

The Viking Site at L'Anse aux Meadows

**Perspectives on the archeological
dig at L'Anse aux Meadows**

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From a speech at L'Anse aux Meadows

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Figure 1 Lorraine Michael MHA, Signal Hill-Quidi Vidi, Leader NL NDP

The first time I visited the L'Anse aux Meadows Viking Site was in the late 70's. I'll always remember it.

I was part of a group of four who had spent some days in Gros Morne National Park. The day we drove to L'Anse aux Meadows was miserable. It rained the whole way from Rocky Harbour. We were disappointed about having such weather for our visit to the site.

When we arrived the rain was letting up. That was at least an improvement. We parked our car in the small gravel parking lot that existed then and prepared to get out into the mist.

What met us first was a heavy blanket of humidity that felt unreal since it was very different from the temperature

inside the car. It was like a wall of hot, humid air. Of course, there was also a heavy blanket of black flies.

We slowly made our way along the path which was pretty rustic at that time. In those days there was nothing else on the site. We walked along not knowing what to expect.

Unbelievably a most magnificent thing happened. Just as we caught sight of the mounds at the site an opening occurred in the heavy dark clouds and beautiful rays of sun broke through and bathed the site with radiant light. It was a magical moment. We were awestruck. I'll never forget that moment.

We stood for a long time in silence, imagining what it must have been like for the first Vikings as they landed such a short distance away.

It took a long time before I came back to L'Anse aux Meadows. I'd been afraid that my first wonderful experience would be spoiled by the new developments by Parks Canada.

I'm glad to say that the wonder of the site has never been lost for me. I've now been here four times. Each time is special.

I congratulate Parks Canada on building an interpretation centre that so blends into the landscape that it adds to rather than takes away from this wonderful place.

Memories of working at the Viking Site L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland

By Nicolay Eckhoff, Oslo, Norway



Figure 2 Nicolay Eckhoff

Introduction

When a Viking settlement was discovered on the tip of the Great Northern Peninsula in the early 1960s, it drew the attention of the world. Names such as Helge Ingstad, Anne Stine and George Decker became household words in that isolated corner of Newfoundland.

The archeological dig drew volunteers and skilled workers—mainly from the Scandinavia countries. In the first years of the dig (1961-1962) the Ingstads hired a professional photographer but they soon found his services too costly.

Eckhoff was just a young man when he met Ingstad by chance at a mountain hotel, and through various conversations over chess, became interested in the dig. As a result, Nicolay first set foot on Newfoundland soil in 1963 and worked as a photographer and a jack-of-all-trades for five summers.

In 1967 Nicolay emigrated from Norway to Canada to study engineering at the University of Toronto and Nova Scotia Tech. He left Canada in 1981 after working for the Hospital for Sick Children and Ontario Blue Cross. In Norway he worked designing offshore oil platforms and spent two years in the North Sea, and then ended up in Civil Aviation Administration working with radar, navigation and radar systems.

He met a girl studying Chemistry at the University of Toronto, and they have one daughter.

Eckhoff has a substantial collection of photographs and memories, and has produced a number of publications about his time spent in northern Newfoundland. His sense of humour and dry wit make his writings lively and entertaining.

All photos in this story have been contributed by Mr. Eckhoff.

A chance meeting with Ingstad

*“In the last year of high school I had to do a historical project. I was interested in planes and wanted to write something about the development of planes, but my teacher said no. The easy way out was to sum up Ingstad’s book, *The Land Under the Pole Star* that I just had read. Then I met Ingstad—over some games of chess—when both of us stayed in a hotel in the mountains. I guess he was impressed, not with my chess, but that I was interested in the Vinland sagas. He invited me to participate.*



Figure 3 Helge Ingstad at Warren's Island (L'Anse aux Meadows in background)

“My first trip to L'Anse aux Meadows was in 1963 and I participated in five expeditions. The lack of money was a constant challenge. The trip to L'Anse aux Meadows took many days and we had to wait for the ice to leave St Anthony harbour so the plane could land. Although the trip took a couple of days, the greatest challenge was to purchase and pack food and supplies in wooden crates and ship them months ahead to the Grenfell Mission in St. Anthony.

“Some years the cove outside the site was covered in ice and we had to carry the supplies from the village.”

Amateur versus professional photographers

“The first two years the expedition had a professional photographer, but professional photographers are clever and expensive, and it is difficult to get them to move soil when there is nothing to photograph.

“When the money ran out, photography became my job. I had just completed military service in the Air Force. I was trained as a photographer and camera mechanic.

“Photography was important to document what we found, like the bronze pin: scrape off one millimeter, use a blowtorch to burn off the grass roots, take pictures, scrape off another millimetre; all this just to prove the pin had been in the soil for a long time and not brought from Norway, placed in the soil and ‘rediscovered’.

“I worked from 9 to 6 o'clock usually seven days a week. The pay was around a dollar an hour.”



Figure 4 View of L'Anse aux Meadows from Ship Cove

A cold, wet routine

“It was certainly an adventure, but after a few years living in a cold tent and eating more boiled cod fish than I had ever eaten, the work became a cold and wet routine.

“My duties were purchasing, packing and shipping the equipment, travelling to L’Anse aux Meadows a week ahead to set up camp and removing the turf we had placed over the excavation the previous year, surveying, making local maps and sections, excavating, and household chores.

“On the plus side, it was exciting work, we had an international crew, and the scenery and people of L’Anse aux Meadows were great.

“On the negative side, it was cold, hard work, there was constant dampness, and the wind howled in my ears. Also, there wasn’t much to do after the boiled cod dinner, other than creeping into the sleeping bag.

“Working at the Viking Site was an adventure, but it is not easy working for big men. Every week I was told how lucky I was and about the thousands of nice boys that were dying to participate. ‘I just have to flick my finger,’ said Helge. The last year when we went to Baffin Island I told him to flick his finger and he was furious.

Observations: Transportation on the Great Northern Peninsula The ‘Milk Run’ from Oslo, Norway to St. Anthony

“In the early 1960s, L’Anse aux Meadows could only be reached by fishing boat. We were also dependant on an ice-free coast to land our supplies on the beach below the site. It was difficult to book plane tickets ahead of time. For weeks we waited for a telegram from George Decker to tell us that the ice had left the coast. The Norsemen used one month to cross the Atlantic; in a propeller plane we used about a week; today the jet plane brings you there in half a

day. This was before the jet age, and we used the first day to cross the Atlantic: leaving Oslo in the morning for Copenhagen, Prestwick, and Goose Bay. We arrived in New York late in the evening. The following day we took the trans-Canada airline milk run from New York, Montreal, Fredericton, Moncton, Halifax, Sydney, and Stephenville to Gander. In Gander we got stuck a day or two; either waiting for sufficient passengers to fill the seats, for good flying weather, or for the ice to drift out of St. Anthony harbour so that the sea plane could land.

“In St. Anthony we preferred to stay with Kitty at the St. Anthony Inn. One year I had to stay in one of the boarding houses and arrived at the same time the shores were boiling with small fish, capelin. The boarding house was heated by a huge kitchen stove which was also used for roasting capelin and a hole above the stove distributed the heat and the smell throughout the house. The capelin tended to get into everything. For breakfast we had tea with small islands of fish fat floating on the top.



Figure 5 The Saint Anthony's Inn sign

“I must confess that St. Anthony was not my favourite place. In the long run, it was boring to walk up and down the street, and I looked forward to leaving this last outpost of civilization.

“St. Anthony was our last chance to stock up on fresh food and kerosene before heading north. Here we were reunited with the crates of supplies we had packed and shipped in the spring care of the Grenfell Mission. The crates contained canned food donated by Norwegian companies, replacement tents, heavy clothing, sleeping bags, archeological and surveying equipment. Our tents, camping beds, wheelbarrows, shovels, stoves and lamps were stored in the Mission Warehouse from one year to the next.

“The first years we left our wheelbarrow and shovels with some of the locals working for us, but this equipment soon became a part of their daily life and Helge had to make many unsuccessful trips to the neighbouring village to recover our tools.”

By Coastal Steamer from St. Anthony to L'Anse aux Meadows

“In St. Anthony we had to wait for the coastal steamer to take us to the northern tip of Newfoundland. The steamer left St. Anthony in the evening and the overnight trip to Quirpon included a couple of stops in along the route. During the trip our wooden crates were stored on deck because the hull contained cargo going to faraway places in Labrador, and several used cars. At each port our crates were hoisted ashore, to clear the deck to unload used cars. In the dark, it was a full time job to keep track of the crates and to be sure they were hoisted back on deck. The lack of roads did not stop the enterprising fishermen from buying a used car. I remember these cars being hoisted out of the hull and hovering over the ship like a UFO. In the middle of the night it was difficult to find enough volunteers to swing the cars clear of the side of the steamer. Together, with the proud car owner, we stood on the shore and pulled as hard as we could but the car usually scraped along the side of the ship before it had a rough landing. Most cars arrived pre-dented.

“None of the owners had a driver's license, and while our crates were being hoisted back on board, the owner looked to me for a short crash-course in automobile basics. Start, stop, first gear and reverse were sufficient. Getting past the first gear was a distant dream in most villages. I remember the beat-up Vauxhall neatly parked along the shore of Noddy Bay. At low tide it was possible to drive along the narrow beach, and reverse back.

“The voyage continued to the next village and the scene was repeated. One time I was trying to catch up on some sleep between stops; the sea was rough and I was sitting rather uncomfortably on a hard bench. Luckily, one crew member had pity on me and offered his berth. He was on night duty. The good sleep was abruptly interrupted when his boss entered the cabin to find the sailor asleep and not on duty. He tore off the blanket and shouted unprintable words at me.

“In Quirpon we were met by two fishing boats that took us to L'Anse aux Meadows. Some years the sandy beach below the excavations was blocked by ice and we had to unload our crates in the village, and it was a hard job to wheel and carry the supplies over land to our camp by Black Duck Brook. For us, the crates contained the bare necessities of life; to the people of L'Anse aux Meadows they contained magic...messages of things to come: nylon fish line and fish nets; good and colourful rain gear; aerosol bug repellent; bright-burning kerosene lamps; transistor radio; tape recorder; magazines with colour photos; good tools; spades and shovels, and a metal wheelbarrow. The only way over land was by foot

“The village of L'Anse aux Meadows did not have a road and the only link to the world outside was a telegraph and a radio connection to the hospital in St. Anthony. They lived in total isolation and were sheltered from the evils of the world outside.

“The only reason for leaving the village was to find seasonal work or to go to the hospital. In 1949 there was no fish and George Decker and his oldest son walked to Main Brook to work for Bowater. Lloyd was 16 when he walked to St. Anthony to have a tooth pulled. Edgar, one of the men working with us, walked eight hours from Ship Cove to St. Anthony carrying his sick infant daughter.”



Figure 6 Lester, Selma, Hazel and Whyman Colbourne. C 1966

Boats

“In the early 1960s, L’Anse aux Meadows had six fishing boats. The most common type of boat was a self-built 25-foot boat with a 6-hp Acadia or Atlantic glow coil engine.

“The fishing around L’Anse aux Meadows was good and in the old days the

harbour could be full of schooners that came to buy dried fish and cod-liver oil.

“When the fishermen got engines they would transport their dried fish to Ford Elms in Griquet in the fall. He owned the nearest store that had a wide selection of goods and was the local purchaser of fish. In April he got a new supply of goods, the wares were transported by a schooner to the edge of the ice and the goods were pulled ashore by dog teams.”

“The nearest post office was in Straitsview and the mail was distributed to the villages by boat.”



Figure 7 Fish Flakes at L'Anse aux Meadows. Job and Charlie Anderson.



Figure 8 The village of Straitsview 1960s



Figure 9 Village of Hay Cove 1960s



Figure 10 Soaking sealskin in fresh water to remove the fur.



Figure 11 L'Anse aux Meadows Wharves and Stages 1960s



Figure 12 Job Anderson. Eckhoff nicknamed him ‘the local gypsy’



Figure 13 Excavations finished for another year. Helge leaving L'Anse aux Meadows.

Ingstad the explorer arrives at Ship Cove

Ruby Decker
Ship Cove



Figure 14 Ruby and Ray Decker

Mrs. Ruby Decker has spent most of her life in the community of Ship Cove on the Great Northern Peninsula. She arrived in 1948, teaching at Light of the North School. She married Raymond (Ray) Decker, only son of merchant Reginald (Reg) Decker and Bertha (Pynn) Decker and together they raised a family of seven children.

In this narrative, Ruby shares her recollections of explorer Helge Ingstad's visit to the Decker household in Ship Cove. At that time, Ingstad was searching for evidence of a Viking settlement on the northern peninsula of Newfoundland.

Mrs. Decker also makes reference to a few tales about ghosts and hauntings at Western Head, Cape Onion.

The old Icelandic map cannot possibly lie

ⁱIt was the summer of 1960, and an explorer by the name of Helge Ingstad had been travelling up the eastern seaboard from Rhode Island since early spring —by boat, airplane, and on foot—and had met with nothing but disappointment.

Ingstad was searching for evidence of Viking settlements, and pinning his hopes on the north coast of Newfoundland.

When he sailed into Pistolet Bay and Ha Ha Bay (Raleigh) he only met with further disappointments. The 'lay of the land' just didn't fit with the sagas he had read. Discouragement set in. He knew the Old Icelandic map couldn't possibly lie, but that was small consolation when nothing seemed to be matching up.

ⁱⁱBut then a man in Raleigh told him that he had heard of 'house sites' over at L'Anse aux Meadows, and, in his own words, Ingstad said, "I felt as if I had hooked a large salmon." His mind went back a few days before when he had sailed past L'Anse aux Meadows and had been impressed by the 'open, inviting, verdant countryside'. He hadn't stopped at L'Anse aux Meadows then, but had continued west to Pistolet Bay and Ha Ha Bay first, planning to return at a later date.

With the news of possible 'house sites', however, it seemed as if the tide had turned. Ingstad wrote, "And I thought of 'Meadows', which is the same as 'grasslands' or the old Norse *vin*, just what the Norsemen were looking for." He was excited, but didn't set sail directly for L'Anse aux Meadows; he had one more stop to make first.

From Raleigh to Ship Cove

With his 16 year-old daughter Benedicte, Ingstad struck out on foot for the community of Ship Cove, six miles northeast of Raleigh and, incidentally, three miles across the bay from L'Anse aux Meadows.

On their arrival at Ship Cove, they stopped first to speak to the fishermen cleaning their catch down at the stages, and from there were directed to the home of Aunt Bertha Decker. In the 1960s, the Decker home was the 'go-to' place when anyone of consequence came to Ship Cove because Henry and Bertha (LeDrew) Decker had been friends with Dr. Grenfell and other doctors, ministers, and teachers who had visited at their home.

A knock at the door

On that morning in 1960, Ruby had dropped by the home of Reginald (Reg) and Bertha, Ray's parents, to read a book to Ray's grandmother, Aunt Bertha (whom Ruby called Grandmother). Grandmother was 92 years old at the time and virtually blind; she was no longer able to read her beloved books. Ruby had volunteered to read to the old lady and was sitting down to read when the knock came at the door.



Figure 15 Henry and Bertha Decker

"I remember Ingstad knocking at the door and introducing himself. I don't remember much about the girl Benedicte, because my attention was on Ingstad and the conversation he was having with Grandmother," recalls Ruby.

Even at 92, Grandmother Decker was inquisitive and still very much interested in everyone that visited the house. Her husband Henry had died six years previous in 1954, and Ruby remembers thinking how much Grandfather Decker would have enjoyed

Helge Ingstad's visit.



Figure 16 Grandmother Bertha Decker at home in Ship Cove.

She listened to Ingstad's conversation with Grandmother. "Ingstad's English was almost perfect; he spoke like a well-educated person and seemed very personable and self-confident, never hesitating; he knew his subject well." Later, she would observe that he was, "An explorer in the true sense of the word. He didn't just trust to maps and compasses; he actually integrated with the people he was researching."

Over a cup of tea, Ingstad didn't immediately broach the subject about the possibility of earlier settlers; he chatted about how lovely the community was and how he admired the scenery and the flowers.

Seals, polar bears, Arctic foxes, shipwrecks and Eskimos

In his book, “Westward to Vinland,”ⁱⁱⁱ Ingstad remarks of this visit with Aunt Bertha Decker, “Her memory was fabulous. She told us in great detail about her youth, about fights between English and French fishermen, about the hunting of seals, and also of polar bears, and the Arctic fox that followed the drifting ice southward in the spring, about terrible shipwrecks, and about the Eskimo Maggishoe, who at one time lived on Sacred Bay.”

To this day, there is a marsh at the bottom of Sacred Bay called Maggishoe Marsh. Not much is known about the Eskimo family; natives might come out of nowhere, camp out for a few months, and then move on, usually following food sources such as seals, birds, and fish. Ingstad said, “This particular Eskimo and his family were, as far as is known, the last of their race to live in northern Newfoundland.”

Eventually, Ingstad came around to the real reason for his visit; he inquired of Aunt Bertha if she knew of anything in the area that might have suggested that there had been earlier settlers.

In Ingstad’s words,^{iv} “She knew about the sites at L’Anse aux Meadows and said that they had been there when the first white people settled in the area.

‘But,’ said Aunt Bertha, ‘no one knows who built them, and it must have been a very long time ago.’”

“Go down to L’Anse aux Meadows and talk to George Decker”

According to Ruby, Aunt Bertha said, “I tell you who you should see. Go down to L’Anse aux Meadows and talk to George Decker. He’ll be able to tell you about it.”

Although she doesn’t remember who piloted Ingstad and his daughter across Sacred Bay to L’Anse aux Meadows in a boat, Ruby recalls that Ingstad’s visit made quite the impact on her, not only because she was a teacher, and, “here was something that was going to change history,” but because she had walked across those very mounds to pick^v bakeapples and not once had it occurred to her that she was walking across historical ground, yet the mounds were as pronounced as the arms on a chair. “How many times did I walk over the mounds and not question the shape? To me, they were just footings for a house or a barn from a previous settler,” she says.

Many people, when reading the Sagas, saw the name ‘Vinland’ and assumed ‘vin’ meant grapes; and grapes certainly did not grow in northern Newfoundland, so Newfoundland’s northern peninsula was more or less ruled out.

However, while researching the ancient Norse language, Helge Ingstad uncovered another meaning for ‘vin’; namely, ‘meadow’ or ‘pasture land’, which would have made perfect sense, as the Vikings, when they sailed, were always on the lookout for good pastureland. L’Anse aux Meadows had no grapes, but it certainly had meadows and grassland.

Indian burial ground

According to Ruby’s recollections, George Decker himself had often wondered what the raised mounds in L’Anse aux Meadows could mean. Some conjectured it was an Indian burial ground, but few, if any, ever guessed the true significance of what lay beneath the sod.

“When I was growing up,” recalls Ruby, “we thought of Erik the Red and the Vikings as mythical characters. We didn’t think of Erik in historical terms; we thought of him in mythical terms. He lived such an adventurous life we figured he couldn’t possibly be real.”

And that’s why she didn’t realize the significance of the mounds at L’Anse aux Meadows. Many times she had walked through the long, wind-blown grass, stepped over the humps, and walked to the barrens on her way to pick bakeapples. And not once did she think of those mounds in Viking terms.

“After Ingstad made his discovery, we became interested in what was happening and followed it up, marking when Anne Stine and Helge Ingstad returned the following year. We made special trips to see what, if anything, they had discovered. And it wasn’t only Ray and I who were interested, many people were. We’d go down Sunday—it was now the place to go on Sundays—to see what they had done during the week, and we continued to visit during the actual digging and building.”

And the rest is history

Today visitors come from all over the world to visit the Viking Site at L’Anse aux Meadows, now a World Heritage Site.



Figure 17 Ray Decker and son Keith. Life went on in the small community of Ship Cove in spite of the archeological dig across the bay at L’Anse aux Meadows. Husky pups, a picket fence, and a garden beyond.

Cape Onion and the French Shore

Some of what Ruby Decker knew about the French presence in Newfoundland was learned from Ray’s grandfather, Henry Decker. Great grandfather Able Decker was a ^{vi}gardien of the French ^{vii}Rooms at Cape Onion.

Henry grew up rubbing shoulders with the sons of ship’s captains from France and learned to speak French as a small boy. Many ship’s captains brought their sons with them, along with teachers—or *professeurs*—and Henry learned to speak Parisian French, with the professeurs stressing correct diction above all things.

Stories were passed down by word of mouth about run-ins over French and English fishing rights at Cape Onion. “Grandfather Henry referred many times to the disputes and battles they had with the French; they came to blows a number of times. Great grandfather Able took up an oar against a French captain once, and told him that if he set foot in the boat he was going to use the paddle; it wasn’t just pretence. And, after they got settled down, the captain asked him aboard the boat and he had a big meal with them.”

Because of the disputes over fishing rights, things got so bad at Cape Onion that an English warship was sent in. “Grandfather Henry told me the ship anchored at the bottom of Sacred Bay; the troops came ashore in a small boat and marched down around the shore to Cape

Onion, inquiring about the problem. After speaking to all concerned, the Captain of the English warship said it was a good thing for them that they had settled it.”

Things that go bump in the night

As a young woman, living at the Decker home, Ruby Decker heard her share of stories about hauntings and ‘things that went bump in the night’, because Aunt Jenny Anstey, a local woman living at Cape Onion, spent many an evening at the Decker’s chatting and sharing stories with Aunt Bertha. Ruby listened to the stories and although she says she didn’t believe any of them, she found the stories interesting. In the back of her mind, she could tell that the two women really believed the stories they were telling.



Figure 18 Aunt Jenny Anstey. Photo courtesy of David Adams

“Grandmother Bertha told me one in particular. She was in the house alone; I don’t know where Grandfather Henry was, but it was a calm night. She looked at the clock and it was almost midnight. The children were tucked into their beds, and she was spinning, and suddenly the door swung open. So she got up and shut the door and went on spinning, and the door opened again.” Grandmother Bertha believed it was ghosts opening the door. “And that was only one of many tales Grandmother Bertha told about hauntings,” smiles Ruby.

But when it came to Aunt Jenny Anstey and the purported hauntings at Western Head—also known as Cape Onion—Ruby laughs. “Well, oh, my blessed! Western Head! Ghosts were always on the go down there. They had a real community down there, the ghosts did.”

She relates: “Aunt Jenny Anstey would come over to visit Grandmother Bertha, and around 10:30 p.m. she’d say, ‘I must go.’ But at midnight she’d still be telling ghost stories. She’d be describing doors that opened unexpectedly, rattling chains, people walking up the stairs when nobody was there...those kinds of stories. She could visit till 12:30 or one o’clock in the morning, and she’d get up then after telling all those ghost stories and walk home alone, and she would have walked in pitch darkness, not a light to be seen, and nobody to walk home with her. She’d go up the hill along the footpath to the Andrews’ road, through the heavily-treed ^{viii}droke, and on down to Western Head. She could have gone in the opposite direction, along the shore, up Graveyard Hill and down the hill to Western Head, but that was the long way. And that’s what amazed me...that she didn’t frighten herself to death with all those stories.”

Another viewpoint on the Legend of Ben’s Rock

Cape Onion, or Western Head, is a magnificent protuberance of land, rising at its highest point to almost 84 meters above the foaming seas below. Ben’s Rock is located right at the foot of Western Head, and to the casual eye the rock resembles a lion, at rest, looking proudly out to sea.



Figure 19 Western Head and Ben's Rock.

There is a story in the book, “Legends of Newfoundland and Labrador” entitled “The Legend of Ben’s Rock” and in that book is an account of a Frenchman named Jean Paul de Benoit who fell in love with, and was jilted by, a captain’s daughter at the time the French were still fishing at Cape Onion.

Although many people have read the story and accept it as being a legitimate account of the legend of Ben’s Rock, Mrs. Decker puts another slant on the story; a story her husband Ray told her.

“The French had Rooms at Western Head; they came from France every year, and there were about 200 fishermen staying there over the fishing season. At that time, Able Decker was the guardian of the premises during the winter. The story goes that Western Head was so badly haunted that a young Frenchman named Benoit, who had remained behind for the winter, couldn’t sleep at the premises, and chose to go out and sleep on that particular rock to get away from the ghosts.”

ⁱ Westward to Vinland, Helge Ingstad: p. 113 para 2; published 1969, St. Martin’s Press. Hardcover

ⁱⁱ Westward to Vinland, Helge Ingstad: p. 113 para 4

ⁱⁱⁱ Westward to Vinland, Helge Ingstad: p. 113 para 6

^{iv} Westward to Vinland, Helge Ingstad: p. 114 top of page

^v A low plant growing in bogs and producing an amber berry in late summer; cloudberry.

^{vi} In the French-Newfoundland migratory fishery, a resident placed in charge of fishing gear and premises during the winter.

^{vii} A tract or parcel of land on the waterfront of a cove or harbour from which a fishery is conducted; the stores, sheds, 'flakes,' wharves and other facilities where the catch is landed and processed, and the crew housed

^{viii} A thick grove of trees (in a valley); a belt or patch of trees.