

Stories of the Grenfell Mission

**How the Grenfell Mission changed
peoples' lives**

Table of Contents

- **Don Powell: working at the Mission**
- **Doug Penney: memories of the Mission**
- **Laura Biles: a life changed by the Mission**
- **Ted Patey: a family steeped in the Grenfell Mission**
- **The Mysterious Disappearance of Capt. Sullivan**
- **Jim Tucker: Grenfell's Master Gardener**

Working at the Grenfell Mission



Figure 1 Don Powell

Don Powell of Goose Cove began working for the International Grenfell Association (IGA) in St. Anthony when he was fresh out of school, just a few short years before the Charles S. Curtis Memorial Hospital was built.

The construction of the new hospital resulted not only in an influx of new medical personnel, it created much-needed job opportunities for craftsmen and tradesmen on the northern Peninsula. As a result, Don remembers there was always work to be done at 'the Grenfell', and he enjoyed the busyness of those times: the fishery, the dry dock, and the construction. The economy was on the move, the town was booming, and there was always an opportunity for advancement.

Building the Charles S. Curtis Memorial Hospital
Excerpts from his book, "From Sled to Satellite"
 By Dr. Gordon Thomas, M.D.

Construction began in 1964 and took three years. The new facilities opened up whole new areas of activity and treatment, and the work of the hospital grew to fill this potential. We developed new departments of pathology, laboratory services, surgery, obstetrics, gynecology, pediatrics, radiology, social services, nursing, occupational therapy, physiotherapy, medical records, administration, and plant maintenance. Each needed its own trained staff, so that the growth in personnel was phenomenal. Our nursing staff grew from fewer than thirty to more than eighty-five, while our complement of doctors, interns and residents grew from five to twenty-two. Recruiting kept our offices in London, Ottawa, Boston, and St. John's busy.

All of this provoked a huge housing shortage, and the board insisted this was government's concern, since the new hospital had created the problem. With a lot of help from Federal and Provincial members, we made use of government programs to build more than 100 new housing units for staff. We rebuilt the old orphanage and the old sanatorium into staff apartments, and built residences for more than 25 doctors and senior staff. Later, we built two new apartment buildings.

All of these had to be designed, built, and furnished, but the IGA was a major enterprise by now and we had some highly skilled builders on our staff. Our general foreman, Uriah Patey, designed the buildings and supervised construction, using our own tradesmen. Our woodworking shop supplied all the doors, doorframes and windows, as it did for most new buildings in the area.

Starting a new job at the Grenfell Mission

Don Powell began working for the Grenfell Mission as a general labourer around 1960—initially working in the summer only—and finished his career 33 ½ years later as a full-time employee at the Accounting office in the old hospital.

Mr. Powell worked as a timekeeper, a trucker’s helper, a plumber’s helper, and at the dry dock. “They used to have supplies coming in from Nova Scotia on the old *Nellie Cluett* and the *Strathcona*, and we’d offload that, and do whatever had to be done,” recalls Don of his early years working at the Mission.

As a general labourer, Mr. Powell worked 8-5 six days a week. Eventually he was given Saturday afternoons off. “That was a wonderful thing,” he smiles, “Half a day off!” A few years’ later labourers were given the whole Saturday off, and that was even better.

“When I started working, the foreman at the Mission was my uncle, Uriah Patey. I worked as a truck driver’s helper, a plumber’s helper, and down around the dry dock. I was also a timekeeper for a number of years, and I remember IGA employed about 100 people, including university students. They weren’t employing WOPS anymore: they employed local students, or students coming home from university for the summer months.”

Trucker’s Helper

“When I worked as a trucker’s helper we used to take freight in the mornings from St. Anthony; it could be a dozen 45-gallon drums—or casks—of stove oil, and drive to the station at Flower’s Cove. On the way back we’d stop at Cook’s Harbour, shovel a load of limestone, and bring it back to St. Anthony. And when I say we shovelled limestone, that’s exactly what we did.

“All the cement you see in Harriot Curtis Collegiate—I’d say we hauled 90 percent of that—we shovelled the limestone from the limestone barrens (this is before we knew there were special flowers out there) into a three or four-ton dump truck, and that truck bed was six or seven feet off the ground. Some days we made two trips a day.

“We used to work with the tides. If the water was low, we’d go down to Western Brook, back out in the bay and shovel a little black sand. The sand and the limestone were combined to make cement.

“Back then, IGA used to bring red sand from Red Bay, by schooner. Hedley Hillier from Griquet would sail to Red Bay, get a load of sand, come over here and off-load it.”

The Machine Shop

“I went to work at the Machine Shop, where the old Carpenter Shop used to be. That’s where the Seniors Cottages are now. Although it was called the machine shop, it was a carpenter’s shop. If customers were building a house and needed planed, or dressed, lumber, that’s where they would buy it. My duties at the Machine Shop were to plane lumber and take care of the buildings.

“Local people could bring their sawed lumber and the Machine Shop would plane the lumber to order. If somebody bought a window sash I would see that they paid for it.

“The Machine Shop was like a manufacturing company; they made windows sashes, doors, frames, kitchen cabinets; everything was made-to-order. That shop was all part of the

Grenfell legacy. It was operational long before I went to work there, and it was probably there until the 1970s.

“Once the Shears store moved to St. Anthony, you could go there and buy a window or a door and stick it in; you no longer had to have it made-to-order.”

Promoted to the Accounting Office

“Once I finished working at the Machine Shop I went to work in Accounting, about 15 years before I retired, around 1981. A position opened up in the Accounting Office in the old hospital and they took me in and trained me. I wasn’t sent away on a course; I learned through on-the-job training, but I was surrounded by good people at the office who helped train me.

“John Newell Jr. was the Comptroller. His parents ran the St. Anthony Inn.”

With his promotion came full-time employment and a shirt and tie. Mr. Powell enjoyed working at the accounting office and says it was a great way to finish off his career.

Grenfell: what has survived?

When Don Powell first started working for the Mission, “They were building all the houses and apartment buildings; the Machine Shop was going flat out; the dock was going flat out. But despite the boom, everything came back to the fishery, and that included the whole region, not just St. Anthony. As the fishery bloomed and blossomed, so did everything else. For a time St. Anthony was the hub: the financial center, the service center, the medical center, and the center for government services.”

However, once the government took over the IGA, there were rules and regulations then. Grenfell had been independent of the government; he had recruited doctors and brought them in himself. Doctors and nurses had come from everywhere.

But once the government took over, things were bound to change, and they did.

An exit from the past

“And, to cap it all off, once the roads came through, they brought the world to our door, and the roads gave small, isolated communities an exit from the past and an entrance into the future.”

A Lot of Stories to Tell



Figure 2 Mr. Doug Penney

Mr. Doug Penney has a lot of stories to tell, "...if you have a mind to believe them," he laughs. He was born May 12, 1928 in Great Brehat and his parents were Edgar and Annie Penney. Doug was two years old when his family moved from Big Brehat to St. Anthony in 1930.

Work

As a young man, he fished with his brother Joseph, then went to work on the west side of the harbour, first at the American Base and then at the Grenfell Mission, where he was employed for 27 years. He started off as a Stationary Steam Engineer at the Power Plant. The Power Plant controlled heat and diesel for the lights because there wasn't any power in St. Anthony until about 1967 or 1968. To become a Stationary Steam Engineer, he worked on-the-job at the Grenfell Mission and took a correspondence course which he completed in his free time. When he figured he knew the subject well enough, he went to St. John's and wrote the exam to get his fourth class engineer certificate.

At the plant he kept watch on the steam boilers—and the water to them—and kept the fires in. They burned oil then, and there were ten engineers: three shifts with two men per shift, and two spare workers for the swing shift.

Then there came a time when they didn't need as many people in the power house so he moved up to the hospital as a maintenance man.

No roads back then, so people walked

Even into early adulthood, Mr. Penney remembers there were no roads. In winter, people walked over the snow and in summer there were footpaths. Everybody had a komatik and seven or eight dogs. Dog teams were the principal means of transportation, used mainly for hauling wood and water. There were no cars or roads, so people walked along cow paths or footpaths. Mr. Penney recalls Uncle Fred Budgell telling how his mother, Priscilla Budgell, raised a family and walked to work every day. The Budgells lived out near Fishing Point and Mrs. Budgell worked at the Orphanage, which was a distance of one and a half miles. Every morning, regardless of whether it was fine, stormy, or frosty, she got up and walked to the Orphanage, spent all day in the laundry washing clothes for the children and then walked home in the evenings to care for her own children and to prepare meals for the next day.

"How many people, nowadays," wonders Penney, "would walk that far and in that kind of weather?"



Figure 3 The Penney family: Douglas and Naomi Penney, and children Marion, Edward, and Melva.

Times

Every community held ⁱⁱTimes, and everybody in the community attended, children as well as adults. They often started in the morning and people danced into the evening. Sometimes a time lasted as long as three days.

Mr. Penney remembers visiting Prince Edward Island some years ago. He stopped in a store and sat beside an older man, and the old man said, ‘Where’re you from?’ To which Mr. Penney replied, “From Newfoundland.”

‘What part?’ the man asked.

Penney said, “The Northern Peninsula, right on the tip, from a place called St. Anthony.”

The man laughed and said to him, ‘You fellows is a queer breed.’

Penney laughed and said, “What do you mean?”

‘Well,’ he said, ‘When you has a time, it goes on for three days.’

To which Mr. Penney replied, “That’s only a small time. If you was here at Christmas it would be 12 days!”

Mr. Penney says the old fellow looked at him, and then laughed fit to kill himself.

The twelve days of Christmas

“The twelve days of Christmas; that’s what we had. Everybody was out having a few drinks and a dance, ⁱⁱⁱjannying and ^{iv}planking her down.

“When we went visiting at Christmas, we had no fresh meat, although a lot of people raised their own cows, sheep or goats. People shared around. Back then at Christmas we’d probably get a duck, a turr, or a piece of seal for dinner.

“When I was a young fellow, perhaps 15, I spend the full 12 days of Christmas at Cook’s Harbour. Brother, what a time...every night in every house! No matter what house you went into, you started the accordion with them as soon as you got in and, if there was soup you’d have a bowl of soup, then onto the next house. And when you got too drunk to go any farther, they’d put you to bed and you was there all night till the next day when you woke up, and the next day you started off again. Boy, what a Christmas we had! And everybody was alike; there were no strangers.

“When we were jannying, we could end up on the other side of the harbour. If we went to the Bight, we might go down to St. Carols, from St. Carols we might go to Brehat, from Brehat we might go down to Griquet. That’s the way it was.”

Mr. Penney remembers that people thought it was no trouble at all to walk to Brehat, St. Carol’s or St. Anthony Bight for an old-fashioned time, or to church. “In wintertime,” he says, “the Salvation Army used to have two weeks of meetings here in St. Anthony and St. Anthony Bight. We’d spend the day in the woods, come home and feed the dogs, then take a walk to St. Anthony Bight. And we’d do that again next day.” He laughs and adds, “And now, if you have to go down the road and you don’t have a car, you can’t go. We had no other choice; we knew we had to walk, so we walked.”



Figure 4 Painting of St. Anthony by Clarence Osmond: a 50th wedding anniversary gift from their children.

Money’s not all of it...

“When I worked at the Grenfell, my boss was the Superintendent; a big wheel. One day we were all in the workshop and didn’t know anything before he kicked the door and come in. ‘Hell!’ he said. ‘What’s going on now?’

“At that time we were sitting down, and of course when you’d see the boss coming you wouldn’t be sitting down. Nobody spoke. So I told him we were just talking about the changes in times. And he said, ‘Whatdaya mean?’

“I said, well, when I was growing up and you was growing up, there was a big difference from now.”

He said, ‘You’re better off now than ever you was.’

“I said, you may think so, but I don’t.”

He said, ‘You got more money now than ever you had.’

“I said, money’s not all of it.”

‘Whatdaya mean?’ he said.

“I said, well, when I was growing up we was all in the same boat. When nighttime came, seven or eight fellers might gather around in someone’s house and settle down for the big yarn. We’d talk how much wood we cut today, or how many seals we got in the net, or there’d be a seal in front of the stove thawing out...everybody sitting around, some fellows chewing tobacco or smoking, you didn’t worry if there was snow or water on the floor. The old lady would grab a cloth and wipe it up and swear on you, but nobody bothered about that.

“Now, today, if you want to go to your brother’s, you’ve got to get an invitation in the mail, and you’ll be met outside with a pair of slippers, you’ll go in and sit down and you’ll try to speak, and the missus will say, ‘Hush, now! My story is on!’

“You wait a little while, and then you try again.”

And she says, ‘Hush, now! Wait till my story’s over.’

“By the time the story’s over, it’s time for you to go home!”

You’ve got a good point!

“When I finished telling the superintendent my side of things, he said, ‘Hell’s flames, fella. You’ve got a good point!’ And he shut the door and went out.”

Times have changed

“And, now, today, the computer and the TV got everything gone. The world is upset. Long ago, there was nothing else to do except go to your neighbour’s, or go to your buddy’s house and sit down and say, what are you doing today, buddy? And he’d say, ‘Oh, I was in such-and-such a place cutting a few loads of wood.’ Then we’d talk about hauling wood, or about the dogs...perhaps someone else would say, ‘Well, I was up to Goose Cove hauling seal nets today, and I got a couple of seals.’ There’d be a big yarn about that then.

“And then, perhaps, maybe around 10:30 or 11 o’clock at night, the missus would lay a tablecloth on the table, and everything would go down just the same as at supper. Teacups would come out, cake if there was any, bread and jam...whatever she had.”

A young man lost in a blizzard

“My brother was working for an American company building the Base; it was the first year they started, back in 1951. And this young fellow, he was taking care of the dog team for us all summer, feeding them and such, and the dogs knew him very well. Well, the young fellow didn’t have any wood to burn, so he asked my brother Joe if he could have the dogs to go in the woods to get a load of wood.

“Joe said yes, I’ll give you so many, so he gave him five dogs. So, off he went. But a storm came on, and on the way home he got lost. He ended up throwing away all his wood. He

had to come across Long Pond; the pond was about three miles long, and it was right along the base of the White Hills. The snow was drifting and swirling down off the hills...it was pretty stormy. Anyway, when he got up to this end of the pond, he knew he was lost. He stopped the dogs and dug a hole by the side of a tree, and the dogs stayed with him in the hole all night. The leader, she laid down and he used her stomach for a pillow, and the other dogs lay across him to keep him warm. And one dog—if the story can be believed—every so often would go out through the hole to keep the hole open so it wouldn't snow over, and come back in again, so there was always fresh air to breathe.

“Next morning, when two men came looking for them, the dogs weren't going to let the men touch the young fellow. One man wanted to shoot the dogs, but the other fellow said no, don't shoot them. He said, I'll get up front with a stick, so they won't bite me, and when the dogs come up out of the hole after me, you jump down into the hole and don't let them back in. So that's what they did. The dogs came up out of the hole and just scattered. So the man reached in and pulled the young fellow out. At first it appeared as if the young fellow might be dead, but he was only sleeping.”

Dog teams

“The ski-doo replaced the dog teams, but there were lots of times when a dog team was better than a ski-doo. If a storm came on, a dog team would just go on over the snow, but a ski-doo would get stuck in the snow, especially if the snow was soft.

“At Grenfell they had a team of Labrador huskies; they were bad dogs, what we called ^v‘saucy’; they were dangerous. Mr. Walter Patey used to drive them; he had a whip, and every time he snapped one of them into the sled he'd give them a smack with the whip and make them afraid. Walt Patey drove for the Mission; he'd take the doctors or nurses out to Lock's Cove, or Ireland Bight, or Cook's Harbour. In those days the doctor would go on his rounds and, if anybody was really sick, they'd get them to the hospital; if they weren't really sick the doctor would fix them up with a few pills. There was a lot of TB in those days. The doctor would go up the Straits and find a lot of people with TB; then they'd have to get them down here to the hospital for treatment.”

Skin boots

“For the biggest part of my life I wore ^{vi}skin boots. My father used to make them; he didn't always do a real neat job on them, but I'll tell you, they used to do some real neat jobs up there in the Straits when they made them. They were beautiful: tanned nice, and done just so. Later, maybe in the 1940s, ^{vii}Logans became available, and they worked really well with the skin boots. I remember when I was going to school, the Orphanage children all had logans with the skin boots sewed fast to them.

“We used to dry our own sealskins here. We'd put them in the skin pond for perhaps two or three weeks to let the hair fall out of them. We'd lace them nice and tight into a wooden frame and let them dry...get the old fat and grease out of them. Then we'd scrape them and ^{viii}bark them. To bark them we used bark off a birch tree and put the bark into a barrel of water, and steeped them out in a barrel for maybe two or three weeks, depending on how deeply tanned we wanted them; then we'd take them out and dry them again after that.”

I didn't know what it meant to have time off

“I was talking to a young fellow recently. He said he's tired because he worked ten days and gets four days off.

“I said, When I was your age, perhaps a little younger, I didn't know what four days off was like.

“We'd get up at four o'clock in the morning, fish all day, then, after we'd come in with the fish, we'd get the fish put away—salted, or sold fresh to the fish plant, or whatever we done with it—then we'd go up in the bottom of St. Anthony Bight and ^{ix}jig squids for bait for the next day, and we'd be up there till 10 or 11 o'clock at night.

“People want money now, not work. There was really no money in fishing, although I did a little better than in my father's day. My father used to say he'd sell his fish and the merchant would say, “Boy, we just come square with your bills this summer, but we'll take care of you the winter.” And the next year it'd be the same thing. My father never saw cash.

“When I first started fishing I was no better. But then the fish plant came in and we'd sell our fish fresh and every weekend we could get paid. In my father's day he had to depend on the merchant for everything, but the fish plant changed all that.”

A lot of bull birds

“A man from St. Anthony Bight was telling me the Bight was froze over. He took a herring net and spread it along by the edge of the ice, left the net for two or three hours, then pulled it up. And they got one of those big galvanized washtubs, and filled it right full of bull birds from the net. They were right proud. They took them up and started picking them, but by and by the birds all started coming to life; they had been frozen with the cold. The bull birds were flying around the house everywhere, everybody after them trying to catch them!”

In Memoriam

Douglas Edgar Penney passed peacefully away early in the morning on May 5, 2014 at Charles S. Curtis Memorial Hospital in St. Anthony. He was predeceased by his wife of 52 years, Naomi. He is buried at Fishing Point United Cemetery.

A Life Changed by the Grenfell Mission



Figure 5 Laura Biles of St. Anthony

From Henley Harbour to the Grenfell Mission

Laura (Stone) Biles was born in Labrador; the youngest daughter of Jonathan Stone, a fisherman, and Eva Stone of Henley Harbour. The first years of Laura's life in Henley Harbour were fraught with hardship and adversity: most of her family was decimated by the scourge of tuberculosis and, when the disease had run its course—her mother Eva, her brother Raymond, her sisters Bessie, Flora and Myrtle—all were dead. By the time the 1940s had come to a close, the disease had also laid its grim hand on Laura and her father.

Thankfully, Laura and Jonathan, after an enforced bed rest of two years at a sanatorium, recuperated. Shortly after their recovery they had the opportunity to move to St. Anthony to work at the Grenfell Mission. Jonathan Stone would never be able to work as a commercial fisherman again; tuberculosis had disabled him permanently.

As a result of that move, Laura stepped across the threshold of a past besieged by sickness and heartache, into a new and better life.

The early years at Henley Harbour, Labrador



Figure 6 Laura's mother, Eva Stone

Jonathan David Stone and Eva Winifred Stone were married in Henley Harbour November 9, 1931, and had five children, all born between 1932 and 1936: Raymond, Myrtle, Flora, Bessie, and Laura.



Figure 7 Jonathan Stone at Henley Harbour in 1959, holding an old-fashioned bamboo trout rod in one hand and his catch in the other. The boy is Gordon Stone. The favourite time to go trouting was Sundays because in the week men were busy at their nets; Sunday was a day of rest, so if a man wanted a bit of pleasure, he'd go trouting. It was food for the table, too.

Some people ascribe tuberculosis to a poor diet, and certainly the variety of food found in Labrador was limited, although the people in those times were eating foods unpolluted by additives, preservatives, antibiotics and other harmful agents. Laura Stone was brought up eating salt fish, salt herring, salt salmon; caribou in the winter if they were lucky enough to get it; rabbits and partridges. There might have been goat's milk on occasion. There were always gardens with rows of potatoes, carrots, turnips and cabbage. People kept chickens and hens: chickens for eating and hens for laying. And there was plenty of salt meat. Laura maintains that the salt took all the nutritive value out of the food, but in the absence of refrigeration, salt was a necessary evil.

When Laura looks back at the first 14 years of her life at Henley Harbour, she remembers there were only a few families in her community that were plagued by tuberculosis, and hers was one of them. She was only 18 months old when her mother died. "My brother Raymond died when he was nine months old; Flora died in 1936 when she was two years old. When Mom was sick in 1938, Grandmother Emily took my mom and Bessie into her home to live, but Mom died in January 1938, and Bessie died on her third birthday, the 12th of May, 1938. My other Grandmother Elizabeth took Dad, Myrtle, and me. In them times, things wasn't talked about; my dad and my grandmother never, ever talked about what happened to my brothers and sisters. My sister Myrtle lived to be 16, but she died in 1949."



Figure 8 Laura and her sister Myrtle at Henley Harbour.

Myrtle was the only one of Laura's siblings Laura remembers because they had the opportunity to grow up together, but that made her sister's death all the harder.

A community in mourning

Laura recalls that people mostly died at home when she lived in Labrador, and the family took care of the body. A coffin was made out of rough timber and white satin material was used to line the inside of the box. The coffin was usually made locally, and, if someone was sick and expecting to die, the lumber would have been already sawed.

For three days the body would lie in the coffin inside the house. Laura remembers people attending wakes, and even very small children paid their respects: the child would be lifted up onto a stool, put his or her hand on the dead person, and that was paying respects. After three days the pallbearers would come to the house and take the casket to the church, and after the church service everybody would go to the graveyard for the committal.

Laura's sister Myrtle died June 1949 at Mary's Harbour hospital and was brought home to Henley Harbour in preparation for her funeral. Laura stayed up at her grandmother's house all night and can't remember whether anyone sat with her father the night before Myrtle's funeral or not.

As was customary after a death, the trimmings on the eaves and windows of the house were painted black. The blinds—probably made of flour sacking—were all pulled down for the three days of mourning, because lowering the blinds was considered a mark of respect. But it wasn't just the house of the bereaved; every household in the community had their blinds down. After three days of mourning they were pulled halfway up, but that was mostly the family that kept the blinds at half-mast; everyone else put them back up as usual. Laura would wear black stockings and dark clothes for four months after her sister's death.

Confederation and a funeral

Shortly after entering confederation on March 31, 1949, the Government of Newfoundland sent representatives around in boats to see what could be done in all the little communities sprawled along the Newfoundland and Labrador coastlines.

On the day of Myrtle's funeral, a Government boat eased up to the wharf at Henley Harbour and six men came ashore. When the government men heard there was to be a funeral, they asked Jonathan Stone what they could do to help.



Figure 9 Myrtle's funeral. Government men, who had docked at the wharf that day, acted as pallbearers.

Jonathan replied, "Well, we're all relatives here in Henley Harbour. If you people would like to be pallbearers, we'd appreciate it." One of those government men acting as a pallbearer at Myrtle's funeral was Fred Rowe, father of radio personality Bill Rowe.

The *Christmas Seal* and an unwanted diagnosis

When the *Christmas Seal* sailed into Henley Harbour, sometime between August and September 1950, Jonathan Stone was X-rayed and told he would have to go to St. Anthony to be treated for tuberculosis of the lung. At the hospital, the ribs on his right side were removed, a procedure which 'put the lung to rest.' In theory, if a person had two lungs, one good and one bad, doctors 'put the bad lung to rest,' thus allowing the bad lung to heal while the good lung did all the work. The ribs were removed on the side of the bad lung.



Figure 10 Jonathan Stone recuperating in St. Anthony c. 1950



Figure 11 Jont Stone enjoyed picking berries wherever he could find them.

Laura Stone had been examined by Dr. Forsythe at Henley Harbour and he was sure she had TB. “But I still says to this day I never had no TB because I wasn’t sick; I had no symptoms whatsoever. But in the 1950s TB was raging and if your family had TB, more than likely you was diagnosed with it. But what they said was, I had a cloudy lung. I guess they was afraid it was TB, what with all the rest of the family dying of tuberculosis.”

Laura subsequently arrived in St. Anthony, having sailed on a coastal boat: either the *SS Northern Ranger* or *SS Kyle*, and was accompanied by her aunt, Myra Penney. Laura’s aunt had come home to Labrador to see her dying mother in the hospital at Mary’s Harbour, and afterward

had attended her mother’s funeral in Henley Harbour.

Once Laura was in St. Anthony she went to the hospital for an X-ray. A few days later, walking up the road, Dr. Thomas’ wife met her and said, ‘You’re Laura Stone, aren’t you? Dr. Thomas wants to see you in the hospital; he’s looking for you.’

I Bet now I got TB...and I’m only 14!

Laura’s first thought was, “Oh, my God! I bet now that I got TB, and I’m only 14!” So, up to the hospital she went and Dr. Thomas told her she had TB of the left lung. The doctors performed a surgery called a phrenicotomy (Fren-i-COT-omy) which, they said, would put the lung to rest. In a phrenicotomy, the phrenic nerve was crushed; the incision was usually made at the collar bone, and this caused the phrenic nerve to be ‘paralyzed’ for a time.

Back to Mary’s Harbour on the *Albert T Gould*

“I stayed in the hospital for a month or so. Then, one Sunday, 11 o’clock in the morning, in comes Dr. Thomas. ‘We’re sending you to Mary’s Harbour to rest for the winter.’ Mary’s Harbour was about a two and a half hour run from Henley Harbour by motorboat. Can you imagine...I was 14 years old and had to go in bed, and stay in bed, all day long, not allowed to get out, only to go to the bathroom once a day. And they said I had to do that for a year. I took my suitcase and away I went, down to the Mission Wharf and boarded a little boat called the *Albert T. Gould*, and on that little boat was a captain and, I suppose, a mate, and a ^xWOP. The *Gould* departed at 11 o’clock and crossed the Straits and got to Mary’s Harbour around six o’clock that evening.”

Laura was confined to a bed at the hospital at Mary's Harbour from August 1950 until the following May or June of 1951. Then she had to take the coastal boat back to St. Anthony.

"My aunt and my uncle, who lived in Indian Cove, Labrador, came up to Mary's Harbour, picked me up, carried me out to Indian Cove, and then put me on a boat at Battle Harbour and sent me back to St. Anthony. I had nobody to care for me on the boat...no supervision...I was put on that coastal boat with the instructions: now, you got a stateroom, you knows where you're to, you go up and get your meals." Laura was on the coastal boat two and a half days from Battle Harbour to St. Anthony.

At St. Anthony the doctors performed another phrenicotomy and told Laura she'd have to return to Mary's Harbour for another year of bed rest.

By Coastal Boat to Battle Harbour

Laura returned by coastal boat to Labrador in August. "I was taken by car from the St. Anthony mission hospital, down to the Mission Wharf and put on the coastal boat to Battle Harbour. My passage was paid for by the Grenfell Mission. Once I was on board, the stewardesses would come down to the room and ask if we wanted to come up and get our meal. We'd go up and get our dinner and go back down again to our room. I didn't know any of the people on the boat; people were crossing the Straits all the time. I remember there were four berths to each room."

Laura recalls the coastal boat stopped at Griquet, Quirpon, Ship Cove, Cook's Harbour, and then across to Battle Harbour. One thing she especially appreciated was the good food on board. "And the dining room! It was the best of the best, and the best of the food. For breakfast you could have whatever you wanted: cereal, toast, eggs and bacon. And for dinner...the meals were unbelievable!"

Not only was she impressed with the food, the coastal boat offered insight into a world she had never imagined before. "The *Northern Ranger* was a big boat, and there were the stewards all dressed in their white coats and their dark pants. They'd come and knock on your door and ask if everybody was okay. And sometimes when you'd go up to your meals you'd see people...I went up once and there was a man and a woman sitting at a table, and a group of us went in and sat down. It was Dr. Gray—not Dr. John M. Gray—and he and his missus were going somewhere on the Labrador."

Hitching a ride to Mary's Harbour

The Mission in Mary's Harbour was supposed to send a man to pick up Laura when the coastal boat docked, to take her back to the hospital. Laura caught a ride ashore in the mail boat, climbed up on the wharf, and her suitcase was tossed up behind her. She looked around but the man was nowhere to be seen. She spotted Mr. Coish from Mary's Harbour and asked if he had seen the person who was supposed to pick her up. No, he hadn't, but Mr. Coish told 15 year-old Laura he was picking up some freight, and he could give her a ride when he was finished. In the meantime, he said, she could take her suitcase up to Jack Croucher's, and when he finished loading his freight he'd pick her up. Laura knew Jack Croucher from spending time in Indian Cove; he was married to a woman from Henley Harbour, so up to Jack Croucher's she went. Later that day Mr. Coish took her to the hospital at Mary's Harbour.

One year in a cottage hospital And a new lease on life

Jonathan Stone was sent to Mary's Harbour in the fall of 1951, so now he and Laura had the opportunity to see each other on a regular basis in the little cottage hospital in Mary's Harbour.

In 1952, Dr. Thomas arrived in Mary's Harbour on the *Marvel*. X-rays in hand, he looked across at Jonathan and said, 'Mr. Stone, I'm going to let you and your daughter go home to Henley Harbour, but you will have to stay in bed until noon every day until you get better.' Laura was free to get up when she pleased, but Dr. Thomas warned her not to do any heavy work.

Turning to Laura's father, he said, 'Later in the fall, when I think you're ready to go to work, I'll send for you and your daughter to come to St. Anthony to go to work.' Dr. Thomas knew there was no way that Jonathan Stone would be able to go back to work as a fisherman after his illness and surgeries.

Laura will never forget what her father said when Dr. Thomas left the room. 'We'll never hear from he no more. He won't be worrying about me when he goes back to St. Anthony.'

In the meantime, once they were home at Henley Harbour, Laura fetched and carried. She lit the fire every morning, boiled the kettle, kept house, and washed and hung the laundry. She cooked meals for her dad, carried his breakfast upstairs, and, because there was no running water, carried water upstairs so he could wash. Her grandmother Elizabeth Stone was dead; all she had left in Henley Harbour were a few uncles and her grandmother Emily, who was an old lady and not able to be of much assistance. One of Laura's uncles kept them supplied with wood, and Fishery Products in Henley Harbour told Jonathan if he wanted food he could have it; telling him that when he was well enough he could pay them back.

A door swings opens on a new future

In September Dr. Thomas, true to his word, sent a telegram to Jonathan Stone in Henley Harbour, but he never saw it. Then, sometime around the second or third week of September, Jonathan received a letter from Dr. Thomas, saying, "I sent you a telegram and I haven't had any reply. I presume you didn't get the telegram or you didn't want to reply. But I want you and your daughter to come to St. Anthony and, if you're well enough, I have work for both of you."

This was the moment of decision for both Jonathan (nicknamed 'Jont') Stone and his only surviving daughter. He would never be able to fish again; this offer from Dr. Thomas would be an opportunity for gainful employment for himself and for Laura. But the offer was not without its pitfalls; it would mean leaving behind friends and family and the only way of life he had ever known. Jonathan's brother Max offered his opinion, "Jont, boy, if I was you, I knows what I'd do. I'd jump at the chance. I'd take Laura and I'd go to St. Anthony. She can go to school or go to work."

A new home in St. Anthony

On October 3, 1952 Jont and Laura Stone arrived in St. Anthony. Laura decided she didn't want to attend school and went to work instead at the hospital. Rooms were provided for

nurse's aides and other workers right in the hospital. Jonathan Stone had a room in the Annex, where the Boys and Girls Club is now, and he stayed there until he was able to save enough to find lodging at a boarding house.

They had no sooner arrived in St. Anthony than Jonathan was put right to work in the Handicraft as a carver, where he worked for the next 17 years. Some of his co-workers were Mr. Ricks, Andrew Colbourne and Eli Canning. Jonathan was an apt learner and was soon carving all manner of intricate art using ivory: snowshoes, dog teams, cribbage boards, cuff links, necklaces, earrings, and many other pieces which were sold around the world.



Figure 12 Jonathan Stone, carver for the Grenfell Mission

To this day, Laura has some of her father's carvings, as well as an assortment of unfinished carvings that were in her father's possession when he died.

Jont Stone succumbed to cancer and died at the age of 61 at the IGA in St. Anthony on March 27, 1969. He is buried at the Anglican graveyard on the east side in St. Anthony.



Figure 13 Jonathan Stone's knick-knack box with unfinished work and a pocket watch inside.

An interesting thought to consider: had he never been disabled by the disease of tuberculosis, John Stone would likely never have realized his talent as a carver.



Figure 14 Dog team whip



Figure 15 Two boxes with ivory accents



Figure 16 Knick-knack boxes



Figure 17 Puffin and wolf



Figure 18 Snowshoes



Figure 19 Wolf cuff links

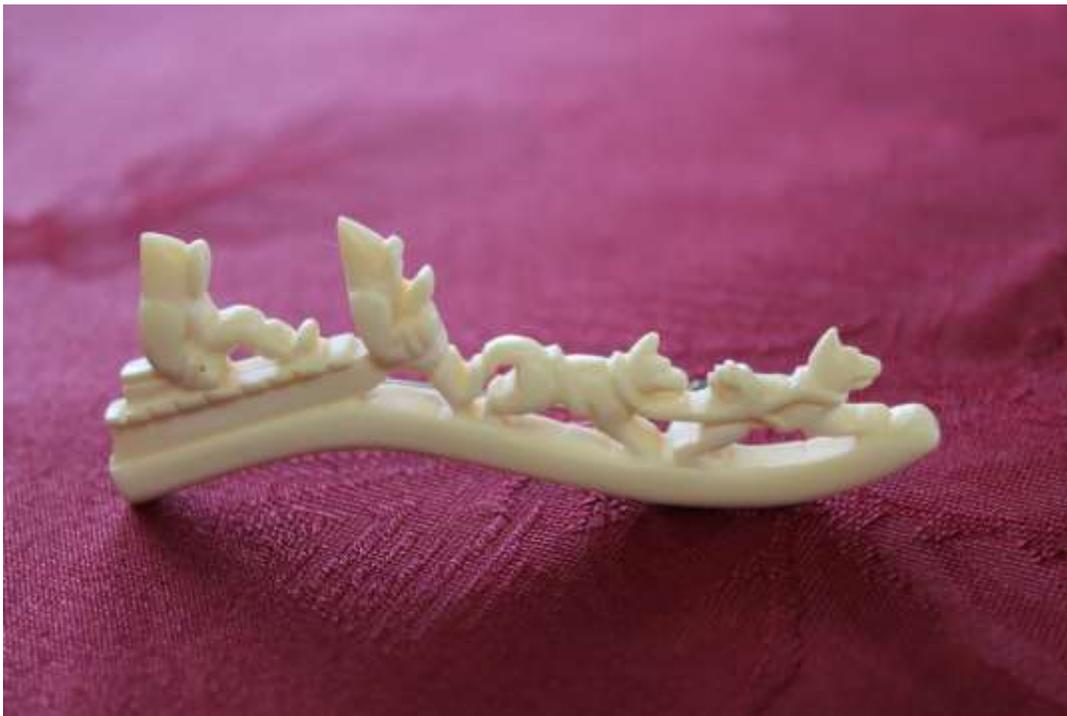


Figure 20 Dog team



Figure 21 Pendants



Figure 22 Flower and star pendants (detail)



Figure 23 Intricate carving and detail



Figure 24 Jont Stone's pocket watch

I can't do that!

In her first year in St. Anthony, Laura recalls that the head nurse, Phyllis Beard, put her to work wherever she was most needed. Laura's first job was in the hospital kitchen; then she was transferred to the staff kitchen; and a short time later she went to work as a nurse's aide. "I might have been working close to a year when Mrs. Beard came to me and told me that Lizzy Buckle (a girl from Forteau who was working at that time in the operating room) was going to leave, and Dr. Thomas had asked Mrs. Beard to ask Laura if she would like to take her place.

"No," said Laura, "I can't do that!"

Nurse Beard patiently explained that Laura would be sterilizing equipment and bringing patients into the operating room; nothing she couldn't handle. Laura, appeased by the head nurse's explanation of her duties, agreed to take on the new job in the operating room.

"While working in the operating room I sterilized the doctors' gloves; they were all sterilized in packages. My job was to wash their gloves; I'm not exactly sure what they were made of...some kind of rubber perhaps. I'd wring them out and air-dry them because they weren't disposable, then I'd put them in a package, a left glove and a right glove, and put them in the autoclave. I usually worked from 7:30 in the morning until 4 o'clock in the afternoon. There were days I might have to go 2 o'clock in the morning if I was called in for an emergency."

Morris Biles

It was while she worked as a nurse's aide at the hospital in St. Anthony that Laura Stone had the opportunity to meet her future husband, Morris. Mr. Dick Pilgrim of St. Anthony Bight was having a birthday party, and Dick's son Bud and his girlfriend Margaret, were to attend. Margaret was Laura's cousin and both girls worked at the hospital. Apparently, Bud said to Morris, "I'm going to get a girl for you tonight." To which Morris replied, "Where are you

going to get the girl? And Bud said, “I got a girl lined up for you. I told Margaret to bring Laura along when she comes over for the party.”

Morris and Laura began to spend time together, even though Morris’s work took him away at times. Over the next two and a half years they were together whenever they had the opportunity, and when Morris had to leave town, they wrote letters. He’d often write home to his mother and say, “Don’t forget to have Laura over for supper.” Meanwhile, Laura got to know some of the other Biles’ on the point, and spent time with them. Morris’s promise to Laura was, ‘we’ll get married when the house is done.’

They were married in September 1955 and set up house on the east side. Morris was employed by Fishery Products, and when they asked him if he’d like to go to St. John’s to upgrade his skills, he leaped at the chance. He left for St. John’s in January and by March he had obtained his fourth class engineering certificate.



Figure 25 Laura & Morris

Morris was a good worker. Laura doesn’t remember him complaining a day in his life about having to work. However, when he had to leave St. Anthony to get work, he’d say, “Laura, maid, I wish I never had to go away, but I have to; there’s nothing here for me to do.”

Because he was a refrigeration technician, and did maintenance work at the plants, he was often called upon to get the machinery up and running for the spring season ahead. His work took him to places such as Port aux Choix, Fogo, Isle aux Morts, JoBatt’s Arm, Catalina, Marystown...anywhere Fishery Products had a plant. He worked three seasons at Cartwright, Labrador on a floating fishing boat, which was really a floating fish plant.



Figure 26 Morris loved being outdoors.



Figure 27 Laura and Morris in later years.

Not only was Morris handy working with refrigeration equipment, he had a knack for fixing vehicles and was hired on at various times and in various places as a mechanic. Later, he was able to secure a full-time position at the Power Plant in St. Anthony, where he worked for 19 years before his retirement.

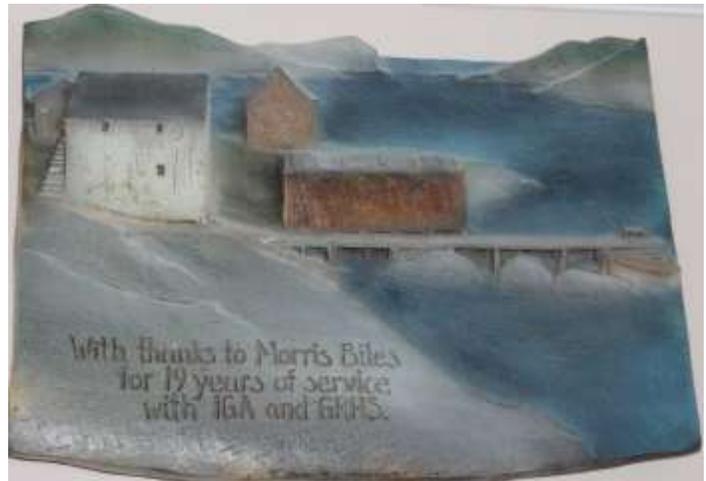


Figure 28 Retirement plaque for Morris Biles

Morris and Laura had six children: Donna, Kevin, Tony, Dale, Sheila and Ricky, born between 1956 and 1976. During the years he worked for Fishery Products, it sometimes seemed as if Laura had to raise the children single-handedly, but she had the help of her mother-in-law Grace.

Grace Biles, nee Reid, had been born in Ireland Bight, and as a young woman was sent by Grenfell to Boston to learn the art of cooking. When she returned, Grace worked at the IGA hospital until her marriage to Lewis Biles. Grace and Lewis had four children: Morris, Jenice, Rose and Vicki.

In those early years, when Morris traveled around the province, Grace was an invaluable aid to Laura, and Laura was particularly grateful for Grace's assistance. In Laura's eyes, Grace provided the love and guidance that Laura had missed as a result of her mother's death.

More handicrafts

In 2008 a reporter for the Northern Pen named Aaron Beswick wrote a feature story about Morris Biles' hobby, crafting toys and models out of wood. When he retired, Biles wanted to do something other than the usual hobbies of gardening and fishing. His six children were grown and gone away and he discovered he had a lot of time on his hands, so he found the plans to make a miniature wooden car in a Lee Valley catalogue and decided to give it a try. Although he knew a few fellows who were crafting model boats, he wanted to try something different.

Before long he had made tractor trailers, snowmobiles, forklifts, and cars.



Figure 29 A snowmobile crafted by Morris Biles.

Morris Biles died following a three-year battle with cancer. Laura nursed him as best she could in those last few years, and remembers him saying, “We can’t change what happens, but we can learn to live with it.” Morris never complained from the time he was diagnosed until he died on October 11, 2009. He is buried at the United Church cemetery

at Fishing Point.

Laura Biles still lives in the family home on the east side of St. Anthony, keeping busy with family and friends.

A family steeped in history Ted Patey at the Grenfell Mission

“No trade school in Newfoundland ever equalled the Grenfell Mission. So many people working for the Grenfell Mission got training and became better because of it. You can’t describe the Grenfell Mission any better than that it was a trade school. I’ve heard it said, and it’s been said many times, that Grenfell lived long before his time.” --Ted Patey



Figure 30 The old St. Anthony hospital, the Machine Shop, the Library and other buildings at the Grenfell Mission. In behind the buildings is the Mission Wharf and the tramway, which is how coal was landed. The coal was hoisted out of the hold of a ship and dumped into carts and men would wheel the carts into a shed for storage.

In the beginning...

When Wilfred Grenfell sailed into St. Anthony in 1892, very few people realized the impact the man and his mission would have on the region. One of the many families influenced by the International Grenfell Association (IGA) was the Edmund Patey family, originally of Pateyville, who settled on the west side of the St. Anthony Harbour on a piece of land adjacent to what is now called the Grenfell Orphanage. In fact the Orphanage, the Grenfell Historical Building, the Garage, the Charles S. Curtis Memorial Hospital, and many other buildings...all lie within a stone’s throw of Edmund (Ted) Patey’s home.

Granted Land

Edmund Patey, born in 1860, son of William Patey and Mary Ann Rogers, was one of two brothers who fished with their father in Pateyville. Edmund broke off from his father’s fishing enterprise and found a piece of land some distance from his father’s; and he had a grant for that land. Edmund Patey built up a prosperous fishing enterprise and kept cattle as a sideline.

When Grenfell sailed into St. Anthony, he sized up the area and appropriated some land for his Mission. On his walkabouts he spied the Patey property—it was like gold dust to him—and offered to buy it, but Edmund Patey, Ted Patey’s grandfather, was independent enough to

refuse the offer and to keep the prime piece of land in his own family. He had a grant, after all, and he wasn't about to turn it over to someone else. At that time, Edmund Patey was not only fishing with traps and sharemen (as his father William had done before him), but had staked out additional land—outside his own granted boundaries—which ran from where the Orphanage stands today to the Annex on the other side of the Charles S. Curtis hospital—and he was keeping cattle. Ted Patey observes, “My grandfather was a very industrious man.”



Figure 31 The original Patey home, where Ted Patey was born. It was a two-story house with three bedrooms and a bathroom. A corner of the Orphanage can just be seen to the right of the house, over the porch.

But Grenfell also had a grant for the land which completely surrounded the Patey property—and in very short order he had taken up the stakes so carefully erected by Edmund Patey and thrown

them back onto his property, saying, “Here, you can burn them.” Patey was powerless to fight back; the grant in Grenfell’s hand gave him the right. A casual observer at this confrontation might have supposed that there would be enmity between Grenfell and Patey, but Grenfell had a keen eye for sizing up a man and his abilities, and it wasn’t long before he noticed that Edmund Patey was a skilled carpenter; a man who was handy at building his own boats.

“I’m looking for a carpenter,” said Grenfell. “Would you come to work for me?” Grenfell was looking for someone to build all those sheds seen on the Grenfell Properties today. Edmund agreed to work for Grenfell on the condition that his two sons, who were fishing with him, would be hired as well. Those two sons were Walter, and Leslie, Ted Patey’s father.



Figure 32 L-R Amelia Jane (Ash) and Leslie Patey

Leslie, the son of Edmund Patey and Jane Jenkins, was one of five brothers. He married Amelia Jane Ash, who had previous connections to the Grenfell Mission. Originally from Bonavista Bay, she had worked at the Battle Harbour hospital with Sir Wilfred Grenfell. She moved to St. Anthony and worked in the

old wooden hospital with Dr. Curtis. Although she had no formal training as a nurse, she performed many of the duties of formally trained nurses. Once married, she stopped working, which was the custom back then. They raised five children: Mary Belle, Rosalie, Violet, Edmund (Ted) and Dennis.

Leslie, a foreman carpenter, and his brother Walter worked for the Grenfell Mission all their lives.

The carpentry skills Leslie acquired working at the Mission worked in his favour when, in 1954, he decided to build the house Ted Patey lives in today. The old two-storey house Ted Patey was born in and grew up in was located closer to the water. “When we built this house I’d say that my father and I drove nail-for-nail,” asserts Ted. “My father was the lead man; he was in charge. My father built the cupboards in our kitchen, which are still in use today.” The house has all its original window sashes, made at the Machine Shop. The stainless steel sink is not original. One might suppose that a house built in 1954 in St. Anthony might not have had a sink, but indeed it had—a large porcelain one, and there was running water, too. “Just a couple of gunshots down the road people didn’t have running water,” remembers Ted. He points out through the kitchen window to the orphanage. “Our water line was connected to the orphanage; that was one of the benefits of living so close to the IGA.”



Figure 33 Left forefront: the last boat Leslie Patey built. In the middle distance, Ted Patey’s house built in 1954, and on the right, Mary Patey’s house, built in 1957. The Orphanage is just to the right, out of sight.

But Leslie Patey had no sooner built the first house than he decided to build another alongside it. In 1957 he completed the second house and he, his wife, and Mary Belle, who never married, moved into the new house. Mary Belle

worked at the Mission for many years, took care of her parents until they died, and lived most of her life in the home she shared with her parents. She died in 2013.

“My father never hired a labourer or a contractor to help build those houses; not even to pour the foundations for the basement.” says Ted Patey. “And that house was no sooner built than my younger brother wanted a house built, so we built him a house, just up the road. We also built three or four cabins up at Western Brook.”

Of Leslie and Amelia’s children, Mary Belle worked for the Mission; she was in charge of payroll at the hospital when she took her retirement; Rosalie became a teacher; Violet taught in Ship Cove until she married Gil Decker; Ted married Gladys Tucker and worked for the IGA for 48 years until his retirement, and Dennis worked for the Grenfell Mission as an electrician.

“When I went to work for the Grenfell Mission I started as a boy doing flunky work. I ended up as an engineer on the *Maravel* for a number of years,” recalls Mr. Patey. Although he had no formal training as an engineer, he learned hands-on from those who were skilled at their trade, and through on-the-job training.



Figure 34 Left photo: Ted Patey, left, on the Maraval. Charlie Templeman from up around Trinity Bay, on the right. Middle photo: Ted Patey, left, Don Pomeroy, center, and an unknown friend, right. Right, Ted Patey today.



Figure 35 Possibly the first orphanage at the Grenfell Mission (center); the road to the Grenfell House—Grenfell front and centre—and the first hospital on the right. A guesthouse is in behind the hospital.

Mr. Patey also went to the States at one point and brought back the *Albert T. Gould*; he acted as an engineer on that trip. He worked on the *Strathcona*, too, although he didn't sail on her. Then, after working on the boats as an engineer, he came ashore and worked in the motor pool—or the garage—as a mechanic. He lived close to his work could walk back and forth every day, which was a perk he enjoyed.



Figure 36 Model T truck. L-R: William Styles, Stanley Patey and Herb Simms, driver. The Grenfell Mission gave many men and women the opportunity to learn new skills and trades.

A double clutch and over the wharf she goes

The truck pictured above was an early 1920s version of the Model T Ford. An interesting side note is that this particular Model T Ford was likely shipped in a crate and assembled at the Grenfell Mission, according to Mr. Patey.

He tells the following story...

“There was a time when all the gravel that came into St. Anthony was brought on schooners and off-loaded into trucks. The gravel was hoisted out of the hold and dumped into trucks and carried to designated locations. On this particular day, Henry Riche, a Labrador boy who had come to St. Anthony, was tasked to drive two trucks turn-about; a Model A and a Model T. Previously, young Henry had been trained by American drivers to drive the trucks; men had been brought up specifically from the States to teach local drivers how to drive the Model T Ford.”

Ted Patey pauses and makes a rhetorical statement. “The truck ended up going over the end of the Mission Wharf...so why would an experienced driver drive the truck over the wharf into 10 or 15 fathoms of water?”

“Well, it turns out that there was a shortage of truck drivers at the time, so Henry was switching back and forth between the Model A and the Model T—one driver, two trucks. While the Model A had a single clutch like a standard vehicle, the Model T had a double clutch—one for forward and one for reverse. So, on that day, Henry would bring the Model T to the boat, back it in, and leave it there so they could load it. Then he'd take the Model A, which was

already loaded, and go to the building site, unload it and come back, and vice versa—switching between the two trucks.

“So, back at the dock, he got out of the Model A and got into the Model T so he could move the truck into position for another load of gravel. He pressed on the clutch to change gears—but he pressed the wrong clutch—and she jumped overboard, right into the water!

“So that was fine; she stayed there for the rest of the day and all that night. The next morning an IGA diver went down—Herb Simms was the diver—tied a rope on her—and 25 or 30 men pulled the truck ashore on the beach near the coal sheds. When they pulled the truck out of the water, Herb Simms, the diver, was standing up at the wheel, steering.

“They took the Model T truck to the garage and worked on it and it ran again and was used for years after that.”

The Grenfell Diver—Herb Simms

“The apparatus for the air pumps that the diver used trailed along behind; it was kept separate from the driver in a small boat called a ^{xi}scow, which followed the diver. From the scow there was a big rubber hose providing air to the diver, as well as a lifeline tied around the diver’s waist.

“When the diver wanted to come up, he’d tug on the rope so many times, and if the men in the scow wanted him to come up, they’d tug so many times on the same line, meaning, ‘we’re going to take you up,’ and they’d pull him up. When he’d come up he’d stand on the ladder and the attendants would open the helmet and talk to him, and, if necessary, they’d take the helmet off completely and then all you could see was the diver’s head. That same diver’s suit is on display up in the old Grenfell dock house.”

No Trade School ever equalled the Grenfell Mission

Of the IGA, Patey says, “No trade school in Newfoundland ever equalled the Grenfell Mission. So many people working for the Grenfell Mission got training and became better because of it. You can’t describe the Grenfell Mission any better than that it was a trade school. I’ve heard it said, and it’s been said many time, that Grenfell lived long before his time.”

Ted Patey and Gladys Tucker had three children: Glenn, Kathy and Janice. Glenn recently retired from Air Canada where he worked as an aircraft maintenance engineer, Kathy is a retired school teacher, and Janice works for Jazz Airlines in Halifax.

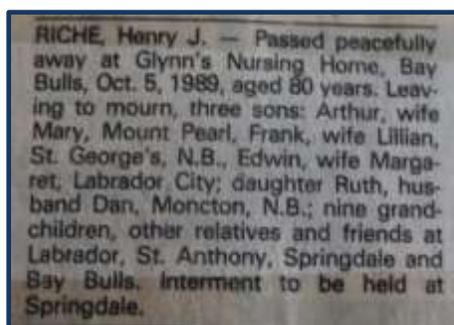


Figure 37 Henry Riche, the boy from Labrador who drove the Model T Ford off the Grenfell wharf, married a girl from Springdale. This is his death notice.



Figure 38 Snapshots of Gladys as a young woman and Ted, Gladys, and son Glenn. Middle: Glenn in front of an IGA plane that crashed on takeoff at Dunford's Pond, circa 1956. The pilot had some cuts and bruises, but all on board survived the crash. Right: the Co-operative truck.

From the tip of one iceberg to another

It has been said that the tip of an iceberg reveals only one tenth of the mammoth structure; the main body of the iceberg lies beneath the water. So, when speaking to Ted Patey, it is like skipping from the tip of one iceberg to another when he recounts stories of his life with the Grenfell Mission. Since he was steeped in the knowledge and mechanics of the IGA since childhood, every time he tells a story, more is left unsaid than said. There simply isn't enough time to tell it all.



Figure 39 Ted Patey and the mission snowmobile. Mr. Patey has his own snowmobile, and it still runs.

Dr. Thomas: an emergency surgery on a kitchen table

Ted Patey recalls a story about Dr. Thomas.

I was working in the garage on this particular day and by and by I was informed by the general foreman that the generator was unserviceable at the hospital in Flower's Cove.

‘You’re going to have to get over there,’ he said.

“How am I going to get there?” I asked.

‘We’ll see,’ said the foreman.

Finally a mail plane landed on the St. Anthony Harbour. I went down and climbed in over the mailbags and lied down on top of them and Dr. Thomas took the jump seat. He was going to Flower’s Cove for medical reasons; taking advantage of the ride.

So at Flower’s Cove I worked that night until eleven o’clock but in the middle of the night I woke up in nothing but pain. I knew there were nurses and that I could have called any one of them, or Dr. Thomas for that matter, but I didn’t do it. Next morning at the normal time I went down. I thought I could eat my breakfast in the kitchen...the girls was there.

So anyway, finally Dr. Thomas arrived on the scene and I said, “I can’t work, I’m sick.”

‘Well,’ he said, ‘if you’re sick you’d better go to bed.’

So I went to bed and he done his examinations that day. Then he checked me and said I had appendix, and the two English nurses...as far as I’m concerned I’d classify them as doctors, not nurses, they were that good...they disagreed with Dr. Thomas. They said I didn’t have the symptoms of appendix.

At eleven o’clock that night Dr. Thomas overruled them all. It was only a nursing station and there was no operating room, but there was a big table in the kitchen. They took the table and moved it in the nurses’ living room...they had a fireplace there. They never had enough ether in the nursing station to put me to sleep because surgeries weren’t performed at nursing stations, but I wasn’t told that at the time of the surgery. So Dr. Thomas had me lie down on the kitchen table, gave me a local spinal anesthetic, took my appendix out, and I didn’t even know the difference; I felt no pain.

They put me to bed and the next morning they got me up and walked me around...walking kept down the inflammation they said. Then they put me back to bed again. I spent a few weeks recuperating at the nursing station and two weeks later I finally got a ride back to St. Anthony by dog team, sitting in a coachbox. Tom Macey was driving; he had a beautiful team of dogs. It must have been January or February—the going wasn’t good—he brought me across country; over the White Hills to Lock’s Cove to St. Anthony, and it took the best part of the day to get across by dog team. My father did the same trip one time in five hours and 25 minutes, but not many completed the trip in that time. Anyway, Macey had me in the coachbox, but I got out of the coachbox just before we broke out in St. Anthony, and I stood up on the komatik instead.

I wasn’t going to be seen coming back into St. Anthony in a coachbox!



Figure 40 Looking towards the Mission Wharf from the water: a library, a guesthouse and a gift shop, among other buildings.



Figure 41 Left: Brown Cottage, the Orphanage in behind; the Garage (forefront) where Ted Patey worked; the Firehouse with a fire truck inside; and Dr. Curtis' house. In forefront, a 1948 Willys Jeep towing a grass cutter; the truck (right) is a 1939 American 1/2 ton Ford.

War Surplus Dogs

Ted Patey remembers the time when a team of eight husky dogs were dropped from the sky after WWII at the Grenfell Mission. The dogs, trained by the US Army Air Transport Command during WWII, were arctic search and rescue dogs. The US Army had heard of the Grenfell Mission and wondered if the mission doctors could make use of dogs that had become 'surplus to requirement'...perhaps, they said, the dogs could be used to haul sleds? Mission doctors were quick to accept the offer but the question arose: how would they get the dogs from the ATC Base at Stephenville, Newfoundland, to St. Anthony?

The NAW-ATC Arctic Search and Rescue unit was headed by Lt. Col. Norman D. Vaughan (a former 'wop'), explorer and a member of Byrd's Antarctic expedition. Under the direction of WO Reino Iotilainen, they flew an amphibious PBV plane, piloted by an American from Houston, Texas, over the town and literally dropped the dogs out of the aircraft to waiting crowds below. How did they do this? They used parachutes.

Parachutes used on the dogs were the same as those used for dropping supplies. The theory was that the dogs would land on their feet and stay on their feet once they touched down. Possible dangers involved the breaking of limbs or possible drowning should the dogs land in the harbour, as two dogs did. But a boat stood at the ready in the harbour and the dogs were none the worse for wear when they were brought to shore.

Ted Patey remembers the day well. "It was a Sunday morning in 1945; I was working at that time on the Marine Railway. Everybody in St. Anthony that could be there was there. Dr. Curtis was there with his pipe in his mouth."



Figure 42 A parachute, with a dog attached, descending from the sky.

"The dogs landed almost right on the mark, in a green grassy field used by the IGA—where the Mounties have their building today."

The dogs had to be housed, but the mission was prepared, according to Mr. Patey. "They had the kennels already made; good enough for anyone

to lie down and go to sleep in. The kennels were built down in a cove with money donated from the United States, and they were self-cleaning; they had a big wire fence which extended into the water. As the water rose and fell, the water washed the kennels. The dog house was set back from the water, so the dogs could stay out of reach of the rising water. In total, there were 25 or 30 dogs lodged there, so the self-flushing system worked well; otherwise the yard would have been an awful mess.”

The first dog that was dropped from the plane parachuted down and landed in the harbour; the boats rescued him and brought him in shivering, and he was perfect; he lived for years. One dog slammed into a fence but he didn't seem to mind, and another dog landed in the harbour, but the other five landed on, or near, the field. And those dogs were used by the mission for years.

“These dogs had been trained to bring casualties off the battlefield in Belgium. There is a saying that goes with the story of the dogs: ‘Someday the dogs will see a plane flying overhead, and say, yes, we’ve done all that.’”

A Sunday morning in 1945: Parachutes and dogs arrive in St. Anthony



Figure 43 The dogs are safely on the ground.



Figure 44 Dr. Curtis accepts the dogs from the U.S. Army on behalf of the Grenfell Mission.



Figure 45 Almost all of St. Anthony turned out to watch this unique event.

Recommended Reading

Among the Deep Sea Fishers, January 1946: “Dogs Away” and “Something in the Air” by Anthony Paddon, M.D. Life Magazine, September 14, 1949 “Labrador Mission”. Ted Patey is featured in a photograph from that story, as well as the Maraval, Grenfell’s hospital boat.

The “Indelible”

This hand-written report was penned by Ted Patey’s mother, Amelia, highlighting the activities of a ladies’ group in St. Anthony. The report covers the period from WWI through WWII. This ladies’ group was named the “Indelible” by Sir Wilfred Grenfell, who often attended their meetings. Through their efforts—sewing and knitting—the ladies raised funds for various hospital-related projects.

Mrs. Curtis and Miss Carlson are frequently mentioned as having been of great assistance to the group.

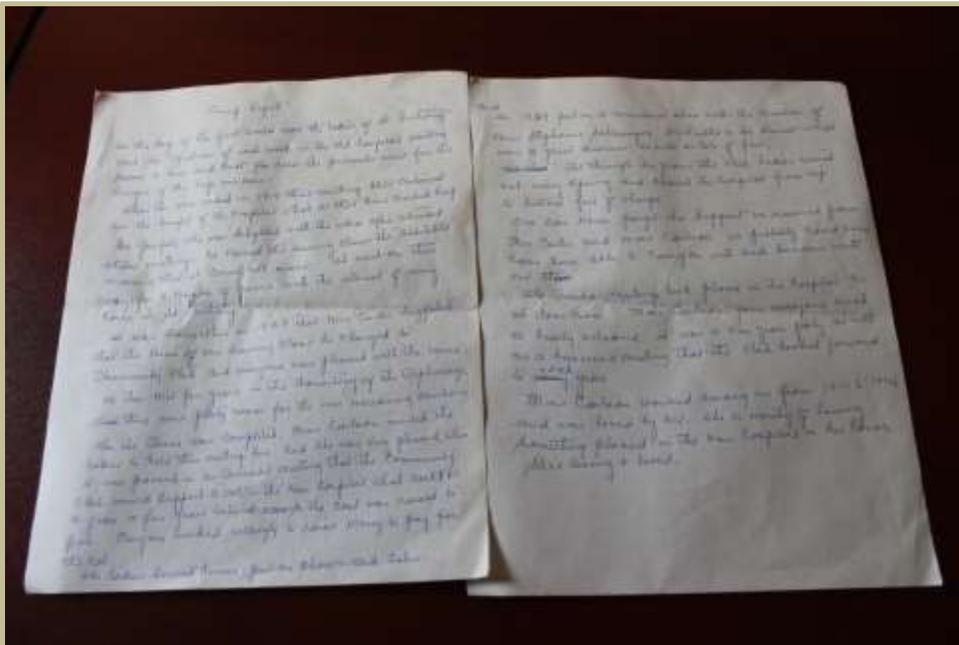


Figure 46 A brief report penned by Amelia Jane (Ash) Patey concerning a ladies’ club nicknamed the “Indelible” by Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

room to sew and
benefit of the boys overseas.
When the war ended in 1918 these meetings still continued
for the benefit of the hospital, which at that time needed help.
Dr. Grenfell who was delighted with the idea often attended
those meetings. He named the sewing class the "Indelible"
meaning that it could not erase. It went on this
way for a number of years with the interest of every
home in St. Anthony
... Mrs. Curtis suggested

Figure 47 This excerpt from her report highlights why Grenfell nicknamed these ladies the "Indelible."

Ted Patey marked 48 years of service with the International Grenfell Association



Figure 48 Certificate and a clock awarded to Ted Patey for 48 years of service to the IGA.

The Grenfell School



Figure 49 Grenfell school children. Ted Patey says he can remember almost every child in this photo.



Figure 50 Grenfell School in winter. The 'chute' is a fire escape mechanism for children on the upper level in the event of fire.

Relics of the Past



Figure 51 Ted Patey's house with an old snowmobile in forefront, and an old-fashioned lock with key inserted.



Figure 52 An old snowmobile (east side St. Anthony in background) and a snow-boggon. Both are still in working order.



Figure 53 Looking across the harbour from Patey's back yard.



Figure 54 This old^{xii} komatik saw a lot of use before it was retired.

The Mysterious Disappearance of Captain Sullivan and his Gypsy Moth

Copied from an old diary and published in a Senior Citizen's column

--Contributed by Ted Patey

Monday Evening, May 30, 1932

Captain Sullivan, in a gypsy Moth plane, has landed here returning from Labrador. This evening he invited Dr. Kuehnert, the dentist from the Grenfell Mission Hospital, for a brief flight. Planning to be back in 10 or 15 minutes, they took off from St. Anthony harbour at 8:30. The weather was fine and the sun shining at the time. But shortly after, an East wind brought in a heavy fog.

The plane flew out over fishing Point toward the sea. There is an iceberg out in that direction which could be dangerous in the fog. It is now 10:30 and the plane with the two men on board has not returned and it is feared that something tragic has happened.

This is a very anxious evening in St. Anthony.

Tuesday Evening, May 31, 1932

Boats from all around including the Strathcona have been searching the waters all day. As far as possible hoping to find some trace of the missing plane. Nothing has been found so far.

This evening at 6 o'clock Mr. Alcock (magistrate from here) rang the mission bell to call the men from this area together to travel to and around the White Hills. The men prepared themselves with food and flashlights, left here at 7 p.m. for a night searching. Some men went up the Fox Farm Trail and other went in over the bottom marshes, to meet somewhere on their different directions of travel.

Wednesday Evening June 1, 1932

The men returned home from the White Hills late this evening, tired and hungry after travelling all night and day. They found no trace of the missing plane. The Strathcona went again today to the Grey Islands to look for an object that a boat reported seeing floating on the waters out there.

Friday June 3, 1932

A plane arrived from the U.S. to search for the missing plane.

Saturday June 4, 1932

The U.S. plane has been flying all day over all wooded areas and water beyond St. Anthony. No trace. All hopes are given up.

Tuesday June 23, 1932

Pieces of the lost plane have been picked up floating around Cape Norman. But no trace of the two men, Captain Arthur Sullivan from St. John's and Dr. Karl Kuehnert from Germany.

M.A.P.

Photographs of the diary and the young German dentist, Karl Kuehnert



Figure 55 The publication “The Senior Citizen’s Column” and a photograph of young Karl Kuehnert.

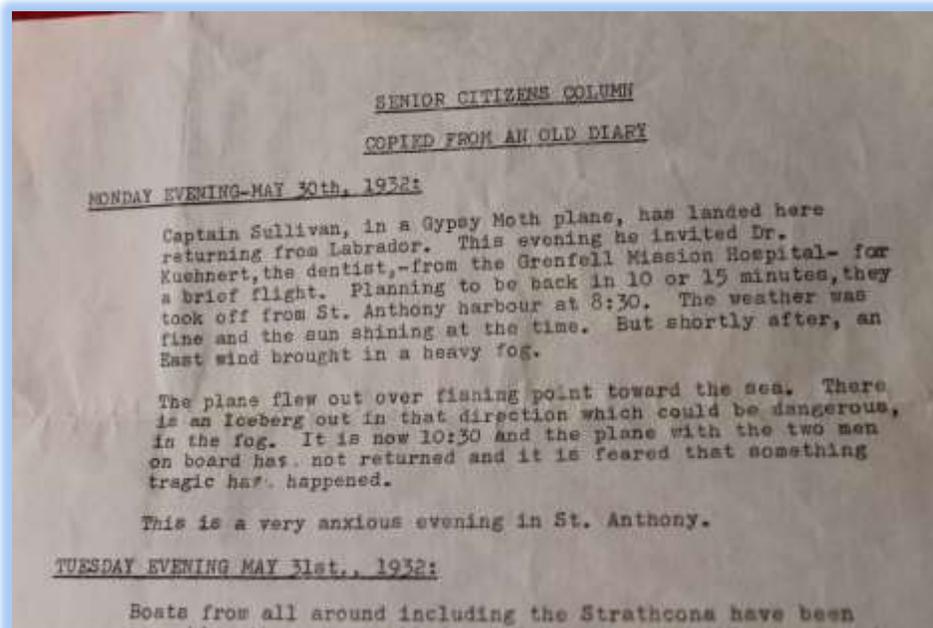


Figure 2 An excerpt from a diary written in 1932.

Jim Tucker: Grenfell's Master Gardener

Daily life on the Grenfell Farm

as told by Watson Tucker



James John Tucker
1895 - 1980

Watson Tucker

Watson Tucker was born March 4, 1941. He and his wife Mary met in June 1965 when they were both working at Honest Ed's in downtown Toronto. Watson was formerly of St. Anthony and Mary had grown up in Markdale, Ontario. Shortly after they met they married and returned to raise their family in Newfoundland. They had four children: Brenda, Juanita, Tammy and Robert.

In this story, Watson shares, in his own words, his recollections of his father, James (Jim) Tucker, who was Grenfell's gardener at the Grenfell Mission in St. Anthony.

All photos contributed by Watson Tucker.

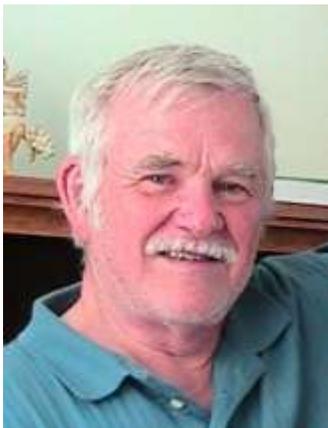


Figure 56 Watson Tucker

James John Tucker

Figure 57 Young James Tucker 1905

My father, James (Jim) Tucker, arrived in St. Anthony in 1919 to work for Grenfell; he was 24 years old. Dad was born in Forrester's Point and grew up at Reef's Harbour. When he became a man he began looking for work, but he was looking to do something other than fishing. Everybody was fishing in those days: it was the hardest kind of work in the world.

My mother was Susan Coates from Eddie's Cove East, and she spoke a form of Old English. Her language was beautiful and sing-song. When I think of the way she spoke, I feel our new, modern language is intruding on the old and is not nearly as beautiful to listen to.



Figure 58 Susan Tucker 1959 grew up in Eddie's Cove East

Grenfell's Gardener

Dad was sent to college in Truro, Nova Scotia and completed a course in Agriculture and Horticulture; he came back and started the Grenfell Mission Farms, but that was the vegetable farms he was in charge of, not the cattle farms; they were a separate entity. He cleared 35 acres of land for the Grenfell Mission. As for clearing the land, I'm not sure how he did it, but it might have been with old tractors, or with horses, and he had a big crew to help with the farming.

In 1923 my father brought his wife, Susan Coates, and two children—born in Reef's Harbour—to St. Anthony; they sailed on the *Strathcona*. James and Susan Tucker had 17 children, but only 12 survived. In 1936 they had the first set of triplets born in Newfoundland, two girls, Mary and Rose, and a boy, Harold. They all died. Two of James and Mary's other children died as well, Effie Grace and Cornelia.

Captain Bill Simms and the *Strathcona*



Figure 59 Captain Bill Simms (Ted Patey photo)

The captain of the *Strathcona* was Bill Simms. Nobody ever called him Bill, or Uncle Bill; he was always Captain Bill Simms. He was a big man with a hand like a baseball glove, and you didn't mess with him. He cussed on me one time. It was my own fault; I suppose I was about 11 or 12 years old. I was walking down the back path behind the greenhouse. I figured it was my property, and that Dad owned it. My buddies were with me and I wanted to show off a bit. Captain Bill was doing some blasting at the time, and he was using the air compressor. When he saw me coming, he said, "Now! You fellows go back the way you came."

I wasn't going to take that. "No, sir, we're going this way!" I said.

"You saucy little so-and-so!" he said.

Well, you want to see a guy move! Me and my buddies, we ran like blazes, and we got away from him. He might have wrung my neck if he'd caught me. In those days though, people in the community liked other adults to put their kids in line. They did the same for you and you did the same for them.

Working on the Farm: a family occupation

Our family lived on the IGA farm, and all the boys in our family worked on the farm. Today, the houses that have been built above the cottage hill are located where the gardens used to be (refer to my map and legend, attached).

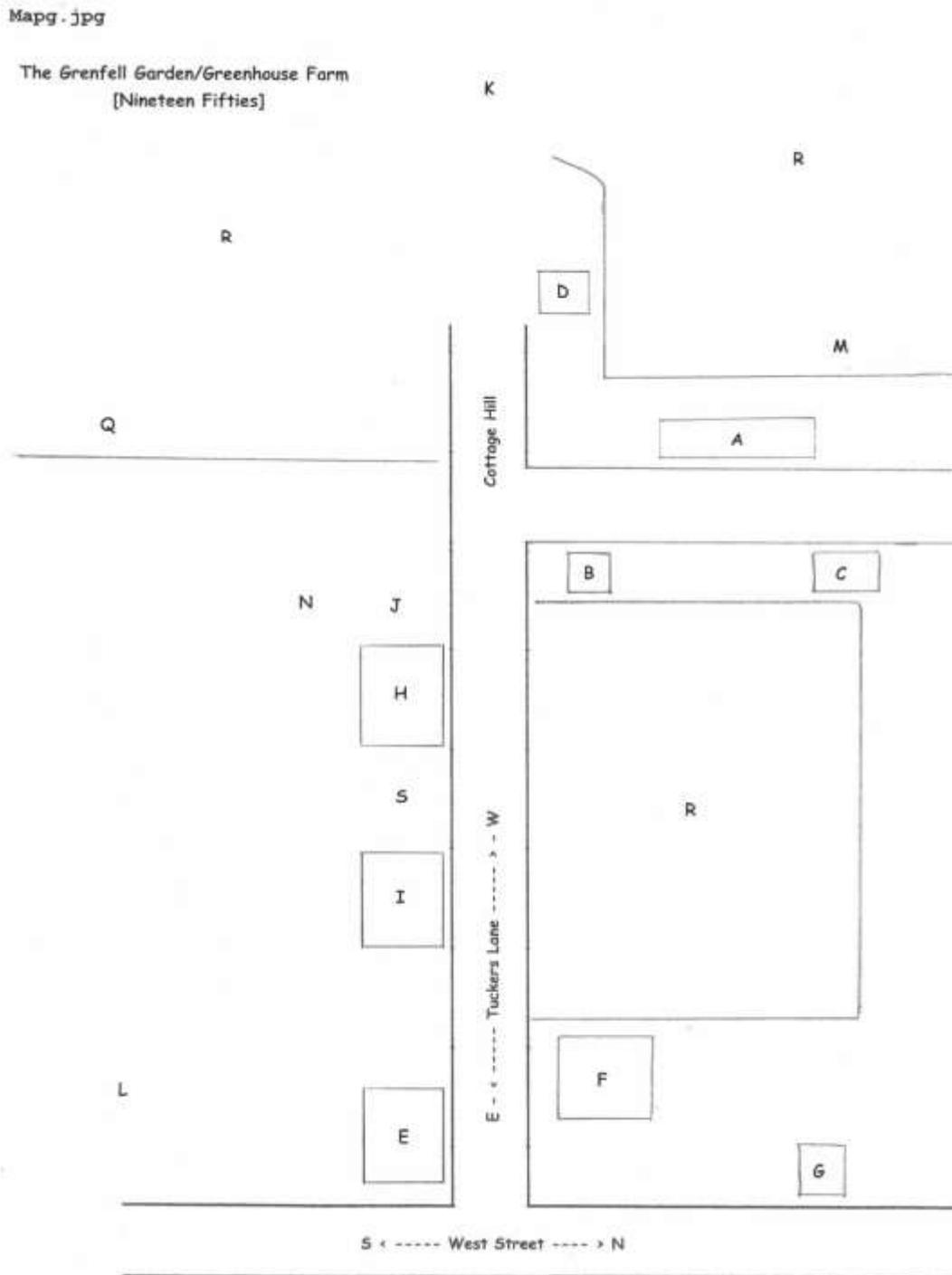


Figure 60 Map of the Farm drawn by Watson Tucker

A lot of people had dog teams to haul their wood, but my father didn't have to haul wood by dog team because he never cut wood; our house was fueled with coal. We were one of the first houses in St. Anthony to have electricity on this side of the harbour because we got our electrical power from the Mission.

Where the high school apartments are now...that used to be all gardens. In those gardens we grew tomatoes, parsley and cucumbers, as well as all the traditional vegetables such as potatoes, turnip, carrots, and cabbage. My father even grew pumpkins in the greenhouse.

I often ate tomatoes and cucumbers in the greenhouse with a bit of salt and pepper, although I wasn't supposed to. We got caught one time by Dr. Curtis. He was a nice old man, though very grumpy, but that was his way. So, one day Dr. Curtis walked into the greenhouse just as my brother Bill plucked a tomato off the vine and was sinking his teeth into it. Bill turned white. Curtis looked at Bill kind of sternly and said, "They're good for you, Billy-boy, you eat lots of them." And he walked out. And Bill breathed a sigh of relief.



Figure 62 The Greenhouse.

Dr. Curtis 'took it like a lamb'

When I was 12 or 13, I learned to drive a tractor. Garfield Pilgrim at the Bight was the driver at the time, and he taught me to drive. I was so proud of myself. Anyway, I wanted to show off a bit, so one day I walked down, me and my buddy, Raymond Elliott. And Dr. Curtis was standing there talking to Pascoe Simms and Albert Styles. I walked up to Dr. Curtis—I was a big, tough guy, see; I was 12 years old—and said, "Sir, I'd like to get aboard that tractor for a while, please."

He said, "What!"

"I want to get aboard the tractor for a while. I want to take her for a drive around the harbour."

He took it like a lamb.

"Bah!" He said.

Needless to say, I didn't drive the tractor that day.

The St. Anthony Sports Day

Sports day was a big event when I was a boy.

Mom and Dad used to give us a handful of pennies, nickels, dimes and quarters to put in our pocket. Down at the Mission Wharf you could buy candied apples, soft drinks, coffee; you could watch the dog team races or get involved in pillow fights, which were a lot of fun.

At the Grenfell School, in the evening, students would be showing off their work, and there was a room set up for movies. I remember one old guy; he'd get drunk and preach. If you heard him preach it'd make your hair stand on end. If you were a sinner you'd be saved. He'd come out of the Grenfell School in the evening, get drunk, and start preaching the gospel. He'd make you see your sins, but he didn't care to have his own sins pointed out. He was a small man, but he could walk with four bags of cement under his arms; you didn't mess with him, he was as tough as nails.



Figure 63 St. Anthony Sports Day 1962 Dog team races.

Dog Team Races

I never participated in the dog team races, but I always watched them faithfully.

During the races the dog teams all circled the harbour a number of times...it was really exciting. All the teams would start at the same time and dog team drivers had to be careful if they were overtaking another team that didn't get snarled in the other team's traces. It was very exciting and there were lots of teams, lots of barking dogs and lots of spectators.

Hezekiah Patey used to win a lot of dog team races.

Some people treated their dogs like people; their dogs were their family. These were working dogs of course; they hauled firewood and went from town to town if necessary; but some treated their dogs very well.

Not all people were good to their dogs

But not all people were good to their dogs. I was walking by Pomeroy's Store in winter time, a man was there whipping his lead dog and I stood it as long as I could, I was only about 14 at the time. The dog was bleeding, and that made me very angry. I made myself like a ball of flesh, and I banged him right in the gut and sent him flying. He came up with the whip in his hand, but my brother Jim came along, and Jim was a big man.

And Buddy said to Jim, 'It's my dog.'

Jim said, "Don't go treating your dog like that."

The man said, 'Okay, sir.'

And that was the end of it.

“Lazy as a cut dog”

Have you heard the expression, ‘lazy as a cut dog’? Do you know where that came from? A dog team driver, if he wanted to find which dog was lazy, would reach out with a stick and touch the trace; if the trace was taut, the dog was pulling; if it was slack, the dog was just keeping up with the other dogs, but not pulling. He was a lazy dog; of no use to the driver or the team. If a dog on a team wouldn’t pull his own weight, the trace was cut and the dog was off the team.

Why a team of dogs is better than a snowmobile

Dogs are intelligent; a snowmobile is only a machine. If you’d trained your dogs properly and treated them well, they would often help you find your way in a storm, or assist you if you were in trouble. A machine would never do that.

This is a true story about a man from named Francis Pilgrim, who lived in St. Carols before he moved to St. Anthony. He had a team of dogs. We used to call him ‘Snock’ because he always carried a cane and he’d ^{xiii}snock you on the head with it.

Once he was chopping wood around Frenchman’s Pond and was cutting a tree down when he missed the tree and struck his leg with the axe. He fell across his ^{xiv}komatik, unconscious. Do you know where he woke up? ...not at St. Carols...he woke up at the St. Anthony hospital. His dogs brought him to the hospital.

Cabbages, Compost, and Cultivation

Through my father, Jim Tucker, and his knowledge of agriculture and horticulture, Grenfell introduced cabbage to communities on the Northern Peninsula.



Figure 64 View of harbour entrance and the garden 1958. The garden is in the location of the IGA Thomas House, in 2013 the home of Doctors William & Trudy Fitzgerald.

I probably started working on the farm in the early 1950s when I was about ten years old. While my buddies were taking holidays from school, I was planting cabbage plants and hoeing and cultivating. My mother, aside from her domestic duties with our family, was in charge of selling cabbage plants. She'd be on her knees all the time in the greenhouse, picking out plants. If someone came to buy a dozen plants, and if some of the plants were a little poor, she'd put a couple extra in at no cost. She was known for that. She also sold turnip seeds at 25 cents an ounce.



Figure 65 The Tucker home, 1960.

The produce from the farm was not for commercial use; it supplied fresh vegetables to the hospital, to the orphanage, to the doctors' houses, and to the man who took care of the cattle and the piggery. Some of the cabbage seedlings were shipped to southern Labrador, Englee, and over to Canada Bay. Many times I had the wheelbarrow with four or five boxes of plants in it, wheeling it down to the wharf to a fisherman in his boat, so he could take them back to his community to plant them there. Everything grown at the farm was grown strictly for the Grenfell Mission, except for the cabbage plants, which were sold to the general public.

Plants were fertilized with cow manure. Kelp and capelin were not used, necessarily, because there was always plenty of manure, and Dad had a compost pile as well, and added compost to the gardens. When we worked around the compost pile we had to wear a wet bandanna around our noses because the compost was ripe.

His name is Jim...not Jimmy

One time my brothers Bill and Karl were working in the basement of the greenhouse and they were shoveling cow manure into flats and a nurse from the Mission came around the corner and asked, "Is Jimmy around?"

Bill said, "Who?"

"Jimmy!" she reiterated.

Bill picked up a forkful of cow manure and tossed it at her, clear across her mouth.

"You filthy, filthy boys," she cried.

She learned her lesson; she never called my father Jimmy again. Jimmy was a name for a boy; not for a man like my father.

My father was very strict, but never cruel. We were made to go to church, and I thank him for that. He never took me by the ear, but he suggested very strongly that I go to church. He was a good Christian man who wore his faith on his sleeve.

Uncle Tom Tucker and Old Jack Smith

Uncle Tom Tucker was my boss many times, and he worked with my father for many, many years. If we slacked off working, he'd remind us to get busy. The guy didn't stop...he'd roll up a cigarette using Target tobacco, light it up, put it in his mouth, and grab the hoe and start working again. He always said the same thing: "This will never do." And he'd go back to work, and I'd have to go back to work too.

Another man that worked with Dad many years was Jack Smith from Raleigh; he wore a patch on his eye. We called him Old Jack Smith. He used to come over and he'd live in the greenhouse. It was all glass, and he had a bed in the corner of the greenhouse, and a stand for his lamp. And that's where he slept at night.

Grenfell and Jim Tucker



Figure 66 L-R Jim Tucker & Grenfell.

Though there was a 30-year age difference between Dr. Grenfell and my father, and even though Grenfell was a staunch Anglican and my father was a staunch Methodist, they got along really, really well. As a matter of fact, Grenfell helped my father build his house.

Grenfell's last visit to St. Anthony was in 1939. I have a picture of him and my dad shaking hands on the wharf. It was Grenfell's last visit.



Figure 67 The United Church under construction 1959.



Figure 68 Jim and Susan Tucker.

Not everyone appreciated Grenfell's work

St. John's had nothing on the St. Anthony hospital. We had doctors from all over the world: Germans, Australians, British, South Africans, and Canadians (Newfoundland was still independent then). Many of the doctors were experts; they came here to train and to practice their profession. Grenfell was a great surgeon himself, although he stepped out of his practice to raise money for the Mission.

Grenfell had the best hospital in Eastern Canada. People came over from Halifax for surgery. Even within the last 35 or 40 years they've come from St. John's for CT Scans. Corner Brook, all of Labrador, even Goose Bay, came here to St. Anthony. Some of the first heart surgery procedures in the world were done in St. Anthony.



Figure 69 Grenfell Hospital 1930

When Dr. Thomas was here, they even had a dog lab. Dr. Thomas took hearts out of dogs, worked on them, and put them back in again. And the dog walked away. That was one form of research that was done here.

The Grenfell Mission: It's all being stripped away

The St. Anthony hospital was a good general hospital, but it's all being slowly stripped away. We had an air ambulance, and now that's gone. In South America and Europe they're using the same methods for Air Ambulances we used here. Take the old hospital; it's still there, but you can't see it anymore. It's under that dirty old steel: it was made of sand and brick, and the bricks were made locally. It was a beautiful hospital; it isn't anymore; someone should restore it to its original condition.



Figure 70 Boat on dry dock.

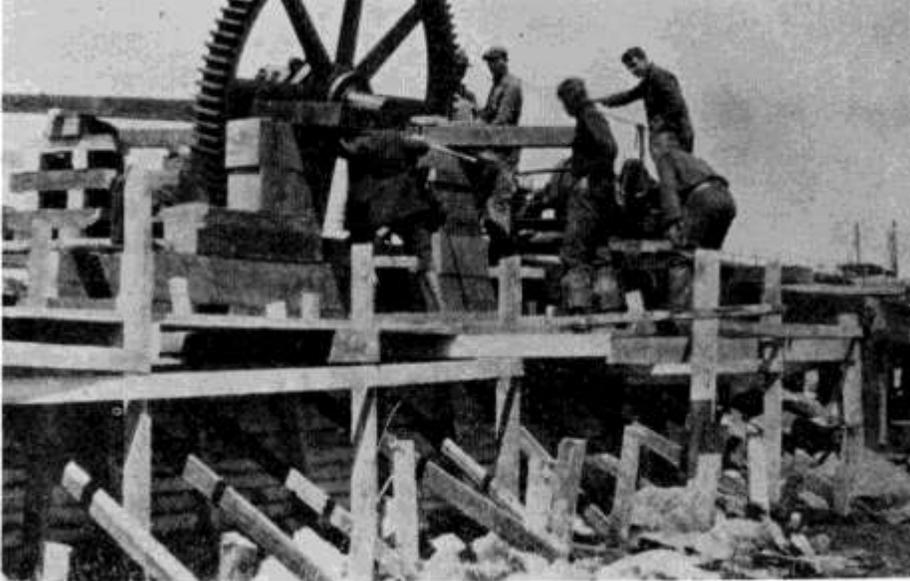


Figure 71 Grenfell Dock house construction.

Anne Grenfell

Anne Grenfell was a good friend of my parents, and many of my brothers and sisters spent nights over there with the Grenfell kids. I never knew the Grenfell family personally because Sir Wilfred and Lady Anne died before I was born (Anne in 1938 and Wilfred in 1940), but my older brothers and sisters, and the Grenfell children, were in and out of each other's houses on a regular basis.



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Figure 72 View from Anne Grenfell's garden. According to Mr. Tucker, Anne Grenfell loved lupines; her garden was full of them.

Jim Tucker wrote sermons in the greenhouse



Figure 73 Jim Tucker often wrote his sermon notes in the greenhouse

I sometimes think if my dad had been born in Chicago or New York he would have been a lawyer or a state leader. He was a genius.

As a lay preacher he wasn't what some would call a fiery preacher, although he did pound the pulpit with his fist occasionally. He used to write his sermons in the greenhouse. I found them and tried to read them, but I can't make out what he wrote...the words are written in waves...but he wrote them all by hand.

My father retired from the Grenfell Mission in the mid-60s. He died in 1980 and my mother died in 1985, and they are buried at the cemetery at Fishing Point.

Grenfell's daughter, Rosamond

Grenfell's daughter, Rosamond (the youngest of his three children, born in 1917), attended the reunion in St. Anthony in 1992. At the reunion Rosamond took Watson's wife Mary to one side and said, "I'm going to tell you something, but don't tell the family until I'm out of town."

Mary agreed to Rosamond's request.

Rosamond told Mary that when she was a little girl, Watson's mom had chickens. She used to go down to the henhouse; there was just enough space for her to crawl under the wire; she would crawl under and take two fresh eggs every morning and take them back home for her mom to cook.

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- ⁱ A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland and especially Labrador for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood.
- ⁱⁱ A party or celebration, especially a communal gathering with dancing, entertainment, a SCOFF.
- ⁱⁱⁱ The practice of visiting houses disguised as a mummer at Christmas.
- ^{iv} Dancing vigorously in the kitchen on floors made of planks
- ^v Skittish, belligerent; unpredictable, dangerous.
- ^{vi} Sealskin.
- ^{vii} A leather boot with rubber foot, reaching below the knee, and used for woods or winter wear.
- ^{viii} Liquid made by steeping the bark and 'buds' of conifers to preserve fish-nets, sails, etc.
- ^{ix} To fish by jerking an unbaited, weighted hook sharply upwards through the water where cod, squid, etcetera, are swarming.
- ^x Volunteer worker from other countries doing odd jobs at the International Grenfell Mission, Labrador. The work of these 'wops,' or summer workers, usually students, was WithOut Pay.
- ^{xi} A scow, in the original sense, is a flat-bottomed boat with a blunt bow, often used to haul bulk freight; barge. The etymology of the word is from the Dutch schouwe, meaning such a boat.
- ^{xii} A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland and esp Labrador for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood; ESKIMO SLED.
- ^{xiii} To hit, strike.
- ^{xiv} A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland and esp Labrador for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood.