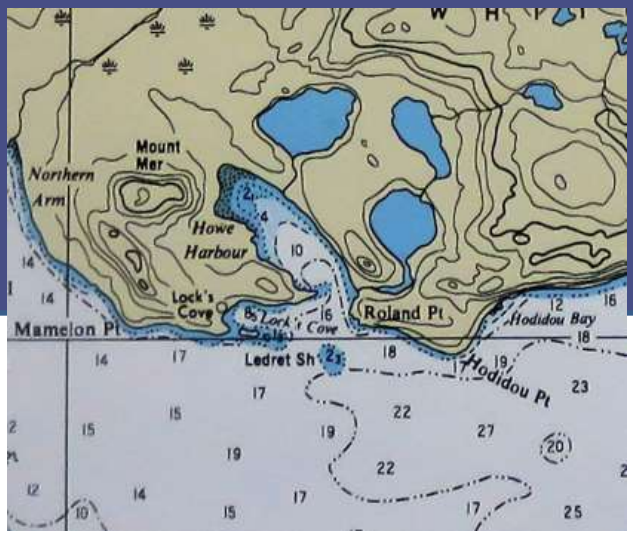

Mount Mer
Northern Arm
Howe Harbour
Lock's Cove
Lock's Cove
Roland Pt
Hodidou Bay
Mamelon Pt
Ledret Sh
Hodidou Pt

Lock's Cove

Ray Elliott
Lock's Cove

Ray Elliott's cabin at Lock's Cove

Ray Elliott gives a short history of Lock's Cove

"In 1872 or 1873 the vessel *Lapwing* sailed around the coastal communities of Newfoundland, and in Lock's Cove at that time there lived my great-grandfather Eli Elliott, the Fennemores, Pittmans, Carrolls, Pateys and Rowbottoms. Although these were the established families, the Rowbottoms didn't stay very long and by the time I was born the Fennemores had left," remembers Ray Elliott.

"My great-grandfather Eli came from England sometime around 1830. His son Benjamin (my grandfather) was born in Hare Bay, close to Main Brook, and Benjamin's son Eli was my father. I was born and grew up in Lock's Cove.

In 1918 there were two trap crews at Lock's Cove.

When I was nineteen, I went away to train at a marine diesel school, and after that I worked on the Great Lakes. A number of years after that I moved back to Lock's Cove, but by the time I got home everybody was ready to leave."

On his return to Newfoundland, Ray tried his hand at fishing and working at sawmills, and ruefully recalls, "If you didn't starve to death fishing, well, then you starved to death working at the sawmill. I enjoyed both fishing and working with wood, but there was no money it in," he recalls.

And so, less than a hundred years after his great-grandfather Eli had settled the community, families moved away and Lock's Cove had all but disappeared from the map.

View from the Cemetery, which is on the island (behind the photographer). Circa 1960

Placement of houses and outbuildings at Lock's Cove (pictured above)
Clockwise from bottom left:

- The first house belonged to Absalom Elliott and son Wilfred, daughter Dora; their fishing stage and wharf. Boats up to about 38' long were built in the stage.
- Lot Elliott's house
- His son Earnest's house
- His son George and their fishing stores and twine loft
- Walter Short and his fishing property. Also a wharf and stage by Harry Coates and his son Andrew
- John Lemaire's wharf and stage
- The Carroll property: Thomas, and sons William and Joseph
- Walter Powell: stepson to Eli Elliott

Families in Lock's Cove prior to Resettlement

In 1967 at the time when Lock's Cove was resettled, some of the families in the community were:

- Joseph Carroll (he had just moved into a new house); his son Thomas (living in his father's old house with a foundation for a new house started); son George; and daughter Bertha (married to Augustus Decker).
- William Carroll and son Herbert
- Chesley Short
- Max Short
- Harry Coates and son Andrew
- James Puddicombe, who was single
- John Lemaire and George Lemaire (both families lived in the same house).

Local Names

Howe Harbour on the map was called Northern Arm by local fishers.
Northern Arm on the map was called Northwest Arm by local fishers.
Manelon Point on the map is called Northwest Point by local fishers.
Hodidou Bay on the map is called Northern Head by local fishers.

Frederick Elliott's house in Lock's Cove before he moved into St. Anthony in 1954. A prospector's camp is in the right forefront.

Trap Berths at Lock's Cove

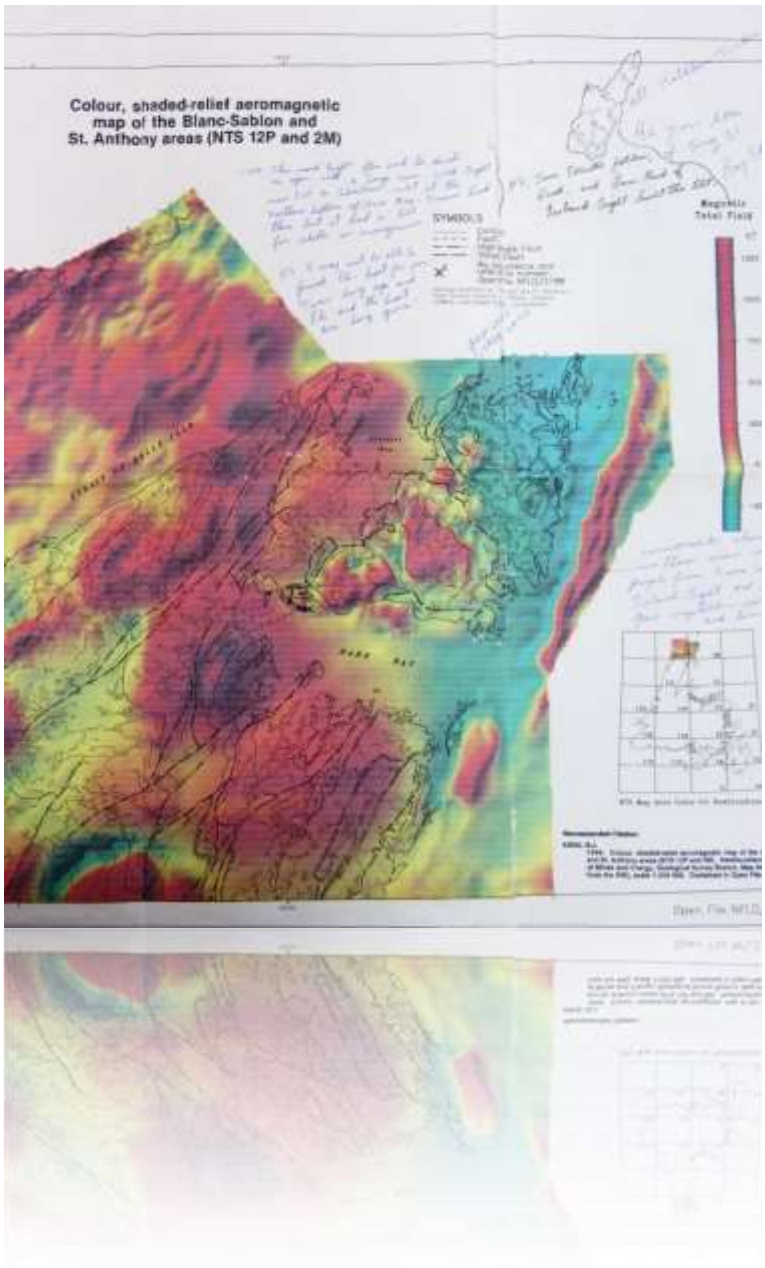
1. Grassy Island
2. Gates' Cove was used only once in July 1957 when the ice came in.
3. Little Rock. Hodidou Bay. (Northern Head, locally)
4. Island Rock (sometimes called Salmon Rock) north of Beachy Cove.
5. Beachy Cove
6. Island Rock (south of Beachy Cove)
7. Little Rock at Northern Head (deep water berth) 16 fathoms.
8. Three Brooks. There were three little brooks that ran over a cliff 300' high (not a regular berth).
9. Eli Elliott's berth.
10. Fannell's berth (the berth everybody wanted). It may have had some association with schooner folk.
11. Island Rock, Northern Cove.
12. Northern Cove Shoal (berth was set from the shoal).

Trap crews that Ray remembers in his day were:

- Tom Carroll, and sons Bill and Joe;
- George and Lot Elliott and their two sons;
- Walter Short, John Lemaire and Ches Short.

A good summer's fishing

"If you had four men and you had 200 quintals of light-salted fish, dried, that was a bench line; you could get more, or less, but 200 was a good number to finish off the season with."



This is a prospectors map of the St. Anthony area, with Ray's notes.

A Matter of Sunday

--by Ray Elliott

Only a madman and a fool!

Time, one summer in the 1950s. Father had his codtrap at a place called Point of the Tickle.

Max and Father were rowing out the main mooring in a dory against a strong west wind. Max pulled on the oars and Father untangled the rope and sometimes helped by pushing on the oars. He struggled to stay standing as the flat-bottomed boat pitched and plop-plopped over the sharp waves. After a while, making little headway, Father blurted, 'Only a madman and a damned fool would try this in this wind!'

Max grunted at the oars, looked up at him and said, 'Well, sir, it's only and you and me here!'

We could save the trap on Sunday…

One Sunday an iceberg drifted into the trap. We went, with help from neighbours, and hauled the trap aboard our trap skiff. There was a load of cod in the trap; it was put in a cod bag to keep it alive and towed to our wharf where it was left until Monday. We could save the trap on Sunday, but not process the fish.

An uneasy conscience

While building a tilt at Lock's Cove, I could see directly into the graveyard on Lock's Island. A few headstones shone white in the summer sun. With an uneasy conscience I surmised the old people were definitely gone somewhere—Heaven, I hope and pray.

If not, they would have risen from their graves and marched across the tickle and grabbed me, my hammer, my bag of felt nails, and my roll of felt and thrown the whole caboodle into the cove.

The New Boat
By Ray Elliott

This is the story of a man named Eli, who built himself a boat. Unfortunately the author, Ray Elliott, did not finish writing the story…but there is so much of local history captured in Elliott's story, so many lost details of a past way of life included here, that this unfinished story simply has to be published. It reads like a good fiction novel, but it is a true depiction of life in Lock's Cove, Hare Bay, Northern Newfoundland, long ago.

Those of you who have ever built your own boat; those of you who lived in obscure communities on Newfoundland's rugged coastline, will identify with the value of Ray Elliott's depiction of a community where every man crafted his life with his own bare hands.

This (unfinished) story is a true gem.

The New Boat

An upgrade became necessary. Eli had his old 4-horsepower Atlantic carried into the store room where it sat like a tired midget beside the spanking-new eight Imperial. The 24' boat that was powered by the four Atlantic was too small for the eight Imperial. It laid bottom-up, secured for the winter and in need of repairs.

The same evening when the water was high, all Lock's Cove males over 14 years old assembled to haul his boat out of the water and turn her bottom-up on two crosspieces, so that no part touched the ground. They did the same for every [i]skiff in the harbour. Smaller boats did not need such a large crowd, a neighbour or two was sufficient help.

Eli planned the larger skiff he would build between now, November and May of next year. Besides a 30-foot skiff to build, firewood had to be cut and hauled, seal nets worked and fishing gear made ready for next summer. He would also snare a hundred or so rabbits in the forests around Lock's Cove. Walter and Donald would help; they could also earn a few dollars cutting pulpwood for Bowater's in the Main Brook area.

With his new skiff in mind, he trudged up a road leading to Big Hill. November frost crackled with each step. He had a sharp axe in one hand, a garden shovel in the other. The shovel he carried over his shoulder as he would usually carry his shot gun. Coming to a branch angling right from the Northwest Point trail he followed it toward Dog Pond. Dog Pond, a good place to catch small trout in the spring, lay narrow along the bottom of Bill Hill. Densely wooded and steep on the western side of the pond, it looked down on Dog Pond Marsh, on the eastern side, a good place to pick [ii]bakeapples in August. Today, Eli wasn't interested in trout or bakeapples.

Roots holding up trees growing vertically from the steep hill angled sharply from the tree trunks. Those roots, or 'moors' as Eli called them, were strong, even-grained crooks, excellent for making frames for his new trap skiff. He searched the hillside, shoveling away mud from the roots of the promising trees. When he found one to his liking he first chopped off the moor, long enough for the sides of his planned boat. The trunk was then cut, low in the ground, making the

chopping difficult. When the tree fell he cut off the trunk long enough for the bottom of his boat. It could take an hour of hard work to do this; chips lay scattered all around, the stump resembling a cavity where a tooth had been removed more than a regular tree stump. When finished he had what he called a 'timber'. He carried the timber on his back to the edge of the pond or somewhere where he could get it with his dog team at first snowfall.

His day had produced three timbers. If the mill got two planks per timber, and he got one full frame per plant, he had the makings of three frames. He needed thirty. Frames forward of the fore hook were almost straight and he could find those gentle bends in tree trunks which were easy to find and cut. One timber he saw that day, late in the evening, he did not cut. It had a moor almost square with the trunk, possibly good for a counter knee. They were hard to find. They were cut differently from frame timbers; the elbow must be left on maintaining the square corner. There must be a total absence of rot; many timers had rot in the heart at ground level. He would check this one out another day.

On his way home he set, or [iii]tailed, in Lock's Cove jargon, two rabbit snares. Eli called them [iv]slips. He met Tom Carroll who was walking home after cutting [v]grout before the snow covered it.

"I tailed a couple of slips." Eli said, "Looks like there are a few rabbits this fall."

"Yes," Tom replied, "I tailed one slip yesterday and had a rabbit this morning."

"Cut three timbers today and I may have found a counter knee, if it isn't rotten," Eli offered.

"Cut a really crooked black spruce," Tom continued. "I'll give it to you for a breast hook." He referred to a V-shaped crook fitted to the stem and top planking holding the planks and stem together. They conversed as they walked to Lock's Cove, where Tom branched off, going to his house in the bottom of the cove. Eli continued on to the point near the [vi]tickle. They had married sisters.

Eli was an enigma on two legs; a hard-working, sober, unselfish neighbourly man who helped anyone he could; an intelligent person. He was a fine outdoorsman and trapper who in his youth travelled alone for weeks in the country, catching lynx, fox, otter and muskrat (Foxes were snared).

One fall he partnered with Walter Short, a young family man, to snare foxes around Hare Bay. With the use of a rowboat, Walter's job was to row the boat by the shore as Eli walked it, tailing fox slips in appropriate places, and to pick up Eli when necessary.

On this fall season he rowed around Hare Bay primarily to cut timbers for his new boat. He tailed a fox slip in the best and most accessible places. A fox pelt could bring ten dollars, enough money to buy nails and [vii]oakum. Every timber cut before the snow came saved time and effort. After snow was on the ground every potential tree trunk had to be shovelled to expose the moor to see if it was suitable. Most trees were not, which meant shovelling many snow holes for nothing.

"We're going in the bay tomorrow," he told step-son Walter, who was in his late teens at the time. "Load some of those brass shells with number two shot."

Eli had a ten-gauge double-barrelled shotgun. He had a quantity of brass shells that could be reloaded. The shells were old.

That night Walter selected half a dozen shells and knocked the used caps out of them with a punch and hammer. He got enough new caps from the small tin box with the tight pressed over lid. The caps were carefully hammered into the centre base end of the shells. He got the powder tin and filled the shells half full with black powder. Small wads of tarry oakum, the kind used for caulking boats, were punched down firmly on the powder, using a close-fitting wooden punch and hammer. From a shot bag Walter poured enough lead shot to fill the shells nearly full. Another wad of oakum was pressed lightly onto the shot. He put the loaded shells in a sealskin pouch. The ammo was now ready for their trip in the bay.

Although his main purpose was to cut boat timbers, Eli always carried his gun. There were [viii]doaters, ducks and [ix]turrs that provided many nutritious meals for his family.

Stars were gleaming in the chill November sky when they launched their punt next morning. Shovel, axe, grub-bag were put aboard, then the ever-present shotgun was placed across the [x]thwarts and the shell bag placed conveniently by.

They shoved off the beach, slipped rope [xi]witts over their paddles and hooked them over the [xii]thole pins. Sitting on the thwarts, Eli forward, Walter aft, they maneuvered the punt in a tight right turn. He always turned his boat 'with the sun' in the morning; after that it didn't matter. Dipping their paddles in unison they pulled hard, driving their small craft silently into the breaking dawn.

The shoreline passed dimly in the half light. When a red glow appeared in the eastern sky, from the soon-rising sun, he often twisted his body around to see what was ahead, perhaps a turr or a pigeon. They sat facing aft, pulling on their paddles, keeping a straight wake, and using some landmark behind them for orientation.

By the time they passed Northwest Point the sun almost peeped over Goose Cape. In the dawn's half-light they saw companies of turrs flying by. Keeping out of shotgun range, the seabirds were having their morning fly. Later they would pitch in the calm waters of the bay. Eli began to see their trip as a turr hunting expedition instead of cutting timbers. After passing the Point they rowed across the bay toward Wild Bight.

Turrs avoid land. They prefer the open ocean. Rarely do they fly into Hare Bay. The sun rose as Eli and Walter rowed away from land toward the center of the bay. The rising sun was a signal for the turrs to [xiii]pitch on the water to dive and fish. Companies of five to 20 birds were soon visible on the water.

Eli stood looking around at groups of birds within easy rowing distance. He sat on the [xiv]midship thwart, seeing ahead, pushing his paddles instead of pulling them.

"Pass the shells," he told Walter.

Walter passed the sealskin pouch with the half-dozen shells he had loaded last night.

"You should have loaded more," Eli said, a bit testily.

Walter did not answer.

"I should have told you to load 20." He assumed some of the blame for not being prepared for this opportunity to get a supply of meat for the fall and winter. It was getting cold enough to hang the birds in his unheated storeroom; the frost would preserve them.

They rowed quietly with as little splashing of paddles as possible toward a group of birds. Eli fired one barrel of his double barrel ten-gauge. Three turrs turned over, their plump white bellies indicating birds in prime condition. With great care he fired his six loads in less than an hour's hunting. Fifteen turrs now lay in the bottom of the punt. The sealskin pouch was empty. Eli cursed to himself.

"We'll go back and pick those and load more shells for tomorrow."

They headed toward Lock's Cove as a westerly wind began to ruffle the water. The increasing breeze helped them along, companies of turrs in their path either dived or rose a-wing as the boat bore down on them. Eli cursed again. Walter remained silent.

Close to mid-day they arrived home, unexpectedly. Lot Elliott came down to the beach to see what happened. News of the turrs soon spread and several boats went hunting.

They didn't do well. The westerly wind had risen; high winds are bad for turring. The birds are hard to see, bouncing boats cause poor marksmanship, and rowing became difficult.

Eli prepared for the next day, loading 20 brass shells; all he had. Alice, his wife, picked the turrs with help from Walter and Donald. They cleaned them, saving hearts and livers. The short fall day passed; in darkness they hung the carcasses from beams in their unheated storeroom. Squalls rattled the door and whispered in the building's eaves. Their kerosene lantern flickered in the gusts as they walked from the store to the house. Seashore [xv]rote, like distant muffled drumming, signalled a turbulent ocean. Weather-wise, tomorrow did not promise good turring or rowing in the bay to cut timbers.

They awoke next morning to soughing wind around the house. The opportunity to get a supply of turr meat no longer existed. Westerly winds drove the birds out of the bay. Eli knew that. He also knew that the chance may not come again this fall. The timber cutting trip was cancelled because of the wind. Frost followed westerlies, freezing landing coves in the bay. The windy morning dawned clear and frosty. Whitecaps rolled along the shoreline where they had rowed in

calm water yesterday. Streaks of [xvi]slob ice, like oil on water, dappled the rollers. Today he would walk again to Big Hill to see about the tree that might have a counter knee in its roots.

He selected a piece of light salted, sun-cured cod from the watering bucket and put it in a pan of boiling water on the cast iron Improved Ensign wood stove. This product was the equivalent of cheese compared to milk when compared with fresh cod. 'Shore cure' it was called, requiring skilled processing and some luck for proper sun-curing: a staple breakfast in many households, it was quick-cooking and eaten with bread and butter or margarine. SOLO margarine, a common brand, was made from marine oils in a St. John's factory.

He packed a lunch, partridgeberry jam bread, some loose tea in a baking powder tin, a cup and a tin can for a kettle; ingredients for a [xvii]boil-up later in the day.

He had one rabbit in the slips he had tailed a couple of days ago. Passing where Tom cut grout, he heard the axe ring, but did not see him. He thought of going to get the breast hook Tom promised him, but decided to get it on the way home in the evening. It was probably about ten or fifteen pounds weight and he could carry it. Having it home, he could shape it with his axe in his free time. Breast hooks were small timbers and dangerous to cut on a saw mill. It's been known for a small timber to hook the saw, throwing it at the sawyer with great force. All this was going through his mind as he walked to the tree he hoped would make a set of two counter knees.

Digging around its moor was easy; it grew along the ground. After cutting the moor he started on the opposite side. Here the cutting was difficult because the corner usually chopped off on a regular timber must be left on. For the first time this day the wind helped him. After cutting several roots holding the tree up, a hard squall sent it crashing to the ground. Some judicious chopping proved an absence of rot. Eli had his hard-to-find counter knees.

Lot Elliott and Tom Carroll had sawmills, powered by six-horsepower Acadia stationary engines. The engine had one horizontal cylinder. Cooling was achieved by having a tank around the cylinder that was filled with water. Combustion heat boiled the water and released it as steam from the open tank top. No pumps or heat exchangers were used. A governor mechanism actuated a device that held the valves open when the RPM became excessive. This only happened when there was no load on the engine. Two large flywheels kept spinning until the speed reduced to a point where the governor released the valve-depressing device and firing again sent the RPM soaring. When sawing lumber the sawyer kept sufficient load on the engine to reduce its speed. The sawyer could easily stall the engine by pushing too hard on the log. Everywhere in Lock's Cove the chug, chug, chug—silent intervals—then chug, chug, chug, could be heard when the mill was operating. When the whine of a saw cutting a log permeated the airwaves the engine's laborious chug, chug, chug, chug, was continuous.

Eli had cut a few timbers around Northern Arm and brought them by boat to Lot Elliott's mill. He built it close to the seashore for that purpose. His son, George, made money sawing the many pulp [xviii]junks that were lost by the Bowater's operation at Main Brook. Those four-foot lengths drove ashore around Hare Bay and made good fence palings. George sold hundreds of the palings in St. Anthony, transporting them in their trap skiff.

On the day Lot decided to saw the timbers, Eli was on hand to help. Boat timbers are short, forcing the sawyer and helper to stand close to the whirling blade. They are crooked and hard to hold. That made sawing timbers extremely dangerous. A split-second mistake could cause a dreadful cut or a serious injury from a piece of wood thrown from the back of the blade. They were both aware of the injuries and even deaths cause by sawmill accidents. Lot already had one hand maimed by a cut across the palm when he pushed a log through while his attention was elsewhere.

They sawed Eli's timbers without mishap. Last winter he got a keel, stem, sternpost, and transom knee; the backbone for his boat.

"I can get the midship bend and fore and aft hooks from these," he said to Lot. "I can batten her out this fall."

"Yes," Lot replied. "You'll have her all shaped out before the snow comes." He helped stack the crooked planks.

"How much do I owe you?" Eli asked.

They counted the planks. The charge for sawing crooked timber was based on the number of cuts, rather than board feet as was the rule for ordinary lumber.

Much of the common lumber was sawn on the halves; the logger took one half and the sawmill took the other half. Usually the mill owner sold his, while the loggers kept theirs for their own construction purposes. In a money-scarce economy it was a means of getting lumber without any cash outlay.

Eli spent a day clearing away his cod salting stage. He had two or three [xix]hogsheads of salt left over from last summer's fishery. It was in a [xx]pound partitioned across one corner of his stage. It could not be moved. He boarded up the door to keep sawdust and wood chips out. Most barrels and oil drums were spun noisily by tipping at an angle and wheeled onto the wharf. After a few hours clatter his stage was empty. He swept the pickle-soaked floor with a birch broom, removing loose salt that had accumulated between the barrels and was not washed out by the dousing from buckets of salt-water after the bulks of salt cod were removed. He surveyed the clean floor, an empty space about 20 feet by 40 feet, on which to build his30-foot trap skiff.

The first job was to construct a work bench along one half of one side. He made cleats to hold planking up to 20 feet long for shaping by axe and hand-plane. Two handsaws, a rip tooth and a crosscut, hung on nails driven into the wall. A timber saw also hung there; it had a narrow rip tooth blade for cutting around bends, useful for shaping the timber frames; they came from the crooked planks sawn at Lot's mill.

Eli didn't have a degree in naval architecture; in fact he could barely write his own name. A mental image of the boat he was about to build was his blueprint. A knowledge of boatbuilding passed to him from his father was his diploma in that technology. The natural crooks in his stem and timber planks dictated somewhat the shape of his craft. His sea experience with different

boats helped shape the mental image of the characteristics his boat would have. All builders had their own ideas, and every craft was one of a kind.

After the stage floor was cleared, he nailed keel blocks firmly to the floor. They were about three feet long and placed four feet apart. A taut chalkline flicked across the blocks marked a straight line. Using a carpenter's level he plumbed marks on the blocks where the chalked line was. The level was preferred rather than a square because the floor, built on wooden [xxi]shores, and subjected to the weight of tons of salt cod in the summer and frost heaving in the winter, wasn't level everywhere. His keel needed to be straight and plumb. With his crosscut handsaw he cut along those lines to a depth arrived at by measuring down from a taut string pulled right over the chalked line. Another cut made wider than the width of the keel, and the wood removed with a mallet and chisel, created grooves for the keel. He placed the keel snug against the chalked line and using wedges on the other side forced it firmly in place in the keel blocks. It would stay there until the boat was ready to be taken out of its blocks. That event, marking a time when the boat had its shape and strength installed, was two months away.

Eli had the stem and stern timbers cut last winter. He prepared those by shaping and planning them with axe and hand plane. The stem timber sawn four inches thick, same as the keel, still had bark on both sides, except for small flats to hold it upright on the saw table. To mark the curve of the stem he used a slender batten that could bend easily. With small nails outside the batten on both ends holding it, he pulled it to fit the curve of the plank. He then tacked nails along the inside holding the curve, as he drew a carpenter's pencil around the batten. He had his mark to chop excess wood away shaping and finished the outline. After this was completed he gauged the width using an adjustable square set to the width he desired. This inner surface would become a planking line along the stem after a [xxii]rabbet was cut.

Fitting the end of the stem to the keel required sawing both members as close to a fit as possible. The stem was then erected, given the desired rake and fastened to a stage beam with a vertical brace. Both stem and keel were previously marked with a center line along the top of the keel and running up the stem. A string was attached to a nail driven into the center line at the top of the stem and to another nail at the far end of the keel. A plumb-bob hung from this string was used to position the top of the stem in line with the keel. Diagonal braces from top of the stem to the stage beams held it in place. Ends of stem and keel brought together showed how close the fit was. A crosscut hand saw cut repeatedly through the join eventually made a perfect fit. Temporary clamps nailed on both sides held both members firmly together until a deadwood was fitted and bolted in place.

He also fitted an apron along the inside of the stem. When pared to fit the planking line it gave extra wood for nailing the plank ends. With the front end finished, he surveyed the stern end of his keel and the deadwood, sternpost knee and transom knee that would finish the back bone of this bat. This transom knee is not to be confused with the counter knees he cut last week by the Big Hill. They would become part of the casing, one of the last parts to finish construction. The knee he fitted here was sawn the same thickness as the keel and sternpost. Some builders planked in all of the deadwood. Eli did not. He used an extra deep piece bolted to the keel. His sternpost knee, [xxiii]tenoned into the keel, was bolted to the deadwood, the trunk end of the knee extending aft. Where he placed the transom knee on this trunk determined the length of the boat.

He planned for 30 feet, but an inch or two one way or the other did not matter. After all those parts were securely fitted and bolted together, he transferred the string to a center mark at the top of the counter knee. The plumb-bob was hung at the center of the line, midway from stem to stern. When the pointer came to the line at the centre of the keel he braced his counter knee firmly, thus lining up the whole structure in a straight line and exactly vertical. Extra bracing affixed to appropriate strong points assured him that the backbone of his craft would hold in place during the rough work of timbering and planking. He was now ready for making the transom and three bends that shaped the hull. He had enough material, gathered last winter, to do that. He also had enough long one-inch by two-inch battens to nail around the bends for getting shapes of timbers with a lead strip or a length of copper tubing. After that material was used he would have to wait until the snow came in December to get his dog team going in the woods to find more timber.

The transom, three bends and battening out takes a week or two and is important to the outcome. He paid close attention to that part of his project and thought about it, sometimes discussing it with other builders. Being strong-willed, he pretty well knew what the shapes would be. Eli gave much thought to his midship bend. It established the width. Another consideration was whether the trap skiff would be cranky or stiff. Cranky was Eli's way of describing a tender boat that could not support weight on one side without listing precariously. A cranky skiff could dip its gunnels when hauling a cod trap, especially if there was a good haul of fish adding extra weight. With all this in mind, he still had to work within the limits dictated by the natural crooks of his planks.

His desires and compromises finally made, he cut the two timers, one for either side, from the same plank. There is no bevel midships; that simplified the cut. The pieces for port and starboard were temporarily nailed together, with the hand plane he cut off the roughness made by the timber saw. The two pieces were given exactly the same shape. Both were carefully marked on top at the depth the boat would be. The heel to be fitted on the keel was cut at the right angle. Both pieces were sawn off along a vertical line from the center of the keel to the center of the boat, topsides. Both pieces now properly shaped and marked, were taken apart and laid flat on the stage floor. A crosspiece, the width of the boat was nailed on the tops of both pieces where the depth marks were. This crosspiece had its center carefully marked; a shallow saw cut emphasized the spot. Both heels were brought together; the frame was ready for fitting a floor to hold it firm. Eli used a natural crook to cut floors from; some builders used a straight wide plank. When the floor was nailed or bolted, the midship bend was ready to be installed on the keel.

The keel being already marked at one foot intervals, he erected the frame halfway between stem and stern. A plumb-bob hung from the center mark on the crosspiece indicated when the frame was vertical when the pointer came to the center of the keel. The frame was firmly braced from beams and stage floor, both vertically and horizontally. Great care was taken to ensure that it was square with the keel. This was ascertained by using an appropriate point on the keel and measuring to the top marks on the frame, both port and starboard sides being exactly the same.

When stem and stern center members were erected, the transom, Eli called it a counter, could be installed. Wide planks were nailed to stiffeners, the center left clear for attaching to the transom

knee. This made a flat surface on the outside. A center vertical line across the middle of this surface was essential for measurements and final installation. Great care was taken to have both sides alike. After the shape of one side was established, measurements were taken from center along the plank edges, transferring the shape to the opposite side. Other means, such as a template made from folded cardboard, could be used. The counter required bevelled edges, Eli established the exact bevel when fitting the battens. A naval architect, working on a level floor could find the bevel from the lines. Eli was not an architect, but his results were the same.

With the stem, the midship bend, and counter in place, the gunnel line is marked on them. That determines the depth and part of the sheer. Long battens are nailed around the topsides on those marks. The battens are used for shaping the hull, getting the sheer and for getting the shape of the timbers. A taut string always went from the center of the stem to the center of the counter when shaping the hull. It was essential for measurements to keep both sides even. When the shape and sheer was established the needed at least two more frames installed to hold battens, close together on one side, for using a mould. A mould, made from a lead strip or copper tube, was used to find the shape and bevel from the battens. Each of the 30 or so frames had different shapes and bevels.

He selected a location about halfway between the midship bend and transom for the aft hook. That was the name of the frame he installed to hold the shape for finding the shapes of the remaining ribbing. The fore hook was placed halfway between the midship bend and the stem. Those two frames were fitted with floors as was the midship bend; they were fastened to the keel or deadwood, in the case of the aft hook. Strong bracing held the skeleton in place to withstand the knocks and strains of construction. The shape of the heel of the pieces was important. They should fit on the keel and the vertical cut at the center should be precise.

On both ends of the boat the timber heels fitted against the sides of deadwoods, and that required a different cut.

One given that Eli had to contend with is warping. Wood tends to twist and later its shape. That was most pronounced in Eli's part of the world. His northern, frosty, windy, environment with its shallow soils made trees tough. They often had a condition called [xxiv]'box' in them. This 'box' tended to enhance the distortion. After he had his boat 'timbered out' his next job was planking. Different builders approached that part of the construction in different ways. Some builders put on the 'clean [xxv]strake' first; a strake of plank near the top of the boat. If the boat had much crook in her [xxvi]sheer another plank over the clean strake filled that purpose. A problem with putting on the top plank first is, it bound the tops of the timbers and any frame that warped out of shape around the side where the timbers turned had to be either cut or shimmed. Eli put his first plank about halfway down. This brought the timbers in line at that place, but the tops could be twisted in or out, caused by warping. He contended that those ends, being free, could be forced into place because the section of the timbers was small and they would bend. Most timbers retained their original shape.

After he had the middle strake and the clean strake applied he filled in the space between them. Both sides of the boat were planked evenly to maintain equilibrium. When he had done all the planking he could reach without taking the boat out of its blocks he proceeded to put in the

risings. These were narrow, long pieces about one inch by two or three inch laths of wood nailed inside to the timbers, about one foot down from topsides. On these the thwarts were laid. Some thwarts were fitted with knees to strengthen the boat.

"We're going to Tom's mill tomorrow, to look for a gunnel stick," Eli said to step-son Walter, one Sunday night.

It was a week before Christmas. People were using their dog teams; the first snows made it possible. Tom had his mill 'under the Deer Barren' was how they described it. Deer Barren being a five hundred foot hill with steep sides all around, bald on top and on the southern and eastern slopes. To the west and north were plains of spruce and fir forest which grew a short distance up the hill. Tom's mill was on the plain with steep hills close by, hence the term 'under the Deer Barren.'

As the sun rose early Monday morning they harnessed eight eager dogs. They lashed an axe, bucksaw, and a box on the [xxvii]komatik. The team, glad to escape penned confinement, galloped and barked their way through the village toward the road. The 'road' was a long hill leading to an elevation about the same as Tom's mill, a couple of miles farther along a trail. Eli sat on the komatik box, but young Walter ran up the hill holding the nose rope, helping the dogs and steering as they pulled the older man uphill. Eli tapped the box with a horn stick and encouraged the dogs; they leaned into their harnesses, whining as they slowed to a walk, wanting to run. On reaching level ground they trotted along, tongues hanging out, breathing vapour into the cold air with each exhalation.

The chug-chug-chug of a six horsepower Acadian stationary engine seemed out of place coming from the forest. Tom and his two sons were sawing lumber as the excited dogs, galloping, pulled Eli and Walter past the mill.

"Whoa!" Eli shouted. The komatik ran over their traces as the dogs stopped and began rolling in the snow. Walter slipped the traces, then unharnessed them. They ran with tails high and ears perked toward another team resting by the camp, ready to fight or frolic.

"You help Bill put logs on the bench," Eli directed his step-son, referring to Tom's younger son, who was carrying logs from a pile to the bench for sawing. "I'm going to walk in the log path to look for a gunnel stick." He left, his racquets hanging from an axe that he carried across his shoulder. Young, straight and tall (he called it [xxviii]tant) white spruce made good gunnels; it bent around the bow without breaking.

Walter, young and strong, and Bill, robust, eight or nine years older, easily carried the heaviest logs from the nearby pile to the saw bench: Walter on one end and Bill on the other. Logs thumped and bumped as they were stacked higher and higher, until Tom stopped them.

--Not the End--

Trap Berths at Lock's Cove

1. Grassy Island
2. Gates' Cove was used only once in July 1957 when the ice came in.
3. Little Rock. Hodidou Bay. (Northern Head, locally)
4. Island Rock (sometimes called Salmon Rock) north of Beachy Cove.
5. Beachy Cove
6. Island Rock (south of Beachy Cove)
7. Little Rock at Northern Head (deep water berth) 16 fathoms.
8. Three Brooks. There were three little brooks that ran over a cliff 300' high (not a regular berth).
9. Eli Elliott's berth.
10. Fannell's berth (the berth everybody wanted). It may have had some association with schooner folk.
11. Island Rock, Northern Cove.
12. Northern Cove Shoal (berth was set from the shoal).

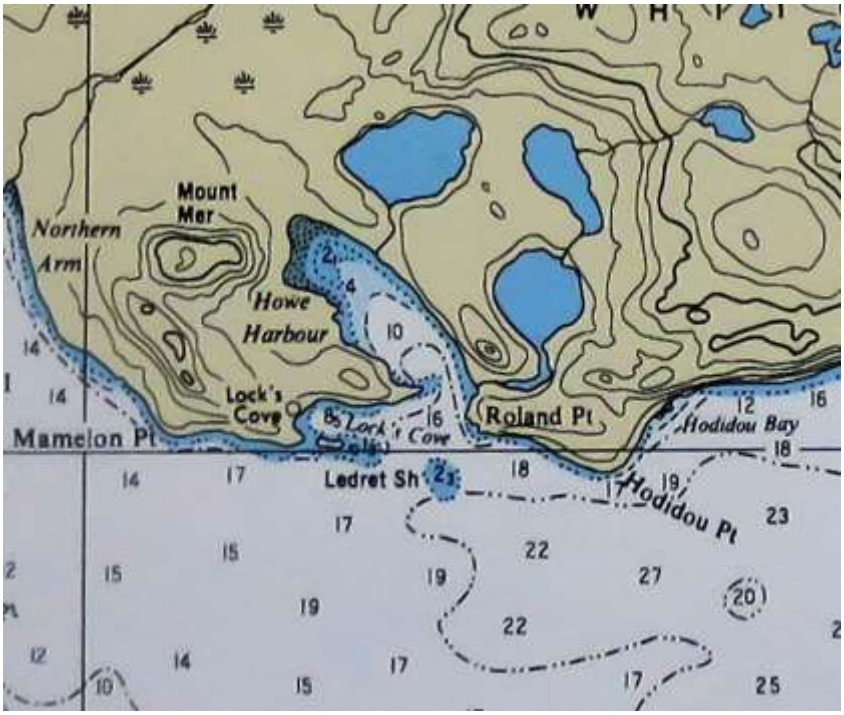


Figure 1 Lock's Cove nautical chart

[i] Skiff: A small sea-going boat, adapted to rowing and sailing.
[ii] Bakeapple: A low plant growing in bogs and producing an amber berry in late summer; cloudberry.
[iii] Tail: To bait or set a trap or snare.
[iv] Slip: A snare, arranged like a noose, to catch wild animals and birds.
[v] Grout: Small stunted wood suitable only for firewood.
[vi] Tickle: A narrow salt-water strait, as in an entrance to a harbour or between islands or other land masses, often difficult or treacherous to navigate because of narrowness, tides.
[vii] Oakum: A preparation of tarred fibre used in shipbuilding for caulking or packing the joints of timbers in wooden vessels.
[viii] Doater: Dotard n also daughter, doater, doter: Common seal, especially in its second or third year; BAY SEAL, HARBOUR.
[ix] Turr: Probably imitative of both the earlier name MURRE and the bird's note. One of several sea-birds hunted as food; Atlantic common murre; BACCALIEU BIRD.
[x] Thwart: A structural crosspiece sometimes forming a seat for a rower in a boat.
[xi] Witt: Withe (noun) also weft*, wet*, wif*, wit*, withe, with: wifte, wef. A flexible branch or root, or a rope, usually formed into a circle and used for various purposes: to hold an oar to the 'thole pin'.
[xii] Thole pin: A pin, typically one of a pair, fitted to the gunwale of a rowboat to act as the fulcrum for an oar.
[xiii] Pitch: To alight, land; to fall (from a height).
[xiv] Midship: The middle part of a vessel'; fisherman occupying the midship position in an undecked boat.
[xv] Rote: The sound of the sea, especially the noise of waves breaking on the shore.
[xvi] Slob: Heavy, slushy, densely packed mass of ice fragments, snow and freezing water, especially on the surface of the sea.
[xvii] Boil-up: A brew of tea, and sometimes a snack, taken during a rest from work in the country or on a vessel; MUG UP.
[xviii] Junk: A short log to fit a wood-burning stove or fire-place.
[xix] Hogshead: A large cask.
[xx] Pound: Variety of enclosures used for the temporary holding of fish for or during processing; PEN.
[xxi] Shore: A stout post set vertically or slanted in the ground to support a 'fishing-stage' or wharf.
[xxii] Rabbet: A step-shaped recess cut along the edge or in the face of a piece of wood, typically forming a match to the edge or tongue of another piece…"a rabbet joint".
[xxiii] Tenon: A projection formed on the end of a timber or the like for insertion into a mortise of the same dimensions.
[xxiv] Box: Descriptive of wood from certain trees, tough, gnarled.
[xxv] Strake: A continuous line of planking or plates from the stem to the stern of a ship or boat.
[xxvi] Sheer: A light longitudinal timber let into the frames just below the deck. Term: sheer strake: the uppermost plank of a wooden boat.
[xxvii] Komatik: A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood; ESKIMO SLED.
[xxviii] Tant: Of a mast, tall; straight, slender, well-proportioned.