some for Sundays - took up what you had on the week and had good ones to put down for Sundays. The clothes material, you would probably get some down to Battle Harbour in the store, or wherever else you would get it. If you wanted to get material to make clothes for the children,

sometimes you would have to cut over a bigger garment to make a small one out of it. You did not have an electric sewing machine. I never used a electric sewing machine. I had a hand sewing machine which I gave to my grand daughter when I was finished with it. The men used to have seal skin mitts. Most of the people used to make seal skin mitts. We made our own patterns. We didn't go to the store to buy a pattern. We use to cut out patterns, what ever you wanted. If you wanted to make something, you took any old garment and you cut it out by that. Nothing was wasted. You didn't have anything to throw out, didn't need a garbage dump. It got passed down from one to another after you cut it over and made something new. So that was it. I had eight children so I had nothing to throw away. I was married in the dirty 30's. That was the poor times. I lived out to Cape Charles then. A few winters we went away to Newfoundland just for the winter but we always came back because all my husband ever did was fish.



## Chapter 7

# THE STRANGEST THINGS

## Going Through Long Shoot at Night

By Daniel Taylor

Researcher: Christopher Poole

There is a stretch of land down by Spear Harbour called Long Shoot. It is located between two ponds, Grant's Pond and Scotch Pond. This place is said to be haunted. The story of how this place came to be haunted was told to me by Del Forward. He was living in Spear Harbour at the time. One Fall day many years ago, a fishing schooner from Newfoundland came into Spear Harbour. The crew of the schooner were all Roman Catholics except for one man who was a Protestant. In those days Roman Catholics and Protestants did not get along very well. The crew decided to go in towards Grant's Pond. The captain decided he would stay onboard the ship. So all the crew set off. As the story goes that evening the crew of the schooner returns, but one man was missing. It was the Protestant man. The next morning the schooner lifted anchor and left Spear Harbour. People say that the Roman Catholics took the Protestant man in there that day in order to kill him.

Years ago people used to go everywhere on dog team. If a person in those days wanted to go to Murray's Harbour, Spear Harbour or Fox Harbour they had to pass through Long Shoot. If you passed through Long Shoot at day you were fine, but those who passed through Long Shoot at night on dog team would all have the same strange experience.

At night the dogs would stop dead in their tracks. They would see something that would frighten them and they would not make one step forward. The dogs would come back and sit on the cart and try to get as close to you as possible. Some people would strike the dogs, yell and swear at them, but no way would those dogs budge. All you could do was wait. Then all of a sudden the dogs would get up and you had to hold on tight because they took off like lightning.

Usually when dogs have been working all day they would be starving for something to eat, but when those dogs got home they would not even touch the food. The dogs would be too frightened to eat. The next day the dogs would be okay and would be back to their old selves again.

What many people believe is that the dogs seen the spirit of the murdered Protestant man. This event happened many times and to many different people. Many people experienced the strange event of going through Long Shoot at night and in each case they all told of the same things happening.

## How Mary's Cove Got It's Name

By Calvin Poole

For thirty years I lived on Fox Harbour Point and like all other residents of the Point we got our water from Mary's Cove well. For a thousand trips I have followed the footpath across the rocky barren to the well in good weather and bad, in daylight and in darkness. From the time the first person settled on the Point to this day, the well at Mary's Cove has provided its brown coloured water. its historic use can be seen by the paths worn in the side of the steep hill on approach to the cove. Today's path follows farther up, through the low bush and trees.

How did Mary's Cove get its name? From as far back as I can remember I recall being told of the gruesome murder of Mary in the cove. The story goes, the beautiful young person Mary, was unfaithful to her boyfriend and as they walked through the long grass at the bottom of the cove, one calm summer evening, he could not stand the thought of her being with someone else, pulled a knife and killed her. Letting out a great scream, Mary fell in his arms and died. To avenge her death, immediately a great storm struck from the northeast and lasted for days. They say that to this day when the great clouds rise to the northeast and just before the wind hits, Mary's scream can still be heard. During all my trips to the cove, have I ever heard it? No, never. But I can't say that it hasn't crossed my mind a few times.

Mary's Cove has other interesting stories. During the late part of the 19th century there was a shipwreck there. Details are scanty but the wreck is recorded and I am hoping sometime to find out more. Of course just twenty years ago another vessel foundered just off the cove with a full load of fishery salt but the crew survived. Also, on the rocky outer area of the cove there is a vein of fool's gold. There is probably an interesting story behind this as well.

## The Redcaps

By Ira Holley

Researcher: Christopher Poole

This is a story that my father Jim Holley told me. My father was a trapper and a hunter. He would spend months at a time in the wilderness by himself. He knew the country like the back of his hand. One day when he was in the country checking his traps something strange happened. He suddenly became confused as if he was in some kind of daze. He began walking around in a circle. He kept going around and around in that same circle, unable to stop or change the path of the circle.

Then he began to hear these noises which sounded like children talking, but he could not see anybody. He continued to walk around in that same circle for several hours. After awhile he began to see these small people about 2 or 3 feet tall. These small people wore red caps and they had him surrounded in the same circle he had been walking in for the last few hours.

He had heard stories about fairies or redcaps as some people called them. He realized that they were playing a trick on him. It was getting late and he knew he had to get back to the cabin before dark, but he didn't know how to get out of that circle. Then he decided he had had enough of this and he let out a 'big one'. The fairies did not like this. So he swore again and again until the fairies all disappeared. Once all the fairies had disappeared he was able to break the path of the circle which he was walking in. He then returned to normal and walked back to his cabin.

## A Seal With Suspenders

By Daniel Taylor  
Researcher: Christopher Poole

One day, many years ago, a man named Billy Butt and another man were sailing up the shore in a sailboat. They were sailing pretty close to land. Then a storm of wind struck from the eastern. That day the two sailors lost their lives. The wind was blowing too hard, they were too close to land and they ended up running ashore on the rocks. The two men were drowned in a small cove up by Spear Point.

After that terrible accident the cove was named Billy Butt's Cove. Sometimes when people would be out hunting they would see a seal in Billy Butt's Cove. When they would get a little closer they would see the imprint of a pair of braces on the seal's back. When you would raise your gun to take a shot at the seal he would disappear. Then when you lowered the gun you would see the seal again.

In the old days men wore suspenders to keep their pants up. Some people believe that the seal is the spirit of Billy Butt and the suspenders are an imprint of the suspenders he was wearing when he was drowned that day. People believe that the seal appears as a warning that a storm of wind from the east or northeast is on its way. Many people have seen the seal with the suspenders on, so it is not just the imagination of one of two people. After somebody has seen the seal with suspenders on, you are guaranteed to get a storm of wind from the east or northeast.

## Light at Hatter's Cove

By Conway Rumbolt  
Researcher: Alison Normore

One evening last winter in 1998, me and my friend decided to go up the bay to Hatter's Cove on the same ski-doo. It was in the night and we were going along when we saw a strange light for just a few seconds and then it disappeared. I said "Justin, did you see that?" He said, "Yeah, I seen that." I said, "What was it?" He said, "I don't know what it was." We had no idea of where it went at. So we went on up the bay to where the cabin was, went to the cabin and to this day, we do not know what it was. People up the bay never saw anything, no light or nothing. The light was on the new trail that they had just finished, it was coming off the trail onto the bay, coming right out straight towards us and I say it lasted about 2-3 seconds. We did not follow it. This old fellow, a friend of mine, told me that if you follow a light it will lead you to danger. I think that a

lot of older people believed that saying. I've heard stories, people say that they followed the light and they went right to the edge of the ice where it was open water from that. The light was about the same brightness as a ski-doo light, it was yellow but higher in the air. It only lasted 2-3 seconds like I said. It's something I never saw before in my life. It was not a ski-doo, no ski-doo came through the trail that night.

## Chapter 8

# SONGS /POEMS/ JOKES

## Home Sweet Home To Me

*By Stanley Stone*

The curse of resettlement caused me to roam  
From the land of my birth, the place I call home  
No more being contented, no more feeling free  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

The tall lofty mountains with their snow covered crusts  
Where the Caribou roam, where the bald eagles nest  
Where the brisk westerly wind blow down to the sea  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

With its wide rolling plains, its lakes and its streams  
I ever so often see in my dreams  
Its deep luscious valleys, way down below  
Where the spruce grouse take shelter in the woods and the snow  
Where the porcupines feed on the bark of the tree  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

With its vast resources I often behold  
Water power, iron ore, timber and gold  
With its inlets and fiords and its rough terrain  
Such beautiful scenery is not often seen  
Where the great ocean swell rolls in from the sea  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

The long winter nights and the snow drifts so high  
The full moon shines so bright in the star studded sky  
The northern lights appear and dance in their glee  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

Its great sheltered bays, its islands and lakes  
Where salmon and sea trout are there for to take  
Where great schools of cod swim by in the sea  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

Centuries ago our forefathers came  
From England and Wales to seek freedom and fame  
And they lived on the coast from Pinware to Nain

They took fur from the land and they fished on the sea  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

For those who helped pressure and the lies that they told  
Helped uproot us all, the sick and the old  
The hardship it caused a blind man could see  
May they ask God's forgiveness his pardon may be  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

I long for the time to go back again  
To the land of my birth some say God gave to Cain  
For me it is paradise away in the north  
Where the strong and the brave and the pure in heart  
Wrestle a living from the land and the sea  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to me

With its tall lofty mountains with their snow covered crests  
Where wildlife abound and the ptarmigan nest  
Where the brisk westerly wind blow down to the sea  
Old Labrador, Home Sweet Home to Me

### *The Hatters Cove Song*

*(As told to Carl Bradley by Charles Smith Sr. on January 5, 1988)*

Down on the point boys, there lives Mikey & Jim  
And "Youm- see" and "Scratches" lives next door to them.

Tis for Gus Bradley, he carries the mail.  
And Emma and Isaac as big as a whale.

Tis for Mark Penney, we can't leave him out.  
His tongue would wag if it was nailed into his mouth.

Turn to the westward and go to Aunt Jane's,  
And all about law work to you she'll explain.

Tis for the beaver, she cuts a large track.  
And down by the water lives old "Bible Back".

Tis for Robby Bob, he's a bit of a flunk.  
And up on the bank lives "Georgie the Clonk".

Tis for "Georgie Puddin", he's black as old hell.  
And up on the bank there's a Governor's Hotel.

The Governor's Hotel is built firm and strong.  
And Charlie Srnith's lungers shine bright in the sun.

Tis Uncle Ike Cumby, he's sly as a goat.  
Takes him three years to finish his boat.

Now there's three brothers: Arch, Bob and Charl.  
They're all bundled together like beef in a barrel.

Jim Tit in the bottom and there he lies still.  
And "Gander Leg Sexton" and Mucky on the hill.

Tis for Aunt Lottie, her eyesight's not quick,  
she lives all alone with her own little Dick.

Tis for "Curlew" with her wings in the furrows.  
And in on the bank lives Aunt Grace and "The World".

Tis for John Rumbolt and his crowd sitting down,  
And in on the bank lives "Yellow-eyed" Brown.

Jump over the fence boys, you may not be seen,  
And call on Sam Acreman and visit the Queen.

Tis for the hospital, it stands on the hill,  
You cut off your head and they give you a pill.

Go a little further down by the brook,  
And there you'll find Alfred and Skipper Levi Snook.

Go up a little further and just give a slew,  
And right up on the bank you'll find the old Boo.

Tis for Bill Howell, he's a bit of a lank.  
And "Cock Father" crows above him on the bank.

Tis for the "Governor's Bridge", it's built firm and strong.  
Built there for the purpose of Billy and Bob.

Tis for Johnny Cozy, got his nose to the door,  
And "Old Dorman", his feet on the stove, as he blows the snot from his nose.

Go down along the shore, tumble over the rocks,  
And on the point, you'll find Uncle Fox.

# My Father's Baccy Pouch

*By Matilda Rumbolt*

Twas a dark and windy morning,  
as we headed for our trap.  
Not knowin' what we would find there.  
Or what we would bring back.

We reached our destination  
it was as windy as could be.  
The trap was hard to hold  
Finally we had to set her free.

I got a knife and tried  
to cut the rope, it was so firm.  
Another wave, she struck the boat  
and the knife went in my arm.

I reached into my pocket and pulled  
out my baccy pouch. I had to  
stop the bleeding. But boys.  
Oh Boys! \_\_\_\_\_ Ooch!!

The cut was in my wrist you see.  
So we had to think real fast.  
We headed for the nursing station.  
Cause too much time had passed.

The trip, it took two hours.  
I was bleeding awful bad.  
We finally reached the station and  
was I ever glad.

The nurse she looked at me  
and said, "You are one lucky lad."  
Cause if it hadn't been for that baccy  
There we all would be real sad.



## Our Fourteen

*By Verna M Pye*

To have to leave the fish plant,  
Was a hard old thing to do,  
To come up here to go to work,  
Away from all of you.

You might think I just don't care  
To leave you all like this,  
I felt I had to take the job,  
But I still liked at the fish.

I think of you some days at work,  
And wonder how you are,  
I know you can't drop in for tea,  
Because it is too far.

I'm sure you get a salter,  
There's nothing to it you know,  
Just takes a little practice,  
Then you'll turn out like a pro.

But girls, you know I miss you,  
And I hope you'll get your stamps,  
Then when I think of "fourteen",  
I almost get the cramps.

In order to get our fourteen,  
We have to do the best we can,  
We fight the heat, we fight the cold,  
Cause the government don't give a damn.

It could make you sick to even think,  
That life could be this way,  
To separate the people,  
In Cape Charles and Lodge Bay.

Sometimes we have to do things,  
We don't want to do at all,  
When we come to realize,  
It'll be better in the fall.

Just think about the winter,  
Then plainly we see,

We can sit at home and work away,  
And get our UIC.

Without it now we'll miss it,  
Be it little or a lot,  
But we'll be saying Thank the Lord,  
We're grateful for what we got.

Now I'm not forgetting you,  
Clifford, Rick, and Bob,  
I know that you understand,  
How hard it is to get a job.

Don't get me wrong, I like my job,  
Now I must be on my way,  
But still you know, I'd rather be,  
In Cape Charles anyway.

# Them Days Were the Best Days

By Verna M Pye

Written for family reunion in 1985



The Stone Family Reunion in Seal Cove, Newfoundland in 1985. From left to right in the back row: Ralph, Lloyd, Loretta, John, Ruth, Mavis, Eric, Verna and Hedley. In the front: Stella, Jessie (Mom), Edna and Paul.

*Photo courtesy of Verna Pye*

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Them days were the best of days  
as the older folks do say.  
But little do I remember.  
Only what I hear from day to day.  
I loved to sit and listen  
to the old stories they would tell,  
of how they lived and what they did,  
and boy it was sure done well.

My dad, he was just a fisherman  
from the good old Labrador.  
In his days he worked quite hard  
to get a catch ashore.  
They worked from daylight until dark,  
the days seemed longer then.  
They were very tired when the day was o'er  
from hard work and gales of wind.

But to give up was not their goal,  
all this meant much to them.  
Now its government grants and work projects  
and the pay cheques rolling in.  
The moms all worked to help the men  
whenever they were there.  
With the children small, there was fish to spread,  
and it was all done with loving care.

Jams and berries, they were plenty,  
heads of cabbage by the score,  
socks and mitts were plenty knit,  
and hooked mats on every floor.  
There was never a child gone hungry,  
we ate whatever was cooked.  
No T.V. to watch at night,  
but there was plenty of time for books.

Many a song and story were told,  
around mom's and daddy's lap.  
Watching the fire in the comfort stove,  
while waiting to light the lamp.  
In the winter time it was oh so great  
to look forward to that ride,  
not like the fast ski-doo's today  
but with huskies and the slide.

Yes, them days were the best of all,  
I could go on for quite a while,  
but still they are good memories  
cause its sure great to be a child.  
My dad has passed away since then  
but life it must go on,  
and I am more than happy  
to have my dear old mom.

Now my friends I have to end,  
As I'm running out of rhyme,  
God bless you each and everyone,  
Cause what's flying here is time.  
I want to make it fourteen,  
So this poem we won't forget,  
It's referring to our stamps you know,  
And we still have eight more yet to get.

# A Fisherman's Plea

*By Lorraine Stone*

I'm just a lowly fisherman.  
Down on the Labrador.  
If the draggers keep on coming.  
We'll starve to death for sure.

You can see the lights from Belle Isle.  
To the bottom of Chateau Bay.  
We know it's wrong to see it.  
But the government says "O.K".

At evening when it's foggy.  
And the mist is rolling in.  
The noise it is quite deafening.  
You can hear the winches spin.

We can't do much about it.  
No one listens to what we say.  
But we know if it increases.  
There'll be nothing but decay.

We get up every morning.  
Drag our feet down to the stage.  
There's not much to look forward to.  
Since we're getting up in age.

We look out on the ocean.  
Wonder what it's all about.  
And if no one doesn't intercede.  
We'll all be gone no doubt.

We get out on the fishing grounds.  
We pawn and heave and rake.  
We get nothing for our labours.  
Cause there's nothing for to take.

We return to the shore disgusted.  
We know there's something wrong.  
The draggers were here again last night.  
And the codfish have all gone.

We have a fisherman's meeting.  
Over in our little plant.  
Boy's if we don't put down our foot.  
No need for another "grant".

The foremen says, "Come on now boys"  
We can't let that go on.  
We'll go and send a message.  
To the biggest of the pawns.

We'll ask him for assistance.  
If the cod it doesn't land.  
We just have to get out of here.  
And go to Newfoundland.

But we folks didn't get a chance.  
To go and get our catch.  
John Crosbie said, "Moratorium".  
And our Cheques we had to fetch.

And then we had to scatter.  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep.  
From the grimy sidewalks.  
To the briny oceans deep.

We have all gone our separate ways.  
We do the best we can.  
In the crab plants of our "Labrador  
And the mines of Newfoundland.

The Labrador Fishery will be no more.  
We never will turn back.  
We can blame it all on government.  
Now who's the biggest quack?

We must all try and settle.  
Though we move around and round.  
It all boils down to one good thing.  
You can't keep a good man down.

Now to conclude and finish.  
I've one thing more to say.  
We should all go back to "Henley".  
For a reunion some sweet day.

# My Home By the Sea

*By Douglas Bradley*

There's a place in my memory  
Where I love to be.  
It's my old summer home  
In a cove by the sea.

Where I walk o'er the hills  
and along by the shore.  
On the old worn down trail  
that I've walked through before.

My father he walked  
through this trail long ago.  
In summer and winter  
through rain, sleet and snow.

His footprints are there  
though not plain to be seen.  
As he walked through the marshes  
and through evergreens.

I still can remember  
when he told me one day.  
This trail may not be here  
if those prints fade away.

But if you keep it open  
you will never go wrong.  
If you follow my footprints  
as you go along.

Many years have gone by  
since my dad passed away.  
But those memories still linger  
by night and by day.

While I sit on the hilltop  
and gaze out at the sea.  
As I did years ago,  
my father and me.

We would stop just a moment  
for a quick look around.

Out over the ocean  
to the old fishing ground.

Where we both fished together  
from Spring until Fall.  
With the old hook and line  
and with cod trap and trawl.

If I could relive that life over again.  
I would do just the same  
and would never complain.

Then to go back  
to the days of my youth.  
And retrace all my footsteps  
through bad times and good.

I'd live that life over  
If I could always be.  
In that cool summer sun  
in my home by the sea.

I think of the days  
in that bright summer sun.  
And the pale moon that shone  
when the days work was done.

With stars in the sky  
as the old folks would say.  
From daylight till dark  
is the fisherman's day.

I would treasure that life  
if I could always be:  
I that snug little cove  
in my home by the sea.

Yes, I'd treasure that life  
if I could always be.  
In that bright sunny spot  
and my home by the sea.



# *A Fisherman's Alphabet*

*By Pearl Pye*

A is for arise every morning at six.  
B is for boats that carry the fish.  
C is for cold, sometimes suffered a lot.  
D is for danger when not in the right spot.  
E is for engine that sputters and breaks down.  
F is for forecast that's heard all the day around.  
G is for graplin, the heaviest of all.  
H are for the hooks that are put on the trawl.  
I is for the ice that keeps the fish frozen.  
J is for jiggers that are always in motion.  
K is for knife that is used in every occasion.  
L is for life jacket worn for identification.  
M is for motor put on the speedboats.  
N is for the nets that the corks keep afloat.  
O is for officers who sit around and wait.  
P is for prong that they barely escape.  
Q is for quintal that is always tallied down.  
R is for rope around the graplin is wound.  
S is for salmon, the fastest to swim.  
T is for tub that all the fish is washed in.  
U is for unit. Many different kinds are used.  
V is for value. When summed up, they are confused.  
W is for water, when tasted is salt.  
X is for plus sign which means more money in the wallet.  
Y is for yonder when you lie dead and cold.  
Z is for zero, way down in the hole.

Put all these together and see how they rhyme.  
Say what you like and it's hard, hard times.

## Jokes, Jokes, Jokes.....

*By Douglas Bradley*

- An old drunk once boarded the train in Comer Brook for St. John's. The only luggage he had was a small carton which he carried under his arm. His buddy was waiting for him when he arrived. "How did you get on, boy? Did you have a good time?" "Hold your tongue my son. Twas all bad enough, but worst of all I lost the best part of my luggage." " That's too bad. What happened? Did you misplace it or did someone steal it?" "No Boy, nothing like that. The stopper came out of the bottle."
- A Newfie walked into a club where they sold beer by the glass from kegs. He asked the manager how many kegs of beer they sell there in a week. "Thirty five kegs, my son," the manager said. "Oh," the Newfie replied, "For a couple of free drinks I can tell you a way you can double that and see seventy in a week." "Oh that's interesting, the drinks are yours. Tell us the secret." "Fill up the glasses," the man replied.
- This Newfie went to visit his doctor for a check up. The doctor thumbed him over for a while then he said to him, "How much do you weigh John?" "160 lbs sir." "What's the most you ever weighed?" "175 lb sir." "What's the least you ever weighed?" " 8 1/4 lb sir."
- This young fellow went to work for an old farmer whose wife was by no means good looking. This was before the flashlight come on the market. When Saturday evening came, the young fellow was rigging out a kerosene lantern. Seeing this the farmer said to him, "Where are you going?" "To see my girlfriend," was the reply. "That's a waste of kerosene. I never carried a lantern when I went to see my girl." "No sir, but look what you got."
- This four year old boy said to his mother, "Mommy, where did I come from?" The mother, somewhat embarrassed, said to her son, "Ask Daddy when he comes home. He may explain to you." After he is advised about the little fellows curiosity, the father took the little boy aside, sat down, got up, sat down again while trying to think of the right explanation. Finally he said, "Son, why did you ask me that question?" "Because Johnny next door told me he came from Corner Brook and he wanted to know where I came from."
- This gentlemen went to the fortune teller. He was nervous but wanted the fortune teller to shed some light on his life. The fortune teller began, "I see your name is Phil." "Right." "Your forty - five years old." "Right." "You're married." "Right." "You're the father of two kids." "Wrong, three" the gentlemen replied, "That's what you think," the fortune teller replied.
- Two window cleaners were cleaning windows in a seven story building. Their ladder could only reach to the sixth. They were wondering how they could get to the last window. Then one fellow came up with the answer, "Let's go up on the roof and you lower me down, holding on to my braces. I'll clean the window, then you pull me back." So they went up to the roof. His buddy took hold of his braces and lowered him down. When he started to clean the window, he looked up at his friend and started to laugh. He laughed so much his buddy had to pull him back. "What were you laughing at down there?" " I was thinking that if my braces had burst you would have gotten some smack in the mouth."

- A man with a glass eye would take out his eye and place it in a glass of water on his desk every night before he went to bed. One night he woke up wanting a drink of water. Forgetting about his glass eye, he drank the glass of water and of course his eye as well. The next morning he went to see his doctor and told him what had happened. The doctor gave him some medicine and after a little while told him to bend over and he would have a look. After a while the man said to the doctor, "Can you see it, Doc?" "No, my son, I can't see it." "That's funny, I can see you looking at me."
- Uncle Bill was walking up Water Street in St. John's when he met this man, "Ain't you Judge Higgins?" "Yes, I'm Judge Higgins. Why do you ask?" "Well," said Uncle Bill, "My wife is your washer woman." "Is that right? I didn't know that." "There's something else you didn't know Judge." "What else is it that I don't know?" "You don't know that I'm wearing one of your white shirts."
- There's a little settlement just outside of Corner Brook and there are more kids there than in any other settlement in the country. As a result someone was sent there to check up on it. A woman was asked why it was that there were so many children there. "Well now sir, tis this way, the train passes through home at five o'clock in the morning and wakes everyone. It's too early to get up and we couldn't get back to sleep anymore."
- The old lady was sitting alone with her old kerosene lamp when suddenly a genie appeared and offered her three wishes. The old woman said, "I'd like to be rich." Suddenly there was stacks of money everywhere. "My second wish is that I'd like to be beautiful princess." Sure enough there she was standing on the floor, glamorous and in a beautiful evening gown. "Finally I'd like my cat to turn into a handsome prince." Suddenly her cat disappeared and a gorgeous prince was standing beside her. She sprang at him and embraced him. "Now," he said, "I bet you're sorry you took me to the vet for that little operation."
- A Catholic couple had a little boy who was three years old. They moved next door to a Protestant couple who had a little girl who was also three years old. They all became good friends. One day the little boy asked his mother what the difference was between a Catholic and a Protestant. His mother told him that he was too young to understand and that she would explain to him later. One day the two kids went swimming and being only tots, they both stripped off all their clothes and enjoyed the splash in the water. When the little boy came back home, his mother asked him if he had lots of fun with the little Protestant girl. "I sure did and Mom, I never knew there was so much difference between a Protestant and Catholic."
- Two mainlanders and a Newfie met in a club. They shared drinks with each other and among other things got to talking about their younger days and how far back they could remember. The first mainlander could remember his first birthday, "Mom took me to a party and my Dad brought me home." The second mainlander could remember when he was born. "His mom took him to a party; and his Dad brought him home." The Newfie said, "I can remember before I was born. My Dad took me to a party and my mother brought me home!"

## OLD PICTURES



Pronging in the fish from the stage head. In the photo is Darry, Glen, Joyce and Tom Holley.  
*Photo courtesy of Iris Poole*

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This is a picture of an autoboggan. The picture was taken in November of 1962. In the picture is Ron Poole.  
*Photo courtesy of Joyce Holley*

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One year in Murray's Harbour the salt came in 200 pound bags. It was too heavy to throw up over the wharf, so a make shift bridge was made from the boat to the bridge. In the boat is Paul, Tom and Edgar Poole.  
*Photo courtesy of Iris Poole*

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Launching a boat at Lewis, Labrador  
*Photo courtesy of Joyce Holley*

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Paul Poole and son Ron proudly stand in front of their autoboggan which has a house on it.  
*Photo courtesy of Rene Poole*