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NARRATION AND LIFE HISTORY OF A NEWFOUNDLAND WOMAN

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OF A NEWFOUNDLAND WOMAN

By
Ann Miller, B.A.

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AUTHOR: Ann Miller, B.A. (McMaster University)

SUPERVISOR: Dr. Richard Preston

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ABSTRACT

The deficiency of analysis and interpretation has been expressed as a persistent concern in the use of life history material in anthropology. An explicit focus on its usage as an illustrative, heuristic device in the explanation of the culture concept continues to be emphasized. Subsequent attempts at interpretation highlight a prevalent assumption that views the individual and culture as dichotomous entities. This thesis rejects a dichotomous stance as an underlying assumption in the design of a frame of reference for interpreting the life history of Ruth Ollerhead. Instead, the emphasis shifts into an interpretation which attempts to view culture and the individual simultaneously. In addition, this emphasis highlights a comprehension which leads to bringing the text from unintelligibility to an understanding of the individual qua individual. Therefore, a hermeneutical position operating within a phenomenological perspective is used in providing an orientation for a focus which remains grounded in the textual data and calls for acquiring understanding rather than an explication of the text. Viewing the individual and culture simultaneously within this frame of reference requires that three levels of conceptualization

--i.e., the immediate contextual framework of the ethnographic situation, the interplay between the individual and her culture and the larger socio-cultural context--must be known to comprehend fully the contextual meaning of events and experiences described in the life history.

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CHAPTER I

THE INDIVIDUAL AND CULTURE

Introduction

Viewed within an historical perspective, the use of life history material in anthropology illustrates both the persistent concerns reflected in the development of culture theory (Jarvie 1975; Keesing (1974) as well as the contemporary shift from a nomothetic to an idiographic approach (Allport 1942; Kiefer 1977) in interpreting culture. Murphy (1971:4) has characterized this recent epistemological development as the shift from structural/functionalism--with its concern with the stability expressive of mechanistic models--towards that of a dialectical mode highlighting phenomenological and subjective states.

While culture continues to remain the central concept of anthropology, theoretical diffusion is reflected in the eclecticism present in attempts to define theoretical parameters (Geertz 1973). Life history material, because of its intrinsic nature as personal document and its subsequent usage as an illustrative, heuristic device for culture theory, is particularly prone to reflect this diffusion. A repeated theme is that of the individual/

cultural dichotomy. Within this rubric, life history material has a bifocal aspect, serving either as a locus of interpretation for students of culture or for students of persons in culture (Kluckhohn 1945:87).

The articulation of this thematic dichotomy addresses a major theoretical problem in anthropology in its direct confrontation of the place of the individual within culture theory. In the context of life history material, this problem becomes particularly acute in that the data obtained is, by its nature, intrinsically related to the study of individuals qua individuals. A contemporary interpretation of life history material, when situated historically on a developmental continuum within the discipline, seems to have to address this dichotomy.

This dichotomous stance is rejected as an assumption in my design of a frame of reference for situating the life story of Ruth Ollerhead. In its place, the emphasis shifts into an interpretation which views culture and the individual simultaneously. An attempt to pursue such a perspective is not new to the anthropological enterprise. Spiro (1951:19) observed that while the various usages of the terms indicate that they are meant to refer to different kinds, if not mutually exclusive and antagonistic phenomena, anthropologists recognize their intrinsic empirical unity.

Furthermore, the underlying implicit assumption of their unity has led to current attempts to build bridges between them. These bridges attempt to unite conceptually what is felt intuitively to be united empirically.

The conceptual framework necessary to effect such a bridge integrates two levels of abstraction in the interpretive process in that it allows a focus that remains grounded in the textual data and, subsequently in Ruth's intent in her creation of the text, as well as providing for a simultaneous viewing and mediation of the contextual layers surrounding that textual creation, i.e., the cultural context. A focus that remains grounded in the textual data provides a critical nexus for viewing the larger sociocultural context. As Sapir (1949:570) has noted, the difficulty in describing another culture is not an inability to understand the patterns present in that culture, but an inability to simultaneously place these patterns in a context "which is as unobtrusive as it is colorful." To address this imbalance, it is necessary to highlight the cultural context not only as the subject but also as a texture upon which individual consciousness resides.

The viewing of text/context simultaneously is consistent with an attitudinal intent expressed by Ruth in her structuring of the text. Ruth's intent was to render the telling of her life story more intelligible to

me by means of an understanding that comes through our mutual reflection on shared experiential knowledge. Subsequently, my intent became to render Ruth's story intelligible to the reader by explicating the nuances in the text/sociocultural context relating to this mutual knowledge. With this theme in mind, the characteristic of reticence was chosen as illustrative both of individualized textual considerations (i.e., as diachronically expressed in Ruth's growing self-awareness) and of broader contextual aspects (i.e., as synchronically expressive of cultural norms).

Within this framework, my intention is to make Ruth's life story intelligible by clarifying understanding rather than by explanation in terms of psychological or cultural theories. For this reason a hermeneutical position operating within a phenomenological perspective seemed most appropriate in providing an orientation for arriving at an understanding of the nuances between text and sociocultural context.

The Individual in Culture

Dollard (1935), Kluckhohn (1945) and Langness (1965) represent three critical attempts at outlining a valid frame of reference for analyzing and interpreting life history data. Significant to their perspective is an

explicit emphasis on the use of life history material as an illustrative, heuristic device in the explanation of the culture concept as well as a concern with grounding life history material within a systematized theoretical framework. Dollard (1935), in presenting criteria for life history material, advocated such a framework (ibid.: 35-36). That this goal was not reached within the next ten years is evident in Kluckhohn's (1945:133) suggestion that perhaps the most salient finding which emerged from his survey of published life history documents was the deficiency of analysis and interpretation. He pointed out that the significance of the material had not been expounded and analysis was almost entirely limited to drawing attention to very specific, and sometimes trivial ethnographic points.

Twenty years later Langness, in his survey of the various trends in life history research (1965), substantially agreed with his predecessors. He concluded that anthropologists continue to collect and use life histories in a manner that best serves their individual research purposes. These purposes are self-evident in their focus on expounding certain aspects of culture theory:

When biographies per se do appear they tend to be used (1) to portray culture; (2) for literary purposes; (3) in connection with culture change; (4) to portray some aspect of culture not usually portrayed by other means (such as the woman's view); (5) to answer some theoretical questions in culture-and-personality. (Ibid.12-13)

Langness' survey indicated that while implicit reference to the individual was evident, the overriding emphasis was concern with elucidating culture patterns. Attempts at readdressing this imbalance by focusing on the individual within these patterns, while emphatically stated, never gained momentum other than as a secondary issue (Dollard 1935:271).

When the use of life history material becomes contingent upon its value in illustrating the general patterns of social and cultural life and ultimately the formulation of nomothetic laws concerning these patterns, the individual contained within the specific context of his life history becomes either transformed within a typology to the level of generalized events (Pozas 1957), or reduced to the level of specific examples (Barnett 1957).

The advent of psychological anthropology, coupled with an interest in life histories stimulated by Radin (1926;1933), brought the individual/culture dichotomy into sharp relief. Sapir recognized this dichotomy when he noted that:

our natural interest in human behavior seems always to vacillate between what is imputed to the culture of a group as a whole and what is imputed to the psychic organization of the individual himself. These two poles of our interest in behavior do not necessarily make use of different materials; it is merely that the locus of reference is different in the two cases. (Sapir 1949:590)

The combination of culture theory as a typology with the individual as an application of a psychological personality construct was an attempt at a reconciliation of this dichotomy. However, the psychological studies in anthropology emerging from the culture and personality framework of the 1940s exhibited a bias towards the illustration of culture in their concentration on the impact of culture on individuals (DuBois 1944; Carstairs 1958). As such, the focus remained on the individual rather than an individual (Watson 1978:9). With the highlighting of normative values, the idiosyncratic variance therein appeared as peripheral illustrative material (Pelto 1967). Implicit in the application of the personality and culture framework was a prior acceptance of the individual-culture dichotomy (Bohannan 1973).

The imposition of psychological models on individuals situated within their cultural context as an explanatory-interpretive device has had wide applicability in anthropology (Vogt 1975:434). Kiefer (1977:104-105) surveyed the literature to date, and concluded that the search for universal and useful laws of human psychology had been extremely discouraging. Partly as a result, the researcher is tempted to seek a predictive science at lower levels and in the increasing division of subject matter into smaller and smaller segments or alternately at a level of social trends on a vast scale which obscures the effects of

immediate context. Segmentation of subject matter has tangentially led anthropologists who emphasize individual uniqueness and the inevitable subjectivity of knowledge.

The contemporary shift to viewing the individual qua individual in anthropology is particularly critical in its implications for the use of personal documents. It suggests a reassessment of the trend noted by Langness:

While it is true that for the period roughly from 1925 to 1944 there was increased interest in the use of biographical materials, it does not seem to have been sustained although the demand for such materials in the post-1945 period has probably been greater than ever before (1965:12).

Significant to this reassessment is the contemporary theoretical impetus provided by a focus on the individual. This focus serves to balance the use of life history materials previously interpreted primarily for the understanding of culture with that of a consideration of an idiosyncratic dimension.

Such a trend is significant in two respects. First, it allows interpretation to be grounded in the text itself, thereby making the text intelligible while still treating the text with respect, i.e., remaining close to the data and Ruth's intent and in her personal understanding in her presentation of material. Secondly, it allows for a simultaneous viewing of the context of Ruth's life story (i.e., the cultural nuances).

It is the contention of this thesis that viewing life history material from within an hermeneutical and phenomenological orientation is particularly useful in bridging the dichotomy between the individual and culture. An hermeneutical and phenomenological approach does this by mediating the contextual distinctions between the narrative text and its broader sociocultural context. The texture of the contextual dialectic evident between these levels provides an interpretive nexus for viewing culture and the individual simultaneously.

The Individual Within a Phenomenological Perspective

A hermeneutical position¹ operating within a phenomenological approach² is particularly helpful in yielding an understanding of subjective experience in its own terms, revealed in a culturally defined experiential context.

When utilized as a philosophical orientation it serves to clarify the process of arriving at understanding, for the scope of hermeneutics is such that

the various forms of the word hermeneutics suggest the process of bringing a thing or situation from unintelligibility to understanding. Something foreign, strange, separated in time, space or experience is made familiar, present, comprehensible (Palmer 1969:13-14).

Phenomenology complements this orientation by revealing

consciousness as it is subjectively experienced by the individual. As such it posits the return to things as they are given in consciousness (Watson 1976:101).

The above orientation is significant when coupled with the assumption that the only purpose to which the life history lends itself directly is as a commentary of the individual's very personal view of his own experience as he understands it (Watson 1976:97-100). This personal view of cultural experience becomes particularly relevant in addressing the individual/culture dichotomy when defined with reference to the dialectic relationship between a whole and its parts.³ In interpreting experience in holistic terms (i.e., seeing the object of interpretation in its larger context), the recording of a life history is significant in its provision for potential insight into the relation between the whole (a specific culture) and its parts (specific individuals).

In the collecting of life history material the anthropologist is directly confronted with three related contextual aspects of personal experience. The immediate contextual framework is that of the ethnographic situation--the dialogue between the ethnologist and the native person. A second context is that of the dialogue between the subject and his own culture. The third refers to the larger socio-cultural context (Watson 1976). These three levels of conceptualization must be known to comprehend fully the

contextual meaning of events and experiences described in the life history. The first context will be addressed in the immediate following pages. The second context--the interplay between the individual and her culture--will be explored (in Chapter XVI)--as revealed in the phenomenal consciousness as it is subjectively experienced in Ruth's growing self-awareness and expressed within the composure of her characteristic reticence. The sociocultural context is described in detail in the footnotes to Ruth's narration.

In confronting the issues of native/ethnographer dialogue, Watson (1976) suggests that the problems inherent in bridging the distance that separates the ethnographer's context from that of the native person requires that the ethnographer question his preunderstandings, i.e., his preliminary understanding molded by sociocultural tradition, personal history and academic training. Kluckhohn (1945: 112) in an earlier comment alluded to this:

I suspect that the meanings which the happenings of his life have for the subject will remain forever opaque to the investigator unless he has obtained entrance to this foreign world of values and significances...

Anthropologists have long been acutely aware of the extent to which the individual field worker influences interpretation of native cultural context (Pelto and Pelto 1973). Contemporary concern about epistemological questions (Salamone 1979) in the 1960s and 1970s have focused explicit

attention to problems of field work and raised the issue of the importance of self knowledge in the field work experience.⁴

Gadamer (1976) maintained that in the dialectic established in a hermeneutical perspective we bridge back and forth between different contexts until we understand in light of our own preconceptions, but in an altered context in which the unfamiliar has become in some measure familiar to us. Ultimately a synthesis occurs in which the investigator comes to understand the life history in a qualitatively different way, by incorporating something of the context of reference and merging it with his own (Watson 1976:104).

This synthesis of meanings remains closely related to specific persons and events and brings both the ethnographer's and the native person's own preunderstandings about the phenomena and each other to bear upon the meaning. Little explicit ethnographic attention has been devoted specifically to the native person's point of view in the context of this dialogue. Moreover, knowledge about ethnologists' adaptation in the field was severely limited until recently by what appears largely to be a non-autobiographical tendency on the part of ethnologists themselves (Wax 1971:133-142). However, implicit reference to the native point of view is suggested in the consideration of available literature on the adaptation of ethnologists in

the field. The two dominant themes of stranger and marginal native prevail in the literature.

Nash (1963:150) noted that the ethnologist is a stranger, that he faces the problem of adapting to this role, and that the objectivity of his field report will, through the mechanisms of perception and cognition, reflect the nature of his adaptation. The native initially categorizes the ethnologist as a stranger who by necessity is put in some familiar category of persons such as enemy, missionary, tourist, prophet.

The ethnologist as a marginal native has also been emphasized both with reference to interaction with natives in the field as well as in his own society. Freilich (1977:3) notes that irrespective of what role he assumes, the anthropologist remains a marginal man in the community, an outsider. Within such a context, the ethnologist is often under suspicion and can hope at best to be regarded as a "high status friend" (Freilich 1964). This emergence of self-consciousness in ethnographic research (Nash and Wintrob 1972) encourages more critical questioning on the part of the ethnologist.

Little (1979:78-79) noted that the opening up of meaning relies on the two critical processes of intersubjectivity and a dialectical dialogue. The basis of an intersubjective merging of ethnographer and native person occurs as the interpreter questions and delves further into the

person's activities and begins to affirm an intelligible juxtaposition of his own place and history with that of the other person and the phenomena being questioned. The ensuing dialogue is dialectical in that it usually brings to an interface two different cultural traditions while remaining grounded in the phenomenon in question. Critical self-reflection in dialogue encourages more refined questions while still remaining grounded in the phenomena in question. The context is then an intersubjective transfer of meaning.

The resulting intersubjective transfer of meaning highlights, for the ethnographer, the culturally defined experiential context of the person who relates the events of his life story.

The Individual Experiential Context

While the nexus of this dialogue remains the subjective consciousness of the person who relates the events of his life, the culturally defined experiential context is also brought into sharp relief. The particular context that defines the interplay between the individual and his culture is highlighted both in terms of the general context but also in respect to the more particular one that gives rise to it and encloses it. The individual experiential context is both representative of idiosyncratic as well as more general cultural norms. Coming to an understanding of

the fit between those two nuances of the culturally defined experiential context allows the ethnographer to view the individual and his culture simultaneously.

Watson (1976:99) argues that we live in a taken-for-granted world. The natural attitude which pervades this world presumes the individual lives spontaneously in the givenness of his world. The individual in reflecting on his experience may transform to a degree what was originally the natural attitude into the phenomenological attitude.⁵ The dialectical relationship between the native person and the ethnographer in a life history situation allows insight into how the immediate phenomenal field inevitably influences the nature of the informant's selection of his recollected experience into certain culturally typified categories (i.e., the natural attitude), and his interpretative departures from this (i.e., the phenomenological attitude) (Watson 1976:104).

This thesis looks at an individual Newfoundland woman, Ruth, as she recalls her life experiences over a fifty year period.⁶ I selected reticence--as a mode of expression--for analysis out of her rich immediate phenomenal field of experience because I believe this mode of expression to be most representative of her immediate phenomenal field of experience as well as being critical to the intersubjective transfer that is the goal of this thesis.

Reticence: Toward an Understanding of the Phenomenal Field
of Experience

Reticence, when explicitly discussed, in anthropological literature, has frequently been situated within the broader context of atomism. Since Mead's (1961:459) suggestion that Eskimo and Ojibwa societies were individualistic, and lacking the political forms necessary for group action, the atomistic theme has persisted in studies of the Arctic and Subarctic (Honigmann 1946; 1968; Hallowell 1946; James 1954; Smith 1975). Honigmann (1968) clarified the concept by showing that atomism refers to phenomena present on two levels of experience: the relatively empirical level of social structure and a covert, highly inferential, psychological level.⁷

Structural atomisms applies to highly individualistic modes of behaviour which demonstrate "primary concern...on a person's own individual interests and on great freedom from, or avoidance of social constraint" (Honigmann 1968:220). Psychological atomisms includes emotional and cognitive states that are either reflective of, or in a motivational sense productive of, atomism. Such states maximize inner control (Hallowell 1952:112) and include covert hostility, envy, a view of social relations as fraught with danger and a desire to maximize the advantages of oneself or one's own kin (Honigmann 1968:221).

Ethnographers in Newfoundland have described various forms of reticent behaviour in interpersonal relations.⁸ Four thematic aspects of reticence are prevalent in the literature. First, interpretation has predominantly emphasized the role of reticent behaviour in the maintenance of social harmony in an isolated egalitarian setting by the prevention of overt aggression and the maintaining of personal privacy (Firestone 1967:112,113; Faris 1972:72; Chiaramonte 1970). A secondary theme has been impression management aboard ship (Anderson 1972:136; Nemec 1972:29; Stiles 1972:42). Reticent behaviour in interaction with outsiders or strangers has also been recorded (Firestone 1969:70; Faris 1969:138-140). Finally, reticent behaviour has been highlighted by focusing on its reversal in the ritualistic setting of jennying (Chiaramonte 1969; Szwed 1969:108; Faris 1969:144).

An overview of the Newfoundland ethnographic literature cited suggests three conclusions. Studies which focus predominantly on women in Newfoundland are rare.⁹ More specifically, reticent behaviour as a mode of expression lacks a comprehensive description within an individualistic diachronic perspective. And lastly, reticence is frequently viewed as tangential to other major research issues in the ethnographic literature.

With a view to coming to understand reticence as it is expressed by Ruth in her life story, this presentation

remains grounded in the textual material itself. The broader sociocultural context is organized as footnotes to complement the flow of the text as it unfolds. Then, with this broad sociocultural context as background, the more immediate ethnographic situation will be examined--the dialogue between the ethnologist and the native person.

It should be explicitly acknowledged that the theoretical discussion outlined in Chapter I contrasts markedly with the prose of the subsequent text and the discussion following in Chapter XVI. This contrast highlights the usage of hermeneutical phenomenology within the context of this thesis as a theoretical orientation and not as a method or technique. The latter involves the presentation of a verbatim text, contextual footnoting, and a discussion in terms of an interpretive method that is conceptually close to the text's intent--that is, a review of the text in terms of characteristic qualities of reticence and competence. Although this review is directed by, and informed by the hermeneutical and phenomenological theoretical orientation, it deliberately avoids the reducing of theory to a method or technique. For this reason, the language of theory differs markedly from the language of method and technique, and the language of the text.

NOTES: CHAPTER I

1. For an historical overview of the development of hermeneutics as a theory of interpretation, see Palmer (1969), Gadamer (1976). For a recent widening of the concept to include the interpretation of actions and experience as acted documents, see Ricoeur (1971); Geertz (1973). For an early implicit use of hermeneutics in anthropology, see Evans-Pritchard (1960, 1962, 1965).
2. For a definition of phenomenology and its uses in the social sciences, see Merleau-Ponty (1964:27-43); Schutz (1967); Husserl (1970).
3. The relation of the whole and its parts is referred to in hermeneutics as the hermeneutical circle. See Hirsch (1976).
4. For the emergence of self-consciousness in the collection of ethnographic data, see Honigmann (1976); Berreman (1968); Maquet (1964); Kaplan (1974). For more personal statements about fieldwork, see Powdermaker (1966); Turnbull (1971); Wax (1971); Briggs (1970).
5. For an overview in phenomenology of this process of moving toward the phenomenological attitude, see Husserl (1970), Natanson (1973) and Schutz (1967).
6. Five life histories were collected simultaneously in the fall of 1979. The material was collected from Ruth's husband Stan, her brother, Sid Saunders, and his wife, Jessie and Ruth's first cousin, Blanche. All were in their fifties.
7. See Hickerson (1967) for a critique of the concept of atomism.
8. Reticence has been recorded and examined in other cultural settings as well. See Basso (1970); Berreman (1962); Goffman (1959); Murphy (1964).
9. Women, when mentioned in the ethnographic literature, are viewed either within the context of economic issues or that of information management. Within the economic sphere women are viewed as peripheral to male activity in the division of labour (Anderson and Wadel 1972; Wadel 1973) as counterparts to male activity (Faris 1972; Stiles 1972) or as essential to the economic structure of the effective crowd (Faris 1972; Brox 1968). Women manage gossip information (Paine 1967;

Faris 1972)

Several recent notable exceptions exist. Muir (1977) views adolescent socialization into adult roles. Szala (1978) looks at courting practices and Davis (1979) examines women's status and the experience of menopause.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD: LIFE IN GRIQUET

THERE WAS A LOT OF DIFFERENCE

NOW THAN THERE WAS THEN.

I could be six years old when my mother died. Five or six. I remembers about seeing her. That's all. We used to go and see her when she was in the hospital. Our father used to take us to see her. I don't know what was her complaint. Just something wrong with her brain. In them times there was a lot of T.B.¹⁰ Tuberculosis. Well, that could be her trouble. But I don't know 'cause I never really heard what. She was in St. Johns in the hospital.

When my mother went into the hospital, my father came back to Griquet, see. Our uncles was there, in Griquet. My father's brothers. And he come here to Main Brook and stay here for a winter. He was in here all the winter. Well, them times you couldn't get news around very good.¹¹ Like, there's no telephones. Unless you get a message, like, a telegram. And when they went out in the spring, they got a telegram that she was dead. She was buried in St. Johns. We had my father's sister there in St. Johns. Aunt Carrie. She took care of the funeral.

So, I was living in St. Johns when my mother went into the hospital. My father came back to Griquet, see. So, we lived down there. And then he moved in here, see. In Main Brook.¹² He got a girl, a servant girl, and moved in here. So, we lived in here until we got married.

Griquet 'twasn't no big settlement though. Not then. They used to fish. That was usually their job down there. Fishing. Drying their fish and then selling it. After you dry it, you sell it, see. You only got a small lot for your fish then. A small lot of money. Then, you hardly ever seen money. Them times. You'd go to the merchant with your fish. Whatever they'd give you for

your fish, that's what you'd get.

My father was living in here, in this place. Main Brook. There wasn't much work to do, now, only cutting logs for lumber or furring. My father used to do furring. Catching foxes and things like that. He would come to Griquet and visit me. I remembers one time he was going away and he want me to give him a kiss. I wouldn't kiss him. I wasn't real young then. I was nine or ten. I was shy.

He was a Christian man. He read the Bible a lot. He was always a Christian first as long as I know him. He was kind. My father was Pentecostal. That's what I mind about him. He wasn't always Pentecostal. Because he was --what you call--old time Methodist. They used to call it years ago. They never called you United. They called you Methodist.¹³

The first years we lived there, we lived with our uncle. Uncle Will. Will Saunders. It could have been a year or two years. I can remember one thing I done when I stayed there. They was putting down something like a canvas on the floor. I think it was rubberoid, they call it. They have a little piece leaved over. And I put, I'm not sure whether it was letters or figures on it. And I said I never done it. See, I told a lie. And anyway, I was punished. Had to go upstairs for so long. And this was on a bonfire night too.¹⁴

And I thought it was some hard because I had to. I never got to the bonfire that night because I had done this. And the reason they knowed that I done it because I was left handed and I suppose I done it back forwards or something. All the kids went to the bonfire and I had to stay in. That's the punishment you get.

Uncle Will wasn't cruel or anything like that. He didn't usually punch ye, he wasn't like that. I thought he was the best uncle. But he punched me for that. I told a lie, I suppose, and that hurt him a lot. And I suppose he didn't want us to tell lies about that. So, I suppose I deserved punishment.

My father was living here in Main Brook then. And Sid was living here too. He was living with my other uncle. Uncle Alb.¹⁵ Gladys was there with us. She was living at Uncle Will's that time. And then I lived with Sam Patey. And after that I moved up here with my father, see. Lived with he until I got married.

I can remember the last child being born at Uncle Will's. That's Eric. This midwife come in. But I can't

remember her name. Came in the night and the baby was born. But we didn't know anything about it until the next morning. We woke up with the baby and this old woman was there. That's all I can mind about. All I know about, the baby was there and this woman was there. Perhaps she brought the baby. I suppose in those times they tell you that they got it in the stump.¹⁶ Or brought it in the bag you brought in with you or something like that. You see, that's what they tell children then. And a lot believed it too. But you wouldn't find that now. They wouldn't believe it now.

Uncle Will's house had two storeys. But just a living room and a kitchen and a porch in the downstairs. I had a bedroom with my cousins. They put all the girls together and the boys would be together. There was Mary and Marg and Fred. They was around my age.

There wasn't no ways of getting around like there is now, see. You had to go on dogs wherever you went or on boat. Uncle Will had a dog team. Every house you go to was a dog team. Perhaps five or six dogs came to the door. Lying around the door. Perhaps lie down sleeping. I was afraid of them. 'Cause every night you had to put on a pot now. Unless you had fresh seal to give them. You had to put on a pot on the stove to cook their meals for 'em. Perhaps corn meal or boiled flour. And perhaps you put the cut up seal fat in it. Whatever you had to make it taste pretty good to them or help to nourish their bodies. Uncle Will's dogs had names. You'd have them called Fan or Black or White or Spot. Everybody had different names on their dogs then.

Lots of times we'd go for a ride on dogs. Even after I got married I went for a ride on dogs. We would dress up the warmest we had. Perhaps some men would have a box on and have ropes across it to keep it on. You'd be holding onto that there. Or perhaps lie down. Some would lie down. Small kids would lie down, see. Perhaps in the woods somewhere they would be cutting a load of wood and you'd go there. Or going for trout. Lots of times you'd be going for trout. You know cutting holes through the ice in the winter. Or smelts. We used to catch smelts through the holes too. We would enjoy that.

We took our lunch. Enjoy the lunch. Get in the thick woods and cut down the boughs and then boil up the kettle. We wouldn't cook the trout we had. Perhaps we'd have bottled. Something in a bottle that we had to open. Something we had done up. Just the children would go. My aunt, I never seen her trouting or fishing. They are both gone and dead now. That's Uncle Will and Aunt Dod. That's what my uncle used to call her. Dod.

I was ten or twelve when I lived with my cousin Sam Patey. He was my cousin but still he was raised up by his grandparents. He was a Saunders but he was raised up by his grandparents on his mother's side, see. Raised up after his mother. He was called a Patey but he was really a Saunders. His father was Uncle Will. He has two wives. Sam was from his first wife.

Sam Patey's wife showed me how to knit stockings and turn the heel. I can remember the first pair of stockings I knit. I knit 'em for myself out of white sheep's wool. I come up above my knees. It was a wonderful thing then to know how to turn the heel then at that age. How to turn the heel of a stocking. And I was left-handed too. And I had to knit right-handed for her to show me, you know. And I suppose that's the reason I always knits right-handed because she showed me just how to do it right-handed. I'm left-handed in everything else.

I can remember in Griquet we used to go to the Methodist Church. That's the church we used to go when I was living with Sam Patey. I remember they used to get happy in church, you know, and jump around a bit. They used to do that in the Old Time Methodist. They have good services. Revivals, they call it. When they get to feel happy, they jump around. I suppose the glory, you call it. That's all. Much the same now as you sees in our church here. They get the same feeling the same way. Only it was the Old Time Methodist then.

At that time, it was almost the same as Pentecostals. But they didn't baptize in water. At that time there wasn't a Pentecostal Church in Griquet. We didn't know anything about Pentecost then. My father, he first brought the Pentecostal to Griquet.¹⁷ He wasn't a minister. Not at that time. He wasn't preaching or anything. But he was the first that they knowed about Pentecost.

I went to school there. Not very much though. Them times, you had to walk no matter how bad the weather was. You had to walk to school, see. And like, there was no roads to walk on. You had to go through the snow regardless of how high it was to get to school. 'Twas no big building then when I was going to school. Just small ones. Everybody was in the same room. And they'd have classes then.

Well, we all stand up in a class now. Whoever was in grade would be all in one class. And when you had to read out your lesson, you know, you'd all stand up before the teacher. All hands. See, there was a top and a bottom to a class. Everyone read. And a lot of it was spelling. If I didn't know that spelling, the next one to

me would have to say it. Ask her if she knowed it. And if she knowed it, she's step up ahead of me in class. That's the way they used to have it then. Yes, whoever know their spelling, well, they get to the top of their class. So, you was encouraged to do it, you know. I called it encouragement then. To get to the top of the class. I liked going to school.

We went to school all day. I can't remember when we went in the morning but I suppose it was handy about the same time they do now. Now and then they used slates. A little piece of blackboard. There's a frame on it, you know. You used slate and your slate pencil. That was known then as exercise or scribblers. You'd have a little bottle with water in and a cloth for cleaning your slate. There'd just be a long desk then. Long seats with perhaps five or six would sit in the one seat. You'd be right near together. A long desk on the back of the other seat. Everybody wouldn't have a seat of their own. Every day you'd bring your chunk of wood to school or you was sent home to get it if you didn't have it.¹⁸

We never had no lunches. And no going to the store if you was at recess. No going to the store and picking up candies or bar or anything. You had to wait from the time you got your breakfast until you got your dinner before you got anything else to eat. And you didn't have a big breakfast. No. You didn't get eggs and bacon in the mornings. And you didn't get a toast every morning. You know, there was a lot of difference now than there was then. Maybe you have, well, rolled oats, we called it. You had to cook it. Bread and tea. Perhaps just bread and tea lots of mornings. Perhaps a roast caplin¹⁹ or salt fish along with it or something like that. You'd be hungry during the day. I guess you'd be hungry. But that's all you could do about it. If you was in school you had to. Well, the teacher done the same thing. She went through the same thing.

We had a play hour at noon. Recess, we used to call it then. The boys and girls all play together. Ring games. After school, you'd have a certain amount of work to do. Such as bring in the wood and perhaps get some water. And you'd have to heat the house with wood.

Girls wore long dresses then. And wool stockings above your knees. Now, I can mind one time they gave me a pair of pants. And, oh my, I didn't like 'em a bit. 'Cause, sometimes they had them with a band on and come down and button around your leg here, under your knee. Oh my, I didn't like it a bit, them pants. They were outside pants to keep you warm. Women didn't usually wear slacks then. Not very often you see a woman with a pair

of slacks on. Was always dresses.

We used to go to St. Anthony and they had a clothing store there. Second hand clothes from rich people in the States. Say if you done a mat. A Mission mat.²⁰ Perhaps they give you so much for that mat. They gave you the materials to do it with, you know, the brin. Perhaps what you call burlap. Well, we call it brin. When you get it finished, you take it back to them and then they'd give you cash if you want it. And if you didn't, they'd give you a clothing note, they call it. It perhaps was five dollars worth. You'd have to have so much money before you could get in the clothing store. I didn't go to St. Anthony to pick out my own clothes. Not myself. Somebody else would do that. The women would do it. They'd just pick up whatever they thought would suit you, you know.

There was two stores then in Griquet. Two or three. Could be three at that time. Children would go there sometimes when you get a little bit of money. Perhaps a dime. You wouldn't get no quarters. At that time I don't know if there was any quarters. There was big pennies then. Big brown ones. You didn't get no big lot of money then. Sometimes my uncle would give me some. I can't remember seeing any bars at that time. Or chips. I never seen no chips then.

You'd always have what you call scrap candies. Something like the peppermint. Same shape but they was all different colours. You know, different flavours. You'd get a good many for a penny. You'd get more for a penny then than you'd get for a dime now. You might get an orange a scatter time. But not too often you'd get an orange or apple. There'd just be groceries in the store then. Perhaps materials to make clothes. Boots or something like that. There wouldn't be very much in the stores at that time.

In the fall we'd have bonfire night. Bonfire night was just the same as it is here. That's all. You wouldn't have marshmallows to put in the fire, then, or wieners. You wouldn't have anything like that. You might have a raw potato or salt fish. Little fish, we call 'em rounders. That's all the difference. You'd roast 'em in the fire. You'd all help to collect the boughs. Whatever you could get. You couldn't get an old tire or anything then. 'Cause there was no cars around then. Not when I was growing up. You'd use all boughs. That's all we used. I don't think you'd got boxes at that time. Not a cardboard box.

You had a job to get oil to throw in to get your fire going.²¹ And then you'd put the boughs on until they

get all burned. Or perhaps you'd use a whole barrel or something. Perhaps a barrel say with cod liver on it or something like that, you'd take. That would burn better. Perhaps in the fall there'd be a lot of barrels thrown out. A scattered barrel you'd get. Blubber barrel, we'd call it. When it's old, it's called blubber.

When I was little, whatever there was to be done, I'd help do it. Perhaps a couple of weeks before a bonfire. Could be a couple of weeks you'd be getting some things for that. You put the bonfires in no special place. Only just so far from the house. Cause there was no boughs, no trees around the houses. Nothing like that to catch. There was only the grass to catch. Little girls helped cut the boughs. I can't remember of anyone cutting themselves with an axe doing that. Not when I was out playing with 'em, I mean. I just cut. That's all.

When I was little perhaps we cut our firewood. There's lots of times we do that. We'd try to do that the best way we could. I didn't have my own special axe. Could be there's only one against the door, you know, using for firewood then.

I can't remember what we used to do in the winter any more than we'd get small sleighs. That's the girls and boys. You'd get small sleighs. Perhaps in the evening after supper, you'd have a sleigh and riding down over hills. And then you'd ride down and take her back and ride down again. Just like that. They were made of wood and had bars on them.

A mat frame was usually in the house all winter. You'd get up from the table lots of times after you finished school. You'd get up from the table, you'd clear away. You know, sweep the house and wash the dishes and you'd sit down and mat. The girls would do it. That's all. It didn't sound like it was boy's work, anyway. At mats. But they used to rabbit catch and stuff like that, see. Slips and catching rabbits.

You'd have your kitchen all covered with mats. Little ones. It could be all different sizes. And you'd have 'em right thick on your floor. On Friday's we used to scrub them all over and turn them down on the floor. You'd have boards on the floor, see. And turn them down and have them dried for Sunday. They'd dry and dry right clean looking. But some would have enough to cover their kitchen twice. They'd have mats for Sundays too. Different colour mats, you know for Sundays.

At Christmas time you get a gift. Would be perhaps a small gift then. You wouldn't get so many gifts as you could get now. Perhaps you'd get your stocking hung up and,

I can remember about getting a five cent piece in me stocking. Maybe a little bit of cake or a few raisins. Way back then, they never had trees in their houses. Not like they do now. Not a big tree. Nothing like that.

But they always have, like, jannies coming in.²² There was more fun into jannies--what we call jannies--than there was in anything else at Christmas. You'd have jannies just about every night until Christmas was over. And my uncle was a funny hand for singing. He'd sing old funny songs then, see, when they was jannying. When they came to the house they'd just talk janny talk and ask perhaps to get out and have a dance or something to drink. Lots of time they'd have homemade beer to give 'em. We didn't have beer in our house but my uncle used to have it. A lot of people used to have it, you know. Homemade beer to give the jannies when they come in. They'd make a special brew for Christmas. A lot of people would but we never. My father never made beer in his life as I know for.

Everyone dress up. I mean grownups too. You know, married people would go too. Anyone at all could go, you see. Get a blanket and put around you or get an old pants and turn 'em inside out. Coat inside out or something like that. It was fun. They wouldn't tell who it was. A very scattered one would tell. When we were children we'd usually change clothes, you know. Put on somebody else's clothes. You didn't care what it was. Perhaps you'd have some have a big stomach and some more would have a lump on their back, you know, with a cushion shoved up or a pillow shoved up inside and tied up to keep it up.

The whole family didn't go out jannying together. Perhaps one would leave this house and a couple at the next house or something like that. You know, not all hands. You'd just rap at the door and go in. Well, they'd do the same thing almost as grown up do. If they had anything to give you--like lots of times a piece of cake or something like that--they'd give you. Or like a bake apple drink. A glass of lime juice or syrup or something like that.

Twelve days after Christmas. You could go jannying all in these twelve days clear of Saturdays on account of people was, you know, getting cleared up for Sunday. You wouldn't stay in a house no particular time. Unless you got perhaps unruly. Perhaps they'd drive you out then. Not too often you'd get as bad as that just the same.

You bake your own cakes at Christmas. A fruit cake or something like that. But now, lots of people buys their own cake. But then, you had to make it. It was much the same as the cake we make today. Whatever kind of fruit you could get to put in it, you put in it. Eggs and stuff like that.

Christmas Day was much the same as it is now. You had a Christmas dinner and cooked, you know, especially for Christmas. Perhaps you'd have--regard to them times--what you'd have if you was poor, was sheep. You'd have mutton.

You didn't get that many gifts. You might get one small gift for Christmas. And perhaps you'd go and put that on the tree, see. Wait til school and have a Santa Claus and get your gift on the tree. And then only what you'd get in the house would be what you get in your stocking. Everybody hang up their stockings.

I can mind one doll that they brought for me at Christmas one year. And it was smiling on the face of the doll. That's why they bought it. They said I always used to be laughing, see. Laughing. So, they got this doll for me because I was laughing. I can remember about that. I was known as pleasant, I suppose. I don't know. 'Cause people told me that even since I've been married. I don't know if they see me always with a smile on my face. Not that I noticed it in myself. I didn't notice it.

In the summer, when we was bigger we used to get down in the salt water in the beaches. And perhaps pick up what we call pugs. Just like getting modelling clay. It's the colour of modelling clay. Just the same colour. It was a grey, a grey colour. You'd get a little board, perhaps the size of that paper you got there. And we'd make it up in so many lumps. One lump for the body and the head. And we'd let it dry. We used to play a lot with that.

NOTES: CHAPTER II

10. Ruth's father, James Saunders, was in the Royal Navy when he married Isabel Stot in Aberdeen, Scotland. The oldest sibling, Gladys, was born in Scotland in 1917. Ruth was born either in St. John's, Newfoundland or Toronto, Ontario, in 1919. Sid was born in St. John's in 1921. A younger sibling, born in 1923, died while an infant. A genealogy was difficult to record. The maternal grandparents are not recalled. The paternal grandparents, George Saunders and Maude Pilgram, were from Griquet, in the Northern Peninsula. Stan Ollerhead, Ruth's husband, qualified this aspect of lack of recall of generational depth: "My grandmother never told me stories about her young days. No, not any stories about my grandmother's day. That's not a custom for stories to be handed down from one generation to another. No, not in this area. Never heard anything about it like that."

Tuberculosis was prevalent in Newfoundland at the turn of the century. In the years from 1900 to 1918 there was little real change in the death rate which was 320 in 1900 per 100,000 of population and 310 in 1918. In the succeeding twenty years the rate steadily declined to about 198 in 1938 to 15 in 1958. See J. McGrath and Edward Peters (1937).

11. Small outports on the Northern Peninsula were isolated from the rest of the island. The road that links the shore of the Strait of Belle Isle to St. Anthony in the north and St. John's in the south has been open only since November 1962. Electricity and telephones on the northeastern shore appeared in the 1960s as well. Prior to this, transportation was only by coastal steamer and small boat in the summer, dog team and more recently, horse drawn sled and snowmobile, in the winter. Due to the winter ice, the settlements were isolated from January to June before the road came through.

The Northern Peninsula was sometimes referred to as the French shore since the French, to whom it was known as the Petit Nord, had fishing rights there until 1904.

The history of European settlement in the Northern Peninsula is recorded from approximately 1000 AD when a group of Norsemen wintered in L'anse au Meadows (Instad 1964). Throughout the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, England and France contested the use of fishing rights along the coast of Newfoundland. France gradually lost influence before the English, and by the Peace of Utrecht (1713) retained only the rights to fish and dry fish on the shores of northern Newfoundland between Cape Bonavista on the east and Point Riche on the west. In 1783 France further gave up her fishing rights to Bonavista and Notre Dame Bays in return for the right to dry fish on the coast from Cape St. John to Cape Ray on the southwest. No settlements were to be allowed on the French shore. For a complete review of this complex issue, see Frederic F. Thompson (1961).

12. Main Brook and Griquet are situated in the Hare Bay area on the northeast coast of the Great Northern Peninsula, which stretches northward toward the Labrador coast. A narrow coastal plain dissected by numerous lakes and rivers is set against the Long Range Mountains which rise abruptly to heights of over 2,600 feet. On the eastern slope of the Long Range are good strands of commercial forest. Settlements in the northeast region are more widely spaced along the coast than in other coastal regions of the Peninsula.

For census material on the Northern Peninsula, see Table II, Appendix I.

13. By 1800 the Roman Catholic, Anglican and the Methodist Church (now the United Church of Canada) had been established on the island. Missionary work was significant to the increase in numbers in Protestant denominations along the northeast coast. In 1829 Methodist membership represented about two percent of the population. By 1845 membership increased to fourteen percent. The Salvation Army became established in the 1880s and the Pentecostal Church in the 1930s. For the establishment of the three early denominations see Halton and Harvey (1883). For a general history of the Pentecostal revival as an international movement see John Thomas Nichol (1966) and Walter J. Hollenweger (1972). See Table III, Appendix II for population census by religion.
14. Bonfire night occurs every November 5th and is still celebrated by the lighting of bonfires throughout Newfoundland. The origins of the custom were not recalled by informants. However, the celebration appears to be consistent with the English custom of celebrating Guy Fawkes Day.

15. Alb and Will Saunders were brothers of James Saunders.
16. Husbands and children were not usually present in the house when babies were born. A common explanation given to children for the arrival of a new baby was that the midwife got it from the stump of an old tree. Blanche Powell, a cousin of Ruth's, recounts such an incident when she was ten years old in Main Brook: "I wasn't very old then. And Mom, I suppose she must have been expecting Kate. She took sick. And you had to get out of the house then. Whoever was in, kids, you had to get out. You couldn't hear a sound. And he (my father) said to me, "You and me will go down to Baldy Cove now!" And every time I go down there I think of that now. And he says, "You see that stump in there? That's the one you gets the babies out of." I didn't know the difference but I thought it was true. I said, "Yes". He said, "I bet now when we gets back home there'd be a baby home coming out of that stump." And when we got back home Kate was born."
17. The Bethesda Pentecostal Mission in St. John's opened in 1911. By the 1930s Pentecostal Assemblies were present throughout the island. See census material, Table I, Appendix I. Sid Saunders recounts his father's association with Pentecostalism in the late 1920s: "My father got in touch with the Pentecostals in St. John's with a lady come from England. Her name was Garrigus or something like that. She come to St. John's about fifty years ago. First time Pentecostal come to Newfoundland. She was the first one." See John Thomas Nichol (1966: 162) for a brief account of the evangelistic effort of Alice Garrigus in Newfoundland.
18. Historically, formal education was a product of the missionary work of the three major religious bodies (i.e., Roman Catholic, Anglican, Methodist). The Educational Act of 1848 made legislative provisions for a denomination system. See F. W. Rowe (1952) for the history of education in Newfoundland.
19. Caplin is a small salmonoid marine fish (Mallotus villosus) related to and resembling the smelts that are very abundant off Greenland, Iceland, Newfoundland and Alaska. Caplin is used both as food and as bait for cod.
20. William Thomason Grenfell, an English physician and missionary, served the Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland and Labrador for forty years (1890-1930s), build-

ing hospitals and nursing stations, establishing cooperative stores, clothing distribution centers, agricultural centers, schools, libraries and orphanages. His permanent hospital, cooperative store, orphanages and school complex in St. Anthony was referred to locally on the northeast coast as the Mission or Grenfell. A hospital was built at St. Anthony in the early 1900s which served as the headquarters for the International Grenfell Association. A concrete hospital replaced the wooden structure in 1927.

21. The depression that afflicted the Western world after 1929 completely overwhelmed Newfoundland's already struggling economy, which had been overtaxed by the war and by the cost of building a trans-island railway. In 1933 a royal commission recommended the suspension of the existing government. The inauguration of government by a commission responsible to the government of the UK occurred in 1934.

Sid explained why oil was scarce at that time: "Money was scarce. I couldn't say what the price of oil was then. 'Twasn't that dear. But was scarce. You'd want to save on matches. The same thing, see. Matches, you wouldn't burn. Now, we would because we never had no better sense. Our parents wouldn't burn any more matches than they had to do it. If you got down there lighting a fire and you was lighting matches in the wind or you wouldn't be getting your fire going with it, well, they'd stop it. They'd make sure that one match--or, pretty well sure--that this match you was lighting with would do the job.

22. The words jannying and mummering are common terms for the activities of disguised house-visitors over the twelve days of Christmas. While the term mummering is most frequently used on the south coast and in the Bay St. George and Codroy areas of the west coast, the terms janny and jannying are common to the west coast of the Great Northern Peninsula. See J.D.A. Widdowson (1969).

CHAPTER III

ADOLESCENCE: MAIN BROOK

WHATEVER MY FATHER TOLD ME TO DO, WELL
I THOUGHT I HAD TO DO IT AND THAT WAS THAT.

I was around eleven or twelve when I came to Main Brook.²³ I came up not by myself. Somebody brought me up. Up to St. Anthony. And I was there for a week in St. Anthony. Stayed at Mr. Finmore. Ben Finmore, they call him. I stayed there a week with them until they come out from here and brought me back then. I can remember I was going to the Salvation Army in St. Anthony. I was coming home from Barracks in the night. It wasn't late. It couldn't have been very late. Well, I suppose the service was over. And a dog chased me. A big black dog. And there happened to be a fence there. I jumped over the fence. Now, I don't know, the fence couldn't have been very high. But I got over that fence and got clear of that dog. The Finmores are dead now. They were some good too.

My father came to take me to Main Brook. When you went, you had to go by boat then.²⁴ When we come here it was all trees. Just the same as going into a big pond. Not more than that was all around us. Just trees, you know. Sid was with us and Gladys was with us then.

'Twas only five or six families here then. I suppose there must have been six families here when we came here all together. There was Mr. Coates. They lived down there. That's Andrew's grandparents. And, yes, his father was here too. Uncle Tom Coates and Uncle Andrew Coates. There was Uncle Alb. Ron Ollerhead. That's Stan's father. And Rub Pilgram. That's Maise's husband.

Uncle Will bought me a tame rabbit once. I always had pets. I keep it so long. I brought it in here. And somehow it got loose and went wild. And it went with the wild rabbits. And somebody shot it after. Shot it or slipped.²⁵ I don't know which. I don't remember. But I remembers about getting this rabbit what we brought in and it went wild. When we brought it in, we brought it in a tub.

I suppose it was one of the butter, you know. We used to get butter in tubs. A wooden tub with hooks on it. They'd get ten pounds tubs and some would be so high as thirty pounds.

My father got this girl. Beatrice Earl, from Griquet.²⁶ She's a good bit older than I am. I suppose she's seventy years old now. She was with us when she got married. She brought a little boy with her. Fred. Her own. I think he was two years old, close to it, when he come in here. He was close to two years old. I can remember now what he used to wear. Them times little boys would dress like girls with dresses on. And they'd have perhaps a red dress on then like an apron. They used to call it then a penny. And haul on over this red dress. And they had that for boys as well as girls. Perhaps two or three years old, they'd be wearing that. The boys would. You wouldn't think of dressing a boy like that now, would you?

Our first house didn't have very many rooms then. We had what they call a studded place first. Studded with logs put up and with moss. A cabin, you call it. A log cabin. At the first house, that's what I can remember about it. 'Twas only two rooms in that and the kitchen. It 'twasn't very big. We live in that until we could get lumber and build a place after. And we built this one, that was built right here. Could have been four or five years after. We lived in this house after we got married.

My father was cutting wood for the mission. The hospital. Grenfell Mission, you call it.²⁷ He used to sell wood out there summer time. And they used to have a net out for to get salmon for to eat and salt. But you didn't get anything for it. The price was low then. Furring in the winter. He used to fur in the fall. Foxes. I can't remember him getting any beaver or anything like that.²⁸ But I remembers one fall they got fifteen foxes and one of them was a white fox. I can't remember hearing of anyone talking of catching a white fox since. That's over forty years ago. There could be lots of white foxes just the same. Perhaps he got fifteen dollars or something like that a skin. 'Twasn't very much.

I can mind when he used to get up in the mornings and he used to walk across there. There was no getting on your skidoo or anything like that and going. 'Cause he used to walk. And he used to have a little camp down there. Just big enough to get in, his camp would be. Perhaps he'd be gone a couple of nights then before he'd come back. By and by, in the evening, perhaps after a couple of days you'd see him come back with whatever he'd got. Whether it was foxes, rabbits or birds.

There was no fences then. Very few little gardens that you could grow your vegetables in. 'Cause you had to have a fence then because some had cows. A scattered cow here or goats. People had goats. And some had sheep. You had to have whatever you had fenced in. And hens. Most everybody had a few hens, you know. Might be five or six hens. We had a garden. Would be potato or turnip or cabbage.

Whatever you cleared, you had to clear by hand. Pull out the trees with your hands or cut down the trees and burn it or something like that. It's hard to get the land cleared. Unless somebody had a horse. But first when we come here there was no horses here then. I remembers my father clearing land. I help him. I help him with small trees or roots or anything you'd pick it out. We never had no tractor or nothing like that, see. We all helped at it. Helped to get the wood and helped to clear our garden. Plant the garden.

There was no stages here cause nobody was fishing then anymore than salmon fishing,²⁹ Not then. 'Twas no cod fish caught here then. 'Cause you had to go a long ways out, see, and people had to use row boats and stuff like that, you know. 'Cause there was no speeding with outboard motors then.

First when we moved here, we could catch rabbits anywhere around here. Right down to the clothes line or anything then. I remember my father counting the traps for me. You know what they call the muskrat trap or something like that. And I couldn't set it myself, you know. And he'd set it and I'd go out and I'd put it out and get a rabbit. Not too often that was done, you know. But once in a while someone would put out a trap. Perhaps they thought a rabbit was too cute or something to notice the slip or something like that.³⁰ Some people called them snares. We always said slip but they always said snares. It seemed like the men used to bring home a lot of rabbits to eat then, see. I liked to do it. I liked it. I liked that work. Somebody was telling me the other day, I was an outdoor person.

When we moved in here, we'd be always waiting for the boats to come in. Perhaps they'd be gone a long time. Perhaps a week to make a trip to St. Anthony. On account of they said it used to blow too hard for to come in. And we'd always watch for them to come in then. Anxious for them to come for to get a candy when they come. Perhaps when they got around to have a candy apiece.

Perhaps you'd be expecting them to come for three or four days before they get here. Well, we'd be looking.

We'd be looking for this boat. That was the only excitement there was. We go down to the dock. Perhaps they'd come into the beach or something like that. 'Cause there wasn't a big boat. Now, perhaps they have a small one and moor their big one off and come into the shore in the small boat. We might get up on the roof of the house awhile and looking out the harbour for hours watching for them to come. We might not stay up there but you'd get up and look around and get back down. You was that anxious for them to come. And perhaps you'd be almost without food, then, while you were waiting for them to come with food, see.³¹ Could be they'd be gone so much as twelve, fourteen days at a time. The men would be gone and the women and children would be home, see. Waiting.

I didn't go to school that much, see. I went to school a little while there. The teacher used to take fancy work to school with her. Perhaps the whole school was no bigger than this room. The first school. I suppose she didn't have that much to do. Six or seven. I suppose she had that many. And she sit down by the stove with her feet up on the fender--we call it--in front of the stove. I suppose she used to put in a bit of wood.

There was Pearl, that's in Uncle Alb's family. She was my age. And there was Ella in Stan's family, handy about my age. And I don't remember anyone else. Pearl was my most girl friend, I guess. We'd be out getting the wood in the evenings. For each house we'd take turns. Perhaps she'd come down and help me, you know, and I'd go and help her. In water and wood, we worked together like that. We used to get the wood by the door. We get it for the night then. Perhaps we have what you call a cobby house build. A house. Some kind of a little house built up of sticks or boards or whatever we could get. We'd have that for a play house. Anyone that want to come in.

I can't remember what we be doing at night time. Anymore than matting, that's all. In the morning, we had to clear up from breakfast, wash dishes. And you know, sweep up. No canvas then. The floor was covered with mats. When you was twelve, scattered time you'd make bread or something like that. There was so much 'lotted out for you to do and you'd do it. It wouldn't be very much just the same, but. Things like getting wood or water or make up your own bed or wash dishes or sweep the house. That kind of thing. That's what you had to do. We didn't do much knitting at that time or sewing. When I was a little older, I had to sew.

I suppose there was only a few people here and we thought whatever we was told to, we had to do it and that was it. We tried to do it anyway. There wasn't much to know,

I guess, except these things. And you'd live with it. It didn't seem like to me that it was much to know about. What we was told to do, we had to do. We wouldn't answer our parents back and say, well, I'm not going to do it and do it yourself or something like that. We never done that in our lives as I know for. Whatever my father told me to do, well, I thought I had to do it and that was that. And go on and say well, you'd better. That's how we was brought up.

I can remember going out on my father's schooner in the spring. Going out to Griquet. They used to cut, then. They used to cut wood. They used to call 'em billets then. They wouldn't call it firewood. It was billets. I used to help at that. They cleave up the wood.

Sundays you'd go to church and then you go to Sunday school in the evening after dinner. Church at night, if there's church. You have to go. We didn't have a church here, not then. I suppose they used to have it in people's houses. Service in people's houses for so long until they build this little school. And then they used to have service in that. 'Twas the little school we was married in. I can remember going to people's houses for the service. (You sees the way the services is now up there in church?) The same as that in houses only you wouldn't have any music or anything. My father used to have to keep the service then. He was our minister at that time. But he wasn't an ordained minister.

I was a servant girl down at Griquet for a while with an Harold Peton. I was serving with Harold Peton. It might have been two or three months. I can't remembers how old I was but I remembers what I got a month. (You're going to laugh when I tells you.) Two-fifty. That's what a servant girl got then. I was in Main Brook so long and we used to go out there to Griquet for a while in the summer. My father would go out there too. He went back fishing. That's what he was at then. Fishing.

And I went serving with this woman. She was sick, this woman was. She had what they call T.B. at that time. Tuberculosis, they call it. I stayed with her for awhile. I think she had two children. Cyril was one of them. I can tell you what he said one time. He was having church now. Playing church. Two or three of them get together. And they were singing, "Go around the holy well. Praise God. Amen."

This was a place out there. Holy Well, they call it. This was a place and this is what they were singing. Go around the Holy Well. Praise God. Amen.

I also used to be with Abe Tucker. And his wife took sick and he had to take her to St. Anthony on dogs then.

Carry her to St. Anthony. She was expecting a baby. She lost it and he took her to St. Anthony. And I stayed with them so long until they run out themselves. Afterwards he took his family out. It might have been two or three weeks or until he took them out on a boat. I just can't remember now how long. But he had five kids, four or five kids. I do washing or cleaning the floor. Getting meals or baking bread. All that want to be done, you had to do.

When I worked for Harold Peton, you had to scrub board. All board floors. Perhaps I do it a couple of times a week. Scrub floors. And then you'd have to spread fish too. 'Cause they'd have big flakes.³² And then when it come time to take it up, you'd have to help take it up too. And then if there was hay to make for the sheep, you had to help out with that too. Pack up the hay and put it in linnets. Perhaps a whole piece of fish net and they'd have for to toss your hay into. For to bring it out. Some evenings you'd go visit your relatives. So much you had to do, then you could go. It was never that bad. The pay was the worst, I think. Low pay.

A lot of girls would go. 'Cause there was no other way to get hiring for money them times. Unless you went out like that. You'd be surprised now what you could get out of two-fifty at that time. I got enough cotton to make a dress and I got a pair of shoes. That's what I got. They wasn't new shoes all the same. They was second hand shoes. I got 'em cheap. That's the first money I can remember making. I can't remember what I made with Mr. Tucker. All I can remember is that his wife had a pair of tie rubbers then. Wasn't knee rubbers but tie rubbers. And they gave me them.

NOTES: CHAPTER III

23. Ron Ollerhead was the first settler in Main Brook. His daughter Maise recalls the early history of the settlement. "My father was the first settler in Main Brook. He came around 1921 or 22. He started salmon fishing in the summer, and in winter he used to catch furs. We had a garden and grew our own vegetables and kept our own cows. I was ten years old then. My father came here because he thought he could make a better living here than in St. Anthony's. Nothing to catch there except cod fish. There were no other families here. No family here for about two years. Then my uncle Alfred Simms. Then Mr. Saunders came here. Then Coates from Eddie's Cove."

There is some evidence of prior habitation in the area. Stan Ollerhead noted that "we don't know what was going on before we come here. Perhaps twenty years before we come in here that was a dock up here where they build some boats or something. They had a nice clearing. And they found a skeleton up on the point there. My father did, you know. There was someone here. There were forms of sod places around, you know. But there was no buildings left of any kind here. Any wood buildings or anything like that."

24. Ruth's father had a small schooner at that time which he owned along with his brother Alb Saunders and Rub Pilgram.
25. Rabbits (arctic hares) are usually taken in slips, small loops of wire set over their runs. Each slip is set high enough off the ground so the unwary rabbit will put his head through and be strangled. The rabbits are eaten fresh and also bottled.
26. Going into service was common in the Hare Bay area in the 1920s and 30s. In this capacity girls in their early teens (13-15) functioned as adult females in that they took over child care, housekeeping and, in some instances, fish processing. Reasons for going into service were illness on the part of wife or confinement during the nine days after childbirth.

Jessie, Ruth's sister-in-law, recalls being a servant girl in her grandmother's house at age twelve in

Griquet: "I was about twelve years old. It was my grandmother I was working for. She was paralyzed on one side. But she was living with her son and I'd works for her crowd too. I used to work in the stage and work at fish. At that time they were drying fish and I was helping to dry it. Helping to wash. Helping to do dishes. Whatever was work to be done, I done it. I was doing what had to be done in the house. Doing for her [the wife] and grandmother too. It was too much work for her to look after her family and grandmother too."

See Margaret Muir's (1977) discussion of how the beginning of domestic labour for girls and subsequently acquired skills serves both as a rite of passage to adulthood and a formal entry into the appropriate adult socio-spatial domain. Also, Nemeč (1972:31) refers to the term apprenticeship as it applies to the similar concept of the male acquisition of specific skills in life stages.

27. When he was ten, Stan Ollerhead recalls his father cutting wood for the Grenfell Mission in St. Anthony. "We had our own dogs. My father used to cut wood for the Grenfell. He use 'to use the axe. He didn't use the saw in there then. He cut three quarter cord of wood a day with just the axe. We pulled it on dogs. Me and my brother used to pull it, just the two of us. We pulled it. I used to go hanging on top of the wood pile."
28. Stan noted that beaver were almost extinct in Main Brook then. "All my young days, we was ten years in the country and never seen the beaver. There was no beaver in here then. There might have been a scatter one. You weren't allowed to touch 'em or shot them."
29. Salmon was plentiful in Main Brook when Stan was nine years old. "I remember up on the point, fishing-rod fishing. The river was full of salmon and trout, see, where we live, right on the point of the river. We always had to cut a long pole and a line, you know. Cut our own fishing poles, rods and hook with a bit of cork on it. We'd throw it out and a big trout just take it along right away. There was thousands of them."

Historically, Newfoundland's economic base has been closely aligned with the development of its natural resources. The island has undergone three phases: the fisheries, logging and mining. Newfoundland's

economy during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was based on the fishery, predominantly cod. However, by the turn of the century the price for the cod fishery was low. At that time the main impetus for industrial development shifted to the establishment of a lumber industry which was intended to replace the fishery as the major foundation of the Newfoundland economy. See the Report of the Newfoundland Royal Commission on Forestry (1955). As a secondary impetus, various mining operations were established or revitalized in the 1920s. The depression in the 1930s retarded industrialization, but the construction of U.S. military bases during World War II bolstered economy and industrial growth has been steady ever since. See Philbrook (1966) and Perlin (1959).

30. The setting of rabbit slips was a common activity for boys under ten. It served as a preliminary to furring activity which became a dominant activity by age twelve. Sid Saunders recalls setting traps as a boy.

"When I was eight I used to set rabbit traps. We had only to go about a few hundred yards from the house to set traps. I know the first house we built apart from the log cabin was built out of lumber. Oak. The rabbit slip was put in the doorway and I got a rabbit in the day. In the noon day. The rabbit when they gets hung, they eats juniper. Green juniper tops. I cuts a green sprig and puts it in the house and the slip across the doorway. And got a rabbit there in the noon day. When I was that young, in the whole season, I might get five or six rabbits."

31. The first grocery store was established in 1943. Prior to that, staple food was purchased in bulk from St. Anthony.
32. Flakes are wooden platforms where salted fish is laid over latticework and boughs to be dried in the sun.

CHAPTER IV

MARRIAGE

WE THOUGHT IT WAS THE HAPPIEST DAYS OF OUR LIFE.

I was married when I was seventeen. I can't remember when I started courting. Could be a couple of years we was going together. Perhaps I was fifteen, around there. Some used to call it courting. Some used to say sparking.

We could meet at somebody's home. 'Cause them times you couldn't get in a car. Here, there was no road. We'd meet on a footpath.³³ Like you're going in the trail in the country or something like that. That's all that was here. So you had to go out in the trees or somewhere like that or in someone's house. That's where we used to meet lots of times in somebody's house. I used to go into Mr. Tucker's home. And his wife was in the hospital. And I stay with their kids. I was serving there. And I used to go over to Maise's, you know. That's Stan's sister. Rub Pilgram's. There wasn't that many homes to go into here.

At Christmas time, perhaps there'd be a dance in sombody's home or something like that. You could meet there. But, I never went to a dance in my life.³⁴ I wasn't allowed to go. I remember one time there was a dance and that was in Uncle Alb Saunders' house. And my father let me go just to look into the window and see it. That's all. And it 'twasn't very many houses it happened in, you know. My father didn't believe in dancing or drinking or any of that kind of thing.

We were engaged, I guess a year before we was married. We didn't tell anybody.³⁵ I don't remember telling my girl friends. 'Twasn't any girl friends there at that time. There was only just Stan's sister Ella, we call her. My girl friend Pearl (that I was telling you about before), she was gone. It was hard to get along and she went to Goose Cove and went to school out there. She was gone a nice bit before I married. Just Ella was here. Stan's sister at that time.

The way it was then parents didn't want you to get married young. They wouldn't allow you to get married at that age. But still we went against his parents then. I don't suppose my father wanted it. He didn't say much about it at that time. I couldn't talk to my mother about it. We had to take the burden, whatever it was, I mean. But I suppose it all worked out for the good, just the same. We didn't have it that easy, I suppose. Still, I suppose there's not much to complain about. Lots have had harder with mothers than we had with none. We could look at it that way. It was hard. I thought it was hard at that time because our mother was gone. From a child, I thought it was hard. I used to think a lot about Sid, see, then. I used to go to bed and I'd cry. I used to cry myself to sleep then. Thinking about Sid. I feel that perhaps he wasn't getting, you know, the same as he should, you know, if he had a mother. Anyhow, that's what I think.

After we got married, Sid lived with me then. He lived with me till he got married himself. Wherever we went, he went with us.

I suppose Sid didn't know what was in my mind. And I didn't know what he thought of it either. I never ask him, you know, if he feel he wasn't treated right or anything like that. It could be he thought the same as I thought. I don't know. I never, even up to now, I never told him I used to do that. And nobody knowed that I was doing it. I done it in my room. And nobody knowed it until I got grown up. Then once in a while afterwards I spoke about it. The way I feel about Sid, you know, and no mother. I didn't feel the same way about Gladys. I don't know why. Because I suppose I thought she was big enough to take care of herself. She was older than that.

I never talked to Sid about going out with Jessie. Courting Jessie. We didn't talk to our parents about it then. I suppose some did. Could be some did. I don't know why. I guess they didn't have so much understanding as they did now. I suppose could be. Young people thought their parents would say no. The parents seemed to be more stricter than we is now. Still, it didn't seem like it made all the difference, just the same. You had your certain hours to go out and in which they haven't got now. We had to be in there by half past nine or ten o'clock. You was told to come in and you had to be in by that time. But now, today, I don't suppose they get hours to come in. Lots don't. I know there might be some but not very many.

I had to be in at a certain hour. If I didn't my father went and looking for me. He come out looking for me once--(you're going to laugh at this)--and Stan was coming home with me, this time. And he had, you know, the barrels.

They used to have barrels then. Flour barrels. And he had a stave. Stave, it was called. You know, the boards in between. Well, he had a stave in his hand. He gave me a crack on the backside with that stave. Stan was there. Stan laughed. (And this is on your tape.) Stan laughed. Stan told him not to be so cross. Don't you be so cross. That's all he said to him too. He said that to my father. Told him not to be so cross. I was moaning in the bed before he got home. As fast as I could go, I went.

I guess he was strict. There was lots was. But lots would go against their parents more than I would. According to what I used to hear about it, you know. That Ella now, Stan's sister, well, she'd go. If they told her not to go, she might go upstairs and if there was a ladder there, she might clear through the window. I knowed her do that, you know. She'd go anyway, whether they told her not to go or no. But I wouldn't do that. Because I'd be afraid to do that.

Our wedding day was in April month, that was. April 22nd. 'Cause it was all frozen over here then. And we got married in little school. I was telling you about the double wedding and this first school that 'twas in Main Brook. Beatrice Earle was still living with us. We had a double wedding.³⁶ The first wedding that was in Main Brook, as I know for.

(Well, I'll tell you what we had then.) Our dresses was hand made here in the place. Mine was blue. Two of them was blue, I believe. One was deeper coloured than the other. But I can't remember now just what colour it was. And Aunt Kiss Coates, we call her.³⁷ That's who made mine. They were long dresses. We didn't have any flowers. There's no flowers around then.

Stan came to he on the dog team to get the Salvation Army officer. He was a big man and he brought him over on dogs. Well, the next morning he had to get up then and take the minister back again. Back to Englee again. He didn't talk to the minister before that. He went over and picked him up and brought him over again. That's all. 'Twas no way then to talk before. You had to be there to get news then. At that time there was no other way. There was no notifying or anything. It's not like it is now. You could take a person and go and marry him and that's all there was to it then, see. Up on the Point there, you know, where the river runs out, that's where we had the tea. The supper, you call it, I suppose.

We didn't collect anything then. Like a hope chest. Just didn't collect. You'd be surprised what little there was to get at that time in a place like this. There was

only a half a dozen families here, see. Nobody had anything more than the other. Or very little more than the other. And we was like, in an isolated place and we didn't know much about the world.

You didn't get engagement rings in those days. You were lucky if you got a ring to get married them days. And rings didn't cost much then. I believe a gold ring would be five dollars then. (So I suppose you paid five dollars. Well, Stan you knows what it was. Because you brought it out to Murray's somewhere. In St. Anthony it was five dollars. I don't know how long that was before we got married. I can't remember now. It could be a few months or something like that. Could be three or four months. I don't know for sure.

I didn't wear it. But I made people know that I had it. Beatrice know that I had the ring. And my father, I suppose he knowed. As far as I know he did. Perhaps he was glad that I was getting married then. I don't know. I suppose the two rings were brought in. Beatrice and mine. As far as I know they could have been brought in at the same time from St. Anthony.

I lost mine. I lost my wedding ring and I lost my mother's wedding ring. Lost two wedding rings. My mother's. I wore it so long but it was too big. That's why I lost it. I was going to the post office and I had two small--that's Roy and Ray--and they were small at that time. So, I said, "You stay there now till I comes back." And so I run. Run part of the way. And I suppose the flip of my hands, I lost it. And I never feel it when it come off. My father gave it to me after my mother was dead. My father wasn't home at that time. He wasn't to the wedding. He was working, I believe, in Roddickton at that time.

That's the first wedding that was ever here that I know anything about or anyone I suppose does. You know, people got married. There's Maise and Rub, and Ella and Howard. Well, they went out to St. Anthony to get married, see. We didn't. I suppose it was the wrong time in the year to see for that. Because you had to go on dog team. That was the only way of getting to St. Anthony at that time was on dog team.

Beatrice and me never planned no double wedding till, I suppose we knowed it was going to be. We didn't know how it was going to be. We planned to get married at the same time but we didn't know it was going to be a double wedding. I didn't know till we came to school I suppose.

I tell you, the first wedding that I attended--known that I was too--was our own. The first wedding as I

know for. Stan was nineteen. Young for a man, isn't it? Jessie's sister got married to Isaac Williams. That's sixteen years old. Isaac was sixteen when he was married. For a man, I suppose, at twenty-five is a good age to get married. Twenty-five. That's my father was married at twenty-five.

I never seen a wedding before I got married myself. I didn't know anything about it. We had to go to Mrs. Piley then, Mrs. Bert Piley, and find out what we had to say. We didn't know what we had to do. And she explained it so much to us, you know, what we had to do. We just went in the church as if we knew all about it. She told us a day or two before. Somewhere around that.

'Twas only, I suppose a dozen people. A dozen, no more than that, I suppose, to the tea that they had. It was in Stan's father's house, this was. And that where we kept up the double wedding now.³⁸ We walked up there. We had to walk then. Beatrice went up and her husband Gasper Coles. I suppose Maise and Rub was there and my Uncle Rub. That's Blanche's father. He was the bride's boy and Stan's sister Gertie was the bride's girl for me. And Gasper and Beat and them had Aunt Mary and Uncle Alf. That's theirs.

I was going to speak about the gifts we had then. I don't remember but I think one woman gave me a dish and gave her a dish. That was Mrs. Piley. Mrs. Bert Piley. And Stan's mother gave me a pepper and salt shaker. And I don't know what gifts she had other than that one.

And I suppose a little while after that, I suppose it could be a couple of months, before I got another gift. And that was from my father gave me a Bible. I got a Bible here now. And that was all the gifts we had. No money gifts. Perhaps there was no money in the place.

We walked over to the tea. We walked over and there was no roads then. We walked on the ice around by the shore. There was no path. There might have been like now, you come up the road and you see the tracks in the snow. Well, a scattered one. You know, that's all. I don't know if you call it a happy walk or no because it was right water and snow, all mixed together. But we thought it was alright then. We thought we was doing wonderful good. I don't know what Stan thought of it. I thought it was wonderful. The happiest days, I suppose. We thought it was the happiest days of our life. Anyway, we was getting married.

NOTES: CHAPTER IV

33. For courting practices in the early 1900s in outport Newfoundland and subsequent contemporary changes, see Karen Szala (1978). It was customary for most villages to have one road that runs the length of the community with footpaths intersecting or jutting off of the main road. Groups of young men would go walking up and down the road and footpaths for the purpose of meeting young girls.
34. Devout Pentecostals did not participate in "Times", e.g., dances, card parties, soup suppers, concerts and plays held either for church or school fund raising purposes or for a purely social function. "Times" were traditionally held in homes and later in church halls or school.
35. There was no established tradition for formal engagements or announcements. Couples are cautious about keeping their relationships hidden from other villagers when courting. Most villagers eventually learn of its existence. While observers may discuss it among themselves, it is customary to refrain from talking with the couple directly or with other villagers openly. Couples are discrete about their activities, especially keeping information from their parents. They might speak in confidence to their siblings or age mates.
36. Beatrice Earl married Gasper Coles.
37. Individuals (except parents and grandparents) who stand as members of the ascending generations are referred to by ego as aunt or uncle. These relational prefixes are attached to names not solely to indicate relationship between ego and his or her parents' siblings, but serve as forms of polite and respectful address to almost all persons in the ascending generations who are approaching old age.
38. A distinction is made between the term marriage and wedding. According to local usage, marriages are legal/religious solemnizations of the marital union; weddings are the social get-togethers afterwards. The religious service occurred at night, usually about seven o'clock. Preparation for the marriage

was minimal other than contacting the minister. Kinswomen prepared the wedding, which was usually a tea or supper. Jessie Saunders recalls the preparation for her wedding day. "Regard myself, I didn't have much bother. I didn't have that much to be bothered with to tell you the truth. Never see a wedding or that here in the morning. It's all after supper. Well, about six-thirty and seven o'clock. That's usually the times for weddings here. We was married in the church and we had the wedding in the school after."

CHAPTER V
MARRIED LIFE

I WAS CONTENT HERE IN MAIN BROOK.
I NEVER THOUGHT ABOUT ANYTHING ELSE.

We lived in my father's house after the wedding. I was living there before I married. Gasper Coles had a house of his own just along side of ours where Sid lives to now, that. From here to there, that's all. Where we're to now, that's all the distance we lived apart.

My father's house was just like what a small house would be like now. We didn't have any basements here at that time. Not in this place. There was a lot of work to that that had to be done by hand, you know. If you wanted it done, it would be a lot of work for a person to dig out and do a basement. You had to make cellars then, you know, for your potatoes and that. Dig a small place and perhaps put some sticks down. Make it like a studded cabin. My father's house had no living-room. A kitchen and bedrooms. Had a pantry for your groceries and dishes and things and a couple of bedrooms. And a wood porch. That's all.

Jim was my first baby. The pregnancy was hard at times. I used to talk to Beatrice about it. When I feel something wrong perhaps I go to her, you know. She was living just where Sid and them lives now. Perhaps Ella, that's Stan's sister, or Maise were pregnant then at the same time. They got children the same age as some of our children. First there was Jim and Olive and then there's Isabel and Irene. And then there's Roy and Ray. Ray is the youngest now.

When it comes to Jim and Olive, regards to when they was born, it seems like I can't remember much about it. Since it was that long, you know. And it seems like with them I didn't have any problems you know. The time come. That's all you done, then, you go up for Aunt Mary. One of you takes sick. You takes expecting the baby now. Now, it's Aunt Mary. Go for Aunt Mary.³⁹ Aunt Mary Simms.

You know where George Simms lives now. Well, that's how far we had to go to get our nurse. Jim was born the seventh of November. Not very long ago he was forty-three then.

Stan went to get Aunt Mary. But I can't remember whether it was in the day or in the night. At times Aunt Mary had another woman with her but not always. Mostly she did. She called for Aunt Jess. That was Blanche's mother now.⁴⁰ Lots of times she'd come with her, see. And help her what she could you know. If anything she needed or anything like that. Aunt Mary would come only just within the hour. Could be an hour or so, you know. 'Cause you knowed you were expecting the baby then. You had the labour pains that the baby was coming. You'd wait until you was sure it was the right thing.

I do remember who was with me at the first one. That was Andrew Coate's mother. Aunt Kiss we call her. She was with me for the first one.

But that was a bit hard. First baby's hard. It's painful. It's almost like someone cutting you with a knife. That's what it's like to me. If somebody cut me with a knife, I'd feel no worse. I was in labour a nice while for the first one. Seemed like the others weren't so bad. At that time there was no doctor to give you stitches after the baby.⁴¹ You just went on like you was. You let it heal by yourself. But they tried to do the best they could anyway, the women. I never had to call a doctor until the last one I did. It was real bad, the last one.

Aunt Mary would come pretty well every day. She always keep me in bed nine days.⁴² Oh, you had to stay in bed. She wouldn't like for you to get up. I suppose it was to rest your body so your body would be good, you know. You need the rest. She figured that was best for yea. You wouldn't get cold or anything. She would come in and dress the baby and go on again. Fix your bed up and dress the baby and then she'd go again.

She didn't tell us how to take care of the baby. We'd know how to do it, I suppose. Birthing a baby like they does now, I never know anything about it. I never heard it before. The baby spent the nine days in bed with you. 'Twas alright until you got more. But when you coming getting two or three small ones, well, it wouldn't be so good then. They'd want to come into bed too.

I made my own baby clothes what you needed. (I'll tell you now something.) When I was getting ready for Jim, I had five dollars. That's all I had to buy the baby's clothes with. And I got down there now and I seen a nice

set I liked to have. That was a jug and a wash basin set. There was a pan with it and then there was a jug which stood in the pan. And then there was a little soap dish about that long, I guess. And a comb dish and a pot. You know, a pee pot you call it. Was there. And 'twas blue. The colour was blue and it was flowers all around it. It was real nice, it was. And I'm not sure but I believe that it was two-fifty. Anyway, the rest of the money I took and I bought flannelette. And I had a pink flannelette and I had another kind was a little white with a tiny flower on it. I had some of that. And that's what I trimmed each side of his gowns up, you know. Made them and trimmed them. That's what I bought out of five dollars. A piece of flannelette to make his clothes and this set. I made nightgowns too besides. Could be I had a bit of striped flannelette or another type of flannelette. I made blankets too. Nobody'd give you any clothes. Not like they do now. 'Cause I don't think at that time they had any much themselves.

It seems that we went down to a baptism service in Griquet that time I had five dollars.⁴³ People in Griquet was getting baptized. But I can't remember anyone in particular. Could be five or six. Adults. Mostly, I think. It was a Pentecostal baptism. I must have been five months pregnant. About that. We went by boat. Seems like it was Bert Piley's boat we went down in. Bert Piley went down too.

We named Jim after my father. My father's name was Jim, see. I don't think he was dedicated before in the winter.⁴⁴ In March month, I suppose. I'm not sure. It was Mr. Judd. Pastor Judd come in on dogs. And he dedicate Jim. I don't know what he was doing here. Perhaps maybe he was cutting logs, or rabbit catching or something. He used to stay here overnight. He was Pentecostal. He dedicated Jim in the house, in the home. Just our own selves and the minister came.

Once in a while there'd be others come to stay. There'd be some Pateys from St. Anthony come here. They come for rabbits or anything else. I don't know if they come to cut wood for to take out in the summer. I can mind them coming in here. A nice bit, the Pateys used to. George Patey. Garell Patey. Just friends, that's all. Not relatives. This was friends of my father's then at that time. I don't know if they ever come in after we got married. But they used to come. My father used to go out there. Go there and go to St. Anthony. That's where he used to go.

Once in a while a stranger would come. A scattered one come. I remember somebody coming one time. Like they

said, the first time I seen sweet potatoes. And I don't remember what they was here for at that time to come through here. They had sweet potatoes in tins. I think it was in tins. Sweet potatoes. The first time ever I tasted. He stayed here in the house. I can't remember any more than that one stranger.

There was two years and a half I guess between Jim and Olive. Well, two years anyway. Now, I can't remember just what happened at Olive's birth or how it happened. Only she borned a baby. It seems I can't remember much about Olive, when Olive was born. What happened or anything. She was born in January. The twenty-second of January. When I was pregnant I did the work that had to be done. When Stan was gone I did. But a lot of time then he used to be home. I suppose he could have been home when Olive was born because I can't remember having a girl at that time to come in. So he must have done the work there was. I remember him bringing the baby, the next one, to the bed. He wasn't toilet trained or something like that. If they happened to mess the diaper, well, he'd bring them in for me to clean. He didn't like to be at that work. I remembers that.

The same man that dedicated Jim, he dedicated Olive. Pastor Judd. He must have come in the winter for rabbit catching, or something or other like that. Or logging. I don't know which. He usually come in the winter. He lived in Griquet. I can't tell much about Olive because I don't remember much about it myself.

Olive and Jim seemed to be healthy enough. You feed 'em with breast milk then. Most mothers done that. Breast feed their babies. It could be seven or eight or nine months. Around here. And then perhaps, after they get so old you start in cereals. Well, it could be rolled oats you used to have then. (You knows what rolled oats is?) And you would have to put that in water. You strained it. You know, before first giving it to the baby.

There was lots of things we had to do without in the Depression. Certainly, we didn't understand at that time because I suppose we didn't know that much what was going on then. We didn't have much clothes at that time. Much food, I suppose. Not like you get now. We didn't have any fruit or anything like that. Or milk, just what you got from a cow, once in a while. That's all we had. There was nobody that I know but that had something to eat, you know. There might be times that you didn't have sugar in the house to put in the tea. I minds there was times when we never had no butter. You know, not enough to grease a pan for to put bread into it. I can mind about

that. That was while they was gone to St. Anthony to pick up the groceries there. We had to wait for them to come back with it then. Probably Stan would go.

Lots of time they'd catch a load of rabbits and take out. And put it on dogs, on dogs teams. It would be thirty-five cents a pair for rabbits. They was cleaned and all. Skinned. Not always, but there was times I could remember having rabbit skinned and taken in. We couldn't get any food here. Not at that time. Several years we never had no grocery store here at all.

When we were young, as long as we had a place to lie down and something to eat, it seemed like we never worried about it being the Depression. I know the parents worried about it all the same.

My father came to live with us that first year. He must have. Cause after that he went to Labrador. That summer. It must have been that summer he come. We were married in April and he left for Labrador that summer. The boat Pop went to Labrador in was the Gospel Messenger.⁴⁵ I don't remember him telling us anything about going to Labrador that first time. I can't remember now. Perhaps he made half a dozen trips to Labrador. You know, he used to come up and go back again. One time the women in Roddickton, I can remember about them baking pies and cakes to give 'em, you know, for their trip. 'Cause I don't know how long they'd be on that trip before they got there. Perhaps a week. 'Cause they'd be calling in different places, see, as they went. He went with Mr. Tuck.

I remembers they used to talk about being ministers. He lived over there, just on the Point. It's Mr. Tuck, we're talking about. And he used to come over. He spent a lot of time with my father with the Bible. That's what they'd be at. The Bible. Had the table took over and the Bible. Studying the Bible and talking about the Bible, you know. I just listen, you know. I got a lot out of it. I got a lot from the Bible.

Now, when I hears different parts of the Bible mentioned, I know I think back and I knows where I got it from. I knows I got it from them. They talked a lot about the Bible. And what was coming to pass. The Bible speaks about it coming to pass. About the last days and wars and earthquakes and all these things, you know.

Mr. Tuck wasn't a minister. But he could take part in service, you know. And he was a wonderful study man, you know. He was sure of anything he was saying was right, you know, before he say it. He made sure it was right before he say it. He try to, you know. That's the kind of person

he was. And he's a person perhaps he'd get up and go all day without eating. Lots of days he would. He would go without meals. I suppose you call it fasting. But still, it didn't seem like he used to lose any weight after all that. I don't know why he fasted, if there was any reason. Or whether it was for praying and fasting. Perhaps he was praying in his mind, I don't know. Maybe he did and I didn't notice it. But I used to hear talk of Mr. Tuck. He'd be gone with no breakfast in the mornings.

My father got a calling from the Spirit⁴⁶ He never talked to me about it. But I knowed it. I mean, I suppose I heard him talking about it. I listen to him, you know, speaking to other people about it. I know it was a good bit he used to say about it.

I was content here in Main Brook. I never thought about anything else. We never heard anything about the rest of the world. A scattered thing you'd hear. 'Cause there was no radios then. Back them days.

NOTES: CHAPTER V

39. Aunt Mary Simms was the local nurse-midwife for Main Brook. Women did not consult the midwife until advanced labour was in progress. Difficulties experienced throughout pregnancy were discussed with neighbouring women or kinswomen who lived nearby. Pregnancy was viewed as a natural process that did not require medical assistance prior to the immediate delivery process.
40. Blanche Saunders was the daughter of Alb Saunders and a cousin of Ruth's.
41. When Gordon Thomas arrived in St. Anthony in 1946 on a three year contract as associate medical officer, Grenfell had five nursing stations: Mutton Bay on the Quebec Labrador, Forteau, Mary's Harbour, Flower's Cove and Roddickton. There were four hospitals: North West River, Cartwright, Harrington (Quebec) and St. Anthony. He noted that the biggest fight then was against tuberculosis and much of the surgery done was for tuberculosis in its many manifestations.
42. It was a custom to keep women in bed for nine days after giving birth. During that period of time neighbouring women or kinswomen would perform household tasks or a serving girl would be hired. Stan recalls, "I know I used to come home and there was no girls to get then. To take care of the house. In some cases I had to do the cooking for her for a couple of weeks. And I took care of the house, like that. Baking was the most problem, the rest of it, I mean, far as washing up dishes, that was no. The baking was the problem with the man. I don't know if other men had to do it, you know. I might have mentioned I made the bed this morning or I had to make bread and this kind of stuff. It was never discussed. I guess other men had done the same thing. They might have but I wouldn't know that. It wasn't the general thing."
43. The Pentecostal Church practised adult emersion for baptism rites. The services were occasions for devout Pentecostals from neighbouring outports to come together as well as curious onlookers from the outport itself. Sid Saunders described his baptism which occurred in Main Brook in the early 1950s. "I was baptized after

I was saved. It could be fifty or sixty people out there. That was the majority of people that was here at that time. I was determined to go and be baptized. It was obedience and it was only me. I was the only one. That was in September I guess, just beside the government wharf. Right where the church is now."

44. Infant baptism is not practised in the Pentecostal Church. However, infants of devout Pentecostals were dedicated to God in a simple private ceremony performed in the home by a minister. In later years, this ceremony occurred in the church.
45. The Gospel Messenger was a mission boat used by the Newfoundland Pentecostal Assemblies to evangelize the Labrador Coast and the French Shore of northern Newfoundland. See Garrigus (1937).
46. A call to preach is personal in nature and is described as a feeling or conviction. It bears a resemblance to the feeling aroused in other religious experiences such as when an individual experiences the need to be saved. A call is always ratified by the Pentecostal community. Sid described his father's call to preach the Gospel in Port O'Simpson.

"Well, he got a feeling that he wanted to go, I suppose. Usually you gets like a calling from the Lord, see. Well, the Lord wants you to go preaching the Gospel. He described this to the people of the Pentecostal movement--the kind of calling he got to go preach the Gospel to Port O'Simpson. Like if I had a conviction I wanted to be saved and I had a feeling of discontent with the life I was leading. I know for sure that the Lord wanted me to repent my sins and be saved. And so I suppose some kind of feeling like this you gets when you want to go preach the Gospel. And like you gets the feeling that you got this on your mind that you should go down to Port O'Simpson to preach the Gospel and build a church. And I suppose he described this feeling to the Pentecostal movement and they accepted and said yes you can go."

CHAPTER VI

RODDICKTON

AND I FOUND IT HARD TO LEAVE OVER THERE. I
KNOWED WHAT I HAD TO FACE WHEN I COME BACK.
I KNOWED IT WASN'T MUCH. THERE WAS NO ROADS
THEN. AND ALL ALONG THE BACK OF US WAS TREES.

We moved to Roddickton then.⁴⁷ I suppose Stan thought for employment. Saunders and Howell was just starting there, see, at that time. We thought it was going to be good over there. But after the war started then and that put it back somewhat. I don't remember now if I wanted to go or no. But I knows I didn't want to come back when I come. I didn't want to leave. I don't know why I didn't. I just didn't want to come back here when I come back. Not because it was so much better over there than here all the same.

We packed the furniture and took it. What we had. I can tell you that was a small lot of furniture we had at that time. Just wasn't no burden to just pack up your furniture. A few hours, I suppose, and you had it all packed up. It wasn't very long. We went on this boat, the River Bride. Mr. Alb Tucker and Mr. Art Dalh. That was a few men that were on the boat. Two of 'em is dead now. This was what you would call a schooner boat, I suppose. It went down the Straits or somewhere like that. I don't know where he used to go. I don't know what they used that boat for. I remember I got seasick. I didn't like boats because I used to get seasick. We didn't have anything to take. A can or a bucket or something like that was all. Never got over it. I can't remember if the children got seasick or not. They must have, I suppose. Jim must have, I suppose. 'Cause I know after he got grown up he must have got seasick. He was seasick then. Well, we leave here and it took us about ten hours to get to Roddickton. I never got over it that day. Being seasick.

When we got to Roddickton, we lived at Mrs. Piley's. Bert Piley's. She lived here one time. Before that, you know, she lived here. Knowed her quite well then. We

stayed there, it could be a week. She had young children then. She had a big family. I guess they found it hard to have extra people. I guess they did but they, you know, they wouldn't say anything about it. But I guess they found it hard. I suppose there was things you would help with when it come to meals, things like that. You'd try to do the best you could to help out. I can remember one thing she cooked when we went there. It was a bread pudding. She put rolled oats in her bread pudding. And that was the first time I seen that done. I made it different times after. I liked it but a lot of people didn't. I know Olive, our Olive, she didn't like. I liked it with the rolled oats into it.

After that we moved into our own place. It was a new place that Stan and they build up in a week. I can't remember doing anything to help until I moved up there. I might have tried to help him the best way I could. I wasn't much of a carpenter. I was glad to be getting into our own place. It was our first place. Our own.

We just lived in Roddickton about two years. Two years, about that. And one of them winters we spent in the bush. They built a cabin, a log cabin I suppose. 'Cause I can mind about the floor they had in there now. Well, Olive was small at that time. (Stan, I'm going to tell her this if you wants to hear it or no.) But I couldn't let her out on the floor 'cause her feet would go down in the seams. 'Twas chopped sticks. Just one side chopped off. And if you put her down on the floor, her feet would go down, so I had to keep her in at that time. I'll tell you what I kepted her in too. This trunk Stan brought from St. Anthony. I put her in the trunk all day. That's where I had her too. Like a playpen. And the cover, I'd have to something, a bench or something, a stool in under the cover to get it up, you know, so it wouldn't fall down on the floor. I suppose she had something to play with but I can't remember what she had to play with. And this is where we spent one winter. In there. A month or so.

Now, I can mind it being in the spring of the year when, you know, the birds began to get out. You know, the little birds and that. Stan and Gasper Coles was in there, and I cooked for them, you know, while I was in there. And they went away one night. They leave me by myself there. Just Olive and Isabel by myself. Jim was afraid. He used to be afraid. He was big enough to be afraid. You know, he'd hear the ice candles^{wq} dropping off of the camp outside. Down over. He used to scrabble into me and hold on. And this night they went away and leave me by myself. And we had the highest bunks, beds, we had then. Was

build up, you know. And that's where I got and took them with me that night. 'Cause there was a wizzle⁴⁹ out by the door. Used to come out by the door.

And he'd be in the wood close up again the door. A pile of wood for me while he was gone. And he peep out through the wood. Sometimes he'd come and go around the window. He'd go right fast. And at that time I'd have a hen then. I had a hen then. I suppose the hen used to make a noise, see. And I suppose that the wizzle heard. But he didn't happen to get in. But I was some scared by the wizzle. Afraid he would come in. We had some kind of a coop for the hen. A coop, we used to call it then. It was only one hen. It wasn't much bother.

We were about three or four miles away from anyone. And Stan was leaving me by myself. I said when he was going, I said, "Now, I'm not staying here anymore than one night all by myself." 'Cause I was scared then. 'Twas alright as long as it was daylight. But then, I used to take them. Take them and walk around with 'em outside wherever they had a road made. A footpath or something like that. If it was a nice day, I'd get out like that. I don't know but seems like we had a little sleigh in there at the time too. For hauling around. I can mind it was in the spring. Well, it must have been perhaps in March month. It was much alike in both places then. In Roddickton and in the bush. But when we got back to Roddickton we had right where we live, there's a family on each side of us.

Mr. Piley and then there was Gasper Coles. That was the first winter we went over there, that was. We knew them well. That was Gasper Coles' wife and Mr. Bert Piley's wife. We used to visit one another quite often. The next winter, Isabel was born. Next March. March month of the second year.

It was a pretty easy pregnancy. Seemed to be. I can mind, Stan was over here at the time then. His father was after cutting, sawing his hand. His father sawed his hand. So he had to come over here and, you know, go in the mill. Just hisself, now, that was. And I was over there in Roddickton. And my father was over there at the time with us, you know. He used to get the firewood and I suppose the water. I can't remember about the water but I suppose he used to get.

Stan must have been in Main Brook a month, I suppose. And when the time come for Isabel to be born, my father went and got the midwife. And he was gone, seemed like he was gone a long time. Maybe he had to go up Northeast. Northeast Brook. I don't know how far away it

was. Perhaps a half a mile. That's how far he'd have to go. He'd walk there to get this woman, this midwife. And when he got there, they was having a wedding. Her daughter was getting married. So, I suppose that took her a long time before she got back. When they got back, Isabel was born.

I wasn't alone. Mrs. Piley come over. This was Mrs. Bert Piley again. She come over and took the baby. And, you know, seen to the baby until this woman come in. And at that time, Stan's sister was up there. Floss.⁵⁰ And they had a piece built onto our home big enough for a room and a kitchen. On ours. That's George Simms. In Roddickton. So, she was expecting a baby right at the time. A month's difference between her baby and mine. And I called her and called her and she never heard me. She never heard me. But Mrs. Piley was there. She seen to the baby until this woman come in.

I didn't seem to get frightened. No. That's how we went through. Everybody was alike. As long as somebody was there, it seemed like it took the burden. You weren't frightened as much. Didn't seem like I was. As long as somebody was there. Mrs. Piley just lifted the baby up and waited till the woman come in. That's all. I remembers Isabel, how fat and short she was. She was fat. Then she was ever so many days before Stan seen her. I know I was up and going around when he got back from there.

The midwife was a Mrs. Dempsey. I didn't know her that well, you know. I know she was the midwife. I think at that time there was a nurse stationed in Roddickton, just the same. But I know a lot of women got the midwife. One of the company houses was over there. And I suppose if you wanted her bad, you got her. I didn't need her that time. I was too quick for her.

There was two midwives there at the same time because when Floss' baby come along now, she had another one. Was Mrs. Simms. But they thought Mrs. Simms was better. A better women. But I don't know what the difference was in them. I was there when her baby was born. That was the first birth that I saw. I saw two babies ever I seen born. I seen one after that. I was there when her baby was born. I don't think I'd be much good as a midwife. If they have the pains, I'd have them too. So that wasn't much good. You're not much good when you're like that. I suppose going through it so many times yourself you feel that they was going through the same thing, so.

It was good to have Floss nearby. There was things we had wrong with us different. One had different from another. She had a sore mouth. O my, what a sore mouth she had when she was carrying her baby. I don't know what caused it. But she had some bad mouth. And she tried a lot of things to see if them help. But I don't think anything help. It was something that was going at that time.

I didn't have anything wrong anymore than I was tired and weak. I mind one time I got washing and I couldn't do it. And I cried then. Beatrice come down and finish the wash for me that day. 'Cause you had to bend over the tub then. You had the board in the tub. (You've seen a washboard, have you?) Well, you had that in the tub. Well, bending over and it was hard. Perhaps two or three times a week, you'd wash when you had small kids. 'Cause you had to wash diapers and things like that because there was no Pampers or things like that. (Do you know anything about Pampers?)

Perhaps you'd be doing knitting or sewing or stuff. Things like that, you know. But you never had a sewing machine then, what you done, you did with your fingers. And perhaps then if somebody else had a sewing machine, you'd go out to somebody's house and you'd sew so much on their sewing machine. I remembers doing that until I got one of my own. Or you'd get a loan of a machine or something. Oh, it was only just the hand machines usually. No electricity at that time. I'd sew clothes for Olive or Isabel or Jim.

Jim was only just two years old or something like that. I made a suit of clothes apiece. Used a grey blanket to make two suits. A suit apiece. It wasn't hardly enough. Well, around the waist--there, the pants--I had to put say that much another different colour. Well, the coat used to cover that when they was wearing it. You couldn't see it.

I had three then. You did them up fast. There was one person's job, I suppose, to see to them. 'Cause you knows what they was like, they was all together. Whatever they could get in, they was in. Took up all the time. Anyone who has babies knows what it is. (You don't know what it is yet? But your turn will come.)

Stan would help when I was sick. Not that much then. I suppose he didn't understand much about what it was to go through. In later years, then I suppose he seen that I was going through a lot. Fast. You know, having kids fast. Very close together. Less than two years, I know some of them was apart. I was, you might say skin

and bones at that time. I gained, you know, between each baby. I gained a few pounds. And then I get pregnant again. I lose it again. So I never gained up. I was less than a hundred pounds, I suppose.

I can't mind of ever complaining to Stan that I was having 'em. You know, that I shouldn't be having these babies. Well, at that time you thought you, and a lot of people tell you the same thing, you thought that if you was having a family that it was the lot of you for it and that was it. You had to have them. We thought there was nothing we could do about it. That's all. I never heard anyone else complaining but, I heard tell of women getting cross just the same with their husbands because they were going to have this baby and they didn't want it. I heard talk of it. Seemed like you never heard talk of birth control or anything like that. Never. We never ever used anything to try to keep clear of getting babies.

Aunt Mary would say, "The more, the merrier," she said. She always talk of what you could have, have 'em and that was it. She never went through it all herself, see. That would make the difference, eh? She only had two kids herself. And you take somebody have seven, twelve or thirteen and you was carrying a baby. Perhaps eight or ten more in the house to see to. You can imagine now what we was going through, eh? 'Cause I knows it myself what I went through with all of them. There's times when I had to lie my head down, you know, morning sickness. When I got the month pregnant, you could look out then, that was coming. It would last a month or two. And when they were small, two or three small ones, I'd get my head lied only for a minute. You know, trying to rest myself and the next thing I knew perhaps one of them would be up. Climbing up perhaps after something and I'd have to get up then.

Well, Mrs. Piley, when I wanted to go to church or something, she used to take Olive and Jim and take care of them.⁵¹ I want to go to church or perhaps sometime to a wedding. Mind, I remember there was a couple of weddings over there in Roddickton at that time and I was asked to them. So, I went to the weddings. And I remember one, they was up in years. They are living here. That's Billy Patey and his wife Annie. They're up in their seventies now. That was one of the weddings when we was over there. But they never had it like we has it now. They'd have the service over in the church. Then the people all sat around, you know, around wherever you could get a chair. A place, or seat or something in the school. And pass it around. Just pass it around. That's cake. Perhaps there'd be syrup or something. You know, they'd have a drink. That was the wedding, just like that, in the school.

I wasn't to the dance but could be they had a dance just the same. I dare say they did someplace, you know. They had that. But I don't think it was there in the school unless it could be after the tea was over you know. There was nothing else to do in Roddickton unless, you know, I suppose people went to dances and that. But I never ever went to dances. You brought gifts to the wedding but I don't remember now what a gift was or anything like that. I'd like to remember that though what it was but I can't.

I never thought of work being a man's job or a woman's job. I never. The way I thought it was there anything I could help with, well, a man. If he needed help well I tried to do it. If I seen that Stan was in the woods somewhere working. If there was a load of wood to get before he come home, well, I'd try to do it. So it would be done real good and he wouldn't have to do it when he come home. That's the way I always thought and that's the way I think it should be. If I seen he needed help or I needed help, I think that's the way it should be. Not to leave it for he. If he was a lazy man now and didn't care, well, you'd look at it the other way. Perhaps you'd say, "Well, perhaps when he comes home, I'll ask him to get the wood." If he was lazy, I mean, or something like that. But I couldn't say he was lazy. Just try to do it the best way we could.

You would often visit other women. Perhaps how to make up a cake or what you put into it or something like that. Some little thing. It mightn't be very much, you run to say about that. If you needed to borrow, you would. Perhaps baking powder. It wouldn't usually be fruit or anything. Baking powder or perhaps you needed onion or butter or some little thing. Perhaps you went to get something from me, well, they'd come and get it. The same thing.

Gladys was in St. Anthony then. She was married then. In St. Anthony. She was Gladys Soulie then. I went and stayed there right after she got married. There was some difference in the gifts she had and I had. My, what a difference, yes. A lot of difference. She gave me some of it, you know. She might have had dozens where I had one. There was more people there, I suppose. They had a bigger wedding, you know. She gave me a pepper and a salt shaker. I remembers that but I can't remember anything else. Well, she might have had perhaps two or three of the one kind, see.

I liked Roddickton. I guess there was more people there at the time then.⁵² And 'twas a church there. I was going to tell you the minister who dedicated Isabel name

was. Pastor Milley. That's who the minister was then. Now I can't remember whether it was in the church or a home. We would go to church then just the same as here. But perhaps then at that time, prayer meetings, people had to bring wood then to the church then for heat.

And perhaps then Sunday nights or sometime in the week, they'd say well, we'll have a prayer meeting at Sister Homby's home.⁵³ And all hands then, whoever would be going, would get ready and go to this home for prayer meeting that night. And perhaps the next week would be somewhere else's home. They would be in someone's home on account of heat. Oh, could be a dozen people there. It could be more and it could be less, you know. They were the same thing as now.

Some could be happier than others, you know. But not any difference. People would kneel down. Kneel down wherever you sat down. Turn around and kneel down, the same thing.⁵⁴ And you'd play music. We had an accordian. The pastor would read from scripture. Stan and me would take turns going. Sometime we would. Whenever we had someone come in, well, the two of us might go. Stan don't go to church at all now, see. He hasn't went, oh, years, unless you know it's a funeral or something. Not to a wedding or anything. Just for some of his people buried or something.

I like Roddickton because Gasper and they had lived there, right alongside of us when we lived here. Now, they went when we went. And I found it hard to leave over there. I knowed what I had to face when I come back. I knowed it wasn't much. The next house that was handiest to us, you know, where Patty Saunders lived right down beside Blanche there. Blanche Powell. And that was all. There was no roads then. This was all trees, see then at that time. All along the back of us then was all trees. And nobody lived in there at that time. Beatrice stayed in Roddickton. She's still in living there. And they don't live there right in the same place. They got their home build farther down than that.

NOTES: CHAPTER VI

47. Roddickton was formally called Easter Brook after the river that flows into the town at the head of the harbour. Dr. Grenfell had a boat built there in 1904 from donations obtained from an American called Roddick. See Lennox Kerr (1959) for Grenfell in Canada Bay. Subsequently, the village was called Roddickton. A succession of lumbering concerns were established. Dr. Grenfell in 1906 opened a saw mill which was closed in 1922. In 1928 John Reeves from Englee started a logging business. By 1935 the population was 56 persons and Saunders and Howell from Carbonneau replaced Reeves Limited. They built a large mill and sawed up to 40,000 feet per day. When Saunders and Howell moved out in 1945 the population was 100. See Perlin 1959, Curran 1971 and Peters 1965, for a history of the lumber industry. Ruth and Stan moved to Roddickton in approximately 1939. Stan explained his reason for moving to Roddickton. "We was in Roddickton. We spent two years in Roddickton. That was in the depression. There was no work here. There was no one sawing. We couldn't get any finances for the lumbering. It was the year the war started. That was in 39. We worked with Saunders and Howell from Carbonneau and then the Bowaters came back."
48. Ice candles are icicles.
49. ~~Wizzle~~ refers to a weasel.
50. Floss was married to George Simms from Main Brook.
51. The two predominant reasons for large social gatherings for Pentecostals were church services and weddings. Devout Pentecostals attend church Sunday mornings and night as well as having at least one prayer meeting at night during the week.
52. For the census of Roddickton, see Table II, Appendix III.
53. In the context of a religious service, female Pentecostals who were saved were addressed as Sister; male Pentecostals as Brother.
54. Prayer services end with the group praying for an extended period of time. Individuals kneel on the

floor, facing their chair seat, with elbows resting on the chair seat or extending upwards. With bent head, everyone prays individually but audibly. Individuals often speak in tongues. For biblical reference to speaking in tongues see Acts 2:4; 10:46. For a description of glossolalia see George Cutten (1927) and John P. Kildahl (1972).

CHAPTER VII

RAISING CHILDREN

CHILDREN WERE RAISED THE SAME WAY AS FAR AS I KNOW CLEAR OF T.V. THAT'S THE ONLY DIFFERENCE NOW. YOU'D TELL THEM TO DO THINGS. AND LOTS OF TIMES THEY'D OBEY AND LOTS OF TIMES THEY WOULDN'T.

The first time we moved from Roddickton, we moved on dogs. Dog team in the box. There was four of us in the box coming from Roddickton. Me and Jim and Olive and Isabel. And we moved back to Stan's mother's then. And we had a couple of months up there. And then we moved to Gasper Coles' house just below the one I was telling you about where Sid and them lives now. And we stayed there from April month until it must have been October month, I suppose. September or October. Then we move into a house of our own. Stan had a house built then.

I can't mind about we got on coming over. Anymore than I knows that I cried when I was coming over. I remembers about that. Crying myself because I didn't want to leave, you know. They didn't know I was crying. The men didn't know that, you know. Stan didn't know. I suppose I thought it would bother him too much and perhaps he'd give up, you know, and wouldn't come at all. So, I wouldn't say anything with regard to myself. I can't remember crying after I got there.

Stan come back because his father sawed his hand. This is why he came back from Roddickton. His father sawed his hand. This was the second time, I believe, sawing his hand with the mill. But I can't remember how his hand was damaged much, you know. I don't know whether it was just a finger. It must have been just a finger sawed off or something. So you understand why Stan take over what he was at. 'Cause the rest of the boys, I suppose, wasn't use to it. 55

We lived with Stan's mother at first. Stan's old brother was gone. Roll. He was gone at that time and the girls, there was Maise and Ella and Floss. They was all gone. Four gone then. At the time I was up there Mr.

Ollerhead was down--Stan's father--was down in the Arm, down here, sawing. So while I was there, she went there where they was to. She stayed down there. Herself. She moved out while I was there. So I done for the rest of the family, while she was gone. There was Hedi, Dick and Ray. And Sid was with us too. Sid was there with us at that time.

I can always remember this brother now, he didn't like going to school then. And he'd hide away his cap. And he'd be looking for his cap, making out he was looking for it. But he wasn't looking for his cap because he had it hide away. He knew I knowed what he was doing, see. He be laughing. He'd get off with that then. He'd hide away his cap or do something bad or something or other. He didn't like school either. He's much like Jim was in regard to school. So that's what I had then. I had them. Four or five. Then I had Olive and Isabel and Jim. Lots to keep me busy.

Stan's sister lived down at the Arm. Floss and George Simms.⁵⁶ I don't know where Mr. Ollerhead was staying. Could be he'd have a little place of his own down there. But I suppose she used to help to cook for him, you know--Floss--when her mother wasn't down there. She went down there, stayed down there while I was here, the biggest part of the time. Just after we got here she went.

And the boys were just as good as if she was home. I cooked for 'em, you know, and I suppose I must have washed for 'em. At that time I had to wash with a tub and board. What they want washed, I done it. Whatever had to be done, I went ahead and done it, you know. The house, the cleaning of the floors and one thing and another until we moved out. But she was back before we moved out. She came back home again. I suppose he was glad to have her with him at the time.

Mighten be that everything was going very smooth every time, you know, and just so. After that too there was another family before we moved out, there was another family moved in there. 'Twas no relation at all. 'Twas a Johnston from St. Anthony. And he had a little boy. I mind cause Isabel was in the cot then, you know. And I was telling someone about it yesterday. He'd bit her at the time. Bite Isabel. And he was kind of rough, you know. Fat child he was. We just took her up and quietened her down a bit. After the bite, you know, she's done a lot of crying. And that's all there was to it. We never had nothing to say, you know, about it to upset anyone or anything about it. I can't remember how long they stayed there. Perhaps that was only, it must have been a few days.

You'd do it the best way you could. She had all boys then, see. That's all that was home was boys that time. Yes, 'cause Gert was married then too. Yes, that's all that was home was boys. There was four boys. Dick and Ray and Ern and Alf. I was glad to see her come back. But it seemed like Mr. Ollerhead didn't come back to stay. He come up once in a while and keep whatever he wanted, you know, and leave it down there.

Then we moved into Gasper Coles' home. We moved into Gasper Coles' house because we never had any place of our own at that time. It was empty because he lived in Roddickton at the time. I was glad I was getting out of Stan's mother's house. With a crowd like that. I suppose everyone is like that. Everyone like to be on your own. To do and say as you like. See anything you want to do, well, you do it. Lots of things I used to go ahead and do, all the same, that she didn't want me to do. I was treating her the same as I would me own father when it came to answering back or anything. I'd just let it by. Whatever she said, well, that was it.

I had more worries when I was in somebody's else's house. If Jim went in and touched something belonged to her, well, that worried me. I don't know now if she noticed it or no. I noticed one time Olive went into her bedroom and done something. I can't remember. I tried to remember last night what that was but I couldn't remember what it was she touched. And I couldn't get over that for days then. That bothered me, you know, like that. And Jim spoke, he was only small. He said, "Mom, why is you bawling at me?" he says. Because I suppose he wasn't use to me doing it before. And I suppose he begin to take notice of it because it was worrying me. Say she put a cushion there now or something like that and they go and take it out of place. Well, that used to bother me a lot then. I worried over that all day perhaps. She might sometimes say something. That used to bother me a lot then.

The boys would play with the children. That time they got the whooping cough just after we got over there. I remember about Olive and Jim because, perhaps, just as you'd get 'em to the table to get something to eat for 'em, their dinner or meal, they'd perhaps throw it up. They'd start coughing and throw up. I can remember that. That worried me a lot too, see. 'Cause if you was in a house at home, you wouldn't be noticing half, you know. You couldn't do nothing, only just make through until it's over. That's all you could do with that. The boys was good. They was good to me. I can say that about 'em. They was good. They wasn't cross or anything like that. I suppose I call that good then. They were pleased with some meal you got for them. If you done something for them,

they'd be pleased with it. When it comes to wood and water, they'd do that too. They'd help at that. Get that.

I can't remember how old they was at that time. They must have been all going to school I suppose. Yes, they was all going to school. Clear what was finished now. I don't know if any of the boys was finished. Was working at logs or something. Seems like they used to go up the Pond somewhere for logs or something at that time. I suppose they was getting logs for to saw. I suppose they was down in the Arm. They didn't seem to be any worry to me. Any more than getting their meals, that's all. We lived with Stan's mother a couple of months. Two months, I guess, around there. That was in March month, April and May.

Then we moved into Gasper Cole's house. Stayed there three or four months. We didn't have much furniture. I suppose there was a few stools or something left in Gasper Cole's house. What we had, we brought. We didn't get it all home in the winter from Roddickton. We had to have it come over in the boat or something or other in the spring then. What we have leaved in Roddickton. We didn't bring much with us then from Roddickton. We couldn't bring much. I suppose we brought what clothes we had. And bedclothes and that. Brought so much with us. Not very much.

Stan built right here. Right alongside this one.⁵⁷ You know, we hadn't had an upstairs into that house, up there. Stan put an upstairs in. We had four bedrooms upstairs. It wasn't real big. The rooms were small, wee. ~~That September, October--I'm not sure--we moved into that.~~ And then in March month Irene was born in that house. She was the first one to come along in that house. But that winter we didn't use the upstairs because it wasn't finished. We sleep downstairs.

Stan was working for his father at the same time he was building his house. He must have been, I suppose, yes. Because that's where we got the lumber from. I suppose you didn't worry about men working in the bush because it was every day's work. They went away and they was gone for a week. Well, you know they had plenty to eat, and if anything happen, like, well, they cut themself. Well, there's always someone there to do up their cuts and wounds till they get to the hospital or clinic in Roddickton. They would bring the men out here to Aunt Mary. She done a lot of work. She would see to the Bowater men. She had all that care for Bowater Camps when they was here. If a man took sick with any other complaint, I suppose they was took to the hospital then.

The men didn't do that much fishing. Not here, then. There was no cod fish caught here years ago. It wasn't a big lot of people here then. And if they worked with Bowaters, lots of people would move out of here again in the summer. Just come in here for the winter months. And move back to their settlements in the summer, again. Griquet or St. Anthony. And they'd go to Roddickton and one place and another here.⁵⁸ Wherever they could earn, you know, a bit of money. Could be half a dozen families or could be a dozen. Wherever they could put up or build up a little place, they would built up for the winter, cabins or something or another to live in. Some who would stay in here, you know, afterwards. Ches Powell, they used to live in Goose Cove for a long time.⁵⁹ Then they come in here and stayed in here. And Fred Saunders did too.

At that time, I was pregnant. Irene, then. And I had three then. Three small ones. I didn't worry about it, didn't seem like. I had Aunt Mary for her. (That was the one I told you about.) Stan said not to put his boots away because he was going to want 'em that night. Just after we got into bed, he had to get out again. He walked. I can't remember he taking the sleigh to go and get her. If it was a dirty night or something like that, he would have. But it couldn't have been a bad night. 'Cause it was only, you know where George Simms lives now? That distance, see.

I never talked to the other children about me being pregnant. I don't know if they noticed anything at that time or no. I don't think so. It seems like things weren't talked about the same as they is now. They was kepted from small children. Now everything is brought out and told 'em. As soon as a woman is pregnant, well, they'll tell you. If a man come into the house, well, they'll say my mom is pregnant now. Just like that. I know that has happened. Then everything talked about was whispered about at that time. (I guess your mother would understand all of that, what it was like at that time.) I don't know why because they was going to know after a while anyway.

I made another trip back to Roddickton for Irene's dedication on dog team. Irene was about a month or two months old, I guess. She was born in March and that was in April. We went to Roddickton, me and Stan and Cab Piley. It seems that we had two, I'm not sure, but two dog teams. And we took Irene in the box and we went over and we was put up one night before we got there. In some kind of, it seemed like, it was some kind of wood camp, you know. Anyway, we was there all night.

The men were going over for something. I don't know what. And I wanted to go. So they tried to coax me out of it, you know. And I said, no. I wanted to go. But afterwards, I seen what they mean because it was a hard trip when we went that time. I tipped over once in the sleigh. The sleigh tipped over. 'Twas near a brook and Irene got a little bit of water on her head. It was a rough time of the year. Soft, you know. Soft and slushy, you know. And 'twas bad. So that's what took us so long. And we stayed in this camp and we had some moose meat cooked there. I minds about that. And went over and the next night I suppose, the minister came up to Gasper Cole's. We stayed at Gasper Cole's. And he dedicated Irene. And that was Pastor Tamie Guy, his name was. Only this year, now, I was talking to him over in Roddickton. They dedicated a church over there this year. This spring gone, you know. And I asked him then if he could remember. He said, "Oh yes," he said, "I can remember." He remembers her name, you know, and where I come from. From Main Brook to get her dedicated. He just stood there in the house. That's all. Read the Bible and prayed. That's all that was to it then. We just prayed, you know, as he was dedicating her. That's all. I can't remember what happened coming back, I knows we was two days before we got there.

The next child was Roy. Oh, say about two years after that. 'Twas Roy that come along then. That's where he was born too, upstairs. Because we had a stove pipe going up to that room. And that's the room I was in when he was born. I remembers that. I remembers who was in the house when I took sick. That was Mr. Earle staying at our place. And Stan asked him to go. He was going for Aunt Mary. And he asked Mr. Earle. He said you go and get Jess. Aunt Jess down here. And he misunderstood what Stan said, so he went and got his wife and that was Bess. It was O.K. 'Cause Bess and Mrs. Simms, Aunt Mary, are sisters. They're sisters.

I spent my nine days in bed. I can't remember now who was there to help that time. It could have been Olive Bartlett. I'm not sure. I'm not sure if she was the girl that was there when Ray was born or Roy. One of them two. So it wasn't much to it, like that.

Sometimes you'd have a crib. And sometimes, if it was real cold, you took the baby in bed with you. 'Cause there's no heat in the house while you was in bed. You suffered more cold in the house then. Say you had a kitchen stove, well, that's all you had to warm your home. There was only one pipe. That's all. Going on up through the house. That would go up through the ceiling. That's all.

At that time we had a family right alongside of us. Fred Saunders from Griquet lived in, you know, that old house there belonged to Florences. Well, that was his a long time ago. That's our first cousin. They had five or six kids, you know, the same as our own. She had a twin. Ray's age. Not Roy's but two years younger than Roy. Our children had lots of children to play with. Sometimes you'd have a good many extra children in the house. But it seemed like you didn't notice it that much. I don't know. They just laughed and talked and perhaps went on again to the next house. But it didn't seem like there was that much just the same, you know. (About what Jess has coming down there now, you know.) It seemed like there was nothing much around for them to do except play in the snow. They played the same thing as now. The same way we played.

Children were raised the same way as far as I know clear of T.V. That's the only difference now. You'd tell them to do things. And lots of times they'd obey and lots of times they wouldn't. Lots of times they was let go when perhaps they shouldn't have been let go, you know, not doing it. I don't see any time when I took 'em and abused 'em or done any harm to 'em or tried to hurt 'em like that in any way. Not in my family. But I know people have just the same leave marks on 'em. I gave them a little slap on the side of the head or something. I didn't agree with anyone taking a child and leaving marks on 'em. Or striking them hard to hurt their brain or damage their brain or something like that I didn't. Just told 'em that if maybe they didn't do it. I let them go along without doing it lots of times. But when Stan told them to do something, they feel that they had to do it. They went and done it, you know. He was just only just a voice, you know. But me, they didn't seem to mind me that much. If the cat was gone, the rats could play. That's what it seemed like then.

There was times perhaps when I send them into their room or do something like that with 'em. Lots of times now Isabel tells me now what kind of mother she had. She gave me the praise for being the kind of mother I was. Only this year now they spoke about it when Irene was home. Now Irene was a pretty baby when she was born. And Stan talked a lot about her, you know. It seemed like she was the favourite one. And this summer when she was home, I don't know if it was Olive or Isabel was telling me, they was older than her. And the dishes had to be done. If I told Irene to do it, well, Stan perhaps would say, well, let Isabel and Olive do that now. They're much bigger than her or something like that, you know. Only this summer they was talking about that. They said that Irene was the pet of the family. That's what they thinks, you know.

I said to her that I didn't feel that one was more than the other, you know. But the only thing telling then when they was young, you know, because they was older. Because they was older, they could do it better or something like that. When it come to dishes and that. But they noticed it. And she was the favourite one of Jim's too. 'Cause she could do what she liked with Jim, you know, when it comes to playing around. You know, getting up on him and perhaps sawing his hair or doing something. And she'd get off it but Olive wouldn't, see, with Jim. Jim and Olive couldn't agree. Olive and Jim being the two oldest. It didn't seem like they agreed so good together.

I suppose there was times when the older girls was leave to take care of the younger ones. I know they was when it comes to getting up in the mornings. Now, perhaps Olive would get out and the house was cold. Well, Ray and Roy had a fashion, just as soon as I'd get out of bed, well, they'd be out too. Make no difference just how cold it was. Now, Olive can remember getting in bed and holding them on. Keeping them covered up until the house got warm. You don't think perhaps the children get out with their naked feet on the canvas or something like that.

It was not the fright so much as I suppose the worry. I guess that's what it was. It didn't seem like I worried about Ray. But I must have known the baby was quite strong anyway. Anyway, it turned out O.K. I suppose Stan had him called after his brother. I suppose. There's lots of times after that I called after his brother. I suppose.

There's lots of times after that I wished they had never called him Ray because when he was living there, he just grew up and two Rays. Two Ray Ollerheads. His other name was Caspers.

My last pregnancy was a little girl. This was the one that died six hours before she was born. I fell twice with her. Once I fell on my back and clunk my head on the ice. It was icy, slippery then, that's how I come to fall. I was going to the store. Shopping. The next time I fell, perhaps it could be a month, perhaps two months after.

After the fall, I just feel that heavy weight, you know, feel weight. It was a miserable feeling you know. But I done me work after. You know, keep on working until it was the time the baby was born. At the birth, I can tell you about Aunt Jess, I called her. Mrs. Hubley came in too. I minds about that. That's Jessie's mother down there. Her mother was living here that winter. 'Cause there was people that used to come in at that time and go out again that summer. And she was in here that winter.

And Mrs. Simms was gone--Aunt Mary, we call her--was gone at that time. I believe was Croque or Conche, somewhere like that I believe she was gone for a baby. Perhaps she was gone days like that. You know, someone have her over to Croque for a week until their baby come along or Conche. She was gone but I'm not sure where she was gone. Now, could be down in the Arm. There was people that used to live down in the Arm winter time. Sawing and that. And so there was times she used to go down there for a baby. Down to the Depot, down there, for a baby coming on.

I can't mind where she was to but anyway before the baby come along, my baby, they had her. They got her. And she come along. Well, Mrs. Hubley then leave. She did, Jess' mother. She had a daughter-in-law here expecting a baby then. And she had to go off to her. She took sick. I think she was scared more than anything because she never got her baby then. I suppose I was sick, well, she got sick herself. Aunt Jess and Aunt Mary stayed with me that night until in the evening. I'm way ahead of me story.

In the evening I took sick while I was getting supper. I took sick. I had six, no five to set to the table. Well, I feel all at once something come over me. I feel right miserable. I didn't know, I couldn't explain it to anyone the feeling, you know, the funny feeling. But when the baby died, this is what it was. But I didn't know what it was. And I walked around the house back and forth, I didn't know what to do. I didn't know where to get and I suppose I stopped getting supper. Once in a while I go back perhaps to see what they was at. 'Cause perhaps they was all small at the time. And anyway, I send for somebody to come in. I can't remember just who went. And I went to bed. And I never had no pain. That's why they couldn't understand about it, see. I never had no pain. And they said, "Well, you're not going to get your baby. You wouldn't be sick, you know now. The time wouldn't come." Anyway, they still stayed with me.

By and by, twelve o'clock, the baby come along. 'Twas only forcing, my ownself forcing. This is what caused the baby to come. Forcing with a dead baby. This is what you got to do. 'Twas no medicine or anything like that. And your pain leaves you. When your baby dies, the pain leaves you. I didn't understand, you know, what would happen when the baby died. You didn't have no pain to bring the baby, well, the baby helps itself. Still the baby didn't help. I did and that's what caused the blood to flow, you know. Me forcing, that's what caused the blood to flow. At twelve o'clock she was born. And then they went and got the minister to come in.

And I suppose I remember about Jim. He got in an awful state. He was the oldest one. He was frightened, I suppose, because he was the biggest one that was in the house at the time. He was ten or between ten or eleven anyway. He got down behind the stove and he cried and everything. He heard, I suppose, that I was going to die. I suppose he seen the fuss they was in, I suppose. He thought now I was going to die and Stan was gone too. Stan was in Camp Five, I suppose. (Now, you know where Camp Five was to, I suppose? They was telling you about that.) I'm not sure if it was Camp Five or Camp Six he was in. And this Piley man, Tad Piley was going along with his dogs, I say about five or six in the morning. And they happened to catch he 'cause he was going in. And asked him to tell Stan that I wasn't very good and the baby was dead. So Stan took the dogs and he come on right back. The minister came. I can mind him standing at the door. I remember something about him praying.

I didn't feel sick. I didn't feel anything. Not a pain or anything then. You know, I was lie down. Well, the weakness, I suppose you lie down, you don't notice the weakness like you was up. But I was weak. But I know I was a long time getting over it, you know. Perhaps for four months before I got over it. I stayed in bed for a good many days.

Jessie came. Sid's Jessie. She stayed with me a month or over a month. She was good, you know, in the house. What they call a good girl. Sid was here with me then. But I suppose he must have been working in the woods, you know. I think he was. But I can't remember what he was at but it could be working in the woods, the same as Stan was at, you know. But I don't know what he thought of it when he come home and seen me too. I was pretty sick and was so frail then.

I never had other children. That was the last one. Stan said that was enough, I think. Nobody never ever said anything that would try to hinder me from getting any more. But Stan decide we wouldn't get no more. I suppose he was afraid he'd be leaved with a family.

They had a funeral service for her. I never went. Stan went and Mr. Mitchell, the minister, went. They took her on a little sleigh. I seen her as they were going away. 'Twas in April. That's a good many years ago. That over thirty years ago.

NOTES: CHAPTER VII

55. Stan's father operated the first saw mill in Main Brook. Stan described his father's mill as follows: "It was known as a push bench. Saw mills is rigged up by a carriage, you know. The motor runs the carriage, back and forth, back and forth in a bigger mill. But this is only with rollers. And you push it back and forth by hand. You push the table back and forth by hand. There's a little table with a saw going in the center of it. And you push the table back and forth by the saw. I've sawed all day by myself. We spent a lot of days sawing. With a single push bench, sawing, one man would probably get a thousand lumber. After I got married, I had a saw mill. We had saw mills going. We made a living at it all the time, you know. We still only used a push bench. We used a heavier motor. We only used an eight, ten horse power motor when we started. A diesel motor. Coates had a saw mill when they came over here. They sawed in this place. They came over and they rigged up a mill first thing and they sawed here."

It was a common occurrence for men to lose fingers when operating a push bench by their hand slipping near the end of the log nearest the saw.

56. Floss and George Sims had moved back to Main Brook after a winter's logging in Roddickton.
57. Stan built right alongside his present house.
58. In the early 1940s, families shifted into the Main Brook, Roddickton area for the logging season and then returned to permanent fishing villages for the summer fishery. Adaptation to the logging season manifested itself in a variety of ways. New settlements could be formed. For example, the Coates mill was set up at Lolly's Brook, three miles from Main Brook. Entire families moved to this site from November to April. A local teacher was hired for the children. Families shifted in from Main Brook, Ireland Bight, St. Anthony and Green Island Brook. An alternative adaptation was that of men leaving permanent settlements to spend the winter in logging camps composed exclusively of males. Sid Saunders described his first winter in such a camp. "I was fourteen, fifteen years old when we shifted to Roddickton and I went in the lumber woods. Bert Piley, that's whose the foreman of the camp, the first time I went in the woods on my own.

I paid sixteen dollars a month for board and I cut logs. Enough to make a thousand of lumber. I can't remember right what I made but I done good for a boy. If I tell you you'd hardly believe it, I suppose, the conditions that we worked in or lived in. The food wasn't that bad. The food was pretty well up to standards for that time, you know. We had beans every morning. Fish and potato some dinner in the week or supper. What you call Duck Day. That was a steam pudding and potatoes. And the bunkhouse. There was a long bunk along the side studded with moss. You never had a mattress, you had boughs in your bunk. And one bunk above the other. One man each bunk with one man above the other, see. When I was there, there was no blankets. No covering at all. Probably they didn't want to see me there. Because I was a boy and took a man's place. Took a space of a man in the camp. There were sixty men there. I had about five months in the woods, I guess. You'd be in there a couple of weeks before you went to Roddickton. Perhaps three weeks. Perhaps a little longer. You had to walk. You could go out every weekend if you wanted to. But now you had to walk. It must be four or five miles' walk."

By 1947 Bowaters Lumber Company had established itself in Main Brook. Prior to that time the main logging employers were the Ollerhead and Coates mills. By 1948 a town council was formed and the town became incorporated. The population expanded from twelve families to five hundred individuals within five years. In the 50s and mid 60s the council built a high road and a low road through town and a 600 foot bridge to the Bowater Depot. A water supply was hooked up to ponds and an electric power house was built.

59. Ches Powell married Blanche Saunders. Both Blanche and Fred Saunders are first cousins to Ruth.

CHAPTER VIII

BUSH LIFE

I'D RATHER BE IN THE BUSH. LOTS OF PEOPLE DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF WORK BUT I DO. AND I LIKE GOING TROUTING IN THE SPRING OR SMELTING OUT THROUGH THE HOLES IN THE ICE.

The only thing I can mind about bonfire night all the same is when Jim was young. But the rest it didn't seem like when they'd go on their own and do a bonfire. Well, I might see it through a window or something like that. But that's all. When Jim was small, I went with he. Just because he never had anyone else in the house to go with him then. I can mind about that. Children were old enough to have their own bonfires when they got big enough to cut their little boughs and gather them around. There was more boughs around then to gather up, you know. It seemed like Stan used to help them too. He used to help them cut the boughs Perhaps Stan could tell you more about the bonfires than I could. But when they got up ten or twelve years old, they'd go on their own then. There was a big crowd with 'em then. All hands then.

Them days at Christmas I'd only have a little tree. I remembers one time, we was going away for the winter now. In some of the cabins, now. I don't know which cabin. Must have been up Main Brook Pond, that was. It wasn't Bowater cabin or anything. Stan was up there cutting logs. And we went away. I went away at Christmas. And I had a little tree. I dare say it was the size of that flower, the pot and all together. And I had he hung up so far in the corner. Perhaps from the ceiling, that far. Because according as I put it on, they'd take it off. Whatever I had, you know, it wasn't very much to had then at that time. But any other Christmas I can't remember, you know, any different one year from another. Nothing was different then.

I remember bringing home gifts and I had to hide away. I remembers one time I hide them away in the barn. (I suppose I shouldn't tell you that.) But the only thing was they was getting big, then, see. And you couldn't put down much without them being found. Especially for

Christmas. If you happen to have it in the house, then. Look out. They'd search if they happen to think there was something there. And I done up the parcel and I had a doll in it. And I done up the parcel and I thought I'd hide it away and they can't find it. And Stan had a big barrel of oats in the barn for the horse. And I dug down deep in the barrel of oats and put the parcel down in that. And when I went up in the morning, the horse was after getting clear and had it took out so much. So that's the trick I'd rather for then that I'd leave it in the house. I knowed it was the doll. I can't remember what else was there. It was a doll for Isabel. But the rest, I can't mind what I had there. But he had the shoes or something took off the doll. He damaged her, a little bit, the doll, you know. But it wasn't that bad.

They'd hang up their stockings. And you'd put things in them. Whatever you could get, you know. Gather 'em up, the small things. You'd put in. Candies and apples and oranges or something like that, you know, you'd have. Or grapes, if there was any to get.

You'd try to get something, you know, different for Christmas dinner. Not a great lot of difference I suppose. At that time you couldn't get turkeys every Christmas. But if you could get the turkey or chicken or something you'd have. For dessert you'd have steam pudding or raisins or that. Sometimes a bit of fruit into it. I made that myself. I got no recipe for making buns or puddings. Because I put in so much stuff in it. I don't make a special weight in sugar. Like some have a cup or something. I never dos that. I just take so much and throws it in. I suppose you knows handy about how much you needs to. So much flour and that. Mighten be the best to eat all the same. Some people dos it better than me, I know.

They'd all got to the school for the Christmas tree. We didn't get our own gifts to put on the tree then. I don't think. Not the early days we didn't. But after you begin selling at the stores here, you could buy your own gifts. Then you did. You'd send up something then for each child then that was home. You'd always have then. You'd have a gift for the teacher then, too. In school, lots of times, they'd draw names. Pick names. Whoever you got the name, well, each child would have to get the gift for whoever they got the names to put on the tree. They used to go it like that.

I didn't go jannying very much after I got married. Other people used to come here. The children went. When they feel like going, they'd go. If there was six or seven, perhaps a crowd of them would get together sometimes. And

go jannying together, you know, the smaller ones. And later in the night there'd be the bitter ones. Go out later in the night after the smaller ones would be all over. Lots of them would be afraid, see. I can remember dressing them up. They'd wear whatever you could get to put on them. An old coat or something. Some would have a sheet to throw over them or perhaps some underwear or something like that. Or a hump on their back some would have. Or some more would have a hump on their stomach. And anything they could haul on over their face. An old curtain or something like that. A second hand curtain or something like that. Perhaps their stocking. Some used to have nylon stockings all over their faces. To make their face look different, you know.⁶⁰

When the young ones came, if you'd have something to give 'em, you'd give them something like a biscuit or a cake or something like that, you know. Or candies, lots of times you'd have candies to give 'em. I wouldn't be trying to get 'em to dance. Lots would. But I wouldn't. Whatever they said, like, they told a few lies like I come from England or somewhere or another. Lots would say they come from way, you know, they never hear talk about. They never seen. The North Pole.

Some use to say Santa Claus come down the chimney. They used to tell the kids. I never done that. I never told 'em lies about it, you know. I didn't think it was right to tell them lies about it. 'Cause they knowed, anyway. They knowed I used to go and get it. I never ever told them there was a real Santa Claus. They know the difference. We was never taught that when I was growing up either that there was a Santa Claus. We knowed the difference. After you got I suppose four or five years old, you know the difference anyway. Ours would get in bed and by and by you'd hear 'em sneaking across the stairs. Perhaps there'd be that much space, see, from the pipe right around. A little square hole. To see what you was at. To see if you was filling up their stocking. I suppose everybody went through the same thing.

On Christmas morning, they'd be out before daylight, taking their presents into bed with 'em. They'd get out and get it into bed with 'em. It was all eat, perhaps what was any good to eat, was eat before we got up. Their gifts aren't open until, you know, the stockings are over.

When we would go out to the cabin in the woods, we leaved home after Christmas. We moved in--well, we always used to keep until they say the twelve days of Christmas. The twelve days couldn't be up because I still had the tree leaved up. And it was up when I come back. But I don't know how long we was in there, just the same. Perhaps a couple of months.

Perhaps those few years I was in the cabins, about three or four times I went. Just three different times, that's all. Perhaps I didn't know that it was going to take place until Stan got it in his mind to go to take us in. So I be in there and we stay in there. So long. 'Cause we had kids going to school a lot of the times, you know. You couldn't go while they was going. That year that I was telling you about the Christmas tree, we never had anyone old enough at that time to go to school, see. So, we took 'em all with us.

One year we lived up there, up to the pond.⁶¹ I suppose, perhaps, four or five miles from this. We lived up there winter. And Irene was a baby then, when I was up there. She was a year old. I used to take 'em out then. And I used to take Irene out and cut some boughs and set her down on the boughs while I was counting slips. I used to catch rabbits then. Oh, I had four of them then. I used to catch rabbits then. There wasn't many. Well, you know, a nice sun shiny morning in the spring, you might go out somewhere. Take 'em out. And that's what I used to do. Perhaps look at the ones I put out. And perhaps some times Stan used to go with me at the night.⁶² Go out with flashlights and look at the slips. Oh, I enjoyed that. And then I made soup or whatever I could make with 'em. Get 'em cooked up from then.

Lots of people don't like that kind of work but I do. And I like going trouting in the spring or smelting out through the holes in the ice. Oh, I enjoy that. I get up early in the morning, not too long ago, and walk up there to the brook, that river, we used to catch smelts, see. Up there. Cut holes in the ice and catch smelts. I enjoyed that. In the spring. Usually in the spring, they does it, you know. You go up there in the spring. My goodness, you'd think there was a party, a big party, there's so many on the ice. Not a lot of women but kids. They be up early in the morning before they go to school and have their catch before they go to school.

I used to go out smelting when I was first married. Perhaps you noticed, see that little mark, look see it. That was the first time we got married, I went on a sleigh with Stan and there was a box on. And I slipped or something and I scratched my hand. My, that mark is still there. That's a long time ago, eh? Not very much, just across that way. But it always made a mark there. At first when I got married that happened. I was going trouting or smelting.

After I got married, the kids were small and I couldn't go out often, see. For some many years then before I could go. Trust them to go anywhere. Because

you couldn't get that many to take care of kids so you could go. Like that, smelting or anything. I missed the bush when they were small and berry picking and things like that. I didn't get berry picking so often either. Then there wasn't that many berries around here to pick. There was no partridge berries at that time. The island was burned over and the berries grown from that, see. Partridge berries. That's how we come to get partridge berries around here. They say it's a bad wind that does somebody good sometimes. 'Cause I'm wishing some more would burn down so we'd get some more. 'Cause it's like it's a scrabble, you know, for everybody to get a few out of 'em.

Before the island burned over perhaps we'd go to pick a few raspberries or squash berries and goose berries. We went to pick goose berries. You'd pick them along by the shore. Along by the water. There wasn't that many, all the same. 'Cause it was in cut overs, you know, these places where you see raspberries.

I like the bush. I like the smell of the wood. You know, the nice fresh smell. I know, I just enjoy looking at the trees and wanting to see the wildlife. I seen a few rabbits but not too many. One time I seen three foxes. I seen two bears when I was out in the garden, one time. Another time I seen a young one on the road. Didn't seem like many women liked the bush. Now, Stan's sister liked it. Maise. She used to go and Ella, she used to go out. But Stan's brother's wife now. She come from up to outside St. Johns. She couldn't stand it at all. She wouldn't go at all. She didn't like that. But I did. I loved it. I'd rather be in the bush.

NOTES: CHAPTER VIII

60. For a description of jannying disguises see J.D.A. Widdowson and Herbert Halpert (1969).
61. All bodies of fresh water in Newfoundland are called ponds, regardless of their size.
62. Stan, in reflecting on his life as a trapper, fisherman and logger in the old days, concluded that "trapping was about the best life that we had of anything. The most enjoyable life, you know. There wasn't much money but it was the most enjoyable life we had. You go up and trap and hunt. You get it into your blood and you can't get it out. Outdoors. I don't know how to explain it anymore than that."

CHAPTER IX

A LOT HAPPENS IN A PERSON'S LIFE. ALL THROUGH THE YEARS. NARROW ESCAPES FROM DEATH. THREE TIMES. I SUPPOSE I WAS KEPT HERE FOR A PURPOSE.

Every year in July or August we'd pick raspberries. It's almost going back to school when they've finished. There was no berries to pick in the spring. Mrs. Saunders went with me. That's Olive, I used to call her. That's Olive Saunders. And perhaps a few more women or girls or whatever wanted to go. You know at that time there wasn't that many berries there because there was no partridge berries. 'Twas only raspberries and bake apple berries. We'd go on the marshes picking bake apples. And almost the same time, you know. Might be a few days in the difference between raspberries and bake apples. Every year we do that. And later on perhaps you'd go and get a few squash berries along by the shore, you know. You had to go in boat sometimes to get them, you know. Land and go around the beaches. Walk the beaches.

And we'd go outside to Brent's Island and set our gardens. Sometimes you would bring the children. Anyone that was big enough to walk any distance, you know. Now bake apples, you wouldn't take any small kids with you bake appling. It's too far to walk and too hard. Lots of times they wouldn't go for raspberries either. 'Cause if you had them with you, you wouldn't be able to pick the berries because they'd be calling that the flies be biting or something wrong you know. And wanting to come home. You'd pick them all according to the length of time they'd last, you know. It was around three weeks, I guess. Could be longer than that. If we could pick 'em around here perhaps you'd go every day. Every day, well, perhaps every change you'd get after you finished whatever you had to do around the house. Well, you'd take your bucket and go out raspberry picking. Then you'd pick your gallon or perhaps a couple of gallons of raspberries before you go home, see. I knows I picked as much as ten gallons. And bake apples. I've not got down to the Labrador yet but that's where we used to get a lot of bake apples. Down there.

You wouldn't get many bake apples here. Not that many. Some years you would and some years you wouldn't

get any. There's some years, well, the flowers would come out. If you get a storm, a rain storm. You don't know what causes it. The flowers would, you know, fall off too early or something used to happen and you'd get none. Or the thunder or lightning or something or other would destroy it. I don't know what happens there to the bake apples. We'd go out in a boat at that time for bake apples. Could be two or three boats out there, you know, at the same time. An all day trip and you'd have your lunch outdoors. It's nice. I enjoyed it.

All that was on my mind and your mind was the bake apples and the lunch. You'd all scatter around. It's all according to the berries. If you'd come to a lot of berries, well, could be there's a lot together there then, you know. If berries was scarce, then you'll all be different ways, you know, a little distance apart. That was on the boggy place, like marshes, you know. Could be like a quarter of a mile long or something like you, you know.

After we had to put them in bottles at that time because we never had no fridges. We'd bottle it up and preserve it. We put them in the bottles like they was and preserve them. And perhaps for fifteen or twenty minutes. That's raspberries. Raspberries are harder to keep when you couldn't freeze it. And if you had jam, you'd have to have it pretty sweet to keep. And you'd have to put wax on it sometimes. That's what you'd have to do with bake apples sometimes. Bake apples would keep ever so long. They'd keep ever so many months. Well, you'd have them till Christmas anyway. You'd have them for that amount of time. Keep them in a sealed bottle. We used to seal them under cold water. That was a good way. We tried that for ever so long. Every year, we do that.

And every year we do our gardens out on the island. On Brent's Island. Now, I can mind when I use to carry Olive, when Olive was small, there. And we'd get the crook of the stick and something or another and throw a blanket over it. You know, to keep so far from her. I can remember that to keep the flies from her when we was at the gardening.

I don't know how big the garden was. (Perhaps Stan can tell you more about the size.) 'Cause perhaps you'd have a couple of places. I believe we had two places at that time. That time we got caught out there, that time all night and a big storm come on. I believe we had two places then. When we was out there we had a cabin out there, this time I'm talking about. Oh, Aunt Jess and Uncle Alb and Maise and Rub and you know, there was a crowd of us.

I can't say how many of us was there but there must have been seven or eight of us altogether out there at that time. And a storm come on. This was a month before Roy was born. That's over thirty years ago now. And I never thought about that before. A storm come on and the water come up into the cabin we was in on the floor. There 'twas no floor in it. And near the box-- I don't know if it was where our food was in--but there was enough water come in that the box could float on the floor, you know. And in our trenches in the garden, there was salt water. Come up. And we had our boat moored off. There was times you couldn't see the boat, you know, for the drift. I minds we used to look out once in a while to see the boat. We was afraid the boat was going to go ashore somewhere, see.

I can't remember any lightning but we was there all night, you know. We was all in, as far as I know, it seems like we was all in the one cabin. Must have been. I can't remember about another cabin. I can mind about we had the bunks. We was up on the top bunk. I can mind about that. The top bunk we had then. The others had gardens too.

In June month we always plant gardens.⁶³ Be cabbage or turnip and potatoes. Not anything else. Well, you might have a few carrots in there. Some might have. It didn't seem like I had any carrot. Not then. Or beet or anything. That was our trip out there, now. We'd go out in July month, I suppose. We'd trench it up, you know. Put whatever we had, like caplin or manure on it. Fertilizer. We'd use caplin on it for fertilizer. We'd perhaps be a month before we see our garden again. Could be that long or could be longer. There were no animals on that island. Just rabbits or fox or something like that.

Oh my, you never saw turnips so big before. That's only one year that happened. Me and Stan, there's three of us went out to pick 'em up this time. Me and Stan and Patty Saunders. And they looked to me like they was that far, that high from the ground. One was seven, I can mind one that was seven pounds. The minister came down that we had here, Mr. Rowe, he come down. And he took the biggest one we had. And we was, me and Stan and Patty, we was all scrabbling because we got some surprise when we went out. We wasn't expecting these turnips to be like this. I can't remember how many we had, you know. But I remembers the size.

It's a good many years now since we stopped putting in a garden out there.⁶⁴ Well, some people sets out there now. Usually Maise and Rub goes out around Wester Brook

now. On the mainland, we call it now. And sets the gardens. You know, what they needs for the winter. Lots of times they would give you enough for the winter. Well, at that time, if you didn't grow it, you wouldn't have it because there was no stores to buy it in then. Clear of Locke's Cove used to sell. Sometimes they used to sell. Sometimes they'd sell potatoes and that. We got one by the side of the highway too on the Eighteen Road. The number of a camp road. When we stopped going to Brent's Island, we had gardens here then by the house. I had so much as four hundred heads of cabbage grow there. Right where we're looking now. Right on this side.

We had hens then at that time. We had a barn. I had goats at that time. Goats and ducks. Could be five or six or any amount of hens. Well, you could buy scraps from the stores. You'd feed 'em whatever scraps you had on the kitchen. Leave overs or bread scraps or stuff like that. You'd give that to them too. I had two or three goats. Two one year. I minds about one goat, got distemper, we call it, from the dogs. I don't know how she got it. I don't know. She died. She had a kid too. A kid born. It wasn't born very long before that died of the same thing. We lost the two of them at that time. This was a real bad year for the dog's temper. And I don't know whether it flied in the air or whether it got in the hay or what happened. I don't know. The dogs killed 'em.

The goats roamed freely. The hens too. They'd do a lot of damage to your gardens. We had goats for milk. You get milk from 'em. And we had ducks too. But I don't know why we keep ducks for. Any more than to look at. Because they like it. But when we started in going to Labrador, we sold the ducks. We never killed any of them. But there's a lot of work for them just the same. Ducks. When we started going to Labrador I had to get clear of all that you know. Because we could not take it with you. There was a lot of work with them. Seemed like we used to care some for them. I knows Olive carried hens and ducks down there when she was down there. We did too. We carried hens down there. So long. But not very long.

I minds going to the barn and getting the eggs. And sometimes the hens are making nests you know, outside. Out in the trees. Somewhere. And perhaps you spend hours looking for them eggs. When you get 'em, there might be a dozen or half a dozen eggs into it. It's all exciting when you find a nest. Sometimes the children be glad to do it too. I remember sometimes you wouldn't find all the nests and perhaps sometimes the next spring you'd look around and perhaps here's the nest of eggs that you never found. Wouldn't be any good then certainly. But they'd still be there.

Lots of times I'd keep them in until they'd almost drop their eggs and then they'd scabble for their nests when they get out. You'd have to be pretty careful now. They'd watch to see if you was looking at 'em. I can't remember the ducks doing it. I don't think the ducks used to do that. But the hens was pretty cute. They'd get out of your sight pretty quick, you know. I don't know what kind of hens you call it. What the name of the hens was. I don't know. It seemed like it was a race of hens that, you know, the hennery don't have. 'Cause it was coloured hens. You know, different colours. Brown. And we had one that was almost purple. It was almost a purple colour. I can't tell you right the colour but it seemed like it was a purple. And that hen laid two in one day. And once I had so many hens. I don't know, if it was eight hens. Or seven hens. And I got an extra egg that she was after laying early in the morning, late in the evening.

And that one, she got frightened one time with the horse and she got out and she was out a week. And I don't know if it was December or January. And she hide away in the woods. And once in a while she come back out and she come back home to look for something to eat, see. And this day I seen her when she went in the barn. I run so fast I could go with something big so I could shut in the door so she won't get out. But that's how I got her. And she was out, I don't know, if it was a week or two weeks like that.

Lots of people would pen them up. I like to have them penned up too because of the gardens. That's the only reason. They'd ruin a garden in a short time. Get down in a row, once and stick their feathers into it. If they had chicks. That's the time that they would destroy the gardens. When they was out, you had to watch. Sometimes you used to have, I don't know what you called it, a stick across their back. A yoke, I suppose you call it. And some used to have it on the goats too. You put it on their wings. Tie a little bit of string on the wing. You'd have perhaps a stick about that long. So they wouldn't go through the palings. You'd do that with 'em. But sometimes they'd fly over. If they had that on, you know, they wouldn't fly.

Before we started going to Labrador we used to go to St. Anthony and Griquet sometimes.⁶⁵ Could be mostly got to the store, pick up some things, like material or something like that. And more or less, I suppose you go for the trip too. Could be twice a year.

We used to stay with Harold Simms a lot of the time. Or Stan's sisters. We used to go there too. Stay there.

And I remembers one time I went to get my teeth. I stay to his sister's one time. I went out to get my teeth pulled. I got my teeth all pulled. I never payed a cent. And I had ether to get 'em pulled. Oh my, people talk about ether. To take ether is to go to sleep, no more than that. Anyway, I said that I'd like to have ether. And then they asked me if I was going to get a plate and I said yes, I was going to get a plate. And I suppose it was a year after that when I got a plate.

And I pay fifteen dollars then for me plate. That's all I payed for to get me teeth pulled and all. I mean, I suppose it was included. If you was going to get a plate and get your teeth pulled and pay for it all at one time. That's what I payed for my plate that I got there now. And that's, oh it must be, thirty years ago, I suppose.

And Sid's Raymond, Jessie's Sid. I used to dress Raymond for her, see, for Aunt Mary. I don't know where she was. Perhaps she was gone somewhere. I went down every morning and used to dress Raymond for her. And until last morning I dressed him, I went to St. Anthony to get my teeth. And I said that so long as Raymond is around I'll know how old my teeth is. Same age as Raymond.⁶⁶ That's what I'll tell him. You're the same age as my teeth, the same. And that's what I told the boys when they come here. I said your father is the same age as my teeth. I went into the hospital to get my teeth then. And I was out there, I suppose, oh, I must have been out there close to two weeks.

Once I had a narrow escape from death. Isabel was only about ten or eleven or along there somewhere. I just can't remember how old she was. She must have been about ten or eleven. And I was bringing a barrel of water. That's what I was at, at the time. You had a barrel in the house and you tried to get the water in. Perhaps you was going to wash, you want the barrel full of water. I had two buckets. I used to bring a turn of water at one time. And I had the barrel just about full and I go for another turn to full 'em up. When I should have stayed home, I suppose but I feel shaky. And when I reached down, put my hands the side of this, you know, against the boards, I had to lay my hand on it.⁶⁷ Well, when I went to tip the bucket down in, that's all I know about it. How I come there, I don't know, anymore than that.

I suppose I must have got weak and me hands slipped off and I went down. When I struck the water, I suppose if I did get weak I come through anyway. And anyway, I said to myself, I'm here and no one will see me. Couldn't see how anyone would see me. And anyway, I sponged around all I could. And you know, 'twas a little hole about that

size and then there was ice all around. It was the end of January or February. See, the winter months. And I was standing there headlong. See, my feet up.

My feet right off the ground. The well, you know, was like the table. I had to go down that deep, from the top of the well to the tip of your feet. And there I was, I couldn't get me legs down. Anyway, I tried all I could. And after awhile, I got one leg down where my head was too. And I had to push myself up like that to get up after. And only by the help of the Lord, and I says that's all, I would never have got up. I asked the Lord to help me. I start taking in water. I took the first lots of water. I don't know how long I was there. I suppose I couldn't have been there very long. And I got up anyway and I come in. Come to the door and she see me. And I had to pass the window near the door. And when she see me she runned to the door. And she put her arms around me. And she said, "Oh my, Mom pray", she said. That's the first thing she said. Pray. She was only about twelve years old.

And she said, "Can I go over to Olive Saunders'." That's Olive who lived right back there. And we lived right here. And I said, "Yes". And she had a pair of old high heeled shoes on belonged to me now, going around the house. She was sick. She wasn't going to school because she was sick. And I don't know, it seemed like she was washing out her socks or something. And she kicked off the shoes and she went with no boots on. She had her socks on, you know, but she never had no boots. She went on with nothing on her feet. She come back and Olive Saunders come back with her. I was OK after I got dried up a bit and got the mud out of me hair. Me hair was full of mud, you know, me eyes and everything. Me ears. 'Cause I had all the mud down there stirred up 'cause the well was only just a little hole and it was flat rock all around. I think I must have fainted. I got weak enough that my hands slipped from the board that I was holding onto.

Well, Stan says he went out and looked at it after. He don't know how I got out of it at all. He don't know. But I says it was only through praying and asking the Lord to help me, I got out. It was a job to get your legs down there. And my legs happen to be short. I suppose that's what done it. It says call upon the Lord in a day of trouble and He'll deliver you. So, I suppose, I thinks that lots of things you get through prayer. Asking the Lord to help you.

I suppose that's all about that. Clear of one time I went into the cellar. Now I had a little heater. And that's little bricks in the heater. And I was up trying to

get the frost off the cellar. So I had a little hole up through. See, it wasn't in the house, it was outdoor cellar, you call it. And I got down in the cellar and I put the heat around. I was getting all the frost off when the table wouldn't freeze. And me head got bad. Oh, it was almost like the top was lifting off my head. I said now I'd better get out of this. 'Cause I wouldn't get out of this, if I don't soon get out of it. And I got out and I come into the house and I said to Irene and them. They was all now around the table. And they was having their supper. That's what they was having with the other boys, you know, from Olive Saunders. Two or three of them was in and they was laughing and talking. And I said to Irene, I said, "Oh my, I'm sick." She said, "Lie down and die then."

She was laughing away, you know. Not taking me a bit serious. And I sat on the chair. I couldn't take off me clothes 'cause I was too sick to take off my clothes. And I didnot know nothing. I didn't know before I was down on the floor. And when I come through, I was in under, you know, my head. I could see on under the table. And Isabel, she had sense enough to get some water to put on me. On me head. And I got OK. I got gas. That's what happened. If I stayed there a little bit longer I suppose I wouldn't have got out of the cellar at all. But when I got out and I suppose the cold struck me. And perhaps that's what made me sick, you know. Now, the cold air.

That happened after all my family was born then. 'Cause Irene must have been ten or twelve when that happened. Yes, and she was laughing away and talking. I can almost see her now, you know. She was having a wonderful time with herself and I was sick. And they not, you know, understand about it.

A lot happens in a person's life now. All through the years, you forgets, you know. All that did happen. Narrow escapes from death. Three times. The last birth. I was telling you about it. The last baby. And then the well. And then in the cellar. That's three. I suppose I was kept here for a purpose. Some purpose. I don't know what. Afterwards I didn't think of it often. When it was over, it was like it was forgotten. Once in a while it might come up in your mind, you know. Well, I suppose I won't fell in the well no more. And I won't die through having a baby anymore. That's two things I won't do. As far as getting gassed. You'd light a gas lantern in the house, I'd almost have to go out. I'd be so quick to get gas after getting gas once, you know. You get gas a lot quicker then. And I used to find it after, not the last few years all the same but just after that I would.

NOTES: CHAPTER IX

63. Cato Wadel (1969) noted that in the Newfoundland outport, the household is the basic economic unit, not the individual. Subsistence or household production supplied the outport household with a major part of its consumption needs. This included a variety of vegetables and animal, forest and marine products. In addition, the outporters produced part of their needs for clothes, especially knitwear, and built their own houses, stages and wharves. Building, cutting timber and firewood, and hunting were the responsibilities of the men, while the gardens and animal husbandry were the responsibilities of the women, although the men would assist with the most strenuous tasks. For the importance of subsistence production in the average outpost household income see Dyke (1968) and Brox (1968).
64. For the general reasons concerning the decline of gardens and the disappearance of animals as the basis of subsistence production, see Wadel (1969).
65. For the phenomena of 'visiting villages' which implies a shared network of friendship, kinship and business ties, see Chiaramonte (1970), Faris (1972) and Firestone (1967). This concept appears to be applicable to the outports of Roddickton, St. Anthony, Griquet and Main Brook. Sid Saunders noted this and added that people from these communities have a similar accent. He identified a similar network of Catholic communities on the northeastern coast, i.e., Conche, Croque and St. Julien's.
66. Sid and Jessie Saunders' oldest son Raymond was born in 1950.
67. I.e., a well near the house.

CHAPTER X

RAISING TEENAGERS

BUT I WENT THROUGH IT MYSELF AND I DIDN'T WANT THEM TO TELL ME WHAT MY CHILD HAD TO GO THROUGH THEN. I KNEW SHE WAS GOING TO DO THE SAME KINDS OF THINGS I DONE. IT'S BETTER TO LET HER PLEASE HERSELF.

Our teenagers would go out and come in. That's all. You'd tell 'em when to come in. If they didn't come you'd put up with that. If they didn't come when they was told, well. You'd say well, come in early or something like that. We figured that they was going to do what they liked when they was out of sight. That's all you could do about that. Stan was kind of strict with him. He wanted them to be in early. And he'd do the most complaining to me while they was gone. And he worried me more than he was worrying himself 'cause he was letting it out, see. And if I did, well, if I noticed Olive was gone a bit late, I wouldn't dare open my mouth because you know, it would only cause a bit more trouble. A bit more worry.

Nine, ten o'clock would be a good time to have them in. I remembers one night Stan started complaining. A man come in here. Where's Olive? Well, I said to myself, I'll go see. I went. And Patty Saunders lived handy about the same place that he lived now. And his mother was dead. And this is where a lot of them would gather in and they'd get laughing and talking. And perhaps they'd forget all about coming home. Anyway, I was ashamed that I was going. I was feeling ashamed, you know, to do it. 'Cause I didn't want anyone to know I was doing this. And I went up as far as the house. And I could hear them laughing and talking. And I could hear Olive. She was laughing and talking. So anyway, I come home again. I never went handy anymore than that. I knowed myself where she was to. Well, I come home. My mind was easy then, when I found out where she was. But he--that's the way he was.

Now you understands or I understands when I was young. If someone wanted me to come in at a certain time, well, if there was some things I had to do or some place I had to go, I was going to make sure that was done before I come home. Whether it was late or not. And if there was something I had to do and I'd know there was some time I had to be home. So, I used to say to him lots of times, well, I say I figures that's no good to say you had to be in at a certain time. The way I seen it then, it's just as well to be out all night as to be out two or three hours. You can do as much in two or three hours as you can all night. But people figured, I guess, if you was in, well, that's their part done, I suppose, in correcting them and keep them in place.

But I went through it myself and I didn't want them to tell me what my child had to go through then. I knew he was going to do the same kinds of things I done. That's the way I took it but Stan didn't take it like that for all he done as he liked when he growing up. If he wanted to go out and stay out all night, he stayed out. But I wouldn't do that, go and stay all night. My father, not he to know. I'd do it if he was gone now. He wouldn't know about it. Then he wouldn't mind. (You understands about that?) Stan wanted to go through the same thing that my father went through with me. He wanted to go through it with ours. But I didn't agree with that because whatever they was going to do, they done anyway.

I suppose you worried more about the girls. It seemed like you did. Jim was no bother to me when he was growing up. When he was sixteen, he was no bother than he was when he was five. ~~And the only one in that family~~ was like it. He'd be in the bed perhaps when the others be out playing. Not because we made him do it or anything. It was just his way. And he's just got the same ways now. He's up in the forties. I don't know. He's a different make-up than any of the rest of ours. Even Roy and Ray, you know, was different from that.

You would question teenagers. You wanted to know where they was to at that hour of the night or something like this. They'd tell you. I don't know if they'd always tell you the truth about it. And Olive was always figured, we wouldn't trust her. We wouldn't trust her. And I suppose she had a right to when he was peeking on at her.

There was nowhere to go if you were a teenager. You had to go in somebody's house. That's all there was to do.

You worried at night 'cause you'd be afraid of the dogs. If anyone was coming at night, you'd be afraid the

dogs be at them. The dogs could eat them and you'd not know anything about it. There was lots of dogs then. Every house you go to, well, there'd be a team of dogs around the door. Say, the dogs starting to bark down here. Perhaps far as Sid's, the dogs could come on. The whole works. They'd come. That's what dogs was like. All band together in to see what was going on. Suppose there was anything in the heat, they'd get part of it.

They had homework, so much. They spend more time in school than they do now. It seemed like to me then. They had more hours in school. It would be dark sometimes when they come home sometimes. They do school work I suppose.

A lot of 'em, they can't get work here, they got to leave.⁶⁸ I don't seem like the rest bothered me leaving, you know, clear of Olive. 'Cause, you know, I didn't know the distance. You know, the distance they was away. I never realized we was so handy to her as we was. And I suppose with no roads here, when people went out, it seems like they was gone a long ways. With no roads. Went in a boat. I suppose when one started then and you got over that, it didn't seem so hard, you know, for somebody else then to go.

Olive was the first one to go. When Isabel went, she went in St. Anthony Hospital. Well, she never went in further than that. I didn't worry about her there 'cause I know she was in good hands there in the hospital. Well, if they got sick, they was OK there.

I can't remember talking very much to 'em about going. I dare say I did but I just can't remember now. When they get gone, they write home and tell me the news. About working and that.

There was no telephones then. Olive would write pretty often. The mail used to come by boat then. Summer times. And plane winter time. There used to be a small plane come here with the mail. Winter time. After Mr. Hunt gave up on dogs, you know. First beginning, that's the way they used to come. On dogs. See. And Mr. Hunt. Then after that was planes winter time. Summer time they go back to the boats again. That's the way it was then.

A good many years like that. 'Cause I can mind the first COD parcel I got. (You're going to laugh now when I tell you.) First COD parcel I had come was a mattress. Send for it. And I didn't know how he had to come. How he was going to get here. But I sent for it and I knew I was going to get it sometime. He come here and they put it on the wharf. We went and took the mattress. It was ours in our name. We didn't know anything about

paying it. COD now. Perhaps it was the first COD I ever had, as far as I know. And by and by we waited and waited and I keep the tags was on it in case someone would come back with how I had to pay for it. And I suppose it was a year after that before I got it straightened out and got it paid for. This was before we went to Labrador.

Jim and Olive was gone to work before we went to Labrador. And Isabel and Irene when I went to Labrador. Our youngest girl was gone then. I can't remember what date it was or anything like that when Jim went. It seems like he went to Goose Bay first thing. First time when he went away. And then he went to Labrador city. and then after that he come home and he went to Toronto. And Irene was up there then and he went up there for a while working. And he's been going back and forth there ever since.

The first time Olive leaved home she went to St. Anthony to the hospital.⁶⁹ Working with Doctor Forthside. He was married and he had kids. I think his wife used to be working in the hospital. 'Cause I remember Aunt Mary Simms getting that place for her. I don't remember how long she was there all the same. She could have been fifteen years old. I can't remember just how old she was.

And after that she worked in Stan's father's shop in the store. She went to work in the store after she got her grade nine.⁷⁰ That was because I bought her books and wanted her to go back and take her grade ten and she wanted to go to work. So we let her please herself. So she went to work. But I think she wished after that she had only listened and got more grades. 'Cause she passed her grade nine. I suppose there was not much money and she wanted, I suppose, to get to work on her own. After that she went to Stephenville and went to work in this restaurant. Mr. Blush. Olive came back to Main Brook after that and she stayed here then. She married here.

The first time Isabel leaved home, I don't know how old she was. I know she went and got her grade nine. And she never went back to school anymore. Which they all should have done. Jim never did get his grade eleven. He never went very far. Grade seven or something. Jim couldn't learn. Jim never got no grades. It was like I was telling you, I had to chase him to school. What he'd always do, is look at pictures. Jim would. I suppose he couldn't learn and that was it. Isabel went and got her grade nine. She went and worked in the hospital then in St. Anthony. I don't know how many years she worked there. Whether it was two or three or what. It was more than one. She took a nursing course then, Isabel did. A nurse's aide. And she passed that. And she finished there. So that's

all I can tell you about Isabel. She's living here. She came back here and got married then too.

Irene. Now I can't mind whether Irene had grade eight or nine. I don't remember. It could have been grade nine all the same. She got married. Oh, she wasn't quite sixteen. Then she got married. She married Fred Earle from St. Leonard. That's near St. Anthony. She went away in Roddickton with George Humbly and them to work so long. That's all I remember Irene go out in service or anything. Then when she got married, they went to Toronto then. In the spring. They got married in January or February. Then after she was married a year, over a year I suppose, she got her first baby. It must have been over a year.

Fred come and ask for her but we didn't want her to get married. We wasn't interested in her getting married 'cause she was young. Fred come and ask for her. And we had to take so long before we could make up our mind. I don't know which would have been best. To say yes or no. We was afriad that something could happen with another person she would have married and we'd have been sorry for it. We don't know. So we just said she should please herself.

She went down to Griquet and she was down there a month and she got married down there. And the minister then at that time never asked any questions. Never asked us if we were satisfied or anything. Just said Stan told him yes he could have her and that's all. Wouldn't be so now, wouldn't it? Everything I suppose turned out. She never had a hard life that I know for. Her life was pretty good I suppose. They're still living together and happy. They seem to be this summer, as happy as anyone can be.

There's lots of people don't agree with anyone getting married young but I said well, there's only perhaps two or three years one way or another, they'd be married anyway. What's the difference anyway? Two or three years wouldn't get you much out of life would it? That's what I thought about. I don't know if I thinks right or not. When I got married I married young. Seventeen. My marriage worked out OK. Well, if I had got married two or three years later, I'd only got the same thing out of life. If I married the same person I mean now.

I said to Irene one time--she was getting married --I said now don't marry one person and want somebody else. But that's all I did say to her. I mind saying that to her. But I didn't say that to Olive or Isabel as I mind for. We was on the Labrador, see, when Isabel get going with Leander Pilgrim. When we come home she said, "Momma, I

got the things picked up to get married." Now I didn't even know who she was going out with. Anyway, I never asked her. I suppose we come home in the night and I suppose this was in the morning. And by and by around six or seven right in walks this man. I knowed who he was. And he sat back on the chesterfield and I thought, "I suppose this must be the one." That's the way I found out that. Just like that. Anyway, I never said anything, for the hinder for marrying or anything like that. I heard she asked Lucy Boyd, I think it was, what she think of her marrying him. Lucy told me that she asked what she think of him. So she married him and I suppose it turned out OK as far as I know. It could be worse than what it is anyway.

I wouldn't want to know their lives. Now, what they're living together like. I think it's enough for anyone to handle their own. Let everybody else do the same. 'Cause if there's anything going on in their lives perhaps it would hurt me if I knowed it. And I'd rather not know it. That's how I feel about it. My children don't come to me with their problems. I can say that they don't. They don't come to me with anything. No. They never ever come to say well, Mamma help me. Never ever. When they were teenagers, if they were sick or something like that, they might. But any other troubles, they never ever come to speak about it. If I heard anything, well, that's all.

NOTES: CHAPTER X

68. Lack of employment for young people completing high school has been well documented. See the Report of the People's Commission on Unemployment in Newfoundland and Labrador (1978). Decreased employment opportunities have resulted in a trend towards migration from rural to urban areas in Newfoundland and migration to mainland Canada. Some remain permanently settled on the mainland, and only return for a summer holiday. Other patterns of male seasonal migration for work seem to fit well the traditional definition of the term planter, i.e., the fisherman-hunter-farmer-logger-carpenter of rural Newfoundland (Dyke 1968). Such occupational pluralism encourages winter employment in Goose Bay, Labrador City or Toronto with a return to Newfoundland or Labrador for the summer fishery. A mother explained her son's return to the Labrador fishery within this context: "He had a good job in Labrador City. Taxi driving. But come time for the Labrador, he came here and collected unemployment insurance. Got his gear ready and went to the Labrador. It's in his blood, I suppose."
69. Young women in the mid 1940s and 50s continued to go into service or related occupations such as kitchen or cleaning activities in the hospital in St. Anthony. As in the past, employment is usually based on a network of kinship ties. Within this context the phenomena of visiting villages (see footnote 58) might well apply to Main Brook enclaves in Toronto, Labrador City and Goose Bay.
70. High school ends at grade eleven for the province.

CHAPTER XI

LABRADOR: LIFE ON A LONGLINER

I CAN REMEMBER BEING SURPRISED WHEN I WENT INTO LITTLE PLACES. LITTLE HARBOURS. ESPECIALLY GOING INTO LITTLE PLACES AND SEEING WHAT IT 'T WAS LIKE THERE.

The first time I went down to Labrador we went in August.⁷¹ Calvin Curnew went down with us. He was that fellow that was jumping last night at the Pentecostal service.⁷² That happens lots of times. We just get happy in the Spirit. The Spirit of the Lord on accounts you do it. And Rolland Ollerhead went down with us. And Ray and Roy. Our own two boys. I don't remember how long we was down there but it must have been close to a month. It must have been. We went on the longliner boat.⁷³ I don't know how big she was then.

I suppose that was the first summer he used it. I'm not sure but I believe it was the first summer he used it. It was the first time I was in a boat that long for to stay aboard and cook and bake and all this. You had to do that aboard, see. Ray and Roy wasn't very old. Oh, they was fifteen and sixteen.⁷⁴ They must have been that age, you know. We didn't go very many places. I don't remember calling in very many places on the way.

But I remembers Punch Boat. We went in. We could tie up to the rocks on that. The water was deep there. And it 'twas all cliffs, you know, around. It's only a little small harbour. Just you say barely big enough to get a boat in. It 'twasn't very big there. But I don't know how long we stayed there. But I know they put away fish and they took me ashore. Land me in on the rocks. I had a bucket or pot, one of them aluminum pots or something. Picking bake apples in. While they was cleaning the fish, I got me an aluminum pot full of bake apples. It must have been around two gallons of bake apples in it. But anything else, I can't mind, anymore

we was tied up in the harbour for a long time. 'Twas nobody there only ourselves. I remembers twice about going ashore and picking berries. Bake apples.

I never felt confined on the boat while I was only myself. The other summers was different. I had a small baby with me you know, the next trip I went. I had Jack with me when he was ten months old.⁷⁵ This trip, it wasn't much to it. Only just a few weeks and we was back home again. I liked it. I suppose it was a bit different. On fine days there wouldn't be that much to do. You'd have to cook something for the men when they was ready to eat, you know, the meals. And bake bread. But I had lots of spare time when I didn't do anything. I could watch them at the fish or help them at it.

I used to help them at it, you know, salt it and that.⁷⁶ They used to salt it in the boat. The place they had, I suppose, to salt it in was as big as this room or bigger. Salting fish in. But 'twas on their deck, you know, under their deck. It wasn't as high up as this but it 'twas big. And salt that full of fish. I don't know if we had it salted full in or no. But there was times we had it salted full. And then you'd go into port and unload.

I liked it alright because when I had any spare time I helped them, you know. If I could do anything, if it was heading or cutting throat or something like that. (You don't understand about cutting their throats eh?) I didn't mind at that, now. And covering up with salt now. You'd almost have to bury it with salt, see. At times you had bad weather too. You didn't enjoy it then very much. But you take a fine day, a nice sun shiny warm day, you'd be out on the deck. It would be nice. When you get dirty weather, it wasn't so good. You managed to hang out a few things, you know, you wanted washed. You washed out by hand or something. And you had a little line somewhere on the boat to hang it out, see. You had that kind of work too. We had a stove almost as big as that one we had in the kitchen at that time with an oven. But one time we went down, I had to bake bread on the stove in the pots. (I'll tell you about that later. That's the next summer I suppose.)

I didn't miss Main Brook. It wasn't that long see. It could be three weeks. I'm not that sure how long. 'Cause I know that when I got home, Olive was home with Jackie, see. And he wasn't quite a month old. I made arrangements where she was to stay until we came, see. Down to Jess'.⁷⁷ Olive was on the coastal boat. She come up on the coastal boat from Goose Bay then. I suppose she passed along by we somewhere on the line coming

home. On the second trip down we had Jackie with us. Because he wasn't able to walk then it wasn't a big lot of trouble with him. I had a crib then in the boat, see, to put him in. And he wasn't able to walk. I suppose he was just able to walk now when we come back. He was just beginning to poke around a bit.

I was down there from June until perhaps the last of August. I'm not sure now. When we went down, 'twas ice then. There was a lot of ice around. And I believe it 'twas that night when we got down, we leaved there. In the night we got down so far as Square Islands. And anyway, it was dark when we got there. And I thought he was in the harbour and I didn't know the difference until next morning. We was in the ice all night. We wasn't moored off. We was just in the ice. And I lied down and went to sleep and I thought sure we was in the Square Islands, in the harbour. And when they got up in the morning, they told me where I was to. I was outside the harbour, almost out in the ocean, you call it, in the ice all night. And we moved a bit, I don't know how much. But not that much. The ice moves. The men lie down and went to sleep.

I suppose it wasn't quite dangerous. 'Cause if it was the sea on them, you know, the ice making a lot of racket around the boat, they would have noticed it. But there was no sea.⁷⁸ (You knows what I mean by the sea?) But the sea would have made the ice crash up against the boat. But a still night, a quiet night. It was some surprise when I got up. I thought I was going to be in Square Islands, see. The harbour was closed in, see. You go in. There's only a little entrance, that's all. And I was expecting--I wasn't used to it then-- but I was expecting to see the harbour, see. But I never seen the harbour that time. But on the way back I might have.

I remember one time we had to break the ice to get in the harbour. That same time, all the same, we went down and we board up in the harbour and they measured the water this time. Stan's other brother was with us, the one they call Dick, now this time and Jim was with us. I suppose Ray and Roy. They was there. And we went in this harbour and we board up and we lie down after a while and we went to sleep. It was nice calm, wasn't bad. And it was warm out too. Kind of warm, this was. By and by the boat began to list out on her side. And the cot began to lie, Jack began to slide. You know, the throws and pillow I had in the crib slide right down in the end of the crib. And it went that much on its side. And we had to get then. Get out. I don't know if it was one or two o'clock. Sometime in the middle of the night, anyway.

And we had three dogs aboard then. We was after picking up somebody's dogs on the ice. And we had them aboard the boat. We picked them up on the ice. Somebody lost them. I suppose or something or other. I never found out who. We had to make away with the dogs then. Because we had to get our food out, see, and put it on the rocks. So Dick took them and went so far away and he shot 'em. He was afraid to keep them around, see, 'cause they was spoiling our food then, we had to eat. We didn't know what would happen then. And we had a load of salt in too for fish. Salt for salting fish. And we lost that. Full of water, see. And we had to get ashore that night and put Jackie to sleep. I lied down with him on the rocks. And spread clothes out and got him to sleep. And I got up then when I got him to sleep and I worked with them. I watched he and worked with them, you know. He was warm and comfortable because he was asleep. They removed everything to get her upright, to put drums in her to get her upright. And the engine then, you know, the engine was full of water too. There was a bunch of rock right in under us and they was measuring the water so far from it. They didn't know where the rocks was too.

So they took me the next morning, they carried me up to Sandy Hill. Up to where Uncle Josh Burdett lived then.⁷⁹ And I was up there, I suppose a week before they could, you know, get me out of it then. So, they build a little place in another harbour. I don't remember the name of the harbour. Punch Boat, I suppose the name of the harbour was. And that where we settled down. So long there.

That's the first time I seen Josh Burdett. They was old people. His wife was with him. Harriet, I believe. She was a good talker. That was up in the bay like, you know. 'Twas warm there. And lots of flies there. She said one day she tried to put out clothes and she had to leave it. She couldn't do it, they was that bad. Up in the bays, flies was bad in June.

I enjoyed it there. We had lots of birds to eat and lots of eggs. See, they used to use ducks' eggs. In the spring, they get a lot of ducks' eggs. I don't know how many now. Perhaps a barrel. They could have a small barrel fill up with ducks' eggs. They wild ducks. Salt water birds you call 'em.

And I went up to Goose Bay then. After I come out from Uncle Josh Burdett's I went up to Goose Bay. Goose Bay, me and Jack. We was two weeks from the time I leave until I get back again. Olive was there. Jackie's mother.

I wanted to go up and show her Jackie, see, after all winter. He was older then. So, Jim was going at the time, too. He was leaving for Goose Bay to work. He went down that far with me and then he got on the coastal boat and went to Goose Bay. And I said now that seeing as Jim was going down, I'd go down with him. 'Cause I didn't know what it was like down there and I didn't know anyone.

And I come back then to Cartwright again. And I spend, it must have been a week in Cartwright. And when I got there Jackie got the measles. He was sick and still I didn't know what he had, you know, for a while. And then I said I seen the measles before, I know what he had then. He had the measles all the while I was there. He began to get clear of them when I leaved. I stayed with Berder Williams, she is now.⁸⁰ She had a boy there all the same but I don't know if he got the measles or no.

That was my first time to Cartwright. I went in there with Berder's sister. She come up from Labrador. And she brought her family up. Her husband took epilepsy fits, you call them. And they laid him off then and sent him home. So that's who I came up with. I wasn't to Goose Bay before.

And so the salmon collector used to go out of Cartwright and go up where Stan and them was to.⁸¹ So in the morning I got up before daylight and I walked, I don't know how far to connect with that boat. And I had Jackie with me. I had to sit down. Take spells. I never had any-one to help me along until I got where the boat was to. Now, I was never in the place before. I had a suitcase with me too. And I had to carry he. I had to take he in my arms too. So, I was glad when I got back where Stan and them was to. And they had a little place built. So we stayed there a month I suppose in this old little cabin what's there years ago.⁸²

The little place we had wasn't big enough for Dick to sleep in. He couldn't sleep in it 'cause there wasn't room then. 'Cause we had to beds in it. And we had Jackie's cot besides that. And there was only a place there to eat. Dick stayed in somebody else's house. And he put up a canvas tent into that one. And he tried to manage while he was there. We could have been there a month. And I don't know just how long it was because I think it was a rough spot there, you know, when the falls came. Later on, it would have been rough.

Fall was nice enough in the harbour, just the same. In Punch Boat. We used to go out. I used to take Jack. Sometimes I go out in the boat with him. Out watch them kill seals. Go out in a speed boat and kill a seal. Seems like

I was out a couple of times like that. When we went out for seal or fishing when it was smooth, you know. We didn't go when it was rough. Could be a month, we was there.

Then we moved out to Grady then. And we had this great big--'twas a bunk house one time where a crowd of men stayed, you know, where people was down there fishing. And they had a place for the men to sleep and put up their beds and that. And then they had a place for a cook house, they call it. So, we had this big house to ourselves, you know.⁸³ There was big bedrooms in there. But there was no canvas or anything like that on. A lot of the board was painted red. Anyway, we had a nice trip there. There's lots of room.

People lived on the other side of the harbour there. And I used to go over there once in a while and they used to take care of us. They had a little girl, this woman did. I forgets their name now. She had some girls and they took care of Jackie for me. They'd go up on the hill. You'd go up on the hill to pick berries. Up in the big hallows in the hills. That's where you'd get the bake apples now. It was rocky hills and hallows, you know, in the hills. Flat places. And you'd get a lot of bake apples there. They did that a couple of times for me. Could be a month or could be longer than that we was there. I'm not sure. There was good fishing, there, you know. Cod fishing.

After they kill the seals, I take the jaw bones and clean that. Perhaps you'd boil it a little bit in water. It was easy then to clean, you know. Take off the meat. Then you'd wash 'em and dry 'em. But if they broke in two--sometimes they split in two right here--and fall apart, you'd have to tie them together to make sure the right one was in the right place. And you'd get ten dollars, I believe, for a big one and I think it was five for a small one.⁸⁴ That was one summer now.

I can remember being surprised when I went into little places. Especially going in little places and seeing what it was like there. And lots of dogs there. Oh my. Everybody had a team of dogs. And sometimes in the evening, they'd let 'em loose. You talk about the howling and the going on with dogs. Noisy. They weren't afraid of them but I was frightened to death of them. If I went ashore I always made sure I was with Stan then. I was much afraid. I was afraid of dogs. Up on the hills, everywhere they'd be. All over the little harbours.

That's what they had to get firewood, see. That was the only way then. The stove used firewood and liver. We burned liver too. Fish liver. Sometimes you'd burn a lot of fish liver, if it was bad weather. Sometimes it

was cold, you'd have to burn a lot. You'd have to keep the fire in all day long. But not the Labrador people. I don't know whatever they burn to heat. But I spoke just to Jess, not very long ago. I wondered if they did. She said no, she don't think they used to because they used to have their wood, you know, gathered up in the winter, for a summer. When they thought they had enough for the summer, they have it.

We used to carry down firewood with us sometimes. So much, you know. And lots of times they'd go up in the bay and bring out so much wood. You'd have to have so much wood, you wouldn't be able to burn all livers.

But at the end of that trip, coming back and we got to Battle Harbour and that's where I got that bird. That one, the one I got hung up there in the window. That's where I got that. A parrot, isn't it? And we went in the store and I seen these parrots. They had small ones, smaller than that. I said I feel like I want the biggest one that was there. So I had that. And that time I was sick. Real seasick. We was going in Battle Harbour. And I had Jackie and he wasn't very big. And I had him lie down on the pillow. He started moving around. And I lodge my head on the window.

And I rested my head, I was and I didn't know nothing before he slide right down in the fore-castle, they call it. Well, down below, you know, where the stove was too. It almost frightened me to death. And when he went, well--like the pillow I was showing you just now--he took that one with him as he was sliding. And he bumped his head somewhere. I don't know if it was on the stove and leaved a mark on his head.

And I never got the better of that for days and days. And I was frightened. 'Cause if he never took the pillow with him, I don't know perhaps it would have killed him when he went down somewhere in the stove, you know. That was on the way back. It took the good right out of me 'cause I thought about everything. I said perhaps someone thought we made away with him or something. Never knows what we would have to go through if anything happen to him. So I got some fright. I never got the better for days. But it never hurt him as it happen. I caught him right as he hurt his head. He never had any trouble with his head as I know for. That's on our way back. That's as far as Battle Harbour, now. Going in anywhere else on the way back, I don't remember now. That's the end of that trips. After it's all over, half the stuff it don't come in your mind.

My father wasn't there then. He was dead then. When we went down that trip, he was dead. That same trip, just outside of Cartwright--but I don't remember the name of the place now--and there was an old man from here, Uncle Joe Tuck.⁸⁵ He was down there then at the time too. That's something else now.

He was a man now whatever he had, he had gathered in the house with him. And me and Berder--I was telling you about the one I was staying with--Berder went to the door. And I had Jackie with me. And he didn't know who I was for all he knowed me for years before that. He was an old man. He forgot. He wasn't going to take us in. I suppose he was afraid he'd be blamed for having women in the house, see. And anyway, I stood there. He asked me who I was. I told him I was Ruth. Stan's Ruth. He knowed it right away. He said to come on in. And he was crying then when he found out who I was. He was the one that went to Labrador with my father.

I suppose there was a lot going through his mind before he made up his mind what we was there for. He knows Berder. But he didn't know this woman she had with her. And I had a baby with me. Perhaps he thought I was going to come in or something. Anyway, he was some glad after he found out who I was. Every day then, he come up to Berder's to see me when I was there. It was right nice.

He wanted to know then about Aunt Mary and Mr. Ollerhead. He wanted to know about everybody that lived here in the place then. He knowed everybody here. (Now, I forgot when I was telling you the first time about that.) Lots of things that come to your mind after. That was the same trip, that's when Jackie got the measles then. You'd be surprised now what you goes through in one summer now, the places you go to, if you had to tell it over again.

It didn't seem like I was real busy that summer. It didn't seem like that. No. Now of course it was a running brook right beside me where we lived that time. When we went into this little house we had. And Jackie wasn't toilet trained. And I washed it⁸⁶ and shake it out at one end of the river and it was runned out farther. At the other end, we'd drink out of it, see, because it didn't go back on it. It always runned out. But nice water there. We always tried to put up where there was water too. But the Labrador water was some yellow.

Jackie was twelve months. By the time we come home, he was twelve month old. He had his first birthday on the Labrador. Every birthday, perhaps it was seven or

eight years. He had all his birthdays on the Labrador. And Jack was ever inch a sailor.

The third trip. The worst I thought of it, you know, was getting ready to go. You had to pack up everything you needed. You'd have so many boxes and you'd have beds to tie up and bed clothes. Everything you needed, you had to take. Clothes and pillows and everything you needed to put on a bed, you had in boxes. You had a trunk. Well, you usually pack the sheets in the trunk with the pillow cases with it and our own clothes we needed. And we used to try to take as less as we could, you know. Lots of times then, you'd have stuff you'd never put on when you was down there. Like clothes, you know, trying to take something you'd go anywhere.

You'd have to have a box of food. Now, perhaps ten pounds of sugar or five pounds of butter. Until you got to the nearest store then, everything you need like that, you pick it up. Raisins or like baking powder. Well, everything that was dry, that you could keep. You know, you wouldn't take much fresh meat.⁸⁷ You might have a meal of fresh meat or something like that. But you wouldn't be able to take that, it would spoil, see. You had no place to put it.

On the Labrador you could get almost anything in the stores. But not early in the spring you wouldn't because they'd have to wait until it come down in the boat then. Because they'd be gone out. I remembers gone down and going into Square Islands one year and they was sick. Some of them, some of the kids was sick. In Ben Powell's home, this was. And they had a store. And they was right out of fruit and things like that. So we had to fill them with the food. They had plenty of rough food you know. And they'd be run out of potatoes and stuff like that in the spring too. So we usually took a stack of potatoes with us and so much turnip and carrot. And perhaps you'd have a meal of carrots. Well, you'd have a nice few onions too, you know.

We'd pack things on the Labrador for Main Brook. We'd have, well, seal meat in bottles and birds. We'd have salmon and tongues and britches. You know, everything. I used to pack up bake apples. We must had perhaps four or five cases of bottles. Every bottle we could get, we'd take 'em down with us. We'd have lots of bottles. And sometimes we could buy bottles down there if we got ours, what we had filled up. We'd go down to store and buy a case or two of bottles then.

Could be a dozen bottles of one thing. Whatever you could get, you know. But bake apples, my, I suppose we would have dozens of bottles of bake apples. Well, we'd take down perhaps a whole gallon of bake apples. If we couldn't get any bake apples that summer, we'd leave our bottles down. We didn't bring 'em back every year. Not unless we thought perhaps we didn't want to go back anymore. Well, our bottles would be still there when we go back. No one would take them. Until later on than now, they're doing it down there. They're taking anything.

We was in Black Tickle. We built a place in Black Tickle one year. Jackie wasn't very big then. It must have been the third trip. We was in Batteau so long. We stayed in Batteau and then we went to Black Tickle. That's what it seems to me like we done. And we build a little place there. We must have had the lumber with us I suppose. Stan build a little place there. And we stayed there so long and there wasn't any fish. No salmon there. And we moved down to Indian Tickle then. That's where Sid and them were too. And this the time that he build up the place.

He went and got it⁸⁸ and in the night he had it brought ashore and ready to go into it. He took it down in the morning and brought it down to Indian Tickle and put it up the same Day. Batteau is not very far from Black Tickle.

We stayed aboard the boat there in Batteau. Long-liner then, we stayed aboard. I don't remember how long we was there but I remember getting so much fish there. That would be cod fish. And they got salmon too, I think. But there wasn't enough there to please Stan or something. He didn't like it there or something. So, he went down to Black Tickle. Could be a dozen families there in Batteau. I don't know for sure. And they had a little store there too, a shop, you know. We'd go ashore. There was a man from up here. Roaul Galton.⁸⁹ (Perhaps you heard his name.) Now I suppose that's all I can tell you about Batteau.

I didn't mind leaving Batteau. I don't know. It didn't matter that much to me. On the Labrador, it seems like one place is not much better than the other unless you get a good harbour in the boat. To have a good harbour was the main thing then when you was living aboard, see. So we went up to Black Tickle then and we stayed aboard the boat while he was building the place. I minds about that. Seems like you could moor almost to the rocks then, there.

And the mice, oh my, the mice there on the land. Lots of mice there. They could eat right through the little firewood we had to burn. There be lots of them. (Say, I don't know what happened why we moved out of Black Tickle. Stan can you?⁹⁰ There was not enough fish there?) No fish and no salmon. But I like it there all the same. Black Tickle.

You could go across to the stores only, I suppose this and the Birtch Islands away. To go across. Not that distance. Or a little distance, only to go across, that's all. George Dahl. Mr. Dahl had the store.

When I was on the longliner I used to go ashore then and have my wash tub aboard. I used to wash the clothes and spread it out on the grass. We never had no line or anything else, see. A clothes line. While I was ashore and Jackie would be ashore with me. And then we'd see the little birds' nests. There'd be lots of little bird nests around. And that's the time that I bake the bread on the stove.

I was telling you about I bake bread in there and the oven door was give out that time. And you put down the waterless cookers and baked the brown, you know, the brown nice on the sides. But you couldn't do nothing with the top. When you turn it over. Turn it over, you know, might make it a little bit browner. But it was getting close. The bread, you know, was likely to be close. I suppose to where the steam was in this cover on the pot used to make it like that. The steam wouldn't come out like it would in the oven, see. I never had no space for the steam to get out. That's what make it like it was close and that. I baked enough for we while we was there and there was another fellow down there from Square Islands somewhere. And he got to make bread. So he shared his biscuits with me and we shared our bread with he.⁹¹ The bread taste good. I liked taste it. But I suppose that's all I can tell you about that.

Oh I never wanted to live aboard the boat no more then. I found it hard, say for getting the water and for getting anything done. The men get out in the boat, perhaps they say they want something and perhaps they come in then and they had fish. You'd have to wait till you get water sometimes. You couldn't get at the water, see. The wood was a problem too, 'cause there'd be times that you could get out of there and get a bit of wood yourself if I was ashore. And you'd be able to get out and walk around once in a while.

But if they be gone, I'd be leaved there aboard the boat by myself. Just me and Jackie. I used to tie he on, see. Tie him on because if I was at anything, well, I'd have to have him tied on because I was afraid, see. But he always sing out when I say, "Jackie." He'd say "My mommy", he use to say.

There was not much you could do on that boat like that. When I was ashore, I knitting and matting. I had a mat frame down there. You'd bring down so much to do, you know. You'd get second hand clothes, what you never wore, well, you'd get a full bag of that.⁹² I'd have to get that on the sly.⁹³ I suppose, 'cause Stan didn't want me to do it too much. Perhaps I'd have a bit sneaked in here and there where he wouldn't know I had it. I'd end up coming home, I'd have two or three mats coming home. Perhaps I'd have half a dozen mats. And I sold 'em, two or three. Mrs. Fitzgerald bought one from me. And Mrs. Burdett bought another one. I sold them for five dollars apiece. That's what I sold 'em for.

And then you'd do a bit of knitting and knitting slippers or something like that. But after a few years, there was a crowd of women down there, see. And all hands would be at something like this, you know, to pass the time away. We'd all have it in our own houses. But we'd go into other people's houses and show what you had done, you know.

NOTES: CHAPTER XI

71. Ruth went to Labrador for the first time in the summer of 1960. Stan had made several trips to the Labrador fishery before he took Ruth. "I decided to make a longliner when I decided to bring Ruth along with me."
72. At Sunday evening services, the assembly would often sing for twenty minute periods. Once, while I was present, Calvin Curnew did a repetitive sequence of jumping forward and backward. Sid explained the phenomena to me: "Now I never got any of that motion in my life. It's a job for me to explain to you but the Bible speaks about people dancing in the Spirit. And as far as I can learn that is what is meant there. He knowed that he was going it. Definitely. That wasn't unusual, you know. It don't happen every service. Every now and then. No, that wasn't unusual to we, you know."
73. Stan described the making of his longliner: "I suppose there was only a half dozen longliners in Newfoundland when I built that boat. In the fall, we'd go out to St. Anthony for a month or so and we seen this longliner. And took a likin' to that and said I want to build one. And they were sawing. Dick and my brother. They had a sawmill. They had a contract then. They sawed the boat. Some of it. Well, I was two years at that boat, you see. That's two years in the spring and in the fall. I fished in the summer. I worked in the woods in the winter with Bowaters. Camp 18. So it was in the spring and in the fall, you know. After I got back from Labrador in the fall, I'd have a month or two. I hired men who helped me with it. I used to pay Dick. I had my own sawmill hooked up and I had a little small planer. Everything was done there. I collect subsidy and bounty for that boat from the government."

With the setting up of the Newfoundland Fisheries Development Authority in 1953, the provincial government adopted a policy of attempting to transform the small-scale, seasonal inshore fishery to a large-scale, deep-sea, year round industrial fishery. Post-Confederation programs concentrated on productivity and production methods. One component of this process was a near-shore development aimed at the provision

of incentives, mainly in the form of bounties, for the acquisition of longliners, small multi-purpose boats for fishing close to the coast. See Cato Wadel (1973:7-8).

74. Young men who were fifteen, sixteen served as sharemen for their fathers or uncles. Stan explained this function: "A young fellow would be a help on the salmon net. All fifteen year old boys work fish nets in Newfoundland. Close to as good as a man. After he's past ten years, they usually want to go out." A fishing crew comprises from one to six men and are typically made up of a core of close kin (a father and his son(s) or a group of brothers). See Melvin M. Firestone (1967), Thomas F. Nemic (1972).

75. Jack was the son of Ruth's daughter Olive. Ruth and Stan raised Jack until he joined the navy at seventeen.

76. For the preparation of fish to be sold see footnote 10 .

77. I.e., Jessie Saunders, Ruth's sister-in-law.

78. Stan explained the type of sea best for crossing the Straits in a small boat: "It had to be a special day to cross the Straits. You want calm and no sea. It could be flat calm, no wind at all and a heavy sea. You can have a big ground sea coming up from the North Atlantic with no wind at all for days. And the shoals will be breaking way off, you know, in seven, eight fathoms of water. That's known as a ground sea. We couldn't drive in no small boats in it with a heavy sea."

79. Uncle Jimmy Burdett and his younger brother Bob Burdett are Labradoreans who shift into Indian Tickle for the summer fishery. Bobby Burdett stays in the Tickle from April to September. "They were there for I suppose fifty or sixty years. This Uncle Jimmy--his father was there and his grandfather before him. So, you know, it's passed right on down through. They have a home up in Sandy Hill and one in Cartwright for winter time. In the winter they'll live in Cartwright and in the spring, April, they'll shift up to Sandy Hill. They'll stay there till salmon fishing over. In July, they'll shift down to Indian Tickle. There till September."

80. Berder was a friend of Ruth's father.
81. A boat from the Hudson Bay Company would collect salmon, at that time, from fishermen along the coast and bring it to Cartwright to be weighed.
82. Seasonal abandoned cabins were used by anyone needing shelter. Sid explained the more permanent use of land: "Then they had what you call squatter's rights then for fishermen in the summer. If you lived on this land, you occupied it for so long. You had a right to it so long as you were there."
83. The population size of fishermen fluctuated considerably. Sid explains the reason for the dramatic periodic change in population: "People were going down there a long time before we went down there. The first time I went down there was, say it was 48. 1948. Something like that. And 1950 I went back there again. In 1948 there was about twenty-three crowds in Indian Tickle. Crews, you call 'em. Fishermen. And in 1950 I went back there again and was only two. Confederation. You see, Confederation that year and everybody stayed home for jobs. And probably got jobs, a lot of them, you know. It was poor fishing, then see. There was no fish on the Labrador then either. Just as scarcely a fish then as what it was, say, three years ago on the Labrador. It was nothing. There was no draggers to take it away then. Not in 1949. And Mr. Burdett told me he's known schooners to go down with ninety men on it. Search the Labrador Coast fishing and come back with three kettles of fish in the schooner."

Stan noted that fish appear and disappear in cycles. "The fish is coming back now. At first when we set out from Labrador there was stores. Every harbour that you went in there'd be a store full of cod twine and salmon nets and anchors. Everybody just come home and left it down there. That was between twenty-five and thirty years ago. And the fish was thousands. They gave up fishing because there was none down there. By the time we start going down there, fish was back again. And now that was twenty-five years ago and now it's on its way back. This summer it was a little more.

84. The government had a bonus for the jaw bones of the harbour seal. "We got into the seal fishery then. The federal government paid a bonus on harbour seals. We seen all those seals in the bay. Well, we're getting ten dollars apiece for skins and five dollars for a jaw bone. That was good money before the salmon

come in. So, we went into it. We only spent two or three years hunting seals."

85. Uncle Joe Tuck accompanied Ruth's father on his first missionary trip to Labrador.
86. I.e., diaper.
87. Slaughtered domesticated meat is known as "fresh meat."
88. I.e., the cabin.
89. Roaul Galton is a resident of Main Brook.
90. "Salmon in Newfoundland is not fish at all. Cod is fish and salmon is salmon. To Newfoundlanders, the term fish means codfish. Other species, such as salmon or herring, are referred to specifically by name.
91. Men who went down to fish on the Labrador without a family would ask a woman in the area to bake bread in exchange for some service or for money.
92. Second hand clothing would be the material used for matting.
93. Men complain about their women knitting and matting constantly.

CHAPTER XII

GOING TO LABRADOR ON THE COASTAL STEAMER

WE USED TO HAVE NICE TRIPS, I CALL IT. LOTS OF TIMES YOU'D SEE THE SAME PEOPLE. PERHAPS FIFTY PEOPLE ON THE BOAT. WE'D KNOW THE BIGGEST PART OF THEM.

We didn't go down on the coastal steamer.⁹⁴ Not them years. Later, I did. It's much all the same every trip. The first time we went down on the coastal boat, we went to St. Anthony and got aboard out there. (You went on, did you? Or you put the boat aboard?) You put aboard, what they call the trap boat⁹⁵ aboard the coastal boat and went down. That must have been five or six years after, you know, we start going down on the coastal boat.

It seemed like I enjoyed those trips, you know, of going down there. 'Cause you're going in those parts.⁹⁶ Perhaps you get ashore once in a while. Some of the places, the boats be full. Perhaps they wouldn't all get a place to lie down.⁹⁷ Sometimes, they wouldn't all get a place to lie down because there'd be so many on it. And they'd be all fishermen and women and children. You know, families. Lots of people used to, at that time, used to take down, have their own food and boil their own kettle aboard the boat and eat their own food. Lots of them would. If they had a long ways to go, you know, it would make the trip cheaper.

'Cause they'd be on there a long time. I can't remember just how long but perhaps they'd be on there perhaps two weeks. Could be they'd be on there two weeks.⁹⁸ I know them, when they got here, they'd be told us sometimes perhaps they'd be on there six or seven days then when they got this far. They came from North River and I can't tell you how far now. Triton. Up around there. Bear Islands and there was different places they'd come. They'd pay seven dollars for their fisherman's ticket. Well, could be they'd have enough food to get down there

sometimes. Enough of their own food, you know, pack it up. And they'd use up their food.

Then if they had to, well, they'd get their meals aboard, you know, fifty cents a meal. They'd be good meals too, you'd get for that. You'd get soup first and then you'd get the dinner or supper, whatever it might be. And then you'd get dessert. We never brought our own food aboard. I can't remember we ever having. We never had that far to go compared to what them had. We'd be there a nice while. Sometimes. And sometimes you'd do it within a couple of days. If there was no ice, you know. If there's no ice, the boat would go on night time you see. They'd try to get there as quick as they could.

The biggest part I was telling you, was lying down. On the bunk or perhaps in the sitting room. You'd go up. Sometimes we used to all gather together and play music and sing hymns. And, you know, it's almost like church. That could be any day, you do that. Any night or something like that. Used to be nice trips. You'd enjoy it as long as you didn't get in the ice too much and hear the ice crackling beside her. You didn't like that very good. We used to have nice trips, I call it.

Lots of times you'd see the same people. I can't remember the names but you'd always know when you seen 'em. You'd know you'd meet him before. I suppose we used to talk things together and tell what happened. If somebody died or something or other happened like that, you know. Talk about it.

Lots of times, there'd be the crowd getting on in Griquet and going down. Like Fred Saunders. They'd go in the same harbour that we was in, see. Frank Snow and Johnny Compton and Frank Keaton and Gord Pilgram used to go down there. And lots of times, they'd be perhaps going to Dumpling and they'd pass we going to Indian Tickle, see. They used to go down farther than we, sometimes. Yes, I suppose there could have been a dozen families in Indian Tickle, wasn't it on the last of it? Or more than that, I suppose. I just don't remember about that. Perhaps fifty families on the boat. We'd know the biggest part of them.

Ken Adams used to go down too. And George Adams, his son. I tell you, it was a lot of people used to go down there. And one time, I know they counted up how many was in the Tickle.¹⁷ But I can't remember how much they counted was in Indian Tickle. But it 'twas a lot of people.

Ron Woods was down there. And two or three families from the Straites⁹⁹ went down there when Ron Wood went down. And lived right along side of we. And Fred Burton had a nice place built there and it was clapboard and done up so good. You'd never think it blow out of it.¹⁰⁰ Leander and Stan Pilgram, I suppose they must have had two or three or four men sharing. And they lived right along side us.

I just had Jackie, that's all. The children get out and go around, wherever they'd want to go, you know, on the coastal boat. Perhaps go back where the cook was to. They'd be back there. Perhaps he'd be feeding them up. You know, giving him apples, oranges, whatever they had to give 'em. I didn't worry about Jackie on the coastal beat. You'd tell him to be careful. Not to be climbing around too much. You know, so many people there, if anything happen, somebody had to see it. There was so many people.

Sometimes you see seals like that too. At certain times you'd see seals too going through. Tourists sometimes, coming up, they'd be taking pictures. When we was going down I don't think there used to be much tourists on the boat. You'd see icebergs all the year round, you know. When you'd go down in the spring, they'd be there. Perhaps in the fall, you'd see icebergs when you was coming up. Lots of times you would. You'd sure to see them going down. Icebergs didn't bother we 'cause we're used to seeing ice. But some would like be around in the spring or no. It was too much ice. I suppose they was in danger if there was too much ice.

When you went down on the coastal boat you had to do the same thing as regards what you needed and everything. They all packed up and put aboard the coastal boat then. They got a boat for the boats. A boat to take the boats on deck. And wood, they'd take wood down. Firewood. It 'twas a nice bit of work to it when you got there. Perhaps no wharf where you was landing to. You'd have to land it in the beach. Getting it all out there and unpacking and getting ready for the night. Well, if it was a good day, you'd take out your bedclothes as quick as you could and spread it out. You know, let the fresh air to it.

The steamer would just moor up in the harbour. You'd lower your own boat. Put everything aboard and carry it ashore. Perhaps you make several trips, you know. Two or three trips before you get it all out. They'd be there perhaps an hour or perhaps two or three hours or perhaps half a day by the time you get out. Well, people was saying, well, I won't get out tonight. Well, other people further down. Well, we won't get out tonight. Now, they'd be longing to get out, see. Anxious to get out. And afraid you was going to get a bad day perhaps to land your freight or something. Well, if you got there on

a nice calm day, it would be, you know, it wouldn't be too bad getting your things out then. A dry day. But if it was a wet day, it wouldn't be very nice.

When you got there, you'd put up your stove pipe. You'd have to do that. Get your stove ready first thing. Then you'd get your fire in then. That day you'd have a lot of work to do. Keep you busy for a while. You had a little cabinet up--like the one out there.¹⁰¹ You'd put all your little things you had, like baking powders and tea and a pack of sugar. And your lamp. You'd have to prepare your lamp then right away too for the night. You'd have so much oil in your lamp then. You wouldn't have no time for visiting the first day. Could be not the second day 'cause if you got your boxes in the house, there's lots of things you need. Well, perhaps there'd be so many boxes you wouldn't get unpacked that day.

Lots of times we'd have the coastal boat come in and pick us up in Main Brook.¹⁰² Right here to this old wharf here. The one right in front of the house. We never had very far to go. He used to take his things in the truck and take it up there. If you had a speed boat then, we put her on that. Lots of times he'd go down in our own boat too, and I'd go down on the coastal boat, see. He had his longliner boat. It didn't seem like I worried about Stan in his boat. I thought I suppose he was able to take care of himself. If he didn't, there wasn't much I could do about it.

If it was good weather, then they'd get ahead of us, you know. And then they'd pick us up then from the coastal boat. You was down ahead of us. That's what they tried to do. Get there first. If he wasn't there, there was always a man there come up from Cartwright and fished up there, see. They'd be up there from before we got there. If Stanley wasn't there, they'd be there to pick off anyone that wanted to get off the coastal boat. If our men wasn't got down there with their boats. There was always a way to do it. It was no worry.

I'd rather go down on the coastal boat then go down on our own boat lots of times. The only thing, it was cheaper I suppose because you didn't have to pay for the trip like your meals and that. It was more comfortable on the coastal boat. If you got sick, you could lie down. But I used to get sicker on the coastal boat a lot. I'd get seasick often. I never ever got used to it. Now, you think after a while, two times, you wouldn't get seasick but I did.

I liked meeting the other people a lot. Lots of times, you'd go down on your own boat. You'd go into ports that you wouldn't go in with the coastal boat. You know

Labrador people. . You'd know them. They'd come out too when we was going down in our boat. A lot of them would come aboard. And the women too. Even if you didn't know them, they'd come aboard, just the same.

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94. Stan recalls that, "We got two CN boats. Big ones. And there'd be two more freight boats. They'd pick up all freight and small boats. One would pick up passengers around the Conception Bay area. Another one would come down to Triton and Green Bay area and White Bay and pick up.
95. A trap boat is a 30 foot long open boat.
96. The coastal boat stopped at ports along the coast of Labrador that requested a stopover for passengers, freight or mail. Such stops were opportunities to meet friends and exchange information about the fishery. Stan recalls, "When you got on the Labrador coast now, every ten, fifteen miles there'd be a port and you'd get in. There'd be people coming out on the side of the ship for freight. And you'd talk to them and did you get any salmon and so on."
97. Jessie Saunders recalls trips with two or three hundred passengers aboard. "Now, we got it good coming back and forth from Labrador. They'd be filled right up. Me and the women and youngsters. All of us in together. We'd get a room for ourselves and our youngsters, you know. Might be two or three families in one but perhaps, now, there'd be me and Blanche and her family and my family. And perhaps there'd be another family in with us. You might be two or three on one bunk." The men would give their bunks to the women and children. Stan recalls, "The men usually didn't have a place to lay down. Women got preference for the bunks, you know. A lot of people (men) sleeping in the hole and back in the saloon on the floor. On the furniture and whatever."
98. Stan recounts the length of time travelling to the Labrador fishery: "It wasn't very long. It wasn't at all. We was only one night. Like Ruth said yesterday, the Fitzgeralds up from around Trinity Bay, they had four weeks on the boat. We only had two days or something like that. Unless you got ice-bound. Once we got caught in the ice in Battle Harbour. We went in the harbour and a big pan of ice came in and the ship couldn't get out. We went out through a very small tickle after.

99. I.e., the Straits of Belle Isle.
100. Fred Burton's place was blown away in a storm the year Ruth and Stan stopped fishing in the Tickle. Stan noted that "Since we left Indian Tickle, there's been a storm come up and everything is gone. We'd been there when that storm was on, the house was blown down and everything. Probably every twenty years you might get one of those big hurricanes, you know. And clean the place right out."
101. I.e., the cabinet in the kitchen.
102. It would be necessary to listen carefully to the steamer reports on radio to trace the progress of the steamer up the coast of Newfoundland. Jessie Saunders recalls such an incident: "Once we wasn't ready to go to Labrador. We had so much things ready but we wasn't fully ready to go to Labrador. And I turned on the radio. This fellow was saying we got to go to Main Brook to pick up a family. And now there was a bit rush on then. Rush, you know. There was only us going. She came in and picked us up. We was ready by the time she got there. I had to scabble and pick up a few things to the store."

CHAPTER XIII

INDIAN ISLAND

I LIKED LABRADOR OK. ANYWHERE YOUR FAMILY IS, YOU'RE CONTENT OR AT LEAST I WAS THAT WAY. THE PLACE DIDN'T MATTER THAT MUCH.

After we went down to Indian Tickle. Down there. Down on Indian Islands. Fitzgeralds was there. We could see Burdetts too in the distance, you know. Jess was there. I suppose Fred Saunders and them wasn't there then. I'm not so sure. But Blanche wasn't started going down there then. She never went down before late years. And Pennys, yes. They start coming in then. Slades, yes, Mr. Slade and Mr. Penny.

The first year, we went there, it 'twas only just ourselves there. Another year, a couple of years after that, I suppose 'twas, it must have been five or six families there. It seemed like it wasn't very long before Rick shift there. Rick Saunders. Rick moved up where we was. Rick Saunders. And I suppose the next year there was Leander Pilgram and Stan Pilgram moved there. And build up right along side of us then.

We could walk to Fitzgeralds'. Just around a little cove. That's all. We used to go over there and they used to go over. Sunday evenings, they'd walk over. I suppose that then they had a little store down there, didn't they? Right then. And we used to go over and buy whatever we want. Until afterwards, he had to give it up. He had too many bad dealers. They make it bad for themselves and everybody. We were three families, you know.

You could buy anything you want to eat. Any kind of food bar fresh meat. And vegetables, you could buy vegetables and anything you needed. Well, most anything. Anyway. We used to go down in June month to Indian Island and we'd come back the last of August. Around there.

I liked to be in Indian Island. There was plenty

of water. We never had to go, not as far as that road there to get our water. There was a brook run out right along by us. That's in Indian Tickle now. We went down and picked a spot but afterwards some people told us we wouldn't be able to live. Comes time, we'd blow out of it.¹⁰⁷ And it 'twas a rough place there. We found it after a while it was true. I suppose the next year after we knocked off going down there, the whole works blown out of there. The whole house. Not only ours but the rest was there. Half a dozen houses there. We could hardly believe it 'cause there was one there build with plywood. The one Frances and them lived in was built out of plywood. This was the year we gave up going on down.

I suppose late in the fall there'd be a big storm. (Fitzgeralds used to tell us, Stan, about it. Didn't they?) That they had storms that used to come up there and he couldn't take it in, you know, I suppose. Seemed like they couldn't take it in 'cause you know when he was there, it would be so nice and that. But ours, they all happen to hold out, you know. The storms kept off long enough that we was finished going down there when it blowed down.

We had one house there. There wasn't very much of a house. Lots of times we say shack or cabin. Well, you call it a cabin, I suppose. We had three bedrooms. Three bedrooms. And we had what they called a little place for a pantry. That's all. Kitchen. You wouldn't get a basement down there if you tried. Got to dig it down. You had to build on the ground. 'Cause it's most all rocky. I don't think they'd bury a corpse. I think you'd have a job to cover up, earth to cover up a corpse. It's mostly rock.

There's a cemetery there just the same. Between where we lived there. Fitzgeralds. There was a cemetery there. Nice looking cemetery. Must have been, you know, each grave mighten be every one, but, you know, some there with what they call a horn rail around it. 'Twas down pretty good. It must have been you know, when it 'twas new. But I couldn't tell you how long that been there. (That's between our place and Fitzgeralds', isn't it Stan?) Right on the hill over to Fitzgeralds'. That's where it's too.

You could see right where we lived, you know, the places where you could see the parts was laid down, like the ground was round off. A lot of places there than we, I suppose, there must have been. Could be a dozen was buried there. Could be, you know as far as Florence's

from yours. That distance. And it could be a rock, you know. They'd have a long rock stuck down by their head and one stuck at the foot. I didn't question over at Ned Fitzgerald, but they did say there was families drowned down there. Went ashore or something or other in a storm and was drowned. And I suppose this was how they come to be there.

But there's lots of cemeteries down there, you know, not only where we stayed. But you go into the harbours, there's lots of. Sandy Hill, there was a cemetery up there. Lots of places like that. But there was, I tell you, way back--I don't know how far back--but 'twas lots of buildings we lived. More buildings certainly after it built on the same sod after we went down there. There wasn't no buildings there, only just, you know, you could see the mark of the building there. The sod. They'd have the sod, you know, perhaps put up around it. To keep the draft from the floors, see. The sod put around outside. And that was leaved there. And most every place you go into you see, you know, where someone's after building places years ago. Perhaps it could be before I was born. 103

And there, where we lived to, in Indian Tickle, there was a big church there between our place and Sid's one time. (I know Sid, they told you about it or no. He knows more about the church than I do.) I never seen the church at all. But I seen, you know, like I said where the sod was.

I know Fitzgeralds had a girl down there one time and this was where her boyfriend used to go, you know. On their way home or something. And the last that was seen of the Bible was there. They said the bird made their nest into it. They almost tore it up, you know, the best way they could. They made the nest there. According to the marks, you know, it 'twas a big sized church. They said they used it before anyway. Full of people. I don't know what kind it was. I suppose all that was down there used to go. Whatever denomination was there, I suppose, would gather in the church. 'Twas a long time ago, that was.

Every day we did the same thing as here. Anymore than here we go electricity and we don't have to use the board and tub and that to wash. Now, clear of that it was the same thing. But I helped them a nice bit at the fish, you know when they'd be at the fish. You know, when I never had much to do like baking and anything like that. Baking bread. Clear of that I'd get out and help them at fish.¹⁰⁴ I'd salt it and sometimes when they was going to ship the fish, well, I'd help 'em take it out. Get

it ready for putting it aboard the boat for taking it up to. Sometimes there'd be a boat moored off in the harbour, come to think of it, a boat. They'd take a load of fish out and put it out in this big boat and they'd take it up to Domino. Not much difference than here anymore than the work. Anymore than that you had to bring your water and that wasn't very far to bring it. 'Cause it was right along side. We were right along side of a brook.

For a while I had a washing machine. I had a gas motor, you know. And we'd have it outside. Nice days we'd wash outside. The same kind of a washer only, you know, you had to put your gas in it. More like a chain saw or something. That's the first washers I know. We had a washer like that here. The first washer used. We never had an electric washer down there because there was no electricity down there, see. You couldn't plug in anything down there. Now, Jess¹⁰⁵ still got one of them washers down there.

Cooking down there was no different than I suppose you've more fish down there. No different anymore than dandelion or something like that once in a while. You put it in greens, you know, turnip greens. We used to set a garden down there too. A little place just big enough for to grow greens. You get down there a month or so, you'd have greens. It was a job to clear. Anything you got to do, you do with a shovel in your hand or you might get an old pick somewhere. I had a little place. Oh, it must have been not half as big as this room, I suppose. A little place. I'd plant turnips green. Nobody put potatoes in down there. Not for we. 'Cause we wouldn't be down long enough for.

I remembers one time I set a garden down there. I come home. I leaved a bit of greens in the ground when I leaved. 'Cause I didn't think it would come to anything. When I went back in the spring, the turnips were still there. But they was no good, you know. They was frozen. But they was bigger, I'd say they was bigger than cups. Nice bit bigger than cups. Growed. That's only once, you know, I noticed that. But the last gardens we set down there, Bobby¹⁰⁶ and they never set. Labrador people, not very many of them sets a garden or tries a garden. Never tries it. And they never used to try. Well, we told them then, if there was anything there leaved when we leaved, to come and get it if they wanted it. And they used to do that, see. Like, if there was anything we have leaved in our garden. 'Cause we could get any so many meals of greens then.

But Mrs. Fitzgerald used to have a garden all the time. Small but she had more, you know, she'd try more things. Different things in it. Like lettuce and stuff like. You could grow rubarb down there. I know people had rubarb growed. But it wasn't because it wouldn't grow but because people never tried. You know, Labrador people, it's very few that tries a garden. If they was up in the bays, you know, it grow as good as it would here. A place cleared up.

We never asked them why they never planted 'cause we knowed why. 'Tis the work. I suppose they didn't want the work. I see up in Cartwright there was a few. And this woman I was telling you, Berder. I spoke to her about a garden one time. And she said it growed over you know, the weed is coming. She don't know why. She didn't know why. Well, I had to laugh at that to meself because weeds is going to grow where anything else grows. And you've got to pick 'em out. But I didn't say that to her because I thought, I don't know. But you'd think they would know. Understand about that, would you?

Well, the way it 'twas down there, there was lots to make it grow because you'd get the fish. Fish manure. (Well, you understands about the fish manure?) Caplin or even the fish, the big fish. We used to use a lot of that. When we couldn't get nothing else, we'd get the flat fish. That's what we used down there for manure. Yes, we got good ones that year Isabel and they was down there. I used to Saturday evenings--I always had dinner cooked Sunday--go out now and take out a meal for all that you could take up. A little bit, you know now for a taste.

I minds one time Fitzgeralds had pigs down there. They had two pigs down there. They'd come over. They'd chase the men, the same as if it was, you know, a dog. A pet dog, they would. And whatever they could be into, they'd be into. And they'd pick the bake apples. Oh, talk about pick bake apples. They'd go like this. Uump, uump, you know. They'd grunt and they'd going through the bake apples. They'd make a trench wherever they was to. Pick 'em right fast. Faster than we could pick 'em. They'd pick 'em.

And one time the men was getting ready now to go home. They was packing up their berries and everything. And Mr. Pig went out and got into it. They big. Well, bigger than any dog you see around here now 'cause there's not many. Fitzgeralds carry them home. There's lots of fish for them to eat down there, see, on Indian Island.

Fred Saunders from here. Fred Saunders had a pair of pigs down there. But he had to keep them penned up, you know, 'cause they'd chase the small children around. Perhaps bite them or something. Used to keep them penned up. When they was big I was afraid. But not the small one.

And the hens. The hens was just as bad as the pigs when they come to it, if you showed them the bake apples. They loved the bake apples too. I had hens once. I believe I carried them down there once or twice. But mostly all the time there'd be somebody having hens down there. You'd bring them for fresh eggs. Olive had them down there when she was down there too. And Isabel. And they had ducks down there. A lot of people, like you know, Labrador children--especially the young ones--never seen hens or that. And they was interested in coming and seeing the eggs. The hens and the eggs. Bobby Burdett's kids. You couldn't have the children playing with them very much. They'd drive 'em all over the place.

The hens were not a fuss 'after you got down there. There was no bother. You'd let 'em go out around, then, see. Let 'em loose. But once or twice there's wizzle come around.¹⁰⁷ And they was bad. I minds one time the dog--we had a little dog down there--and this wizzle come along. She thought, I suppose, she could catch it, the mouse. And she had to give 'em up. He used to go in there make her bawl. The dog will get a mouse as quick as a cat would. And we heard this over in the hallow--where we had the hens too--one day. And we seen it. 'Twas a wizzle. Frightened that it was going to get the hens because he get in there at nighttime, he'd kill whatever was there.

We had an old place where we put them in at night. And we didn't know what was doing. We took up a board and Jackie took the gun. And the first time he shot, he shot the wizzle. We was some glad to get clear of that wizzle. Jackie wasn't very old, not then. He could have been ten or twelve or a lot near thirteen. I don't just remember now how old he was. It could be a little bit older than that.

And the same time--I suppose it was the same time --a wizzle over to Fitzgerald, the cat got at it. The cat got at it. And they used to hear the cat bawling. Every once in a while the cat would make a screech when, you know, the wizzle was after her. She was after the wizzle too. She was just as bad as the wizzle. Because it 'twas her fault, I suppose, in a way. And she wouldn't give up. She never give up until she got him. She wouldn't give up. They don't give up as easy as a dog. A cat,

when they gets at anything like that. She stayed there until she got him. Killed him. The cat killed the wizzle.

We had just a dog and cats and hens or ducks. And sometimes the pigs. And the wizzle and the fox. I seen foxes there. I suppose a wizzle wouldn't tempt to have a fox, I don't suppose. But the mice. I suppose the foxes would eat the mice. There's lots of mice.¹⁰⁸ They go in the barrels.

First, when we went, whenever there was an old barrel with fish liver into it. Oh, would they. Perhaps a dozen in a barrel or something like that. Fell in. In the blubber. That's the first time we went down there now. They used to be like that. You'd have to keep it so they wouldn't get in it or try to. But they'd try. I watched some in our place, where we lived into. Going up this corner and that. Go up on the roof. Sometimes they'd chew holes, see. But they wasn't as bad as a rat for chewing, you know. Perhaps all night long you'd hear 'em. Some nights. Tiny little things. And there's two kinds of mice there. More the shape--now, I can tell you the handiest I can go to is--is they like a kangaroo. (You know what a kangaroo is like?) And their hairs is angling down. I used to watch 'em. Watch them through the window. Or you'd get out and you'd watch them. Watch them outdoors. Sometimes. They'd go up that wall pretty fast. They would.

Certain years they were bad. It's like I said when the ground would ice over--we always called it glitter. And it seemed like it use to destroy them. I suppose they get out and the places would freeze up. Their homes would freeze up and they wouldn't get in them. You see, back in 'em. They'd get in wherever they could get in, see. They'd put up.

We try to kill 'em. Make way with every brood you'd see. The young ones. Some of Fred Saunders' girls used to carry the babe¹⁰⁹ around. Until Olive and they had to get up against 'em. 'Cause the mouse would grow up after a while and you wouldn't. Rich Saunders used to carry 'em around in his pocket for the fun of it, you know. I can mind about him having it in a bottle too. And, you know, having little air holes in the bottle. Make holes in the cover, you know, and let the air in. I suppose they'd be great to have along then. Little tiny things. As clean as your finger.

I didn't do much sewing. I never had any sewing machine down there. We never took the sewing machine. I did a lot of knitting. I'd knit all the things you need for the winter. You tried to knit up whatever wool you

took down with you. Every day was the same thing, usually the same. You usually do the same things over and over. There was no special day to wash. You got to find a good day. You put out your clothes and take them in again when it was dry. You'd bake bread a couple of times a week. Perhaps more than that some week.

Sundays was a bit different. 'Cause you wouldn't do as much work. You wouldn't go at your nets or anything like that or go berry picking. I wouldn't but there was lots that would go berry picking Sundays. But we never made a practice of going picking. Never did. 'Cause I said, now, the week was long enough. You could get your berries then or I'd do without them rather than I'd go and get them Sundays.

There was no church to go to, you know. Never ever had any church there. Unless there was a few times, you know, a minister come and had church. Not very much though. You put on perhaps a different dress or something in case somebody would come in. But there wouldn't be much difference. If Stan had a pair, you know of dress pants, he might put them on, Sunday. A dress shirt or something like that. Oh, we tried to be as good as we would if we was home clear of going to church. I remembers a Pentecostal minister coming there but I can't remember who that was. Mr. Jillet, I believe that was. Pastor Jillet come up there once and had a service. He was living on the Labrador at that time. I missed church on Sundays.

Sundays seemed long. Sometimes you'd get in a boat and go across to Mr. Burdett's and visit them. And other people would come in to visit on Sunday, you know. Fitzgeralds would come over. Or Bobby, if he had some visitors come, they'd all come over, you know, come in for a few hours. You could expect anyone on Sunday. Anyone that was in the Tickle, you know. We'd get ready on Saturday. A scrap cake or something or other baked up for Sunday. Or cookies or whatever you had, you know, to bake up.

They might visit you other days of the week. They could come if there was no fish or something like that. They might come along. Or a bad, windy day, you couldn't get out to fish. Well, lots of the men, you know, come over. And then a mat hooked then on a table. Hooking a mat or something. Not Sunday, you know, but in the week. Everybody come to see your matting.

There wouldn't be a lot of women coming. The Fitzgeralds only had one woman. That's all they had.

Mrs. Fitzgerald over there. And some summers she wouldn't be down there either. 'Cause she was sick. And sometimes they'd have another woman down there too. Mrs. Wells was down there one summer. Ray Wells' wife was down there. And Mrs. Fitzgerald was down there part of the time but she must have come down a bit late or something. I can't remember now. Men would visit mostly. Sometimes Jess or they would come in. Not very often all the same. They use to go across to Fitzgeralds' and they'd come in then. Perhaps there'd be some women up there that Jess would see every day. Up near Jessie's place. No, I didn't have as many. Late years there was a few families that came down and built up where we was. But the first few years we didn't have anyone along side of we.

I didn't find it lonely. You get use to that I suppose. You'd talk about your matting. Talk about berry picking and knitting you done and that. Perhaps there was sometimes then that somebody would have a pattern or something you've never seen before. You know, like knitting. Or they'd want a mat pattern. Perhaps a bit of material you didn't have enough for your mat or something.

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103. The Labrador coast has a long history of European involvement in the seal, whale, salmon and cod fishery. The first attempt to form a permanent establishment on the coast of Labrador was made in the early 1700s by the French. See W.G. Gosling (1904). In 1865, Captain Hood, a naval commander, attempted to take a census of the fishing population and the catch of fish from Battle Harbour to Red Island. He reported that there were between these points 1098 boats and 2711 men, and the catch was 116,700 quintals codfish, the largest establishments were Black Tickle and Indian Harbour (Ibid.:413-414). For a general history of the Labrador fishery see W.G. Gosling (1904). For a more detailed description of the Labrador fishery see C.W. Townsend (1917).
104. Jessie described helping Sid with the fish on the Labrador. "When you was cod fishing, you was in the stage. Just the same as what they did. My job was working at salting. Well, I did help a little while sometimes cutting fish or heading it. But I didn't do a big lot of that. Mostly our crowd was up or he had a shareman. One of it. When they wasn't going up, he had a shareman. They use to cut throats and some-one head it. And Sid used to split and I salt. I'd rather cut the fish. I'd rather go cutting throats or heading. I didn't like salting, you see, because salting was too much of a worry for me. Afraid I wouldn't putting enough salt on it. And it might turn out bad. That's why I didn't like to get salt. If they came in twice a day with the fish, well, you had to go in the stage twice a day. Times you would be in there at night after dark."
105. I.e., Jessie Saunders, Sid's wife.
106. I.e., Bobby Burdett.
107. I.e., weasel.

108. Sid Saunders identified two kinds of mice on Labrador.
"There was two kinds then. There was what they call the brown mouse now. The brown mouse goes out in the barren. They lives in holes. Then there was the little ones. I never ever seen them up around here. No one here. Called English mice. They're a grey mouse. Labrador people, the Labrador people call 'em white, the white mouse. They're smaller than the brown mouse.
109. I.e., the mouse.

CHAPTER XIV

AND LOTS OF THINGS I KNOW OF NOW, IF I HAD NEVER GONE TO LABRADOR, I WOULD HAVE NEVER KNOWN. THERE'S TIMES NOW I'D LIKE TO BE DOWN THERE, ESPECIALLY WHEN THE BAKE APPLES GETS RIPE.

We would go berry picking out to the Ferret Islands or Wolf Islands or over Stumpy Cove or lots of different places. Stumpy Cove was on the mainland. That was. Stumpy Cove in Rocky Bay. Lots of places to go. Lots of times we'd pick 'em right where we was. It was like a flat of land on the back of our house, like from here to Birtch Island on the water. It 'twas almost as level as that. It was years there--I heard 'em say--you could stand up where Sid and them was to. I suppose it was a half a mile, perhaps a quarter of a mile from where the bake apples was to. And they could see the reds, you know, and the yellow. It 'twas that thick there. Sometimes. It wouldn't be all the time. Perhaps other years it would be none. And down behind the hill where we lived to. Then you'd go across this level land. Then you come to the big hills. And you go in there and pick lots of berries.

~~Lots of times you'd do your baking--if you had bread to bake--and wash your clothes and go and pick a bucket of bake apples. Several times I mind about doing that. All the same day. And I can remember times that me and Jess--perhaps she'll tell you the same thing--we went over this big hill. It was a big steep hill, we had to bring our berries out over. And we was pretty tired now when we got out. When we got down over the hill. The worst was climbing the hill. You know, climbing up the side of the hill. After you climbed up, well, afterwards you wouldn't feel so bad. Different times me and Jess went in there and pick our buckets of bake apples and brought him out.~~

I enjoyed it. Oh my, yes, enjoy it, I suppose we did enjoy it. We'd take a lunch in there and sometimes sit down. There's plenty of ponds to get water, if you wanted water. You'd have to put them in bottles then. Try to put 'em up as quick as you could in bottles. Lots

of times I'd go with Jess and lots of times I go by myself. 'Cause you could see all over the Tickle, you know, when you was up berry picking. Unless you go down behind this hill you wouldn't but then you'd hear the boats out fishing on the other side of you. You know, the motor boats starting. You wouldn't feel alone. Lots of times you see a pile of men up there. Sharemen, people had. They'd go up and picking berries when there was no fish. 110

Lots of times you'd get fifteen or twenty gallons a summer. And there was times you went down you sold, I suppose, a hundred dollars worth, wasn't it? I can't remember now. Five or six buckets, at least beef bucket. You'd get thirty dollars, or something like that for a beef bucket.

We used to get selling to Mr. Dahl. They take a lot of bake apples. They take 'em home I suppose and sell 'em after, you know. Make a lot of money out of 'em. You'd get a good bit. We get eighty-five cents a pound. I don't just remember now but eighty-five cents Stan said a pound. It was a good way to make a bit of money. You make sure you have plenty for yourself, you know, before you sell it there.

I minds one time I took Jackie out berry picking and he went asleep. And I had to cover him up so the flies wouldn't get at him. And I went berry picking. But I had a job to do it, you know. A job to pick berries. That's the first when we went down there. He was in the way. He'd be crying or something. You know, the flies would bite him. Clear of that, after he got through, I had nothing to bother him then. He got up so old then, perhaps then he didn't want to go berry picking. He'd go up with Faye. 111

He used to run away. One day, the first time, now he was about, I suppose, two years old. Or perhaps three. I don't know if it was two or three. And we didn't think he knew the way up to Sid's. You know, regard the big hill. Anyway, any other day I used to sing out and I asked him where he was. You know, afraid that he might go trip over rocks or something, and be drowned. And he said, "Mom, I'm here." And this day I went out and I called out and I called out and no one answered. I looked all over the place before I went up to Sid's. Well, I seen no other place he could be only. And I went up and this is where he was to. And there was hills all the way along and any place he could go out and step over a rock or something. Perhaps step over in deep water. He got there. It 'twas a footpath, you know, like, worn

down a bit with people going back and forth with him but we didn't think he was noticing that much, you know, that. He liked Harv's and the little girl.

He went this time. I brought him home and we couldn't keep him out of that after. Every day he'd disappear. It's Jess that had to bother with him. In the evenings then, we'd have to make a trip to get him. You know go up to get him. 'Cause we was afraid of him come down in the evening. Come down by himself. Without Jess sending somebody down with him or something like that, you know. There was nobody down there. Nobody where he was to play with. Faye and Tels is there. He was playing with them.

And we had a party down there once for Jack. A birthday party. This was the eleventh of August. And we had--there must have been four was to that party. That's all the kids was there at that time. That year now. Well, Faye would have her birthday down there too 'cause hers was in August and Jack's was the eleventh. You make up whatever you had, like cookies, cake. The best you had you tried to put together for their birthday. I got a picture of that birthday. They mighten get a present or you might. If they had a birthday and you knowed it, well, if you went up to Domino, you'd pick up something or other for the birthday, you know. It might never come to your mind the time you was up there. Or you'd give money if you didn't have a gift.

Sid got sick one time and he had to go to the hospital one time. But I can't remember what was wrong. But he was gone a long time. And another time Stan got something. ~~I suppose you call it ownes or boils or some-~~ thing. And we had to go to the hospital. We went to Black Tickle then and got the nurse. 'Twas a nurse station in Black Tickle. She had her little hospital there. And Stan had to leave for to go down there. Put him on the coastal boat. And the nurse come down and seen him. And he went down there and he was gone the biggest part of that summer.

And we had a young man down there. Sharemen, that time. He 'twas only sixteen, I believe. And he got a few fish and a few salmon but not very many. It seemed like he was good all the same, you know, fishing but. I stayed here with Jackie and this--Graham Pilgram was down with us. That's Stan's sister's boy.

There was no babies born down there. If anyone was expecting a baby, well, come before the time. But they carry down small babies with them, you know. They'd bring down their babies with them when they was only a month old or perhaps less than that. I know they'd bring babies down.

Sometimes there'd be a boat, you know, come from St. Anthony hospital with x-rays on it. They'd take x-rays or pull teeth or something. A dentist on it. And they'd call in, you know, pretty near every port, you know, and have a while there till they give everyone a change if they wanted to go aboard, you know. If they wanted anything done. I never went on it. But lots, perhaps, would be there, would go out to see it. If they need any teeth out, well, they'd go and have it pulled.

If you was sick, sometimes, lots of times, you'd connect with the coastal boat and go on. And the plane would come and pick you up. They had sets down there. Mobile sets, I guess you call it and you call Black Tickle. And the nurse see to it that the plane come and pick you up. Jimmy Burdett used to have the set. If it was windy you'd have to go fifteen miles in the boat to get the nurse to come in. That nurse married down there, come to think of it, after that. She married in Cartwright. That's where she got married to. I believe she married a Williams.

There was nothing special to do at night. There wasn't much you could do because you had one of these, what you call, old-fashioned lamps and that's all. Sometimes we had a gas lamp and we'd light it. A gas lamp would be good. You usually went to bed, almost dark in the summer time 'cause you'd have to get up early in the mornings, see, for fishing. Perhaps you get up at six o'clock or somewhere around there.

I liked just walking around the hills. I be looking around to see what you could see. Sometimes you'd see these puff heads or squid hounds, we'd call them in the harbour. Sometimes, it wouldn't be often, just the same but. Dolphins or a squid hound, we used to call 'em. I didn't know 'em apart, see. Outside, there'd be lots of 'em but sometimes they'd come into the harbour too, into the Tickle. I don't remember seeing whales in the harbour. But I've seen them lots of times outside. You didn't notice them because there was so many. Down there, you see lots of them. You wouldn't notice them. Lots of times you'd see them in a boat but you didn't notice them that much. They didn't frighten me unless they come too handy. Not too often they come that

handy, you know. Not handy enough to frighten you.

This is the same summer that Stan is in the hospital. He wasn't there. No. 'Twas nobody there only just me and Jackie and Graham Pilgram. A storm come up. And they had a boat in the beach, you know. She wasn't in any danger if anything happen to her. Anymore than she was down on her side and they was trying to get her upright. And it poured rain. And I went out too. I don't know what I went out for at the time then. I went out alongside of them, I suppose to see what they was at. And then I said to Graham, I said, "Look." And as quick as that, that was up.¹¹² He seen it. Up and down again. Before Jackie had time to look around it was down again. And it was just the same as you took a plug of dynamite. And there was rocks and everything going up in the air. Up as high as Indian Head.¹¹³ It went up that high. The trenches was in the ground, it could be that square, you know, that deep. It broke up the rocks. We went over and looked at it after. And it went to the water. It struck in different places. It wasn't only one trench. But perhaps there was a trench here and another one so far from that. And that was between our place and Fitzgeralds'. So that made me afraid, you know, when the thunder. It would make a big noise.

You'd get storms often. And lots of times you'd get fine weather lightning. In the evenings. I suppose it's like the heat striking the cold. That's what causes it anyway. And it be just like you throw a rope only just be like fire, you know, instead of rope. The same thing. Like it coil around, the same thing like you throw a rope up in the air. High. That's all I can tell you about that 'cause it all happened in a few minutes, I mean. Perhaps only a minute. We was the only two that seen it anyway. Me and Graham.

Then before the storm was over, perhaps there be somebody come down from up where Sid lived. Come down to see how we was getting on 'cause there was a big storm and they didn't know what was going to happen, I suppose. The rain was so hard and the thunder was so hard. And the hills, perhaps the hills caused it to sound so hard. I don't know. No one was ever hurt by lightning. Not down there. Not as I know for. But I heard talk of different people. Things done by lightning, like bolts struck on boats that was hauled up on land. Struck with lightning.

There'd be days when the men couldn't go out. Sometimes there be lots down there. Days in the barn as Stan used to call 'em. I'd go ahead and do my housework. More or less watching the window to see what was going to happen. Afraid of what was going to happen, you know.

The men would come along. Not usually the women. When you'd get a bad day, Ned Fitzgerald might come over and have a talk with Stan. In the kitchen.¹¹⁴

I'll tell you about the fish bones in the beach. Oh, they'd be so high as--one year we went down, I guess, they was so high as that table. All clean fish bones. They come from, I suppose, across from Fitzgeralds', everywhere, from the storms, you know. They'd wash in on the beach and throw up on the beach. In our own cove there where we lived. It looked like cod fish bones, you know. Salmon bones broke up. Broke up in pieces, you know, like that. I suppose after a while they'd wash out again. I used them around the door. Piled them around the door in place of sand, you know. Used them for to walk on. Spread them up like that. Throw them there. To keep the door place clean. That was only one year I minds about that, just the same. It 'twas remarkable. I noticed in Black Tickle too. In Black Tickle is where they had that. That's what they used on their doors. That's the only place I know of, just the same.

We'd go over to Ned Fitzgerald's on Sunday to hear stories about the Labrador.¹¹⁵ He'd tell us lots of stories. Stan will be able to tell you more about them stories than I would. 'Cause I suppose he was paying more heed to it than I. Pay more attention to what Ned was saying. You'd go across the Tickle too to Bobby Burdett's. He'd tell different things you know, that happened throughout the winter or something like that. Stan would be able to tell you about the time that the bear got tangled up in the net with Jimmy Burdett. The bear did. And they tried to kill the bear. And they never had no gun. It's only a few years ago that happened.¹¹⁶

Olive and Isabel come down in later years. Later years. They had their own places. When Isabel and they went down there, they brought their materials down at the same time to build their places. Well, we had to put them up at our place the best way we could. We had a crowd there on the floors and everywhere for close to a week I suppose. They had to build two houses then.¹¹⁷ And we had a lot of them. Sid had some of them. I'm not sure if Blanche was down there or no. She must have been, I suppose. It seemed like she had some of them. Stan Pilgram family was there too. That was Leand's brother. I was busy trying to cook up meals and trying to make 'em as good, as comfortable as we could until they got their own ready.

Olive came down after. Could be a couple of years after that. And when they went down they bought a

place from Ron White. And that was the place we was telling you was done out of plywood.¹¹⁸ Build out of plywood. Well, that was what you call a good home on the Labrador for fishermen going back and forth.

Every spare times, you'd be running up to Olive's or over to Olive's and up to Isabel's. Shirley. Shirley's Stan's wife.¹¹⁹ She had two kids with her. Isabel had one, two, three. Ruth and Carrie and Leroy down there. I didn't do much babysitting just the same. Not that much. No. 'Cause usually if they went to visit someone, they took them with 'em. Clear of berry picking now, I can't remember now how we managed it when we went berry picking time. But I suppose I had 'em then. Must have. You know, once in a while end up. Well, I didn't notice that much 'cause there was Jackie, you know, to play with 'em.

We raised Jackie. He finished his school and went in the navy. His mother came to live here then.¹²⁰ I suppose that's the way it was. If a baby come in, you couldn't turn it out. I couldn't. I never had the heart to do that. You did the best you could for them. If anything, I suppose they got treated better than your own. You had more time with one than you had with five or six.

I tell you now, that anyone who takes a child and takes him for a few months, they got some job, or I would to part with that. I used to think at first that I wouldn't be able to do it, you know. Take to another child like you would to your own. But you can. And you're just as good to the person. Or better 'cause if you went to, you know, slap it or something, you always think about, you know, it's somebody else's. You'd feel you was doing wrong. That's the feeling I got. I treat him just as though he were my own. I don't know if he was treated better. He got his way lots of times when he shouldn't, I suppose. I heard he said--I don't know if he said or no, I didn't hear him say it--he said he used to get mad he said with Dad 'cause Dad would never say anything to him.¹²¹ He was expecting him to say something and he never said it. Well, that used to make him vexed, see. He was doing something or stayed longer or done something. I heard him say that Dad made him mad because he never said anything about that to him. No grumbling or anything. But he never said nothing about me. Perhaps I talk to him more than Stan did lots of times.

Even when he was real young he had a fashion, well, he'd go perhaps next door. When we was on the Labrador he'd go out to Olive's and Frank's, lived there. He'd go out there. If they didn't go to bed, he'd stay

there until they did go to bed. You know, getting ready for bed. That's the way he had. Not that he was up to anything bad because you know, he'd never talk about it.

Olive didn't try to raise him. Unless it was something very important she wouldn't butt in. If she heard he done anything, you know, didn't suit her or she thought was wrong, well, she'd chastise him, the same as I would. But I wouldn't say nothing about what she said to him. She could say what she liked to him. He knows that he wouldn't get his ways too much with Olive as he would with me. He knowed he had to be more. 'Cause when Olive got through bawling him out, he knew he had a bawling. Whatever she was going to say, that was it. She say it. It wasn't on her mind about hurting your feelings or something like that.

I liked Labrador OK. Well, anywhere where your family is you're content or at least I was that way. I don't know about everybody but if my family was there, I was content. The place didn't matter that much. As long as I was doing something to help 'em out. You know, and meals and that. Having meals prepared for them. It didn't matter to me that much. No.

You'd always think about home when you was gone. You'd set a garden here. You'd set a garden before we'd go away. Potatoes and that. You'd be thinking about the different things and wondering about how it was growing, you know. If anything happened in Main Brook or anything, you'd always have your radio on. You'd be listening to the news a good bit to find out. A bit of news to see what happened. And one thing another and that. You'd hear the news, if anything happened.

When Rub Saunders died. Blanche's brother. (Perhaps she's telling you about him?) I don't know. And he had heart trouble. He was born with it, I suppose. Some of his wife's brothers come here and, you know, for a few days. And they was celebrating, you know. Having a drink and one thing and another. So he went out on an island. I don't know whether they was out birding or getting fish or what they was. And he went on the island and he went to get some water. He was going to boil a kettle. That's what he was going to do. Anyway, this other fellow, this brother-in-law, seen him when he sat down. He sat down. He just sat down a minute or two when he fell, you know. He died right away. On the island. That's how he died on the island. We heard that. And at the time Blanche was down there and before we heard it on the radio, she was on the boat. She was leaving on the boat to come home. So she got home time enough for the funeral.

We always took a radio. We had batteries. We had a battery radio. Perhaps we had two sets of batteries with us 'cause you'd be always listening for the boats, eh? Certain times you'd get the boats talking on the radio. We had batteries. We had a battery radio. And always get the fishermen telling you, well, you'd pick up the mobile sets on the radio. And you'd hear about the boats. Certain names. Well, Stan knows the names of the boats, you know, and the men was on 'em. And how much fish they was getting a day and one thing and another like this. I listened to that too because when the news come on, well, you try to make sure that you had your radio on to hear the news.

It wasn't on all day but you'd have on pretty often, you know. And then if I hear anything, you know, special, Stan was out in the boat. I'd try to keep that in my mind so I could tell him right when he come back when happened.

There's times then I went to Labrador when I didn't want to go. You know, pack up to go. 'Cause there's a lot of work to it you know. Packing and unpacking. But still I enjoyed it just the same. And lots of things I know of now, if I had never gone to Labrador I would have never known, eh? I enjoyed it, the trips pretty good. I learned a lot going in different ports and that. Different places. And different people you would meet, you'd never known. If you never went down, you'd never know them. I don't regret that. Not one minute of it. There's times now that I'd like to be down there, especially when the bake apples get ripe.

But they never got any down there last summer. I think Blanche got a few bottles. Oh my, sometimes they gets none at all. Whatever happens, I don't know. I can't tell you how much bottling we done. Mostly we try, we pull up all the bottles we had and if there was any more if we got around to see what anyone had leaved. Gone home and leaved. We'd take them and bottle them up too. They didn't care about that. They went off and leaved the bottles too. They didn't care who took 'em. Unless they was coming back again, then they cared. But you'd know if they was coming or no.

Isabel leaved bottles down there. Well, we took 'em and worried no more about them than that. We fullled up what we had. We got lots of seals, we put up in the bottle or birds. But sometimes Stan and them would get a lot of birds. They'd get turrs.¹²² Sometimes they'd get caught in the nets. In the salmon nets. Could be you'd have two or three dozen in bottles. Something like that. You know, no particular number. Could be you'd have three

or four dozen of bake apple. Lots of times.

Keep you busy when you go upon the hill and pick a bucket of bake apples to come home and almost dark to put them up. Now, next morning perhaps you'd do the same thing. If it was good bake apple picking, you'd try to get what you could. Get it up in a hurry, like when they get ripe enough. Seal them under cold water, the bake apples.

I help cutting up the seals. I mighten help to skin it or anything, but I be cutting it up and getting it ready for bottling. That took four hours then to boil it, see. Four hours you boils most meats. Four hours. We took the bones out, you know. Most of the big bones. They throw that away. Pretty near every year we get seal to bottle up. And these big old harpers. Grey seals. We'd get a scattered one of them, you know. We'd do up a lot of bottles and perhaps we'd shove around to everybody that was down there. They'd like to have a meal, you know, give them a meal of seal. When they found out you had it, they used to come and get it then. And we'd bottle up britches and tongues. That's fish.

I went out sometimes and you know these plastic beet buckets we gets, one evening I cut out that much. I remembers once, I don't know how many other times, I remembers once I went aboard. That's when we had the longliner and on the deck I was cleaning the fish and I got that many britches and tongues to fill up the bucket. The britches is in the stomach against the spine, you call it. It's almost like a pair of pants. That's why you call it britches. That's why they're called britches, you know, the shape. They look like a pair of pants or something. Woodrow called them trousers when he was down there. That's Mr. Bessey's son, you know. 123 We had him down there for sharing.

We never worried about the family when we was on Labrador because we knew they was all here. Well, if anything happen, they'd let us know. And if anything happen to us down there, we'd let them know. I don't know if ever we called our family when we was down there. I can't remember calling.

The same people came to the part of the island where we lived most every summer, after they started coming until we gave up. There was a lot gave up before we just the same. Johnny Compton and two or three families used to come down with he, they gave up. I suppose two or three families used to come down with he, they gave up. I suppose two or three years before we did.

And Mr. Slade and them, they gave up. I suppose they went and got good jobs and they didn't feel like quitting and going down there. Fred and they was down there in our later years. Fred Saunders.

Al Rose lived down there so long in Indian Tickle. I forgot about he yesterday. 'Cause that's the place Blanche got now. Al Rose was married to Blanche's daughter. That's Jessie. And he was down. He build a place right alongside where Ches has he's. Ches Powell. So when we gave up, well, Ches got his. 'Cause it's much better than Ches', you know, the place he had built.

We stopped going to Indian Tickle because Stan had heart trouble, you know.¹²⁴ That's how we come to stop 'cause he couldn't handle, you know, the things you take around as much. Stan had a heart attack here. He was down, away down here, near to the Depot, on the point there. That's where they was at to the woods. They was hauling for perhaps a mile. A nice distance on the ice. And they was stowing it up. And Jack and Roy was down there with him. And he took this heart attack or whatever it was. And he lied down wherever he was. There was two skidoos. He must have had two skidoos 'cause he was using one and Roy and them was using the other one. And when they come, he was on the ice. Sick, then. And they had to take he in all alone from over there. And he had his rubber clothes on and everything. 'Cause he was dressed for outdoors. And they brought him there, right to the beach and they had come to let me know. But I seen 'em coming.¹²⁵ And I missed one, see. And I got scared then. I know something wrong. For all he never had any heart attack before. He ~~complained about something once in a while.~~

And they brought him in. They had to leave him then. They brought him in and then we phoned the doctor. Doctor Roberts was here then. And he wouldn't come. First, he said bring him over. So, we said we couldn't bring him over. He was too bad. We couldn't even take his clothes off here, then. And we had to phone to St. Anthony then.¹²⁶ The other doctors had to persuade him to come. So he come then in the ambulance and stretchers. Come in here and gave him a needle and that before he leaved here.

It was an hour or two hours. It was a nice while we waited. But I suppose the way it is, could be lots of people call for, you know, a little, almost nothing and they get the ambulance to come. And that's what caused, I suppose, he to think that perhaps there was nothing much wrong. And I talked to him and he said now you're

sure he'll come if I come over. Well, I suppose he thought he'd come and perhaps Stan wouldn't come over with him. And I said yes, he'll come. So after a while he made up his mind, from the doctors in the hospital in St. Anthony, he'll come. He come from Roddickton, but, you know, the doctors in St. Anthony had to get after him, you know, to come. Before he would do it.

He went over the next morning they took him in a plane to St. Anthony. I'm not sure, he must have been out there a couple of months then. I went out to see him. It could be just a half an hour, an hour. I'm not sure. Irene and Isabel went out with us. I went just once. That's all. But I talked to him on the phone, you know, different times, to see how he was. It seemed to me then, you know, there was things he tell me that I didn't know whether it was right or no. 'Cause it seemed like his mind used to change or something when he was in the hospital. And clothes, he need clothes out there too. I carried out and put it in the closet in the room. He said he don't know anything about me telling him about that. So his mind must have been. But still when I was there, they had a heart tracing set up. His father had diabetes. Now, I don't know whether the diabetes caused the heart thing. His father had diabetes a long time, you know. And heart trouble, too, I think.

When Stan come back to Main Brook, he couldn't work. Not for a long time. I think that summer, I'm not sure. I don't think he done much salmon fishing. Not that next summer. 'Cause we had to get welfare then, see. For a year or something. We got welfare.

NOTES: CHAPTER XIV

110. Berry picking was considered an important activity. Women were primarily responsible for collecting berries. However, men and children helped. Sid recalls participating in this activity.
- "Most generally, if there'd be a blowy day, you'd go berry picking. That's bake apples. But if you never got a blowy day and it was a fine time for the bake apples, you'd go in any case, you know. Perhaps you'd take all the family. That'd be one day, you wouldn't do much fishing. Bake apples was important. That was our fruit."
111. Jack would play with Jessie Saunders' three youngest children, Harvey (Harv), Faye and Telsie (Tels).
112. I.e., lightning.
113. Indian head is a hill near the mouth of the cove where Ruth lived on Indian Island.
114. Men would gather in someone's kitchen on a rainy day or a Sunday to discuss fishing. Sid recalls: "Our kitchen, now, was the biggest kitchen on the Labrador. 'Twas the biggest in Indian Tickle. It was thirteen by thirteen. Stan said it was too big for the house the first time we got it built, you know. It be ~~known that nineteen men be there at the same time.~~ On a Sunday. And this be all the chatter, about the fish and the price of fish and where it should be sold or something. That was usually the big talk. Only Jessie was there. That's all. The men was all Indian Tickles. But now where they shift from. Jack Penny, he was there and some of these other sharemen. Well, they was from Conception Bay near Carbonneau. Ches Powell, he was there. Stan was there. And probably Johnny Compton and Fred Saunders. They was from St. Lenaire. Well, they was from one end of Newfoundland to the other, you know."
115. Several families would gather at Fitzgerald's for a Sunday afternoon to hear his stories of the Labrador. Blanche Powell recalls these gatherings: "Ned Fitzgerald and Rita lives in Clarke's Beach in Conception Bay. And Ned Fitzgerald, now, he was there for fifty years every summer. And I guess he'll

always be going there. His father went back there for a long time. He was four years old, I believe his father was, the first time when he went there. And he was 84 when he died there. That's a long time for a man to be going back to the one place fishing. I could sit for hours listening to Ned Fitzgerald's stories. He tell a different one every time. Yes, everyone in the Tickle would meet there Sunday evenings for a story. My goodness. All week you'd be talking about Ned Fitzgerald's stories of the Labrador."

116. See Them Days, Vol. 2, No. 2, 1976. Thar She Blows! A Bear? By James Burdett, pp. 36-37.
117. Leander Pilgram was married to Ruth's daughter Isabel. Leander and his brother Stan built on the Labrador the same year.
118. I.e., the place made out of plywood that was blown away in the hurricane. See footnote 94.
119. Shirley was the wife of Stan Pilgram.
120. Olive Saunders married Francis Elliot and lives in Main Brook.
121. Dad, i.e., Ruth's husband, Stan.
122. Various birds that migrate along the coast are shot. Most of these birds are Murrs, which are called Turrs locally. These are black and white sea birds distantly related to the auks.
123. Woodrow Bessey lived next door to Sid Saunders in Main Brook.
124. Stan had a heart attack in 1974. He was hauling wood. "We came home from Labrador in the fall and I went loading pulp wood there on the ship. In the fall, they set to salvage some wood. And I overworked and took this heart attack. Angina."
125. Ruth saw them coming across the ice from the Depot through her front window.
126. There was a small hospital station in Roddickton.

CHAPTER XV

IF I SAT DOWN, AFTER YOU ARE GONE, AND THINK ABOUT ALL THAT I WENT THROUGH, WELL. AND HAVING A FAMILY AND REARING THEM UP AND ALL THIS. YOU'D HARDLY THINK THAT ANYONE COULD STAND AGAINST IT, YOU KNOW.

Winter time when we come back from Labrador was no difference from now, not to me, you know. Only a few winters we never burned any wood. We used the furnace. We used oil. Now, we got back to the wood again. Wood is cheaper. I suppose it was five or six years, it could be more than that, we burned all oil. We used to have all oil for heat.

All the children were gone except Jackie. They might come home for a little while. Jim used to come home for a few months. Not for a year or anything like that. Just a few months.

There was prayer meetings on Wednesday nights. Some of the women went on Friday nights with the young people. I went a few times to the young people's meetings. Last year. But I never went this year. They still have young people's meetings. Mostly at nights I went to church or up to Mrs. Gillingham's. Once in a while she'd phone for me to come up, you know, she'd be up alone and want me. You know where the community stage is too. Well, that house. That yellow house there on the other side of the road. That's where she lives too. She's not here now because she's gone down to Goose Bay. She's a bit older. She was in her sixty-six or sixty-seventh year. I'm not sure. She was getting her old age pension. I'd take my knitting and go up there. If I had knitting I'd take it with me. She was a wonderful talker, you know, I tell you there's no way to count stitches when she's at it.¹²⁷ Count the stitches.

I would go different places. I used to go up Florence's here once in a while to see Mrs. Florence. Abigail Florence. And I go down to Mrs. Holmes. Sometimes to visit her. Another old lady. In a chair. I'd go to visit Mr. Boyd too. Mr. Tom Boyd. That's what

Stan called me. Mother Nature. I liked doing that once in a while. I used to carry something to them once in a while, you know. A bottle of jam or something like that. Now this old lady down here. Mrs. Combes, I call her. She smoked the pipe, I suppose a good many years, as far as I know. She was in the wheelchair. She had a stroke. And she married a young man. I don't think he's fifty yet but she's seventy. Well up in her seventies.

When we were still going to Labrador we made a trip to Toronto. That's the only trip, yes. About twelve or fourteen years ago. Ray was wrestling or doing something. He and the wrestler. That's how he come to do it. And struck his head on the floor. He was knocked down unconscious then. So, a day or two after that, they phoned we. We must have been there three weeks, I suppose.

We fly up. We went to Stephenville. It was the first flight I was on. It was nice but it was all in the night. We was on the plane in night, you know. I suppose it would have been much better in the day. I don't know. We landed in Sidney and Halifax. I know we got out different times, you know, in the airport. So much fast and you know.

We ride back with Clare Marshall. That's the one that was married to Maise Pilgram's daughter. She's dead now. Marie, their oldest daughter. It took us a good many days to come back. We was in Sidney, all day. We slept in there at the van we was in. We slept there. We used to go in hotels and lunch once in a while. A meal. And we got out and walked around and looked at the stores there in Sidney. A little bit. We didn't go around all that much, just the same.

Ray was a bit better when we leaved him. But he had an operation on his head. The operation went around like this, look. A bit cut on his head and they had his head all shaved over. He was just playing with the wrestler, more or less. He wasn't really wrestling, you know. He wasn't a wrestler.

And he come back here. I suppose that after that he come back here and he brought Marlene come here. That's his wife, now. And he never had any trouble until that winter he come here. I don't know what winter that was now. I can't remember that. Eight ago, I guess. And he went up this night to ask the minister to marry him. Was the first time he had a blackout. But I think that it was the excitement, you know, that caused it. I suppose it could be perhaps five or six more years before he had

any more blackouts. And then he had, he must have had three one year.

That's the first time after the next time he took it, he was in the club.¹²⁸ That's where he was too. And they didn't know what he was to. He fell down anyway. And took him home and must have been the same day, I suppose he was getting up to get a cup of tea. Up to the cupboard and he was stood up getting a cup of tea for himself and fell down again. That was here in his own house when that happened. He lived here for a while. And then another time he was at something else. He took it again. He almost frightened her to death, I suppose. You know, she got pretty scared over it. 'Cause he blanked out.

He said he wouldn't know anything. Know anything about it before. No warning or anything. So now, we haven't had that for about three or four years, I suppose, he hasn't had any. Of course, he lost his licence in mainland through that, you know. Now, he got his licence back again. The doctors told him, you know, if he didn't have it in two or three years, he'd have his licence back again. I suppose they thought that he'd be safe then from having them, you know.

The children come to visit in the summer. That's when they come. Ray didn't come home this summer 'cause he only went up there last fall. A year in this October, November I suppose. It's only a year now since they moved on. Irene and them was home this summer. Irene and her family. Not all of them. The smaller ones. And Jackie came home and Jim. They was all at home the one time. One didn't know the other one was coming. Clear of Jim. I think he know and he wanted to come, you know, when they was home.

So we all had to go together. Berry picking. And Fred and them went down to the Griquet. His parents were down there. So he went down to visit them. Strawberry picking. Irene was home. Irene made different trips, you know. Picking strawberries out over the roads. They would gather together all they could. Like fish, bake apples and partridge berries and take back with 'em. Irene brought her strawberries with her and made jam with 'em. And Fred was trouting. He likes to be at stuff like that. Trouting and getting some salmon. Salmon, you know, they froze it and took it with 'em. Well, Jackie done the same now. He had another man here. Jackie had a sailor boy, you call him. I suppose. Come too. I don't know his name. Bruce. He was here for a while and he was trouting and salmon. Catching salmon on the river. Then they had a licence. Jackie had his girl

friend here with him too.

But some of that time, now, Irene and them was down to Griquet along with Fred's people, you know, visiting. It must have been close to a month. Jackie was here a month. Jim stayed up to Isabel's night-time. Jim went up there for night-time 'cause they make more room for him. He come back in the day. And Lisa, one of Irene's, was up to Isabel's. One of the big girls.

Pretty near every summer Fred and Irene will come. Jack wasn't home. That was two years almost since seeing Jack, you know. A lot of people comes here summer time and visits and we have Stan's brothers come to visit us. You know, his brother's children. That's Rolland, we call it.

And the last one, I suppose we had, was Rolland's wife. Rolland died in May. April or May, I'm not sure. And we went up then. She come down here in September, I suppose. His wife. To visit us. 'Cause she went away after he died. She went away with her people. McClavery or something. Up in St. John's. That's where she belonged. She went up there and then she went to the Straites. She must have been gone three months, I suppose. And when she come back, she come down here for a week and tried to get some berries. (We was in on the island, you know, where you was, partridge berry picking.)

We're pretty busy in the summer. Seems like most people take their holidays in the summer. All together, like that. But a lot of people comes not to visit. They comes with the cabins is too, you know, if they can get a cabin in the park.¹²⁹ There, they stay in there. A lot of them would, rather than go in on someone else.

It's not much to do in winter in Main Brook. Like, not anymore than knitting or sewing or something like that. Not much difference than you see me at now, you know. Getting ready for Christmas and bearing up a few gifts. And perhaps you'd do a bit of housekeeping and clean the walls and that and the curtains. All this stuff be done before Christmas. That's a big job. I hates for the time to come now. I clean the walls twice a year, see. Christmas and then could be in April or May last month, you could be getting that done before the time comes to plant gardens then or do something like that. Outdoors work, you know.

I enjoys that, a garden. You get out. Only the sun's too hard for me now but I still does it. I'm going to try to do it as long as I can. I pulled twenty sacks.

of potatoes. I don't go out to the rabbit slips in winter too often now 'cause I find it too hard, you know, getting around through the snow and that. And besides, Stan can't go himself.

There's bingo and darts here. I never went. I wouldn't know how to start to play cards or bingos or anything like that. Don't know the least talk of how it goes on, you know. I do know a little bit about cards I suppose but I never played. I never wanted to go. I don't believe in that kind of thing. It's no good for you anyway. If it's the church opened, I'd rather go to church, you know, than them places. If I wasn't sick or anything, I would go to church. I always try to get to church. It makes no difference if I was sick, lots of time I would went. Still feel better after I get to church. Lots of times I feel better when I get to church even if I was sick when I went. Nobody goes to bingos or card games. None of them. People that was professing to be a Christian, you know, wouldn't be doing that. Or men either, you know.

Knitting or sewing will keep you busy. There wouldn't be much else to do, you know. But I keep pretty busy right now when it comes to wood, putting wood in. Helping to bring the wood in and that. And going to the store once in a while. Or the post office. I was telling Stan, now, I haven't been to the store since Friday. Now that's a long time. Going to the store is almost the same as visiting someone in little places like this where you knows everybody. Which if you was in Toronto, you'd pass on by dozens and not know anybody there. It seems like it's a lot of difference, eh?

In the morning, perhaps I be to the store. Perhaps to the post office. If it was good weather, I could have had the washer going or something. I'm trying to get these stockings done. I've done pretty good with the knitting. Since last spring, I suppose, seven or eight months ago, I've been knitting for crafts. I have done a pair of stockings like this last year for samples, you know, for to send away for display. And now I've done two sweaters since then.

I used to knit everyone a Christmas present, but I don't do that now. I did do that one time. I finds it too much to do, you know. 'Cause fathers and that. So I just try to knit something for the men. And then buy some kind of gift for the girls.

I suppose, if you haven't got the story, you can't think from day to day and keep your mind while

you're going through it, eh? 'Cause I suppose if you did, well, it would drive you off your head. Drive you crazy I suppose. To think of it all. If I sat down now, after you are gone, and think about all that I went through, well. And having a family and rearing them up and all this. You'd hardly think that anyone could stand against it, you know.

It's the Lord that helps you in all this. And he's helping perhaps the people that's not trusting in the Lord lots of times, eh. And not' looking to the Lord. Still I think the Lord helps them even though they don't even know it or not paying any attention to the Lord is helping them. But I thinks of lots of times when I called upon the Lord when these things been going on and, you know, I found it a help. A comfort. 'Cause I thinks those that goes on swearing and drinking and not praying to the Lord, I don't know how they live. How they can live like it, you know. And they have healthy families too.¹³¹

I know this family alongside of us, it's nothing for she to have what comes out of her. And still the family, nobody sick. All healthy and her just as bad, you know, in her language as what he is. A blaggard word is just the same as yes or no to them. I don't understand it. 'Cause the people that don't know what it is to bow their knee to God and still, you know, live. They have sickness, sometimes, when it comes to measles and chicken pox and that kind of thing. And toothaches. Things like that. Little small things. But still they rears up families. Gets through life. But I think it's a hard way to live, I do. And the beer bottle every day.

My own way, if I had to live it over again, I'd live it like that. Like I could be a bit better, I'd try to live better than I lived.

I've had blessings. I suppose there's one blessing when I humbled and accepted the Lord. I means it's three times I went and kneeled down different times before I really got saved, as I call it, I suppose. I was saved but still, you know, I was shy and I was afraid to let anyone know that I done it.¹³² If I kneeled down and asked the Lord but still I wouldn't let anyone know. Well, I'd throw it all down again, you know, just like that. Different times I done that.

And this time when we went to Roddickton and Olive now, was just seven months old, I went to church and made a public confession, you call it, I suppose. I kneeled down before the church was there and the crowd was

there. And I repented. Well, I've been going on ever since and that's been over forty years ago. And the next summer, I, well, I was baptized in water. That's what we call baptism. Go in buried and walk out. And someone take you and bury you in water according to the Bible. And I was buried in baptism. And the next winter, I suppose, I received the baptism of the Holy Ghost. I was speaking in tongues. The Spirit gives utterance the Bible says.

And I've been going on ever since. I enjoyed praying to God when I gets the blessing out of it. And I thinks that it's a better blessing than if I went to a card game or something like that. I'm getting something from the Lord which is more important. And if I happen to go, well, I knows I'm prepared to go. I tries to keep prepared, you know. To keep living a good life. I thinks that's what the Lord wants of us to do our best. When we done our best. That's it.

I can't tell you any more about baptism in the Spirit. 'Cause it's like the Bible says, it's like a wind that bloweth where it wills and you can't tell where the sound comes or where it goes, so is he that is born of the Spirit. Well, it's just a gift from God and your tongue is turned. You don't speak it unto man. The Bible says you speak it unto God. When you're speaking in other tongues, you're speaking unto God. The Bible says. Lots of times when I pray in the house, I speak in tongues. Lots of times. And even in tongues walking down the road.

In church there, there's times that the Spirit takes over and you speak. (Come there next Sunday and you'll hear it yourself singing.) Lots of times I've sung in the Spirit. I've got a real blessing in it even though I didn't know what I was saying.

There's lots of people in the church that don't understand it. Well, 'tis not given for them to understand unless they humble themself and, you know, seek the Lord. There are no interpreters there who can tell you what you're saying. Not that I know anything about. But I've heard talk of them, you know, in churches. This certain person has spoke. And perhaps got up in their testimony and spoke. And next thing perhaps a man get up and interpret it to the church. Spoke to that voice was to another person and let him know that he spoke in other tongues. They said to them, well, how can they speak in other tongues unless they learned it. But you don't speak to people often. A lot of it is spoken to God,

you see, the Lord your're speaking to. Well that's all you can explain about it. Just like the wind bloweth where it wishes and you can't tell the sound thereof where it goes and where it comes from. And the Bible says so that is he that is born of the Spirit. That's the way the Bible says so that is he that is born of the Spirit. That's the way the Bible explains it, you know.

But it's a wonderful blessing to speak in tongues to me, you know. Well anyone that want to understand it, if you want to and you never spoke in tongues, if you repented and you want more of God and blessings from God, if you ask it, the Lord knows your heart and that's all he wants to know. If you honest enough, you will receive it. (Surely, they tell me a lot of people in your church receive it.) It's for you as well as me. You know, anyone that wants it. It belongs to you, to ask.

I think I got the blessing to be in the Spirit lots. I sing better. I sing and get a good blessing from it, you know. And I always wanted to, you know, regards other people singing in the Spirit. And I'd like to do that too. I'd like to have it, you know. (So you understands how we gets happy.) It's enough to make you happy and enough to make you want to meet the Lord when He comes. That you know you're sure that you're going with the Lord instead of going down where the Bible says the darkness where there's weeping and gnashing of teeth. You knows now what the punishment you're going to get into. To go to hell. Well, I think everyone should be looking forward to a better place than hell. But it seems like people don't understand. They thinks they're not enjoying life if they're not, you know, taking a drink or playing cards. But I thinks I enjoy my life more.

I use to wonder to myself about it. That's all. You know, what kind of a story I would have if I could write it, you know. Now I'll be thinking about it until I gets the book to see what it's like, I suppose. Perhaps now it could be a good many things about the same thing. You know different things happen in my life. 'Twasn't everybody went through it. The same everybody is but got different ways. I don't see where I would change it if I could.

NOTES: CHAPTER XV

127. I.e., it was difficult to concentrate on counting knitting stitches.
128. The club serves as a licensed lounge for dancing. It was opened in the early 70s and is frequented predominantly by young couples.
129. A grant was given to the Lions Club to establish a park in 1972-73. The park, situated on the edge of town, has a number of cabins, a playground area and swimming facilities.
130. Weekly bingo games are held and sponsored by the Lions Club. Dart leagues occupy much of the leisure time of young adults and couples in their 30s and 40s. Competition occurs between neighbouring towns.
131. A common phrase repeated in homilies at Sunday services was that "God will bring you non-saved members down to His level. He often does this by taking what you love most (i.e., children) away from you either by sickness or death."
132. Saved Pentecostals go to the altar during services and repent publicly of their sins. Sid recounts his experience. "For five years I repented of my sins. ~~Often from that time to five years did I on the way to camp--I was working in the lumber woods--tears would flow down me face thinking of it. And what prevented me from getting saved was smoking. A lot of it. That was the biggest hindrance I feel. I knew I had to give up tobacco and I feel I couldn't do it. And for to go to church, open confession before the public, walk up the church from the back, near the back. It was a big step and it takes a lot of humbleness and a shameful step like. So I was five years making up me mind.~~"

CHAPTER XVI

TOWARDS AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE MEANING OF THE LIFE STORY OF RUTH OLLERHEAD

Intersubjectivity: Towards a Merging of Contexts

I taped Ruth's life history while she sat, characteristically knitting, in her rocking chair in a small dining room off the kitchen. Stan, her husband of 44 years, was frequently nearby to add clarification or an expansion on specific details in Ruth's history. In asking Ruth to record her life history, I suggested to her that (1) I wanted to come to understand what it was like for her to grow up in a small outport and raise a family and fish with her husband off the Labrador (i.e., I was interested in the ordinary as well as the special events in her life story); and (2) I was interested in hearing about her life from its beginning in sequence.

Both of these suggestions were significant to the structuring and content of the material collected. Ruth almost immediately became self-directive in structuring her content in sequence. The titles of the narrative chapters reflect this patterning. In addition, she terminated

specific episodes (Text: 107,108)¹³³ delayed giving related information until the correct time sequence (Text: 103), and consulted outside of taped sessions regarding information on specific details directly related to her sequencing.

In assisting me to understand the events in her life story, Ruth was explicit in her attempts to broaden my context of experience to include her personal life experience. Her narration, in reference to my presence as audience and student, took on an instructional orientation in terms of my socialization into her cultural context. In addition, its tone was historical, both in terms of the recall of specific historical events and the viewing of continuity of traditional values over time.¹³⁴ Two aspects intersected our mutual contexts, that is, the immediacy of the present and the primacy of experiential knowledge.

The past was referenced to in contrast to the immediate present context (Text: 24,25,55). For Ruth, "there was a lot of difference now than there was then." Certain categories of past life events which provided, in part, for a sense of group collective historical continuity through time (Myerhoff 1977) held a sameness in essence with present experience. This was seen, for example, in reference to Pentecostal services (Text: 24). The essence of sameness (i.e., experienced in the ritualizing of the initial saved experience) was viewed as maintained through time. Structural dissimilarities were minimized

(i.e., the shift from home services to church services or the change from initial group fervour to institutionalization).

The experiential nature of acquiring a sense of cultural context was also a pervading thematic assumption in Ruth's dialogue. She clearly distinguished between experiential and non-experiential aspects of my understanding. Certain aspects that were common to both of our life experiences were assumed as understood whether they happened prior to my arrival in Main Brook (Text: 62) or within the context of her kin group (Text: 77,87). References to size of objects, physical proximity of houses and names of persons were prefaced by reference to my immediate environment (Text: 103,112,121). When knowledge of events was particular to the specific personal experience of kin members, Ruth assumed that they were more competent in relating the incident to me because it was their personal experience.

Certain presumed limitations in my understanding were assumed to be a factor of a lack of experiential knowledge. For example, childbirth and child rearing within Ruth's context were not explicitly taught or explained; rather they were presumed as acquired by adult women through experience and shared in common with other women. Therefore, when the midwife visited each morning for nine days after the birth of her first child Ruth noted "She didn't tell us [i.e., women] how to take care of the baby. We'd

know how to do it, I suppose" (Text: 51). In reference to my lack of experiential context, Ruth frequently prefaced her remarks with a caution and a future expectation of acquired knowledge: "Anyone who has babies knows what it is. You don't know what it is yet? But your turn will come" (Text: 62).

The resulting intersubjective transfer of meaning is felt most acutely in the intersection of our mutual contexts by Ruth's assumption of the immediacy of the present and the primacy of experiential knowledge. Moreover, placed within a broader framework, the dialogue is significant in its highlighting of the culturally defined experiential context of Ruth as she related the events of her life story. Reticence is selected for analysis out of the rich phenomenal field of experience present. Its consistent usage by Ruth as a mode of expression both in regard to her selection of recollected experience into certain culturally typified categories (i.e., the natural attitude), and her interpretive departures from this (i.e., the phenomenological attitude) highlights its critical significance in coming to an understanding of the events of Ruth's life story.

Reticence: The Culturally Defined Experiential Context

Three significant aspects of Ruth's description of her life story will be viewed as an illustration of (1) the continuity of patterns of reticence as a mode of expression

over an individual life span and (2) Ruth's identification of aspects of growth in her conscious self-awareness.

First, early memories of Ruth's childhood will be juxtapositioned with those of raising her children and grandson. Then, the transitional period into adulthood (i.e., courting) will be viewed. Lastly, attitudes towards the child bearing process will be examined.

Reticence: An Expressive Mode of Patterned Continuity
Childhood

Ruth describes her early life experiences as a time for active participation in her environment: "when I was little, whatever had to be done, I'd help to do it." (Text: 27). Her non-elaborated description suggests a self-confident, exploring relationship with aspects of both the male and female culture domain: "I can remember the first pair of stockings I knit. I knit them for myself out of white sheep's wool. It was a wonderful thing then to know how to turn the heel then at that age..." (Text: 24) "First when we moved here, we could catch rabbits anywhere around here. Right down to the clothes line or anything then. I remember my father setting the traps for me. And I couldn't set it myself, you know. And he'd set it and I'd go out and I'd put it out and get a rabbit." (Text: 36).¹³⁵ Significant to her exploration was self-directed

achievement goals: "When I was little perhaps we cut our firewood for bonfire night. We'd try to do that the best way we could" (Text: 27).

Ruth is emphatic in outlining the continuity present in her childhood experiences and that of her children: "Children were raised the same way as far as I know clear of TV. That's the only difference now" (Text: 68). A prevalent theme is that of self-directed behaviour and non-interference. Children were verbally encouraged to behave appropriately to the immediate situation¹³⁶ but individual choice in response was accepted: "You'd tell them to do things. And lots of times they'd obey and lots of times they wouldn't. Lots of times they was let go when perhaps they shouldn't have been let go, you know, not doing it" (Text: 74).

Self-initiating activity was a common mode of action, even if completion of the task was impossible without adult assistance: "Children were old enough to have their own bonfires when they got to cut their little boughs and gather them around. It seemed like Stan used to help them too. He used to help them cut the boughs" (Text: 80). Adult assistance was always available upon request. Experimentation was an important component in childhood learning. The child makes the initial unguided steps in experimentation and then modified these after observing the actions of older children. The value of non-directive-

ness on the part of adults was also a factor in the unstructured play of children: "Sometimes you'd have a good many extra children in the house. But it seemed like you didn't notice it that much. I don't know. They just laughed and talked and perhaps went on again to the next house" (Text: 74).

Non-interference as a value in child rearing acquired a subtle qualitative distinction with reference to the raising of Ruth's grandson: "We raised Jackie. I used to think at first that I wouldn't be able to do it, you know. Take to another child like you would to your own. But you can. And you're just as good to the person. Or better 'cause if you went to, you know, slap or something, you always think about, you know, it's somebody else's. You'd feel you was doing wrong. That's the feeling I got" (Text: 142).

Courting/Adulthood

Reticence behaviour--experienced as self-directive on the part of the individual and as non-interference on the part of the group--is particularly sharply focused within the context of the courting and engagement period. Ruth began courting when she was about fifteen and was married at seventeen. Couples would meet at someone's home or on a footpath. Courting entailed much secrecy

and couples were effectively insulated from any direct statements regarding their relationship: "We were engaged, I guess a year before we were married. We didn't tell anybody. The way it was then parents didn't want you to get married young. They wouldn't allow you to get married at that age" (Text: 43).

Direct confrontation was avoided by teenagers and parents alike. Non-interference was considered appropriate both with reference to covert and overt behaviour. Ruth recalls an incident of non-reticent behaviour on her part which made her ashamed and created distrust on the part of her daughter: "Our teenagers would go out and come in. That's all. You'd tell 'em when to come in. If they didn't come you'd put up with that. We figured that they was going to do what they liked when they was out of sight. Stan was kind of strict with them. He wanted them to be in early. I remembers one night Stan started complaining. A man come in here. Where's Olive? Well, I said to myself, I'll go see. I went. Anyway, I was ashamed that I was going. I was feeling ashamed, you know, to do it. Cause I didn't want anyone to know I was doing this. And I went up as far as the house. And I could see them laughing and talking. And I could hear Olive. So anyway, I come home again." (Text: 95).

For Ruth non-reticent behaviour, however covert, implies an orientation towards distrust in relationships,

i.e., lack of confidence in an individual's social or psychological competency expressed as a lack of respect of the other's autonomy: "Olive was always figured we couldn't trust her. We wouldn't trust her. And I suppose she had a right to when he was peeking on at her" (Text: 96). Social and psychological competency was seen to be a combination of age and experience.¹³⁷ A person acquired more 'sense' with age.

Marriage for girls sixteen or younger was viewed with disfavour. However, often the issue was resolved by adhering to values intrinsic to reaffirming self-directive autonomous behaviour: "Irene. She got married. Oh, she wasn't quite sixteen. Then she got married. We wasn't interested in her getting married cause she was young. And we had to take so long before we could make up our mind. I don't know which would have been best. To say yes or no. We was afraid that something could happen with another person she would have married and we'd have been sorry for it. We don't know. So we just said she should please herself" (Text: 99).

Non-interference was reciprocal and implied a mutual confirmation of competency: "I wouldn't want to know their lives [i.e., married lives]. Now, what they're living together like. I think it's enough for anyone to handle their own. Let everybody else do the same. Cause if there's anything going on in their lives perhaps it would

hurt me if I knowed it. And I'd rather not know it. That's how I feel about it. My children don't come to me with their problems. I can say that they don't. Never ever. When they were teenagers, if they were sick or something like that, they might. But any other troubles, they never ever come to speak about it" (Text: 100). Values intrinsic to reaffirming self-directive autonomous behaviour implied a mutual confirmation between mother/daughter based on trust in an adult's social and psychological competency. This trust, expressed in mutual non-interference, was characteristic of a strong mother/child bond.

Child Bearing

Women in Main Brook are characterized by a positive self-image and a high, unchanging status throughout adulthood that does not decrease with age. There is a strong mother/child relationship. In the past, mothers were frequently left with sole responsibility for child rearing, while their husbands were away logging or fishing. Grandmothers are important and often responsible for rearing their daughters' children. A strong supportive female network of social interaction exists.

Pregnancy and childbirth are best viewed within this context. A pervading concept is that of shared mutual experience.¹³⁸ "I didn't seem to get frightened. No, that's

how we went through. Everybody was alike. As long as somebody was there, it seemed like it took the burden. You weren't frightened as much. Didn't seem like I was. As long as somebody was there. Mrs. Piley just lifted the baby up and waited till the midwife come in. That's all" (Text:61). Childbirth was considered a normal function which required midwife assistance only in the last stages of labour: "That's all you done then, you go up for Aunt Mary. One of you takes sick. You takes expecting the baby now. Go for Aunt Mary. Aunt Mary would come only just within the hour. Cause you knowed you were expecting the baby then. You had the labour pains that the baby was coming. You'd wait until you was sure it was the right thing." (Text: 50).

Reticence, within this specific aspect of the shared female domain, is best viewed with reference to the metaphor of the stoic woman.¹³⁹ Self-control, expressed in reticent behaviour, reiterates the value of patient endurance in the context of personal hardship: "that time you thought you, and a lot of people tell you the same thing, you thought that if you was having a family that it was the lot of you for it and that was that. You had to have them. We thought there was nothing we could do about it. That's all" (Text: 63).

On one level, reticence expressed as patient endurance, serves to bond females together in a shared experiential

reference: "Everyone was alike" (Text: 61). At another level, it addresses the issue of the competency of individual females within this reference. Appropriate competence had two manifest expressive components. First, it was expressed verbally as silence (i.e., non-complaining mode of expression): "Stan would help when I was sick. Not that much then. I suppose he didn't understand much about what it was to go through. In later years, then I suppose he seen that I was going through a lot. You know, having kids fast. Very close together. I was, you might say, skin and bones at the time. I can't mind of ever complaining to Stan that I was having 'em" (Text: 62).

Secondly, competency was expressed behaviourally in completed autonomous tasks: "My last pregnancy was a little girl. I fell twice with her. After the fall, I just feel that heavy weight, you know, feel weight. It was a miserable feeling you know. But I done me work after. You know, keep on working until it was time for the baby to be born" (Text: 75). Occasional non-reticent behaviour signalled appropriate interference from other kinswomen: "I didn't have anything wrong anymore than I was tired and weak. I mind one time I got washing and I couldn't do it. And I cried then. Beatrice came down and finish the wash for me that day. Cause you had to bend over the tub then. You had the board in the tub. Perhaps two or three times a week, you'd wash when you had small kids" (Text: 62).

Reticence: An Expressive Mode for Growth in Self-Awareness

In the telling of her life story, Ruth clearly identifies her concept of self and elucidates her pattern of developing self-awareness. Reticence is the expressive mode used for this disclosure. In the relating of her life experience both the events themselves as well as the expression of these events confirm for Ruth her behavioural and verbal competency in the overall patterning of her life. Preston (1976:466) integrated these aspects of competency:

...a more precise definition should combine competence, with its essentially practical or technical overtones, with a more personal or psychosocial kind of competence.

Evidence of this competency is highlighted by Ruth in the two following events. The first event is ordinary in its situational context and refers to moving from Roddickton back to Main Brook. The second extraordinary series of events is characterized by Ruth within her life pattern as three narrow escapes from death and three blessings.

When Ruth was in her early twenties, Stan shifted over to a neighbouring logging community and lived there for a period of two years. When his father had a sawing accident, he returned with his family to Main Brook to help in his father's mill: "The first time we moved from Roddickton, we moved on dogs. Dog team in the box. There

was four of us in the box coming from Roddickton. I can't mind about we got on coming over. Anymore than I knows that I cried when I was coming over. I remembers about that. Crying myself because I didn't want to leave, you know. They didn't know I was crying. The men didn't know that, you know. Stan didn't know. I suppose I thought it would bother him too much and perhaps he'd give up, you know, and wouldn't come at all. So, I wouldn't say anything with regard to myself. I can't remember crying after I got there. I like Roddickton because Gasper and they lived right alongside of us. And I found it hard to leave over there. I knowed what I had to face when I come back. I knowed it wasn't much. There was no roads then. All along the back of us then was all trees. And nobody lived in there at that time" (Text: 65).

Mutual dependency on each other's competency is an essential feature of the husband/wife relationship. Ruth recognized that Stan "had to take over what [his father] was at cause the rest of the boys wasn't use to it" (Text: 68). Her private non-reticent behaviour and subsequent non-interference in Stan's decision was a manifestation of her competency in relating to him as a wife. Her later private reticence ("I can't remember crying after I got there") was an index of her psychological competence. Ruth's reluctance to return to Main Brook was a significant turning point in her self-awareness (Mandelbaum 1973).

Prior to this turning point her phenomenal field was circumscribed by the patterns of her early life in Main Brook: "I suppose there was only a few people here and we thought whatever we was told to, we had to do it and that was it. We tried to do it anyway. There wasn't much to know, I guess, except these things. And you'd live with it. It didn't seem like to me that it was much to know about. What we was told to do, we had to do. Whatever my father told me to do, well, I thought I had to do it and that was that" (Text: 37). The knowledge acquired by the experiential understanding of doing "these things" brought contentment prior to moving to Roddickton: "I was content here in Main Brook. I never thought about anything else. We never heard anything about the rest of the world. A scattered thing you'd hear. Cause there was no radios then. Back them days." (Text: 55).

Ruth identifies two persistent personality characteristics particular to her concept of self which bridge this period of heightened self-awareness: "I can mind one doll that they brought for me at Christmas one year. And it 'twas smiling on the face of the doll. That's why they bought it. They said I always used to be laughing, see. Laughing. So, they got this doll for me because I was laughing. I can remember about that. I was known as pleasant, I suppose. I don't know if they see me always with a smile on my face. Not that I noticed it in myself.

I didn't notice it." (Text: 29). "First when we moved here, we could catch rabbits anywhere around here. Right down to the clothes line or anything. I remember my father counting the traps for me. I liked to do it. I liked it. I liked that work. Somebody was telling me the other day, I was an outdoor person" (Text: 36). Both aspects are observed by the group as consistent with her behaviour over time and confirmed by Ruth with a matter of fact reticence.

Ruth identifies her life pattern as being punctuated by two series of extraordinary events: "A lot happens in a person's life now. All through the years, you forgets, you know. All that did happen. Narrow escapes from death. Three times. The last birth. And then the well and then in the cellar. That's three" (Text:93). In contrast, her life is also viewed as having three blessings: "I've had blessings. I suppose there's one blessing when I was humbled and accepted the Lord. And the next summer I, well, I was baptized in water. That's what we call baptism. Go in buried and walk out. And someone take you and bury you in water according to the Bible. And I was buried in Baptism. And the next winter, I suppose, I received the Baptism of the Holy Ghost. I was speaking in tongues. The Spirit gives utterance the Bible says." (Text: 155).

Ruth clearly distinguishes between these two series of events. The three narrow escapes from death are dis-

crete memory entities that--for her--do not persist in her recall over time: "Afterwards I didn't think of it often. When it was over, it was like it was forgotten. Once in a while it might come up in your mind, you know; I suppose if you haven't got the story, you can't think from day to day and keep it in your mind while your going through it, eh? Cause I suppose if you did, well, it would drive you off your head. Drive you crazy, I suppose. To think of it all. If I sat down now, after you are gone, and think about all that I went through, well. And having a family and rearing them up and all this. You'd hardly think that anyone could stand against it, you know" (Text:154).

The selective memory recall for past events that potentially results in a lack of self control (i.e., can "drive you off your head") point to the maintenance of standards of individual psychological competency in its broad sense. Preston alludes to this:

Competence, in a broad sense...is very much involved with the standards for reticence and self-expression....Reticence is here defined as that area of self-control that directly affects personal exposure or self-expression (1976:468-469).

For Ruth, the risk of brooding on hardship presents a potential for a loss of autonomous self-control expressed in non-reticent behaviour. But rejoicing in her salvation (i.e., her blessings) is, by contrast, a continuous source

of inner strength expressive of spiritual competency where autonomous behaviour equated with inner self-control is replaced by Spirit filled non-reticent behaviour. Self-exposure, within this frame of reference, is not viewed as expressive of lack of individual self-control but rather as the taking over of individuals by the Spirit.

Furthermore, the Pentecostal complex of "being saved", experienced in its cumulative effect in public confession, water baptism and speaking in tongues, is not viewed as discrete in recall but, in fact, diffuse. The impact of its experiential nature: "In church there, there's times that the Spirit takes over and you speak. Come there next Sunday and you'll hear it yourself. Singing. Lots of times I've sung in the Spirit. I've got a real blessing in it even though I didn't know what I was saying" (Text: 156). Significant to this experiential aspect, is its diffusive effect: "Lots of times when I pray in the house, I speak in tongues. Lots of times. And even in tongues walking down the road" (Text: *ibid.*).

The second component is that of profound non-reticence. Intrinsic to the ongoing experience of being saved is a public testimony: "I suppose there's one blessing when I humbled and accepted the Lord. I mean it's three times I went and kneeled down different times before I really got saved, as I call it, I suppose. I was saved but still, you know, I was shy and I was afraid to let anyone know

that I done it. If I kneeled down and asked the Lord but still I couldn't let anyone know" (Text:155). Initially this humbling experience¹⁴⁰ (often referred to as a feeling of shame) requires that the non-saved person walk from the back of the church to the front altar and make a public confession: "And this time when we went to Roddickton and Olive now, was just seven months old, I went to church and made a public confession, you call it, I suppose. I kneeled down before the church was there and the crowd was there. And I repented. Well, I've been going on ever since and that's been over forty years ago." The initial public confession is often accompanied by glossolalia. This expression of profound non-reticence with its manifest lack of self-control occurs when saved persons are "happy in the Spirit" and the "Spirit takes over and you speak" (Text: 102); or in dancing: "He was that fellow that was jumping at the service" (Text: *ibid.*).

The combination of the extraordinary and ordinary events of Ruth's life intersect to form a matrix rich in the nuances of her own personal meanings. The experience of telling her life story provides for an additional nuance: "I use to wonder to myself about it. That's all. You know, what kind of story I would have if I could write it, you know. Now I'll be thinking about it until I gets the book to see what it's like I suppose. Perhaps now it could be a good many things about the same thing. You

know different things happen in my life. 'Twasn't everybody went through it. The same everybody is but got different ways. I don't see where I would change it if I could" (Text:157).

Summary

The deficiency of analysis and interpretation has been expressed as a persistent concern in the use of life history material in anthropology. Anthropologists continue to collect and use life histories in a manner that best serves their individual research purposes. Significant to their perspective is an explicit emphasis on its usage as an illustrative, heuristic device in the explanation of the culture concept. The individual, within this rubric, becomes transformed either to the level of generalized events or reduced to the level of specific examples. Subsequent attempts at interpretation highlight a prevalent assumption that views the individual and culture as dichotomous entities.

This dichotomous stance was rejected as an assumption in my design of a frame of reference for viewing Ruth's life history. Instead, the emphasis shifts into an interpretation which attempts to view culture and the individual simultaneously. This viewing of text/context simultaneously is consistent with an attitudinal intent expressed by Ruth

in her structuring of the text. Moreover, such an approach assures that the focus remains grounded in the textual data and calls for acquiring understanding rather than an explication of the text in terms of psychological or cultural theories. For this reason an hermeneutical position operating within a phenomenological perspective seemed most appropriate as an orientation for arriving at this understanding.

This understanding presumes the mediation of contextual distinctions such that the texture of the contextual dialectic evident between these levels and the individual provides an interpretive nexus for viewing culture and the individual simultaneously. Thus, the interpretation of the life story of Ruth Ollerhead confronts three related contextual aspects of her personal experience. The immediate contextual framework is that of the ethnographic situation--the dialogue between the ethnologist and the native person. Gadamer (1976) suggests that in the dialectic established in an hermeneutical perspective we bridge back and forth between different contexts until ultimately a synthesis occurs in which the investigator comes to understand the life history in a qualitatively different way, by incorporating something of the context of reference and merging it with his own (Watson 1976:104). Two predominant aspects intersected our mutual contexts. The first addressed the immediacy of the present. For Ruth, "there was a lot of difference now

than there was then." The second aspect highlighted the primacy of experiential knowledge. Ruth clearly distinguished between experiential and non-experiential aspects of my understanding.

Moreover, placed within a broader framework than that of the immediate ethnographic context, the dialogue confronts another significant contextual aspect of Ruth's personal experience in that it highlights her culturally defined experiential context. The third contextual framework is that of the broad sociocultural context. This context is described in detail in the footnotes to Ruth's narration. Out of the rich phenomenal field of experience presented by Ruth, reticence was chosen for analysis. Its consistent usage as a mode of expression both in regard to Ruth's selection of recollected experience into certain culturally typified categories, and her interpretative departures from this, highlight its critical significance in coming to an understanding of the events of Ruth's life story. Three significant aspects of Ruth's description were viewed as an illustration (1) of the continuity of patterns of reticence as a mode of expression over an individual's life span and (2) as an expressive mode for Ruth's identification of aspects of growth in her conscious self-awareness.

This thesis contends that these three levels of conceptualization--i.e., the immediate contextual framework

of the ethnographic situation, the interplay between the individual and her culture and the larger sociocultural context--must be known to comprehend fully the contextual meaning of events and life experiences described in the life history. This comprehension leads to bringing the text from unintelligibility to an understanding of the individual qua individual. Furthermore, it allows the reader to view individual and culture simultaneously.

NOTES: CHAPTER XVI

133. Text refers to the narration, text pp. 21 to 157.
134. Narration functioning to convey instruction and historical information is particularly encapsulated in the oral folklore genre of story-telling. Small (1971) refers to this specific genre as the personal experience narrative.
135. By adulthood male and female domains are clearly distinguished and have different systems of evaluation. However, young children play in a non-directed manner bridging both domains. For example, wood chopping occurs indiscriminately among both girls and boys.
136. A common method of assuring social constraint in children is that of utilizing verbal threats. For a comprehensive overview of traditional verbal social controls in Newfoundland by the use of threatening figures, see Widdowson (1977). The value of non-directiveness on the part of adults regarding a child's behaviour is always subordinated to those of community and the individual's welfare.
137. The concept of competency as a developmental sequence was reiterated in the text in the joint phrases "I did what had to be done" or "they did the best they could."
138. Children and men were excluded. When I asked Sid what men did when their children were being born, he jokingly replied that they went out to the bush to collect logs and pretended that nothing was happening.
139. For reference to stoicism see Ness (1977); Firestone (1967); Dinham (1977); Szala (1978).
140. Sid describes his feelings in making this initial transition from reticence to public non-reticent behaviour: "But that was the first experience that ever I had realizing the Lord was speaking to my heart and soul. For five years after that I repented of my sins. Often from that time up to five years did I on the way to the camp--I was working in the lumber woods--

tears would flow down me face thinking of it. And what prevented me from getting saved was smoking. A lot of it. That was the biggest hindrance I feel. I knew I had to give up tobacco and I feel I couldn't do it. And for to go to church, open confession before the public, walk up the church from the back, near the back. It was a big step and it takes a lot of humbleness and a shameful step like. So I was five years making up me mind."

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APPENDIX I

TABLE I

Population, Newfoundland and Labrador, by ReligiousDenomination for Selected Years 1857 to 1961

YEAR	Roman Catholic	Anglican	United Church	Salvation Army	Pente- Costal	Other
1857	45.8	35.6	16.3	-	-	2.3
1869	41.6	37.7	19.8	-	-	0.9
1874	39.9	36.9	21.1	-	-	1.1
1884	38.1	35.3	24.7	-	-	1.9
1891	36.0	34.8	26.4	1.0	-	1.8
1901	34.4	33.0	27.8	3.0	-	1.8
1911	33.5	32.4	28.0	4.2	-	1.9
1921	32.9	32.2	28.2	5.0	-	1.7
1935	32.4	32.0	26.3	6.2	1.3	1.8
1945	32.9	31.3	24.9	7.0	2.4	1.5
1951	33.6	30.2	23.7	7.8	3.1	1.6
1961	35.7	28.5	21.4	7.9	4.5	2.0
1971	36.6	27.7	19.5	7.9	5.5	2.8

APPENDIX I

TABLE II

Population of Municipalities on the Northeast Coast of the
Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland for 1951, 1956, 1961,
1966, 1971, 1976

Cities	Census Years					
	1951	1956	1961	1966	1971	1976
Englee	611	677	802	941	1050	989
Roddickton	892	1062	1185	1227	1239	1234
St. Anthony	1380	1761	1820	2269	2593	2987
Main Brook	455	479	577	677	589	551
Conche	276	315	498	541	505	431
St. Lunaire/Griquet	603	601	729	858	825	921