

Historical and Personal Memories

**Reflections on Growing up in
northern Newfoundland**

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Tales of the Sea

Baxter Pilgrim
St. Lunaire-Griquet



Figure 1 Baxter Pilgrim looks out at White Cape Harbour where he has lived all his life.

“I could hardly take my eyes off the sea”

Early on the morning of Christmas Eve, 2010, Baxter Pilgrim, his wife Elva, and their son Boyd stood at their front window looking out at White Cape Harbour, scarcely believing what they were seeing. “I

could hardly take my eyes off the sea,” said Pilgrim, who was just shy of 73 years old at the time. “We watched it take large trees right off Old Man’s Nose,” says Pilgrim, describing a promontory of land at the mouth of the harbour.



Figure 2 Old Man's Nose, a promontory of land at the entrance to the harbour. The seas on Christmas Eve 2010 were anything but calm.

The tumultuous seas, a result of astronomical tides and a storm surge up to 80 cm above the norm, were propelled by 100 km/h northeast winds. Outside the bay, seas were expected to reach nine meters. This lethal combination of tides,

storm surge, and high winds uprooted trees, displaced enormous rocks and lifted stores and stages off their foundations like matchsticks, driving them into the bottom of the harbour and throwing them up onto the road, or thrusting them repeatedly, like battering rams, against shoreline infrastructure.

In all his life, Baxter Pilgrim had never seen a storm like this.



Figure 3 Elva & Baxter Pilgrim 2013

Waking up to the worst storm in living memory

Elva had gotten up sometime before eight o'clock that morning and, after one look at the harbour, wakened her son Boyd to come and see. Baxter, lying abed until almost nine o'clock, heard them exclaiming, "Oh, boy! Oh, my!" and wondered what in the world was going on. He got out of bed, made his way into the front room and, through the window, saw great big ⁱswells coming in through the harbour mouth. "Most of the ⁱⁱstages were gone, washed right off, not a thing left. I watched the sea come in and take a stage and lift it up, then another wave come in and struck it side-on, and it broke up just like a little matchbox....just flattened. On the road there were ⁱⁱⁱtraps, ^{iv}gillnets, you name it. Oh! What a mess, and all tangled up! And the roads were blocked right off with debris."



Figure 4 This shed, or stage, was ripped off its moorings and taken out to sea. Then it was driven like a huge battering ram back onto the land, crushing this boat which was in the process of being built.

Baxter wasn't too worried about debris striking his own home, but it came pretty close to his brother Hedley's house. "Over there, so far, where the land is going out, it wasn't so bad," said Baxter, "But over where Ralph Pilgrim lived, it was real bad over there." Baxter asserts that Ralph's stage might have stood up to the onslaught of sea and wind, but another stage nearby was lifted off its moorings and slammed into it, knocking it down.

"I've never seen nothing like it. There was another time when the harbour was full of ^vslob and a big sea come in and cleaned off the stages. But this one! I've never seen nothing like this in my life; I could hardly believe it. I'd look out and say, 'Boy, there's a big one coming now.' Away off, the water appeared to be as high as the headland. Sometimes I looked out and couldn't see nothing, only water, coming towards us."

The waves continued to roll in, striking the side of the breakwater and pounding over it, surging towards shore, ripping out stages and tearing out wharves.

"I never seen nothing like it, said Baxter. "Never!"

The storm continued, unabated, all day.



Figure 5 Stages battered to pieces by the storm surge.



Figure 6 The roof of a stage was carried off by the sea, then thrown back upon the land.



Figure 7 A wharf at White Cape Harbour.



Figure 8 The road took a beating as well as the infrastructure.



Figure 9 Wharves and stages were dragged out by the sea, and then tossed across the road like matchsticks onto people's properties.



Figure 10 The roof of a stage lies amongst a pile of wreckage.



Figure 11

Clearing Debris

It wasn't long before the Council sent a backhoe operator to clear the road at White Cape Harbour, but the operator would no sooner clear the debris when another storm surge would deposit fragments of a shed, a tree, fishing nets, boats, or broken timber back onto the road.

"But, you know what?" remembers

Baxter, "Instead of letting the backhoe operator do his job, people drove over to White Cape Harbour, just to take a look. There was the operator trying to clear the debris off the roads, and there were all kinds of cars on the road, getting in the way."

Between a rock and a hard place

Yet the action of the sea moved more than man-made objects. Baxter recalls, “There were boulders that had been part of the landscape for years and years and years; when I was a boy, we used to go out and hide behind them; and then rocks shifted so that some of them are now ten feet apart. I don’t know how in the world the Cape and Old Man’s Nose stood it,” he says, shaking his head.

Evacuation

The St. Lunaire-Griquet Council, after a hasty meeting, made the decision to evacuate residents because there was a high tide predicted just before midnight on Christmas Eve. With the road blocked and the only way in or out by foot, the RCMP went-door-to-door asking residents to vacate their homes in preparation for the worsening conditions. A dozen families chose to leave while a handful remained in their homes. The debris littering the shoreline—continuously hammered by a pounding storm surge—was tossed by wind and waves across the road running parallel to the shoreline and piled up right at some peoples’ front doorsteps.

After due consideration Baxter and Elva opted to leave, deciding that if medical attention were required they might not be able to get out due to stores, sheds, wharf sticks, fishing nets and equipment on the road. Their house still had power, but they weren’t sure whether that would last. “We didn’t want to leave our house,” remarked Elva, “but Shawn and Boyd said we weren’t staying there, so we put the turkey back in the fridge and went to Shawn’s for Christmas.”

Worst storm in living memory

Many said it was the worst storm in living memory. Some believed it was worse than the storm of 1982, while others compared it to the tidal wave that struck the coast some fifty or sixty years before. The mayor of St. Lunaire-Griquet, Gerald Hillier, described the storm as the biggest the community had ever experienced, saying they’d lost something that money could never replace; its historical structures, some dating back more than sixty years.

Baxter Pilgrim: Born at White Cape Harbour

Baxter has lived all his life in White Cape Harbour; he was born January 9, 1938. His father’s house—the house he was born in—is no longer standing, but his present dwelling is not far from the home he grew up in. From his chair in the front room he commands a magnificent view of White Cape Harbour and Old Man’s Nose (an aptly-named promontory of land), where he can watch fishing boats, icebergs and birds as they pass by.



Figure 12 A sketch of Charles Pilgrim in front of the original family home, by grandson Shawn Pilgrim



Figure 13 At one time Charlie Pilgrim was a boxer in New York

Family Roots

Baxter's grandfather was Alexander Pilgrim and his father was Charles (Charlie) Pilgrim, who was a notable boxer in his time. Charlie and his wife, Ida Bartlett, had five children; Baxter was the oldest. Baxter's mother, Ida Bartlett, was first married to Lorenzo Patey from Quirpon, and the children from that marriage were Melvin, Beatrice, Mabel and Lewis. When Lorenzo died, Ida married Charlie Pilgrim and they had Baxter, Muriel, Hedley, Ivy, and Beryl.

Figure 14 Charlie Pilgrim with a pair of snowshoes

Dog Teams

Charlie Pilgrim never had more than six dogs. Dogs weren't confined in the winter, but they usually stayed close to home anyway. But they were territorial and if anyone came to the house, it fell to Ida to go out and hold the dogs. If visitors were expected, Charlie would say, 'Now Ida, go and tie them on,' or, if the dogs started to bark, he'd say, 'Ida, tie them on.'

Baxter remembers one day when there was a minister visiting in the community, and the minister happened to be wearing a hat. Charlie had gone down to the stage to cut off some seal meat for the dogs.

On that particular day the dogs were out on the footpath—there was no road in those days—and they saw the minister. The wind came up northeast and snatched the hat right off his head, carrying it off. Without any hesitation at all, some of the dogs went for the minister and some went for the hat. Luckily, Charlie saw what happened, yelled at the dogs and they retreated, so the minister, and his hat, went unharmed.

Charlie had a dog called Nig. As a boy, Baxter watched his father bring up an old harp seal, take the skin off, put it on the komatik, and Nig would lie down by the komatik and keep an eye on it. “You could have left the pelt there for a month and n’er dog would get a bite out of it,” remembers Baxter. “Nig was a great big feller, but when he got old he lost all his teeth. In spite of losing his teeth, if he saw a dog going along the road, he’d chase him. He couldn’t bite him anymore, but he’d run into the other dog, and body-check him.”

A young family orphaned

But misfortune shadowed the family and Baxter’s father was felled by an ^{vi}aneurism at the age of 48 when Baxter was just 17. Charlie had only just finished making a new boat when he died. Not many months after, Baxter’s mother died of measles at the age of 47, leaving the children very nearly destitute and without parental love or guidance. Baxter recalls, “We were left orphans. It was a desperate, hard time. I never told the neighbours how hard we had it; we kept our problems to ourselves. Many, many times after my parents died, the five of us would sit around the table and perhaps we had no sugar, or no bread or butter, or just dry bread.”

Then a letter came from Dr. Thomas at the Grenfell Mission, proposing that Baxter give up his brother and sisters, turning them over to the orphanage. Baxter considered and then said, “No, I’ve lost enough already.” He and his brother and sisters were still grieving over the loss of their father and mother. Baxter told him, “I’m going to give it a try and do the best that I can.”

Again, the authorities dropped by for a visit and asked if he wanted to give up the children, adding that they wouldn’t force him. Baxter insisted he was going to give it his best shot.

Ready to give up

Times were tough for all families, but for Baxter and his siblings, it was tougher. Baxter recalls, “As time went by, and things got desperate, I reconsidered. So I wrote a letter to the authorities—to this day I don’t know if I posted it and they never got it—I had decided I was going to give up my brother and sisters. Anyway, I never heard back from them, so we stayed together and reared each other up. I was a fisherman (of sorts) and I was a hunter, so we always had ducks and ^{vii}turrs, and we had a garden. We had no luxuries, but we never went hungry either. Sometimes we went without something sweet, and sometimes we had no grease to cook with, but we had enough.

“So, we never heard back from the authorities in St. Anthony, and I am so glad today; I know where my brother is, and where my sisters are. They say the family that prays together stays together. We didn’t do much praying back then, but we certainly stayed together.”

He sits in his chair and points in one direction and then another, saying, “That’s my brother’s house there, and a sister lives over there, and one lives there...they are all in this area.” In a sense Baxter became like a father to them, and sometimes he even received a Father’s Day gift from them.



Figure 15 View of White Cape Harbour from Baxter's home.

Launching out into the deep

After his father died, Baxter went down to Ford Elms' store to order a new motor for the boat his father had made just prior to his death.

Baxter hadn't much experience to draw on as far as fishing went; he'd been out in the boat with his father as a youngster, but that was all. The first time he'd gone fishing with his father he was that small that he could just see up over the gunnels. Certainly the few times he had spent in the boat with his father hadn't prepared him to set out fishing on his own. Neither Baxter nor his brother Hedley had much idea about how to fish. Jack Saunders helped the fledgling fishermen by putting the ^{viii}bedding in the bottom of the boat for them, which was a big help.

"Then, says Baxter, "I went down to Ford Elms because my father had dealt with Ford all his life. Now, I was 17 years old, and I said, 'Ford, would you send for an engine for me?'"

"He said yes. I have never forgotten that.

"I got the engine and Jack Saunders put it on the bedding for me. Then I was told I needed a compass, so back I went to Ford Elms to ask for a compass. Now, he never said to me, 'How's you going to pay for it and when are you going to pay for it?' Ford Elms was not that kind of man.

"Now, when that compass came in, it knowed just as much about me as I knowed about the compass!"

But over time, and with the help of other fishermen, Baxter picked up the necessary skills to operate a boat and a compass; though he admits he was lost more times than found.

Lastly, they needed gas to run the boat, and Ford had run out. It was in the spring of the year. "So I went down to Uncle Richard (Dick) Hillier's, and Ches Pilgrim went down too,

because he needed gas. Ches asked Dick for a drum of gas and Dick said, ‘Yeah, no problem.’ I got up the courage to ask for a drum of gas and Dick refused; I suppose because I was only 17 years old and had no experience. Of course I was disappointed, but I eventually got some gas from Fred Bussey.”

Hedley and Baxter went fishing with a hand line and ^{ix}trawl, but, “We wasn’t getting enough fish for a sick dog. We done the best we could but we weren’t able to pay Ford Elms that year. He never once said, ‘Boy, you’re going to have to pay.’ He was that kind of a man. The Elmses were merchants in all the surrounding area. I don’t know about the other Elmses, but Ford and Lewis were the best you could get. You couldn’t beat them for service, and they’d never say no to you.”

Marriage and work

In 1959, Baxter married Elva Hillier from Russell’s Brook Road in St. Lunaire-Griquet. Her parents were Arch and Elizabeth Hillier: Archibald was from Port Anson and Elizabeth was from the Horse Islands, and they had come to the area, fishing. Elva had six brothers and one sister, who died. When she was born in Roddickton on August 4, 1940, her two oldest brothers were already married. She was the youngest in the family.

Baxter and Elva—who have been married 54 years—grew up in St. Lunaire-Griquet. After they were married they had six children: Colin, Nancy, Boyd, Shawn, Curt, and Corry.



Figure 16 Elva enjoys the view of the harbour from her rocking chair by the front window.

Baxter continued to fish when he could, but when the fish weren’t plentiful he went to work for the St. Lunaire-Griquet Council. One summer the Council was repairing roads and Baxter’s job was to fill a wheelbarrow with gravel. “Just imagine how much road you would do in a day, using a wheelbarrow. You’d go up the side of a hill, dig out a little bit, so much as you could lug, and come down and dump it in an old wooden wheelbarrow, with a wooden wheel on it, and we’d bring that down and dump it in the potholes.” His face lights up as he adds, “But then, the big day came when I got a wheelbarrow with a rubber tire on it.” And that made his job a whole lot easier.

In the mid-1960s they started putting the roads through the outport communities, so Baxter went to work for Cyril Peyton driving a dump truck. Not long after that Baxter dropped by Ford Elms’ store and Ford offered him a job.

“Now, Cyril was only paying me according to the hours I worked, and some days I’d be off, and I didn’t get paid when I was off. Ford’s seemed like a better offer: I’d be on the truck when it was needed, driving a dump truck with fill, but if it wasn’t needed I’d be down on the ^xpremises. So I went to work for Ford and drove the truck down to L’Anse aux Meadows, Quirpon, Raleigh and Ship Cove. The contractor, Lundrigan’s, hired local people to drive the trucks while they were putting the roads in. Ford also used to collect fish. If I wasn’t needed on the truck, probably I’d go up to the Bight collecting salt fish, and carrying fresh fish up to the Cold Storage, and things like that.”

A Few more tales...

--as told by Baxter Pilgrim

“You’ve hooked a whale!”

“My son Boyd and I were out there towards the White Islands ^{xi}jigging fish, and there was another boat just to one side of us. I was using a line with a ^{xii}jigger on each end, and in the middle of the line is a knot. I would drop one jigger over the side of the boat and, when I jigged a fish, haul up the jigger and remove the fish. But before I’d haul up the first jigger, I’d throw the other jigger over the side of the boat to catch another fish. This was a faster method for catching fish than just using one jigger.

“So, my son and I were jigging, and suddenly I could see my line going out, and I looked over at the line on the other boat and that line was still. By and by the line in my hand tightened and I felt it jerking in my hand, so I gripped the line harder. I couldn’t figure out what was happening. My young fellow said, ‘I seen a sperm whale coming in out there.’

And then he yelled, ‘That’s a whale pulling on your line! Let go!’ So I dropped the line.

“The whale, passing between our boat and the other, must have snagged the first jigger with his fin, and now he was swimming away, rapidly pulling the line behind him. When I let go the line, I fell back against the housing on the boat. The first jigger was snagged on the whale’s fin, and the second jigger was jerked up and flung, BANG! against the side of the house—narrowly missing my head—before following the first jigger, the line and the whale into the depths of the sea.

“So, in a matter of seconds, the whale, my line, and the two jiggers disappeared beneath the waves and I never saw them again.

“I often think that if the second jigger had hooked me in the throat instead of hitting the housing on the boat, I’d still be going around in the Straits behind that whale!”



Figure 17 View from the front room window.

Ran Aground!

In the spring of the year, Baxter Pilgrim and his boys used to go down around the Pigeon, Cape Bauld and Ron Gallett’s Head to fish. In the fall, once his boys had gone back to school, he and other fishermen in the community had a tendency to buddy up. One day, Baxter’s brother Hedley, Ralph Hillier and Baxter went

out fishing in his 25’ motorboat but they didn’t catch many fish, so in the evening they turned towards home.

Because it was the fall of the year the traps weren’t out then; they had been taken up. A wind came up. Baxter was in the habit of putting one foot up over the ^{xiii}gunwale and tipping back with the tiller stick in his hand; it was a comfortable position. Too comfortable. They

motored along for a while and by the time they got to Long Island, Ralph was asleep, Hedley was asleep, and Baxter was asleep. Ches Pilgrim, traveling in a boat behind them, guessed something was wrong because he could see the boat turning. He said to himself, 'They're asleep,' so he sped up to catch up to the wayward boat with its cargo of fish and fishermen. He knew they were headed into danger.

Baxter recalls, "And it was only the mercies of God that the boat wasn't smashed to pieces, because I think the old Acadia engine was still going. Just as we approached Big Head, Cow Cove, the sea rolled in and a wave carried the boat right into a trap berth; the only flat place there was. She went on in over the rocks...probably the length of the boat, and she wasn't upright, she was over on her side."

All three fishermen woke up then and what a fright they got! With adrenaline pumping, Hedley and Ralph leaped out of the boat and scrambled in over the rocks, thinking the boat was going to tip over and be smashed to pieces.

"But when the sea come in again," smiles Baxter, "I put the engine in reverse; the boat rose up with the water, righted itself, and slid back over the rocks. Miraculously there was no damage to the boat and we never lost a fish."

Ches Pilgrim didn't catch up to them in time, but when he finally did, he said to Baxter, 'I knew there was something wrong...I could see the boat turning...I guessed you'd fallen asleep.' Ches'd had a rope at the ready to throw in over the rocks to rescue Baxter's crew just in case the boat ran aground.

Certainly Providence had a hand in the lives of those three fishermen that day.

The Adams family: settlers at Cape Onion

David & Barbara Adams



Figure 18 The Adams homestead at Cape Onion. David Adams and Cyril Bessey, c. 1953.

From Twillingate to Cape Onion

David Adams's story begins with Mary Keefe in Twillingate. She married Reuben Adams and they had four children: Thomas, Rebecca, Elizabeth and William. Mary was suddenly widowed when Reuben drowned at sea in August 1858.

The following year, Abel Decker, a fisherman from the Great Northern Peninsula, was aboard a sealing schooner which got stuck in the ice and drifted towards Notre Dame Bay. When the crew managed to get safely ashore, Abel met the widow Mary and they were subsequently married on May 9, 1859. There is a reference in the Twillingate Marriage Records that listed Abel Decker's residence as Quirpon. Witnesses at the wedding between Mary (Keefe) Adams and Abel Decker were Samuel Keefe and Joseph Quinton.

Abel, 25 years old, and Mary, along with the children from her first marriage, moved to northern Newfoundland. William was the youngest child of the four; his birth year was likely in the early 1850s; so he was a young boy when he arrived in this area. They moved first to New Harbour, across the bay, but it was too far from the prime fishing grounds, consequently, they moved to Cape Onion. In 1860, a year after his marriage, Abel's place of residence was listed as Cape Onion.

Children from Mary's marriage to Abel Decker were John, Henry, and Emma.

Guardians of the French Premises

Mary and Abel Decker became guardians of the French ^{xiv}Premises at Cape Onion. At that time the French were still fishing seasonally and the area in which they fished was the last part of the French Shore. With every treaty signed in Europe, the French Shore had become shorter and shorter, until finally, with the ^{xv}*Entente Cordiale* in 1904, the French gave up all fishing rights in Newfoundland. Prior to that it was a transient fishery; the French weren't permitted to build permanent dwellings, so they'd come in the spring, fish all summer and return to France in the fall. At the same time, English settlers were also trying to eke out an existence in this area and there was often conflict between the two. David's grandfather would say that they would shoot towards each other, but not at each other. If there hadn't been a guardian to look after the French premises, the British fishermen might have ruined them.



Figure 19 The Adams home c. 1950s.

Because they were guardians, Abel and Mary were probably not very popular among the other settlers. David's grandfather, Henry (William's son) would describe his grandmother, Mary, as 'a hard old ticket who'd walk along the shore with a muzzle-loader slung over her shoulder.' David laughingly suggests she was possibly Newfoundland's answer to Annie Oakley.

The three eldest of Mary's children from her marriage to Reuben Adams eventually returned to Durrell, near Twillingate, where they had been born. William, the youngest, remained at Cape Onion. He grew up and married Lucinda Tucker of Quirpon and they had

seven children; their sixth child was Henry. Henry married Mary Ann Elliott of Ha Ha Bay (Raleigh) and they had four children.



Figure 20 Mary Ann, Ross, and Henry Adams (note the large garden in behind)



Figure 21 L-R Aunt Blanche and Aunt Susie, Henry Adams' sister.. She became the progenitor of the Bessey clan at Cape Onion.

Their first child, John Ross (Ross) married Ethel King, a young teacher from Bauline near St. John's. David tells the story like this: Ross's mother and father were boarding Baxter Morgan, the teacher for Ship Cove, and young Ethel was boarding with Uncle Gersh Elliott in Raleigh. Ethel and Baxter were platonic friends, and she wanted to come to Cape Onion to visit her friend Baxter. When Ross heard that the school teacher was coming to visit, he put on his best clothes and made the best impression he could. It certainly looked favourable for young Ross and yet—according to the story told to David by his parents—what really tipped the scales in Ross's favour was the ride back to Raleigh on his dog team; it was the fastest team on the coast.

Ross won several dog team races at the St. Anthony Sports Days, not to mention shooting contests.



Figure 22 Henry Adams, Ethel (King) Adams, and Mary Ann Adams

Ross and Ethel married and had two sons, Grenfell and David. Grenfell, the oldest, was born at the St. Anthony hospital on April 16, 1940 and David was born at the same hospital on July 10, four years later.



Figure 23 Grenfell, grandfather Henry, and David Adams

A Grenfell Baby

In the spring of 1940 as the time of her first baby's birth drew near, Ethel Adams traveled to St. Anthony in a ^{xvi}coachbox by dog team. In traveling to St. Anthony a month prior to the baby's due-date, she was ensuring that she would be close to the hospital when the baby was due. This was not unusual for women at that time who were living at a distance from the hospital.

Unfortunately, Ethel had an extremely difficult labour and, when the baby was born, he wasn't breathing. The doctor gave the baby up for dead, but Nurse Hazel Compton didn't; she believed there was life in the baby and continued to puff breaths into his mouth. Even though there was no response for quite some time, she never gave up, and eventually the baby began to breathe. When she placed him in his mother's arms, Nurse Hazel Compton said, 'This is a very special baby; you must name him Grenfell after Dr. Grenfell.'

The baby was accordingly named Grenfell and David's older brother grew up to become a doctor...Dr. Grenfell Adams.

Snapshots at Cape Onion



Figure 24 David and father Ross towing a seal



Figure 25 Henry and Ross Adams



Figure 26 David and Grenfell at the top of the hill overlooking Western Head and Cape Onion, sometime in March.



Figure 27 Jennie and Alec Anstey, one of the families living at Cape Onion, are seen here working at the capelin.

When David was a young boy, there were seven families living in the cove with the surname Bessey, Anstey and Adams. One person David remembers in particular was Aunt Jennie Anstey, his grandfather's sister. 'She was an incredibly liberated woman; she'd be down at the capelin, working as well as any man and trenching the potatoes as well as any man; she'd be working side-by-side with Uncle Alec Anstey.'



Figure 28 Boyce Elliott, UC minister, with eider ducks at Back of the Land. c. 1950s.

Ross Adams, Entrepreneur

David's father, Ross, finished high school in St. John's and continued his post-secondary education, learning administrative skills such as shorthand and accounting. Returning to Cape Onion, he continued to fish with his dad. In the fall he would hire a schooner and buy fish from local fishermen on consignment, taking it to St. John's to sell for the best price for the fishermen, and with the hope of making a profit. Any new business is a gamble, and there were some years that Ross nearly lost his shirt; other times he made a bit of money. Eventually he opened a general store near his house, where local fishermen purchased their supplies from the shop on credit. They fished through the spring and summer and once Ross sold their fish in the fall he'd settle their accounts. If money was owed to them, they were paid the balance in cash. David always likes to point out that his father and grandfather were merchants with a conscience. He remembers that there were many times when the accounts could not be paid, and the money owing was simply crossed off.



Figure 29 The Adams' shop at Cape Onion. L-R Ethel, David and Grenfell

At Ship Cove, Cape Onion there were two shops in operation: Decker's in Ship Cove and the Adams' at Cape Onion. Ship Cove and Cape Onion (Western Head) have always been distinct but certainly interconnected. The mailing address before postal codes was Ship Cove, Cape Onion. Prior to 1965 there were no roads, so to make their way from Ship Cove to the shop at Cape Onion, people had to walk down through the ^{xvii}droke or follow the shoreline. The Adams' and Decker's shops serviced both Ship Cove and Cape Onion and, as is usually the case, what one shop didn't have, the other did. The Adams' shop had the traditional two counters which sloped inwards so people didn't have to stand away from them, with vertical ^{xviii}wainscoting and all the wooden shelves stocked with products of every description; everything from groceries to hardware and clothing. David recalls that in the late 1940s, they even had surplus dried vegetables left over from the war years such as dehydrated carrots and potatoes in cans.



Figure 30 Uncle Reub Bessey and his dog team on the White Hills.



Figure 31 Ross, David and Grenfell with their dog team c. 1950s.

Welfare Officer after Confederation

At Confederation, Ross became the area's first welfare officer and social worker after training at the University of Toronto for a few months. This occupation involved a lot of travel. In winter Uncle Reub was his dog team driver. The dogs pulled a ^{xix} komatik stocked with two weeks' supply of dog food, a supply of clothing and all necessary files. During their travels they might stay the night with people in Goose Cove, Roddickton, or Main Brook.

At one time Ross's district was as far south as Harbour Deep and all the way north to Goose Cove and Flowers Cove. "Dad was gone away from home quite a bit, yet my family, including my grandparents, was very close." In summer months, Ross travelled aboard his self-built, seaworthy cabin cruiser, often with Sam Hurley as deckhand and cook.



Figure 32 Ross Adams' trap skiff, approximately 36' long with a 25hp Acadia engine. Mr. Adams used the cabin boat to visit his clients when he was a welfare officer.

Traveling by boat, he and Sam met with some rough seas but Ross cheerfully steered the boat through the ^{xx}swells and the ^{xxi}troughs, singing as he went. In the wheelhouse Ross had mounted an inscription on the wall which read: “Oh, God, be good to me. Thy sea is so wide and my boat is so small.”

Later, the government stipulated that the office had to be in a larger centre, so Ross moved his young family to St. Anthony, while David's grandfather Henry took over the operation of the shop. Henry retired and sold the shop and bunk house right about the time that the roads first came through to Cape Onion, which was in the mid-60s. One became a snack bar operated by Eldon Decker and one was incorporated into a business being developed by Bernice and Stafford Taylor.

Modes of travel from St. John's to Cape Onion

After living in St. Anthony a couple of years, Ross moved his family to St. John's in 1957. He had developed multiple sclerosis and didn't have the stability to travel by boat anymore. His oldest son Grenfell was ready to start university, so it seemed like the right time to move to the city. But every summer—as long as David's grandparents were living—they drove home to Cape Onion, which, in those days, took three days from St. John's. They'd start out in the car; the first day they'd drive to Grand Falls, the second day to Port aux Choix, where they would overnight at Billard's Boarding House, and the following half-day they'd get as far as the road would take them, perhaps Cook's Harbour. At Cook's Harbour, David's Uncle Alf would take them to Cape Onion in a boat.

A year or so later, they were able to drive as far as Pistolet Bay, and someone would come for them in a boat and take them to Cape Onion. Later again, they were able to drive to Raleigh and Uncle Gersh would take them from Raleigh to Cape Onion in his boat. It was 1966 before they were able to drive from St. John's right up to their door at Cape Onion, although the Viking Trail at that time was unpaved, rocky and difficult to navigate.



Figure 33 A Bombardier snowmobile at Cook's Harbour. Boyce Elliott, UC minister, standing. This machine was used for carrying passengers and hauling wood (note the komatik beside the snowmobile; another mode of transportation).



Figure 34 Drying and sorting fish on flakes. Tarpaulins were used to cover the fish in the event of rain.



Figure 35 At the stage head. The boat was low in the water...that meant a good catch of fish.



Figure 36 Ducks on the Adams' stage, c late 1940s

Reviving past history at Cape Onion

David spent his adolescence in St. John's, and it was there that he met and married Barbara Hopp. To this day, David asserts that she is not a CFA—a Come from Away—but a NBC—a Newfoundlander by Choice, because she readily embraced the Newfoundland culture, enjoying salt fish, ducks, turrs, and all the traditional foods.

Barbara grew up in Toronto, graduated from Queen's University and worked in Montreal. While deliberating about what to do for the rest of her career, she glanced through the *Canadian Nurse* magazine and read: 'Nursing instructor wanted in St. John's, Newfoundland.' Perhaps, without really realizing it, she had been bitten by the same bug that had bitten Sir Wilfred Grenfell: a call to help and serve others in a more remote area rather than in a big city hospital. There had always been something about the east coast that had intrigued her, so Barbara applied for the position and was accepted.

After David and Barbara were married they settled in St. John's and had two children, Chris and Heather. They lived and worked in St. John's, but David often remembered the house he had grown up in at Cape Onion, and missed it.

When David's grandparents died, the house stood empty for 20 years, except for brief annual summer visits by various family members. When the Viking Trail was finally paved in the late 1970s, David brought his family home to Cape Onion for a week's holiday. Barbara and the two children fell in love with the house, the property and the people, and frequent summer visits ensued.

In 1989 David and Barbara drove from St. John's to Cape Onion on their own, but not without some trepidation, as they knew they were coming to a home that was very dilapidated. David could not bear the thought of having to tear down his beloved family home or of leaving the beautiful property untenanted. It was during that visit that a spark ignited—perhaps they could make the home into a B&B (Bed & Breakfast) and this would help pay for the extensive renovations needed to restore the home.

Beginning in the following spring, David and Barbara, with the expert help of David's cousin Jim Bessey and friend Art Noseworthy, renovated the old home: refinishing and refurbishing; attempting, as much as possible, to restore it to its original condition.

The Tickle Inn at Cape Onion



Figure 37 The Tickle Inn at Cape Onion

Now, when you drive to Cape Onion, you will see the ‘Tickle Inn at Cape Onion’, a B&B conceived and finished through hard work, love and sacrifice. Barbara confesses that her love for the home is equal to her husband’s, and is forever grateful that David’s great-grandfather selected such a beautiful site for his home and that she has come into it by marriage. She admits the work day can be very long and hard and the commitment great; however, it always lifts her spirits to look out one of the many windows; to take in the spectacular view: the beautiful green of the land and the vivid blue of the sea and the sky. Barbara and David derive tremendous pleasure from seeing visitors so entranced by the beauty of the area.

Although Barbara enjoys her summers in Cape Onion, her heart returns to St. John’s for the rest of the year. Their two grown children also love the ancestral home, although Chris presently lives far away in South Korea and isn’t able to visit often. Heather and her family live in St. John’s, and she is able to visit Cape Onion every two or three years.

At this time, no Adams family member has the desire to carry on the old homestead at Cape Onion, but who knows what the future might bring?

Growing up in Raleigh

Derrick Pilgrim

Derrick Pilgrim was born in Raleigh, May 9, 1950. He was one of four children. His father was William Bickle Pilgrim, born in St. Anthony Bight, and his mother was Geraldine Dawe of Raleigh. Derrick's grandfather was a shareman with the Elliott family of Raleigh, and he married Harriet Elliott.

Mr. Pilgrim now resides in St. Anthony with his wife, Mildred. They have two daughters: Dale, the oldest, is a social worker living in Saint John, NB and Karen is a teacher residing in Gander; and they have a son Brad, who is teaching at Qatar at the College of the North Atlantic on a three-year term.

Mildred was born in St. Alban's, Bay D'Espoir. She came to St. Anthony in 1973 and was employed at the Trade School—it had only just opened its doors that year—where she taught sewing, Home Economics, and crafts. She and Derrick married in 1974.

Mr. Pilgrim, who has a bachelor of Primary Education and a degree in Special Education from MUN, taught for 25 years at St. Anthony Elementary School.

Teachers and schools in Raleigh

When Derrick Pilgrim talks about his decision to become a school teacher, he says he owes his choice of a career to the influence of a school teacher who taught at Raleigh. In the 1970s teachers didn't have university degrees as they do today; Derrick's teacher had only one year of university; and many teachers didn't even have that. That year, his teacher would have to instruct students from grades four to eleven.

"The grade nine, ten and eleven students had to write public examinations and that teacher had to prepare us. He was at his wit's end trying to figure out how he was going to accomplish all this work. He needed to be an expert in all subjects and all grades. He said we needed five credits to pass, so he waived the elective courses and we took credit courses only. Then we had a choice: French language training or Latin. So we all decided to take French, but the teacher didn't know French."

Yet, even though the teacher grappled with subjects he knew very little about, Pilgrim remembers, "In my memory that was the best year I ever had, and student-teacher rapport was good."

That year, the public examinations were written in the community of Ship Cove, just six miles down the road. The students traveled to Ship Cove in Edmund Taylor's deck boat; Derrick stayed at the home of his aunt Jennie Beaufield. He wrote the exams and waited eagerly for his marks, but when Ross Elliott brought the results to him, Derrick found he'd only made 47 percent in French...a fail. Ross, a student in Derrick's class, had passed, but all the others in his class had failed. Ross Elliot later went on to become a doctor.

Derrick received a bursary to attend grade nine in St. Anthony at St. Mary's School; the bursary covered the cost of room and board. For grades ten and 11, he was bussed to Harriot Curtis Collegiate. In those days grade 11 was the highest grade in the Newfoundland school system.

The day he graduated, Eric Fisher, the superintendent, stopped Pilgrim on the steps and asked what his plans were for the future. Derrick replied that he was considering the RCMP, but

in September when Fisher called him on the telephone and mentioned they were looking for a teacher in Wild Bight, Pilgrim accepted the offer.

“The school was a little one-room building between Cape Norman and Wild Bight. I stayed with the lighthouse keeper and his wife, Alvin and Jessie Campbell. The light used to shine into my room and the foghorn would go off right next to my room. And that is where I spent my first year as a teacher. I taught from kindergarten to grade six; there were sixteen students.”

Although he had no experience teaching, the young man had no fear of the unknown; he only hoped he could live up to his own expectations.

The following year Pilgrim was hired on at Raleigh in the United Church School. “Eileen Coates from Main Brook was teaching kindergarten to grade three and I was teaching grades four to six.” The old school was located on a lot between the current Pistolet Bay School—now closed—and the United Church.

Raleigh was not a large community, yet there were two schools; the United Church School and the Anglican School. Boyd Loder from Harbour Deep and Audrey Green, a native of Raleigh, were teaching in the Anglican School.

Crossing the bridge to integration

During the 1970s, changes were occurring in the school system. Previously schools had been denominational, but now some of the school boards in the area were integrating. The Catholic and Pentecostal School Boards were still separate, but in many communities the Anglican, Salvation Army and United had already integrated, but in Raleigh they had not. Some residents insisted they weren’t sending their youngsters to an Anglican School and others that they weren’t sending their youngsters to a United School. According to Superintendent Eric Fisher, tempers were running high and dialogue was at an impasse.

In a telephone conversation with Fisher, Pilgrim asked him, “Do you want me to see what I can do? I can call a town meeting and see if we can get something on the go.”

“Good luck,” remarked Fisher. “I got my hands washed of that crowd.”

The first item on Pilgrim’s agenda was to consult with the teachers. They were in favour of integration, so the next item on his agenda was to call a public meeting in Raleigh. He posted signs around the community inviting everyone to a meeting, and when the people attended, Pilgrim promised them a new school if they could come together as a group. It only took two meetings to bring them around; some of the hardest dissenters had become the strongest supporters of integration.

Not surprisingly, young Mr. Pilgrim became principal of the integrated school.

How the community of Raleigh got its name

When Derrick Pilgrim decided to form a hockey team in the community of Raleigh, he searched for a team name that would reflect something central to the history of the community. He started his search by asking Mr. Gersham Elliott about Raleigh’s history.

‘Uncle Gersh’ told Derrick there had been a shipwreck in Raleigh and the survivor of that wreck was a William Parmiter of Conception Bay. After Parmiter arrived, the Elliots from Cook’s Harbour and the Taylors from Harbour Grace, Conception Bay, settled in the area. Those families established Raleigh as a community.

As for the shipwreck, Pilgrim says, “The old Parmiter fellow, when he drove ashore in the ship wreck, he was there for a long time before he saw another living soul. Fish used to roll right into the beach, back of The Neck: cod and capelin. At that time, nobody except Parmiter knew about the capelin^{xxiii} scull and the codfish scull that they used to have in Raleigh. In 1869, fishing was going on in Cook’s Harbour and down around Quirpon and Ship Cove, but nobody was aware that there was a big spurt in Raleigh, or that the harbour used to fill up with codfish.”

Uncle Gersh Elliott said the community hadn’t always been called Raleigh; it had been called Ha Ha Bay. It was 40 or 50 years later that the name was changed to Raleigh. Perhaps it got its name because Gersh Elliott’s brother John, who was a minister, had been to Raleigh, North Carolina, and when he came back to Ha Ha Bay, he asked his father, Tom Elliott, and Harve Taylor (married to Anne Pynn) to petition the government to have the name changed to Raleigh.

But Uncle Gersh’s story conflicted with Derrick’s mother’s version of how the community came to be called Raleigh.

Pilgrim explains, “My mother said to me, ‘I don’t think that’s right...a boat went across to Labrador called the HMS Raleigh, and shipwrecked, and that’s why it was called Raleigh.’”

When faced with these conflicting accounts, Pilgrim decided to do some research.

His mother’s story that the town of Raleigh got its name because the HMS Raleigh went ashore in 1922 was almost immediately discounted, because Ha Ha Bay became Raleigh in 1914, eight years prior to the Raleigh’s running aground.

Suggested Reading: <http://www2.swgc.mun.ca/botany/raleighburnt.asp>

Edward Caldwell Moore and a man named Grenfell

“While researching William Parmiter online,” says Mr. Pilgrim, “I came across the name Edward Caldwell Moore. I think there was some relationship between him and Anne Grenfell; her surname was Caldwell (*Anne Elizabeth Caldwell MacClanahan*). Moore spent a month or a month and a half sailing up the Labrador coast with Dr. Grenfell on the hospital ship *Strathcona*. In one of his journals (*A Trip to Labrador, by Kirby Walsh, Breakwater Books, 2009*) he was in Ha Ha Bay (now Raleigh). While Dr. Grenfell attended to his medical practice in the community Moore disembarked and walked to a large house; a very decent house in comparison to most in the area,” remarks Pilgrim, “and^{xxiii} sot down and met the family: a 70 year-old man, William Parmiter, and his wife, Sarah. Parmiter had a son living with him, who had^{xxiv} sharemen, he said.

During his visit, Parmiter spoke to Moore of his past. The old man related how he had arrived in Ha Ha Bay: he had been out of Conception Bay, hunting seals, and been at a place called^{xxv} Seal Island on the Labrador. Then he continued, “We got caught in a storm and the ship beat up on the headlands, and we—me, my wife, and her child—ended up here at Ha Ha Bay. We were the only survivors of that shipwreck. My wife and I scavenged enough debris and food to survive the winter.”

He related another very sad story to Moore, “We went on to have more children, but five caught diphtheria and died, and we buried all five on the same day in a little cemetery in Raleigh.”

That little cemetery, over-grown with tall grass, is still in Raleigh today, circumscribed by a weathered picket fence.



Figure 38 The Parmiter Graveyard with Raleigh in the distance.



Figure 39 Headstone reads: Parmiter, William (1839-1915) and wife Sarah (1835-1917). Children: Brenda, Edna, Drucilla, Samuel & Richard.

Pilgrim continues: “So I researched that story a little farther and found out that in 1871,^{xxvi} William Parmiter married a Sarah Green in Ha Ha Bay. In the 1870 census, there was a Susannah Parmiter born to them. So that was about a year after they were ship wrecked.”

Mr. Pilgrim surmises that when the schooner was driven ashore all hands on board perished. There were only three survivors: Mr. Parmiter, a woman named Sarah, and a young child. Pilgrim’s findings in the 1870-71 census led him to ask the question: if Sarah was Parmiter’s legal wife at the time they were ship wrecked, why did Parmiter marry Sarah Green in 1871, two years later?

Pilgrim draws the conclusion that Sarah Green was married to another crew member aboard the ill-fated ship and, thrown together for nearly a year, she got pregnant and they decided to marry. When a ship sailed in with a minister aboard, they made it official.

Ways and means of transportation before roads and a unique approach to ferrying

The people of Northern Newfoundland have developed inventiveness and initiative; largely due to the fact they were so far from civilization that, of necessity, they had to become their own problem solvers. Mr. Pilgrim relates a few instances about some of his relatives and how they dealt with obstacles.

“We didn’t have roads in Raleigh until I was 15. Raleigh was an isolated community. The wharf is still on the back of The Neck in Raleigh. Down at Milan Arm they also had a wharf. They used to shuttle back and forth between Raleigh and Milan Arm. Fishermen used their motor boats fishing and they used them as ferries. I’ve seen my dad on several occasions...I’d say all the vehicles that was in Raleigh before the road opened up, my dad had a part in bringing them there. They used two motor boats, and they’d get logs and make a platform between the two boats. They used the tides to come over to Milan Arm, where they’d run the vehicles onto the two motor boats and steam to Raleigh—at back of The Neck—and wait for the tides to unload her. Now that was before the road got to Raleigh.

“I think Dad was the first person to have a truck in Raleigh—a 1947 Chevy—although it was handy about the same time that Bill Smith had a truck, too. That was about the same time the road from Deer Lake to St. Anthony was connected, and cars were being sold in St. Anthony.

“Back then of course it was still the old road, which ran up through Big Brook and Eddie’s Cove; which more or less followed the coastline.”

Inventors & Entrepreneurs

“Dad and his two brothers were almost like inventors, explorers and entrepreneurs, and where it came from I’m not sure, but I think it might have come from the Elliotts. Ray Decker of Ship Cove visited us once and told us a story. He said, ‘Your father and his brothers were fascinating people. I remember your father and his younger brother Heber, they were doers. They had the big blue Bombardier snowmobile...the one that could take passengers...and they had to bring someone to St. Anthony in the wintertime because there was an emergency. Halfway to St. Anthony the snowmobile broke down...she blew a piston, I think. Them two boys—they were only boys at the time—took the motor out, fixed her and put her back in, and made it to St. Anthony in time for the patient to be treated.’

“Dad and Uncle Heber never got past grade three, but there wasn’t a motor they couldn’t fix. They were skilled at carpentry and good at music. My dad played the accordion at square dances; he could play the mouth organ and the fiddle. They were the jack of all trades. There was no such thing as hiring local contractors, so they had to develop the skills on their own.”

Following are excerpts from the book, “A Trip to Labrador”, edited and introduced by Kirby Walsh:

Excerpts from “A Trip to Labrador”

Letters and journal of Edward Caldwell Moore

Edited and Introduced by Kirby Walsh



Figure 40 E.C. Moore

In the winter of 1905 when Grenfell was in the Boston area he visited the home of Edward Caldwell Moore, a Presbyterian minister and a Harvard professor. At that time, Grenfell extended an invitation to Moore to sail with him on the Labrador coast in the summer, to travel by boat among the fishing stations to see firsthand the conditions that existed among the fishermen and their families.

Incidentally, during that same lecture tour in Boston, Grenfell invited Jessie Luther to come north and set up a handicrafts enterprise, which she did the following year. Jessie Luther kept a journal of her time at the Mission, which was later published under the title *Jessie Luther at the Grenfell Mission*.

Boston to Labrador

What transportation was like in the early 1900s

In mid-July, Moore traveled on the ferry *S.S. Olivette* to Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on to Port Hawkesbury, Cape Breton. From there he went by train to Sydney, Cape Breton, and joined the *S.S. Bruce*, the ferry to Port aux Basques, Newfoundland. A narrow-gauge railway then took him to Bay of Islands to connect with the ferry to Battle Harbour, Labrador. At that time the coastal steamer *S.S. Home* was the ferry serving that area from Humbermouth (now Corner Brook). At Battle Harbour, Moore met with Dr. Grenfell and visited the hospital there. Next, they journeyed south to St. Anthony and the surrounding area and then north along the Labrador coast.

A Trip to Labrador contains the letters and journal of Edward Caldwell Moore, who accompanied Sir Wilfred Grenfell to Labrador from July to September 1905 on the hospital ship *Strathcona*.

Moore's note on Cape Onion/Ship Cove

“We crossed the Straits (from Labrador) in a straight line past the western end of Belle Isle and spent the night at Onion Bay. The fishermen swarm aboard almost so soon as the anchor is down, and seem so glad to see Grenfell. Poisoned hands are the commonest things among these men just now, teeth to be pulled out, ‘bad stomachs,’ which the condition of their teeth go far to account for, ‘fog-eye,’ from the dense fogs of these last few weeks, many, many cases of ulcer about mouths, lips, tongues. One man had fallen down a hatch and cracked his ribs. Many cases of skin disease, scurvy, all showing poor food, etc. These are the men who come aboard.”

Ha Ha Bay (Raleigh)

“This morning when we could get away, steamed over to Ha Ha Bay, went through the same sort of routine. While Grenfell was tending to the sailors on deck, I went with the skipper Sturges and a man to get a cord of wood for the engines, which was stacked up on the shore for us and by which Grenfell hoped to save coal. Landed at low tide through what I took to be roughly a hundred thousand cod heads etc. and whatever else I may forget of all that befalls me, I shall never forget that odour.

“The bay was full of schooners and most of them were doing quite fairly well. They estimate their catch by the quantity which will give a quintal or 112 lbs when it is dried and cured. So when a man says he has got a hundred quintals thus far this season you can think what a mountain of raw fish that means, brought in each night and promptly cleaned, split, salted, etc. They pitch them out of their dories unto decks or stages with pitchforks and burn great fagots behind a tarpaulin to shield them from the wind when they have to split far into the night. It is a weird scene.

“We went down this afternoon to visit an old man named Parmenter (sic), who is now 70 years old, was born at Conception Bay, but his father came from Southampton, England. This man, with his wife and baby, fishing for seals, thirty-six years ago, lost his schooner and all of his crew on this head land. But he was able to save wife and baby, and tools and food enough to get them through the winter. Built a ‘tilt’ which has grown into quite a decent house. It was nine months before a human being knew they were here. By that time they were not eager to get away, and here they are still. Twenty odd years ago they buried five children on one day from diphtheria. Here, too, three sharemen of the son were sitting in the kitchen, and here, too, we held prayers with resounding amens.”

Suggested reading: <http://www.thewesternstar.com/Opinion/Columnists/2009-05-02/article-1485475/A-Trip-to-Labrador%3B-Edward-Caldwell-Moores-letters,-journal-entries-are-intimate-and-revealing/1>

Growing up on the west side of Goose Cove



Figure 41 Don Powell grew up on the west side of Goose Cove

“We’d get up in the morning and be gone for hours and hours”

When Don was a child, he lived in a simpler time. There were always plenty of children to play with and an abundance of places to play. Children invented their own games and pastimes.

“When we were young, we’d get up in the morning and be gone hours and hours, and our parents didn’t know where we were. We’d be miles from home, up at Starks’ Bight somewhere, up towards Lock’s Cove. We’d go over the hills or follow the coastline.”

Don Powell was born on Valentine’s Day, February 14, 1941 on the west side of Goose Cove. His father was Albert Powell from Goose Cove and his mother was Sarah Patey from St. Anthony. Don was married May 7, 1977 to Joan Colbourne of St. Anthony. Her father was Hayward Colbourne and her mother was Mary Hussey.

Don and Joan have five children: Barry lives in St. George, New Brunswick and is foreman at a paper mill; Natasha lives in Goose Bay and works as a hairdresser; Brad works at Cohen’s in Corner Brook as a salesperson; Janene is a cook at a restaurant in St. John’s called *Get Stuffed*; and Dana works in St. Anthony at the fish plant as a fork lift operator.

Don and Joan have five grandsons and one granddaughter.

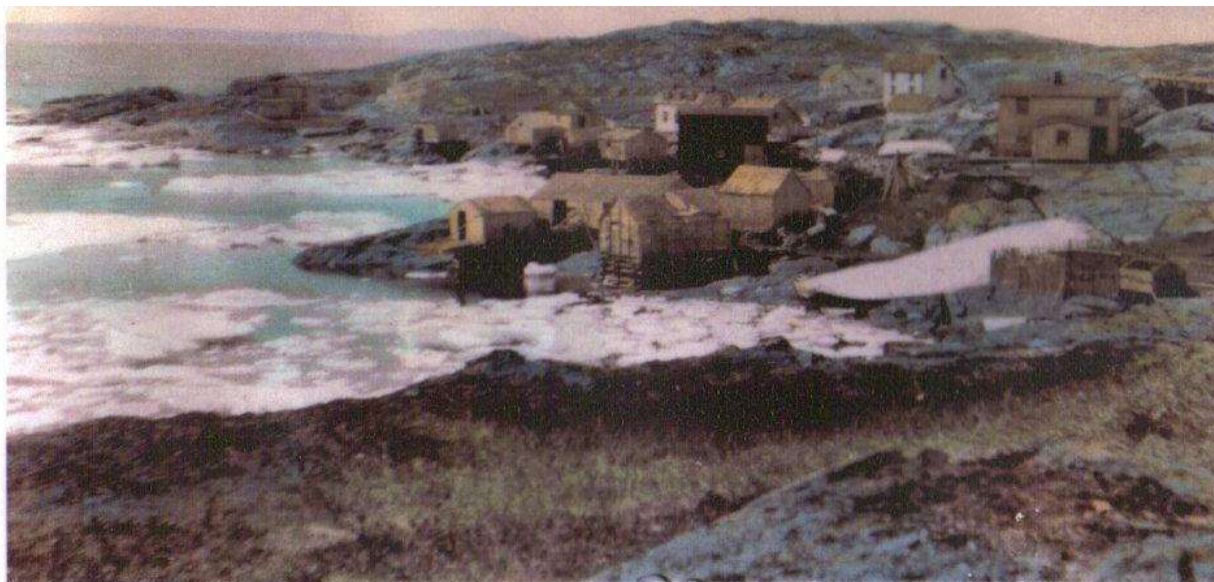
Transportation by dog team, boat or on foot

Looking back at his childhood in Goose Cove, Don Powell remembers that people harnessed dog teams in the winter-time and got around by boat in the summer, or they went on foot.

“When I attended school in St. Anthony I walked home to Goose Cove—a distance of almost seven miles—practically every weekend, summer and winter,” says Don. He attended school in St. Anthony and boarded though the week with his sister the first year, and with his uncle, Uriah Patey, the next. “My uncle was the foreman with the old Mission. He lived right near the old Grenfell school, so it was only a couple of minutes from his house to the school.”

While attending school in St. Anthony, Don tried to get home every weekend. “There was a dog team path so smooth and well-traveled that it was just like walking on the floor of the house,” he remembers.

Although dog teams were used primarily for hauling wood, sometimes Don used the team to get from Goose Cove to St. Anthony and back.



Goose Cove West side circa 1940s. Photo contributed by Wavey Noel.

Don's description of the photo: the West Side

Top left: the farthest house to the left in the above photo belonged to Don's father, Albert Powell, situated out on the point. Don says, "I've seen seas wash in right tight to the house. The white house with the brown roof, $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way across the picture, belonged to William Noel. The white house to the left of William Noel's house belonged to Robert Noel. To the right of William Noel's house is Tom Noel's house (he was the merchant). Fred Rowbottom's stage and sheds are in the foreground. To the right, and outside the photograph, were the Rowbottom's and Hancock's houses. On the upper right side of the photo, out of sight, lived Herbert Noel and John Noel.

"We used to go down, on what we called the Point (left side of photograph, outside of the picture), where the Parson's and Powell's lived.

School and church

In the early years there was one school on the west side; a United Church school: kindergarten to grade 11. In the small coastal communities the church had more influence than it does now; for instance, there were some things you just didn't do on Sunday. If there was a Saturday night dance, the dance would stop at midnight because you weren't allowed to dance on Sunday. And sometimes it influenced sports activities, too.

"I remember when I was a kid; we used to play football, what they call soccer now. We weren't allowed to play football on Sunday. We'd look across the harbour and we'd see all the Catholic boys playing football, and we'd turn green with envy."

Fishermen and merchants

At the time the west side of Goose Cove was settled, peoples' focus was on the sea. Houses were built close to the water; there was a place for your wharf and a place for your house. Although Don's father was a fisherman, Don never intended to fish.

“My brothers went fishing with Dad, and eventually went out on their own, but I wanted something different, and I didn’t like fishing either. I fished when I was going to school during the summer; people would work like a slave and see nothing for it. There was no such thing as even living payday to payday; there *was* no payday.”

There were perhaps a dozen families living on the west side; all protestant. Tom Noel was the merchant and he sold everything from groceries to supplies for fishermen in the summer. In the fall of the year when fishermen sold their fish, they’d stock up on what they called rough grub: flour, sugar, butter, tea, two or three baloneys, a big hunk of cheese, all those kinds of things.

“In later years the merchants from up around Bonavista and Catalina—Mifflin’s in particular—used to come down here and buy fish and they would bring down a load of supplies. That was in the 50s, after Confederation; right about the time the fishermen were getting out from under the direct control of the merchants. And if you sold your fish to them you could buy your supplies with cash.”

Don remembers products at the store such as Sunlight Soap (which replaced homemade lye soap) and Solo margarine. The Solo margarine came in a block, and was in stores before Good Luck and Eversweet margarines appeared on the shelves.

“A good place to grow up in”

Goose Cove had Protestants living on the west side and Catholics living on the east side and as far as Don can recall there was no animosity between them. “We made friends with the Catholics when we were kids, and we’re still friends today. Most communities were either all protestant or all catholic, but we had both; it was a good place to grow up back then.”

Life wasn’t always easy; in fact, it was hard, but many people who grew up in northern Newfoundland have very fond memories of their home communities and have very close ties with family and friends.

“They were ‘good old days’ to a certain extent, but no, they weren’t really good old days. They were hard old days; you had to work for everything you got. In the winter-time we used to have to take a komatik and a barrel, and go to a pond somewhere to get a barrel of water. Every man had to make what he needed; he had to cut his own firewood, logs, lungers and pickets to build stages and wharves, fences and gates.”

When it came to dog teams, Don asserts it wasn’t easy managing them. “You needed strength, authority, and patience,” he grins. “You had no hope for your soul, whatsoever.” The dogs were wild, they wouldn’t listen half the time, and if you weren’t their master, you weren’t going to get much cooperation from them.

Sports Day in St. Anthony

“I didn’t participate in any dog team races, but my brother Melvin did, and won twice, two years in a row. Sports Day was the big thing then, and the dog team races were quite exciting. It was the big event of the year for St. Anthony and the outlying communities. The dog team race was the main event. Hezekiah Patey of St. Anthony and Garland Taylor of Raleigh had good teams. To watch the race, everybody would congregate at the Grenfell Wharf. That’s where the race would start and finish, so you could follow the teams all around the harbour.”

“There was really nothing to stay for”

“I was around sixteen when I left Goose Cove in 1957. That was a few years before the roads came through in the mid-60s. The road on the east side was completed first; it was the main drag back then. It took another year to put a road through to the west side, and with the roads came electricity and telephone. But when it came to plumbing, it just wasn't going to happen for people living on the west side.

“My brother Melvin had a house on our side of the harbour and it burned down in the late 1960s. When he re-built he moved to the east side because over there they had water and sewer, and we didn't have that, and there was no hope of ever getting it. I think that's mostly the reason why people left there. The government drilled two or three wells in the late 1960s, but they didn't last, and you still had to go to the well and bring your water home in a bucket; there would never be running water. Most people ended up moving to St. Anthony to work, or elsewhere. There are families whose kids grew up, went away, and never came back. There was really nothing to stay for.”

Home Remedies

Don recalls a few home remedies that were used in Goose Cove, because even though Grenfell had established his Mission in St. Anthony, doctors were not always readily available, and some ailments didn't need to be treated by a doctor. There was usually one person in the community who had healing ways, and people would go to that person if they needed treatment.

Boils or water pups: “There was always someone you went to. I remember an old lady; fishermen used to go to her if they had boils or water pups. She was good at treating them, apparently. Nobody ever lost a limb because they went to her! She used different kinds of poultices depending on what the problem was.”

Snow blindness: “I saw several people with snow blindness. I remember Dad was snow-blind one time. He was really, really bad; so bad that he had to go to St. Anthony to the hospital. And they gave him a pair of sunglasses, and he had them for years. Strange thing about it...other people, if they were going somewhere all day and it was a bright day; they'd come and borrow Dad's sunglasses, and Dad didn't wear them either unless it was a real bright day.”

Salve for sealskin boots: “I remember Dad killing owls and saving the grease from them. He used that to put on skin boots to make them waterproof. Dad was the one who made skin boots for the family.”

Never too old to try something new



Figure 42 Garl Elliott enjoys his hobby

A new hobby

Garl Elliott is 90 years old, and only a few years ago he took up a new hobby which absorbs many hours of his a day and gives him a strong sense of accomplishment. That hobby is rug hooking, and since he began, a day hasn't gone by that he hasn't itched to be at it. He's up at six o'clock every morning and spends most of his day hooking mats. "I don't get tired of it. It takes me about eight days to make a mat. Perhaps I do it a little quicker sometimes. As far as I know I'm the only one in Shirley's Haven that hooks mats. What happened was, Shirley's Haven started a mat-hooking class, there were three or four women started, too, but I'm the only one stuck with it."

Yvonne Pilgrim, who was the Recreation director at Shirley's Haven at that time, recalls hearing Garl say that he used to help his mother put the material on the hoops

when he was a child.

Now he has become quite proficient at hooking rugs, spending hours a day at it. He can usually be found in a little niche in the Sun Room, sitting by a window that overlooks St. Anthony Harbour, with his worktable in front of him and a tool in his hand. While he hooks his mats, he can look out the window and watch people go back and forth on the main road, or watch the boats entering and leaving the harbour, or listen to other residents talking back and forth to each other.



Figure 43 Mr. Elliott hooks mats from sunrise to sundown

Yvonne says, "The mats Mr. Elliott hooks are actually called Poke Mats, because of the instrument and method used to make the rugs, and Garl carved his own tool." When Yvonne first started the classes, there were a number of residents attending, and Yvonne used to draw the designs for them, but now Garl draws the designs himself. Eventually the

other residents gave it up, but Garl kept at it. After a while, people noticed his work, saw how much he enjoyed it, and brought material for him. Soon his mats were being sold in the store; the larger mats for \$40 and the smaller mats for \$20.

Selling mats at the Come Home Year

At the St. Anthony Come Home Year in 2012, Yvonne set up a table to sell crafts made by the residents.



Figure 44 One of many mats Garl Elliott has crafted

“We didn’t have many of Garl’s mats, five or six at the time. His mats reminded people of the past, of the mats they saw at home. They bought his mats and took them home to put on the walls, on the floors, by their beds, or by the doors. I didn’t have enough of his mats to sell and we sold out quickly.” Yvonne says the mats are easy to care for, “Just throw them in the

washer and hang them to dry.”

From Cook’s Harbour to Shirley’s Haven

Garl Elliott was born August 14, 1923 and grew up in Cook’s Harbour. A brother, Hayward, still lives in Cook’s Harbour.

Garl never married. “I was too slow for that!” he chuckles.

Mr. Elliott says that as he got older, he found the winters at Cook’s Harbour too hard, so in the year 2000 he moved to St. Anthony, closer all the facilities that were not available in his home town. Shirley’s Haven has become his home, and he says there is always something to do there.

Growing up in Cook’s Harbour

Mr. Elliott’s recollections of childhood are of growing up in Cook’s Harbour and spending winters at their tilt in Billy’s Harbour. “In the late fall when the fishing was done, around the first of October, we used to shift to Billy’s Harbour. In the spring we’d take it all back again in the boat.”

When fall arrived, Garl says, “My parents would take everything we needed, put it in the boat and go to Billy’s Harbour. By ‘everything’ Garls means clothing, children, provisions, household supplies and a dog team as well.

Once they were established at the winter tilt, “We’d put out slips for rabbits. There were no moose and very few caribou. Whatever food we needed we brought with us. If we had to go back to Cook’s Harbour in the winter months we went by dog team. In the fall, we took the dog team in the boat with us...the boat was big enough for everybody and everything. Once we arrived at Billy’s Harbour we’d haul up the boats, and in the spring we’d launch them again.”

The most pressing reasons for families moving into the woods were that there were no trees in Cook’s Harbour to break the wind and snowstorms during the winter months. Families moved into the woods to find shelter from the wind and to cut firewood for the winter. According to Mr. Elliott, people in Boat Harbour and Wild Bight moved inland every winter for the same reason.

There was a school in Billy's Harbour, but it seems the children never got much education. To Garl's recollection, they'd open school in January and close it in May. When the fishing started, everybody moved back to Cook's Harbour and all the young men went fishing with their dads. Perhaps 17 families would move to Billy's Harbour in the fall, and maybe four or five families remained in Cook's Harbour year-round, as did the lighthouse keeper at Cape Norman. Garl recalls some moved to Locks Cove in the bottom of Pistolet Bay. Billy's Harbour was about seven miles from Cook's Harbour, and Locks Cove was about half that distance.

General Labourer

Garl grew up knowing how to fish, and he fished every summer unless there was work available in St. Anthony, and then he worked as a carpenter doing general labour. Winters, he worked in the lumber woods at Main Brook.

Remembering the old days...

By Dorothy and Gower Anderson

Lower Woods and Cook's Harbour



Figure 45 Some members of Dorothy Decker's family. L-R: 1st and 2nd men, unknown; 3rd man is her father, Garland Decker; the boy is Gerald, who later died of a ruptured appendix; 4th is Dot's Uncle Charles, 5th is unknown, 6th is Dot's grandfather, John Charles Decker.

Dorothy (Dot) Decker was born in Lower Woods on May 11, 1936, up in the country near Cook's Harbour. Her parents were Garland and Dorcas Decker (Dorcas was a Downer from Gander Bay). When Dorcas finished her education she left Gander Bay and took a teaching position at Cook's Harbour where she taught school for nine years. After she married, she gave up teaching to raise her family.



Figure 46 Dorcas Downer, teacher

In Dorothy's family there were eight children; the youngest died when he was six months old. There were five boys and four girls: Reg, Max, Marg, Myrtle, Doug, Dot, Harold, Bess and Lloyd, who died.

Young Dot remembers they only moved into the bay during the winter months to cut wood, moving back to Cook's Harbour in time for fishing. Their house in Lower Woods was a duplex; Grandfather John Decker and Grandmother Caroline lived in the one part and Dot's family lived in the other.

Walking: a big part of life

“We had a dog team in Lower Woods; we would drive the dogs over land, and I walked from Lower Woods to Cook’s Harbour a good many times; so did everyone up there when they was old enough to walk. If they needed to go to a store, they walked. There was only one store in Cook’s Harbour and neither one in Lower Woods. When I was seven years old, that was the last year our family went to Lower Woods. My grandparents never went back either.

“There was a school at Lower Woods and I went the first year they opened it, but the school only ran for a few years because by then everybody was leaving. The school wasn’t a school really; it was in my grandfather’s store loft. My first and only teacher at that school was Daisy Adey from Wild Bight.”

How Gow Andersen and Dorothy Decker met



Figure 47 Gow Anderson at L'Anse aux Meadows

“The first time I saw Gow, he was with his brother, Dorman Andersen, who had come to teach at Cook’s Harbour. Gow had brought Dorman over, and he didn’t stay long that day; he had to go back to L’Anse aux Meadows, so I just had a peep at him then.

“My sister said, ‘My, which one do you think is best looking?’ I said, ‘I think its Dorm.’ ‘No,’ she said, ‘I think it’s the other one.’

“So Dorm was lodging with us that winter. Gow was back and forth, picking up Dorm when he wanted to go home on breaks. And that’s how I got to know Gow.

“Dorm had a girlfriend from Quirpon—Wilf Pynn’s sister—before he came to Cook’s Harbour, and he ended up marrying her. Then after he left, she taught in Cook’s Harbour.”



Figure 48 Gow and Dot on their wedding day, September 1956



Figure 49 L-R Dorothy (Dot) Decker and her brother Harold.



Figure 50 Cash register used in Dot's store at L'Anse aux Meadows

From Norway to Makkovik
And from Battle Harbour to L'Anse aux Meadows



Figure 51 Delena & Charlie Anderson

Gow's father was Charles (Charlie) Anderson who came from Makkovik, Labrador. Charlie was the son of Alfred James Anderson, who was the son of Torsten Anderson of Norway. As a young man, Charlie was brought from Makkovik to St. Anthony by Dr. Grenfell. The young man was suffering from tuberculosis of the ankle; prior to coming to St. Anthony, Charlie had been hospitalized at Battle Harbour.

After he came to St. Anthony with Dr. Grenfell, he stayed on in the area and became a herder of reindeer. Other young men from Labrador were recruited by Dr. Grenfell as reindeer herders, chosen for their cross-country skiing ability, which they had learned at the Moravian Mission in Makkovik.

Charlie married a local girl, Delena Bartlett. Once the reindeer experiment concluded, and he was no longer needed as a herder, Charlie took up fishing and continued fishing all his life with the Decker family in L'Anse aux Meadows.



Figure 52 Clockwise from left: Torsten Anderson, Charlie & Delena Anderson, Maryann Simms (Charlie's sister), Bessey Earle, Billy Earle, and Torsten's wife, Jessie (Morgan) Anderson.

Charles and Delena had five sons: Job, Alfred, Max, Gower and Dorman. A daughter died in infancy. Gow was born December 5, 1929.

Before he married Dorothy, Gow was a fisherman, although he had worked previously on Belle Isle as a lightkeeper for perhaps two years and at the Seven Islands for a year. But when his father needed help, Gow returned home.

When they married on August 9, 1956, Gow was 27 and Dorothy was 20. Together they had six children: Bernice, Gerald, Bonnie, Kevin, Kirby, and Colleen.



Figure 53 L-R Max and Gow Anderson's fishing stages at L'Anse aux Meadows



Figure 54 Gow pronging fish

Transportation

L'Anse aux Meadows was an isolated community, and didn't have a road until about 1966. In the days before roads, dog teams were used as a principal means of transportation in the winter, boats in the summer, and coastal boats if you had to go further afield. Some also used the old-fashioned Bombardier snowmobiles.



Figure 55 Gow's first snowmobile c. 1960

Gow recalls, “And when we were in the woods, or on the ice sealing, we wore snowshoes; what we called rackets. I never tried making rackets, but the old man (Charlie) made them; he did all of them. The frame for the rackets was made out of birch. To make a racket, you'd steam the birch and turn it. He used sealskin to make the webbing in the rackets. Some rackets had round tails and some were longer and narrower.



Figure 56 Snowshoes or 'rackets' (Snowshoes courtesy of Bonnie Andrews, St. Anthony).

“In the spring of the year, if you didn't wear snowshoes, you might sink down through the ice, because there might be soft spots on the ice, so you wore rackets over any surface where you thought your feet might sink down through.”

Growing up at St. Anthony Bight

by Ivy Pilgrim
St. Anthony Bight

I was born August 21, 1938 to Harrison and Annie Simms. I had one older brother, Clem, and one older sister, Dulsie.



Figure 57 The cover of Ivy Pilgrim's story "Growing up at St. Anthony Bight"

School Days

I began school at the age of seven; it wasn't kindergarten then, it was ^{xxvii}Primer. My first teacher was Violet Patey from St. Anthony; she is still living and was 92 years old December 2012. We would go to school 9:30 a.m. and out at 11:00 a.m. for half an hour recess; back at 11:30 a.m.; out at 12:30 for dinner and then back at 1:30 p.m. until 4 p.m. We had a one-room school: primer to grades 9, 10, and 11, depending if there were students in those grades. There were two one-room schools at the Bight: United and Salvation Army.

To heat our school each student brought two ^{xxviii}junks of wood each morning. If you forgot your wood you would be sent home to get it. We would take our turn lighting the fire in the pot-belly stove each morning for a week. Our source of light at night, if we needed it, would be oil lamps on the wall.

Our school was also our church; the minister would visit once a month: summer time by boat; winter time by dog team.

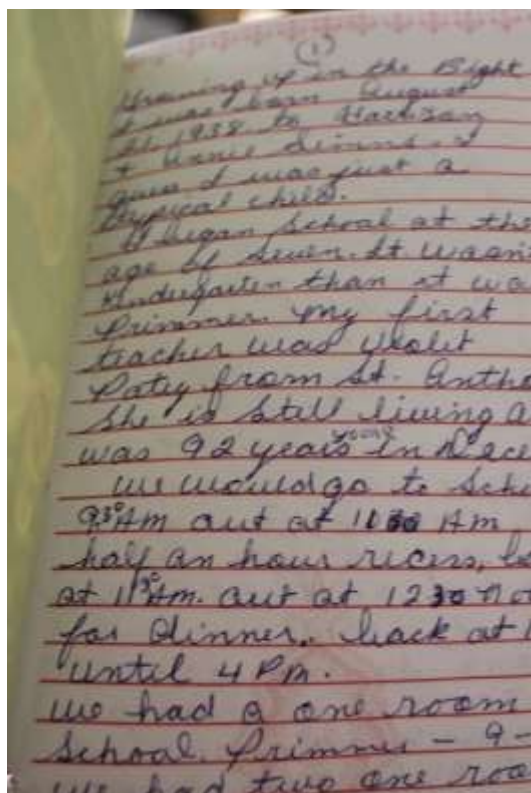


Figure 58 Page one of Mrs. Pilgrim's memoirs

We were responsible for cleaning up the school each evening after school was over: sweep the floor and empty the garbage; two girls would usually do that. Our school floor was all boards, and once a month we got a Friday evening off for our mothers to scrub the floor.

We had in our school what we called Coco Malt, which is like hot chocolate. We had a big pot, and for recess we would have it boiled on our pot-belly stove. We also had something that wasn't so good...cod liver oil. The government used to send it out to the schools, one bottle for each student. The cod liver oil came in the blue Gerald S. Doyle bottles. Some teachers used to make us drink it in school; we had a little glass that we drank the cod liver oil out of, and would bring peppermint candy or an orange to take the taste away. Some teachers gave the bottle to us to bring home. Guess what? Some bottles didn't make it home!

We would start off our day at school by saying a Bible verse, then the rest of our day was just a regular school day. Maybe someone would get the strap a couple times; or be put in the corner with a lot of books, which were held up with one hand over their head.

Showing respect for the dead

If a person died, school would be closed for three days. Mr. Arthur Patey from Pateyville made the caskets at the machine shop at the Mission. The deceased person was kept at the family home and blinds in the community stayed down for three days. The day of the funeral pallbearers carried the casket to the church and, after the church service, pallbearers carried the casket through the community to the graveyard with mourners following behind: first the immediate family, then relatives and friends. After the body was laid to rest everyone went back home.

Holidays

Our holidays were Christmas and Easter. We would get a week in Easter and two weeks in Christmas. We would usually have an Easter program. Christmas, we would have a concert, a tree and Santa Claus. Our tree would be put up Christmas Eve. Some people would wait till the young ones was in bed, then the parents would decorate the tree, put out the gifts, and fill the stocking. In our stocking we would get candy, apple, orange, a few grapes, and maybe a pair of socks or mitts. Under the tree we would have a pair of skin boots and a new ski suit. A new ski suit meant we could wear the one we were given last Christmas on weekdays and keep our new one for Sundays. We would probably get a box of hankies, which was really nice, and some little things like hair buckles or a necklace.

After we had our gifts looked at, we would go from one friend's house to another. Then it was the big dinner, and that's about the only thing that hasn't changed.



Figure 59 Ivy and friend at a Sports Day in St. Anthony

Jannying

Next was the Jannying. It wasn't called mummering. We would dress up every night except Saturday and Sunday. We would go around the Bight to every house; everyone would let you in. Some nights during Christmas we would gather at someone's house for a square dance and a pot of soup. We had lots of fun.

Special events

We spent a lot of time batting the ball in summer, and in winter we played kick ball and spent a lot of time sleigh riding. We didn't have TV or computers or anything of that sort, but we had lots of fun. For Bonfire Night we would start cutting trees in late September or early October. When we got out of school in the evening a crowd of us would get a piece of rope and an axe and away we would go over the hills, cutting trees. We'd bring them home for our Bonfire Night. Bonfire Night there was fires everywhere, and most everyone had a torch which was made from old rubber boots nailed to a stick. When the fires were about done we would light our torch and go around the Bight the rest of the night.

Valentine's Day was another time, although we didn't buy valentines; we made them from our Scribbler paper. We would have a box in school and we would put valentines in it for everyone. The teacher would call out the names and whoever had the most would get a prize. On Valentine's night we would have valentines tied together and go from house-to-house and hang them on the door, rap, and hide away.

Chaperones

When we were young teenagers and wanted to go somewhere we had to go with an older person. When they had Sports Day here in St. Anthony, Jessie Simms and I went with her father on dog team and when he went home we had to go too. There were no roads then; there was a snowmobile; but we had to go home with her father, Alec. And suppose we never had money for the ride; we had our money spent on dinner: baked beans and hash.

If there was a time down to Great Brehat or Little Brehat, we would go talk to Aunt Beulah Patey and persuade her to go with us to the time. Then we would go home and tell our parents that Aunt Beulah wanted us to go down Brehat with her to the time. That was okay, we could go: Mabel, Jessie, and me. I don't remember if there was anyone else or not.

In Little Brehat we would go to Aunt Beatrice Simms and talk her into going; we'd do the same trick. The Orangeman's parade down to Big Brehat we had to go with Clem, my brother, and Clarence (Clare) Pilgrim, and come home when they came. But we always had a good time and lots of fun.



Figure 60 Dog team and a komatik belonging to either Jake or Alec Simms, c. 1940s. The white two-story house, left of center and in behind, belonged to Harrison Simms, Ivy's father. The darker building to the left (forefront) is Ivy's grandfather's house. Just visible behind her grandfather's house is the home—formerly a school—of Freddy Rowbottom. In the lower left corner is an overturned boat with a komatik in front of it. The house on the right belonged to Lyle Pilgrim.

Chores

Jessie and I used to take her father's dog team and go to the brook and bring home barrels of water for him. We helped in the gardens after school with potatoes, brought water in buckets summer time, worked at the hay, and went berry picking. We had many boil-ups.

The Lord's Day

Our Sunday was for church only. We went to the Salvation Army because our minister only came once a month. We went at 11 a.m., out at 12 noon, back to Sunday School 2-3 p.m., church from 3-4 p.m., then we would all go in the road for a walk. We wasn't allowed to pick any berries on Sunday.^{xxix} Sweethearts was delicious but we wouldn't touch them. At 7 p.m. we was back to church until around 10 p.m., then we'd walk the road again.

Leaving St. Anthony Bight



Figure 61 Melvin and Ivy and the minister on their wedding day, June 1959

I finally left the Bight and went to work at St. Anthony Hospital. I worked there three winters and then I got married, and that's my life story.

I married Melvin Pilgrim from Little Brehat. Our wedding was at the Bight. Our supper was cake, cookies, tea and coffee. People came from all around. The tradition then, when someone got married, was to shoot off muskets. Next morning after the wedding, we left for Little Brehat, and that was the end of my life at St. Anthony Bight, except for visits.

Growing up at Joe's Cove, St. Lunaire-Griquet

Jean (Compton) Earle
St. Lunaire-Griquet



Figure 62 Jeane (Compton) Earle

Jean Earle enjoys reading, baking, knitting, and keeping records of events, whether past or present. In one corner of her living room is a bookcase of non-fiction books documenting the culture and history of Newfoundland, as well as DVDs of family, friends, vacations, and even a video with snippets of her husband Hector building a boat from start to finish. Whenever an opportunity presents itself, Jean takes her video-recorder and captures life as it happens: weather, especially winter weather; large numbers of boats or unusual boats tied up at the wharf; and once she captured a boat in flames at the local wharf. Most of all she enjoys filming family vacations and events. "I bought the video camera when my first grandchild was born in 1989 and I haven't stopped since," she smiles.

Born at Ship Cove



Figure 63 Elizabeth Jane Tucker and daughter Verdie

Jean Compton's family lived in Joe's Cove, St. Lunaire, but Jean was born at Ship Cove on September 16, 1943. Her mother, Alverda (Verdy) Compton, had traveled by motorboat from Joe's Cove in St. Lunaire to visit her mother, Elizabeth Tucker, in Ship Cove. But, while visiting, she went into labour and didn't make it back home: perhaps the wind was blowing too hard and she didn't want to risk the trip; after all, it was a long way between the two communities in an old-fashioned motorboat; possibly a four or five hour trip. So the baby was born in Kenneth and Elizabeth Tucker's house in Tucker's Cove.

The baby was delivered by Aunt Duck, a midwife, whose actual name was Elizabeth Adams (sometimes called Lucy), and she was married to Charles Edison. Aunt Duck was the midwife in that area before Aunt Becky Decker took over in later years.

A few weeks after the baby's birth, Verdy brought her beautiful baby girl home to Joe's Cove. Jean was the first girl born to the family, though not the first child; she had two older brothers. In the years to come, seven more children would be born.



Figure 64 Verdie and Jean Compton

School: a pot belly stove and an old-fashioned slate

Jean started school around 1948-49. Each morning she had to bring a ^{xxx}junk of wood to school; the classroom was heated by a pot-belly stove. She remembers that if it was really cold early in the morning before classes started, the teacher might allow the students to stand around the stove until they warmed up, “And that was if we had a nice teacher!” laughs Jean. “But not all teachers were nice!”

The children walked to school in all kinds of weather but in the winter, if a bad storm came up suddenly, then fathers or older brothers came to the school by dog team to pick up the children and take them

home.

Schools back then had no running water, and the bathroom was an outhouse.

Children were taught respect for their teachers and elders and dared not be saucy to either, because if their parents found out they were punished.

Those were the days of coco-malt and cod liver oil. Coco-malt was very similar to hot chocolate. The ‘government of the day’ distributed coco-malt and cod liver oil throughout the schools of Newfoundland in an effort to improve the children’s diet. In the morning the teacher put a big pot of water on the wood stove to boil. Recess-time the coco-malt was mixed in the children’s mugs which they brought to school every day. After Confederation this practice was discontinued.

Most of the cod liver oil which was already bottled was brought home and Jean’s father mixed it in the dog’s grub.

In her first year she started with a slate, but the following year she had a Scribbler.

Being the oldest girl meant more responsibility



Figure 65 Kenneth, Elizabeth, Verdie, Jean’s uncle Roderick and aunt Mamie, uncle Wilson, and uncle Selby Tucker

Jean was the oldest girl and theirs was a large family, so being the oldest girl meant she had to take on a lot of responsibility. At the age of ten she dusted and cleaned, looked after the younger children, and learned to cook. She was 12 years old when her mother taught her to make bread, which was usually made every second day, 12

or 13 pans at a time. Today we have electricity, but then they used lamps, so she cleaned smoky lamp chimneys with soap and water in a wash pan.

She helped around the house because her mother was often down at the stages with her father, salting fish; Jean says her mother salted every fish her father ever caught. Jean wasn’t left entirely to herself while her mother was out; Grandmother Compton was always available and ready to help. She remembers that Grandmother Compton would often start a meal and allow her to finish it.

There was no plumbing, so water was carried from the brooks using hoops and buckets. Slop pails, white enamel with blue trim, with a matching lid and a carrying handle, were kept down the hall in the one of the bedrooms, usually her mother's. Chamber pots were kept under the bed for night use.

It was around 1967 before power came to the community. People used the Tilley lamp or the mantle lamp for light. "If you turned it up too high the mantle burned a black spot on it," remarks Jean. "Then you'd shake salt in it to get the black spot off."

The Comptons had a woodstove...everybody did. "We were able to burn coal in the woodstove, too, but was it ever dirty! My mother would be always cleaning. If you burned coal, you had to watch the wind if you had white clothes put out on the line." Their woodstove had a water tank on it, so there was always hot water, and that was considered a step up from the norm. It was probably the 1980s before furnaces were put in; prior to that the kitchen was usually the only room properly heated, which meant that in winter the bedrooms were too cold; in summer too hot.



Figure 66 Jean's mother Verdie in later years.

On washday, Jean says, "We used the old washtub and scrub board; actually we had two tubs and two wash boards; Mom did the washing and I did the rinsing, and we hung the laundry out on clotheslines. We strung underwear on clothes poles and socks were put down on the fence pickets in the garden. Just about every day was laundry day. In spring time, when we washed anything big, such as sheets or quilts, we spread them out on bushes to dry because there wasn't room enough on the line."

Life was pretty simple back then. No electricity meant there was no refrigeration, so food was bottled or salted. If the men shot birds in the fall, and it was frosty, they'd hang them up in the stores or the stages to freeze, but if the weather was mild, the birds would have to be bottled. Jean's mother didn't bottle much in the way of fish, other than a few cod tongues, because mason jars were hard to come by and she really didn't have the money to buy them.

The Compton family had three gardens. There were no roads then, so gardens weren't planted along the roadways as they are now. The Comptons grew potatoes, cabbage, turnip and a few carrots. There was always plenty of rhubarb growing along the fences in the garden.

Berry Picking: a family affair

Children were introduced to berry picking at quite a young age. Jean's mother took the children out on the hills to pick squashberries. Perhaps they'd go towards Pistolet Bay or Ship Cove for bakeapples, or up on the marshes. They'd walk towards Shovel Hill and in towards Joe's Pond, and find bakeapples there. On a fine, fall day the whole family would take flour sacks to Grassy Hill and pick partridgeberries for the winter. "Father would boil the kettle and

make a lunch for us because we'd be there for the day. It was good times: we were outdoors, across the bay, and we had a boil-up. What could be better?" And they weren't the only family picking berries; the hills would be crawling with people. But if berries were scarce, then sometimes they walked as far as Butterpot Hill.

Blackberries were the first berry to ripen and were used for jam, puddings and buns. Bakeapples were always put in bottles and kept in the root cellar. Partridgeberries were put in barrels with a little bit of water in the bottom and they'd keep all winter. The Comptons usually had a barrel of partridgeberries and, if they were lucky, perhaps two. The partridgeberries would keep in the exact state they were picked off the hills. "I remember, as a child, that Mom always put the barrel in the bunkhouse because the bunkhouse wasn't used all winter. She'd send us up to get a dipper of berries; we'd have to chop them out because they'd be frozen. Mom always made pies and jam with the berries."



Figure 67 Roderick, Verdie's brother, and John Compton

Bread, jam, fish, birds and potatoes

There may not have been a lot of variety, but there was always bread, jam, fish, birds, and potatoes to eat. Meat was not purchased at a store, and there were no moose on the Northern Peninsula then. If you wanted meat, it had to be caught and killed. There was also rabbit and seal. Sealing was generally done mid-winter or in the spring, although in the late fall fishermen might try to set a few nets to get a seal or two.

"If Dad caught a seal it was left on the stage to freeze, and when my father needed it, he'd bring it up, thaw it by the stove in the kitchen and skin it in the porch. As children, we were fascinated by it; we'd slide down them old seals while they were thawing by the stove. It was our lifestyle, and we didn't know any different."

There was no set season for birding; the men were always gunning for birds, even when they were fishing. Most birding was done in the fall. If her father happened upon a goose, that was a big thing. Other than that, her mother kept a few hens but the dogs often killed them, so she eventually gave up.

Transportation: dog teams, man-power, steamers, boats, schooners

When Jean was growing up, dog teams were the principal means of transportation in the winter; boats in the summer. If you wanted to know how many people a dog team could carry on a sled, you asked yourself how heavy a load of wood was, because dogs hauled wood on a regular basis. Some people had seven, eight, or nine dogs and, of course, dogs had to be fed year-round. Men cared for the dogs and drove the teams, and usually prepared their food. Dog meal, also known as corn meal, was the staple diet in winter. Once the dog meal was cooked, Jean's father added chopped-up pieces of seal meat, capelin, or cod's heads, whatever he could find. The 'dog's grub' would be taken out and poured into a big tub, with the dogs lunging to get

at it because they ate only once a day. “That is, unless you shook out the tablecloth,” smiles Jean.

Although Jean never drove a dog team herself, she went plenty of places by dog team. “When I was a child, my father liked to go to Brehat; that was before it was resettled. He had lots of friends up there and I’d want to go because there were people my age. We’d go up on a Saturday, come back on a Sunday. Sometimes we rode in a coachbox because we were one of the lucky ones and had a coachbox; not everybody did. If somebody was sick and had to go to the hospital, they’d come and borrow our coachbox.”

Weather and ground conditions determined the outcome if there was an emergency. “And God forbid that anyone should get sick in the spring or the fall. If there was a storm, people sometimes died because they couldn’t get to the hospital.” If the ground was frozen, patients were placed in a coachbox on a ^{xxxi}komatik and covered with blankets, and if there wasn’t enough snow for a dog team.... “A crowd of men would haul them to the hospital, or try to get them there, following the telegraph line,” says Jean.

There was no dentist, so when dental care was necessary the doctor might be the only alternative. Around 1960 or 1961, Jean’s father drove her by dog team to have a tooth pulled. The doctor tried to pull the tooth and tore her gums quite badly. It was a bad experience for Jean, but she’s long since forgiven him. “He tried to do his best, the poor man.”

The word ‘if’ invariably defined possible outcomes in life-and-death situations: If there was no ice, if there was a schooner close by, or if a coastal boat (called a steamer) happened to be in the area, people could be transported to the hospital, but schooners and coastal boats weren’t always available.

Jean remembers that the coastal boats were in until around the first week of January, starting again late in the spring. Navigation depended on ice conditions; if there was ice, the coastal boats couldn’t run. Schooners brought freight back and forth to the communities; at that time they were a lifeline between cities and isolated communities.

First ride on a coastal boat to visit grandmother

In those days people traveled by coastal boats, or steamers, as they were commonly called. “I went to Ship Cove when I was 12 years old on the coastal boat ^{xxxii}*SS Northern Ranger* to visit my Grandmother Elizabeth,” remembers Jean. “There was no government wharf in St. Lunaire, although there was one in Griquet, so my father and I had to get on a small boat, which took us out to the *Northern Ranger*. My father accompanied me onto the boat and spoke to the purser and asked him to keep an eye on me. I don’t remember what the fare was; it might have been a dollar or two. The *Northern Ranger* was on its way to Corner Brook, with many stops along the way.

“The purser was true to his word; he got me off at Ship Cove. There was no wharf in Ship Cove; you had to go ashore with somebody who was coming out to pick up their freight, like Reg Decker. But Uncle Elder Decker had a small store and I knew him, and when he came out I went ashore with him.

“I had planned to stay with my grandmother until the second return trip of the old *Northern Ranger*, but when the coastal boat came back from Corner Brook on its first trip, I was back on her again, headed for home. I guess I missed my mom and dad and my brothers and sisters; I wanted to be home some bad.

“Of course, that wasn’t my only ride on a coastal boat. When Hector and I were married, we used to go to Indian Tickle, fishing. We traveled back and forth on the old *Bonavista*, the old *Burgeo*, the old *Barhaven*, and the *Springdale*. The children were small then, so we stayed in cabins; the trip could have taken anywhere from two to five days.”

Sports Day in St. Anthony

“Sports Day was in the spring. We would go with my father; he would take anyone who wanted to go, and I always went, when I got big enough. We’d go on dog team for the day: go up in the morning and come home in the evening. We didn’t pack a lunch; we got a lunch up there; that was a big thing. There’d be something to eat at the Mission School...they’d have little canteens set up. You could go in the school and buy your meal: there were pots of soup...things like that. I remember once having raisin pie, and I didn’t like it.

“My dad used to participate in the dog team races and he used to win sometimes, but not first prize. He never won first prize. I think he won a half-ton of coal one year.

“I participated once at the Sports Day in the dog team race. I was about 13 or 14 years old, and this lady—and for the life of me I can’t think of her name—she wanted to enter the dog team race with my father’s dogs, and I went along because I knew the dogs and she didn’t. But the dogs took us all over the place, so we never did do the course. The lady and I were calling commands to the dogs but they paid no attention. They took us to the house of friends of my parents, a place we used to go to warm up before we’d leave St. Anthony to go back home.”

First impressions of St. Anthony

“Boy, I thought St. Anthony was huge! What a big town! What a lot of people! What a lot of buildings! And big buildings, too: the orphanage, the old hospital, the handicraft store, and the Co-op. The school was across from Pomeroy’s; we thought it was a big school...you had to walk up a set of stairs...what a huge school!

As for roads, you could go around the harbour, but that was it. You couldn’t get out of St. Anthony by road...only by dog team or boat.

When we took the boat to St. Anthony, we docked at Murray’s Wharf on the east side. On the Grenfell side was a government wharf.

That was where I saw my first vehicle...a truck. I think it came down from the Base for the Sports Day.”

Water brooks and stages at Joe’s Cove

People built their houses as close to the stage as they could; that was their primary motivation. Nobody wanted to go very far to get aboard the boat; they wanted to be able to look out and see their motorboat on the ^{xxxiii}collar.

Building close to a brook was the farthest thing from their minds when determining where to build a house, but once the house was built a brook was dug nearby. Half the time, if the weather was dry through the summer the brook would dry up, but there was always another brook a little farther away.

Roads

“In 1963 we were connected to St. Anthony. I can’t remember who had the first car, but the merchants had trucks a few years before the roads came through, and they were used for bringing their freight from the coastal boats. Once they got government wharves, then they started doing up the roads enough for a vehicle. Fred Bussey and Ford Elms were the merchants in St. Lunaire-Griquet.

“Once the roads were through, then anybody could get a car. Some people ordered a car and had it come in on the coastal boat. My father probably bought his at Squire’s Garage in St. Anthony. Everybody drove with a standard transmission back then, there were no automatics, and there were no driving instructors; people just taught themselves how to drive. It was often years before they went to St. Anthony and took their driving test.

Marriage



Figure 68 Hector and Jean Earle

Jean Compton married Hector Earle in 1960. Both Jean and Hector grew up in the same community and had always known each other. After they married they spent 35 years living and working in Goose Bay. They have two daughters, Rhonda and Theresa, and four grandchildren.

Stories from Little Brehat/St. Anthony Bight/St. Anthony

Melvin & Ivy Pilgrim



Figure 69 Melvin and Ivy Pilgrim

Little Brehat: a big storm and a resettlement package

Melvin Pilgrim was born in 1938, the son of Ethel and Hedley Pilgrim of Little Brehat. Ivy Simms was born the same year, the daughter of Annie and Harrison Simms of St. Anthony Bight. Melvin and Ivy were married June 8, 1959 when they were both 21 years old. Shortly after they were married they moved to St. Anthony, although Melvin went back to Little Brehat to fish for two or three summers after that.



Figure 70 Melvin and Ivy were married June 1959.

When a big sea—sometime around the end of the 1950s—washed away most of their wharves,^{xxxiv} stages and fishing gear, the people of Little Brehat were never the same again. The big sea had not only taken the peoples' livelihood, it had taken the heart out of many.

The government offered them a resettlement package, and Melvin says the first crowd to move out got \$400; the second \$600, and "...we got only \$100," he smiles. "The older people—

older than us—got \$600 because they had owned homes and fishing gear; Ivy and I were only just married, so we only got \$100.”



Figure 71 Their 50th wedding anniversary. Ivy is dancing in the same shoes she wore on her wedding day.

There was always something to do

Melvin was employed as a janitor at the trade school for 13 years, although he continued to fish because he enjoyed fishing and he enjoyed being out in the boat. While fishing he would often cook his own meals right on the boat: sometimes fish and hard bread; sometimes fish and tongues with ^{xxxv}brewis. When he wasn't fishing or working at the trade school, Melvin kept busy setting gardens and working in the woods. Melvin owned a dog team in those days, but everybody owned a team back then.

A Memorable Sports Day and a foiled race

Sports Days in the 1950s were a big event, drawing large crowds.

One day Melvin took a good look at his team of dogs and decided he'd like to enter them in the dog team races at the St. Anthony Sports Day. He figured he had a good chance at winning a prize. "I thought my team looked good; my lead dog, Spot, was a fine dog...the other dogs might be galloping, but she would be trotting...and she'd keep her traces right tight."



Figure 72 Dog team races at the Grenfell Sports Day in St. Anthony

Sports Day arrived and the teams lined up at the Mission Wharf, ready for a wild trip around the harbour. What a state of excitement dogs and drivers were in prior to the race! The dogs were yelping, getting tangled up their traces and snapping at other dogs, while dog team drivers were eager to get on with the race, so as to prove the strength, speed and stamina of their teams.

The object of the race was that the teams would line up at the starting point at the Mission Wharf, and then race as fast as they could to the bottom of St. Anthony Harbour, past Uncle Hezekiah Patey's house, steer the teams around the flag, and head back up the harbour to the Mission Wharf. And they might do that three times in a single race.

"There might have been forty or fifty teams in the race. I think there were ten prizes given out that year, but I never got neither one," he remembers, shaking his head ruefully.

Melvin's dog team was accustomed to making the trip from Little Brehat to the Plant in St. Anthony to pick up a load of herring, which was used as dog food. Melvin suggests that perhaps Spot didn't understand that she was in a race, because what she did next foiled his hopes of ever bringing home a prize.

Melvin recalls, "The race began. I went up the harbour, drove the dogs around the flag, and coming down the harbour, my team was flying. I think I was third from the front." Melvin had high hopes of winning a prize.

But suddenly it all went wrong. The Mission Wharf was one way, the Plant was the other. Spot, the lead dog, veered off to the Plant and Melvin couldn't turn her in the direction of the wharf. He shouted the commands, 'Hold in, or Keep off!' but he shouted in vain. Spot looked back over her shoulder as if to say, "What's the matter with you?" And she made for the Plant on the other side of the harbour. Melvin realized there was no hope in trying to get back in the race, so he gave the team their head and on they went to the Plant.

Melvin isn't sure who won that race, but he thinks it might have been Garl Taylor from Raleigh. "Although," he adds, "Uncle Hezekiah Patey often took the prize."



Figure 73 An old-fashioned komatik

In Little Brehat: footpaths, dog teams, boats and komatiks



Figure 74 L-R Gilbert & Clem Simms take a break after cutting hay at the bottom of the Bight, August 1958, and Ron Cull and Melvin enjoy a cup of tea outdoors.

When he still lived in Little Brehat, Melvin recalls that, in the fall of the year, when there was a bit of money, the men of the community used to get together and repair the road between Big Brehat and Little Brehat. Once it was repaired, the road, which was about two miles long, would then be suitable for walking. He recalls there was a time he could walk the distance in 20 minutes. “Now,” he laughs, “it takes me two hours.”



Figure 75 Dog team and a komatik belonging to either Jake or Alec Simms, c. 1940s. The white two-story house, left of center and in behind, belonged to Harrison Simms, Ivy's father. The darker building to the left (forefront) is Ivy's grandfather's house. Just visible behind her grandfather's house is the home—formerly a school—of Freddy Rowbottom. In the lower left corner is an overturned boat with a komatik in front of it. The house on the right belonged to Lyle Pilgrim.

Although he never went that often, Melvin remembers people used to ride in boats from Little Brehat to St. Lunaire to attend church; a distance of perhaps three or four miles.

In winter, the Pilgrims went by dog team if they wanted to visit someone in another community. “When we moved to St. Anthony, we used to leave here and go over to the Bight to visit Ivy’s mom on dog team, and stay the weekend.”

A broken komatik

But on one of Melvin and Ivy’s return journeys from the Bight, they met with an unexpected calamity. Melvin had just built a new komatik, but he hadn’t spiked her yet. According to Melvin, to spike the komatik, four or five inch nails were driven up through and down through the runners. “I was probably going to do it later,” smiles Melvin, “but I hadn’t got around to it yet.”

He and Ivy were aboard the ^{xxxvi}komatik, coming back from St. Anthony Bight across the marsh up at Trawl Cove, which is behind the trade school. Melvin, who was 22 years old at the time, said his usual route was across the marsh by the ^{xxxvii}landwash. On the return trip to St. Anthony, coming back across the marsh, the komatik slid sideways, struck a piece of ice and split right in two, and the dogs continued on with the nose of the komatik broken off, and the two runners, while Melvin and Ivy were left sitting on the box and crosspieces, left behind. The dogs never stopped in spite of the lighter load, but pulled what was left of the komatik straight across the marsh and back to their home on Water Street.

Naturally, there was nothing else for it but to walk the rest of the way home, but Melvin never forgot to spike a komatik again.

Orangemen’s Day Photos



Figure 76 Orangemen's Day Parade at Great Brehat April 1955: L-R George Kinsella (passed on), Maitland Pilgrim, Stewart Pilgrim (passed on) and Elijah Cull (passed on). Background: Mary Carter's house.



Figure 77 Orangemen's Day Parade St. Anthony April 1957. L-R Virge Breton, man (unknown), Bella Simms, Edna Pilgrim, Linda Colbourne, Norm Patey, and Mrs. Slade.

Sheep breeder and Viking

Mike Sexton, Goose Cove

Irish Roots

Whether it's keeping a farm in Goose Cove, shearing sheep for wool or acting the part of a Viking, whatever Mike Sexton sets his hand to today is rooted in the traditions of the past.

There were seven children in Mike Sexton's family. His mother was Genevieve Byrne from Crouse, near Conche, and his father, Phillip, grew up in Goose Cove. Mike's grandfather was Patrick (Paddy) Sexton, and family tradition has it that all the Sextons in Goose Cove came from Tilting on Fogo Island and were Irish.

Mike married Gillian Sage, who was born in Bristol, England. She graduated as a SRN in general nursing from the Royal Devon Exeter School of Nursing in 1986. She completed Midwifery as a SCM in Taunton, Somerset, in 1987 before immigrating in 1990 to work as a midwife at the hospital in St. Anthony.

They have two daughters, Rebecca and Alicia, now in their teens.

From Lock's Cove to Goose Cove: A full house, and resettlement

"In this house, at one time, there were seven of us kids; five girls and two boys; then there were Mother and Skipper; Nan and Pop; Joseph, my father's brother—and when he got married I think they might have lived here for a while. Then one winter, scattered in with that, was Adam Rice on his way to Cook's Harbour; he ended up staying here all winter. Every now and then Aunt Lil Fields would come over from Cook's Harbour, too. She was Nan's twin sister from Ireland Bight; they were Culls.

"Nan's brother built this house. Nan's father gave the house to John, her brother. John took that house down and built this one. A lot of the wood in this house comes from the old house. This house was floated out of Ireland Bight. The old man hauled her up here."

Mike says that there are a few houses in Goose Cove that were originally built in Ireland Bight, Lock's Cove or the Fishot Islands. When the communities of Ireland Bight and Lock's Cove resettled, the former owners sold their houses to people in Goose Cove and moved to St. Anthony. Those who bought those houses from the former owners floated them to Goose Cove, where they are today.

Resettlement and an abandoned horse

There were always casualties of a sort when it came to resettlement. Mike tells a story of just such a casualty—a horse—left behind in Lock's Cove. "During resettlement, I think it was Jacques Lemaire that left his horse behind in Lock's Cove and moved to St. Anthony. It was a big horse and there was no boat big enough to move it, so it seemed the only solution was to leave the horse at Lock's Cove."

According to Mike's recollection, for a number of years some fellows from Main Brook cut hay and stored it in the stage with the door open, so the horse had something to eat. After all,

people in Main Brook were accustomed to looking after horses; the big animals were often used at the lumber mills to haul wood.

Mike harks back to a story about that particular horse that is indelibly engraved upon his memory.

“One time, when we were only youngsters, a friend and I went to Lock’s Cove—for the ride more than anything—and there was a horse there that I think belonged to Jacques Lemaire. Well, my friend and I landed at the community, and when I broke around the corner of the house, there was the horse, and he come running at me and frightened the wits out of me.

“I can remember that, I tell you!”

He fished, but not for long

In his youth, Mike and his brother Dean fished with their father. They fished at ^{xxxviii}traps and ^{xxxix}gillnets and ^{xl}trawled salmon. Mike’s brother-in-law fished with them for a few years too, “because he never had n’er ^{xli}skiff, and,” remarks Mike, “when you get going at trapping, there would be times in the height of the season, when the fishing was good, you’d get a few other fellers who’ll pull up to the trap and jump aboard and give you a hand.”

Mike started out fishing because that’s what his father did. His brother Dean fished for a couple of years with them, but left home around the age of 17.

Watchdogs with long necks and barbed wings



Figure 78 Geese...as effective as any watchdog.



Figure 79 Some of Gillian's artistry with flowers, fences and rock gardens.



Figure 80 The Sexton farm is located in the center of the community.



Figure 81 Mike raises ducks, geese and chickens and sheep, just like the old-timers did in his youth.



Figure 82 The Sexton farm overlooks the harbour at Goose Cove.

Mike Sexton's farm is located in the center of the community on the east side of Goose Cove overlooking the harbour. Outbuildings on the farm, with slate-blue siding, are well maintained. Gillian's green thumb supplies a colourful and artistic array of flowers and rock gardens. Hens cluck and peck in the yard, a friendly dog wags his tail, and a fluffy Norwegian Forest cat, with amber-coloured eyes, watches proceedings from a careful distance.



Figure 83 Norwegian forest cat.

Geese and ducks are partitioned off with stout wood picket gates, and fences are reinforced with sturdy chain link or wire mesh.



Figure 84 Picket fences reinforced with sturdy mesh and wire.

Three geese crowd against the fence, lifting their beaks in a loud, honking clamour interspersed with snake-like hisses, waiting for an opportunity to seize an unsuspecting hand or to nip a pant leg. A person has to be careful around these geese, and

it's not their beaks that do the most damage; it's their wings.

"When they hold them up, they have a barb on their wings, and that's their weapon," says Mike. "The reason I got them was I wanted them for guard dogs. I'm at work every day, so with the geese, nothing comes handy but the geese see it. They'll kick up a racket." As if on cue, the geese honk loudly, then stretch out their necks and hiss threateningly. Mike points to each one and recites their names: Thanksgiving, Christmas and Easter.

A henhouse with neatly shingled roof and clapboard siding is shelter to fowl during inclement weather. Farther afield is a similarly painted barn for the sheep. In the yard, free-range Bantams, Silver Blues, and Silkies scatter like so many bright feathers in a wind. Mike explains that he raises geese, chickens and ducks more-or-less as a hobby, but it's an expensive hobby. He is very enthusiastic about his bantams. "One fellow asked me for their crowns to tie flies, so I got them ready, but he never picked them up." He turns and points out a Speckled Hamburg; a fine fellow imported from Nova Scotia.

Fishing and Farming

Growing up, Mike learned how to fish from his father. Farming skills, on the other hand, were learned from his mother, who kept hens and sheep. He recalls his mother often sheared the sheep herself. His father helped somewhat with the farm; he'd cut the hay but had no time to dry it because he was fishing, and Mike's mother often ended up cutting the hay, too, and that's how Mike learned. His father was usually around to help plant the garden, which was extensive, but his mother weeded it because he and the boys were out fishing.

All that farming experience in his boyhood paid off and, when Mike's two daughters asked a dozen or so years ago if they could keep a few hens, Mike had no objection.

Summer pasture

Mike also keeps eight sheep, and this summer he's keeping them on Noble's Island at Quirpon. Keeping them in Goose Cove would mean having to move them around every day, and

Mike declares, “That’s a lot of work before going off to work for the day.” This year he and his buddy, Terry Woodford, took the sheep in a pickup truck and Mike rowed the sheep across in his twelve-foot rowboat to Noble’s Island; Terry drew the line at crossing in the boat and waited on the shore. The last time Mike transported his sheep to an island, he had to make two trips, taking half the sheep at a time. “The wind came up, an awful storm, and I couldn’t even make it back to the beach on the second trip; I had to head for the wharf. It’s a fibreglass boat, not like a wooden one; it was right on top of the water.” As for the sheep, Mike didn’t tie them down in the boat, and they didn’t jump out either.



Figure 85 Mike shuttles his sheep back and forth to summer pasture in this boat.

He took his sheep in a motorboat the year before to Crémaillère Island. He points out the window and says, “If I go to the top of that high hill I could look down and see them.” Crémaillère Island posed a problem last year; it was January 5th before he got all the sheep off the island due to big seas.

He’s had the sheep down in Little Brehat on the mainland—Hayward Cull took them out there—and they made their way back to Great Brehat, although one sheep didn’t. Mike went looking for her and after a couple days, found her dead on the beach, and he’s not sure what happened to her. The summer of 2012 he lost a sheep off Crémaillère Island and never found any sign of her, so he assumes that she didn’t die of natural causes.

This year he dropped them off in early June and will start checking the weather in October to determine when to pick them up and bring them home for the winter. Mike’s checked the sheep three times this summer and they’ve been fine. They live off the land; there are no worries about food and there’s plenty of water.

There are three local sheep breeders who Mike keeps in contact with: Hayward Cull of Great Brehat, Gerard Bartlett of Griquet, and Darrell Hedderson of Noddy Bay. This year Hayward Cull and Gerard Bartlett joined Mike in deciding to put their sheep on Noble’s Island. On one of his routine trips to the island, Mike found one of Hayward Cull’s sheep, dead.

Bjorn the Beautiful



Figure 86 Mike Sexton as Bjorn entrances the audience with his passionate recitation of Egil's Saga at the [Icelandic Canadian Club of Toronto \(ICCT\)](#) in 2014.

In northern Newfoundland it was always a challenge to find full-time employment; this was especially true when the fishery ground to a halt in 1992. After the Moratorium, northern Newfoundland was grappling with ways to bring much-needed capital to the area, not to mention employment. With the discovery of the Viking Site at L'Anse aux Meadows in the 1960s, taking a stab at tourism as a means of attracting income to the area seemed a viable option.

After he gave up fishing, Mike found work as an electrician for a while, and in 1996 took on seasonal employment with the VTTA (Viking Trail Tourism Association) building trails in Goose Cove.

In 1997 Mike read an ad in the newspaper; the VTTA was hiring costumed interpreters at the L'Anse aux Meadows Viking Site. A fellow by the name of Darrell Markewitz from Ontario had designed a program that would help authenticate the experience, and thus draw tourists to the area.

Mike remembers there were six costumed interpreters originally; the number climbed to eleven and then more-or-less levelled off at nine. When the team was first hired by the VTTA they were given a brief description of the character they would portray and told they could research and develop the character as they saw fit. Mike had been assigned the name of Bjorn, a ship's captain. He spent a week researching his character and went to work; and, thus, Bjorn the Beautiful came to life.

Mike laughs, admitting he was born with 'the gift of the gab.' He didn't want to simply act the part of a Viking; he wanted to understand Bjorn the Beautiful, and went so far as to memorize Viking poetry, which he recites quite lustily. Over the years he continued to learn; his motive for knowing more about the character is an honest one; when a tourist asks him a question, 'Bjorn' wants to be able to answer knowledgeably.

But Mike cautions that a person living in present times can only go so far acting the part of a Viking because our current lifestyle in no way reflects the lifestyle or the mindset of the Vikings 1000 years ago. Thus, nobody can truly get under the skin of a Viking in Viking times.

"They were warriors: on edge all the time, and always on their guard. Common Viking admonitions were: 'Always sit with your back to the wall,' and 'Never stray from your spear when out in the field,'" says Mike.

More than just summer employment

Although he was employed during the summer months, there were other occasions during the year when the team was called upon to travel. When Mike first started with the VTTA, they were advertising regularly; pushing the Viking re-enactment as a drawing card for the whole

Northern Peninsula. Mike and the team were jumping in cars at nighttime and traveling to places such as Cow Head, or to Gander for Hospitality Newfoundland & Labrador's AGM. Wherever there was an opportunity to promote the Viking theme, the team was there. Not surprisingly, the number of tourists visiting the Viking Site increased significantly after the VTTA introduced the Encampment Program (costumed interpreters). Parks Canada took over the site in 2001.

"In a way," says Mike, "what we were doing in the late '90s was leading up to the Millennium Celebrations. The timing was good. Money was coming in from the Millennium Celebrations, and they were focusing on the 1000 years of discovery and the Viking presence in Newfoundland. The money that came in from the Celebrations helped fund the program we were involved in. The VTTA was responsible for Norstead Village, which was just across the road from Parks Canada's site, and that is still up and running."



Figure 87 Local folklorist Mike Sexton regales his audience with tales of Warriors, Kings, Trolls, Fairies. Photo: Wendy Nuttal Photography.

From 1997 to 1999 Mike worked at the Park's Canada's buildings, but was paid by the VTTA. In 2000, he worked at the Park's Canada's buildings for part of the year, then traveled all around Newfoundland as a Master of Ceremonies at various events for the Viking Millennium Celebrations, returning to Park's Canada again to finish out the year. In 2001 he was still with the VTTA, and Parks Canada took over the Viking Encampment Program, hiring their own people.

Mike stayed with the VTTA that year and worked at Norstead, although he was still working at the same job he had been doing for Park's Canada.

In 2002 he took a job with Park's Canada and that year they went to the Canadian Museum of Civilization for the Traveling Smithsonian Viking Exhibit.

This year, in 2013, Mike took on a new position at Park's Canada as a maintenance man. When asked if he misses his job as Bjorn the Beautiful, he quips, "Ask me in a couple of years, I should have an answer by then!"

With his wealth of experience working at the L'Anse aux Meadows Viking Site, Mike laughs and, with a twinkle in his eye, says, "Like I told the boss,

I've done every job here except hers!"

A Viking sideline: carving Viking artifacts out of caribou antlers

Carvings: Mike uses a tool called a Dremel to carve items such as Thor's hammers and runes for necklaces. He also carves needles which are used for *Naal Binding*, which Mike says

is pronounced nearer to the sound, ‘nole bending’, whereby women knit with one needle rather than two or more.

Mike uses caribou antler and carves or burns ^{xlii}runes into them. Runes are like an alphabet; when the Vikings were in L’Anse aux Meadows it was the 16-twig alphabet, and before that it was the 24-twig alphabet. Runes are somewhat like twigs and have straight lines, and were carved into wood, stone, wax, birch bark, and marked on sheepskin.



Figure 88 Mike carves Thor's hammers, needles and burns runes into caribou antlers.



Figure 89

At the Close of an Era



Figure 90 Monty Shears: last man hired by the CNT at the American Base

Introduction by Kevin Christopher

The American Base in St. Anthony was built by the US Government in the 1950s as part of the new defence system which included the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line. The East Coast sites were used for communications from the DEW and as Aircraft Control and Warning (AC&W) radar. In Newfoundland the sites were given a 99-year lease as per the "Lend-Lease" program of WW2.

The site in St. Anthony occupied 1100 acres.

The Base was operated by the United States Air Force (USAF) and employed both servicemen and civilians. As the strategic importance of the radar diminished, the USAF closed down the radar tracking operation and continued with the communications. Operations at this point were contracted out; the main contractor being Canadian Marconi Company.

As the US military picture changed, the site was turned over to the Canadian Government. This process started in September 1970 and was completed one year later. The Canadian Government tasked Canadian National Telecommunications (CNT) to operate the communications system which by this time was carrying mostly commercial telephone circuits. CNT also provided custodial services on the entire base.

During the time of transition, there were approximately 20 Marconi personnel employed, with the greater percentage being locals from communities in the St. Anthony region. There were about five or six living on the site. At transition CNT provided communications technicians, thereby reducing the requirement for site accommodations. The remaining power plant, heating plant and mechanics were transferred to CNT and the process of decommissioning began.

In time the entire Base, with the exception of buildings needed for communications, was mothballed. The number of staff was reduced to seven, all of whom were living in the community. The power generators at the tropo site were used to provide power to the MOT site on an adjacent hill, and to the microwave site behind the Base. Once the site was mothballed it was transferred from the Canadian Government to the Newfoundland Government for \$1.00. The main power plant remained with the federal government. In time the Base buildings were sold by the provincial government, and somewhat dismantled.

Staff remained at seven for a number of years, and eventually the need for a mechanic was eliminated with the supply of new snow vehicles. Power lines were built to the microwave site, and the tropospheric communications equipment was modernized in the early 1980s.

As requirements in communications were increasing to beyond the capacity of the tropo system, Bell started to build a microwave link from L'Anse au Loup to Goose Bay. The tropo system at this time was carrying circuits from Goose Bay to the toll centre in Corner Brook. Included in these circuits were the lines from Cartwright.

A fire at the Goose Bay site resulted in a loss of communications from Labrador. Re-routing was done at Goose Bay through Quebec, and lines were made available at the tropo site to connect Cartwright to the St. Anthony toll centre.

In short order the Bell microwave system was pushed into action, and the need of the site in St. Anthony no longer existed. At this point the remaining site reverted to the Canadian Government and was sold by tender. Included in the final sale was the mothballed power plant.

Over the years there were a goodly number of CNT people who had worked at the site. Some went on to other postings, and others participated in remote sites in the Arctic.

Monty Shears: a young man and a new career at St. Anthony

Monty Shears arrived in St. Anthony in 1975. A native of Green Point—a community north of Rocky Harbour—he had attended college in Corner Brook and St. John's, finishing a two-year program in electronics.

Mr. Shears has the distinction of having been the last man hired by Canadian National Telecommunications (CNT) at the American Base in St. Anthony. At the time he was hired, there were four or five other men working at the same job, but shortly after he embarked on his new career in St. Anthony, the radar site at Cartwright burned down. Without that link to Labrador, the U.S. Military Base closed down, thus putting an end to CNT in St. Anthony.

Marriage, a baby, and a big decision

In 1975, while working at CNT, Monty met Pansy Noble and they were married in 1977.

Monty's wife, Pansy, had been born in Great Brehat, the daughter of Pierce and Bertha Noble. Pierce and Bertha ran a store in Great Brehat and also had a boat, hiring sharemen during the fishing season. When Pierce's health began to fail they moved from Brehat to St. Anthony where they ran a store in the back of their house on Simms Lane. Pierce and Bertha had seven children. When Pierce died during heart surgery shortly after relocating to St. Anthony, Bertha was left a widow with three children still at home. She continued to run the store, but eventually took a job at Shirley's Haven and was employed there for 29 years. John Budgell was manager at Shirley's Haven when Bertha first began work there.

In 1977 the young couple had a four month-old son and had just built a brand-new house.

“I was 22 years old and had built that house myself, and it’s still up there on Old Peat Road,” he says. “So when the job came up in North Bay, I thought about it and said I’d like to have a change, so all three of us packed up and moved to North Bay.”

From St. Anthony to North Bay

When Monty arrived at North Bay he was sent first to Vancouver for six month’s specialized training with CNT to learn about the North Warning System (NWS).

“The American and Canadian governments were in a partnership, upgrading communications for the Distant Early Warning (DEW) Line across the North. Their aim was to upgrade all communications across the north, change all communications to satellite, and bring it all back to North Bay, Ontario. The underground complex, North American Aerospace Defense Command (NORAD), had operated there for years; it was bomb-proof and under a mountain.

Eighteen Newfoundlanders at the North Warning System

“And that’s where we were sent—18 of us Newfoundlanders—and we operated the network control facility for the North Warning System.

“When they upgraded communications systems all across the north, they changed it from a DEW Line to a North Warning System (NWS). That meant 52 radar sites would be strung across the north to detect aircraft coming in from the north.

“At the time, the contractor who secured the contract to upgrade the DEW Line to North Warning System was a company in British Columbia called *Canac Microtel*. CNT and Canac Microtel combined to bid on the contract to operate the North Warning System, and they got the five-year contract to change all the communications to all these sites and to install all the equipment at North Bay at the underground complex.

“So all these sites had to be modernized, but we 18 Newfoundlanders didn’t go up north, they wanted someone to operate the control center for monitoring all communications to all these sites, and they chose us. We were also involved in some of the installation of new equipment, and once we got it up and running, we were monitoring all North Warning Systems.”

From North Bay to Ottawa: “We got some pretty hard looks”

“We Newfoundlanders were part of the installation as well as maintenance. After it was all installed, another contractor took it over then. While I was there I was promoted to supervisor in North Bay, and the new contractor was looking for someone who specialized in satellite communications and they figured I was the man for the job; after all, I was already a supervisor. They made me an offer I couldn’t refuse.

“I started in North Bay and eventually transferred to Ottawa. When I took the new position, the military had written up a contract as one of the positions the contractor must have in Ottawa, but the company wasn’t sure what my job description should be. I had to go to Ottawa and create my own job; my first six months were spent doing just that. I became the liaison between the military and our company as a trouble-shooter; addressing problems on a day-to-day basis. I was communicating with the company I worked for in North Bay and communicating with the military in Ottawa.

“As far as I know, we were also the first civilian company that took care of the encryption devices—top secret devices that the American government puts on every communications line to encrypt it so if planes are flying over up north, and the pilots are talking, let’s say, back to North Bay military, then all these communications had to be encrypted, so certain devices were highly top secret. And we were the first Canadian civilians to maintain that equipment.

“I remember going to Ottawa at first, me and four Newfoundlanders. I was a manager at the time and had three technicians. So we walked into this office and all these colonels and generals were there, and this guy from the Department of National Defence (DND) introduced us, saying, ‘These are the people who are going to maintain and take care of the encryption devices, now part of the North Warning System.’

“We got some pretty hard looks.

“We had specialized training, but they were quite sceptical about our ability to properly maintain the system. It was very top secret, and we had special clearances, but they were still doubtful.

“After a year they did an audit of our performance in maintaining the system. The guy told us we had one of the best audits ever.”

Time to go back to Newfoundland: from Ottawa to St. Anthony

“At the end of five years in Ottawa, the company decided to start hiring their own people. They wanted to sub-contract it out. I was a Newfoundland Telephone employee then. While I was up there, Canadian National Telecommunications (CNT) changed their name in Newfoundland to *Terra Nova Tel*. *Terra Nova Tel* was the Newfoundland part of the company. CNT also had Northwest Telecommunications. While I was in North Bay, *Terra Nova Tel* was bought out by the Newfoundland Telephone Company. I was a Newfoundland Telephone Company employee when I went to Ottawa. And, after that, Newfoundland Tel and the rest of the Maritimes amalgamated and became *Aliant*. The new company wanted me to stay and offered me a job in Ottawa.

“But at that point I had 15 years in with the telephone company and the children were young, and I thought maybe it was time to go back to Newfoundland. So they gave me a job back here as manager and I returned to Newfoundland in 1994 and worked until 2005 as local manager for *Aliant*.”

Fishing Point Emporium

Mr. Shears and his wife Pansy now operate Fishing Point Emporium at Fishing Point in St. Anthony.

A Tradition of Craftsmanship

Noah Patey



Figure 91 A sign on the wall in Mr. Patey's shed...and dried salt cod on the shelf.

Early years

Noah Patey was born March 1, 1933 and his wife, Joyce (Earle) Patey, was born November 30, 1934. Both Noah and Joyce grew up in St. Lunaire-Griquet. They celebrated their Diamond Anniversary on November 13, 2012. Married in 1952, they had ten children: seven boys and three girls.

Noah's father, Sam Patey, was the son of William Saunders and Elaine Patey. When his mother Elaine died, John Patey, Elaine's father, took Sam and reared him up as a Patey. William Saunders reared his youngest son, Don, and he kept the surname Saunders, so Sam and Don were full brothers with different surnames.



Figure 92 L-R Sam Patey, Noah and Joyce Patey

Sam Patey married Beulah Snow and they had three sons: Allan, Noah, and Lesley, and three daughters, Violet, Minnie, and Beryl.

Joyce remembers a time when her mother and father, and Noah's parents, used to hook mats for the Grenfell Mission. "In the fall they would cross the bay in a boat and walk to St. Anthony with their mats and trade them for clothing at the clothing store. The ride across the bay would have taken five minutes; the walking portion of the trip would have taken the better part of a day."



Figure 93 A spinning wheel similar to what Sam Patey would have crafted.

Noah recollects that Sam Patey was very handy at making things. "In my father's day they never had the tools they do now. I can remember that my father made his own bucksaw." But Sam Patey was also skilled at making spinning wheels. "He would make a complete spinning wheel except for the piece that the spool goes on for winding up the wool, and very likely that piece was factory-made. Initially, he made a spinning wheel for his mother, and any others he crafted, he sold for five dollars."

Although Sam Patey was very handy with wood, his principal occupation was that of fisherman.

When it came to learning technical or wood-working skills from his dad, Noah watched his father's work and learned by imitation, but he also had an inborn knack for carpentry and mechanics, building dozens and dozens of boats, from flat-bottom pond boats to trap skiffs. "I made all kinds of speed boats. And if I needed something I'd usually make it myself." He would even start building peoples' boats for them. "Sometimes I'd go to someone else's store, at their request, and start the boat for them, and they would finish it. I've done dozens like that.

"Uncle Hezekiah Patey was Pap's uncle, I went up to St. Anthony and put up a boat for him—24 or 25 feet long—I left on dog team and stayed one or two nights. I scarfed her, put the stem and stern on, and put on the shear plank. I was in my late 20s then."

Noah recalls that his uncle Hezekiah Patey used to win a lot of races with his dog team on sports day. "He was pretty keen on his dogs; they was looked after just like the children. He talked as much about the dogs as he did his family."

Mr. Hezekiah Patey didn't use just any old komatik for the races. Noah recalls, "Joe Hancock in Goose Cove used to shape his komatik—give her the right shape on the bottom so she'd run good. He'd make sure the runners was in good shape, and that komatik was used strictly for racing, because Uncle Hezekiah was serious about winning."

"Whenever a job came up I'd take it"

Eventually, Noah and Joyce and their children outgrew their home in Joe's Cove. Noah was in the market for a new house and a piece of land to build it on. Noah's brother Allan stayed at Joe's Cove to fish with his boys and Noah moved to the location he lives at today. He built his own stage and wharves. "I had a crowd of boys, and Al had a crowd of boys, and we were too

large an operation to stay together.” Al took some of the gear belonging to his father and Noah took some of the gear, and what they didn’t need was disposed of.

Lesley chose not to fish; he became a mechanic.

Although he started off as a fisherman, Mr. Patey was willing to do whatever work necessary to support his family. In the fall he’d put away his fishing gear and find employment over the winter, and if he didn’t go away to work, he’d be building a house for somebody, or a shed, or a boat. “I also built homes, right from the ground up, with all the inside trim, to completion. Whatever job came up, I’d take it. If I didn’t know how to do the job, I’d learn.”

Of course, it took a very strong and capable woman to manage the house and tend to the children in his absence. In order for him to carry out his responsibilities, he had to be assured that everything on the home front was running effectively.

When the road came through in 1963, he went to work on the road with Lundrigans, driving a tractor, or bulldozer.

Hydro came through in 1969 and he went to work with Hydro in 1970, working at the Power Plant in Griquet. “That Power Plant took care of everything from St. Lunaire to L’Anse aux Meadows. Because I had some experience working on diesel equipment—having driven a tractor—that helped me get the job.”

At the end of a work day he’d come home from work and go fishing with his boys.

Then they moved the Power Plant to St. Anthony and closed down the Griquet facility in September 1981. “I could have been transferred elsewhere, but I had just built a new home and had a family to look after, so I went back fishing. The fishery was always there to fall back on,” he says.

When L’Anse aux Meadows upgraded their road to pavement, Mr. Patey went back on the tractor again, but with McNamara.

After that he went into construction work with Brook Enterprises; the company was owned by Ted Burden and did all kinds of construction work. “I worked with them as a supervisor until 1996 or 1997. Even though they operated out of Corner Brook, we did all the jobs that were contracted in this area. They’d give me that job to do, and that way they didn’t have to send someone out from Corner Brook and have to pay the expense of a food and lodgings.

“The first job I did for them was the garage for Parks Canada in L’Anse aux Meadows. I did the Bank of Nova Scotia in St. Anthony. I did the Hydro building—the little one on the hill—from start to finish. The concrete bridge going across to Main Brook, what they call the Roses Bridge, I did that in 1992. The old courthouse—what they call the public building—in St. Anthony, I renovated that one in 1995 or 1996.

“Most of the time I supervised three workers, but that varied depending on the job. The old courthouse—a provincial government building—we took out more than fifty windows. What we didn’t replace we boarded up and covered with siding. The renovations were inside and out, and the building was three stories high. The veranda that you see there now, that wasn’t there previously. We added the veranda, and the steps that go down and around. We poured our own cement and everything.

“That building had been built more than fifty years previous when we renovated it, and I tell you, there was some good construction went into that building. They had a cement wall all the way around; I don’t know what they used in those times, but I had a transit level for getting my grades, and I took shots of that, from one corner to another, right around the building, and that cement was no more than half an inch out anywhere. That building was a hundred feet one

way and perhaps 50 feet the other and she wasn't out by more than half an inch. I was impressed with the workmanship. In some places the foundation wall was eight feet; in others, as much as 12 feet."

Putting a new twist on an old idea

Mr. Patey is retired now, but retirement hasn't slowed him down much; his home and property are a testimony to his workmanship. He's built everything from headboards for the beds to komatiks for the grandchildren.



Figure 94 Headboard fashioned out of Aspen wood.

He's put a new twist on an old project by adding a section of truck box liner to the underside of the runners on a komatik, which keeps the sled from sinking into the snow.



Figure 95 A komatik with a piece of truck box liner affixed to the runners.

And, while he didn't always have time to build sleighs for his children, he's built them for his grandchildren. He's built snow sleds—much like strollers with runners rather than wheels—which can be pushed ahead of parents when they take their children for a walk in the winter.



Figure 96 Joyce Patey stands beside a child-size komatik built by her husband. Mr. Patey also makes snowshoes.

He has a number of sons living close by, and in most cases he has helped build the homes, sheds and stores scattered around the property. Mrs. Patey mentions that when their boys embark on a project, “Most of them will call and ask him to come and check if they did it right.”

Mr. Patey has certainly walked the walk, not just talked the talk. When he said, “Whatever job came up, I’d take it, and if I didn’t know how to do the job, I’d learn,” he meant every word he said, setting a fine example for generations to come.



Figure 97 Mr. Patey builds everything from saw horses to sheds.



Figure 98 A floating jigger used in bird hunting.



Figure 99 A device used to bail water from a boat.



Figure 100 Mr. Patey made this stovetop for outdoor cook-ups.

William F. Patey Winner of the Silver Cup



Figure 101 William Patey (left) at Bartlett's Brook Steady. A nurse and two woodsmen are ice fishing.

Dog Team Driver for the International Grenfell Association

William F Patey of Pateyville was born September 20, 1890 and died October 19, 1962 at the age of 72. William married Edith Rose, formerly of Flowers Cove, and they had five children: three daughters, Marie, Frances and Amelia, and two sons, Reuben and Ralph.

William F Patey never had a second name, but there were six William Pateys in St. Anthony at that time, so he added the "F" to distinguish himself from the others.

William's principal occupation was that of fisherman, but he also provided a service as a dog team driver for the International Grenfell Association.



Figure 102 William Patey's Fishing premises (note the frame on the roof for drying sealskins)

He had a good team of dogs, so when a dog team driver was needed, and he was available to drive doctors or nurses around the area, he did so. He drove as far south as Flower's Cove and if he needed a place to stay overnight there was always a stopover in Pine's Cove and a stay with a Mr. Mugford.



Figure 103 Rest stop at the Green Woods tilt just outside Ireland Bight. Note the komatik loaded with supplies.

When William Patey drove doctors and nurses on the komatik, they'd be sitting on the komatik and he'd drive the dog team. It was very unlikely that a dog team driver would have allowed a doctor to drive the dogs because the driver had a rapport with the dogs that a stranger did not. It was common practice to use a whip to control a team, but William never did; his dogs were disciplined enough so that Patey's voice alone was enough to control them.



Figure 104 William Patey and dog team headed to St. Carol's

As for feeding his dogs, in those days salmon didn't have the value it has today and often William fed salmon to his dogs, or he'd put out seal nets in the fall, and the seals would be meat for the dogs during the winter.



Figure 105 Patey's lead dog, Woolly.

As well as driving doctors and nurses, Patey's team hauled water and wood, and sometimes family members were permitted take the dogs for short runs. Amelia (Patey) Dunphy remembers in her younger days that sometimes, usually on a weekend, her father William would allow her or her siblings to take the dogs and go for a ride, although they usually didn't take the full team for this kind of ride; perhaps only one or two dogs were all they'd need.

The silver trophy and an attempt at sabotage

One year, Mr. Patey was especially excited about Sports Day and the upcoming dog team race. His dogs had already won the race two years running, so everything was riding on his team winning the race a third year. If they did, Patey would be able to take home the cherished silver cup. In order to keep the cup, he had to win three years running.

There was also a rule that anyone who won three consecutive races was only allowed a team of five dogs after that, to give someone else a chance at winning.

The day of the races dawned, and Mr. Patey went out to have a look at his team, but one look was all he needed to see that something was wrong. The dogs didn't seem to be themselves. William searched for clues and eventually figured out that someone must have put salt fish or salt beef in the dog pen in an effort to sabotage the dogs, and the dogs had eaten it. It was common knowledge that if you fed salt fish or salt beef to dogs they'd be parched and unable to run. Conversely, if they drank afterwards to satisfy their thirst, they wouldn't run well either.

William, not so easily thwarted, went back into the house and mixed up a big pot of meal and fed it to his dogs to counteract the salt, and it worked.

In spite of that attempted sabotage, Patey and his team won the silver cup that year, and William was happy to accept the silver cup from Dr. Grenfell's hands.



Figure 106 The coveted Silver Cup with the inscription, "St. Anthony Annual Dog Team Race, to become the property of the man winning it three times."



Figure 107 Coming down the hills in the area of Ireland Bight.

Ship Cove and the Miot Exhibit

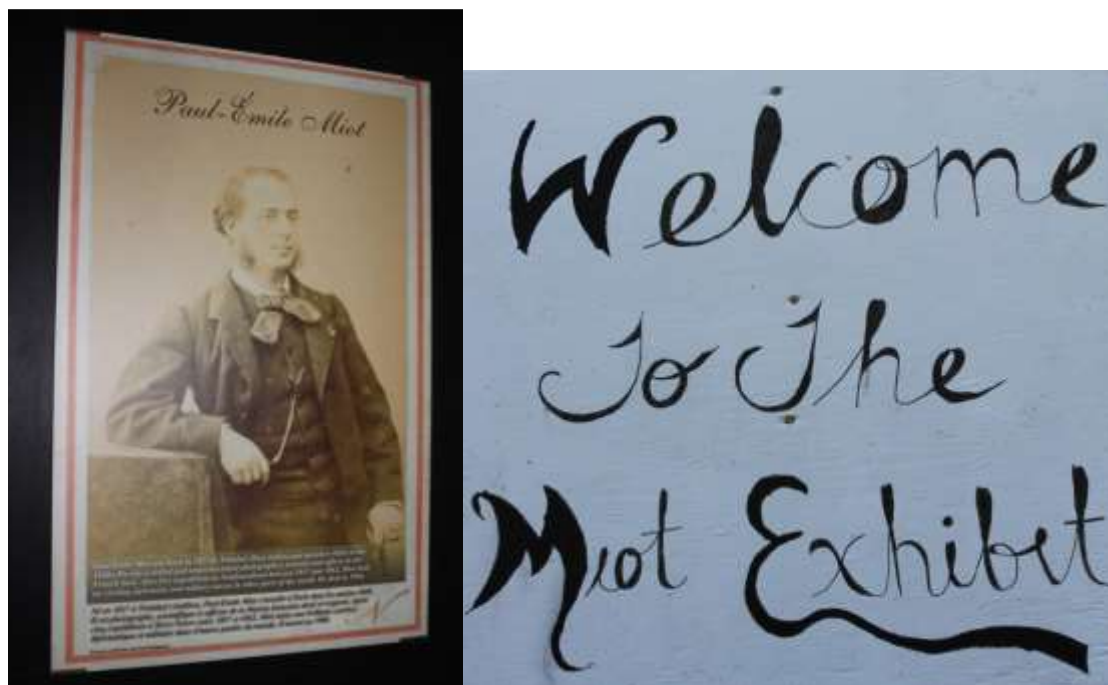


Figure 108 Paul-Emile Miot at Ship Cove

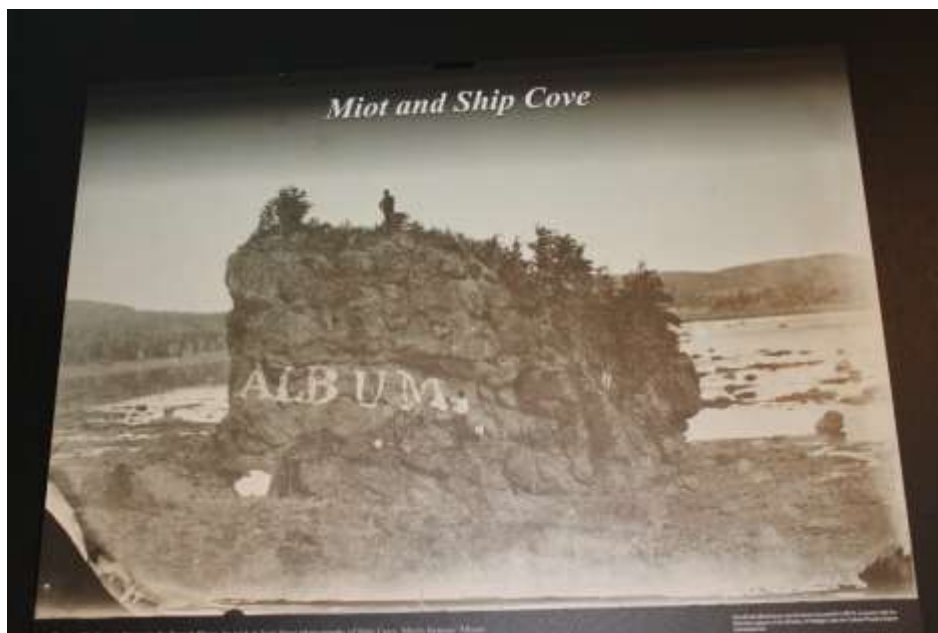


Figure 109 Miot's photo of the Album Rock, located in Ship Cove.

Paul Emile Miot

In the 19th century a dispute sprang up between the French and English when the French, claiming exclusive fishing rights along what was commonly called the French Shore, asserted that English fishers were moving in on their territory and creating permanent settlements. Because of those complaints the French Government hired Paul Emile Miot, a French naval officer and photographer, to document the French Shore in pictures—to prove that the English were, in fact, taking up permanent residence along the French Shore.

Miot is sent to Newfoundland

On March 27, 1857, Miot left for Newfoundland onboard the Ardent, under the command of Captain Georges-Charles Cloué. He was promoted to Lieutenant on July 30 and returned to Paris on November 10. It was during this first trip that he executed his first known series of photographs. As early as 1858, some artists published drawings based on these photographs in Le Monde Illustré and L'Illustration. <http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/>

Miot dropped anchor at Ship Cove

In the years he spent documenting the French and English presence along the French Shore, Miot stopped at many settlements; one of them a little community called Ship Cove, sprawled along the western edge of Sacred Bay on the northern tip of Newfoundland.

Archived pictures, taken sometime between the years 1857 and 1859, show pieces of ice in Sacred Bay, fishing boats, stages, wharves, and Album Rock, which today stands sentinel on the shoreline at the bottom of the bay. Album Rock is now a tourist attraction with a hiking trail and a gazebo close by, although the word ALBUM, painted so long ago by the Ardent's crew, is no longer visible.

Visitors can find the Paul Emile Miot exhibit in the Community Center at Ship Cove, which is open most days throughout the summer months. They can find the Album Rock by following a sign posted on the Ship Cove road (summer months only).



Figure 110 A map of Ship Cove painted by Brittany Noseworthy of Ship Cove.

Paul Emile in Newfoundland

Pictures taken by Paul Emile Miot were some of the first ever taken of the settlements along the shores of Newfoundland. Generally, in settlements populated by both French and English, the French would be on one side of the community and the English on the other. Miot was able to recognize French stages apart from English Stages because the French often used canvas to cover their stages, as depicted in the following photograph:



Figure 111 Outside view of the temporary fish warehouses 1857-1859. <http://www.collectionscanada.gc.ca/>

The French and English used different methods of drying fish

English fishermen dried their cod on ^{xliii}fish flakes, while French fishermen often dried their fish on ^{xliiv}bawns. According to Colin Decker, who works at the Miot Exhibit, the shoreline around Ship Cove, in some places, was cobblestoned, and the French fishermen, rather than drying their fish on fish flakes, laid them on the stones, provided there was enough air flow under the rocks to facilitate the drying process.

On Lance Taylor's property at *The Point* in Ship Cove, there is evidence that bawns were used by the French. Also, some residents of Ship Cove remember there was a French oven as well, but the bricks have long since disintegrated and the area has become overgrown with grass. Despite the absence of material evidence, residents still remember the location of the ovens, which were in the vicinity of Lance Taylor's property.



Figure 112 Bawns are evident in the grass on Lance Taylor's property in Ship Cove.



Figure 113 A painting of Dr. Grenfell on a komatik.



Figure 114 A painting of Ship Cove by Brian Decker



Figure 115 Summer and winter activities in Ship Cove by Brian Decker



Figure 116 Fishermen, icebergs, and 'The Onion' (Cape Onion on the map) by Brian Decker.

Defining the French Shore in Newfoundland

When determining the French Shore boundaries in Newfoundland, there are two different time lines to consider.

At one time, the French Shore ran from Cape Bonavista to Cape Ray. Then, after the Treaty of Utrecht in 1783, the French Shore shifted from Cape Ray to Cape St. John's.

Recommended Reading:

The Treaty of Utrecht, 1713

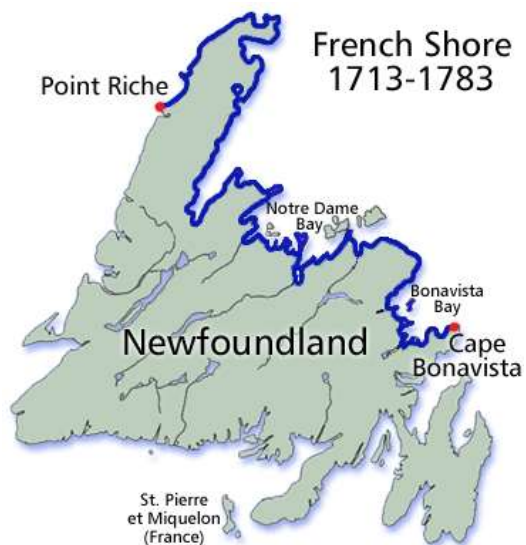
<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/>

Entente Cordiale 1904

<http://en.wikipedia.org/>

The French Treaty Shore

<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/>



Map by Tanya Saunders. ©2001 Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage Web Site



Map by Tanya Saunders. ©2001 Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage Web Site

Stepping outside the conventional boundaries of her day

Vina Roberts



Figure 117 Vina Roberts loves baking bread as much as she loves working outdoors

Hauling traps, gillnets and a trawl

In a day when men's and women's duties were clearly defined, Vina Roberts wasn't shy about working in a fishing boat; she loved the outdoors and she loved fishing. "I even went to Labrador with Bern; out to Belle Isle and Big Sacred Island. My dying...I'd be hauling a ^{xlv}trap, hauling ^{xlvi}gill nets, and hauling the ^{xlvii}trawl if they used one."

No lack of work in the home or outside the home

Born October 22, 1939 in Raleigh, Newfoundland, Vina Bessey was 16 going on 17 years old when she married Bern Roberts of Ship Cove in 1956.

Women of Vina's generation worked very hard and usually had large families. It seemed there was always work to be done but Vina enjoyed work of all sorts, and thrived on it.

When laundry day came around—which was almost daily—she used a galvanized washtub and a wash board, hanging clothes and bedding on clotheslines, clothes poles, bushes, trees or picket fences to dry.

There was no plumbing, so water was carried in buckets using ^{xlviii}hoops to keep the water from spilling as they walked.

People in Ship Cove kept hens, goats, or sheep, and pretty well everyone had a dog team. A garden was usually close by, where potatoes, turnips, cabbages, carrots and sometimes beets were cultivated. Often rhubarb grew wild along the fence line and was made into jam or pies. Every summer and fall there were bakeapples, squashberries and partridgeberries to be picked and bottled, as well as blueberries and blackberries. Berry picking was often a family affair. Vegetables were stored in root cellars, usually dug in the side of a hill. Some families stored berries in a barrel, usually out in a shed for the winter. When the berries froze they were scraped out of the barrel and brought into the house to thaw; then made into pies.

Mattresses and pillows were homemade, stuffed with feathers. If the men went out ^{xliv}gunning and brought home a ^lturn of wild birds, the women plucked, cooked, and bottled them. When the fishermen came in with a load of fish, the women were often down at the ^{li}stage head working as cut-throaters, salters, or spreading fish on fish flakes. Often children helped spread fish on flakes, too.

In the home, meals were cooked from scratch, bread was baked every one or two days, and there were floors to be swept and cleaned and, of course, there were the children to feed and clothe.

Vina Roberts did all this...and more. She didn't hesitate to step outside the 'women's place,' lending a helping hand wherever she was needed.

Children and sharemen



Figure 118 Bern Roberts, Vina's husband, fished all his life

When she married Bern and moved from Raleigh to Ship Cove, there was only the inshore fishery; the fishermen came back from the fishing grounds two or three times a day, six days a week, to offload their catch. Bern Roberts had a fishing operation in Ship Cove with his father, Keywood. They hired ^{lii}sharemen, who worked over the fishing season and stayed in a bunkhouse on the Roberts' property. Vina prepared tea and a snack for the men before they went out at around 5 o'clock in the morning. Once they'd gone out in the boat, she'd make beds and tidy up the bunkhouse. Then it was time to get the children ready for school. When the men came in with a load of fish around eight or nine o'clock, she'd make them a breakfast of bacon or bologna, eggs, toast and tea.

"Sometimes they'd bring up a fish and I'd cook padarah for their breakfast; they loved padarah. I'd fry the ^{liii}scrunchions right brown, then I'd put the fish in, pick out the bones, take the bread and squeeze it in water, then add onions on top." She exclaims, "Oh, my! It was some good. They'd eat their breakfast and then they'd get back to the fish."

Bern and Vina had eight children.

"Back then, men didn't really help around the house, or help with the children...and Bern, for sure he never put a diaper on them! I washed lines and lines of diapers. Sometimes I'd put the children to bed, and then ^{liv}scrabble down to salt the fish. If I worked at the splitting table, I was a ^{lv}header and a throat cutter; I'd cut their throat and take the guts out." Bern's mother would be down on the ^{lvi}flakes, too, because back then all the women helped salt the fish or lay it on flakes.



Figure 119 Keywood Roberts and his fishing crew

Housekeeping on the side

Those duties would have kept any hardworking woman busy, but Vina did more than that; at one time, when the children were still in school, she did housekeeping for Naomi and Abe Decker. "I'd get my youngsters off to school in the morning and go down there till dinnertime." She'd cook dinner for the Decker's, and then hurry home to make something for her children when they came in at noon. She'd see the

children off to school again, and then it was back to the Decker's until school was out. She did housekeeping three or four times a week. "I got paid five dollars a day for cleaning," she smiles, "and I was proud to get it. I cleaned for Aunt Ruby and Aunt Bertha Decker, too."

Launching out

When the children were a little older, Vina worked at the Fish Plant in St. Anthony from 1974 until 1979, and later, she spent more time on the boats fishing.



Figure 120 Bern Roberts aboard his 38' long-liner, the Lisa Charmaine, at the government wharf, heading out for a day of fishing.

"We'd fish in Ship Cove in the summer and, if there was still time in the fall we'd take the 38-foot long liner and fish at Bateau, Labrador." It

was in the 1980s that Bern got a long liner. "You could live on them," says Vina. "By the time I started going to Labrador to fish, our daughter Marion was old enough to look after the younger children." And there were always grandparents living close by to help, not to mention the community at large, who kept a close eye on everyone's children.

Before leaving for Labrador, she and Bern would stock up with provisions at the local stores; usually a two or three-week supply. If they ran out, there was a store at Black Tickle, Labrador, and fuel could be purchased wherever they sold their catch.

Their crew included three men, but it wasn't necessarily the same crew every year.

"We used a gill net for fishing; the fish we caught was sold every day; we'd catch it and sell it, and then I'd clean up that night for the next day's catch."

Although Vina loved keeping house, she loved fishing more and preferred the outdoors to being inside the house.

Chainsaws: cutting wood and towing logs



Figure 121 The sawmill at Cook's Harbour

In the 70s and 80s Bern and Vina often went into the woods to cut logs. Vina says, “I’d sooner be in the woods with my chainsaw than in the house. We had a cabin up past Cook’s Harbour branch. We’d go in there and cut logs, come down the hill on the ski-doo, towing the logs. When we got so far, we’d have to lug the logs on our backs; Bern would take the big end on his

shoulders and I’d take the small end.” When Bern sat down to take a break Vina would take the chainsaw and go right on cutting. “I didn’t stop for nothing. He’d be sitting on a stump, and I’d go right to it. I loved it.”

Now that she’s ‘retired’, Vina has slowed down a little bit, but she still finds plenty to do. Every fall she travels to Labrador to visit her children and grandchildren, and every summer she’s back in Ship Cove doing whatever comes to hand.

Preparing for a family reunion

Although she’s in her 70s, she still keeps pace with what’s happening around her. In July 2013, there were eight loaves of freshly-baked bread, just out of the oven, sitting on the counter, but baking bread is all in a day’s work.

“I’ve got to try to make 25 pans now,” she says, “before the crowd comes up for the family reunion.” The reunion, set for the last week of July, is expressly for descendants of James and Phoebe Bessey, and Vina expects anywhere from a hundred to 500 family members to attend. “James and Phoebe had eleven children, so there will their eleven, then *their* children, and *their* children’s children. There will be camps set up” she adds, “...tents and trailers. And, if the weather is good, we hope to have a meal at Back Cove.”

Still daring to dream

She still dares to dream, and remarks with a hint of longing in her voice, “I’ve enjoyed cooking and baking so much,” she says, “And I always wanted to open a restaurant or a bakery, but I never had the chance.”

So, whether she’s fishing, cutting wood or baking bread for a family event, or daring to dream big dreams, Vina has embraced it all with keen enthusiasm.



Figure 122 The Roberts' cabin in the woods.

In Memoriam

Vina Roberts passed away August 15, 2014. She was predeceased by her husband Bernard in November 2012, and is survived by numerous brothers and sisters, her children, grandchildren and great grandchildren.

What became of John Andrews?

by Leonard Tucker

Published in the Northern Pen newspaper on April 14, 2008

Ship Cove serviceman had the unique distinction of serving with both the British and Germans in World War I

During the summer of 2007, I worked at Government House in St. John's. On days off, I would make use of my time at The Rooms, researching community and family history.



Map points to the battle area where British and German naval forces engaged in the Battle of Jutland.

During the summer of 2007, I worked at Government House in St. John's. On days off, I would make use of my time at The Rooms, researching community and family history.

I had heard some talk about a Roy Decker (born 1913) of Ship Cove, but didn't recall ever meeting the man. I knew he had been born in Ship Cove and was the son of Abel and Naomi Decker. I later learned that he became a teacher, principal, Head of Math at Prince of Wales College, and Head of Extension Service at the College of Fisheries, which later became the Marine Institute, St. John's. After a rewarding career, he retired in St. John's, where he resides today.

I paid a visit to Mr. Decker last August. At the time of my visit, Mr. Decker was 94 years of age, and I was amazed at his sharp mind and physical well-being. After initial introductions, where he tried to figure out who I was and where I came from, his face lit up and he broke out in an expression of sheer joy. Having someone from Ship Cove paying him a visit was evidently a treat.

In that hour he talked and talked and I managed to get in some of the questions I had stored in the back of my mind about the early history of Ship Cove/Cape Onion. Before I left he wanted me to promise to come back and stay for a longer time, saying he would reserve a whole afternoon and tell me some old stories. I promised, and soon was checking my calendar for days that I would be available.

That day came in September, and once again, he talked and talked. Mr. Decker was born in 1913 (a young man during the 1920s), so he had an accurate memory, and was able to offer personal reflections of those times.

Roy had three brothers who served in the Forces and, knowing of my service with the Canadian Armed Forces, his interest in that subject prompted him to pipe up and say, "Listen, do you know the story about John Andrews?"

I made a few guesses, but he shook his head in the negative.

"I mean John Andrews who fought in WWI. He fought on both sides, you know."

I was taken aback, and my interest quickened at this revelation. I had never heard of anyone named John Andrews from Ship Cove who had served in WWI. He had me hooked.

I listened and he continued...but in the recesses of my mind there was a lingering doubt...I needed more than a story - I needed facts. You see, I'm an amateur historian, and I needed concrete evidence of this person's existence: A birth record, a service record, a census record, proof of address, or death and burial records.

My doubts, after being told the story of John Andrews, stayed with me until I made my way back to the United Church Archives located on Elizabeth Avenue in St. John's. Knowing that Thomas (John's father) originated from the Notre Dame Bay area, my best bet was to research the records for that area around the period of the 1880s and 1890s. I sat down with the register for Twillingate, Birth & Baptism Records, and was prepared for a long and arduous search for John Andrews. For the uninitiated, this might be considered boring, leafing through page after page of names and dates, but there are times when such a search makes everything worthwhile, and this was to be one of those times. I opened the register and scanned the first two pages, looking for the name of Andrews. Page one, nothing, page two the same, then page three, and one-third of the way down the page, it jumped out at me, the name: Andrews, John. Parents: Thomas and Emma, born January 17, 1885 at Crow Head, Twillingate.

"Jackpot!" I exclaimed, which made the attendant look up and observe, "You found something?" Indeed I had. I had found evidence of John Andrews! I was surprised, almost unbelieving, that my research had been this easy.

To Roy Decker I offer my sincere thanks.

John Andrews (born January 17, 1885, date of death unknown), was the son of Thomas (1855-1935) and Emma (nee Decker) (1863-1939) Andrews. Thomas and Emma married April 17, 1882. Emma was the daughter of Abel and Mary Decker, and sister to John and Henry. John Andrews had two brothers, William and Henry. Henry never married and William married Bertha Loveman (William and Bertha have many descendants, some who reside in Ship Cove today).

Life in the isolated outposts in those days was anything but easy. A living was scraped from the sea; literally fishing from the beaches in small rowboats. Such was the case with the Andrews family. Thomas migrated from the Twillingate area to Ship Cove and fished the area, where he met and married Emma Decker in 1882. They must have moved back and forth between Ship Cove and Notre Dame Bay, because records show that John was born at Crow Head, Twillingate; William was born at Cape Onion; and Henry at Horse Islands, Notre Dame Bay.

While fishing in Ship Cove, it was common to see Emma working the makeshift splitting table on the beach with her husband, and it was rumoured that she smoked a pipe, just like a man. In these austere conditions John Andrews grew up, and when he became a man, he sought his own brand of adventure by enlisting in the Newfoundland Naval Reserve.

So, what became of John Andrews?

John Andrews was a member of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve in the years prior to World War I, and was required to report to St. John's each summer for four weeks of training. After the training was completed, these reservists would be sent back to their home outposts and were on call for active duty.

In the summer of 1914 John Andrews was called into St. John's for training and, having finished, planned to make his way home. He departed St. John's and made it as far as Bell Island, Conception Bay, hoping to find transportation heading north to the community of Ship Cove.

Iron ore mines on Bell Island, at that time, were exporting ship-loads of ore overseas. One of the importing countries was Germany. Germany and Great Britain, in the years leading up to the Great War, were in an arms race, building naval fleets.

While John was at Bell Island, waiting for some sort of passage to points north, he befriended a group of German sailors from a German carrier who were taking on a load of ore for transport back to Germany. John's new friends asked him if he would like to accompany them to Germany for a visit, as their ship was scheduled to return to Bell Island for another load in a month's time. John agreed.

A little aside about John Andrews. He was described as a man of the sea, which meant the sea was his life. Whether on it or near it, he cherished its smells, sights, and sounds. 'His veins flowed with salt water', as the saying goes. To John, life away from the sea was a life not truly lived.

So, John Andrews sailed away from Newfoundland and visited with his new friends in Germany, but, dramatically, when hostilities broke out in Europe, the Great War intervened, cutting a sudden swath through the day-to-day life of commerce and shipping between nations. John, a British subject and member of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve, found himself in Germany, suddenly among hostile people, friendless, and alone.

The Germans arrested him, locked him up, and held him as prisoner, where he languished in the lockup and wondered what was to happen to him. Imprisoned, with no access to the sea, no

ability to sail the oceans, John thought his life was not worth living. What could he do? In a very short time, he started complaining to his captors, to the guards, and to anyone who would listen. Over and over, he cried out, "I can't live here, the sea is my life, and I need to be a sailor!"

However long this complaining went on is not known, but, someone must have heard him and offered him a deal: He was released from prison and joined the German Navy!

Where and on what ships he may have served is not known, but, on May 31, 1916, Britain's Grand Fleet and the German Imperial Navy met in the North Sea west of the Jutland Peninsula off Denmark. The largest naval battle of all time ensued; the two forces pummelled one other fiercely. Losses were heavy on both sides - in both ships and personnel. The skirmish ended with the Germans fleeing to the North Sea port of Willemshaven. The British fleet, albeit with greater losses than the German fleet, maintained its mastery of the seas for the remainder of the war.

On a German ship in this battle was our John Andrews. His ship was sunk, and when the British started to pick up survivors, he was fished from the seas along with the German sailors. He was now considered a POW (prisoner of war) and was taken to England, where he was detained as an enemy of King and country.

Once again, John was locked up and held prisoner, where he languished in jail and wondered what was to become of him. Imprisoned, with no access to the sea, no ability to sail the oceans, John thought his life was not worth living. What could he do? In a very short time, he started complaining to his captors, to the guards, and to anyone who would listen. The guards at first were somewhat bewildered by John Andrews, for here was a 'German', captured from the Jutland naval battle, yet he was speaking some strange dialect of English and claiming to be a British subject!

This relentless complaining on John's part led to a review of his claims and, sure enough, it was discovered that John Andrews was indeed a British subject, a resident of Newfoundland, and a member of the Newfoundland Naval Reserve. He was subsequently released and re-enrolled in the Royal Navy and served out the balance of the war, sailing the high seas under the British flag.

* * *

When the war ended, John Andrews was repatriated, landing at St. John's, where he prepared for demobilization. John was not the only serviceman from the Ship Cove/Cape Onion area; half a dozen other members were to make their way back home that summer.

Family members and the community in general waited with anticipation for their local heroes, whose return was cause for much discussion on the wharves and stages and over cups of tea around tables in the small fishing village. One by one, the soldiers and sailors returned, but weeks went by and there was no sign of John.

Finally, a telegram was received overland from St. Anthony, and the telegram was from John Andrews in St. John's, requesting ten dollars for passage home. Ten dollars in 1919 was no small

amount, especially to a fishing family in outport Newfoundland. Nevertheless, the money was somehow collected and wired to St. John's.

But John Andrews was never heard from, or seen, again.

* * *

What happened to John Andrews? To this date, no death or cemetery records can be found for this Ship Cove native.

Did he decide to remain in the city of St. John's, or did he sign onto a foreign ship and sail away on another adventure?

Whatever he did, we can certainly conclude that John lived a life that is every young man's dream, and every old man's fond recollection.

Charlie and Delena Anderson

A tribute
By Winston Colbourne



Figure 123 Delena and Charlie Anderson (contributed by Bernice Smith)

Memories of two wonderful people...

I was born in 1943, and I would say this story I'm about to tell happened in 1948 or thereabouts.

Uncle Charlie and Aunt 'Lene Anderson were two of the most beautiful people in the world. Aunt 'Lene was my grandfather's sister. So I can just remember this: there used to be lots of seals off Sacred Island. Men used to drive their dog teams from St. Anthony, St. Carols, Little and Great Brehat, Griquet, and St. Lunaire. They'd come down in the morning if the wind was northeast and go seal hunting all day.

So this day they came down and there were 30 people walking around. 'Boy, if I could find a place to stay overnight, I might get another few seals,' someone said. By and by someone else said, 'What about Charlie and Aunt 'Lene? I wonder would they take a couple.'

'Yes!' someone said, 'Go to Charlie's; he'll take you in.'

Thirty people went to their door at one time. I'll guarantee you, that little shack was no bigger than the small bungalow I live in now. I can remember all about it.

The old lady came out. Someone said, 'I wonder, ma'am, could you take two or three of us to stay all night?'

'C'mon in!' she said, and she took all thirty of them. All thirty! In their little house!

And every one of them the next morning had a piece of bread to go in his ^{lvii}nunny bag and his bottle full of water. And imagine, every one of those men had five or six dogs, and that night there were dog harnesses hung up all around the house, drying.

That was fine, but how to pay Aunt 'Lene, they said. 'How in the world are we going to pay her? We got no money. Somebody spoke up and said, 'Well, boy, we're going to have to

make it up to her in seals. So they all went out the next day and before dinner they had to come in; the wind dropped out and the ice had shifted around.

‘Alright boys,’ he said. ‘We’ll all drop off one pelt at Aunt Lene’s door.’

So when she seen them by the door she said, ‘What are you fellers up to?’

‘Ma’am,’ they said, ‘we’re going to pay you in some way for what you did for us.’

‘My dear,’ she said. ‘I don’t want nothing for that. I’d do it again tonight if I had to.’ But they each left her a seal pelt in spite of her protests.

‘Now Charlie,’ she said, ‘you got to go up to the shop and sell these.’

Ford Elms’ father used to buy seal pelts then. Charlie carried them up and she got one dollar a pelt...\$30: that’s for the pelt, the skin and the blubber. That was the most money she ever seen in her life.

Charlie Anderson

Herder, hunter and trapper

Charlie Anderson from Makkovik and Uncle Bill Beaufield from Ship Cove were reindeer herders. I’ve heard old Charlie telling stories about the reindeer. He used to walk right around the bay and find out where they were to. He said the deer used to spend a lot of time, in the fall of the year, eating this stuff that they liked—moss and lichens—out along Point of Bay.

Charlie was crippled. He had TB ankle. He had been sent over here by Dr. Grenfell. He actually had a hole through his ankle; right through the joints. I’ve seen him and Aunt ‘Lene at night, soaking a handkerchief in water, and pulling it through the hole in his ankle. And it never healed; it used to fester more than anything else. So Grenfell, rather than cut off his foot, told him how to look after it: keep it clean and don’t chafe it. And the man lived to be almost 90 years old.

He was an ^{lviii}awful man for the gun and hunting, and he was a real good old trapper; he’d walk right around the country following a fox or a coyote.

He didn’t want much; all he wanted was his pipe and his old Beaver Tobacco. But don’t fool with him if he never had no tobacco. I can remember one time, I wasn’t very old. They had a small sawmill in the country; between Gull Pond and Third Pond. I went in with Dad (Harvey Colbourne) on a Friday evening, and Charlie and his sons Gow and Alf were with us. We were going to come out again on a Sunday evening, but the weather come in: a northeast wind, and it was snowing and drifting.

Sometime Saturday, Charlie ran out of tobacco. And see, he wasn’t a man for the woods so much; all he minded was his rabbit slips and his traps. He’d be round the little brooks after the muskrats, foxes, and otters. So he ran out of tobacco. And the storm was now that bad that you couldn’t see one thing in the world; I doubt you could see your hand in front of you. And he was not a man to curse very much. ‘By the reevin’ dyin’ was the most he might say. ‘I’m getting out of ^{lix}baccy; I’m getting low on baccy.’

(They used to cut their baccy up in snogs. If you went to Elder Bessey’s shop years ago, he’d cut off a snog of tobacco for you. Tobacco used to come in blocks; like a cake of hard bread, and they’d cut them up in snogs.)

Alf said to Dad and Gow and the rest of the boys, ‘You know the Old Man’s not staying here; he’s out of baccy.’ So anyway, we sawed away and the weather was still on, really bad.

Then in he come. ‘Anyone got an old flour sack?’ he said. ‘Yes, boy.’ I mean, that’s about all you had then to put your food in; the old Cream of the West flour sack. ‘I’m going to

walk to Griquet!’ he said. Esau Hillier had a shop in Griquet. That meant a ten mile walk, at least, across country.

Alf said, ‘Father, boy, it’s a bad night.’ But that didn’t stop Charlie; they said he could smell his way.

Anyhow, seeing as how he had the flour sack, he held it over his head, and he cut two little holes for his eyes, and one for his nose and one for his mouth. And he got this old ^{ix}trawl line, and he wound it around his neck. ‘See you in the morning,’ he said. He took one dog with him; took him by the traces and away they went for Griquet.

Well, all you could do at nighttime was play cards; everyone had their game of cards. Every now and then someone would say, ‘Well, I wonder what kind of night the Old Fellow had?’ And someone else would say, ‘He’s alright.’

He went up to Esau Hillier’s, got his tobacco that night, and walked straight for Aunt ‘Lene’s. And the next morning, sir, when we was getting out of the bunk, the cabin door opened—honest to God—and Uncle Charlie walked in.

And all he said was, ‘Oh, me foot.’ But his TB ankle and other infirmities made no difference to him. He didn’t let being crippled keep him from doing what he had to do.

And what he said, you could believe.

Like all other families, he had a family, and he had to have wood and he had to have a boat because he was a fisherman. And when the weather was coming on—they always had their radio; they used to have their wind-charger, and charge their battery that way—when he heard the forecast: a blizzard coming up in three or four nights, he’d say, ‘Okay, ‘Lene, put some bread in me nunny bag; I’m going in the country.’ And this he would do when he knew there would be a blizzard. He always liked to go before the blizzard hit. ‘There’s always a calm,’ he said, ‘before the storm.’

During a blizzard, there was nothing he could do in L’Anse aux Meadows anyway, so he’d head out into the wilderness. Once he was in the wilderness, he’d cut a bit of wood, snare a few rabbits, find some stuff for his boat, and when the storm cleared up, he’d be home again.

ⁱ To rise in waves, as the sea.

ⁱⁱ An elevated platform on the shore with working tables, sheds, etc, where fish are landed and processed for salting and drying, and fishing gear and supplies are stored; FISHING STAGE.

ⁱⁱⁱ A type of fixed fishing-gear used in inshore waters, box-shaped, with a length of net stretching from shore to entrance through which migrating cod (and salmon) enter and are trapped.

^{iv} A net suspended vertically in the water to trap fish by their gills in its meshes.

^v Heavy, slushy, densely packed mass of ice fragments, snow and freezing water, especially on the surface of the sea.

^{vi} A permanent cardiac or arterial dilatation usually caused by weakening of the vessel wall.

^{vii} One of several sea-birds hunted as food; Atlantic common murre.

^{viii} Heavy timbers to which the engine of a boat or vessel is fastened.

^{ix} A buoyed line, of great length, to which short lines with baited hooks are attached at intervals.

^x The waterfront property, especially the stores, wharf, ‘flakes,’ and other facilities, of a merchant, ‘planter,’ or fisherman; ROOM.

^{xi} Fishing for cod (or squid) with a weighted, unbaited hook attached to a line and jerked sharply upward.

^{xii} Unbaited, weighted hook(s) used with a line to catch cod (or squid) by giving a sharp, upward jerk.

^{xiii} The upper edge of the side or bulwark of a vessel.

^{xiv} The waterfront property, especially the stores, wharf, ‘flakes,’ and other facilities, of a merchant, ‘planter,’ or fisherman; ROOM.

- ^{xv} The Entente Cordiale was a series of agreements signed on 8 April 1904 between the United Kingdom and the Third French Republic. Beyond the immediate concerns of colonial expansion addressed by the agreement, the signing of the Entente Cordiale marked the end of almost a millennium of intermittent conflict between the two nations and their predecessor states, and the formalisation of the peaceful co-existence that had existed since the end of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815. The Entente Cordiale, along with the Anglo-Russian Entente and the Franco-Russian Alliance, later became part of the Triple Entente among the UK, France, and Russia.
- ^{xvi} Box for passenger, fastened on a 'komatik'.
- ^{xvii} A furrow; a passage, groove.
- ^{xviii} Wooden paneling that lines the lower part of the walls of a room.
- ^{xix} A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland and especially Labrador for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood.
- ^{xx} In the context of an ocean, sea or lake, is a series of surface gravity waves that is not generated by the local wind.
- ^{xxi} A low area between two high waves or hills.
- ^{xxii} A large number of fish (especially cod) or seals swimming in company while feeding or migrating.
- ^{xxiii} Sat.
- ^{xxiv} Members of a fishing crew who receive a stipulated proportion of the profits of a voyage rather than wages.
- ^{xxv} There were two families living on Seal Island in 1862 or thereabouts—a Green family and a Parmiter family.
- ^{xxvi} NL GenWeb, White Bay, Anglican White Bay Parish, Marriage Records 1866-1872
(67 William Parmiter Sarah Green Ha Ha Bay 18 August 1871).
- ^{xxvii} School-book for teaching children to read. The first or primary school level, in which children learn letters and reading.
- ^{xxviii} A short log to fit a wood-burning stove or fire-place.
- ^{xxix} a small blueberry that grows on the ground
- ^{xxx} A short log to fit a wood-burning stove or fire-place.
- ^{xxxi} A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland and especially Labrador for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood.
- ^{xxxii} The *SS Northern Ranger* was launched in Scotland in 1936 and operated by the Newfoundland Railway and later Canadian National Railways for thirty years.
- ^{xxxiii} An anchor, chain and rope attached by means of a loop or bight to a buoy and to the bow of a boat and used to moor the craft in a harbour.
- ^{xxxiv} An elevated platform on the shore with working tables, sheds, etc, where fish are landed and processed for salting and drying, and fishing gear and supplies are stored; FISHING STAGE.
- ^{xxxv} Sea-biscuit or 'hard tack' soaked in water and then boiled; such a dish cooked with salt cod and fat pork.
- ^{xxxvi} A long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland and especially Labrador for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood.
- ^{xxxvii} The sea-shore between high and low tide marks, washed by the sea.
- ^{xxxviii} A type of fixed fishing-gear used in inshore waters, box-shaped, with a length of net stretching from shore to entrance through which migrating cod (and salmon) enter and are trapped.
- ^{xxxix} A fishing net which is hung vertically so that fish get trapped in it by their gills.
- ^{xl} To catch fish with a large net (called a trawl).
- ^{xli} A flat bottom open boat of shallow draft, having a pointed bow and a square stern and propelled by oars, sail, or motor.
- ^{xlii} Any of the characters of certain ancient alphabets, as of a script used for writing the Germanic languages, especially of Scandinavia and Britain, from c200 to c1200.
- ^{xliii} A platform built on poles and spread with boughs for drying cod-fish on the foreshore; FISH-FLAKE.
- ^{xliv} Expanse of rocks on which salted cod are spread for the quick-drying process of the Labrador and Bank fishery.
- ^{xlv} A type of fixed fishing-gear used in inshore waters, box-shaped, with a length of net stretching from shore to entrance through which migrating cod (and salmon) enter and are trapped.
- ^{xlvi} A fishing net that is hung vertically so that fish get trapped in it by their gills.
- ^{xlvii} a buoyed line, of great length, to which short lines with baited hooks are attached at interval
- ^{xlviii} Circular wooden device for carrying two pails of water

- ^{xlix} Shooting sea-birds for food from small boats or from a 'gaze' on the shore.
- ^l A load, esp as much (wood, water, etc) as can be carried by a person at one time.
- ^{li} End of a fishing stage which extends over the water where fish is landed.
- ^{lii} Member of a fishing crew who receives a stipulated proportion of the profits of a voyage rather than wages.
- ^{liii} Fatback pork, cut into cubes, often fried and served as a garnish, esp over FISH AND BREWIS.
- ^{liv} To crawl, scramble, move hurriedly; to hurry in a task.
- ^{lv} Member of a fishing crew who removes the heads and entrails of cod-fish brought ashore to be dressed.
- ^{lvi} A platform built on poles and spread with boughs for drying cod-fish on the foreshore; FISH-FLAKE.
- ^{lvii} A sealskin, burlap or canvas knapsack used to carry food and personal equipment especially when hunting, sealing or travelling long distances on foot; a hunting bag.
- ^{lviii} Remarkable; exceptional.
- ^{lix} Tobacco.
- ^{lx} A buoyed line, of great length, to which short lines with baited hooks are attached at interval.