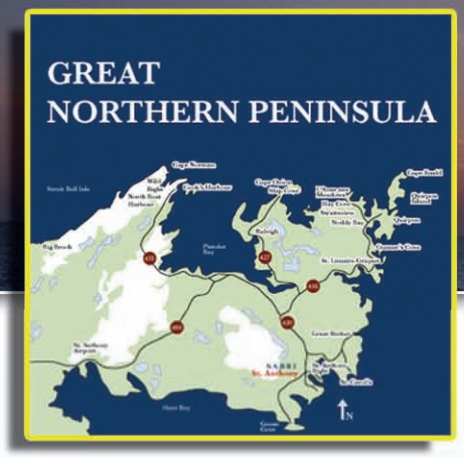

St. Anthony

A People of Spirit, Courage and Resourcefulness

PREFACE

With them the seed of wisdom did I sow
And with mine own hand laboured it to grow
And this was all the harvest that I reaped
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

- The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

What do the people of northern Newfoundland have in common with a poet by the name of Omar Khayyam? At first glance, nothing, except that this obscure piece of Persian poetry captures the essence of what this year-long Community History Project has taught me.

In the past year I ventured into sixteen communities: telephoning, knocking on doors, and sitting at kitchen tables drinking endless cups of tea, trying to learn customs, traditions, and wisdom from the older people in northern Newfoundland so that the stories could be set down in writing and preserved for future generations. *With them the seed of wisdom did I sow...*

Back at the office, after each interview, I would review the outcome of each story and try to write in a format that would satisfy not only the person interviewed, but the people who would read the stories at some future date. *And with my own hand laboured it to grow...*

By year's end there were stacks of photographs, pages of typewritten interviews, maps criss-crossed with names and dates, and hand-drawn pictures submitted by enthusiastic contributors. In people's homes there were interviews where we laughed, cried, walked over hills to the back of land, walked along winding pathways to graveyards, ventured out on the high seas in boats enjoying boil-ups with scalding tea, fisherman's brewis, beans and bread, and still more stories.

In these interviews, I was often perplexed by words and expressions totally unfamiliar to me and, without the assistance of my husband, Len Tucker, I suspect the dialect would have defeated me utterly. Yet it is the words and expressions of northern Newfoundland that are, and were, the lifeblood of communication in a time when modern technology was unheard of. I learned that, while there are official names on Newfoundland maps, local fishermen have their own names for islands, bays and coves. I learned that the people who settled this wonderful, terrible place have an intimate relationship with the sea and the land that no tourist or outsider can truly fathom or appreciate. And at the end of the year, I knew that I had only managed to collect a few small pieces of the puzzle that make up a larger picture of hardships endured, joys celebrated, and lives lived to the fullest. *And this was all the harvest that I reaped...*

I came like water and like wind I go...

This precious generation of people you will read about in these pages were born, lived, and will, one day, pass on. In writing their stories I have attempted to grasp the 'wind and water' of their lives – as well as their customs and traditions – which are fast slipping away into obscurity.

This is not so much a historical document as it is an opportunity for these people – in their own time and in their own way – to tell the stories that were nearest and dearest to their hearts. Whether you are a student, a come from away, or a Newfoundlander, you may find in these pages the heart and soul of the people of Newfoundland.

Pateyville

Alfred E. Slade

Alfred Slade has travelled right across Canada. He likes to talk to people, and says when he sits in one of those gigantic stores on the mainland, he is apt to get in a big yarn with any old fellow at all. "I could start a conversation in a fire," he chuckles. His daughter-in-law will say, "My, Mr. Slade, do you know that fellow?" And he'll say, "I know him now!" One time, he was in a big seminar with people from all over Canada, and the man chairing the meeting said, "Is there anybody else who would like to speak?" Alf Slade said, "Oh, yeah,

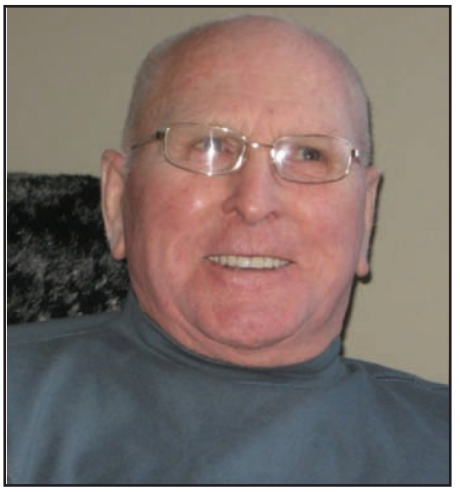

Figure 1 Alfred E. Slade

I think I have something to say: I'm the only fellow here put my feet in the Atlantic Ocean over in St. John's and put them in the Pacific Ocean over on Vancouver Island."

Mr. Slade laughs and recalls, "And, when I was done talking, I had answered more questions than you could shake a stick at."

Born in Pateyville

My father was Adam Slade and my mother was Harriet Compton. My mother was married twice; her first husband was drowned off Gibraltar. When she married my father she had three sons and a daughter from her first marriage, and her children were in the orphanage. My father was married before he met Harriet; he had one son, Edward. When they met, my mother was a cook for Dr. Curtis at the Grenfell

Figure 2 Pateyville. This watercolour was painted by Rhoda Dawson, who worked with the Grenfell Mission 1930-1935. Copy of picture courtesy of Alfred Slade. Homes in picture identified by Norm Slade, cousin of Alfred.

Mission. I was born October 22, 1926 and named Alfred Emerson Slade. My brother, Cecil, was born after me.

Pateyville is where I grew up and, if I had to describe life in Pateyville in my own words, I'd say it was perfect. We had all the freedom in the world. As youngsters, we used to walk up over Fishing Point Head two or three times a day, or we'd go down swimming three or four times a day at the swimming hole – the swimming pool, we called it – at Fishing Point. That was one of our main hobbies. We had a regular routine to walk the Teahouse Hill: the older gang might be courting up there so we'd go up to have a look. Whatever involved mischief, that's what we were after. When I was older, we played football on the ice and we'd fight like the dickens!

Grenfell school

GRENFELL SCHOOL SONG

Grenfell School, Grenfell School
of St. Anthony,
We thy happy sons and daughters
pledge our loyalty.
Grenfell School, Grenfell School
ever our delight,
For thee we'll work and play
with all our might.

Grenfell School, Grenfell School
united we will stand,
Mind the rule of Grenfell School
and work with willing hand,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday
and on Friday, too.
Work fellows, work, work, work,
for Grenfell School.

Grenfell School, Grenfell School,
best in Newfoundland,
Once again they loyal children
Pledge thee heart and hand.
Thou demandest truth and honor
for whta thou do'th give,
O, may we never fail thee
while we live.

Figure 3Grenfell School Song, contributed by Paul Dunphy

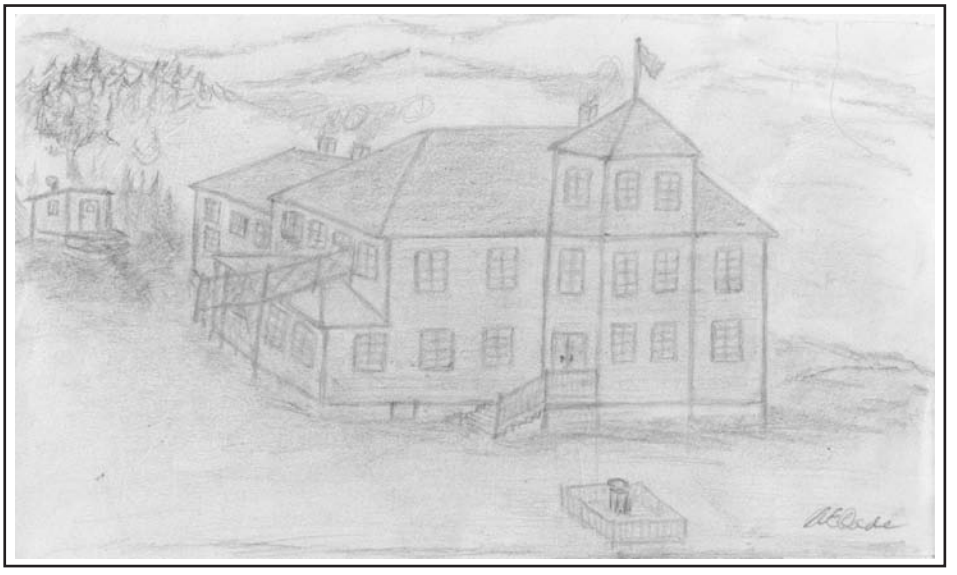

Figure 4 Grenfell School. Drawn from memory by Alfred Slade. The front part of the school faced the road. A sun dial was at the front of school, fenced in. The outdoor privy was at the back on the left. The back portion of the school was added later. The Biblical scripture mentioned in this story is on the right side of the school (not visible in this picture). A fire escape is seen on the left of the school.

I attended the Grenfell school right from the time I started school until I finished grade eleven, in 1945, and it was an excellent school. It's torn down, now – it's gone. I remember the inscription on the wall of the school said: *"All thy children shall be taught by the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children."* The Grenfell school had four rooms on the first flat and a kindergarten up on the top. It was the only school at that time – or probably anywhere-that had a fire escape, a fact that is rarely mentioned. During a fire drill, all the bigger boys were trained to take a station: two to the main doors on each side, two on the stairs, and two at the kindergarten by the window, to put the little ones in a chute and slide them right on down to the ground, and there would be two down there to take them up. That chute was for a fire escape and nothing else. I'm proud to say I was one of those older boys trained to take a station in case of fire.

One of the teachers at the school was Ruth Blackburn from England. We had teachers from the south coast of Newfoundland – the St. John's area – the Noseworthys. The first principal when I was there was Harry Noseworthy. Roy Decker of Ship Cove was one of my teachers. He and I used to go birding together, after school sometimes.

Ms. Kivimiki and Bozan du Samm

Ms. Kivimiki, from Sweden, worked at the Grenfell Mission in the early to mid 1930s and looked after a Great Pyrenees dog named Bozan du Samm.

Using Bozan's wool, Alfred Slade's mother knit a sweater for Franklin Delano Roosevelt with his initials on the front of the sweater.

In 1936, me and my father was up here and Ms. Kivimiki was walking home with Bozan. This dog was brought in to the Mission:

he was snow white with real long silky hair and he weighed two hundred pounds. I saw the dog. It was my mother that carded the wool from that dog and spun it. Mom was always at the wool because we had sheep, and she always carded and spun and knit, and we had a spinning wheel in our house. Mother was a seamstress, too. I was ten years old when she was doing that for the Grenfell Mission. The story of my mother carding and spinning the dog's wool is written up in the Grenfell newsletter, *Along the Coast*. Sometimes they put Bozan in a sled and he could haul one person easily, but he was mainly kept for his wool.

Life, work, and the Grenfell Mission

The Grenfell Mission was what made this town. Here, on the Northern Peninsula, it was far different from what it was anywhere else. If you were working and you didn't make enough money, there was always a time in the year when the Mission would supply so many weeks' work for anyone who needed to work. And you would get food and clothing at the clothing store. So we used to always have very good clothes.

There were many opportunities. If you were down on work – around the coast, anyway – you could bring in goods and get clothing from the clothing store, or you could trade for food, or get a bit of work. Most people needed that extra help down through the years. A lot of the clothes we wore to school came from the clothing store. There were opportunities to make money, and the food and clothing was cheap. Working at the Grenfell Mission, you always had good clothes and you'd never see a day that you were hungry. For people who were industrious, there was anything and everything they could do to earn a living. If you had a mind to earn money, the work was there.

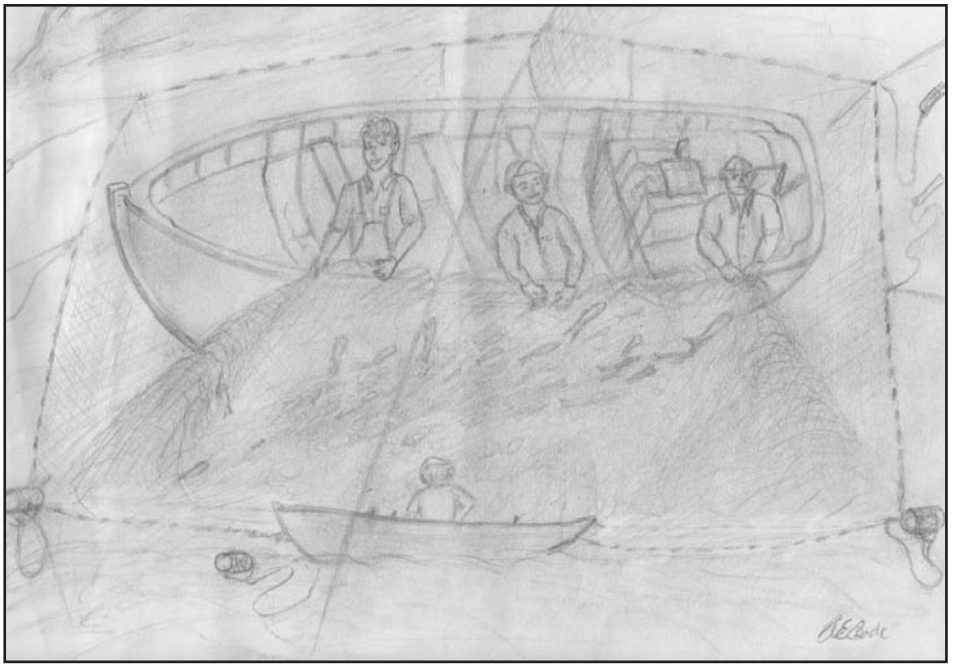

Figure 5 A trap skiff and a cod trap. Hand-drawn from memory by Alfred Slade

Fishing

My father was a fisherman. When he was forty-four years old, he broke his leg kicking football – a match on the ice – so that kind of cut him back, and shortly after that he got heart trouble. He didn't play football after he broke his leg, but he still fished. He was a hook-and-line fisherman. The hook-and-line fellows would trawl and jig. My father fished cod and salmon, and the only nets he used were salmon nets. I used to row with the fishermen, and we used a sail. We used to row from the wharf down here in Pateyville to the bill of St. Anthony Cape, and we'd row from there right up to Cremailliere Island. If there was no fishing, we'd either row back, or sail. At that time, all the line men would keep in contact with the trap men, because the trap men would get these humungous catches of fish and they'd always give the hook-and-line fellows so much fish for helping them with their catch; they were pretty generous.

Everybody had their own berth back then and, if somebody took your berth, there'd be a row! It wouldn't happen very often, but when it happened, watch out!

Figure 6 Schooner hand-made by Alfred Slade. This type of schooner was a common sight

My father mainly fished alone. He used to fish with a fellow called Arthur Patey – *Pateyville Arthur* – when he was younger. Arthur Patey was a salter, and that means he salted all the fish they caught. If they caught eight or nine hundred quintals of fish, he salted them. My father, for the most part, worked single-handed. My father didn't have a wharf, himself; not in my time.

Pateyville Arthur – The old coffin man

Arthur Patey was the coffin man. If anyone died in St. Anthony, he made their coffin. The coffins were made to perfection: he'd measure the corpse and he'd make the coffin to fit. He could make a coffin, my son! You'd see him going up the road with his stick. He'd used the stick to measure coffins, to see how long he wanted them. He was the undertaker; he'd do it all. He'd lay the people out in the box, and he'd make the boxes good and tight. He had special lumber on hand; it was nice and wide. The coffins weren't made straight like a box; they were usually broad at the top and tapering at the foot. They had handles and were all padded inside. They had a special cotton material over them, which was usually purple or sometimes brown, and some coffins had a breastplate on them.

Not many roads back then...

There weren't many roads in St. Anthony when I was young, but there were a few. I learned to drive an old Co-op truck – a model-T – I think it was, in 1942. When they got me all tested out and I passed, they said, "We're sorry, but you're only sixteen years old." You see, to get a license, you had to be old enough to sign up for the war. The roads in St. Anthony were just the width of the truck. You could drive down to Pateyville, or go up to the bottom of the harbour. Buy very few people had cars or trucks; they either went out in boats or they walked. The Mission wharf was on the west side of the harbour, where the coastal boats came in, and that's the side the road was on.

Bowaters

In 1945 it was a poor summer fishing, so when Alf Slade met the foreman for Bowaters down at the wharf, he was ready to try something different. The foreman hired him to work at Main Brook, Hare Bay.

In those days you didn't have just one job; you had to do whatever was necessary to earn a living. When I was at Bowaters I was an engineer on sea mules and, in case you don't know what sea mules are, a sea mule is a landing barge used during the war. I operated winch boats. I eventually became foreman; I went up as high as you could go in the mechanical part of it. I worked with the famous Lewis Pilgrim; he and I was real good buddies; we worked at Bowaters at the same time. Mr. Pilgrim was from St. Anthony; he was an engineer on the *Maravel.*

The Co-op store in St. Anthony

Salmon fishermen from Conche could bring their catch and sell it to the Co-op. I remember one Sunday, Jack Hunt from Conche came in with the salmon receipts and he gave them to me. I put them in the office, and Monday morning I said to Mr. McNeil, "Horace, here's the salmon receipts from Conche." Horace told me to put them in the filing cabinet, which I did. A month later, in comes the same fellow, Jack Hunt, two eyes popping out of his head, and said, "Where did you put the receipts?"

Horace looked at me, and I said, "I put them in the cabinet, as you told me." Horace was that busy he forgot where he had told me to put them, so I walked over and picked them up. Jack Hunt got his money and he cooled off pretty quick. I'll never forget the words Horace McNeil said. He said, "You're like your brother *Chick*; you can never get anything over on you." My brother Chick worked in the Co-op store. His name wasn't really *Chick* – that was his nickname – his name was Edward, and he was my half brother.

Sunday: A day of rest

There was a United Church and an Anglican church in St. Anthony. Wintertime, they used dog teams. The United church had a cabin cruiser type boat, and they would make trips around the communities. Nearly everybody went to church back then; and Sunday school – you'd attend up to the age of fifteen or sixteen years old.

In those days, they had icebergs like they do now – probably more – and you'd put a cod trap in the water, and if there was an iceberg coming around towards the trap, you'd go out there, probably, and you'd tie on, but you would not take that trap until you were ab-

solutely sure that the iceberg was coming in. That would not come out of the water on Sunday. And you didn't use guns on Sunday, or split wood or cut paper: if you were doing crafts, you couldn't use scissors. You wouldn't bake bread and you wouldn't work. But you could cook; you didn't forget your appetite! Sunday was God's day; you rested from your labours. I remember it was a real holiday.

Hunter, Woodsman, Fisherman

Allan Richards
Great Brehat/St. Anthony

Allan Richards is a self-published author and free-lance writer whose roots are in Little Brehat and Great Brehat. He lives in St. Anthony with his wife, Delphine, and prefers to be remembered as a hunter, a woodsman, and a fisherman. Mr. Richards recalls real-life experiences and writes about them in the book, My Life and I: Life's Many Challenges. *This book is based solidly on Mr. Richard's life experiences and is peppered with adventures many people might only read about. The last pages of his book include prose and poetic pieces which seem to sum up Mr. Richards' philosophy of life.*

In his book, Mr. Richards speaks of an early decision he had to make, whether to go to school or stay home to work with his father. For Allan, a boy who liked school, it was a hard decision, but he felt he was needed at home, so he quit school and worked. At home he learned to drive a dog team, cut and haul wood, to fish and hunt seals on the ice; all things which often brought him to the edge of danger but also enabled him to think his way out of some potentially perilous situations.

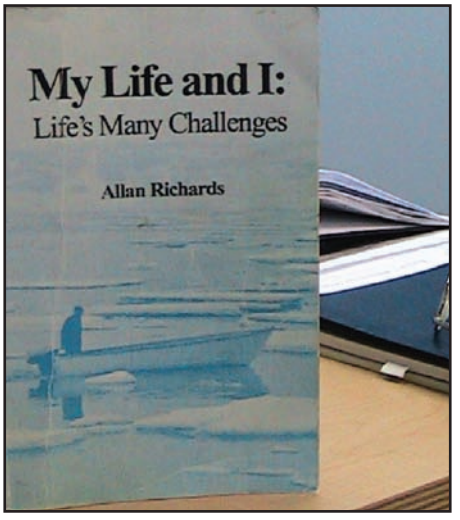

Figure 1 Allan Richards is a Hunter, a Woodsman and a Fisherman.


Figure 2 Mr. Richards aboard his boat in St. Anthony.

My grandfather came from Bay Roberts, originally from England, one of the first squatters in Little Brehat; his name was Jesse Richards and my father was Harvey Richards. I was born 1927, and grew up in Brehat as a fisherman. My mother died when I was three. I lived in Little Brehat till I was twelve years old and from there my dad moved to Great Brehat. Around 1945 we moved to St. Anthony, where my dad opened a general store on the west side of the town.

My mother's name was Mary Jane Carter, and my step mom's name was Ursula Cull. She married my dad when I was ten years old. Me and my sister Mildred were from the first marriage, and when Dad remarried he and Ursula had six children.

I started fishing with my dad, but I also fished alone for many years after that. I moved away for three or four years to Greenland, and up in the mines of Labrador. Then I came back fishing.

At the time Harriott Curtis Collegiate was built in St. Anthony, I bought the first school bus and had a contract driving students to school for five years. While I was driving the school bus, I ran a taxi business for four or five years. Then, I went back fishing again until they closed the fishery; I give away all my fishing gear and that was it for fishing.

Footpaths and trails

If I was to focus back to when I was a boy, I can see in my mind's eye all the footpaths. In every settlement there was nothing but footpaths, and back then we walked or we went on dog team.

Now, you look around and all you see is paved highways. It would be hard to make a young person today understand the way of life back then: summertime we'd go out in boat and, on land, trails were the established routes and everybody used them. There were no signs posted on the trails but, in a sense, there were: the main trails out on the barrens was all marked with poles, which were stuck in the

marsh, because if you got stuck out on the marsh in the winter, you needed markers to find the way. I can remember stories my dad told me, when they'd be walking from Brehat to St. Anthony Bight, and it'd be that dirty one fellow would have to stay at the post while the other fellow walked to the next one, that's how dirty it would be; you could see no path or anything. The poles might be fifty yards apart, or a hundred.

Teeming with men and codfish

Back when I was a boy, the communities were teeming with men and codfish. We had sharemen all over the place, coming from all over the bays in Newfoundland. And everyone had five or six people, and the same thing in all the places, and this was our way of life, and there wasn't a dull moment. We didn't mind the hard things; we enjoyed our way of life because that's all there was, it was the only way of life we knew.

The majority of people kept hens, goats, sheep, cows, and we had our own gardens. A lot of people, in the time of the Depression lived very well. We made sure we had lots of fish, there were plenty seals, plenty birds; that was the mainstay of life.

I was a hunter, and still am. You mention my name anywhere from Ship Cove to Conche and up the Straits to Flower's Cove, you mention my name-ask them if they know me. I got my share of birds and I got my share of seals. I was a woodsman all my life; still am. Just yesterday morning I cut a truck load of wood, and I'll soon be eighty-two years of age, and I'm still going.

I got married when I was around fifty years of age. I married a woman who had fourteen children, Delphine Mugford from Roddickton. She reared up sixteen children, her own and two grandchildren. Delphine and her friend are into the quilt business; she does an awful lot of sewing. She sells or gives her quilts to anyone who'd like them; she just loves to be at that kind of stuff. Last Christmas she made a dozen quilts to give to her children, and she crochets, too.

Figure 3 Tools of a fisherman's trade

Stories of narrow escapes

I could tell you stories about experiences; times when I got caught out all night in storms, and people said I couldn't come back, but I did come back.

Caught in a blinding snowstorm

I went out one morning in a little fifteen-foot speedboat hunting seals. About ten o'clock in the morning a storm came up from the northeast; a living hurricane; a blinding snowstorm. The long liners all came in. At the time, my motor gave out, and I had to go get to a pan of ice to take shelter and light a fire and thaw my hoses. While I was broke down, I saw a long liner no more than a hundred yards away; you could just see her in the snow. I put out my paddles to row to her, but when I got just about to her, she started up and went on. They didn't see me and that was a blessing in disguise. If I'd got to her and they'd towed me in, I probably would have lost my boat; probably lost myself, because it was too rough.

After awhile I got my hoses thawed and I was ready; I came to the edge of the ice. The wind was blowing vicious, vicious, a hurricane, and it was about fifteen miles from here up towards the Grey Islands. When I came through the edge of the ice, it was nothing but the worst kind of weather. I had about fifteen miles to go so, I nursed her and nursed her; I didn't want to stay in the ice because I knew if it struck the Grey Islands it would all come together in a solid jam, and how long I'd be out there, not prepared, I didn't know. So I had to venture for the land.

In the blinding snowstorm, I had a little compass, which I secured to the thwart with a rubber band, which I always carried for that purpose. I figured my position was south of St. Anthony, so, I took my course north and I started steaming. I figured it would take me three to four hours to reach land at the speed I could make. Anyway, when I got out of the ice about a mile, after about an hour's steaming, the motor broke down. So, here I was in the biggest kind of storm, only a fifteen foot boat, with a couple of seals aboard. Now, it was take my motor

off-I had another one, a twenty horsepower, in the bottom of the boat-so, after awhile I got that one off and got the other one on, pulled the cord a half dozen times, but no go.

I've done all I can

By that time I was concerned. I sat down on the thwart. I had a bottle of Tang, so I took a drink, then put it on the thwart. Before I could blink an eye the boat hit a lop and my bottle of Tang ended up in the bottom of the boat. I didn't like that too well because that bottle meant a lot to me, it was the only thing I had to drink and I didn't know when I was going to get home. I sat on the thwart and I thought and thought, then I said a little prayer. I said, "Lord, I've done all I can. I know nothing else to do. I'm helpless. I'm in Your hands."

I got up and gave the cord a pull, and away she goes. Four hours I battled that storm. Eventually, I came in under the high lands, stopped in the calm and had a little lunch. When I came into the harbour I noticed there was one truck on the wharf, Wilfred Simms had come down, the only man.

He said, "Allan, am I glad to see you. They said you wouldn't come in – you *couldn't* come in – but I said, "Allen will be in."

I said, "Thank you, Wilfred, for having that confidence. "

But, that's an experience you have to live through; to know the impact of it. You're at a loss, in a wilderness, in a blinding storm, with lops big enough to swamp you-with only God and your own ingenuity to get you through.

Trapped on the ice

I went out one morning in the Strait of Belle Isle. The tides come in and jammed everything and I was the only fellow out, and I was blocked solid. I got the boat on a pan and stayed there all day, drifted out into the Straits and was up off Big Brook in the morning. In the evening as the sun was setting, I was out off Boat Harbour; probably three or four miles off.

I seen three or four people, I didn't know who they were, walking up over the land. By and by somebody fired a shot. All of a sudden, I said to myself, they must have been looking to see if they could see me, because I had a flag up. So, I picked up my gun and shot, and I saw one fellow running back. Within ten or fifteen minutes I seen a great big crowd on the hill. So I said, very well, they know where I'm at, and that's all I thought about it.

Later, when I enquired about the shot, it was three teenagers come out of school in the evening and they took the gun and walked up over the hills for to see if they could get a shot at something. And one of them picked up a gun and shot at a mark; they didn't even know I was out there till I fired a shot!

Well, there was nothing they could do this late in the evening. I hunkered down but I had to keep moving; couldn't sleep or anything like that. I would lie on the thwart for awhile and then I'd have to keep going, but at twelve o'clock at night, I began to hear clumpers falling. The pressure was coming off the ice. Clumpers are lumps of ice; when the ice packs, they just come together and they rise, rise, rise; then, when the pressure comes off the ice, you can hear them falling back. So, I knew the very minute I heard it that the pressure was coming off, the tides was slacking.

That was very good. Within half an hour the ice opened up and there was water. I got out, and I got within a mile of the land and waited till daylight. At the crack of dawn, I saw two men atop the hill against the skyline; I roared out as loud as I could to tell them I needed their assistance.

If the ice started to move and was to go out through the Straits, I would go out with the ice and figured if I would get off Ship Cove or somewhere like that, the ice would open up and I would make for land. That was my plan, but the ice never moved. I was in the same position in the morning when they came over the hills as I was in the evening. Anyway, the men on shore went for their boat in Boat Harbour-Lem Woodward and his brother and two others-and they come out and took me off the running ice just inside of Cape Norman; they crossed the gutter where I was to, and got me aboard.

I had many more experiences like that. But that's the way it was for men in those days.

Poem Handwritten in the back of *My Life and I*

I asked the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love and every grace
That more of His salvation know
And seek more earnestly His face.

'Twas He who taught me how to pray
And He I trust that answered prayer
But it had been in such a way
That nearly drove me to despair.

I thought that in some lonely hour
At last He'd answer my request
And by His love's constraining power
Subdue my heart and give me rest.

Instead of this he let me feel
The hidden evil of my heart
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in every part.

Lord, why is this? I trembling cried
Wilt thou pursue thy worm to death?
This is the way, the Lord replied
I answered prayer for grace and faith.

Those inward trials I employed
From self and sin to set thee free
And break those schemes of earthly joy
That thou mayest find thy all in me.

Glossary
Dictionary of Newfoundland English

1. Dirty: of the weather, marked by squalls and precipitation.
2. Pan of ice: a piece of flat ice, varying in size and shape but roughly circular.
3. Lop: the rough surface of the sea caused by a stiff wind and marked by a quick succession of short breaking waves.
4. Clumpers: a small ice-berg; floating pan of ice; GROWLER.

Memories of Ireland Bight & Lock's Cove & Keepsakes from Dr. Grenfell

Amelia Pynn/Grace Patey

Dedicated to the memory of
Amelia Pynn
Born July 20, 1917
at Ireland Bight
Died April 2009

~~~

Dedicated to the memory
Of Grace Patey
Born November 6, 1916
at Lock's Cove
Died August 2009

"Watch the sun sinking behind the western hill
Flowers and birds will soon be asleep; then all is still
When you see shadows stealing across the sky
The day is ended and night is drawing nigh.

May your household sleep peacefully till morning light
May the coming day be cheerful and bright
May the years ahead be wonderful, and splendid
The day Thou gave us Lord, has ended."

~excerpt from a poem by Millie Pynn

~~~

Millie Pynn and Grace Patey were first cousins, and shared a room at Shirley's Haven in St. Anthony. Although Millie was born in Ireland Bight and Grace in Lock's Cove, their lives, especially in the early years, seem to have been bound together by the same, or similar, memories.

They are joined in this interview by Mona Pynn, who is related to Aunt Millie through marriage and who provided homecare to Millie prior to her admittance to Shirley's Haven. It is Mona who prompts Grace and Millie to tell their stories, and who encourages them to share their knowledge about the way life was in outport Newfoundland many years ago.

Beginnings

Millie Pynn was born Amelia Reid, daughter of Bertha Decker and Aaron Reid. She married Abil Pynn and moved to Raleigh when she was thirty-three years old. They had one son, Ian, who lives in St. Anthony.

Grace Patey was born Grace Elliott and her family moved to St. Anthony when Lock's Cove was resettled. She married Arthur Patey.

Battling disease

Retinitis Pigmentosa

Retinitis pigmentosa refers to a group of diseases which tend to run in families and cause slow, but progressive loss of vision. About fifty percent of these cases are hereditary. The first symptoms usually start during young adulthood. The two most common symptoms are night blindness (where adjusting to the dark happens very slowly) and the loss of peripheral vision, or side vision, making mobility very difficult. (CNIB Website)

Millie (Reid) Pynn was born with Retinitis Pigmentosa and was suffering from tunnel vision and night blindness by the time she reached her teens. Her eyesight became

worse, but Millie wrote poetry and her poetry revealed a bright light within her spirit which illuminated everything around her, regardless of the darkness that diminished her ability to take care of herself in later years.

Erysipelas

Mona

I was going to ask you about that story you were telling me about your father, when Dr. Grenfell took him across to the Labrador-to Battle Harbour, wasn't it- because he had erysipelas. Did you tell me that Dr. Grenfell put a bone from a sheep in his leg?

Millie

Yes, from a lamb.

Mona

Her dad was twelve years old at the time, and Dr. Grenfell had a clinic on the Labrador, and took him over there.

Millie

Dr. Grenfell killed a little lamb and put the bone in my father's leg. My mom told me that story. My father had a bad leg, and Grenfell took him to Battle Harbour hospital. He had erysipelas on his leg. It was swollen and infected.

Mona

How amazing was that if Dr. Grenfell used a lamb's bone to graft into an infected leg? That was ground-breaking back then. But, I guess he had to make do with what he had.

Erysipelas is a superficial infection of the skin, which typically involves the lymphatic system. Erysipelas is also known as St. Anthony's Fire, an accurate description of the intensity of this rash. Erysipelas was a feared disease in pre-antibiotic days, especially in infants. Then from the website about.com

Typhoid Fever

Mona

Millie's family was one of the last to stay at Ireland Bight; Millie's mom and her uncle.

Millie

My dad died when I was seven months old of typhoid fever. There were two uncles that never married, so when Dad died Mom and I went to live with them. My Uncle Eli – he was sick in the hospital with Dad – and when my dad was going to die, he asked him, "Eli, will you take care of Bertha and the baby?" And Eli told him, "Boy, I'll do just that." He took over, raised me up, and everywhere he went, I went with him.

Mona

Millie had two uncles that never married, and her mom stayed on in Ireland Bight; she could have gone back to Cook's Harbour with her own family, but she didn't. At the time of Millie's father's death, the doctor told Uncle Eli that he likely survived because he was a really thin man, and Millie's dad was a big, robust man.

Figure 1 Old fashioned iron

Tuberculosis

Millie

Will Dawe was a friend of mine; he died of tuberculosis. There were six children in his family and I heard that all three girls died, as well as one of her sons, so that was four children died with TB. Will was eighteen or nineteen. I went to see him when he was sick; I wasn't afraid of getting TB. I knew him for so many years, so I said I'm not going to leave him now...if I catch it, I catch it...but I never caught it. He was pretty sick, but I never got too close to him. He always wanted me to sit on the side of the bed and talk and look at books with him.

Battling small enemies

Millie

Everybody had lice back in them days. We had two beds upstairs; we used to put people in them if they stayed over, but there used to be plenty of lice then.

Mona

Her mom used to boil the bedclothes, then after she boiled the sheets, she'd hot up her iron – the old fashioned kind; it came in two pieces. You'd hot up the bottom part of the iron on the wood stove and then click it onto the part you held in your hand, then iron the sheets to 'crack' anything that wasn't killed in the hot water. Millie said she used to hate to see people coming on dog teams because she'd

know how much work it would be to clean up after them. They had one man stay there one night – he was so lousy he wouldn't go to bed – he stayed on the chesterfield instead.

Millie

It was just as bad on the chesterfield as the bed, so why did he bother? I remember one man, he come up to the house, and he always had his cap on, would never take it off. When he went to the table to eat, he'd take it off and hang it on his chair. As soon as the last mouthful was gone, he'd put his cap on again. I wonder now, did he have lice on his head?

Grace

Before I left home, I remember people sitting around the table eating, One day we had a crowd sitting around the table eating and Mom said, "Get that man a cup of tea." When I got the tea and took it back to give it to him, there was a louse crawling up a hair on his head.

They used to cut the hair close to the head and sometimes they'd use kerosene to get rid of lice. Their mothers used a fine-tooth comb; they'd comb their hair and pop the lice on the top of the woodstove.

Mona

We didn't have a bathtub, but we washed in the laundry tub every Saturday night.

Millie

We took a pan of water up to our rooms and washed in our rooms. The fishermen couldn't come home and bath every day and you know how much the fish smelled. If it got bad, some men would jump off a wharf on a hot summer's day, and the salt water would help clean them up. Imagine all week working, and change your clothes once a week? But everybody was the same back then.

Ireland Bight: A skiing getaway

Millie

The nurses from the Grenfell Mission used to come to Ireland Bight to ski. I can remember when I was a little girl; a couple of the nurses came along and gave Bessy Budgell and me a chocolate bar, and Bessy said when they left, "My gosh, maid, I wish they'd come every day!"

Making soap

Millie

If there was any seal fat in the spring, we used to save it and use it in homemade soap. We would render out the fat. My mom used to add salt to it, but to tell you the truth, I don't know exactly how to make soap, because Aunt Lydia next door, she and Mom used to get together and make it. Once the fat was boiled up, you had to let it cool down, and then you cut it into blocks. Mom used to make soap outdoors to keep the smell out of the house.

Grace

My mom would put the fat on ...I can't remember if she put water in it, she'd put it on to boil, and then she'd open a can of lye and put that in. To make lye, she'd save ashes from the stove, put them in a bucket, add water, and let them steep out. It wasn't long after that they could buy lye and soap at the store, so then they didn't have to make soap any longer. The homemade soap didn't smell very good. We used that soap for scrubbing floors and washing laundry, too. We'd get down on our knees with these bars of soap and scrub the floors. You had a bucket of water, a cake of soap alongside, and a scrub brush. The scrub brush might be worn out, or we couldn't get to the shop, so we'd use some boughs tied together, with a cake of soap, and scrub the floor.

Mona

And they were scrubbing bare boards most of the time. No canvas (linoleum) then.

Grace

Once the floor was soaped and scrubbed, then we'd have to rinse it with more water.

Figure 2 Millie was a woman of faith

Mona

Besides their housework, they all went down in the stages – all the women – Millie, her mom, Grace, and all her family, they spent half their day down there.

Servant girl

Grace

I was fifteen when I first went to work at Cook's Harbour as a servant girl, from April to November. I worked seven months there. The couple I worked for had two children. Everything there was to do, I had to do. I had to go out and spread the fish, and take it up, and do the housework besides. And if I'd go out in the night, and I wasn't home sharp at ten, she'd lock the door on me. One night, just as I put my hand on the knob...click! She was going to lock me out. And I was foolish enough to stay.

Mona

I suppose you thought, in the end, you'd get a little bit of money out of it.

Grace

When I was leaving, she called me into the pantry and she give me six dollars; that was the first bit of money she give me the whole summer. When I got on the coastal boat to go home, I had to pay six dollars for my fare home, so I never really got paid at all. I never forgot that.

Mona

Back then, almost every girl had to go out serving. I know one girl; she went to work for a couple and at the end of the summer she got two dresses, given to her by the lady of the house. That was her payment, cast-off clothes.

Grace

There were six children in my family, five plus myself.

Mona

And they never had anything back then; it was a struggle to put food on the table. That's why, when they got up to fourteen or fifteen, they had to go out and work. If the young people went somewhere to work and live, well, the parents didn't have to worry about feeding them for the summer; and hoped they would make a few dollars. They hardly made anything, and they had no choice, only to stay there. They had to work like slaves, and people took advantage of them. You didn't just go there to take care of their homes and mop the floors, you had to go down to the stage and help split the fish and dry the fish and pick up the fish. And the reason the women had to help the men, well, the men themselves had a lot to do. It wasn't like now, they never had no motors on their boats and you never had the girdies to haul your gear. And when they came in they had so much fish down in the boat, if the women didn't go down and help them split it when they passed it up, they'd never get it done. The women worked harder than the men did back then.

Mona

When the men were finished fishing and come up out of the stage I suppose they lied down and had their nap.

Grace

And the women brought the water, too, with a hoop. We done it all, my dear.

Skipper, how long have you had that man?

Grace

I was down aboard the boat with Dad, filling up the tubs with capelin, and he up on the wharf hoisting it up. And there was a man come from Conche, a mailman, and he come down on the wharf and when he seen what I was doing, he said, "Skipper, how long have you had that man?"

Figure 3 a spyglass given to George and Bill Reid (Millie's grandfather and uncle) by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell. Ian Pynn uses the spyglass at Back Cove in Raleigh.

Mona

The work that you were doing down around the boat made him think you were a man.

Grace

I was down aboard the boat filling up the tub and lifting it up. I was working just like the men.

A Woman's work was never done

Mona

Well, I can tell from your hands how hard you worked. That's outdoors in the winter, down at the fish

getting your hands full of salt and lye. And then you worked in the garden.

Grace

We worked especially in the fall of the year when we'd dig our gardens. There used to be flour barrels then: you'd fill up the barrel with potatoes, then tip one half into one bag and tip the other half in another bag, and throw the bag up on your back and carry it. I was twelve or fourteen years old when I was doing that.

Mona

And then after supper, Millie said her mom used to be all night sat down doing sealskin boots or doing mats and rugs for the floor, trying to make clothes for somebody to put on. Her mom used to knit worsted underwear for her two uncles; men's drawers. Can you imagine?

Millie

My mother used to knit men's drawers from the waist down below the knees, and a string on top to tie it to keep them from falling down.

I've still got lots of hooked rugs at home that my mom made. Nighttime, she'd take whatever little bits of stuff she could get to make the rugs. Nighttime was all work for the women after the day's work was done.

Snapshots of the past

Preserving food

Millie

We kept twenty-four hens. After we took up the eggs, Mother would get a bucket, put a layer of flour on the bottom and put the eggs, one-by-one, in the flour. And then she'd put another layer, until the bucket was full. We'd have eggs for Christmas and for baking in the winter.

To preserve meat, we had a store outdoors and we used to hang all the meat on nails and let it freeze. Seals were caught in the spring, so they couldn't be frozen. Most of the seal meat was kept for the dogs; you might have a meal off the seal. If there was snow, the seal meat would be kept covered with snow as long as possible. If I wanted a meal, I'd take off some slashes of meat and wash it in pickled water – because seal meat is greasy – and fry it for supper. I'd eat any part of the seal; some people liked the daddles, but I liked the rib part.

Partridgeberries were kept frozen in buckets or barrels. Apples and vegetables were kept in a root cellar, where they'd last a long time. Mom kept house flowers in the root cellar, too. Everything you didn't want frozen you kept in the root cellar.

Mona

They wouldn't go in the cellar when it was too cold; they didn't want the frost to get in. When Millie was a child, and wanted an apple, sometimes her uncles wouldn't let her in the root cellar because of the threat of frost. She'd have to wait till they had a mild spell to go in, because once everything went into the root cellar, it was sealed against extreme cold. Potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbage, they all went into the cellar.

Grace

Later, when we canned fruits, we kept the jars in the cupboard.

Gifts from Dr. Grenfell

George Reid was Millie's grandfather, and Bill Reid, his son, was Millie's uncle. They were responsible for the rescue of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell when he was adrift on an ice pan. He presented them with a spyglass, a watch, and a Bible.

Figure 4 Snapshots from the past. The Bible was presented to George and Bill Reid by Dr. Grenfell

Figure 5 A watch presented to George and Bill Reid by Dr. Grenfell

Figure 6 'In memory of Wilfred Grenfell, April 2, 1908'

Sundays

Millie

Sundays you cooked your dinner, and after dinner the old people would all go and lie down for their nap. I did too; I'd go and lie down for my nap, but in the evening, after supper, we'd go out for a walk or something-all the boys and girls. We wasn't allowed to do a thing Sunday. Sunday everybody would go up on top of the hill; they all had to make their own fun back then. There was church only if the minister come, but he didn't come very often because he had to come by boat summertime and dog team wintertime. If the minister was needed, somebody would go to St. Anthony to get him.

Fun and games

Millie

For fun we used to get together at somebody's house; usually Uncle Tom Cull's. Sometimes we'd get something from the garden to cook up a scoff. One of the games we played was to take something from somebody, and get them to do something to get it back. That was something to have a bit of fun, see, we used to have quite the laugh. You didn't know what you'd have to go and do. One fellow was told he had to put his tongue on the bottom of the kettle, but the bottom of the kettle wasn't hot.

Kick Ball was a popular sport. It was like soccer. There were goalposts and they'd kick the ball back and forth, trying to score on each other. After supper every night the men would all go down and kick ball; it was their only bit of fun. All the men in the evening, as soon as supper was done, were gone down on the harbor. They all loved that game. That's what my husband did.

You know why they stopped playing kickball? TV! Cars!

Glossary
Dictionary of Newfoundland English

1. Hoop: shoulder-yoke: Circular wooden device for carrying two pails of water.
2. Daddle: the hind flipper or paw of a seal.
3. Scoff: a cooked meal at sea or ashore, especially at night and often part of an impromptu party.

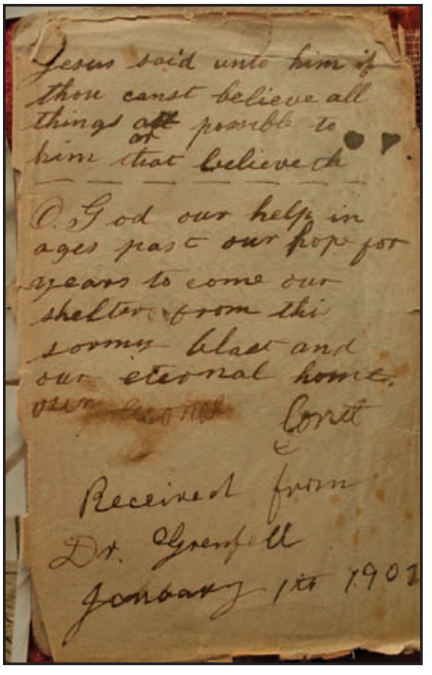

Figure 7 (right) Flyleaf from the Bible, which was a gift from Dr. Grenfell,
January 1, 1902

Teaching at St. Anthony and Labrador

Bill Carpenter, Teacher

Bill Carpenter graduated from high school in St. Anthony, attended university in St. John's for two years, taught in Northwest River, Labrador, and at Flowers Cove, and then returned to university for another four years to complete his education. Once he graduated from university he settled into teaching at St. Anthony, where he eventually retired. He is married to Ruby Roberts of Quirpon.

Figure 1 Bill Carpenter shows a painting of the boat he once owned. He commands a good view of the harbour from his house on the hill.

Teacher without a degree at Northwest River

I grew up in St. Anthony and graduated from St. Mary's School on the east side of the harbour. They built more onto St. Mary's School after I left; it was a four-room school when I attended; that was before they opened Harriot Curtis Collegiate. After I graduated, at the age of seventeen, I attended university for two years. I taught in Northwest River in 1963-1964-I had no experience and no degree; just my two years of university. As a teacher I was paid the grand total of two hundred and twenty dollars a month and I had to pay sixty dollars a month for room and board. I boarded in a Grenfell Mission House, and we had a grocery store in the basement that had more groceries than most of the little stores around here; there was lots of food and it was a beautiful place to stay. They had a cook there, but on weekends there was no cook and we had to fudge for ourselves, so we often went to Goose Bay.

It was a challenge, teaching. I taught Math and all the Science for grades nine, ten and eleven, and grade eleven History. That was a big workload; the biggest in the school, actually. And to take that on with no experience!

I had my mind made up to go flying school, but mother and dad wouldn't hear tell of it. They didn't want me to go at that. Back then, flying was considered a dangerous business. It wasn't like it is now, and the opportunities weren't that great and pilots weren't paid that much. My parents talked me out of it, so I went back to university. When I graduated university in 1968, there was a recruiter in from Labrador City; there was a teacher shortage then. They were offering a bonus of six thousand dollars a year if you went to Labrador City. And the reason-the teachers who went to Lab City could get a job at the mill-the lowliest job there-and make practically double the salary that a teacher could make. So, teachers would sign on, work a year, take the six thousand dollar bonus, and then sign up at the mill. They lost a good few teachers; it was a big problem.

Switching roles: Student and teacher

I spent a number of years away from St. Anthony, teaching in Labrador for a year, attending university for six years, and teaching at Flowers Cove for a year. I came back to teach at the high school in St. Anthony in 1968. I left Harriot Curtis Collegiate in 1973 and went over to teach at the Trade School and when I went to the Trade School I thought I was a veteran then; I was twenty eight.

The first time I left St. Anthony to go to university was in the fall of 1961, and only some of the roads had been built. You could drive to Cook's Harbour and Flower's Cove, but you couldn't drive to Raleigh, Ship Cove, or Griquet. You had to either fly out, or go by

boat, so we went by boat. I went to St. John's, and that was the first year they opened Memorial University. Just imagine coming out of a four-or-five-room school: we had no lights, no electricity, no running water, no indoor plumbing. All the courses we studied in St. Anthony were all general: general math, science; nothing was specialized. I didn't even know what a lab was. And I went there, to a brand new, state-of-the-art university-Joey's pride and joy. With all those strange subjects and city ways-coming out of a place like St. Anthony-I didn't know if all these strange subjects weren't something that was good to eat!

In the small coastal communities, most teachers had only graduated from grade ten or eleven themselves; and the only requirement was to stay one step ahead of the students.

Figure 2 Harvesting Ice in St. Anthony

After attending university in St. John's for two years, I was nineteen years old and a high school teacher. Everybody was really respectful of teachers. In my own eyes, I was just a young kid who had attended university for two years; never done anything other than being a student. But, I'd go out into a community and there was everybody looking right up to me. That's the way it was back then. There was God-then the priest, the pastor, or the minister-and then there were the teachers.

As a young teacher, I might go visiting in L'Anse aux Meadows and next thing I'd know, here'd come somebody with a salt rebate, or an unemployment form, or something for me to do. There was always somebody asking you to do this or do that.

The day President Kennedy was Assassinated

It is ninety miles from Rigolet to Northwest River and then there's another twenty-eight miles from Northwest River to Goose Bay. When I was teaching school in Northwest River, there was one class, the middle period on Friday afternoon, when I was free. All the rest of the time I was in contact with the students. There were so few teachers and so many classes and I used to look so forward to that particular class on Fridays. That would be the time I'd be in contact with my buddies, seeing if there was either Cessna, or Beaver, or Otter that would drop by and take us to Goose Bay for the weekend. One particular afternoon in November, I was in the staff room with the radio on when I heard the news that President Kennedy got shot.

But that didn't stop us from making arrangements to fly to Goose Bay. A Scottish pilot named Ian MacDonald flew in, picked us up, and flew us to Goose Bay. The thing to do then was to go to the Base, because that was the place to go in those days. But on that day, when we arrived, everything was barred to the public, everything was on high alert. They had a squadron circling Goose Bay twenty four hours a day.

At the time Goose Bay was built, it had the longest runway in North America outside of the continental United States. There was no runway in Canada that had the capabilities Goose Bay had. When they took the shuttle over to the Paris air show, they stopped in Goose to refuel; piggy-backed on a 747.

In 1963, there were approximately six or seven thousand military personnel stationed at Goose Bay. They had their own high schools and elementary schools and gymnasiums. They were a town unto themselves. On the Canadian side of the base, they were, again, like a small town. They were building a new hospital that year and there was a lot of work going on; the contractors had five or six thousand men working there. It was a beehive of activity. On the American side, they had their clubs. The Americans, wherever they went, even here in St. Anthony at the old Base, had an Officer's Club, an NCO's Club, and Airmen's Clubs. Cigarettes in Goose Bay were a dollar a carton. A forty-ounce bottle of alcohol at the PX was a dollar and forty-five cents. And we knew the teachers on the Canadian side; so we would stay in their dorms because they'd fly out to Montreal or somewhere like that. You could fly from Goose Bay to Montreal

cheaper than you could fly from Goose Bay to St. Anthony, but the only flights to St. Anthony then were on mail planes or charters. It was twice as expensive to fly to Deer Lake as it was to fly to Montreal.

A Place called Cut Throat

I met a man named Ralph Bradley, who later became an airline pilot flying big jets, mostly down south. He went to the Grenfell School same time I did. One evening I met him at a club; he wasn't flying then, he was working as a ticket agent for Eastern Provincial Airways. There was a Scottish fellow who was flying a Cessna and he said, "I got to go out to a little place on the coast of Labrador called Cut Throat." It was on the north side of Gross Water Bay, and the name of the place was Cut Throat-like you cut the throat of a fish. It had a little harbour and a little fishing village. The Americans had a Base there; it was like a satellite from Pinetree in Goose Bay; it was about the same size as the Base they had here in St. Anthony.

A fishing crew from Glovertown had gone ashore on their way back from Labrador fishing. At that time, the Base was abandoned; the Americans had left everything behind: they left all their trucks, their tractors, everything. And the boys went ashore in the big schooners and they ransacked the place. Whatever wasn't too big or too heavy, they took it aboard the schooners and brought a lot of it here. Anyway, the Scottish fellow had a charter to go out for the American Air force to take pictures, and he needed a volunteer to go with him so that he could fly the plane while the passenger took pictures. It was the opportunity of a lifetime for me.

Figure 3 Mr. Carpenter has many photos depicting life in communities on the Northern Peninsula

So the next morning we went down and he fired up this little Cessna; it wasn't very big. It was a long trip, and Buddy wasn't exactly sure where it was. But we flew out and circled around Cut Throat; it was a beautiful day in the fall. We were flying very low, and I remember seeing the trees on the side of Lake Melville, and we were that low I remember looking up at the Mealy Mountains going out there. He cranked the Cessna right over on her side and I took pictures; and the only way I could describe it, if I were to describe it to you, would be to say a tornado when through it. The doors were beat off the buildings, insulation was strewn all over the place, everything was thrown outdoors: mattresses and bedclothes. They ransacked the place; they beat the windows out; they just beat it up. It was devastating to look at.

Before we returned, we had to go into Rigolet to get gas and then we flew back to Goose. But what a trip! Beautiful!

Eventually, the Americans passed it over to the Grenfell Mission. They sent a boat from St. Anthony with a crew of men, and they cleaned up the place and salvaged what they could, like the copper and all the pipes, they took all that. The ironic thing about it was, when I finished teaching in Northwest River, next summer I came back to St. Anthony. I was no longer a teacher; I was a student. I got a summer job with the Grenfell Mission, and guess what I was doing? Melting down the pipes they brought up from Cut Throat!

Fish Tales

CARL TUCKER

After a brisk snowmobile ride from St. Anthony, we spent a day at the winter cabin of Millicent and Carl Tucker at Stock Pond. The small log cabin was powered by a generator, which provided electricity, while indoors, a little cast iron woodstove blazed merrily away, radiating heat. Outside, snow fell in large, feathery flakes. A grey jay peeked in through the window, begging for bread.

Figure 1 Carl and Millicent Tucker's cabin at Stock Pond

Millicent served up a large platter of fishermens brewis and a pot of chili with a loaf of fresh bread, slices of partridgeberry pie, and cups of steaming tea hot from the kettle on the woodstove. Carl sat back and recounted stories from his past.

We learned about the preferred way to serve Fish and Brewis, the trials and tribulations of managing a dog team, and what it was like for a young man, fresh from an outport, to make sense out of city blocks and ladies in windows.

Later, we jigged smelts on the bay.

Fish tales
fish, fat and potatoes

In the summer we didn't cook fish and brewis; we had fresh fish and cooked it a number of different ways. You might have fresh fish battered and deep-fried, or fried in a pan with pork fat. In the winter, that's when you brought out your salt fish and had fish and brewis.

The old-fashioned fish and brewis was called *fish, fat and potatoes*. They call the fat *scrunchions*, and that only come after we started getting newspapers from St. John's; they had to tell us the proper name. You have your potatoes, your fish, and your brewis, and then you put your scrunchions over it. Now, to me, that is fish and brewis. Nothing there takes away from the taste of your fish, or the brewis, or the potatoes. Now, if you want it all manged together, well then you can call it fisherman's brewis.

When I was a child I'd go into the house – if I'd been outdoors playing – and if there was fish on the table, I'd have jam-bread and tea. It wasn't because I didn't like it, but we had so much of it. In the summer it was fish every day, or twice a day. See, we always thought this is what the poor people ate. If you had a minister coming, you wouldn't cook fish and brewis. Definitely not. You'd be ashamed if he showed up and you were eating fish.

There's a story of a fellow who had a piece of fish put down in the woodstove to roast for his dinner. He had it wrapped in paper, that's what they used to do. He looked out the window and he saw the Salvation Army captain coming, so he just up damper and let the fish go on down into the stove. He went and got a tin of corned beef for lunch. And the captain, he could smell it, and he said, "Boy, I wouldn't mind having a piece of salt fish."

Dog days

Back when I finished school, the Old Man said, "Here's the dogs." Well, I thought that was wonderful, but after a few days I wished I was back in school. Dogs were, to us, just a means of survival. I wouldn't want to go back to using a dog team, by no means.

I was a happy man

One time I went in to Eastern Pond-I suppose I was seventeen then-and the Old Man was cutting and I was hauling. About three o'clock he went home, but I went back for an extra load; across the pond and into the wood path, which was probably a half mile long. When I started loading up the komatik, I noticed it was snowing a bit, but in the tall woods you couldn't tell. But it didn't look like very much, so I loaded the komatik, got the dogs in, and left. When I broke out on the pond, it was a complete white out. I didn't know what to do. I knew where I was at that time, but I couldn't see in which direction to go.

And you know when you was

driving dogs you was always talking to them, cheering them on. You'd say, "Hold in!" That meant the dogs had to go left. "Keep off!" was right.

I didn't know what to do. I couldn't see nothing a hundred feet out from the edge of the woods. But the old lead dog, I looked at him, and I said to myself, "Well, I'm not going to say nothing." I sat on top of the wood on the komatik and held on, and when we got to the other side of the pond, he was dead on the trail. I was a happy man. I could see that his nose was well down, not like he usually was with his head up. He wasn't actually looking where he was going; I guess he was smelling.

Seals on the ice

We lost our dogs one winter; all except two. We would unleash the dogs when they weren't pulling the komatik and let them run loose. The Old Man went down off Cape Onion, what we call swatching. There would be a little opening in the water, called the swatch, and you'd be out on the edge of the ice waiting for a seal to come up through the open water. As soon as the seal come up, the Old Man fired at him and killed him, and he floated up and all the dogs jumped into the water on top of the seal, after the blood, I suppose.

The seals was out on the ice by the thousands. The Old Man said the dogs put their noses to the eastward and took off after the seals. They went on, out of sight.

While they were gone the wind changed and the ice went off and we never seen them no more. We had to go around then and bum some more dogs after that.

They wouldn't turn

The Old Man was over on the Back of the Land with the seal nets out in the spring of the year. The dogs hadn't been harnessed up for awhile, and they were wild and savage to get going.

Everybody come ashore with seals and somebody come to the house and told me they wanted the komatik and the dogs brought over to haul the seals. So I harnessed up the dogs and jumped on the komatik and took off. The ice was gone from Woody Island across to Long Point, but I didn't have to go that way; I wanted to up around the bottom and go Back of the Land, Eel Brook way. When I got down on the bottom, the dogs wouldn't turn, they took off for the water. I hauled and hauled and hauled on them, singing out to them to "Keep Off!" But they wouldn't turn. I hung on until I thought they was going to take me in the water, and jumped her, and when I jumped her, they turned. They went right around the bottom and got tangled up around a telephone pole.

Runaway dogs

Me and Uncle Wilfred was down at Western Head sealing, and there was nothing down there, so we said we'd come on up and go Back of the Land. We went Back of the Land and there was nothing there either. So we left to go home, and when we got out on the marsh, to go down over the bank to Eel Brook, the dogs wanted to go back down Western Head. So Wilfred jumped off and runned off so they would chase him, and when they made the turn, I fell off, and there was two of us off! And there goes the dogs, lickety-split. They never stopped till they tangled up in the wood-horse by the house. We had to walk home; about a mile and a half. There was a few curse words that day.

They was hard to deal with, dogs was.

They'd go right wild

But to meet another dog team going in the woods? Oh, my, oh my! Some of the dogs had to have a snap at somebody, and then they'd get tangled up, and you was afraid of the other feller's team because you didn't know the dogs. And he was probably vice-versa.

And any little bird might fly across their path and they'd go right wild.

I was out on the ice with them one time. I had eight or nine seal pelts, and left to come in. One dog would be out around a clumper of ice, tangled; another feller would be out another way. I was almost dead when I got to the shoreline.

The French Shore Band

Do you know what they used to call the dogs around home? The French Shore Band. See, that was the French Shore in the beginning; the French had fishing rights. The fishing schooners would come in from up south on their way to Labrador and make harbour in Ship Cove or Raleigh. Everybody had a team of dogs barred in, and at a certain time of night, one of the dogs would start to howl, and that would go right around the harbour. Calm

night, a bit foggy, and you can imagine what it sounded like with a hundred and twenty dogs howling, I tell you, brother. And that's why the schooner fishermen called it the French Shore Band.

From the Outport to the City

Figure 2
Carl Tucker recounts many stories from the past

When I was eighteen, in 1962, I decided to join the Navy. I got on the old *Northern Ranger* at Ship Cove and it took a week to get to St. John's. I landed in St. John's, but I didn't know where I had to go. I got a taxi, he dropped me off, and I walked into what I thought was the Recruiting building. "Boy," he said, "only a few days ago they moved up to the new Post Office." I said, "Where is that?"

"A couple of blocks up the road." He said.

Blocks? I didn't know what he was talking about; we had no blocks at home!

I walked a little ways and then I looked across the street and, oh, what beautiful women standing in the window! I put down my suitcase and looked at them. Boy! They were absolutely gorgeous! Then I said, I wonder how they can stand up that long without moving? I found out later they were mannequins. I'd never seen a mannequin before.

Anyway, I couldn't see a post office. The once I seen a cop coming down the road so I stopped him and I asked him where it was to. It turns out I was stood up right alongside of it!

I was there a week; staying at Pleasantville at the barracks. Everything was all arranged and straightened out. Now, he said, we'll send you home and call when we're ready. That was very good. So they put me on the old *Newfie Bullet* to go to Lewisporte. First time I ever seen a train. I went to Lewisporte and took the *Springdale* home from there.

But I never got to join the Navy. A year before that, I had been in the Sanitorium in St. Anthony with tuberculosis. I never mentioned that to them at the Recruiting Center. They checked my medical records and they wouldn't take me. TB was a bad word at that time.

That put an end to my dreams of joining the Navy.

Glossary
Dictionary of Newfoundland English

1. Scrunchions: bits of animal fat after its oil has been rendered out.

2. Manged: to mix together, especially food; to mangle or crush.

3. Swatching: a method of taking seals. Shooting seals as they appear in the 'swatches' or areas of open water in an ice-field.

4. Komatik: a long sled, adopted in northern Newfoundland for winter travel and hauled by dogs or sometimes men; sledge for hauling wood.

5. Bottom: the innermost part of a bay, harbour or inlet; the land adjoining the inmost part of a bay.

6. Clumper: small ice-berg; floating pan of ice; GROWLER.

Figure 3
Carl Tucker (right) baits his lines to jig smelts

St. Anthony

Clara Slade

Clara Mae Patey was born May 19, 1935. Like many at that time, the Pateys fell on hard times. Clara's father died when she was just eight years old and a woman without a husband in those days was hard-pressed to find employment and feed her family at the same time, as Clara's mother discovered. Mrs. Patey was cast upon the mercy of the Grenfell Orphanage until she was able to get back on her feet.

In spite of her difficult beginnings, Clara made a life for herself, hiring herself out as cook, maid and, later, security guard. At one time she worked for Premier Frank Moores as a cook and housekeeper.

If the reader were to draw a dot-to-dot picture of the places Clara has worked, he or she might begin at St. Anthony, move to St. John's, then to Carbonear, over to Spare Harbour, across to the Dead Islands, back to Carbonear, over to Harbour Grace, and back to St. Anthony.

Figure 1 Clara Slade at home in St. Anthony

Difficult beginnings

My dad died when I was eight years old, in 1944. For four years I lived at the St. Anthony orphanage with my mother and my siblings. My sister Virginia moved into the orphanage before we did because she was crippled. So, there was my mother, me, Virginia, Vicky, Albert, and Ralph. There was a set of twins, but they died of malnutrition: one at two months, the other at four months.

Later, my mother remarried and, when I was fifteen, I asked her if I could go to St. John's to work because my step-father didn't want to pay for me to go to school locally. She said I was too young to leave home so, a year later when I was sixteen, I left for St. John's because by then I was legally allowed to. I worked in St. John's two or three years, then I met friends in Carbonear and we went to work in Spare Harbour, Labrador. In 1953 or 1954 I worked for Cecil Forward in Spare Harbour. Mr. Forward had a wife, three children, a father, and he employed four share men. I was hired as a cook and worked two summers, earning $150 per summer. Fall and winter I came back to live in St. Anthony.

After that, I went to work at the Dead Islands, north of St. Anthony near Charlottetown, Labrador, with Henry Butt. He was a skipper and he had a crew of four share men. I worked for him for $300 per summer. I didn't work on the boat; I stayed on land, but cooked for him and his crew.

Toutons, beans and bologna

I enjoyed cooking. For breakfast, I would make a variety of things, but one of their favourite breakfasts was toutons and beans and bologna. Sometimes I cooked bacon and eggs, sometimes pancakes. There was a Mrs. Clark, she was down with her little girl, Betty; she worked for Henry Turnbull, and they had a crew of four or five men, too. So there were just two women working at the Dead Islands, me and Mrs. Clark.

I guess I learned how to cook at home; I used to help Mom, and I later I cooked at Grenfell House for two or three years. Then I worked at Tetford's Restaurant in Harbour Grace for three years, and I learned a lot about cooking there.

I worked for Frank Moores as a housekeeper and cook. He was the Premier of Newfoundland (Frank Moores became the first Progressive Conservative premier of Newfoundland in 1972 after defeating Joey Smallwood's Liberals and went on to wield great influence on Parliament Hill). When I first worked for him, he worked in Carbonear, then he moved to a mansion at Harbour Grace and I worked there a year. His first wife was from Toronto; I showed her how to make her first bread. Mr. Moores had a lot of daughters.

Grenfell handicrafts

The Industrial

Back at St. Anthony, I went to work at Grenfell Handicrafts, in a building called the *Industrial*. I

Figure 2 Clara Mae Patey and a co-worker at the Grenfell Mission

worked there two years. My job was to pick colours for hooking mats. (There would be a person to decide on a picture for the mat, then someone would stencil the mat, and my job was to decide which colours should be used, and to pick the coloured stockings from the bin, and those stockings would be use to hook the mats). One girl would do stencilling; another would pick out the colours. We used to wash the stockings in the summer and hang them on the fence to dry. They would have been dyed and then we'd put them in a bin; and I'd move the stockings to get at the colours, and there would be the cockroaches going, inside the bin —oh, there were millions! The heat in the bin would have attracted them. I didn't mind them, though.

Then I went to work at the Grenfell House. I was the assistant cook, the maid – a jack of all trades. I wore a uniform there. I wore a blue dress, a white apron, and a white veil. And I wore penny-loafers on my feet.

When I worked there, I used to tell the other girls, "You be careful, now, when you're going up and down these stairs" – the house had three floors – "because I meets Dr. Grenfell every night."

"Go on!" They'd say.

"Yes," I'd say, "he says good evening to me, and when I hold his picture and dance with Dr. Grenfell, Lady Grenfell is looking down at me, right mad!"

Marriage

I met Frank Slade in 1956, he started building his house in 1958, we went to Goose Bay to work in 1960, and were married at Goose Bay in 1961. He was working with contractors. Before that, he served in the Korean War.

I always worked, and I liked everything I went at. I worked for the RCMP for 15 years; that was after I was married. I guarded female prisoners; male prisoners were in another part of the jail. My job was to protect the prisoners from themselves. They had prisoners just about all the time; and a prisoner might remain in jail for weeks.

Breakfast isn't breakfast without marmalade!

One last memory... When I worked at Grenfell House as assistant cook and maid, there was a Miss Kathleen Young living there; she was the Administrator. One morning I set the table, and she came down late to breakfast; but she didn't see any marmalade. She had a peculiar way of pronouncing my name. She must have had a Scot's accent, because when she said breakfast she rolled her R's. "Clarrra!" she said, "Brrreakfast isn't brrreakfast without marmalade!"

St. Anthony

Delphine Richards

Delphine Richards has been up since 6:30 and has already taken her daily walk to Fishing Point, tended her garden, and now she's itching to sit down at her sewing machine, but Allan will be home at 12 o'clock for a hot dinner, and that comes first. "I love to be at everything: I love cooking, baking and sewing. And the sewing machine-I'm addicted to it, but," says Mrs. Richards. "No matter how busy I am I always make sure Allan's meals are on the table 12 o'clock and 5 o'clock."

It's plain to see that Delphine gets her energy and drive from her mother Ellen Hancock, who raised a family, hauled a trawl and split fish, acted as a midwife in communities around Hooping Harbour and still had time for knitting, crocheting, sewing, and keeping a garden.

Figure 1
Quilting is Delphine Richards' passion

Hooping Harbour and Roddickton

I was born in Roddickton on December 25, 1934 to Aaron and Ellen Hancock. We lived in Hooping Harbour until I was twelve years old and then we left Hooping Harbour and moved back to Roddickton. There were only two of us children, my brother and me. He was 81 years old this year.

Figure 2
Aaron and Ellen Hancock and a grandchild

Figure 3 Ellen Hancock

My dad was a fisherman. We lived in Roddickton in wintertime while he worked in the lumber woods. Summertime he'd go back to Hooping Harbour fishing. My mother had her gardens in Hooping Harbour, and certainly Mom fished too, with Dad. She used to go out in boat; she had her own boat, a rodney, and fished in the harbour. She could haul her own trawl and split all the fish: the way they used to mark her fish-she cut the tail across. Dad and the others fished outside the harbour.

Midwife Ellen Hancock

Delphine's mother, Ellen Hancock, was delivering babies years before she was officially trained, or got her license, in St. John's. She didn't just decide to be a midwife; like other midwives at that time, a midwife was needed and so Ellen did what she had to do. A midwife didn't always get paid much, if she got paid at all, and in those days she tended the mother and baby for nine days: cooking and doing the laundry, as well as tending to the needs of her own family at home.

There used to be days, when I was a girl, Mom was gone and I didn't know where she was. Probably she'd go in the morning and come back at night-and she'd never say, ever, that anyone was having a baby. Nothing was ever mentioned. I never asked her where she went; back then you weren't allowed. If you came in here today, and Mom was here talking to you, and I was a little girl, I'd have to go outdoors.

When I had my first baby, I was only fourteen years old and when I went in labour, I didn't know one thing; not one thing in the world about having a baby. My first baby was born in August; her name was May, and she'll be sixty this year. We're so close in age, people think we're sisters. I had fourteen children in all, and raised a grandchild as well.

Ellen Hancock didn't confine midwifery to the community she lived in either, but traveled to Rod-

dickton, Main Brook, Hooping Harbour, Englee and Conche. Later, she went to St. John's to train, more or less to get her license. " It got to the point where – when the nurse used to be gone from the hospital in Roddickton, Harbour Deep and Englee – my mother used to take over at the hospital," Delphine says, and adds that she was already married when her mother trained in St. John's.

I had to work

My first husband, Tom Mugford, fished a little but he was not the type to fish because he got seasick. He usually worked in the woods when we lived in Roddickton. He died of cancer here in St. Anthony twenty-eight years ago, and I still had six children home when he died, and was working at the fish plant.

But I had to work; what else could I do?

Figure 4 Allan and Delphine splitting a catch of codfish

Four years after her first husband's death, Delphine married Allan Richards. "Only the youngest – the granddaughter I reared up – was still at home; the others were gone by that time."

Quilt making

I used to make quilts when I had my family, but not like I'm doing now. I always liked to be sewing and in the last five or six years I got into the quilts. Every now and then I'd make a quilt and give it to someone, or probably make it for the Women's Ministries (WM) at church. If we had a student in Bible School from here, we used to do a quilt and send it when they graduated, but we don't do that anymore. And then the WM would make a quilt and send it to Labrador to our Pioneer Pastor, whoever he was, but we don't do that anymore; people have got away from that.

I love the sewing machine and I love to be making quilts. Making quilts is a solitary pastime, but there are people who get together and make quilts. I've heard them talking about it, but I'd rather be on my own because I prefer to do it my way. Someone else could do the same pattern that I'm doing and do it different from me, but I have to start off from the top and end up at the bottom. And when I'm doing something, it's good to have someone else's opinion, but it's up to you whether you use it or not.

Delphine sells her quilts at Christmas time, and says she buys most of her materials locally.

I buy what I can at Dunphys and then I have a daughter over in Cook's Harbour, and if I need something I phone her and she brings it out.

Old ways and new ways

There was a time they didn't use quilt batting, they'd have a quilt and do it over; it could be done over a couple of times. I've seen Mom with a worn out quilt, go to work and get some material and make it like a bag, put the quilt in, and then sew it all around again. I did one like that not very long ago for my daughter.

Figure 5 Allan and Delphine at home

I like the way we sew quilts now. It's easier and the quilts are lighter with just the batting in. I've made the Newfoundland quilt, the Trip Around the World, the Trip Around the Barn, the Dresden and the Log Cabin. I've done quilts with baskets and jugs. I've never tried selling quilts to tourists, but I think if I put them out I'd have no trouble selling them.

My mom used to make quilts, as well as knitting and crocheting. She never ever showed me, but she could sit down and do it, and when she put it down, I could pick it up.

If she was knitting a pair of mitts with diamonds or flowers, I could see what she had done and all I had to do was follow it. It was the same with crochet; she never showed me how, but I picked it up.

As well as knitting mittens and caps, Delphine says she made 26 pairs of knitted socks for her sons the Christmas before last.

As she sets the table for her husband's noon meal, she laughs, "Me and my friend are making purses now; she came over the other evening and the two of us were sitting down there sewing purses for Vacation Bible School; I made twenty last night after I came home from prayer meeting at 9 p.m."

Mrs. Richards has made everything from a quilt to a wedding dress to a canvas tent, and with three sewing machines and a serger, there's no lack of equipment around the house to get the job done. One might even suppose that, if she had no machine at all, her busy hands would still be creating something beautiful for friends and family alike. That's just the way she is.

War Veteran

Frank Slade

Mr. Frank Slade was born into a large family in Lushes Bight, Notre Dame Bay in 1930, the son of a fisherman. As a young man he worked at the Grenfell Mission and, later, aboard a number of fishing vessels. He served for a time with the Canadian Military during the Korean Conflict and, afterwards, was employed from Labrador to Toronto and everywhere in between in various capacities. Yet, it becomes very evident, as you read his story, that Mr. Slade is essentially a military man to the core – a veteran in every sense of the word – and very proud of it.

Figure 1 Mr. Frank Slade

Early days

I was born in 1930 in Lushes Bight, Notre Dame Bay. My mother was Laura Ball from Lushes Bight and my father was John Slade from St. Anthony. My grandfather, Alfred Slade, died when he was forty-five; he was Dr. Grenfell's first dog-team driver. My father fished in L'Anse au Pigeon (Quirpon Island) summertime. When I was four years old my father and mother moved to St. Anthony, but my father fished each summer down in L'Anse au Pigeon for four or five years after that. I was the oldest, then came Cyril, Ray, Eric, and Norm. My sisters were Margaret, Maude, Jessie, and Joyce.

I first went to work when I was twelve years old. I worked for Johnny Mitchell. I mostly carried messages for Dr. Curtis and Miss Carlson as a courier. There were no phones then; I'd take notes around the harbour for people who were sewing, hooking mats, things like that. I didn't have a bicycle, I walked, and my pay was food and clothing. Next summer, when I was thirteen, I got paid fifteen dollars per month and had to do a man's work. I'd get up every morning and light the fires so the nurses could put the porridge pots on. Imagine nurses having to do that now! They had the old coal stoves; I'd have to put the splits in and the coal and light the fire; then I'd put the porridge pots on and in the morning the nurses would come in and serve the porridge. I did that for two years.

When I was sixteen, I fished with Uncle Billy Patey on his trap skiff. I did that one summer, and the following year I fished with Uncle Fred Slade and another year with Uncle Arthur Patey.

When I was almost eighteen I went fishing in Belle Isle on a schooner called the *Julia F* with Captain Frank Rowbottom. We fished in L'Anse au Pigeon for three months; then we went to Belle Isle. We loaded up the schooner and on the way back they put me off at St. Anthony. When they got up off Cape St. John, Notre Dame Bay, the schooner sunk and they lost all the fish and I ended up with forty dollars for the summer. And the magistrate had to write a letter for me to get that; the rest of the crew never got nothing. If the schooner hadn't sunk, I'd have made four or five hundred dollars.

In 1949 I went to work in Goose Bay. They were building a dock there for the Air force. Eighteen of us went down in the old *Kyle*. The

Kyle only went so far as Rigolet, then we had to get a small motorboat to take us up to Northwest River. The fellow that ran the hospital up there, Jack Watts, he took us in his long-liner to Goose Bay. I worked with Terminal Construction at the wharf as a cement-mixer operator. I was getting ten cents an hour more than a labourer. I was there till Christmas, and then went to work with the Minister of Transport as a 'Cookie' (cook's helper) in a mess hall. The D.O.T. had a big crowd working there in 1950; I stayed about fifteen months.

After that, I went to Toronto. Most of the young fellows were headed for Toronto at that time. I got a job with Canada Packers on Keele Street and I lived with one of my mother's sisters, Debra Smith. When she decided to go to Goldsborough, North Carolina, to see her sister, Ethel, I took two weeks off and went down with her. When I got down there I stayed on to help my aunt Ethel Daley run the gas station; she had married an American. Aunt Ethel talked me into staying on in North Carolina to help out.

Almost drafted!

I was in Goldsborough about six months when I almost got drafted into the American Army. Two fellows, they could have been from the FBI or the Sherriff's Office, knocked on the door. They had my life's history from the time I went stateside up till then, and they said they were drafting for the Korean conflict. They told me I had a choice: join the army or return to Canada. I asked if they would allow me to join the navy or the Coast Guard, but they said no. The American Marines and Army soldiers were being slaughtered by the thousands over in Korea, and I didn't want that, so I decided to return to Canada.

The Korean Conflict

Just after returning to Toronto I met my buddy, Donald Penney. He had been in the Canadian Armed Forces three months and was stationed in London, Ontario. Donald told me to join up, and at first I said no, but the next day I marched down to Sunnybrook Hospital and I joined. I was sent first to London for basic training, then to Rivers, Manitoba for a parachute course. A month after that I was on my way to Korea.

Don Penney went to Korea three months ahead of me. It happened he was in Dog ("D") Company, Royal Canadian Regiment, and I ended up in the same company as him. When I got to Korea, the first place I met Don was in the Yongdong Valley. Then we went to another place called Death Valley that was later renamed the Gloucester Valley after the Glouscestershire Regiment which was wiped out there. They were a British Regiment, and most

Figure 2 Donald Penney

Figure 3 Frank Slade

of them were caught unaware; the Koreans bayoneted them in their foxholes while they slept. Out of a thousand men, only a few survived.

After that, I was sent to Hill 187, and that's where I met my buddy, Don Penney. Seeing him again was perfect. Sometimes when it was quiet Don and I would talk about our home in St. Anthony. There was a padre who used to come and talk with us, too, and we'd all kneel down and pray.

I had been seeing action in the Yongdong Valley, and we saw action on Hill 187 every now and then. We didn't see action every day. There were different companies on different hills: Dog Company was on Hill 187, and Charlie Company might be on another hill. There might be another company in reserve, and Baker Company might be somewhere else.

The Americans were over on a hill not that far from us, and the Koreans took that hill from the Americans. They must have lost about forty jeeps and all kinds of machine guns. We took the hill back from the Koreans. Brigadier General John M. Rockingham was com-

Figure 4 A lifetime of memories are on this wall

manding the Canadian 25th Infantry Brigade, and the American general said, "Are you going to give us back the equipment we lost on the hill?" Brigadier General Rockingham said, "Well, if you want it back you're going to have to fight the Canadians!" (That was just a joke...we gave the equipment back to them). So, we gave the Americans back their hill and we went back to Hill 187, and shortly after that the Koreans overran that hill again and captured it, and then the Australians went in and took the hill back, and they gave it back to the Americans again!

I was on Hill 187 when my buddy got killed on the 20th of July 1953. The war ended on July 27th, seven days after. I was there with him in the ditch when he got killed-me, and another fellow named Reid. Don was killed instantly: an 80 mm mortar exploded right beside three of us, but he was the only one killed. Anybody that was killed, they took them to Pusan and buried them.

We were only on the hill about a week after the ceasefire, then moved back thirty kilometers and stayed in pup tents. The armies pulled back and left that area a no-man's-land, concentrating on maintaining their defensive positions. I worked in the canteen after that for four months, until the war was over.

I was shipped back to Canada on the *USS Marine Lynx* from Pusan to Seattle. We took a train to Vancouver and another train to Montreal. Joey Smallwood sent planes to Montreal to pick us up and bring us home. I wasn't getting out of the military; I was just coming home on leave. There was a big, big party in St. John's to welcome us back. I was in St. John's about two weeks before returning home to St. Anthony; it was in the spring of the year and the coastal boats weren't running because there was too much ice on the go. I came down on a schooner; the Marjorie Inkpen. The captain, Charlie Blackwood, was bringing freight to the merchants but even so we were a nice while coming down; close to two weeks. Captain Blackwood charged me twelve dollars for that trip; that included food and everything.

We sailed into the Mission Wharf. I came into St. Anthony in uniform with my duffel bag slung over my shoulder and, when I got off the schooner, somebody was at the wharf with a motorboat, so I jumped aboard the motorboat and came down to the wharf at Pateyville. There were no roads, no vehicles in 1953, so hitching a ride on a motorboat was the quickest way to get home.

They had a party for me at the Orange Lodge after I got home. They had a big supper and took up a collection and gave me a hundred bucks.

I found out, after returning to St. Anthony, that the town already knew about Don Penney, probably the day after he was killed. His sister, Lillian, and his father spoke to me later about Don's death. I met his father, Heber, out on the fishing stage one day, and he called me to one side and we talked about it.

I went back to London a month later and, two weeks later, I was off to Germany with 2RCR. We went over on the *SS Atlantic* from Valcartier and we sailed to Rotterdam. We took a train to Soest, Germany, to Fort York. I was in Germany just under two years, and had a good job as 2 IC (second in charge) of Transport Section. After that, the Unit returned to Canada.

I returned to St. Anthony again, this time on the *Northern Ranger*. Now, it was on the way home that I was made to be a hero. We were about two weeks traveling from St. John's to Twillingate. When we arrived in Twillingate they had the ta-

bles all set up and a big surprise party with flowers and everything; they knew we were stopping over for the night. After the supper, the captain took off his captain's cap and took up a collection and gave me ninety dollars. It wasn't the town of Twillingate giving me the party; this was the crew and passengers on board the ship.

By the time I returned to St. Anthony, they had another wharf built and they had the roads – not that good, but you could manage to drive. I was home for a month, then went back to London and was honourably discharged from the Canadian Military.

Figure 5 Mr. Slade, Veteran, 2009

Civilian life

After his stint with the Canadian Military, Mr. Slade married Clara in 1961, and worked at various places and in various positions: as a policeman in Toronto, a heavy equipment operator in Schefferville and with the Lundrigan company and at Sagelak, an American site and, finally, he wound down his career working as wharfinger at the government dock in St. Anthony. He served for a brief stint as a Commissionaire at the airport, and is now retired and lives with his wife Clara in St. Anthony.

Figure 6 Clara and Frank Slade

A Hard-Working Man

Fred Budgell, St. Anthony

Mr. Fred Budgell lived and worked in St. Anthony most of his life. With his wife, Dora, they raised ten children and were involved in church and community affairs. Mr. Budgell always had a strong work ethic. At the age of eighty-seven, he is still living in the home he built in 1972.

My roots

My mother was born in Cremaillere and her family name was Rose. My father came from the Point Leamington area, Notre Dame Bay, as an infant with his mother, who was a Mills from Point Leamington. She brought him to St. Anthony, where she was employed by Mr. Harry Budgell of Brehat. He adopted the baby (my father, Noah) and raised him up as his own.

My parents

My mother worked at the Grenfell Orphanage, which was in the old Grenfell Hospital. They had seventy-four children there. She was operating the laundry and getting fifteen dollars a month. The children in the orphanage were mostly from Labrador and up the Straits. They wasn't all orphans, but they were from poor families, and Dr. Grenfell used to take them and bring them in here and take care of them.

My father was a fisherman; he fished from a rowboat. One time when he was short of money he went up and saw the magistrate to get a dole note (Welfare). That was fifteen dollars every three months. Back then, you had to work when you were on Welfare; you weren't going around with a cigarette hanging out of your mouth, a cell phone to your ear and a case of beer under your arm.

Early work experiences

My first experience fishing was up at Back Cove with a Mr. Harry Budgell from Caine's Point. He used to come up here fishing and they wanted somebody to go fishing with them. Now, I was fourteen year old then, and I spent the whole summer fishing in a rowboat. Then I came back here and that fall I went to work on Murray's Point. It was a salt fish plant, and we worked over there for ten cents an hour. We worked twelve-hour days, and we got a dollar and twenty cents an hour.

When I was seventeen year old, I went to work at Ireland Bight in Hare Bay. I went up there with Walt

Figure 1 Fred Budgell's house and stage 2007

Dawe, fishing. I fished for a while that summer, then went to work for George Reid as a winter man. A winter man is same as a share man, but he helps cut firewood, haul the firewood, carry the water, and take care of the duties of the home. Next summer I went with Walt again and that fall I decided to come home. I was gone eighteen months, came home in October month, and when I got home I had ninety-four in my pocket.

My brother got married that year. He never had much money because the bit of money he earned he put into his house. So, I waited and I waited, and this nice day I took the rodney and I rode across to Strangemore's and bought flour, sugar, tea, butter; the staples, come home with enough food for the winter. There was enough for me and father and mother, and Henry and his wife and a youngster.

I was a church-goer all my life, and one Sunday evening a girl I knew brought her friend, Dora, with her. I was up beating the big drum; I was in the 'Army' (Salvation Army), and I looked down and I saw this girl, and I don't know what missed the first beat, my drum or my heart. So anyway, I didn't meet her that Sunday, but the next Sunday her friend said, "I think Dora has a crush on you."

"That's good, "I said, "I got a crush on her." So, that night after church we walked home. We walked right around the harbour. The old Army church was on the East side then, just up from where the fish plant is now; all the way around the harbour. We used to do that every fall when it would get freezing up, neither open or fast, you couldn't go over in boat, you couldn't walk across, so we'd walk right around the harbour to go to church every Sunday. She was staying up at Pomroy's, the merchant man; where the Post Office is now, down that road, towards the wharf. She was getting the big sum of five dollars a month. They took care of her food and lodgings. When we got married, we stayed with my mom and dad for the first year, and then we moved down to our own house. That house is now the Fishing Point Bed & Breakfast. We lived right next door to my dad and mom. There were four houses on the hill then.

Marriage

I was married November 12, 1942. I rowed across the harbour in a boat to my wedding and we came back in the boat. And it was snowing that day, brother, we had a batch of snow. We had our wedding at the Orange Lodge (not the one that's there today). Boy, we had some feast. What do you allow we had? ... soup and sandwiches.

First two years after I got married, we moved to Main Brook in the winter and I worked in the lumber woods, sawing logs. We'd cut the logs and haul them to the mill, and they'd pay us eight dollars per thousand square foot. Me and my brother-in-law cut eighty thousand one winter. Eighty thousand scale of lumber put through the mill.

Cooking for the Americans

I finished fishing in 1958 and went to work with the Americans as a cook in the mess hall. They had started building their site in 1951, finished in 1953, and moved their troops to St. Anthony in 1954. I worked six years with the Americans and cooked for about a hundred people. The Americans phased out in 1968, and the same day they left, I went to work at the hospital, and I worked there until I retired. I didn't start out as a cook; I went to work at the American Base as a utility guy, doing pots and pans. I was there a couple of months and one day a big old coloured guy-I was over the sink washing pots and pans-put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Mr. Budgell, would you like to go cook?"

I said, "Me? Go cook? Do you want to poison everybody?"

"No," he said, "We've been watching you, and you'd make a good cook." I said, "If you want to take a chance, I'm game to try it." So, I went cooking and I never turned back. Now, the Americans had a menu to go by. Whatever was on the menu, that's what you'd cook.

They had all their food come in by ship. They were self-sufficient in everything. They had a big walk-in

freezer, and a place for storage, and they'd use local supplies only if they had to. Whenever they'd fly the troops in, they'd fly supplies in, too. They built their own wharf, too. One of their cargo planes crashed on the east side of St. Anthony one time. It ran right into the cliff, near St. Mary's school, towards the big hill. Ten or twelve passengers aboard, but no one got hurt, except a lady looking out of the window of her house here in town. She was killed when the left wing of the plane hit her house. That would have happened around the early 1960s.

Church life and community involvement

I was thirteen years old when I made my commitment in the Salvation Army Church, and I've been into it ever since. I was a Sergeant-Major for twenty-eight unbroken years. When you join the 'Army' you become a soldier of the 'Army', and soldiers are supposed to wear a uniform, like the military.

But I was involved in more than the church. I was chairman of the First Cooperative Credit Society of St. Anthony. That's what you know as the Grenfell Cooperative. And I served on the Co-op Board for a term. I formed the first fishermen's union in St. Anthony and was secretary-treasurer of that. I served on the board of the Interfaith Home up at Shirley's Haven. I served on the Town Council, and I was twelve years on the local school board. My wife Dora never missed a ladies meeting; never missed a service; always supported me.

Healed!

When the Salvation Army came here in October 1910, they kept church in Uncle Joseph Burt's house the first year, and then they built a church.

This is a true story. Jessie Colbourne was so crippled, her husband Max used to take her wintertime and haul her across to church on an old komatik, all across the harbour on the ice to the old Army church. It was in 1979 she got healed; that's when this church up here was dedicated. That's the year Jessie received a blessing. The Captain called for prayer and she went up – we all went up – gathered around her and supported her and prayed for her, and she got healed. She stood right up, raised her hands and thanked the Lord, and walked back to her seat. And everybody said, "Thank you, Lord!"

Aunt Jessie and me share the same birth date: November 1st. She came down here one day; she used to drop by when Dora was living. Aunt Jessie said, "Anyway, Fred Boy, me and you is the same age."

I said, "No, we're not!"

She says, "I thought we were born on the same day?"

I said, "Yes, but we're not the same age."

"Now, why is that?" she said.

I said, "Because Mother told me you were born twelve minutes before me." I said, "And you shows it, too!"

Well, we all had a good laugh over that.

The Jolly Poker

Times have changed. The church hasn't changed much over the years, considering how society has changed, but people don't get together the way they used to. Used to be, there was always someone here to help if you wanted something. Someone would say, 'Fred Budgell is going to haul up his trap skiff the fall,' there'd be enough men turn up that evening, you could take the boat right up and go on with her. But now, if you want a boat hauled out of the water, you have to hire a tractor to come pull her out for you.

In the old days, when it was time to haul up a boat, someone always sang *The Jolly Poker*. Our singer was Eli Carter, and I tell you, he could sing in a loud voice. It helped, too.

Sunday routine

Nobody fished on Sunday when I was fishing. We had ten children; and Dora made bread every day of the week, but Sunday she would not make no bread. She made sure there was enough bread for Sunday. The only time I ever saw her make bread Sunday was when visitors came.

She washed all her clothes by hand with a scrub board, Sunlight soap — in a galvanized washtub. On a cold, wintry day, she'd hang laundry out to dry on clothes poles. She'd go out and string the clothes on that long pole. In the evening she'd bring them in and hang them up around the house because they weren't completely dry. Sometimes it was so cold the clothes would be frozen just like when they were took off.

Family

We had ten children, and all children get into scrapes, but not once in our life did we spend five cents to get one of them out of trouble. Not once.

Their mother was good, too. She was just like an angel, she was. She wouldn't hurt a fly. A fly might come in the house and he'd pitch on the window or the chair, and she'd be over there, 'Now, Father, don't you go hurting that fly. Take him and put him out.' And I'd have to take a tissue and take that fly and put him out and let the little thing fly away. She would not hurt that fly. She never went out to work, but there was lots of work to do at home.

And I never knocked on the Welfare Office door in my life. I fished in the summer and then I'd get all the wood I could in the fall. In winter I'd go cut timbers to build a motor boat.

Building boats

I was just one year married when me and Father started building boats. The first motorboat me and my father built, we went down the country to cut the timbers in February month. We took the shovel, an axe, and an old bucksaw. We started shovelling out old spruce to get the timber. You know what that was like in February. By the time we got down to the bottom of the tree, the snow banks were over our head. You'd do all that shovelling, perhaps you'd get to the root of the tree, and he wasn't no good. And then we had to go then and tackle another one, and did that until we got enough timbers to build that thirty-foot motorboat. We might get half a dozen trees, everyone of them good, you could dig out three or four and they wasn't no good. But there's an art to that, too, once you got used to it. You'd size up the tree, if he got a bushy top, he'd have a good more (root), but if he got a spindly top the more (root) isn't any good. I learned that by doing it.

So, every March-month, I'd be down on the stage building a motor boat; it was cold enough to freeze you, then I'd sell it in the spring. The boats I built went as far as Goose Bay; I think I built twenty-two. I'd get two hundred dollars for a twenty-four foot boat. A couple times people ordered them, but mostly I just built them and somebody bought them. That two hundred dollars would buy food for my family all summer; that's the way I'd work it. And then, what I earned fishing that summer would buy food for the winter.

Figure 2
Mr. Budgell makes boats for his grandchildren now

"Dear Lord, save me!"

In the fall of the year, there's always a big sea. I had to bring my boat up to Pateyville and tie it up to the wharves. So, this day it was raining; a storm on. I said to the wife, "I'm going up, my dear, to check the boat, to see how she's going." So I put on my old raincoat and hat and got to the Pateyville wharf. The rope I had tied on to the opposite wharf was broke, and she was banging up against the other wharf. So I gets down aboard the boat, and threw the rope over onto the other wharf and then I walked around to tie the rope on a pole. I was stood up tying the rope on the pole and there was a motorboat on the back of me on the wharf, bottom up, and this squall of wind come and stuck the boat, and the boat come on and struck me, broke the pole off, and drove me on over into the water. I was by myself, not a soul there. And the sea was rolling in right over me, and I was bobbing up and down in the water. I looked up and said, "Dear Lord, save me!"

And it was just like a voice said to me, "Reach down." I was already in the water, what was I going to reach down for? So, anyway, I reached down and me arm caught the rope that was tied to the boat rudder, and I fished myself to the boat (pulled myself hand over hand). I had a job getting over, so I saw a feller coming across the hill with a bucket of water, and I bawled out, and he came down to help me over the boat. I was about forty year old then.

Buried under a load of logs

Mr. Budgell tells of an experience of being buried when he was cutting logs at Main Brook. He had a load of six logs on a sleigh, with a team of dogs pulling out in front. He had a rope tied on behind the sleigh with a couple of logs attached, and those logs would act as a brake when going downhill. Halfway down the hill, however, the rope separated from the sleigh and there was nothing to stop the sleigh from sliding down the hill, hell for skitter, with the dogs running out in front, trying to get clear of the sleigh, and young Fred aboard the sleigh trying vainly to stop it.

I cut the logs of my first house down at Main Brook. I was up there working and my brother-in-law said to me, "Just as well cut the logs for your house now." So we cut the logs for my house up there and got them sawed at Main Brook. When I was hauling the logs out, we were coming over the hill with a load of logs. I had a rope tied onto the dog sled, and then I'd take so many logs and tie them to the end of the rope so the sled wouldn't go down the hill too fast. I got about half down the hill, and the rope let go, and away we goes. The dogs couldn't keep up and I went down to the bottom of the hill and the logs come back onto the sleigh. I was down under the sleigh when it stopped, down under the snow, buried, with a load of logs on top of me. The dogs got clear; they were okay, although one of the dogs got all tangled up. I was wedged under the snow and all I could see was a little peep of light. My brother-in-law was way back cutting logs; he didn't hear me. I dug myself out with my two hands. So I went back and he said, "What in the world were you doing, Fred, that took so long?" I said, "Don't be talking, boy. It's a wonder I'm here at all!"

This old house

I built this house by myself in 1972 while I was working, getting ten dollars and eight-five cents an hour. I cut most of the wood for this house in my time off, got it sawed, and had it all stacked up, ready to go. I bought my material over at Murray's, and it cost me exactly eight thousand forty-six dollars from start to finish. I paid seven dollars labour once, and that was to have a man come down and stretch the carpets for me.

If you go around that point, now, Simms's Point, when I was growing up there was one house there. Even when we were married, there was only one house there. Where the interfaith cottages are, there wasn't one house from there till you got over around the harbour to Uncle Joe's Point; over there where the variety store is now.

Old Uncle Jimmy Biles, one of the first fellows who settled here, he was a merchant man. He used to supply stuff for the fishermen. I have an iron kettle and an iron bake pot that my father bought at Biles's store the first year he was married.

Grenfell's legacy

I went to Quirpon with Dickie Mitchemore, on the first snowmobile ever he had; one of those big blue snowmobiles that looked like a car, with windows and skis. He worked with the Grenfell mission. He had been reared up in the orphanage, and was in charge of the cattle farm, with many cows and pigs. Grenfell did that kind of thing with many people. He send local people away to college and when they were trained, he brought them back here and put them to work.

Figure 3
Bakepot purchased by Fred Budgell's Father the first year he was married

Uncle Teddy McNeil, Grenfell brought him in from the Labrador and sent him to the States to take a course. Teddy came back and built that old hospital. Grenfell was an amazing man. My first recollection of Dr. Grenfell was at a Christmas party he held every year for the staff. Mother took us up to the Christmas party and my first recollection of him – I was probably five year old – he was there in the kitchen wearing an apron, serving the Christmas dinner.

The Thinning Ranks

Thomas Dunphy

The Thinning Ranks
St. Anthony
March 14, 1966

Comrade Matthews
Legion Corner

Sir:

This is information concerning the passing of our branch president, Comrade Thomas Dunphy. Perhaps you will be kind enough to print it in your Legion Corner.

Comrade Dunphy passed on suddenly following a severe heart attack on February 9. We all mourn his loss very deeply.

"Tom" was born at Paradise in Placentia Bay in 1917. He served with the Royal Navy during the Second World War, as Petty Officer. After his discharge from the Navy he went to Corner Brook to work.

In 1958 he came to reside in St. Anthony. In time he was elected president of our Branch No. 17 of the Royal Canadian Legion. He proved to be a born leader and his interest in the Legion was unlimited and sincere. We could always depend on him for advice and help concerning the new club and the branch as a whole.

Comrade Dunphy was a very active man in the town; he was Mayor, chairman of the Come Home Year committee, Co-op Board member, chairman of the Boy Scouts committee, and his own business concern. He never had, at any time, missed a Legion meeting since our branch was formed in 1959.

Our late comrade's funeral took place from his home in St. Anthony and, after a short service, there were over one hundred cars following in the funeral procession to the Roman Catholic Church and cemetery in Goose Cove, eight miles away.

The members of the branch turned out in full strength-some acting as pall-bearers-to pay their last respects and legion honours to a former comrade- in-arms. The Legion ritual was read at the graveside, and the Last Post sounded.

Our Legion branch in St. Anthony would like to thank all those who helped in any way in the sad passing of our dedicated president in his middle life. He is greatly missed amongst us today.

Yours fraternally,
Stan Patey
Manager
Royal Canadian Legion Club

Thomas Lawrence Dunphy, Pioneer Mechanic in Pateyville

Paul Dunphy

Paul Dunphy is a local businessman who is not only passionate about helping people, but strives to preserve the past in order to educate future generations about the people and culture of Newfoundland. As you read the following story, you will see that the same work ethic that propelled his mother's people into business in the early part of the century, and later, his father and mother into operating a garage in the town of St. Anthony in the late 1950s and early 1960s, is exemplified in Paul's life today.

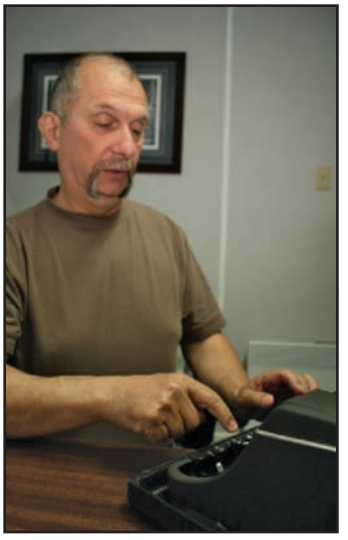

Figure 1
Paul Dunphy sitting at his father's manual typewriter

Paul enjoys dealing with people and helping them, so when he decided to go into business, insurance seemed like the logical thing to do. At the time Paul made the decision to go into business, he had been working with the Coast Guard for a year, which involved a lot of shift work (he is still employed with the Coast Guard). With a bit of spare time on his hands, Paul decided to start his own insurance business. In the early days he began working from his kitchen table; later, he moved to a little room downstairs and, when the business grew, he moved into the office he has today.

Thomas & Amelia Dunphy

My father, Thomas Lawrence Dunphy, better known as Tom, was born in Little Paradise, a small fishing community just off the Burin Peninsula in Placentia Bay. My mother, Amelia May Patey, was

born in Pateyville, St. Anthony. My father fought in WWII from 1939 to 1946. He was in the Navy; a motorman, which is probably something like a mechanic, and served in various countries in Europe. When he returned to Newfoundland he moved back to Little Paradise, a beautiful fishing community, resettled as part of the Smallwood initiative. When Thomas went back there, life was a little humdrum after being overseas so he went to Alert, up north on the DEW Line, and spent a little while there.

Figure 2 Snapshots of Thomas Dunphy as a young man

Later, he returned to Newfoundland and worked in a couple of garages in Corner Brook. While working there he met my mother, who taught sewing at the time. They later married and, during a visit to St. Anthony in 1957, he fell in love with the town, so they decided to move here. The roads were barely through at the time but, nevertheless, in August 1958 they moved to St. Anthony via the Northern Ranger and he started his own garage in Pateyville: Dunphy's Sales and Service. Together, my parents had six children: four were born in Corner Brook prior to moving to St. Anthony, and two were born in St. Anthony. I was born in 1956 and was the fourth child.

Figure 3
Thomas and Amelia Dunphy

Resettlement of Little Paradise

I don't know much about my dad's family because they are so far removed, but I know they were fishermen. They lived in a beautiful little spot. I have a picture that was drawn for the Little Paradise reunion in 1997, called 'Return to Heaven In '97', and it certainly was a picturesque community; I can see why they called it Little Paradise. In the picture there are coves, grassy areas and, in the old days, there were flakes all around the cove.

In the 1960s when Joey resettled the small communities of Newfoundland the people of Little Paradise, Placentia Bay, were scattered. Today, Little Paradise exists in the sense that there's a government wharf, but many people have built little shacks, cottages, and cabins, and a few people have maintained family homesteads. Only one couple lives there now.

Business in Pateyville

After my father established the garage business in the early 1960s, he started bringing cars from Corner Brook to sell. He had a gas pump and he repaired cars, as well as selling tires and things like that. So, he was sort of a pioneer in the garage business in St. Anthony, although other garages were starting up about that time.

When we came from Corner Brook, there was no power or electricity here, so Father brought his own generator, which was a power source for the garage, but it was also a power source for the house. We were one of the few families in the Pateyville neck of the woods that had electricity. The generator was probably forty or fifty feet away from the house and there was a string, or a piece of line, going from the generator shack right in through my parents' bedroom window and, when they'd go to bed at nighttime, my father would pull on that string and that would take the spark off the generator, and we would hear it go chug, chug, chug, chug, chug, and the power would be gone out of it for the night.

We lived in Pateyville in the early 1960s but, unfortunately, in 1966 my father died of a heart attack at the age of forty-eight. At the time of his death he was the Mayor of the town, president of the Cana-

dian Legion, on the Board of the Co-op store, involved with the Boy Scouts, running a garage, and he had six youngsters. I'm not sure where my father developed his leadership ethic, unless he learned it in the military. Also, back in those days, a lot of people in this area were very skilled fishermen but never had a lot of formal education. They had a tendency to think that people from away knew more than anyone else and so they would pass on the leadership roles to others and, in many ways, those attitudes haven't really changed. Many people are willing to let someone else take on leadership roles in the community. The fact that my father was a businessman, that he could read and write, that he was comfortable speaking in public, that he bought cars and resold them, and that he had some knowledge of how business works, made him an obvious choice for the volunteer work that he did. Because of his knowledge he either volunteered or was volunteered to do what he could; and he was always receptive to helping others, so he wouldn't say no when asked.

The Legion in St. Anthony

My father was one of the founding fathers of the local Canadian Legion in St. Anthony. He was involved in the process – along with other people in town – of having the war monument erected near the United Church, and of converting an old store into the first Legion building.

Figure 5 Old Legion (top) and new (bottom)

The original Legion was an old retail store belonging to Josh Patey, which was located almost on the site of the current Legion. The second Legion was built before the original was torn down, and Stan Patey is in the lower right picture, standing at the bar, of the completed Legion. The Legion that you see today is the third Legion.

Figure 4 Jack and Albert Dunphy outside Thomas Dunphy's Garage in 1966 after his death

Thomas Dunphy's Garage

My father's garage used to be right where my house is now. When I built my house, I used the old garage as a construction shed, then tore it down and built a piece onto my house where Anthony Insurance is today.

In my late teens, after my father's death, I worked part time in my parents' garage. In Dad's time, there were no lifts like they have in garages now; no ramps. When you worked on a car, you jacked her up manually, you got on a little scooter and you scooted in under the car and worked that way. The hoist that you used to take a motor out was a manual chain hoist, there was no electric winch. Putting patches on truck tires was not easy. We used picks and axes, whatever we had on hand to pry the lock rims off, or to pry

Figure 6
The hot patch machine was used for patching inner tubes

other things apart. Almost everything my father did in his garage was done manually.

If you blow a spark plug now, you can throw it away and get a new one. In my father's day, you took the spark plugs out and screwed them into a mechanical device which consisted of a little bag filled with sand, a physical device to accept the spark plug and some copper tubing. Then, you attached an air hose to the copper tubing, stirring up the sand, blowing it up on the bottom of the spark plug, thus cleaning it. You would adjust the gap on the spark plug with a feeler gauge, and then you put it back in the engine.

Figure 7 Spark plug cleaning apparatus

When my father started the garage, the cars started coming through, so he started selling *International Scouts* and *Ramblers* for Humber Motors. I have an old brochure belonging to my dad, showing the old 1961 *Ramblers*: the brochure shows reclining seats for long-distance travel. He only sold cars for eight years before he died. He had the business built to a point where it was sustainable and he was making a good living at it, then he developed heart disease and the doctors told him he had to give up work. Back in the early 1960s you didn't give up work because of sickness; you kept going because you had to feed your family. But, he was a smoker and he had a lot of stress in his life from the different things he took on: mayor of the town, the Legion, and so on.

I was nine when my dad died; it was rough times. After he died, my mother took over the garage and did the best she could, of course, but she was always a homemaker. She tried to manage the garage, hired a fellow to work as a mechanic, tried to make ends meet like that, but there was lots of days, I tell you, there wasn't a lot of money floating around. I think my mother felt that she had no choice; she did what she had to do, and she kept the whole family together despite offers from friends and relatives to take some of us and rear us up. She never remarried.

Challenges and adjustments

Figure 8 Amelia Patey

When Father was alive, my mother was the homemaker: she prepared the meals, she looked after six children, got us ready for school, helped us with our homework, did the laundry, cleaned house, baked bread-all the traditional things that women did back then. She was a very determined woman and, while father was alive, she maintained that side of the household, and she did it well. When he died, she had to take on a role that was unfamiliar to her, which was very difficult for her because she didn't have a business background and she hadn't been involved in running the garage with my father. However, she learned the business, sometimes the hard way, and she made enough to keep the wolf from the door. She kept us going and she kept the family together and, in later years, as I grew older, I was able to appreciate the sacrifice she had made for us.

My mother hired a mechanic, but after awhile that mechanic wanted to become her business partner, so she eventually accepted the idea. She more or less ran the garage and he was the mechanic, so they started that partnership and built a new garage uptown on North Street. Less than one year into the business there was a fire. The garage burned to the ground, and my mother wasn't adequately insured, so it was pretty devastating. It was very hard to get back in business after that, and she and her partner couldn't see a way, financially, to restore what they had lost. They came to an agreement that she would sell the Parts and he would do the Repair Shop, and that worked alright for a little while; each built back his or her part of the business. They split up the land and built next to each other: he rebuilt the garage and she rebuilt the Parts Shop. But the Parts business didn't catch on well enough after that; I was working there at the time and, despite our best efforts, business was declining. In the mid 1980s we made the decision to close the business.

Now, my mother lives in her own house, next door to me. She's eighty years old and she still gets

Figure 9 Paul and his mother

around pretty well. Actually, she is better than most half her age. She cooks supper every now and then and has the family in; she's the thread that holds the family together, without a doubt. And that's always been the case, because she has always had family dinners where everyone gets together. In recent years, she comes down to our house for meals and we go up to her house every now and then. We clear the snow for her in the winter so she's able to live in her own home, but Mother is still very independent and she is still pretty sharp.

Mother's early Family History at Pateyville

Years ago my mother's family started a company called Patey's Fish Industries (PFI). At the turn of the century they were fishermen and, in the 1940s they had evolved to the point where they decided to start their own fish processing company. Two of my grandfather's brothers had received some training during the war, worked for Grenfell for awhile, and later moved to New York on the eastern seaboard. Many Newfoundlanders went down there rigging tall buildings and steel at the time, but one of my grandfather's brothers got involved in business and started sending correspondence back to my grandfather, saying, "Look, we can make a lot more money if you can process the fish with salt, cure it properly, box it and send it down here to me and we'll sell it for you." So they had every intention of doing that; they actually bought a mechanism called a fish shredder which, back in those days, would have been a large, costly piece of machinery.

I have the documentation with the Business Plan from the 1940s that shows what their returns would be, what they pay, what they would normally get for a quintal of fish, and what they would get in returns down there.

Back then, fish was caught and sold to merchants. So, when my uncles decided to implement their plan, they did a trial run: they had lumber sawed, boxes made, import and export duties calculated, they realized all the different things they had to do to get the product shipped, cost-effectively, to New York. Every little cost was figured, right from the shipping cost on the CN boat to duties and customs they would have to pay to cross the border. And, when all was said and done, they realized a considerable profit compared to what they would have received selling to local merchants.

I guess what they were planning to do was to become merchants of their own fish, because they were not only businessmen, they were fishermen. Four or five brothers were involved in this venture, and it would have become a family business.

After the trial run, however, from what I can determine, the Cold Storage was just starting up here in St. Anthony, and local fishermen could sell their fish directly to the

Figure 10 Amelia's parents, Edith (Rose) Patey and William F. Patey. He is wearing sealskin boots.

Figure 11 Pateyville 1921

Cold Storage; fishermen no longer had to salt it; and that sort of took away the entrepreneurship of what my uncles had developed, because Patey's Fish Industries was based on salt fish, not on fresh fish. It still might have worked, had they proceeded with it, but they closed it down after that.

We still have the fish shredder in the family and I'm still trying to decide what to do with it. I'd like to put it somewhere where I know it's going to be preserved. Certain people put value on artifacts, but I don't want to put these things somewhere where they're going to disappear, either.

Silver trophy presented to my Grandfather by Dr. Wilfred Grenfell

William F. Patey, my grandfather, was presented with a silver cup for winning a dog sled race and, in order to keep the cup, he had to circle the harbour three times and reach the finish line first, and he had to win that race three years in a row. There was a rule that anyone who won the cup three years in a row was only allowed a team of five dogs after that, to give someone else a chance at winning.

Dr. Grenfell presented the cup to Grandfather Patey and the inscription on the cup reads: *St. Anthony annual dog team race, to become the property of the man winning it three times.*

Museum pieces

When Grandfather Patey died, my uncle Reuben was basically in charge of everything; he took possession just by the sheer fact that he was bigger and older and most other family members had left home to seek their fortunes. I asked him one time for a needle for knitting twine; I just wanted something that belonged to my grandfather; something I could treasure. He was reluctant to give it to me at the time, but years later he gave me a couple of needles and a seal net and some other things.

One thing I regret is the loss of the fishing stages, stores and flakes. Had I been in a position of influence when the stage and the wharf and all that was taken down, they would still be here. Instead of tearing it down, I would have restored it. Back then, they had a big stage down there, a huge shed, a big wharf. If I had all that now, along with the artifacts I've got, I could have made a fishery museum and preserved it all.

Uncle Reuben died recently. It didn't take us long to realize he was a man who kept everything: old seal nets, fishing gear, all grandfather's tools – tools they used years ago that people don't use anymore. It all fascinates me. Several times I pleaded with Uncle Reub to sit down with me – to let me get the camcorder out to chat with him-record all the details of the past because he was a wealth of information, but he would never do it.

An eye on the past and the future

Paul Dunphy is interested in the past, but he is also involved in the local community – present and future. He volunteers his time and resources with the following organizations: Board of Directors for the St. Anthony and Area Chamber of Commerce, and on the Board of Directors of St. Anthony Basin Resources, Inc. (SABRI) representing the Chamber of Commerce. As an appointed person on the board of the Chamber of Commerce, he was elected within SABRI to be second Vice President. He is on the Finance Committee and the Aqua Culture Committee, as well as other committees within the SABRI organization. He is on the Board of Directors of St. Anthony Port Authority, a member of the Legion, a member of a local hockey team, the Shiners, and a member of the Curling League.

In his spare time, Paul enjoys boating, fishing, motor-cycling, snowmobiling, and amateur photography.