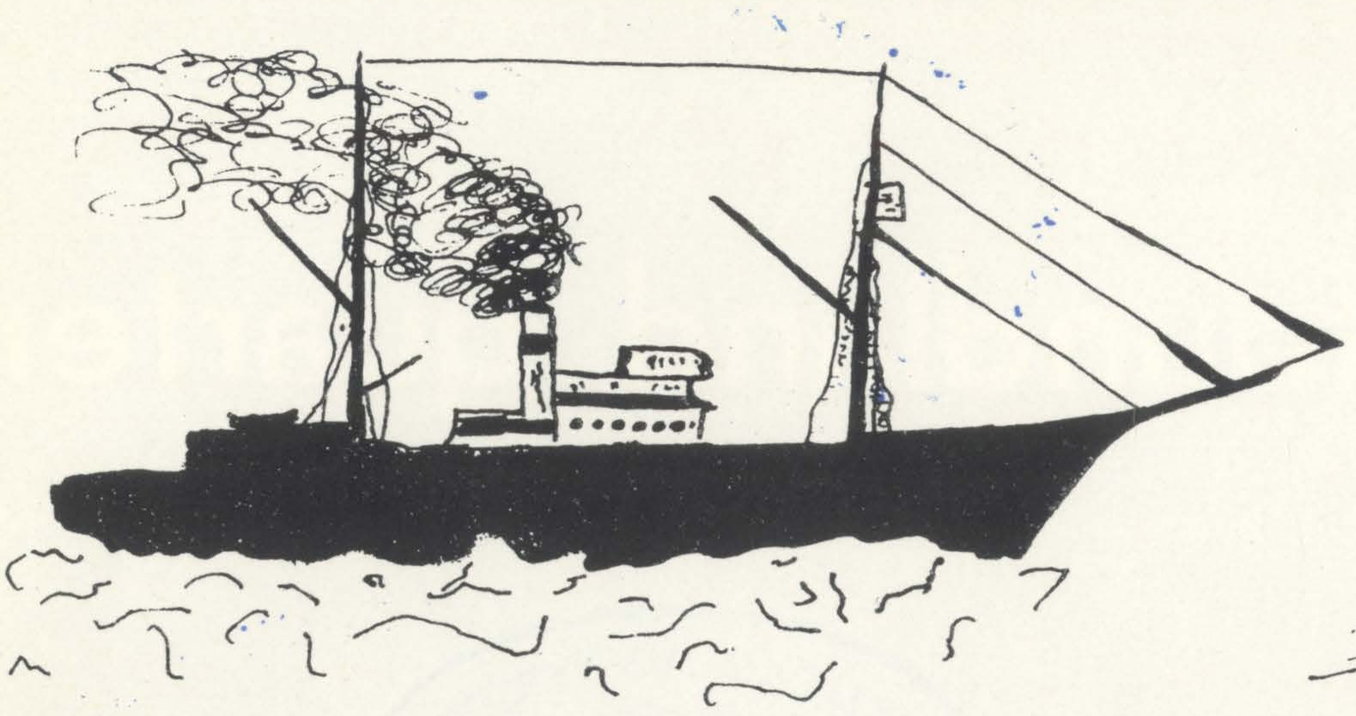
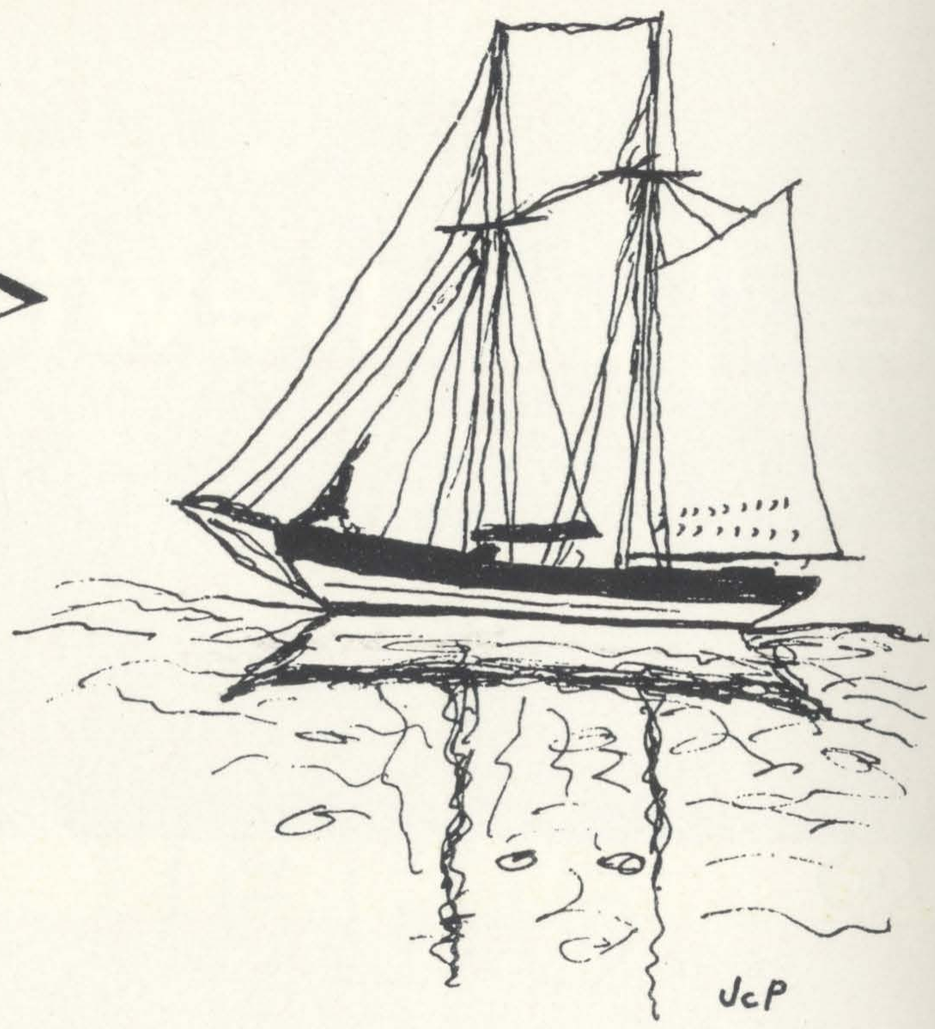
the New newfoundland quarterly

Vol. LXVI No. 4
$2.00 Per Year
50¢ Per copy

Incorporating "Aspects"—a publication of the Newfoundland Historical Society.





The New Newfoundland wishes to preserve the culture and history of The Old Newfoundland and to build a better future.

Two leaders in the drive for a brighter tomorrow are

IRON ORE COMPANY OF CANADA
QUEBEC NORTH SHORE AND LABRADOR RAILWAY COMPANY

Sept-Iles
Schefferville

Labrador City
St. John's

the *New* newfoundland quarterly

VOL. LXVI, No. 4 FALL, 1968

The Newfoundland Quarterly is published every third month by Creative Printers and Publishers Limited, P. O. Box 967, St. John's, Newfoundland.

TELEPHONE 726-6590

Publications Manager
E. R. Davis

Editor
Harry Cuff

Consultant
A. B. Perlin

Editorial Assistant
Doreen Cuff

"Aspects" Editor
Leslie Harris

(Authorized as second class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa and for payment of postage in cash).

Subscription Rates:
Canadian ....$2.00 per year
Foreign.... .... $2.50 per year

Cover picture for this issue and the summer issue provided through courtesy of the Newfoundland and Labrador Tourist Development Office, St. John's. This issue—Port de Grave.

This article, to be concluded in the next issue, was originally published in five "Wayfarer" columns in the daily news. It is a concise history of welfare in Newfoundland.

Tragic Heritage

By A. B. Perlin **Part 1**

I can vouch for the fact that Premier Smallwood appealed twice at federal-provincial plenary conferences for support for the policy of substituting gainful employment for able-bodied relief. He wanted the federal government to continue to make its share of relief costs available for use in the creation of jobs. Each time the plea was received in an icy silence. No premier was willing to support it. But in no other province is the problem either as difficult or acute as it is in Newfoundland. It is part of a tragic heritage which goes back to the earliest days of permanent settlement. Its source lies in a diversity of things. They include the single-minded concentration on the fishery, the greed of fishing captains and resident merchants in the 18th century, the seasonal character of a single-industry economy, and the absence of effective civil administration.

As settlement developed in defiance of all efforts to dislodge the inhabitants, captains of fishing vessels and sack ships found it profitable to bring out passengers to engage in the summer fishery. But the terms on which these so-called fishery servants were engaged usually left them with little resources at the end of the season. They could not pay their way back and many of the planters or resident merchants, by forcing them to drink much of their earnings in cheap West Indian rum brought by the New Englanders, helped to keep them in a state of dependence and destitution. When the new season began they were so deeply in debt that they were in a state of servitude to the planters. With restrictions imposed on fishing facilities in the most populous harbours, many of the inhabitants set out in search of less frequented coves where they could build their stages on the foreshore without hindrance. The dispersal grew, a family or two in each harbour between Fogo in the north and Hermitage Bay in the south. It moved north and south, east and west, from the places where English mercantile interests had established important trading centres and brought out fishery servants. They toiled as best they could through the fishing season, sold their produce for what they could get from trading ships that sold supplies dear and bought fish and oil cheap, and lived off the country as best they could. In winter this often meant tragic privation.

When representative government came there were already as many as a thousand hamlets distributed over the entire littoral and a total resident population of 70,000 people. The government in St. John's lacked the means of establishing services for these people outside the main centres. Many of them lived without benefit of doctor or clergy or teacher, often crowded in tiny tilts, insufficiently clad and certainly inadequately fed. One has only to read the journal of the travels in 1835 of Archdeacon Wix from St. John's to St. George's by way of the south coast to be made heartsick by the description of the conditions in which the people lived. Other missionaries had similar reports. One Wesleyan missionary, Rev. William Marshall, reported on fifty-two harbours he had visited in many of which "the people are deeply sunk in ignorance, superstition and depravity". That was in 1840. Where government could reach or where the voice of the people could be heard in distant St. John's, relief of a kind was given. Usually it took the form of work on the local roads for payment chiefly in kind. The first year or two after the institution of responsible government saw fairly good fisheries and a decline in the demand for relief. But bad years followed and the clamor was revived.

In 1865 the governor of the day, Anthony Musgrave, referred to the total failure of the sealfishery, the poor codfishery in the previous year and the general distress they had caused. He said: "Such relief as appeared unavoidably necessary has been furnished by affording employment on Public Works, and for purposes in which the community has a general interest. But the field for labor in these respects is limited by the climate at this period of the year no less than by the pecuniary resources of the Colony". He added that ten years before one of his predecessors had told the legislature that the "the rapid growth and present extent of pauperism constitute indeed an evil of appalling magnitude. Since that time — although the intervention of some years of almost unprecedented success in the fisheries for a while diverted attention from the subject —the evil has steadily increased in importance. And now, on a succession of years in which the fisheries have been unfortunate, it has attained proportions which must force it upon our serious consideration".

* * *

Many people migrated regularly from summer quarters on the headlands to winter quarters in the woods. For most fishing activities were conducted in small oared boats close to the land. It was always a precarious operation. But except for the years in which the fishery was a failure, the difference between settlements often depended on a combination of environment and the initiative and industry which were applied to gaining a living. Many people were ineffectual and leaderless. Others were energetic and responded to local leadership. Even in the worst of times there were many who fared comfortably and even achieved an increasing measure of independence. But in the best of times there were others who lived only for the day and put nothing by. They became the quick victims of fishery reverses.

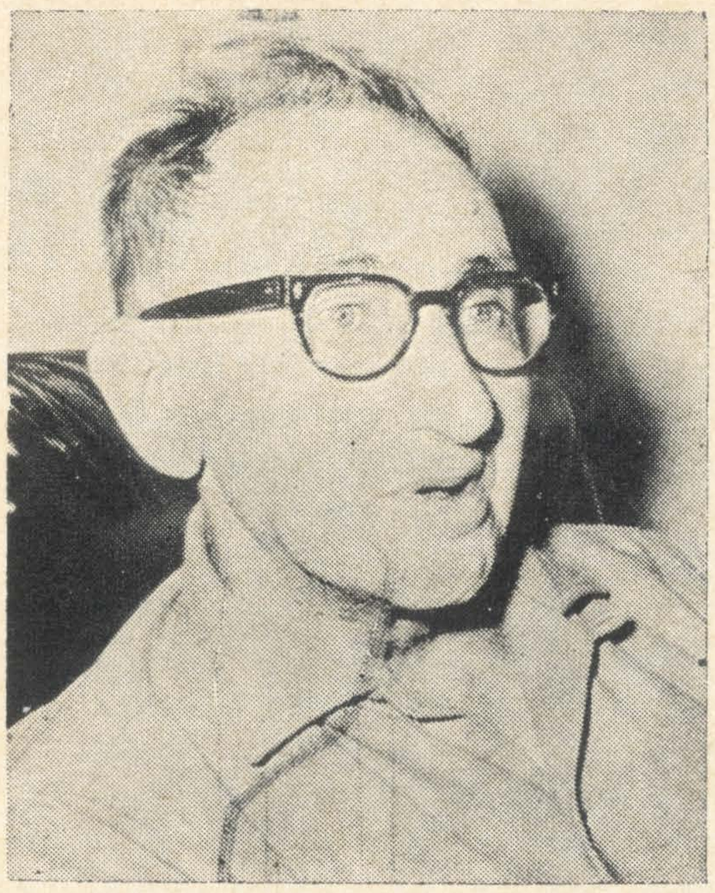
In the best environments use was made of every available resource. It was hard work but it underwrote independence. But many people con-

tinued to live on bleak islands and headlands where the soil was poor, wood was scarce, and a bad fishery meant destitution. For a very considerable number of people, particularly those who lived in small and isolated communities where there was no enterprising merchant to provide some measure of leadership, poverty was a recurrent condition. There was no organized system of assistance. As a rule this took the form of road work which was paid for in kind. The Indian Meal Line near Portugal Cove was built as a relief project with the reward a distribution of indian meal (maize) and molasses. At one period towards the end of the last century when relief roads were being built in the neighbourhood of St. John's, the wages were provided in cash but the amount was thirty cents a day. The largest contribution to relief was made in those areas where large supply merchants operated and provided credit to carry people over a bad period. The fishermen rarely saw any cash. The truck system prevailed. But contrary to the indictment of this system by Lord Amulree's Royal Commission in 1933, it was a form of security for as long as the supply merchants could themselves obtain the supplies that were the basis of credit to the fishermen. If some merchants profited, a very large number paid the price in bankruptcy. If some fishermen were never out of debt, it was also true that the only way in which that debt could be collected was through production of fish and other produce in substantial measure. It was not until the merchants themselves were squeezed badly, that fishermen in hard luck had to go without winter supply.

The most prosperous era in the country's history up to that time was the period of the First World War. Fish prices rose to unheard of heights. People had the means to buy luxuries formerly always beyond their reach. But when the balloon of inflation was punctured in 1920, thousands of families were hurled from the heights to the greatest depths of deprivation. Moreover so many merchants were so badly hurt that the winter supply, sometimes known as "merchants' dole", could not be continued. In a desperate effort to relieve the situation the government of the day guaranteed minimum prices for Labrador fish and went in for the most extensive programme of road construction ever known. This included construction of the road links between Badger and Hall's Bay and between Deer Lake and Bonne Bay. The general situation was more usefully relieved when the Humber project was started in 1923. This put about 6,000 men to work. And since the average worker set himself an income goal, he left the job when this was attained. This meant that many times the actual number required on the job at any one time shared in the work.

While some relief was required during the period between 1924 and 1928, the general economic situation was better because of the construction of the Corner Brook complex and a steady improvement in the price of fish. But the roof fell in after the American stock market crash in October, 1929, and the world depression which followed it. This was the period in which a desperate effort was made to set up some kind of a systematic basis for the distribution of public assistance. But resources were limited and they were strained by a dole structure that provided about five cents per person a day in the form of grocery orders. Even at this low rate, it was beyond the capacity of government to meet the cost. The result was that when the Commission of Government took office in February, 1934, most merchants who had supplied against relief orders had bills outstanding for more than a year. With the advent of the Commission came a more orderly but more generous approach to the problem of relief.

(To be concluded in next issue.)



The Chronicles of Uncle Mose

TED RUSSELL

I want to tell you more about my brother Ki and the fortnight I spent one summer visiting him in New Brumsick. To tell the truth, I know I shouldn't be talkin' about Ki at all, because he's not a Pigeon Inletter. He's never even been in Pigeon Inlet and likely he never will. But I'm trying to tell you how I spent the summer and I can't do that without telling you about my brother Ki.

Ki is two years younger than me and we both gave up school the same year. I was in No. 4 book and Ki in No. 3. When he was in school, you'd never think he was going to end up as one of the biggest building contractors in New Brumsick, but after all, I suppose hundreds of other Newfoundland boys, stunner than Ki have gone to the mainland and done even better than he did.

The best time Ki ever got on in school, I remember, was one stormy winter's day when Ki went home dinnertime and told Father and Mother the wonderful news that he was second from the top in his class. Poor Mother almost fainted with surprise and Father was so happy about it that I can see him now—untying his goatskin purse to give Ki a cent for doing so well. Anyway, I didn't tell that he and Joby Stuckley were the only ones there that day, but I made Ki give me one of the peppermint knobs he bought for his cent. Well, after leaving school, Ki took his place in the bow of a banking dory for four or five years. Then one fall, after clewing up in La Have, instead of coming back to Fortune Bay, he headed West.

For years after that we used to hear from him every six months or so. One time he'd be in the lumberwoods up around Millinocket or Bangor, another time he'd be out in the harvest fields. One time he even had a spell oyster fishin' but he soon gave that up. He said he got tired of it because one oyster looked too much like every other oyster. Restless, he was.

Then by and by he struck this big place—Toronto—and thought he'd stay awhile. He found out that most of the work was carpenter work and that carpenters were in big demand and getting good pay. So Ki figured out he'd be a carpenter. He couldn't drive a nail straight or saw off a end of board but he figured as how anything a Toronto man could do, a Newfoundlander could learn.

So next morning bright and early Ki told a foreman he was a first-class carpenter and went to work. He kept that job until the foreman came around about an hour later and fired him on account of the way he was trying to saw off a end of board. Ki figures that that winter he was fired oftener than Grandfather's old muzzle-loader — in fact, he was fired off almost every carpenter job in Toronto.

Ki didn't mind being fired because he kept his mind made up on two things. First, he'd never get fired twice for the same mistake and second that he'd hold each job a little longer than he did the last one. Only once he didn't like being fired. That was once when a foreman watched Ki trying to fit two ends of molding in a corner. He fired Ki of course, but not satisfied with that, he called Ki a hard name. Ki laid down the two pieces of molding and said to the foreman real quiet like: "Mr. Foreman," said he, "You fired me. All right. I've been fired before. Any man that hires me got a right to fire me. But that don't give you the right to call me bad names. So for firing me, I give you my best respects. But for calling me bad names, I'm goin' to give you . . . THIS." So he hauled off and let him have it—just once.

He made sure the foreman was only stunned before he picked up his tools and left the place. Next day, though he learned how to fit two ends of molding in a corner.

It wasn't till the winter after that, Ki learned how to read blueprints and two or three years before he could draw blueprints of his own and almost fifteen years before he ended up one of the biggest building contractors in New Brumsick. This was the brother Ki I left to see on the tenth of August.

It all started about the end of June—when I got this letter from a lawyer in St. John's. In the letter, the lawyer reminded me that I was a son of the late Obadiah Mitchell of Fortune Bay, and that my father, poor old Skipper Obe, had died without a will—and that he had owned a good-sized piece of waterfront property. Well, I knew all that before. But what I didn't know, and what the lawyer's letter went on to tell me, was that a company wanted to buy this piece of property, probably to build a fish plant on. He even mentioned a sizeable price he was willing to pay for it.

Well, that was simple—so I thought—so I wired the lawyer to send me my half of the money and he could have my share of the property. Then he could send the other half of the money to my

brother Ki (short for Kezekiah) and I had no doubt that Ki would give him **his** share.

Then I sat back to wait for my money, but instead of that I got another message from the lawyer asking me wasn't it true that I had two sisters. He seemed to think they should have a share of the money too.

I wired back yes, I knew all about my two sisters, Beck and Rachel, but since they had got married and gone out of the name of Mitchell, I didn't think 'twas any odds about them and that they had no right to any of the money.

It was then the lawyer seemed to figure out that we weren't makin' much headway so he wired back for me to come in to St. John's—so in I went, after finding out of course who was going to pay my expenses.

Well, well, well—talk about the law! What a time I had! I'd rather haul fifty codtraps than get mixed up with law for five minutes.

First of all, the lawyer stuck to his guns about Beck and Rachel. He said they had just as much right to a share of the money as Ki and myself did. I still think it's a queer thing, but the lawyer says—that's the law.

Then the lawyer gave me some papers to sign and some for Ki, Beck and Rachel to sign. He said that once these papers were all signed, I would be what they call the "Ministrator" or "Minister" or something and the company would be able to pass me over all the money for me to share up among the four of us, after takin' out my own expenses.

'Twas no trouble getting Beck to sign. She lives here in St. John's. In fact, I was boardin' with her. But Ki lives in New Brumsick and Rachel lives over around Conception Bay. So I had to mail them their papers for them to sign and send back.

I got Ki's back alright. In fact, he told me that when I got the money he'd like me to come up to visit him in New Brumsick and he'd spend his share taking me around and showing me the sights. Rachel wasn't so easy. She wrote back to say she wasn't signing anything unless she knew more about it. So I had to pay a fellow in a motor car to take me round the Bay to explain it to her. By this time I could explain it just as well as the lawyer, only of course I didn't tell her that if I'd had my way we wouldn't have bothered about her and Beck at all.

Well, everything comes to an end sometime and by and by, sure enough, all the papers were signed and the lawyer called me into his office this day to finish the business. He had a cheque all made out for the amount he'd offered in the first place and a big long paper for me to sign.

"What's this?" said I.

"The Bill of Sale, Mr. Mitchell," said he.

"What do I do with it?" said I.

"Sign it, Uncle Mose," said he, right friendly-like, holdin' out his pen.

"And then what?" said I.

"Then," said he, "the piece of property'll be bought and paid for."

"You mean to say," said I, "it's not sold yet."

"No, Uncle Mose," he said. "Not till you sign that paper."

"Well, then," said I, "I don't think I'll sign it—not without more money."

The lawyer looked awful shocked. He wasn't, of course, but he made himself look shocked just the same.

"Why, what do you mean, Uncle Mose?" he asked.

"That's it," said I, "while you kept calling me Mr. Mitchell, it didn't matter, but as soon as you call me Uncle Mose it makes me feel as if I'm back in Pigeon Inlet."

"How's that?" he asked.

"Makes me feel," I said, "as if instead of being here selling you this land, I was down in Pigeon Inlet selling my seal skins to Levi Bartle. Levi Bartle'd faint if any of us fishermen took his first offer. So I think I'll ask for a few extra dollars. I figure you people want to buy this property a lot worse than we want to sell it."

Well, he hummed and hawed for twenty minutes or so and made a phone call or two from his other office, while I leaned back, smoked my pipe and wondered what was in all the books on his shelves. Then, like I knew he would in the first place, he paid me the extra bit of money (a nice bit, too) and I signed the Bill of Sale. It wasn't half as hard as getting an extra fifty cents out of Levi Bartle for seal skins.

Then I paid Beck and Rachel their share of the money and wired my brother Ki to meet me in Moncton—I was comin' to New Brumsick to see him after over 30 years. I remember it was almost the middle of August when I boarded the train with a ticket to Moncton.

He met me as soon as I got off the train in Moncton. I'd never have known him from Adam but he spotted me right away. He said he knew me by my pipe—though I can't see how that helped him because I hadn't had that pipe more than ten years and I hadn't see Ki for over 30.

He had a car there right by the station—the longest and lowest car I'd ever seen. I thought she'd be too long to turn the corners, but Ki manouvered her around just as well as Skipper Joe manouvers his skiff coming through the Shag Rocks. He took me all the way out to his house—a real mansion. I didn't think much of his missus at first—a mainland woman, but she wasn't as bad after I got to know her. One thing I could never understand about that woman—she'd always get as far away as she could whenever I'd light my pipe. She even offered to buy me a new one, but I thanked her and said: "No, no, my old one is as sweet as a nut, especially with Beaver tobacco in it."

After two weeks, Ki brought me in his car right to North Sydney. He offered to bring the car across the Gulf and take me right to Pigeon Inlet until I explained to him about roads.

So—I've had two weeks on the mainland and if from now on you hear me criticizing it in a nice way you know you'll agree that I know what I'm talkin' about. I've been there.

CARIBOU TRANSFER PROGRAMME

Since 1962 caribou have been trans

planted to eighteen areas of the Island b

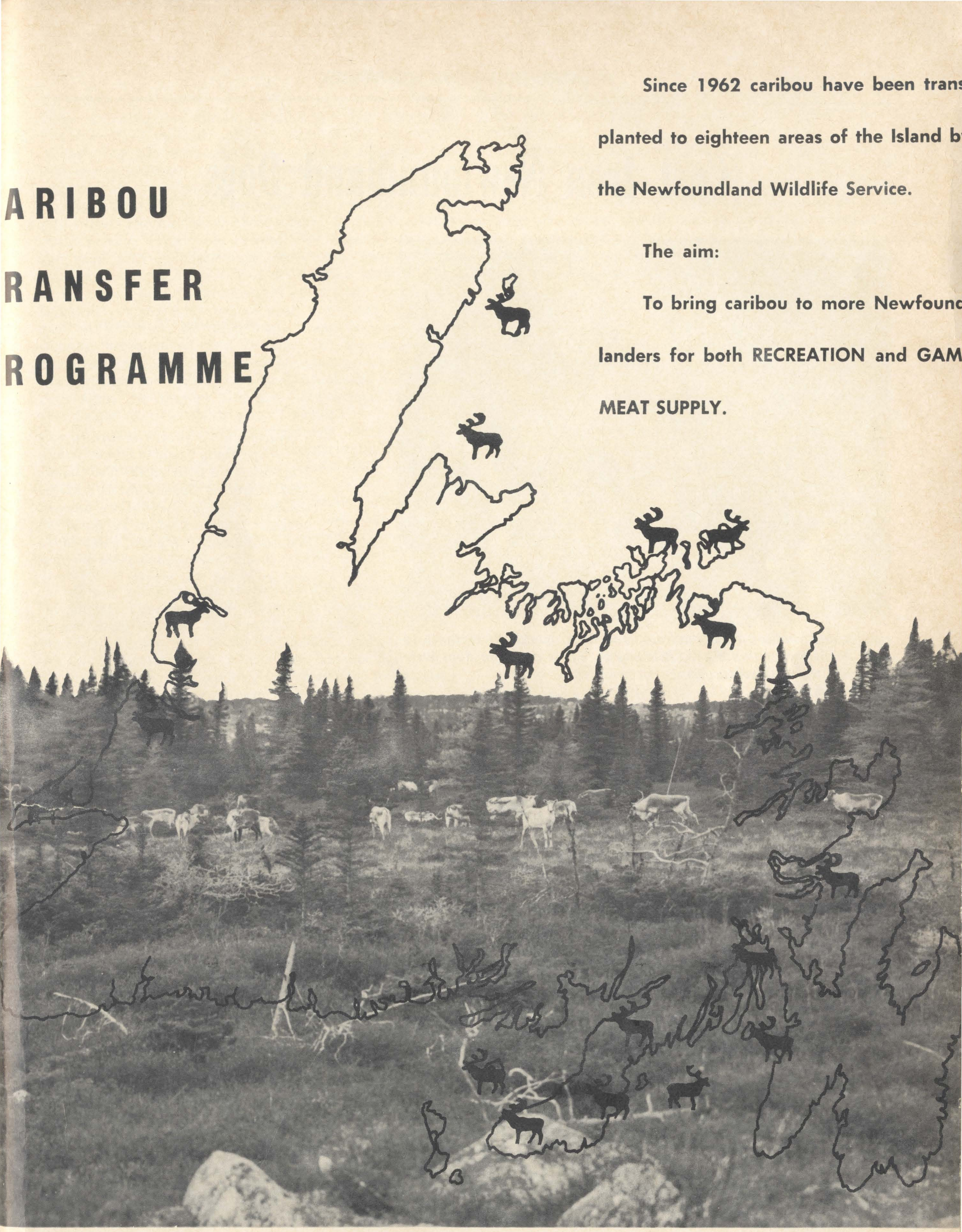
the Newfoundland Wildlife Service.

The aim:

To bring caribou to more Newfound

landers for both RECREATION and GAM

MEAT SUPPLY.



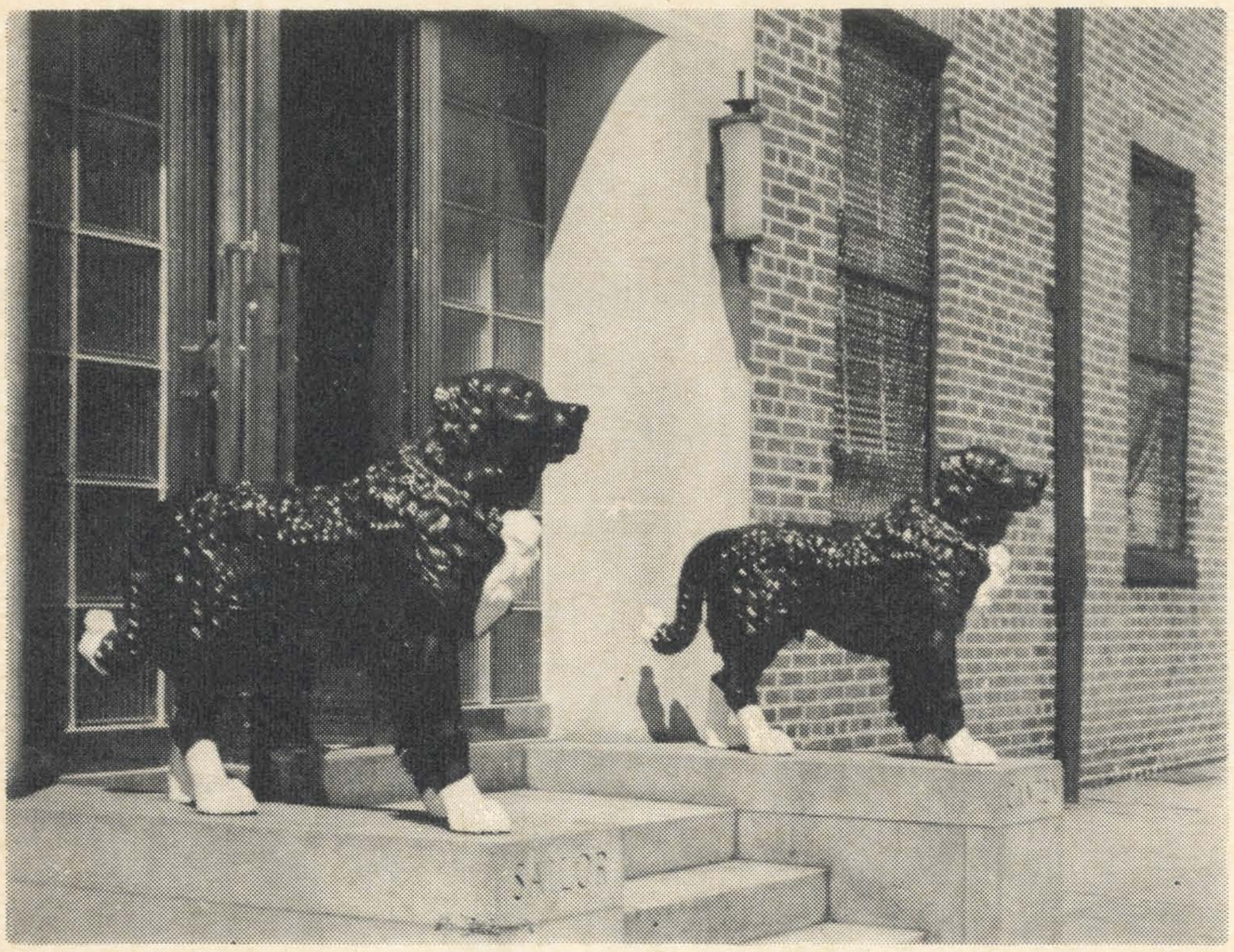
NEWFOUNDLAND WILDLIFE SERVICE

DEPT. MINES, AGRICULTURE & RESOURCES

HON. W. R. CALLAHAN, MINISTER

Cast Iron Newfoundland Dogs

Alexander C. Brown



Sailor and Canton, two Newfoundland dogs, guard the entrance to the Bartlett Hayward Plant, Baltimore. These cast iron dogs were made in the 19th century.

Alexander C. Brown is literary editor of the Daily Press, Newport News, Virginia. In a letter to the Newfoundland Historcial Society he offered his assistance should the Society attempt to secure such a dog to be placed in Newfoundland. We are indebted to Mr. Brown for supplying the pictures and script for this article.

Newfoundland and Maryland lie two thousand miles apart, yet there is an interesting bond tying them together that is not generally appreciated. It is well known, of course, that Lord Baltimore established a colony at Ferryland before going south to a warmer clime to found the city that now carries his name. But the connection to which we refer is concerned with that noble and gentlest of beasts, the Newfoundland dog.

A century and more ago when iron was coming into wide use in both decorative and utilitarian forms and the homes of the fashionable displayed cast iron grills, cornices, balconies, railings and other fancy work, while iron swan and fish spouted in iron fountains and iron stags and other beasts graced lawns and gardens, it was to be expected that iron replicas of dogs should have been cast as well. Many of these appeared sufficiently lifelike to frighten away the prowler and so guard their owners' homes and properties.

During the peak of demand one venerable Baltimore firm of ironmongers, Hayward, Bartlett and Company, surviving today as the Bartlett-Hayward Division of the Koppers Company, located at 200 Scott Street in an old part of the city, manufactured a considerable quantity of such fashionable curiosities for Maryland residents. But for their own particular trademark, the sporting Messrs. Bartlett and Hayward selected the Newfoundland dog for reasons which later shall be disclosed. Thus, these sturdy dogs became the firm's continuing good luck emblem. And a pair of the original cast iron animals flank the entrance to the plant today.

Another pair of iron Newfoundlands cast from the same pattern flanks the entrance to an old residence at 19 N. Carey St., a venerable section of Baltimore, where they are more in character with their surroundings than in the modern, glass-bricked office front entrance of the Koppers Co. Still another pair is located at the Spring Garden plant of the Baltimore Consolidated Gas, Electric Light and Power Co. One, further afield in Richmond's Hollywood Cemetery, guards the grave of little Bernardina Rees who died in 1862.

Elsewhere in Virginia, a recumbent watchdog with singularly piercing eyes reposes just inside the entrance gate in the yard of Mrs. William M. Reardon at 805 Prince St., Alexandria. It is said that this animal was cast in Washington and presented to the Reardon family in 1890. Passersby at dusk can get quite a start from this attentive watchdog lurking by the gate.

A final iron Newfoundland for many years has been a landmark of the town of Hanover, Pa., 40 miles from Baltimore. Recently this dog was moved to a new location beside Hanover's Civil War memorial in the middle of Center Square oval, where he had done guard duty for 30-odd years. Prior to that, so the story goes, the dog had stood over a grave in Mt. Olives Cemetery, but was taken away since he frightened too many horses going by in funeral processions.

The reason why the Newfoundland should have had particular appeal to Baltimoreans Bartlett and Hayward lies in their devotion to duck hunting, a sport for which neighboring Chesapeake Bay was renowned.

Then as now, the sturdy Chesapeake Bay retriever was the most skillful sporting dog of the area and in selecting the Newfoundland as their talisman the iron works partners honored the Newfoundland primogenitors of the Chesapeake.

According to well accepted sources Chesapeake Bay retrievers may trace their origins to the following century and a half old event. It appears that in the year 1807 a Baltimore ship, the Canton, encountered on the high seas a foundering English brig which had left Newfoundland destined for Poole, England. In addition to rescuing the ship's company just in the nick of time, two young Newfoundland puppies were saved and brought by the Canton to Norfolk, Virginia. A passenger, George Law whose uncle owned the Baltimore vessel, purchased the young dogs from the English captain. He named the male one Sailor and the "slut pup" Canton.

Subsequently mated successfully with water spaniels and hounds in the Baltimore area, gradually the fine breed known as Chesapeake Bay retriever developed and became standardized.

Commenting on the events described above in a letter he wrote in 1845, George Law stated that Sailor and Canton were "most sagacious in everything, particularly so in all duties connected with duck-shooting."

It was quite logical, therefore, that not much later on Messrs. Bartlett and Hayward should decide to honor them through the medium of cast iron statues. And so the pair that flanks the plant's entrance today stand on pedestals in which the names Sailor and Canton are inscribed inviting the passer-by to pat their sturdy flanks and test their cold noses—evidence of good health and well being enjoyed for more than a century.

Regrettably, since St. John's has no public statue to the honor of the animal that so well advertises England's oldest colony, it would be fitting if arrangements could be made to secure an original or at least a copy of one of the statues of these noble animals. Even though the patterns from which they were cast are no longer in existence, undoubtedly arrangements could be made with the Koppers Company to secure a plaster cast and have this converted to a metal statue.

Properly installed in this venerable city, one could do no better than to recommend that Lord Byron's famous tribute to his beloved Newfoundland dog named Boatswain be inscribed on an adjoining plaque. It may be recalled that when Boatswain died, Nov. 18, 1808, loyal and affectionate to the end, Byron penned the following epitaph which he ordered chiseled on the vault at Newstead Abbey where Boatswain's remains were laid:

Near this spot
Are deposited the Remains of one
Who possesses Beauty without Vanity,
Strength without Insolence,
Courage without Ferocity,
And all the Virtues of Man without his Vices.

This Praise, which would be unmeaning Flattery
If inscribed over human ashes,
Is but a just tribute to the Memory of
BOATSWAIN, A Dog,
Who was born at Newfoundland, May 1803,
And died at Newstead Abbey, Nov. 18, 1808.

This cast iron Newfoundland dog stands in a front yard at Cleance, Virginia. One such specimen guards the 1862 grave of little Bernadina Rees in Richmond's Hollywood cemetery.

Gone Are The Days

JESSIE B. MIFFLEN

"Cat, dog, pig, hen, tub, fly; c-a-t, cat; d-o-g, dog; p-i-g, pig; t-u . . . oh, dear, is it a **d** or a **b?**" How hard it was to distinguish between them (and still is in my hand-writing, I'm afraid!) It was my first day at school, and as I trudged along with my school bag I was repeating over and over the first page of the Primer. In addition to the Primer my school bag contained a slate and slate pencil, both of them brand new and deluxe models, the slate having a red and white felt border on its frame and the top half of the pencil being encased in red and white striped paper. The slate was small as befitted its small owner and it would therefore not take too long to fill it, especially if one printed outsize O's. It was grey and rough because of its newness, but slates, like wine, improved with age and before too long it would acquire a smooth shiny black surface, on which the printing would show up to much greater advantage.

There was also in the school bag a fancy perfume bottle full of soapy water to clean the slate and a gay striped slate cloth, remnants of an outworn dress, to wipe it. Incidentally, most of the boys would not be caught carrying such equipment, regarding it as sissy, and either borrowed from the girls or resorted to very unaesthetic and unsanitary means of cleaning their slates. Last, but by no means least there was in the bag something to nibble on during recess—most likely a cake of excursion bread, which was always a favourite recess time snack.

My sister who had gone to school for a whole year and was, therefore, regarded by me as something of a scholar patiently prompted me as we wended our way up the street to the school, not wholly, I believe, from purely altruistic motives, but because she would be utterly disgraced if I failed to repeat this lesson without an error, for no well-bred child ever started school without having learned all the letters of the alphabet and knowing by heart the first page of the Primer. Besides, there was a new teacher, and she was an old maid (she must have been every day of twenty-four,) so she would naturally have a bad temper, and would probably punish me if I failed to recite it perfectly.

In this manner, then, the portals of learning were opened to me as they had been to countless other Newfoundland children before me and were to be for a great many after me.

In the course of time I was, as we put it, in Number 4 (the word grade was foreign to us), and had been introduced to 'Meanings' and 'Useful Knowledge', a series of unrelated facts about unfamiliar things. Every night we learned a number of them by heart and by the end of the school year, then had accumulated a considerable store of information about one thing and another, some of which I have retained to this day.

The mysteries of addition and subtraction, of multiplication and division had also been unveiled before my eyes and in a comparatively short time I could tell anyone interested how many farthings there were in £47-13s-3½d. It was a little more difficult though to tell how many cents were in $46,783, for although dollars and cents had long since been adopted as our currency English arithmetics were still being used in our school.

In addition I had learned about Guadianna and Guadalquivir and other rivers of Europe, Asia, and Africa, though the Gander and the Humber had not yet dawned upon my ken. Those boon companions, Aetna, and Hecla also disported themselves upon my consciousness long before I was aware of the existence of Gros Morne and Annieopsquatch, our native mountain peaks.

A favourite subject was penmanship, probably because it involved no hard work and gray matter wasn't too important! Over and over we would write in our copy book slowly and with infinite pains such pious phrases as "It is never too late to do good", or "Honesty is the best policy". A favourite one with me was "Fair words butter no parsnips" which always intrigued me probably because I never could figure out what it meant.

Eventually, when I was in the Superior School as we called the classroom to which we went after we had finished the Fifth reader, I embarked upon the exciting adventure of the study of French and in the fulness of time was able to spell a great many Irregular Verbs and also innumerable sentences containing such pertinent and edifying facts as 'The beard of my grandfather is of a smoothness'! Pronouncing them was a different matter, though, and if a Frenchman had said to me in his native language 'je t'aime, ma cherie' (which alas! one never has) I should probably have thought that he wanted to discuss the devaluation of the franc!

But that was in the long ago, and that system of education has passed, alongwith the long backless wooden benches on which we sat hour after weary hour and the little store hard by the school where at recess one could for a 'copper' buy a handful of violently coloured conversation candies or a striped peppermint stick with a ring.

Now in comfortable attractive desks the children while away the hours and at recess time, spurning the lowly penny, they spend a dime or more of their baby bonus on bottled drinks or chips or other modern treats.

Now in approved modern fashion, in Newfoundland as in other provinces of Canada, children learn to read even before they know what letters make up the words they read, and indeed, many of them graduate from High School without ever having learned how to spell these words!

Now the important rivers and lakes of our country are no longer names to be learned by rote, since by means of films, they are brought right into the classroom, and by the same means children can get a clear picture of how our industries are carried on. Radios in the classrooms enable them to learn of international events as they happen, while children and their parents too, can by means of television, learn to speak French correctly without even leaving their living-rooms.

There were very interesting and exciting tales in prose and verse in the old Royal Readers, and we wept copiously over the death of Little Jim and exulted over the escape of the skater who was pursued by wolves in the fifth reader. But except for our text books there was nothing to read in school, nor anywhere else for that matter except for the fortunate few who had books at home. Today, however, the very best children's books are available in the many school libraries and in schools in even the most remote village through the Regional Libraries or the Travelling Library.

A common sight formerly in small towns and villages was a child trudging off to school carrying a couple of pieces of wood, his contribution to the day's supply of fuel. The older boys took turns lighting the fire and during the cold winter mornings all the children would bundle around the stove until the temperature rose high enough to make it sufficiently warm to sit in their regular places. Happily that day is now past in all but a very few communities, for a large and increasing number of fine edifices which have summer heat all year around have been and are being erected throughout the province. It seems, then, that the little one-roomed school is destined to become a rarity, for a familiar vehicle on many of our roads today is the school bus transporting children from tiny villages with ill-equipped schools and unqualified teachers to regional and central schools.

In other respects, too, our manner of living is changing in Newfoundland. Gone is the isolation that characterized life in many of the outports in the past. Not too long ago, once navigation closed in early winter, many of the places in Newfoundland were completely shut off from contact with the outside world. Now the network of roads spreading throughout the province means that many places which formerly could be reached only by boat are now accessible all the year around. Little news penetrated to the smaller villages at any time, but now even in the remotest hamlet, the inhabitants are made aware via the air-waves that the Shah of Persia or Pat Boone or some equally famous personage has pie for breakfast or that Aunt Maria Snooks of Confusion Bay has just celebrated her ninetieth birthday and can still see to sew without glasses and can dance a jig as well as her granddaughter.

Mail service was practically non-existent in the North once winter had set in, and anyone unfortunate enough to fall ill before late spring, died, if the illness was severe enough without ever having had an opportunity to see a doctor. Now an emergency plane service ensures that a seriously ill person is in a hospital in short order, while mail planes go winging their way Northward as soon as the coastal boats cease running, making possible uninterrupted mail service all year round in every isolated hamlet.

All this means that the lives of our people are no longer characterized by the same simplicity as in former years. Almost extinct now is that species who, on the Sabbath, refrained from doing any manual labour such as washing dishes or sweeping floors, and who, on that day, would read nothing but the Bible or religious books or papers, while the Sunday School picnic and the Ladies' Aid sale have long since lost their place as the chief social events of the summer and winter seasons in most of our villages.

Disappearing, too, is the pleasant custom of the family and friends gathering around the parlour organ on Sunday nights in winter to sing the old-time hymns and songs. Now the voice of TV is heard in the land, and the parlour organ has gone to its last resting place, taking with it Annie Laurie and Mother MacRee and their gentle friends, and with their passing, I am afraid that something of the integrating influence of the home has departed.

In every respect, then, it seems that forms of recreation are changing. Jannying or mummering, that old custom of dressing up in fancy costume at Christmastime and visiting from house to house will soon be a thing of the past. That was always a wonderful exciting time. When I was very young I was always just a little bit afraid of the mummers who sometimes wore very fierce false faces, and that fear somehow added to the excitement. On such occasions the mummers rendered appropriate melodies on the accordion or mouth organ which always formed part of their equipment, or displayed their talents in step-dancing. Then, when in their carefully cultivated artificial voices assumed for the occasion they had asked for a 'bit of Christmas', hospitality in the form of molasses and raisin cake and strawberry syrup or peppermint or home-brewed spruce beer was usually dispensed and they moved on to repeat the performance in the next house and their places were taken by another group, so that there was a non-stop performance from supper time to bed-time.

Not yet, however, has the square dance been discarded in favour of the rhumba or the twist in most of our outports, and at weddings or 'times' it is still the most popular form of recreation though not, it seems to be, performed with the same gusto as in the past. Sometimes, 'tis true, the young men and women who have lived in the city for a while try to impress their village friends by introducing the modern dance, but the innovation is frowned upon by the majority.

So with the passing of time we have discarded, for better or for worse, some of the time-honoured customs of our forbears, and are adopting the more modern habits and customs of our more sophisticated Mainland neighbours. Soon, with highroads connecting even more parts of the province, enabling people to move around with still greater facility, with tourism becoming a major industry and with the local wives of American servicemen returning like homing pigeons every summer, bringing with them new customs and cliches, new foods and fads, new manners and morals, we shall discard still more, until eventually I suppose, the day will come when our airs and accents, our views and vanities, our sins and satisfactions will differ not one whit from those of Upper Canadians.

The Loss of the "Queen of Swansea"

Harvey Freeman Foss

In the year 1867, the vessel "Queen of Swansea" left Swansea, Wales for Tilt Cove. On board were the following crew: John Owens, Master; Thomas Morgan, Mate; six seamen whose names are unknown and the following passengers: Felix Dowsley; William Hoskins; Patrick Duggan; Thomas Power; William Kennedy and Caroline Stitson. All went well until they came to Gull Island only a few short miles from Tilt Cove. The ship went ashore in a gulch, which now bears the name of the ship, in a blinding snow storm on December 12, 1867. Two men went back on board to secure food and other things that were needed and were never heard of again as the ship went out to sea and became a total loss.

An old man by the name of Dick went into Shoe Cove in a boat and reported that he saw fire on the island, but no one would believe him as he was a man who told lies. It is reported that the ship-wrecked people could see lights in Shoe Cove after the storm passed away, but I think this was a mistake as you cannot see Shoe Cove from the island. It could have been lights from the shack that was built in a cove near the Cape, called Brinly's Cove, as people used to live there while bird hunting and sealing.

Harvey Freeman Foss was a watchman and handy man at the First Maritimes Mining Corporation, Tilt Cove. Mr. Foss has a Grade V education, but such a deep interest in the history of Tilt Cove that he compiled a short history of that settlement, from which this excerpt is taken.

The following are two letters which were written by Felix Dowsley. The first one, to my knowledge, was never found.

2nd letter to his wife:

Gull Island
Dec. 18, 1867

My Dear Margaret,

I have been watching to see if there might be any chance of rescue, but no such luck. I am almost mad with thirst, I would give the world for one drink of water, but I fear that I shall never get it now as we are all frozen.

I am now going to lie down under the canvas and die. May God have mercy on my soul.

Felix Dowsley.

3rd letter of Felix Dowsley.

Gull Island
Dec. 24, 1867

My Dear Margaret,

We are still alive, but only that. We have not eaten a bite of food except muddy water which melts under our feet and which we are very glad to drink. The place in which we are sheltered, if it can be called that, is up to your ankles in slush. Oh, what a sad Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

I can see you making the sweet bread and preparing everything for tomorrow.

My feet were very painful last night, I was in agony with them and my clothes were saturated. I never knew how to appreciate the comforts of home and bed until now. If I were home to have you and the children beside me, I think the trials would be small compared to what they are now.

We can never see one another again in this world. I had no idea that we could have lasted this long. Our case now looks hopeless. There is no hope of deliverence, and my suffering has been beyond description since I landed on this island.

How I wish I could write more but I fear I am unable.

My Darling, if I could only see you and the children, I would be satisfied. Embrace them for me.

Your loving, unhappy Husband
Felix Dowsley.

Tradition tells us that he signed his last letter in his own life's blood.

In the spring of the year 1867, Mark Rowsell and a companion were out in a boat, sealing, and when they neared Gull Island they saw a piece of rope hanging over the cliff. They decided to investigate and they found the skeletons lying in a pile.

Legend tells us that they became very hungry and cast lots to see who would die first. The lot fell to the girl, so a man took her place He was bound, blind-folded and so was killed and his flesh eaten.

The fog horn house now on Gull Island was built on the place where they were found and Mr. Rowsell, at a later date, became the first keeper. The bones were brought in from the island and laid to rest in God's Acre, near where the old Anglican Church was once built. A monument was donated and erected here in the Church yard by Richard Power and Company in Swansea, Wales.

Thus ends the story of the terrible tragedy which happened to the people and crew of the "Queen of Swansea" on Gull Island, Cape St. John, Newfoundland.

Volume 2, Number 3 October, 1968

ASPECTS

A Publication of

The Newfoundland Historical Society

FORMED 1905 INCORPORATED 1935

ROOM 11, COLONIAL BUILDING, ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundland Historical Society Officers '68-'69

Honorary President

Honourable Joseph R. Smallwood, P.C.,
D.C.L., LL.D., D.Litt., Premier of
Newfoundland and Labrador.

Honorary Members:

Honourable Robert S. Furlong, Q.C.,
Chief Justice of Newfoundland and Labrador.
Arthur Johnson, B.Comm.,
Ex-Deputy Minister,
Department of Economic Development.
Herbert J. Coombs,
Deputy Minister,
Department of Provincial Affairs.

President:

Dr. Leslie Harris,
Dean of Arts and Science,
Memorial University of Newfoundland.

1st Vice President

Michael F. Harrington, B.A.,
Editor,
"Evening Telegram."

2nd Vice President

Rupert W. Bartlett, Q.C.,
Cook, Bartlett, Chalker, Marshall & Thoms,
Barristers and Solicitors.

Secretary

Arthur Fox,
Department of Mines, Agriculture and Resources.

Assistant Secretaries

Melvin Rowe,
News Supervisor,
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.
Donald Nicolle,
Information Officer,
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.
James R. Thoms,
Author and Journalist.

Treasurer

Gordon Duff,
Bank of Montreal.

Councillors

Rev. Brother A. F. Brennan, M.Sc.,
District Superintendent of Education, Corner Brook.
Nimshi C. Crewe,
Research Officer,
Newfoundland Archives.
Harry Cuff, M.A.,
Director of Student Teaching,
Memorial University of Newfoundland.
Edward B. Foran, F.C.I.S., J.P.,
City Clerk,
St. John's.
Allan M. Fraser, M.A.,
Provincial Archivist and
Curator of the Newfoundland Museum.
Raymond W. Guy,
Assistant Director,
Emergency Measures Organization.
Harold Horwood,
Author and Journalist.
Albert B. Perlin,
Author and Journalist.
David Quinton, B.Sc., B.Ed.,
Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.
James G. Channing,
Deputy Minister,
Office of the Premier.
Edward P. Henley,
Director of Tourist Development.
Dr. George M. Story, M.A., Ph.D.,
Memorial University of Newfoundland.
David Webber,
Curator,
Naval and Military Museum.

Office Secretary

Mrs. Bobbie Robertson.

This article appeared in the last issue of the Newfoundland Quarterly, but the theta used in the last two pages of that article appeared as either Q or O. For this reason we reprint these pages with our apologies to Dr. Hewson.

—Editor.

The Etymology of "Beothuk"

John Hewson
Memorial University of Newfoundland

The evolution of words can yield quite different results in the different languages of a family. Indo-European had a word for the hazel tree that must have been pronounced ***kosolos**[6]. We find a very similar word in Greek; in Latin, however, we find that it became **corylus,** since an **s** between two vowels in Latin always becomes an **r.** In English the word is **hazel,** since an Indo-European ***k** always becomes **h** in the Germanic group: compare Greek **kardia,** Latin **cordem,** with English **heart** and German **Herz,** or Latin **cornu** with English **horn.** We may then draw up a table showing the different evolutive results:

Proto-Indo-European	*k o s o l o s
Latin	c o r y l u s
English	h a z e l

Our table then shows that Latin **c** and English **h** both come from Indo-European ***k,** that Latin intervocalic **r** (i.e. between two vowels) and English intervocalic **z** both come from Indo-European intervocalic ***s;** that both Latin and English **l** come from Indo-European ***l;** and finally that Latin has preserved the case ending in the form **—us,** whereas English has dropped it.

Languages of the Indo-European family are to be found over a continent and a half. The Algonkian family of languages also covers a vast area: it stretches, in geographical extent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Labrador to the southern United States. It includes such widely separated and diverse languages as Cree and Delaware, Micmac and Blackfoot, Naskapi and Arapaho. It also probably includes Beothuk[7]. And it has recently been proven, after half a century of controversy, that it includes Wiyot and Yurok, languages of California.

The two words from Yurok, that are mentioned above as being of interest to us, are "peghil" **male** and "peghuk" **man** (**gh** represents a single sound, somewhat like a gargled **y** — pronounce **pay-yil** and **pay-yuk** while attempting a gargle). Since the Algonkian languages form longer words from basic roots, the basic root **(-pe-)** of these two Yurok words may be found in Cree mistapew **big man, giant,** where the mist- element means **big,** as in Mississippi, Algonkian for **big river.** In Naskapi the word mista**peo** means **Great Man** or **soul.** Cree na**pew** and Ojibwa na**pe** both mean **male,** and Delaware wula**peyu** means **he is good natured** (**wul-** means **good,** -yu is a verbal ending and -ape- means **man**). We see the same root in Delaware Len**ape,** which signifies the Delaware tribe or a member of that tribe (a word that marks an odd combination, since the element **len-** also means **man:** the Proto-Algonkian form ***elenyiw-(man)** is the basis of our English loan-word **Illinois,** now a place-name).[8]

We can see, therefore, that the root/**-peo/** (pronounce **payo**) or /**-pew**/ (pronounce **payw**) or /**pex-**/ (pronounce **pegh**) or just **-pe,** is found throughout the whole spectrum of the Algonkian family of languages; in all these it has the meaning **man, male, human being.**

We are so bound by our spelling conventions and by the distinctive sounds of our own language that we do not realize that the word **Beothuk** should be written phonemically, in terms of the Beothuk language itself, as /preΘuk/.[9] As soon as we write the word in this way a striking correspondence emerges with the Algonkian root **/-peo/-pew/pex- man, male, human being,** a correspondence that suggests that the Algonkian root might well be the etymology of the word **Beothuk.** But the mere suggestion is not enough, since we have explained only half of the word, and the comparative method is a rigorous master that will not be satisfied with half explanations: there must be no anomalies.

The final three sounds of the word can be treated as two separate problems, one of which, the ending /-uk/, is not difficult to solve, the other of which, the consonant /**Θ**/, presents difficulties to a preliminary examination. The ending /-uk/ may be considered either as the regular animate plural ending common to all the Algonkian family of languages, or as the equivalent of the Yurok final element -uk; the possibility exists that it is both; an animate ending that can refer to a member of the tribe or to the tribe itself, as with **Lenape** above. The same ending **(-uk)** is found in the names of many of the Algonkian tribes of New England: **Pennacook, Coosuck, Pocumtuck, Nonotuck, Nipmuc.**

The problem of the central consonant /**Θ**/ is much more complicated and requires us, before we can attempt to explain it, to take a look at the comparative Algonkian reconstructions. In 1946 Bloomfield proposed the Proto-Algonkian form *-apew on the basis of the evidence of Fox, Cree, Menomini and Ojibwa. Since

forms in -peo are attested in Naskapi (**mistapeo, Atikwapeo**=Caribou Man), since it is easier to derive /w/ from /o/ than vice versa, and since the Yurok words lack the initial long vowel /a/, we may make use of this new evidence to amend the proposed Proto-Algonkian form to *-peo-, leaving out the initial vowel and changing /w/ to /o/. But this proposed form still does not explain the **gh** of Yurok **peghil** and **peghuk,** since the **gh** sound, which we may write phonemically as /x/ (a fricative, or friction consonant in the throat) may not be derived directly from /o/ (a vowel).

We notice, however, that the Beothuk root has four sounds /peoΘ-/, and when we try to add this evidence to the total picture, we find that the /o/ corresponds to Proto-Algonkian /o/, and /Θ/ (a fricative) corresponds to Yurok /x/ (likewise a fricative). We are then in a position to propose further modification to the Proto-Algonkian form, and the following correspondences:

Proto-Algonkian	*— p e o x —
Cree	— p e w
Delaware	— p e
Yurok	p e x —
Beothuk	p e o Θ —
Naskapi	— p e o

From this table we may deduce the following propositions:

1. Cree changed /o/ to /w/ and dropped the final fricative.
2. Delaware dropped both /o/ and the final fricative.
3. Yurok dropped /o/ but kept the final fricative.
4. Beothuk changed the final fricative from /x/ to /Θ/.
5. Naskapi dropped the final fricative.

There is a certain irony in the fact that words from a language spoken at the opposite end of the continent, since they begin with **p** and contain a fricative consonant, should give us the essential clue to a possible etymology of the word **Beothuk.** But there is an even greater irony in the fact that Gatschet, who in 1885 (see last issue page 13) stated the word meant **men** or **Indian,** was the only scholar who has clearly and categorically rejected the hypothesis of a relationship between Beothuk and the languages of the Algonkian family. This relationship was proposed by Latham in 1850, supported by Campbell against Gatschet, in 1891, and adopted by the great Edward Sapir when he made his 1929 regrouping of the languages of the North American Indian. Gatschet's proposal that Beothuk means **men** or **Indian** was based on his general anthropological knowledge and must be classified as an inspired guess.

Indeed it is not surprising that our native Indians should choose such a name for themselves, for throughout the world it is a common occurrence, as Gatschet was well aware, for native peoples to designate themselves as **the People** or **the Men. Bantu,** for example is the plural of **muntu** (man), and is the name used to designate the many negro peoples of East and South Africa that speak languages of the Bantu family. We have already seen the examples of Lenape (i.e. Delaware) and Illinois (an Algonkian tribe of the Peoria sub-group), and to these can be added Inuit[10] (Eskimo,) Tinne, Dakota, and others far too numerous to list. [11]

The conclusion that we draw, therefore, from this brief excursion into philology and etymology, is that to the list of those tribes and nations of the earth who have designated themselves by the name of **the People,** we can probably add the native Indians of Newfoundland.

NOTES

1. My colleague John Widdowson reports that he has frequently heard this "popular etymology" in the Newfoundland outports.
2. **Welsh rabbit** is a joke. There are no rabbits in many regions of Wales because of the terrain, and the name was given in fun to the staple of roasted cheese on toast. Not understanding the joke, and aware that no rabbit was involved, people concluded that the word must be "rarebit" and proceeded to pronounce it accordingly. In similar joking style to "Welsh rabbit", water may be described as "Adam's ale", and in Nova Scotia the herring is called "Digby chicken."
3. Lloyd, T. G. B.: "A further account of the Beothucks of Newfoundland" in **Journal of the Anthropological Institute,** v: 222-248 (1875). The reference is on page 229.
4. See Howley, J. P., "The Beothucks" (1915), p. 302; Gatschet's papers are quoted at length.
5. Leigh's **z** suggests that he heard the initial **sh** voiced, and King's **dth** likewise suggests that he heard the central **th** voiced. Since voicing is non-distinctive in Beothuk, these differences can be ignored. The initial vowel was undoubtedly a back **a** (similar to **a** in Standard Southern British **bath**); there may have been a vocalic sound between **th** and **r** (one would expect a slight sound, King records it, Leigh does not) so that the only real difference of opinion concerns the final consonant. This was probably **k,** a common ending for animate nouns, although King has **t.** The alternance of **k** and **t** in this position is common in the vocabularies.
6. Forms marked with an asterisk are hypothetical since we have no direct evidence of their existence. Such forms are inferred from the evidence to be found in the daughter languages: comparison of the different forms in these languages leads to such hypothetical reconstructions.
7. Some of the evidence is discussed in an article of mine entitled "Beothuk and Algonkian: Evidence Old and New", in **International Journal of American Linguistics,** Vol. 34, No. 2, pp 85-93.
8. Vowel length is not marked in any of the Algonkian forms. Incidentally, one need not be surprized that Algonkian has two roots meaning **man:** Old English had two, **wer,** (now found only in the compound **werewolf**), and **man.** Latin also had two, **vir** (related to English **wer**), and **homo** (possibly related to English **man** — compare the genitive form **hominis** and the adjective form **hu-man-us**). Greek also had two, **anthropos** (as in **anthropology**), and **aner** (as in **polyandry**). It is also of note that the Algonkian word *elenyiw—is the ultimate etymology of the name of the chemical element illinium, which was discovered in 1925 in the chemistry laboratory of the University of Illinois. Not many scientific terms can claim an etymology from an Amerindian language!
9. For further discussion and elaboration of this point, see my article entitled "The Beothuk Vocabularies" in **The Newfoundland Quarterly,** Vol. LXV, No. 3 (1967).
10. **Inuit** is the plural of **inuk** (man) in Eskimo.
11. Of the comment by Bock, **The Micmac Indians of Restigouche,** Bull 213, NMC, Ottawa 1966, p 6: "Themselves they called **Elnu,** 'the people' . . ." This word Elnu comes from the other Algonkian word for 'man'.—Cf. **Illinois.**

A French Visitor of 100 Years Ago

A. C. HUNTER
Dean Emeritus
Memorial University of Newfoundland

Who and what was Gobineau?

Count Arthur Jean de Gobineau seems not to be generally known in the English-speaking world, nor to be held of much account by those, perhaps specialists, who are acquainted with his writings: yet he gave his name to a theory of racial inequality, gobinisme, which, adopted and distorted, at any rate misapplied, by German thinkers, gave comfort and assistance to the Nazis in their bid for the hegemony of Europe and in their anti-semitic policy of exterminations. The intrinsic value of Gobineau's racial philosophy may not be high — I do not pretend to be competent to estimate it — and it may indeed be merely the product of a presumptuous dilettante, but its having been a factor in the creation of the Aryan heresy has cast some discredit upon its author since the second world war.

Quite apart from his racial theories Gobineau is a man of some mark. Of old aristocratic stock, he entered the French diplomatic service in 1849 and was unaffected in his career either by the coup d'etat of 1851 which overthrew the French republic, or by the disaster of the Prussian war which restored it in 1871. He held posts in Switzerland, Germany, Prussia (twice), Brazil and Sweden. He was a gifted and active writer in many kinds: fiction, poetry, literary and political criticism, history, travel, archeology — he wrote a considerable treatise on the interpretation of cuneiform script — as well as the racial philosophy particularly associated with gobinisme. In point of fact his reputation stood so high in his native country, and elsewhere also, notably Germany, where a Gobineau society flourished under a professor Schemann, that the fiftieth anniversary of his death, 1932, was made the occasion of special celebrations. The subsequent association of his theories with Nazi atrocities brought his name into fresh prominence, even so as to cast doubts upon his wisdom.

A man of versatile talent therefore, if not of genius, of a certain prominence in his life time and even greater prominence since his death: not, you would say, a man to be dropped out of the record of an important transition conducted between two great powers, yet there seems to have been a conspiracy of silence about his part in the Anglo-French inquiry in 1859 into the situation on the French Shore of Newfoundland. Although the subsequent convention, which aroused great apprehension in the Colony, purported to be based upon the findings of this inquiry, none of the sources which I have been able to consult quotes or even summarizes the reports of the commissioners and few even mention Gobineau. The Encyclopedia Britannica's biography of Gobineau gives a full list of his diplomatic appointments — with a single exception, his mission to Newfoundland. Perhaps it is only copying its French counterpart, the Enclopédie Larousse, which is equally reticent — or negligent. Some writers confine themselves to naming as representative of France the Marquis Montaignac de Chauvance, who was in fact the naval commandant and in the inquiry occupied in relation to Count Gobineau the same position as Captain Dunlop in relation to the Honourable John Kent. Gobineau was appointed as special envoy for this particular mission, his despatch to Pekin as first secretary at the Embassy being cancelled to enable him to come to Newfoundland, and on his return to France he was appointed to an important international commission concerned with the French annexation of Savoy before going as French minister to Teheran. This does not look as if the government of Napoleon III thought lightly of its envoy to Newfoundland, or of the task entrusted to him, yet French writers are quite as reticent as the English. The inquiry in which Gobineau participated turned out to be as fruitless as he himself expected but his part in it deserves to be rescued from oblivion, not merely for the sake of the record but because of the friendly warmth of the feelings which he expressed for the people of Newfoundland.

It is the morning of the 15th of August 1859, and St. John's is all agog. Flags are fluttering in the breeze, and streams of people are converging on the cathedral at the top of the hill. What is it all about? Well, you say, it's the Feast of the Assumption and people are going to Mass. True, but that doesn't account for the presence of warships in the harbour, two French as well as two British, and all of them, as well as the merchant vessels, completely dressed; nor does it account for the Union Jack and the French Tricolour flying from the towers of the Cathedral, and a guard of honour of French blue-jackets drawn up before the entrance.

The explanation is that St. John's is welcoming the arrival of certain important French visitors, whose attendance at Mass along with dignitaries of the government and armed services is part of the round of functions celebrating their presence in the capital.

The official party is being received by the Archbishop, and now the doors of the palace open, and to the accompaniment of a salute fired by the warships in the harbour the guests proceed to the church. We see The Hon. P. F. Little, Prime Minister, Newfoundland's first prime minister, accompanied by his colonial secretary and successor the Hon. John Kent: we see the commanders and officers of

the garrison and of the ships, and, we see a tall, distinguished looking French diplomat, Arthur Count Gobineau. He and his colleagues are just completing an important mission, to honour which these celebrations are taking place. That was in 1859. Let us skip a century and come to 1968.

As I was writing this account I was waiting to hear what were the contents of the diplomatic note delivered by the Canadian Government to the French. We may guess that it implied if it did not actually express protest against action which seems to amount to recognizing Quebec as a sovereign state. I am not going to relate the incidents that led up to it, nor the developments in Europe that threaten the friendship between England and France so laboriously built up during fifty years on the foundation laid by King Edward the Seventh. To a man of my age, education and experience this reversion to the bad old days of Anglo-French animosity is painful indeed. The happy ceremonies recalled in my opening sentences suggest that in 1859 those bad old days had come to an end, and people present on that occasion may well have dreamt, idly, as it turned out, that the traditional hostility was thenceforth to be replaced by friendship. With that traditional hostility Newfoundland had not a little to do.

The sovereignty of Great Britain over Newfoundland, which was not recognized by France until 1713, after her defeat in the European war of the Spanish Succession, was not absolute. The peace treaty gave France certain fishing rights off the west coast. I say **certain** rights: in fact nothing was more **uncertain.** You would think that the men who drafted the treaty had deliberately made it of doubtful interpretation so as to provide future generations with grounds for wrangling about what it meant: this quite apart from the fact that the actual circumstances of life on the shore made the treaty largely inapplicable in practice. So the years went by and more wars were fought and more treaties made and more conventions entered into; and a century and a half later no one could even yet affirm positively what were the precise rights of the French on the treaty shore.

The stupidity of the Crimean War of 1854-5 was in small part redeemed by the comradeship-in-arms of the British and French, and the interval of good relations, which we may even take as a long-distance anticipation of the Entente Cordiale, provided an atmosphere of friendship in which the old French-shore dispute might be finally settled. Someone had the bright idea, accepted by both parties, of finding out what the actual situation was along the shore. It was decided to send a joint commission of inquiry, one of those fact-finding inquiries so dearly beloved of politicians and usually so fruitless.

Newfoundland—not Great Britain, please observe; but Newfoundland now exercising responsible government under the leadership of its first Premier Mr. P. F. Little—appointed John Kent, the Colonial Secretary, as commissioner along with a Captain Dunlop, the naval commandant, appointed by the British government; and to **their** naval commandant in these waters the French government added as special envoy a rising young diplomat already well-known as author and unconventional philosopher, Arthur Count Gobineau. Gobineau afterwards published an interesting account of his experiences along with reflections not less interesting and valuable, in a book entitled **Voyage à Terra Neuve.—Journey to Newfoundland,** which is the source of most of what I have to say.

Before joining his British colleague Gobineau was sent in a French warship—the Gassendi—a paddle steamer, of whose warlike qualities he was scornfully sceptical, to St. Pierre. He then went on to Nova Scotia, a separate colony, as Newfoundland was, before crossing the Gulf to St. George's. Here was his rendez-vous with his British opposite numbers.

One can read between the lines of Gobineau's account that he looked forward to the meeting with some trepidation. He would not unnaturally expect to have to fight every inch of the way against dour antagonists of the true bull-dog breed. Instead he found himself at once in an atmosphere of kindliness which finally developed into the enthusiastic hospitality with which I began this address. Gobineau's own words are, being translated: We had at once good reason for noticing the kindly spirit and the really friendly and conciliatory attitude which the two British representatives brought to the execution of our common task, and from the first moment a complete understanding was set up between the two camps, which were in truth but one. It was a great and keen pleasure to foresee that no meanness, no petty pretension would come on either side to entangle our efforts to ascertain the truth, and that we were confident of being able to proceed with well-deserved mutual confidence and the feeling of reciprocal good will and esteem.

That doesn't sound much like the French Shore controversy as reported in the historians, does it? In point of fact it turned out to be the characteristic tone of the whole affair. The little squadron of warships bore the commissioners to every place of importance and many of unimportance on the whole French Shore, and almost everywhere it was the same story of friendly relations between British and French. On the basis of the clumsy and complicated treaty arrangements settlers and fishers on the spot had worked out a compromise arrangement conniving at a good deal of harmless illegality on the one side or the other but enabling all to live and sometimes even to prosper. Gobineau is quite sure that such trouble as there was, was almost entirely caused by deliberate disturbers of the peace, sometimes ignorant, sometimes misguided, sometimes merely malicious, and he sharply condemns those of his countrymen who had sought to upset the existing compromise. With amusement rather than vexation he holds the British government responsible in part by refraining from telling the colonists that the rights of the French on their shore were exclusive, the result being that British settlers trespassed without knowing it and on the sly the home government paid occasional compensation to the French: on the sly because they feared the loss of face which would follow if the full terms of the treaty came out.

But I must not be drawn into reopening a happily long-closed issue. It is enough to say that Gobineau and his colleagues completed their inquiry as they had begun it, in perfect harmony. They arrived in St. John's to a round of gaiety. There were dinners, there were receptions, there were balls, at which we noticed, says Gobineau, how many pretty girls there were. He adds that the humblest of the French sailors appearing in the

streets was greated with enthusiastic cheers. Of St. John's he remarks; "A town whose feelings had been represented to us as quite unfavourable to France, expressed in all ranks of society the same kindliness and confidence as we had experienced in the whole course of our journey on the French Shore." The Count's final comment, on taking leave of his colleagues, is: "We had carried out together a fairly long expedition and it had certainly been facilitated and even made pleasant by the excellent relations which we had been able to keep with them. Instead of adversaries we had had the good fortune to meet friends, men whose integrity and honesty of purpose had not once been in default. We took leave of them with keen regret, not without hope of being together again on some future day."

You will agree that such words are pleasant to hear even after a hundred years.

Let us turn then to what this witty and amiable Frenchman has to say about his experiences.

His first stop was at St. Pierre. They were twenty days out from Brest and had fought bad weather all the way. Those of us who are old enough to remember the behaviour of a paddle steamer in heavy seas will need no telling that however much relieved to be on terra firma again our traveller was in no mood to wax ecstatic over St. Pierre: a bleak rock, without trees, without verdure, eternally drenched in mist and rain, pervaded by the smell of fish, devoid of the simplest amenities of life. Perhaps he overdraws the picture, but he wonders what can reconcile men to residence, even temporary, in such a spot. Indeed, whilst fully acknowledging the value of the bank fishery to France, especially in guaranteeing a supply of skilled seamen, he finds it hard to understand men's choice of so hard and dangerous a calling. He paints a graphic picture of the operations on the banks, and is full of admiration for the men's tenacity and fearlessness, the good humour in hardship, the strong faith. The explanation is not to be found in the love of gain, says Gobineau, for the fisherman did well if he got $160.00 for six months' work. Gobineau finds it in the love of independence and equality and especially in self-respect. "The fisherman knows himself"—I am translating now — "he feels himself respected and valued: he is so in his own eyes. He considers himself to stand for something in the world and he is in no doubt that this is the opinion of all men, great and small". It is not Newfoundland that will dissent from the verdict.

In the years following the events of which I have spoken the bait issue came to the fore and in 1887 the famous bait act became law, but in 1859 Newfoundlanders were selling bait freely at St. Pierre. How important the trade was may be gauged from Gobineau's statement that the French bankers bought 200,000 dollars worth in a year. It is little wonder that he found the Burin district the most prosperous part of the Island. He admits though, incidentally, that much of the money "never left St. Pierre" and is very frank in condemning the shady ways in which the merchants of St. Pierre emptied the pockets of the flush Newfoundlanders with foolish and needless purchases.

Gobineau could see no hope for St. Pierre short of a transformation in its whole economy. What the transformation ought to be he was willing to suggest. His experience of affairs and his gift of imagination enabled him to understand the economic situation in North America and its subsequent development. He saw St. Pierre standing at the ocean crossways where the goods flowing in ever greater volume eastwards from the New World met the luxury products going westwards from Europe. Why not equip St. Pierre to be the great free port between the Old and New Worlds. "The system of free trade into which we are entering," he says, "seems made expressly to promote this rise, and soon, instead of a wooden village we should have in St. Pierre a great, beautiful and opulent commercial city."

Only fifty miles from St. Pierre on the south coast of Newfoundland lies Mortier Bay. My older listeners will remember a certain Mr. Thompson, jocularly and, I think, affectionately referred to as Fog-free Thompson, who devoted much of the leisure and means of his later life to promoting the establishment of a free port at that place. The war, and Thompson's death in the torpedoing of his ship whilst on the way home, drove his ideas into abeyance. It is only recently that they have been revived and we may some day see their realization, if not at Mortier Bay then at some other place on the south coast. Where did Thompson get them? He was a contemporary of Gobineau's, a younger one: Could he have got them from him? I wonder.

* * *

We left our friend Gobineau at St. Pierre, of which he was taking a rather jaundiced view induced by three weeks of the North Atlantic. Visits to Sydney and Halifax, where he and his companions were feted and spoilt, and where the earlier season had clothed the landscape in verdure, raised his spirits however, and it was in cheerful mood that he made his Newfoundland landfall, at St. George's. The count is by no means prodigal of dates, but as he had sailed from Brest towards the end of April it must have been by now the end of May or even June. We need not be vexed to find our traveller's first impression of this country to have been one of cheerless grayness: maussade, is the French word; literally, sulky. But, a Frenchman truly in the classical tradition, he was much more concerned with people than with things. He was here all through the weeks when the floor of our woods is white with cracker berry, lilies of the valley and star flower; when every brook is a galaxy of purple and gold. We should expect to read of the thrill with which he first saw a marsh full of pitcher plant flowers or an unbroken sheet of arethusa. He might have had his cabin beautiful with rhodora and labrador tea. But no; from beginning to end there is no mention of these or any of our wild flowers. We mustn't blame him. Once ashore he was in the hands of his hosts of the day and they seem to have been more concerned to prove the bounty of Mother Nature in providing fish, flesh and fowl for Newfoundland hospitality than in providing a feast for the eyes.

Gobineau liked the people of St. George's very much. He was struck, as new arrivals in Newfoundland still usually are, by the fine physique and good looks of both men and women. The open-heartedness of their welcome and generosity of their hospitality could not help but be a delight even if to him, coming as he did from an ultra-refined and conventionalized society, the manner of offering it seemed odd. He was surprized—

again a common experience—to find how the inside of the houses belied the cabin-like external appearance, for he saw comfort and abundance, not indeed according to the taste of a Parisian salon, but real. He is by no means blind to the limitations of the life, to its hardships and deprivations, to its lack of the books, music and art which are usually taken to constitute culture; but he is wise enough to see—I am using words of mine not of Gobineau's—that a way of life can itself constitute a culture: wise enough to see it and, with an effort, to appreciate it. Living without civil law or constituted authority the Irish settlers on the French Shore had nevertheless created for themselves an ordered life, free from many of the blemishes of civilization; a kind of ascetic Utopia in the wilds. Utopia is his own word, as you will hear in the following passage: "I am not sorry to have seen once in my life a kind of Utopia, where some of the dreams of philosophers have been realised; and I saw it not only at St. George's but along the whole stretch of the French Shore", and he permits himself this conclusion: "A wild and odious climate, a forbidding landscape, the choice between poverty and hard, dangerous toil; no distractions, no pleasures, no money; wealth and distinction alike impossible and for sole prospect a domestic well-being of the barest and simplest kind; that apparently is what conduces best to training men to use absolute freedom without excess and to be mutually tolerant." The explanation of this seeming paradox he finds in three factors which I commend to the consideration of the philosophical among my readers: they are religion, a hard life, and the absence of money.

At Conche Gobineau found a situation not existing anywhere else. This settlement, the most important French establishment on the East side, had a mixed French and British population whose origin appears to me curious and worthy of record. It furnishes a further instance of the way in which simple people of goodwill can surmount the foolish obstacles set up by the wisdom of negotiators.

At the end of the season, their fish being made and stowed aboard, the French captains had either to take away all their equipment, which would have been costly and inconvenient, or leave it on the shore to take its chance. Since time immemorial, says Gobineau, they had applied a quite simple solution: they appointed British citizens of the neighbourhood as caretakers whose presence there in winter no one would challenge. In payment they gave such necessities as flour and salt pork and a permit to fish freely. What could be more practical?

Only of course there had grown out of it the sort of thing that the wisdom of negotiators rarely takes into account. The caretakers formed a subordinate population of dependents, but amongst them the French fishermen found hospitality and entertainment, bonds of friendship were formed, sentimental attachments sprang up, the caretakers married, founded families and—well, there it was, a simple human fact. Only a fool or a knave, probably a knave, thinks Gobineau, would seek to disturb its tranquility by invoking the letter of the law.

The only place which he mentions as having a wholly French installation is Red Island, and as it seems to me—perhaps I should say seems to me in my ignorance—to display certain special features I will give you the chief points in his account. Those of you who are familiar with the Labrador fishery as it is or used to be carried on, will be able to pick out the likenesses and differences.

The fishing operations were exactly those of the bank fishery, from vessels using two-man dories and line trawls, but they were carried on quite close to Red Island itself. The fish was taken ashore and there made. We may note in passing that according to Gobineau's account the French fishermen were being directed to use the Newfoundland method of salting in order to improve the cure. The men described as pecheurs—fishermen—were occupied only in catching the fish: the curing operations were entrusted to men called graviers, that is, shoremen. These graviers were treated as of inferior status. To become a pecheur was promotion, and rare. The graviers were recruited from the casual labourers of Breton sea ports, and to their casual labour they returned on completion of their six months of incessant and ill-paid toil on the beaches of Red Island.

The shelters used were of the flimsiest kind and no mention is made of the presence of women. We may suppose therefore that there was nothing worthy the name of home life. At the end of each season graviers, pecheurs and all picked up and returned home.

It was not usual with Gobineau to wax enthusiastic over scenery. He was accustomed to places, European or oriental, which had for many centuries been the home of civilization, so that their natural scenery was softened and embellished by the hand of man. To contemplate a vast extent of forest or moorland, unmarked by human toil; to travel, perhaps for days, in a land of mountains, forests and swift rivers, and not see a single hamlet; that was an experience which aroused mixed feelings of admiration and distaste; but Bay of Islands inspired him to say: "Here nature changes in aspect and takes on a grandeur such as I had not seen before in this country. All the islets are mountains standing proudly over against the mainland, which, rising in haughty cliffs, covered with thick woods, darkened by the sombre green of the spruce, displays a confusion of escarpments and ridges, of beetling cliffs and steep slopes, which fill the heart with a kind of awe. On every side there open as it were mysterious passages, terrifying defiles, narrow entrances into which the sea penetrates deeply . . . The two ships looked very small, lost so to speak, amidst the maze of mountains, on whose feet the sea broke in tumult. We entered a gorge shut in by wooden ridges rising right to the heavens and edged by a beach of fine sand, a few paces from which the forest came to an end and the turf ceased to encroach."

Of the appearance of St. John's Count Gobineau has very little to say, probably because his time and attention were monopolized by official business and social functions. His remarks are almost entirely upon persons, politics, business and so forth. As he added shrewdness and trained observation to learning and experience his remarks are usually true and wise but not novel. When he tells us that in the realm of politics the party system was carried to extremes in North America, that electoral campaigns were characterized by mendacity and personal abuse, and that few responsible citizens took part in them, we feel that we have

read that somewhere before. Some of his dicta however may claim your interest even if you repudiate them. For example, speaking not of Newfoundland only but of all the colonies destined to constitute the Dominion of Canada, he remarks: In politics the spirit of people is what in Europe we call liberal, but in general it has no really democratic tendency and does not seek the form of a republic. In reality it is communal. (To avoid misunderstanding of Gobineau I interject that by communal he means that people's political horizon is their particular community.) It attaches the greatest value to the constant intervention of the citizen in **local** affairs. Outside these there is no trace of positively equalitarian principles."

Gobineau is interesting on North America as a whole. We must remember that his visit took place before confederation, before the American Civil War and before the flood of westward expansion had reached its height. Emigrants were pouring from all Europe into the United States, drawn by the double magnet of their rising wealth and republican freedom. Canada—I am using the word in the modern sense —Canada was thinly peopled by men of old French and British stock, mainly engaged in subsistence farming and the export of furs, fish and lumber, and having the status of colonies. Yet Gobineau was perspicatious enough to opine that Canada would never succumb to the attractions exercised by its great neighbour. Rather—and this needed phophetic foresight in 1859 — rather would it grow great in its own right. It would be too much to expect a man of his time to entertain those really revolutionary constitutional ideas which we have embodied in the British commonwealth. He shared the then universal notion that colonies, which were chiefly a nuisance anyway, were like fruit: they dropped off the tree when ripe. Canada, urged by pride even more than by self-interest, he expected eventually to assert her independence. The intermediate stage would be a political union of the several colonies. "Canada", he says, meaning of course Upper and Lower Canada, roughly speaking Quebec and Ontario, where industry was already important, "Canada is the object of the hopes and sympathies of all the other territories, which have many times manifested the wish to be united to it and to see the present organization replaced by a new constitution, in virtue of which all would be represented in a single parliament." In other words he foresees confederation, and whilst he thinks Newfoundland's participation natural he adds: "Nevertheless it is not impossible that Newfoundland might be kept out of such a union." The reason he gives is "Newfoundland's situation in the Gulf of St. Lawrence gives it a strategic importance to which England cannot be easily indifferent," and he adds "However it may turn out, with or without Newfoundland British North America as a whole seems to be on the way to a situation which may profoundly modify the future of the New World and, on account of this, these lands are more than ever worthy of engaging the attention of serious thinkers."

No doubt if Gobineau could have foreseen the world picture painted by two world wars his political acumen would have revealed to him that these very strategic considerations would ultimately be amongst those which made Newfoundland the tenth province of Canada.

It is also very well worth noting, bearing in mind the present agitation about Quebec, that in spite of his natural sympathies and antipathies as a Frenchman, and with all his knowledge of the situation as it then was, it never occurs to Gobineau to suggest that the French in Canada had any political ambition other than to unite with their English fellow colonists in an independent state.

I think you will agree with me that Gobineau is a traveller and observer whose ideas are worthy of having engaged our attention for a little while.

Newfoundland Historical Society Notes

The Annual Meeting of the Newfoundland Historical Society was held on June 12th, 1968, at the National Film Board Theatre, Pleasantville, when the various Reports were presented, the officers for the ensuing year elected and plans for the future guidance and betterment of the Society. (See page 13 for officers elected).

Tribute was paid by Gilbert Higgins to the great efficiency and zeal displayed by Mrs. Bobbie Robertson in her capacity as Office Secretary. Dr. Harris supported Mr. Higgins in his praise of Mrs. Robertson, and added a word of thanks on behalf of the officers and councillors.

LECTURE

On May 29th the Society was honoured to have as guest speaker Raleigh Ashlin Skelton, M.A., D.Litt., world-famous cartographer and retired Deputy Keeper of the British Museum. The subject of Dr. Skelton's lecture was "JAMES COOK: Surveyor and Explorer."

This lecture was of special significance, because it was James Cook who made the first survey of the coast of Newfoundland, in 1762, and it is unfortunate, as Dr. Harris pointed out in his introductory remarks, that we know so little about him and his work. However, it is hoped that an effort will be made to make his work, especially his contribution to our geography, more widely known and appreciated.

CLINCH MEMORIAL

The Newfoundland Historical Society was represented by Dr. Leslie Harris at the unveiling of a Memorial Plaque which took place in historic St. Paul's Anglican Church at Trinity, Trinity Bay, on June 1st, 1968, to commemorate the work of the Rev. John Clinch, who achieved fame by introducing the practice of vaccination into North America, at Trinity, in 1794, shortly after its discovery by his friend, Dr. Jenner, in England. The plaque was unveiled by Dr. W. David Parsons, Secretary of the Newfoundland Medical Association.

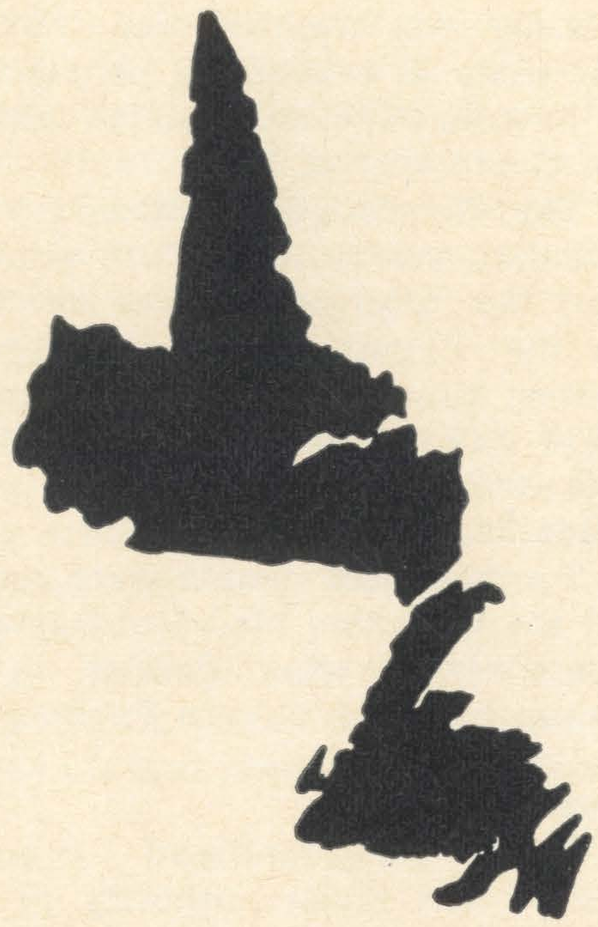
The ceremony was under the chairmanship of Dr. Harris in his capacity as Newfoundland representative on the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada. Other members of the Historical Society attending were Treasurer Rupert W. Bartlett, Q.C., and Secretary Arthur Fox.

MANAGEMENT COUNCIL

The Management Council continues to meet regularly. The last meeting took place on Monday, September 23rd. At this meeting, it was decided to invite Mr. James Hiller, M.A., to give the first lecture of the 1968-1969 series. Mr. Hillier has done extensive research on the Moravians and it is on this subject that he is being invited to speak.

Arthur Fox,
Secretary.

Newfoundland News Highlights August 31, 1968 May 1 to



May 1

Harold Horwood's book "The Foxes of Beachy Cove" was chosen by the Carnegie Library as one of the best scientific and technical books of 1967.

May 3

The Premier announced that government would guarantee a $1,000-000 North Eastern Fish Industries loan.

May 4

About 13000 people participated in the Oxfam March for Millions in St. John's.

May 6

Walter Learning of St. John's accepted the position as Director of the Playhouse at Fredericton, New Brunswick.

May 7

Rev. Br. F. F. Brennan, principal of Holy Cross School, was selected to participate in the Canadian Teachers' Federation Project Africa in July and August, to help the developing countries of Africa in the preparation of teachers.

May 8

Health Minister John Crosbie outlined in the House the government's plan to introduce medicare on April 1, 1969. He stated that the plan would pay doctor's fees, and that initially no premiums would be charged.

May 10

Fisheries Minister Robichaud announced that the federal government would buy up all of last year's unsold salt codfish, and send it to underdeveloped countries which are not normally customers for Canadian cod.

May 14

Health Minister John Crosbie and Minister without Portfolio Clyde Wells resigned from the Cabinet and crossed the House to sit as Independent Liberals, charging that the Premier was running a one-man show. Premier Smallwood stated that he had asked for Mr. Crosbie's resignation because he was using his office for his family's financial gain, and that Mr. Wells had often been absent from Cabinet meetings. The two ex-ministers denied these allegations. All Liberals in the House except Tom Burgess supported the Premier in a confidence vote.

May 15

Bill, Percy and Andrew Crosbie issued statements denying charges made by Premier Smallwood in the House of Assembly regarding their companies.

May 16

Premier Smallwood in the House of Assembly withdrew charges which he had made against John Crosbie and his family.

Field Marshall Montgomery of Alamein arrived in St. John's for a two-week visit.

May 20

The St. John's Roman Catholic School Board announced that next year high school students from Holy Cross School would attend Gonzaga and Brother Rice High schools which, alongwith the Holy Heart of Mary High School, would operate on an extended schedule.

May 21

Rev. Dr. A. E. Kewley was elected President of the Newfoundland Conference of the United Church.

May 22

Toronto columnist Richard Needham arrived in Newfoundland with 31 young people from Ontario.

May 24

Dr. F. W. Rowe, substituting for Premier Smallwood, officially opened the Arts-Education building at Memorial University.

In the afternoon, the first part of the two-day Convocation took place. A total of 649 people received degrees and diplomas during the two days.

May 25

Byron March, Director of Education for St. John's United Church schools, was appointed for a three-year term to the Canada Council.

At the official opening of the Thomson Student Centre, Lord Thomson of Fleet announced his resignation as Chancellor of Memorial University, having held that office for seven years.

May 28

Federal Fisheries Minister Robichaud stated that Atlantic coast fishermen this year would get prices for their fish close to those paid in the last three years.

May 29

Baine Harbour, a Burin Peninsula village of 105 residents, had 11 of its 37 homes destroyed by fire.

May 30

Mayor Adams turned the first sod to mark the start of construction of the quarter million dollar swimming pool for Bowring Park.

June 1

Prime Minister Pierre E. Trudeau began a two-day visit to Newfoundland—visiting several Avalon Peninsula and Bonavista Bay communities.

June 6

A strike began against the Avalon Telephone Company by 500 members of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers.

June 7

The final agreement needed to begin construction on a $120 million linerboard plant for Stephenville was signed by the Newfoundland government, Canadian Javelin, and ten other firms.

June 11

The ten-storey provincial government building at Corner Brook was opened, and was named the Sir Richard Squires Building.

June 12

The annual meeting of the Newfoundland Historical Society elected Leslie Harris as President, Michael Harrington and Ropert Bartlett as Vice-presidents, Gordon Duff as Treasurer, and Arthur Fox as Secretary.

June 14

The Ambrose Shea began her inaugural run from North Sydney to Argentia. The 8440 ton ship, with accommodation for 310 passengers and 100 vehicles, takes 17 hours to complete the trip—the return fare being $100 for cars and $38 for adults.

June 17

King Forde, president of the Gander Development Association, announced that the federal government had decided that Gander could proceed with long-range plans for an international air freight transshipment complex.

June 18

It was announced that in September the new history textbook for Grade V would be "A Short History of Newfoundland and Labrador", written by Dr. Leslie Harris, Dean of Arts and Science and Professor of History at Memorial University.

June 19

The Castle Hill National Historic Site, Placentia, was opened by federal Fisheries Minister H. J. Robichaud and Provincial Affairs Minister G. A. Frecker.

Schools closed for Newfoundland's 150,000 school children, except for the 24,000 high school students writing Public Examinations.

The Visitors' Centre at Signal Hill National Historic Park was opened by Fisheries Minister Robichaud. Dr. Leslie Harris, president of the Newfoundland Historical Society and Newfoundland's representative on the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada acted as Chairman.

June 25

Progressive Conservatives Walter Carter, John Lundrigan, Jack Marshall, James McGrath, Frank Moores and Ambrose Peddle defeated their opponents in the federal election in Newfoundland. Don Jamieson was the only Liberal elected.

June 26

Helicopter pilot Austin Garrett of Gander was awarded the OBE for gallantry in evacuating people from a burning Czechoslovakian airliner on September 5, 1967.

The Newfoundland Brewery decided to celebrate its 75th anniversary by offering a prize of $1000 to the Regatta crew making the fastest time in beating the time of 10.01 2/5 set in the new boats in the 1962 championship race.

June 28

Twenty-three people were awarded the Canadian Medal of Service—the only Newfoundlander in the group being Mrs. Vera Perlin of St. John's.

July 2

The Newfoundland Supreme Court was given authority to preside over divorce cases.

Robert Butler, supervising principal of Gander's Amalgamated schools, was named vice-president of the Fisheries College.

July 4

It was announced that the Canadian Transport Commission had approved CNR's application to discontinue its passenger train service in Newfoundland by replacing the passenger trains by 16 buses.

July 5

It was announced that Donald C. Jamieson had been named Minister of Defence Production in the federal Cabinet.

July 6

Volume 10, Number 2 of the Newfoundland Bulletin was distributed succeeding the previous issue which had appeared during the days of Commission of Government.

July 8

Governor-General and Mrs. Michener arrived in St. John's to begin a 14-day visit to Newfoundland and Labrador.

July 10

Br. A. F. Brennan was elected First Vice-President of the Canadian Teachers' Federation and Claude Robbins was elected to the Board of Directors.

July 11

It was announced that Allan Forbes, a second year science student at Memorial University, was the winner of the $1500 Senior Jubilee Scholarship with an average of 90.8%.

July 13

The Royal Newfoundland Regiment's military tattoo resumed, with the provincial government providing $30,000 to stage it on Saturdays and Sundays.

July 15

George Howey of Rockingham, N.S. caught the first tuna of the year in Newfoundland—a 735-pound fish.

July 16

The Newfoundland government arranged a $15,000,000 loan at 7½% from West German banks.

July 17

A Cabinet shuffle involving 12 men took place. James McGrath, Beaton Abbott, and Max Lane resigned. New ministers chosen were Earl Winsor, Labrador Affairs; John Nolan, Municipal Affairs and Supply; William Callahan, Mines, Agriculture and Resources; Edward Roberts, Public Welfare; Gerald Hill, William Rowe, and Stephen Neary, Ministers without Portfolio. Val Earle moved to Finance and Fred Rowe was left with Education when his additional Portfolio of Labrador Affairs was given to Mr. Winsor.

A wrecked Cessna 180 plane, which had been missing since November 11, 1964 on a flight from South Brook, was found near St. Fintan's.

July 19

Lt. Col. Arthur Pitcher was installed as Provincial Commander of the Salvation Army, the first Newfoundlander to hold that post.

July 20

Six carloads of hoodlums caused a riot in the Kelligrew's Kiwanis Club. The ringleaders were arrested.

July 22

Rockwell Kent, an 86-year-old American artist who was deported from Newfoundland in 1915, began a 10-day government-sponsored visit to Newfoundland.

Ross Barbour announced that he would be seeking the leadership of the Newfoundland Liberal Party.

July 26

The Avalon Telephone toll operators strike, which began on June 6, was settled—the 250 operators getting an $8.55 weekly raise on a 30-month contract (they had asked for $10 and a 24-month contract.)

July 31

Federal Fisheries Minister Jack Davis announced that fishermen would no longer receive the 50% rebate on salt.

August 1

Iceland's president Eldjarn declared it unlikely that the 100-plus stone beehive-like huts found at Blanc Sablon in Labrador could have been Viking dwellings.

August 3

The quarter million dollar swimming pool at Bowring Park was opened.

August 6

New-Lab Pre-Engineered Structures Limited, a plant for constructing prefabricated houses, was officially opened in Bay Roberts.

August 8

Following a day's postponement, the Regatta was held despite frequent rain showers, fog, and temperature of about 50 degrees. The Championship Race was won by the William Summers Junior crew in the time of 10 minutes 27 seconds.

Audrey Ballet, 22, of Port Rexton was found dead in a house on Prince of Wales Street.

August 13

Gerard Parsons, 33, was arrested at Flatrock and charged with the murder of Audrey Ballet.

August 14

Hon. F. W. Rowe announced that 57% of Grade IX and 67.3% of Grade pupils had passed in the Public Examinations.

August 15

The Supreme Court was asked to set aside the results of the federal election in Humber-St. George's-St. Barbe district. It was claimed that 15 deputy returning officers had closed their booths at 7 p.m. instead of 8 p.m.

Rates at the Hoyles Home were increased to $410 per month for ambulatory patients and to $490 for bedridden patients.

August 17

The St. John's Amateur Hockey League signed Ray Cyr, a former WHL player, as coach of the Capitals for 1968-69.

August 20

Charles Granger was appointed vice-president of Shaheen Natural Resources.

August 21

Results of Grade XI Public Examinations were released, 63.2% of the 5413 students being successful —10.5% less than last year.

David Janes of Grand Falls was re-elected president of the 25000-member Newfoundland Federation of Labour.

August 22

For the second time since its inauguration in 1936, two students tied for the $1000 Junior Jubilee Scholarship—Margaret Knowling of Holy Heart of Mary High School, St. John's and Gloria Dyke of the Anglican High School, Eastport.

August 23

Justice Minister Hickman announced the government's plan to upgrade the qualifications of magistrates—to pay full salaries to magistrates holding degrees during a three-year period in law school, with one magistrate per year receiving this aid.

August 24

It was announced that Frank Moore had established a mobile office to travel throughout his district of Bonavista-Trinity-Conception.

August 26

John Crosbie and Clyde Wells announced that they and a number of Liberals had founded a movement to ensure that the Liberal party would be organized along democratic lines.

Premier Smallwood announced that a convention of 1200 Liberals would meet in Grand Falls on September 28 to begin the reorganization of the Liberal party.

August 27

The United States Food and Drug Administration announced that after November 21, 1968, Newfoundland "turbot" could not be imported under the name Greenland Halibut because its lower price was hurting sales of genuine halibut.

It was announced that salt was discovered near Bay St. George.

August 28.

James Fagan was chosen as Deputy Mayor of St. John's to succeed Walter Carter, who resigned on August 21.

The Sculpin

THOMAS DAWE

A grotesque fish
he wobbled savagely
up from the nether jungle
of undulating ocean floor
as if the bottom had given
a piece of itself
to gulp the noon-day hook
of a careless, unsuspecting boy
who had eyes for only
oily streaks of
bark-like tom-cod
and dish-blue connors
that slyly lingered.

Now in the smells and sounds
of a summer wharf
he twisted and thumped
away his human-useless life
on splintered boards
and cruel heads of nails
beneath the kicks
and scuffs of those
who cared not
if he died.

An energetic tourist
told his wife to come
and see the devil
while other wharf-boys
tried to act indifferently
in front of the alien form
of a pink-dressed woman
wearing a flower
and fussing like a woman
in desired danger.

Soon all went home
to waiting dinners
and the dead sculpin
anchored his dead body
in a crust of sun-baked slime
and big, distinguished flies
walked fitfully
over his horny head
but swarmed in patch-like clusters
on his lower lip.

In their buzz
the wharf was seeming quiet
except for the pervading truths
of waters slapping driven piles
and sea-gull screams
bursting from behind high
drifting clouds
to vie the murmurs
from the lazy hinterland.

An old man
perhaps unable to go to sea again
apart from the distance
of the wharf's projection
sat on a cod-oil coloured tub
upturned near the edge.

He gazed upwardly outward
into the four o'clock haze
and blinked for five
shimmering minutes
but looked down only once
and turned over the sculpin
with his shaking walking-stick
and saw the paper-wrinkled belly
which made the form look
like a fish
at last.

The old man left.
A little girl almost saw
the lifeless fish
through her curious five o'clock eyes
but her margin mother warned her
to come back.

She might have felt his wounds
but her daddy was coming home
to supper.

Nobody came again till after supper
then they came
and left again
with their heavy strings of
other fish
while the unknown sculpin
received an evening drizzle
of forming rain.

Nobody saw again
the staggering village-drunkard
who would never know
what caused him to slip and fall.

Both man and sculpin
late that night
were caught by the undertow
and that was all.

The Evolution of Shoal Harbour As A Lumber Community

By DAVID MILLS

Shoal Harbour is a small settlement situated on the North side of Trinity Bay at the bottom of Random Sound. But unlike most outport communities in Newfoundland it has never depended upon the fishery, nor indeed has fishing ever been an important factor in the life of the settlement. For a period of one hundred years, from its founding in the late 1840's until the early 1940's lumbering has always been the chief economic activity of the settlement and has influenced the growth and development of the settlement in many fundamental ways. It is true that by 1900, men were seeking employment in other areas but in doing so they were forced to leave the community and lumbering, while less important then formerly remained the only industry in the actual settlement.

The emergence of Shoal Harbour as a lumbering community was not an isolated event. In the 1850's and the 1860's several small settlements grew up in the area based on small scale logging operations, Milton, Deep Bight, Piston Mere, Maggotty Cove, Foster's Point and others, but nevertheless the evolution of the industry in Shoal Harbour appears to have had some unique characteristics w h i c h were not duplicated in these other settlements, even in settlements as close to Shoal Harbour as Milton, or Deep Bight. Reasons for this unique development may be found perhaps in the geography of the area, in the repercussions of two important historic events, the coming of the railway in 1891, and the two forest fires which swept the area in 1892 and 1903, and in the character of the people themselves who remained strangely isolated from the settlers in other communities.

In discussing the economic history of Shoal Harbour, I have divided its evolution into three periods, each of which show the direct influence of the lumbering industry.

(1) 1845-1900 — A period when the economy was at a subsistance level and based solely on lumbering and agriculture.

(2) 1900-1940 — A period of diversified economic activity when the lumbering industry was reorganized and expanded but where agriculture retained an important role in the life of the settlement.

(3) 1940-1968 — A period when Shoal Harbour emerges as a residential area for Clarenville and both lumbering and agriculture cease to have any real influence in the life of settlement.

I have placed dates on these three periods but it is important to remember that the dates are only approximate and that stage one and stage two tended to overlap particularly when one considers two generations of people. For example, during the period 1900-1910 the older members of the settlement attempted to revive the lumbering operation still using water-mills while their sons had left lumbering entirely and were now mainly working on the railway or at other jobs outside the community. These attempts by the older men to revive the industry were soon over-shadowed by the efforts of the Wiseman and Mills families, to reorganize the lumbering operation and make it once more an economic asset to the community.

Each of these three periods will now be dealt with in turn but first some comments about my source material is necessary. Because Shoal Harbour has always been small and relatively unimportant in the general development of Newfoundland History, reliable, indeed even unreliable source material is extremely hard to find. There are nevertheless some printed sources of information. The various Censuses of Newfoundland from 1857 to 1945 provide a wealth of information on population, occupation, and agriculture but unfortunately, I later found out, one must be extremely critical when basing conclusions on this information.

	1857	1869	1874	1884	1891	1901	1911	1921	1935	1945
Number of Mills	—	—	—	—	3	3	7	13	—	—
Number Employed	—	—	—	29	20	14	5	15	—	—
Value of Mills	—	—	—	—	2900	1200	2700	3800	—	—
Number of Logs Cut	—	—	—	—	36000	12000	26000	24000	—	—
Feet of Timber	—	—	—	—	800m	—	—	—	—	—
Value	—	—	—	—	4400	1257	3700	6100	—	—
Firewood	—	—	—	—	—	10000	10000	57000	—	—

Table I Newfoundland Census figures for Lumbering in Shoal Harbour 1857-1945.

Lumbering for example, is not given as an occupation in the area until 1884 and no production figures are quoted until 1891. This would lead one to believe that lumbering was of little importance in the early evol-

ution of the settlement when in actuality just the opposite was true. Shoal Harbour was founded as a logging community and lumbering remained the most important economic activity, indeed in many cases the only economic activity until the late 1890's and early 1900's.

Although I have checked the sources which are available and questioned many of the older citizens of Shoal Harbour I can find no reasonable explanation why information concerning the lumbering industry was so obviously omitted from the census.

Mrs. Bren Tilley (age 70) told me, but she could offer no explanation, that her father always reported himself to the census collector as a 'fisherman' although she assured me that he had not fished after he was 15 years old. **The Newfoundland Directory for 1894-1897** also lists almost the entire population as being 'fishermen' but the census for 1891 shows a catch of cod valued at thirty-four dollars and a 1901 catch valued at sixty-four dollars—a poor showing indeed for twenty-seven fishermen. The lumbering figures though for 1891 appear to be more accurate. There were three mills in the community, one large mill at the mouth of the Shoal Harbour River and two smaller mills further up-stream. Allowing 1500-1600 logs per man per season, the figures of 36,000 logs also appears reasonable. The 1911 figures are obviously wrong; five men could not cut and haul 26,500 logs but the 1911 figures and those for 1921 do point out that during this period of diversified economic activity, the number of mills grew (from three in 1901 to thirteen in 1921) while production fell below the 1892 peak of 36,000 logs. Unfortunately the most significant figures, those for the period 1921 to 1940 when the Mills' and the Wiseman's mills were at peak production are not available, but would show I think a considerable rise in production.

The failure to record production figures for Shoal Harbour during the early period is difficult to understand. Perhaps the fact that most of the timber was sawed to make 'boxes' or 'barrel staves' rather than straight construction lumber might account for the omission but I offer this only as a suggestion.

Year	1857	1869	1874	1884	1891	1901	1911	1921	1935	1945
Acres Occupied	——	——	——	——	538	332	337	466	305	172
Acres Improved Land	1	——	23½	——	70	90	85	466	147	125
Acres In Pasture	——	——	——	——	36	25	2	390	18	1
Acres Under Cultivation	——	15	——	39	23	60	85	95	45	23
Acres in Hay	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	——	102	102

Table II Newfoundland Census figures for landholding in Shoal Harbour 1857-1945.

The census report on land use in Shoal Harbour is also extremely misleading, and probably due to a confusion of terms, inaccurate. For example the criteria used to determine the number of acres in pasture is not specified in the census reports and acreage varies widely—from 2 acres in 1911, up to 390 acres in 1921, back to 18 acres in 1935, while the figures for livestock show no significant variation to justify the enormous increase of 1921. The fact that the animals were never kept in pastures, but were allowed to run free over the whole area would also tend to make these figures meaningless. Figures given under the heading 'acres occupied' (a term which I have been unable to define) appear equally as meaningless for they decline from a peak of 538 acres in 1891 to a low of 172 acres in 1945 while population during this same period increased from 185 to 431. One must conclude, I think, that the figures given for land use and to some extent lumbering production are largely a matter of guess work and rough estimates rather than being based on reliable field work.

Year	1857	1869	1874	1884	1891	1901	1911	1921	1935	1945	1956
Number of People	23	68	88	122	185	203	208	220	310	431	863
Number of Families	3	11	17	21	31	30	33	40	68	——	——

Table III Newfoundland Census figures for population in Shoal Harbour 1857-1945.

The population figures, on the other hand, when checked against figures given in the Annual minutes of the Random North Board of Education from 1982 to 1913 appear to be extremely accurate.

Year	1857	1869	1874	1884	1891	1901	1911	1921	1935	1945
Hay (tons)	½	6	6½	29	45	58	48	76	61	80
Potatoes (Barrels)	12	148	264	248	490	438	402	890	3558	4260
Turnips (Barrels)	——	——	½	32	100	80	69	189	176	36
Cabbage (heads)	——	——	——	——	——	5350	9400	15700	20300	1000
Other root crops	——	——	——	5	4	——	6	——	63	2

Table IV Newfoundland Census figures for Crop Produciton in Shoal Harbour 1857-1945.

Year	1857	1869	1874	1884	1891	1901	1911	1921	1935	1945
Horses	——	2	2	9	12	10	19	28	35	29
Milch Cows	——	2	3	5	13	25	22	36	35	14
Other Horned Cattle	——	3	3	23	29	51	39	40	39	11
Sheep	——	1	39	67	77	101	111	170	74	121
Swine	——	8	——	13	21	11	1	3	12	8
Goats	——	——	1	——	——	1	6	——	3	12
Hens	——	——	——	——	142	175	235	253	606	723
Cattle Killed	——	——	——	——	7	9	1	13	——	——
Sheep Killed	——	——	——	——	49	46	46	63	——	——
Swine Killed	——	——	——	——	21	1	1	5	——	——
Wool (lbs)	——	——	——	——	336	352	545	508	——	281
Butter (lbs.)	——	——	60	160	440	1695	1030	——	960	120
Milk (lbs.)	——	——	——	——	——	——	4200	17400	9300	3750
Eggs (doz.)	——	——	——	——	——	——	920	2015	1585	2604

Table V Newfoundland Census figures for Livestock in Shoal Harbour 1857-1945.

The census figures for crop production and livestock have been included because they show how important a part agriculture played in this basically lumbering community. The two activities were linked so closely that they cannot be separated. These figures were impossible to check but several of the older inhabitants who looked at them, felt they were fairly accurate. The census remains, however, my chief source of factual information in population and agriculture while for information on lumbering I have been forced to rely almost exclusively on the memories of the older citizens and, while discrepancies did appear, I feel, nevertheless, that the information is reliable enough to be meaningful.

I have described the first period of settlement as a period when the economy was at a subsistence level and based solely on lumbering and agriculture. Subsistence is probably a poor choice of words, for the settlers made an adequate living and the Tilleys who owned the largest share of the mill and who were also modest merchants, were considered rather "well off", at least by local standards. Nevertheless, the fact remains that a majority of the inhabitants depended on the lumbering industry and the agriculture produce from their gardens to maintain their standard of living.

The first mill in the area was built in 1853 by John Tilley and his son-in-law, David Palmer, who were the first settlers to move to the area. It was located on Shoal Harbour River, and powered by a large water wheel. This early mill was destroyed by fire in 1860 but was rebuilt on a larger scale the following year. With this mill in operation, population in the area increased as relatives and friends of the original settlers moved into the area to work in the logging operation. Together they partly dammed Shoal Harbour River not far from its mouth and built a large water-mill. This operation was based on the available stands of timber to be found along the valley of the river. The timber was excellent; tall and straight and consisting of pine, fir, spruce, and birch. Pine, which is unknown in the area today, was so prominent that an entire section of the valley was referred to as 'The Pine Gardens' consisting of trees of uniform height and covering many acres. Because of the proximity of the timber, the logs were hauled out the valley in winter time by teams of horses, rather than being floated out the river in springtime.

The mill was owned jointly by several families — though the Tilleys owned the largest share — who cut their own timber and sawed at the mill. They took turns sawing, sorting, and stowing, according to the shares they owned. Most of the timber was sawed into staves or used to make boxes. Pine was used to make lobster boxes, and spruce, fir, or birch for the boxes to be used for the shipment of foodstuffs. Because of the extremely shallow water in the harbour, lighters, or flat bottom boats were used to move the sawed lumber from the mill out to the vessels which would bring it to the markets in St. John's.

While lumbering was the most important economic activity of the area, agriculture was also important in the life of the settlers and indeed it was probably the agricultural potential of the area which ensured that the settlement would survive, especially in the period following the 1892 fire. There is sufficient level land of good agricultural quality to raise enough vegetables to sustain even the largest families. Everyone grew enough potatoes and turnips to last during the winter and most families kept a cow, some sheep, and some hens, making each household basically self-sufficient. Surplus milk was turned into butter and the wool from the sheep was carded and spun locally and used to make various articles of clothes.

The first stage of settlement then was a period of slow growth, the number of families increasing from three in 1857 to only thirty by 1901. The growth was crystallized around a single large water-mill, using timber which was close enough to be hauled to the mill site in winter. The whole operation was orientated towards the Shoal Harbour Valley and the river which supplied both the power and the raw materials, and consequently settlement tended to be concentrated in the lower harbour.

But during the 1890's two events occurred which were to have serious reprecussions for the lumbering industry in the area. In 1891, construction of the railway was begun in the area and in 1892, as a result of the railway, a devastating fire swept out Shoal Harbour Valley, the large stands of timber upon which production depended. No longer was it possible to obtain enough timber within hauling distance to sustain the mill. But perhaps equally important in the decline of lumbering during this period, was a decrease in the available labour supply, especially after 1900, for the coming of the railway caused a basic change in the economic structure of the area. With the mill in decline, the younger men of all the more prominient families, the Tilleys, the Tucks, the Palmers, the Tavenors, the Barnes, the Hutchings, and the Ivanys, sought work on the railway, leaving only the older men engaged in lumbering. A number of small mills were built on the river based on isolated pockets of available timber but this type of operation was never again to become important.

The second stage of development in the lumbering industry of the area differed in many respects from the old system out of which it grew. It was based on timber much further from the settlement; the river was utilized, not as a source of power, but as a means of transporting the logs to the mills which were now being powered by gas or steam engines. But the new industry was nevertheless a development from the old operation. In the first place the men who were responsible for the reorganization of the lumbering industry during the 1920's, the Wiseman's and the Mills', had both been involved in a minor way in the logging operation of a much earlier period and had sawn timber in the old Tilley's mill. When this mill declined during the 1890's for reasons discussed earlier, it was the large scale operators, the Tilleys, the Tucks, the Barnes, and the Butlers, who were hardest hit and who pulled out of the industry completely. The Wisemans and Mills saw an opportunity to move into this vacuum and, using new methods, revive the industry.

The second important factor linking the two periods together was that they were both supplying the same market. The Tilley's mill did not decline because of a loss of markets. It declined because the owners were unable to adjust to the new physical conditions caused by the 1892 fire. The Wisemans and the Mills, perhaps because they had been small scale operators, were able to adjust and indeed capitalize upon the changed conditions. In this sense then they took over from the Tilleys and began to supply the same St. John's markets which the Tilleys had supplied.

The Wiseman Operation

Arthur Wiseman had previously used the Tilley's mill for sawing timber but when this mill closed down in 1900, Mr. Wiseman built a small water-mill approximately seven miles up Shoal Harbour River at a site which had easy access to the new railway line. This mill was operated for several years but on a very small scale. It was not until his sons returned from the First World War that he undertook significant expansion of his operation. With the development of the steam engine, they were no longer forced to locate near the river and other factors were therefore considered. A site was chosen at the lower north side of the harbour where there was level land, a small cove for booming the logs in, and which offered easy access to the new Bonavista Branch line. As the operations grew, the Wisemans were successful in getting a siding installed, a siding which is still in use today but for a different purpose.

To obtain sufficient supplies of wood, the Wisemans were forced to go from ten to fifteen miles into the valley to the Shoal Harbour Pond area. Wood was cut in the winter and stored on the banks of the Shoal Harbour River until the spring thaw would allow them to be floated out to the harbour. All logs were marked for identification, except those of the Wisemans who were the first to float logs out the river and were given the privilege of not marking their logs. Three other parties were also engaged in logging in this area, including the Mills, making the markings of logs imperative. The Wisemans operation employed ten men (six Wisemans and four hired hands) and they used three horses in the woods. With this amount of labour they averaged 30,000 to 40,000 short logs (four foot) per season.

The men would stay in the woods for six days then return to Shoal Harbour to visit their families and also to get a new supply of food for themselves and for their horses. Hay was imported from St. John's on the railway because the commercial baled hay was found more convenient to transport over long distances than loose local hay.

They sawed mainly lumber to be used for making boxes. During the Depression they sold an average of
10,000 boxes to Harvey & Co.
7,000 boxes to Purity Biscuits Ltd.
5,000 boxes to The White Clothing Factory
12,000 boxes to The Newfoundland Butter Co.
10,000 boxes to Job Brothers Ltd.

The lumber was sawn to the appropriate size, but not assembled, and shipped to St. John's by rail.

This logging operation was moderately successful throughout the 1930's but by 1940 it was in serious trouble and for much the same reason that the Tilleys had been in trouble in 1893. They could no longer get wood. The area around Shoal Harbour Pond was becoming cut out and they were forced to cut at a considerable distance from the river. Using horses they could only get two loads of logs to the river per day and this was not enough to keep the mill going. To save the industry a large capital investment was necessary for more horses and equipment, but money at this time was not available. The men were also being attracted to better paying jobs created by the war boom and by 1941, the business was defunct.

The Mills' Operation

The second milling operation during this period was carried on by a branch of the Mills Family. George Mills had come to the area in the early 1880's as a "Winterman" in the Tilley's Mill. After this mill closed down, his son, William, started a mill in Reekes Harbour which operated for several years but which was abandoned when, attracted by the success of a small store his brother had started, he moved the mill to Shoal Harbour and together they founded William Mills and Sons. The Mills' then had been connected with lumbering for a considerable period of time prior to 1920. As William Mills and Sons grew they became involved in the construction of a large cooper factory and set up a separate company, Mills Siding Mills Ltd, to control it. The lumbering industry could no longer be carried on a small scale but rather required considerable investment of capital if the timber was to be exploited profitably. This factory had a large steam boiler fired with sawdust and slabs, which ran two circular saws, a cylinder saw, a joiner, a head cutter, and a trimmer; and with this equipment they were able to turn out 40 to 50 barrels per day.

Logs were cut ten to fifteen miles from the mill in Shoal Harbour Valley in the same area used by the Wisemans, but here the cooper factory had an advantage over the box factory in that it could utilize much smaller trees in its operation. They could consequently cut much closer to the river than could the Wisemans and this led to a more economical operation. The cooper factory also used logs, cut mainly on Random Island by individual contractors. Most of the barrels were shipped to market by rail although some were taken by small vessels. But unfortunately the firm fell deeper and deeper into debt during the late depression and they were forced to declare bankruptcy in 1940.

Lumbering, then, reached its peak in the mid-1930's then fell into decline; partly because the area was becoming cut out and partly because of changing ecomomic conditions. The entire industry was based on the demands for 'boxes' and 'barrels' by those engaged in shipping fish and those manufacturing other goods in St. John's. The area was ideal to supply this demand. The trees were of the right size and Shoal Harbour River, because of its shallow and rocky course could not have been used to float out the longer logs necessary in the lumbering industry. Logs used in box and barrel making could be cut to four foot lengths before they were floated out and the river was adequate for this purpose. As Newfoundland slowly recovered from the depression, the St. John's companies began using new cardboard boxes to ship goods in and the bottom fell completely out of the market. Small mills still operated but most people sought employment in other areas and the industry was never revived.

Agriculture during this period also was closely related to the lumbering industry. The men would spend the winter logging, returning home to stay in the Spring. Horses which were used in the logging operation were brought home and used to prepare the gardens for spring planting. Once planting was finished, the men

would begin sawing their logs and the women and children were left to tend the gardens. Crops were stored in root cellars and over the winter and when markets were available any surplus was sold.

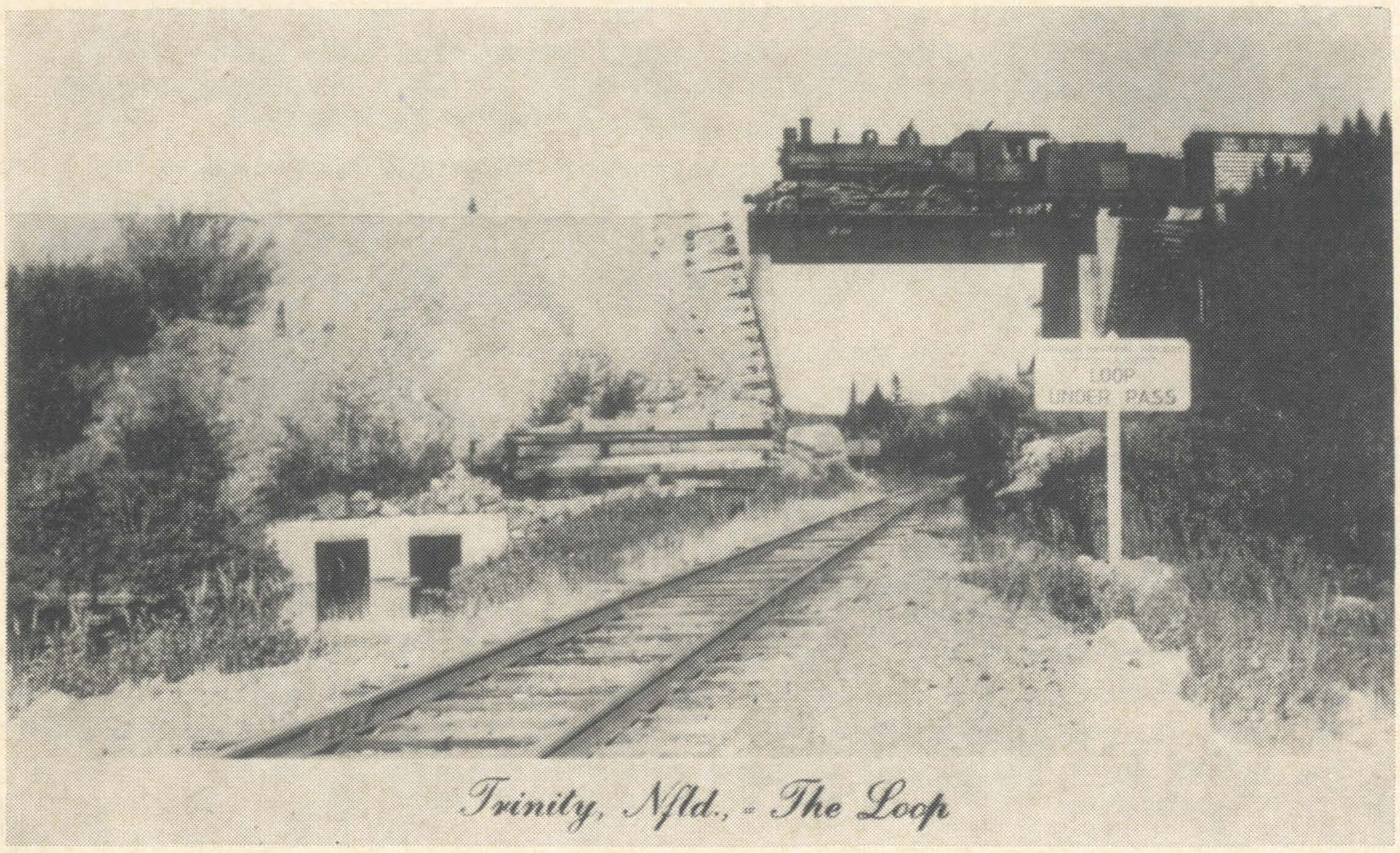
The census figures show agriculture production rising steadily as population increased and the reliance on local production during the depression is clearly shown by the marked increase in the production of potatoes, cabbage, and other root crops in 1935. But by 1945, when lumbering was no longer important and fewer men were available to prepare the ground and more money was in circulation, agriculture production fell off considerably. The increase in potato production in 1945 can be accounted for by the increase in population and the practice of every family to grow their own potatoes (because they require no attention during the summer) whether they can afford to buy them or not. Figures for the 1950's would show that even potato production has dropped drastically, reflecting an increasingly higher standard of living for the area.

The livestock figures show that most families kept enough animals to supply themselves with meat throughout the year. The horses were used in the logging operations and also to plow the ground in the spring. Cows supplied milk and butter, hens the eggs, and the sheep supplied the wool. Animals were killed for food usually in December and stored in an outside meat-house. Some sheep were usually kept for breeding purposes and for wool but pigs were usually all killed and new piglets bought in the spring. Some hams and bacon were smoked, with the less desirable cuts of meat being made into brawn and sausages; the fat being salted to make fat-back pork. Large numbers of livestock were kept during the depression but the numbers fell off after 1945 for the same reasons that agriculture declined.

Until the 1940's, then, the people of Shoal Harbour who were not working on the railway utilized the two most important resources of the area, the timber and the good agricultural land to create a comfortable and dependable way of life. But with the loss of the market in the early 1940's, this pattern of life which had developed for almost one hundred years was to be very basically changed. Men were forced to find jobs elsewhere and most of them found work in Clarenville, a nearby community which since 1900 had grown much faster than Shoal Harbour. With men permanently employed the pattern of land use changed drastically. Much of the good farm land was abandoned or at least left unused and today more and more acres of good agricultural land are being developed into residential areas. This recent development is perhaps unfortunate, but it is understandable that people building new homes wish to locate on the best and most level ground available. Since the early 1950's Shoal Harbour has emerged as a residential area for people working in Clarenville and it appears that this trend will continue for some time to come. The settlement has cut its ties with the past; it is no longer self-sufficient; for it has become in fact a suburb of Clarenville.

An Affectionate Look at the Newfoundland Railway

HELEN PORTER



Trinity, Nfld., - The Loop

If you're interested in reading a cute little tale about the Newfy Bullet you won't get it from me. I've never been able to bring myself to call our train by the name that so many people from other parts of Canada and the United States consider as quaint and charming as they do many other things on this Island. I've never picked blueberries while the train was stopped and I don't even know anyone who ever did. No, the thoughts I want to share with you are my own frankly sentimental memories of the proud institution that I'll always think of as the Newfoundland Express, the C.N.R. and its affiliates notwithstanding. The word "bullet" in this context will always seem as foreign to me as the word "Newfy." The only description of our passenger service that goes straight to my heart is that simple little phrase "the train."

I marvel sometimes at the ordinary, everyday things that fascinate children. It amazes me how today's jet-age youngsters, many of whom are blasé about rocket ships and walks in space, are still enthralled by the lowly train. One damp morning last summer I took my two sons, ages 7 and 9, for a walk along the station platform a few moments after the express had come in. Before long they were mounting the awkward steps and peering into the corridors with all the enthusiasm I had shown as a child. Brought up in a world where the motor-car has become a commonplace, they were not so intimate with the ways of the train as I was at their age, and perhaps this increased their interest. They chatted with the porters, looked enviously at the baggage-men pushing their wheeled carts and cast longing eyes at the prima donna of the whole outfit, the engine. Though perhaps not so romantic as her steam predecessor, there was no doubt as to the engine's preeminence over the other cars.

When the hearings on the C.N.R.'s proposal to abandon the passenger service in Newfoundland were held in St. John's last winter I wanted to submit a brief. "But," said my more practical husband "what will you say, my girl? You can't very well send in a hundred lines on 'Why I love the train." Pragmatism triumphed, and I stayed away from the hearings. Perhaps, after all, a bus service is the only solution to the C.N.R.'s troubles in this province. Who am I to rush in where experts have trodden? But, whatever the future brings, no one is going to change my mind about the past when my love affair with the Newfoundland Railway was a very important part of my life.

I have read many intriguing accounts of travel on our passenger service, most of which seem to have conspired to make it appear as uncomfortable, unrewarding and dreary as possible. Why have I never found it this way? Do I lack sensitivity to the slings and arrows of outrageous twists and turns? Am I such a naturally-slow person that the 20-odd hours it takes to travel to Corner Brook or Port aux Basques has never seemed too long to me? Has my life been so unexciting and placid that I'm content to enjoy the trip rather than grumble impatiently over a delay in getting to the end of it? To most forward-thinking people I am, perhaps, an anachronism, just like the train. If so, I'm happy to be in such good company.

Perhaps my devotion to the train can be more readily understood when I tell you that I was born into a railroad family. My grandfather was for many years purchasing agent with the old Newfoundland Railway; my father and two of his brothers were long-time railroad employees. Even today I have a brother and a couple of cousins

working with the C.N.R. As if that weren't enough my husband, in his student days, spent his summer vacations working as a waiter in the dining-car department. But I like to believe that the train would have wooed and won me even if none of those connections were there.

One of my earliest recollections of the train was the sound of the old steam whistle echoing through Waterford Valley to our home on Old Topsail Road. Years ago, when some friends were visiting us one night with their baby son, they put him to bed in a small front room. When the whistle of the passing train emitted its nightly shriek they both ran up over the stairs, convinced that the terrifying sound would wake the child. They lived in a part of the town far removed from all such horrible noises in the night. The baby must have known a good thing when he heard it though, for when they reached him he was looking blissfully toward the window, a wide smile on his face. All the members of our family were convinced from that moment that little Jimmy was a most extraordinary child.

We are inclined to think of train travel in connection with long trips and perhaps that is why some folks associate it with boredom. But some of the most exciting journeys I ever made on the train were very short ones. A particularly interesting excursion was the one from St. John's to Bowring Park, where the little wooden station-house remained until a few years ago. It seems to me that the day coach used for this trip had a different type of seats from those used in the express coaches. I remember them as sort of a biscuit-coloured straw very comfortable and cool on a hot day. Not that we sat on them very often, for we spent most of the time hanging out the window, paying no heed to our mothers' frantic warnings that we would get cinders in our eyes. Although we loved the Park it always seemed that we arrived there far too soon. However, the role of the railway in our day's fun did not end with the trip itself, for one of our main sources of pleasure in the park was putting coppers on the tracks to retrieve later after they had been flattened out. We also liked to put our ears to the tracks, vying with each other to foretell the exact moment when the next train would arrive. And of course, balancing ourselves precariously on the tracks or walking on the ties between them was a past time we never tired of. When I visited Bowring Park last summer I was not at all surprised to find that children, and grown-ups too, still rush from the four corners of the Park and congregate on the grassy banks above the track when they hear the familiar whistle.

When we were growing up we often spent our summer holidays in a farmhouse near the beach at Manuels. Since nobody in our family had a car and there was no regular bus service, we always travelled to Manuels by rail. That journey, all of 16 miles, was a big-time expedition for us, complete with loads of baggage and a few tearful friends and relatives at the station to bid us a fond farewell. For, you see, when we went to Manuels in those days there was no jaunting back to town every second day for shopping or a show. We went for the whole summer. After we passed the trestle and gazed across the valley at the desolate-looking house we had just left behind it seemed that the summer had really begun. And the dignified old passenger coach we sat in loomed very large in this exciting adventure. A few years later we took a cabin on the Hodgewater Line for our vacation. Again our conveyance was the train which made a special stop for us on that occasion, I remember. And although in those days that cabin was miles from civilization, the train helped us to keep in touch with the busy world of home, for every night regularly a cheerful conductor would throw the daily newspaper into my father's waiting hands.

When I was a little older I considered it very exciting and grown-up to take a holiday apart from the rest of the family. My girl-friend and I made plans for our first "all on our own" train trip. Our parents' consent was not so difficult to obtain as we thought it might be for, after all, what could happen on the train? They felt they could entrust us to no more benign protector. We were a little embarrassed at the instructions and precautions given to the porters and conductors on our behalf, though, for weren't we sixteen? But we had to admit later that it was pleasant to have good-looking men at our beck and call. It would be something to tell the boys we knew, most of whom thought we were pretty insignificant. And those late lunches in the diner were fabulous. Speaking of the diner, now that I'm a housewife of several year's standing I wonder more than ever how the unflappable railroad cooks managed to turn out such delicious meals in the tiny, far from streamlined space that served as their kitchen.

The longest journey I ever took on the train was to Toronto during the war. That unforgettable jaunt included a trip across the Gulf at that treacherous time just a few months after the sinking of the Caribou. My husband outdistanced me by quite a few miles when he chaperoned a group of high-school students to Saskatchewan by train a few summers ago but we're both pikers as far as my father and mother were concerned. Those two brave souls went all the way to San Francisco and back by the railway accompanied by my twin brothers, who were six years old at the time. No wonder Dad smiles indulgently when he hears today's travellers complain about the hazards of a journey to Corner Brook. The events of that San Francisco expedition, some of them harrowing, some embarrassing and some amusing would make a tale in themselves, but I think it's enough to say here that Mom and Dad weren't really unhappy when they finally reached their destination. I can't speak for the boys, though. Railway fever has persisted in them throughout the years, too. My brother Bob's first job with the Railway was as waiter in the dining-car and that summer his twin Bill decided to travel out over the line while Bob was on duty. The two boys, though not identical, are very much alike and even some of their close friends can't tell them apart. Perhaps I'm giving away a secret when I say here that at one point in the journey, when Bob was feeling especially weary, Bill donned the waiter's uniform and served supper in a presumably competent style. As far as I know, nobody was ever the wiser.

Almost every summer when I was growing up my father would take some or all of us to Placentia for the day. We would board the coach in the early morning when, to me at least, the magic of the train was most potent. Usually we arrived at Jersey Side just in time for dinner with the station master who, like so many other railroad men, was my father's friend. Then we would take a boat across the Gut

(no bridge then) to Townside for a lazy afternoon in some of the most beautiful surroundings Newfoundland can offer. In late afternoon we would climb into the train again although Dad, as usual, never consented to jump aboard until the engine had started up. Then he would swing himself up over the steps, continuing a conversation with someone on the platform as he did so. Nowadays, when most of our travelling is done by car, I look wistfully back on those tranquil days when our destiny seemed to rest entirely with the engineer. I'm not quite stupid enough to condemn motor travel but it was relaxing, wasn't it, to lean back in the green plush seat, gazing idly out the window, knowing you'd get home sometime but not especially interested in when. And the conversation was different, too, no references to "Where did that nut get his licence"? or "What's that fool trying to prove now, passing me like that?" Ah well, other people besides me have noticed that we can't have everything.

What other railway journeys stand out in my memory? I mustn't neglect our honeymoon. Three hours after the wedding my husband and I were comfortably settled on the night train bound for Trinity by way of the Bonavista Branch. We had heard that this journey was one of the bumpiest in Newfoundland but the marvellous scenery outside and the friendly people inside the train more than made up for this. Our sleeping-car was taken off the express at Clarenville and connected to the Bonavista train so that we did not even have to make the change. The small dining-car on this branch was in the charge of a happy-go-lucky St. John's Irishman who, from start to finish, couldn't understand why we had gone to the expense of buying two berths. "When you're married as long as I am," he told us "You won't be so anxious to throw away your money." And then there was the night when we emerged from a sound sleep to find the mouth-watering aroma of fresh cod tongues drifting out from the little kitchen of the dining-car. The prominent politician of the day who had asked to have them cooked invited us to join him for one of the tastiest meals I've ever eaten.

After our children were born we still continued to use the train fairly often, since we lived for a few years out of town and always came back to St. John's for the summer. At those times the drawing-room, or the parlour car, was a great convenience, although our youngsters liked it better when they were allowed outside to mingle with the other passengers. Our older boy, Johnny, snoozed his way in from Corner Brook before he was three weeks old and the porters were always prompt when I wanted his bottle refilled, although they drew the line at diaper changes.

The only trouble with having decent roads and a half-decent station wagon is that these days we can't find an excuse to use the train any more. And, economical though the fare is, it would still cost considerably more for the six of us to travel that way than to pile into the car where the expense is the same whether one or a number of people are travelling. But one of those days I'm going to forget to be practical and have another fling with my old sweetheart, the Newfoundland Express. And, with that fancy new bus hovering ever nearer, I guess it will have to be soon.

College of Fisheries, Navigation, Marine Engineering & Electronics

ENROL NOW

Vocational Courses:

- ☐ Refrigeration
- ☐ Watchkeeping Engineering
- ☐ Light Diesel Mechanics
- ☐ Workshop Practice and Engine Repair
- ☐ Department of Transport Certification (Engineering)

Options:

- Engineer Extra First Class
- Engineer First Class Foreign Going (U.K.)
- Engineer First Class (Canada)
- Engineer Second Class Foreign Going (U.K.)
- Engineer Second Class (Canada)
- Engineer Third Class
- Engineer Fourth Class
- Chief Engineer (Fishing Vessel)
- Watchkeeping Engineer (Fishing Vessel)

- ☐ Basic Electrotechnology
- ☐ Marine Electronics
- ☐ Electrical Technology
- ☐ Marine Electrical Practice
- ☐ Marine Electronics (evening classes)
- ☐ Fishing Skipper
- ☐ Fishing Mates
- ☐ General Fisheries (special courses for government officers and plant supervisory personnel, etc.)
- ☐ Net Braiding
- ☐ Near Water Fishing Operations
- ☐ Fishing Bosuns
- ☐ Fishing Gear Technology
- ☐ Able Fisherman (Trawler)
- ☐ Able Fisherman (Purse Seiner)
- ☐ Deep Sea Fisherman (Pre-Sea)
- ☐ Near Water Fishing Gear
- ☐ Marine Cookery & Stewarding
- ☐ Ship's Cookery (Special for Trawlers)
- ☐ Department of Transport Certification (Nautical)

Options:

- Extra Master (U.K.)
- Nautical Service Officers (Canada D.O.T.)
- Master Foreign Going
- First Mate Foreign Going
- Second Mate Foreign Going
- Master Home Trade Steamship
- Master under 350 tons and Master Tug Home Trade
- First Mate Home Trade Steamship
- Second Mate Home Trade Steamship
- Master Inland Waters Steamship
- Master under 350 tons and Master Tug Inland Waters
- First Mate Inland Waters Steamship
- Second Mate Inland Waters Steamship
- Radar Observer Endorsement
- Radar Simulator Endorsement
- Master Minor Waters Steamship
- Fishing Mate
- Master under 350 tons and Master Tug Minor Waters
- First Mate Minor Waters Steamship
- Master Ferry Steamship
- First Mate Ferry Steamship
- Master Service (Sec. 119)
- Temporary Master
- Able Seamen (Merchantile)
- Department of Transport Emergency Duties:
  - Fire Fighting
  - Life Saving Appliances (Life Boats, Rafts, Etc.)
  - Rescue and Survival
  - Orientation and General Safety

- ☐ Navigation for small boat operators (evening classes)
- ☐ Navigation for General Astronomy (evening classes)
- ☐ Food Technology — Fish Quality Control
- ☐ Fish Processing & Plant Operations
- ☐ Food Technology — Canning
- ☐ Food Processing In-Plant Training
- ☐ Primary Certificate Naval Architecture and Shipbuilding
- ☐ Wood Shipbuilding (Basic)
- ☐ Wood Shipbuilding (Advanced)
- ☐ Ship Steelworkers
- ☐ Ship's Joinery and Carpentry
- ☐ Wooden Fishing Craft
- ☐ Ship's Drafting
- ☐ Painting and Finishing
- ☐ Boatbuilding (evening classes)
- ☐ Basic Upgrading Preparatory-1 (Pre-requisite for technical courses — to Grade IX equivalent)
- ☐ Basic Upgrading Preparatory-2 (Pre-requisite for technical courses — to Grades X-XI equivalent)

Career Courses:

CAREER COURSES LEADING TO A DIPLOMA IN TECHNOLOGY

All of the following Courses require Grade XI or a Grade XI equivalent.

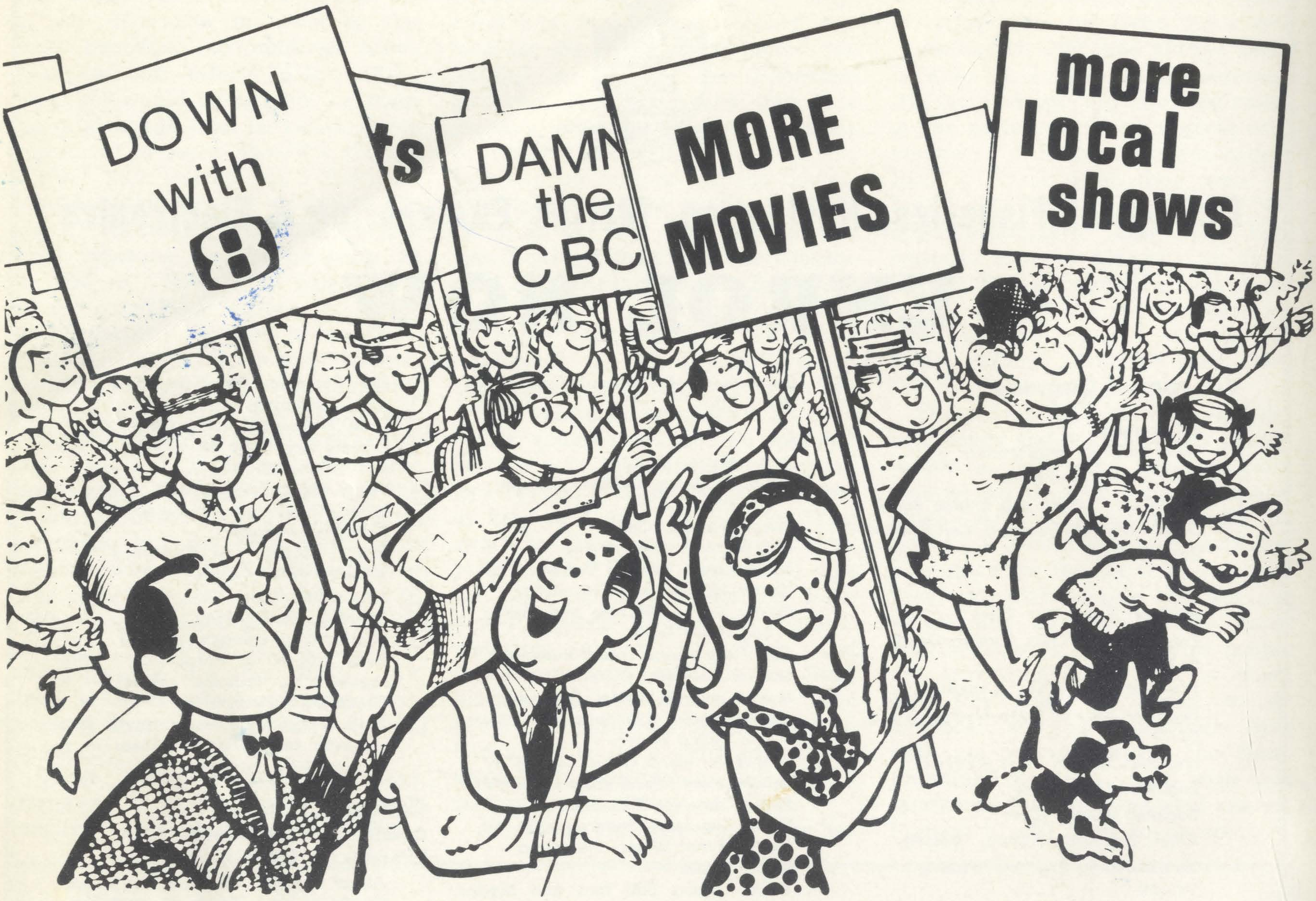
- ☐ Electrical Engineering Technology (Diploma in Electronics Technology in Three Years. Certificate in Electrical Technology in Two Years. Certificate in Marine Electronics in 15 Months.)
- ☐ Food Technology
  Marine products and by-products (Diploma in Three Years)
- ☐ Mechanical Engineering Technology
  Marine Engineers and Fish Plant engineers (Diploma in Three and a half Years including Sea-Time or Plant-Time.)
- ☐ Naval Architecture and Shipbuilding (Diploma in Three and a Half Years.)
- ☐ Nautical Science
  Potential Captains and Mates and fishing gear Technologists (Diploma in Three and a Half Years including Sea-Time.)

To be eligible candidates must be 16 or older and in good health.

Persons with grade 8 can enter directly into most vocational courses or can register for an upgrading course that would lead to grade 9 or grade 11 equivalent, enabling entry later into courses that require the higher standards.

(Duration of Training From Grade 8 to 9 — 3 Months)
(Duration of Training From Grade 8 to 11 — 9 Months)

Apply to The College of Fisheries, St. John's, Newfoundland, or your nearest Canada Manpower Centre.



Not everybody gets mad at us, but a lot of people do. People sometimes praise us too.

We know that the CBC is a very personal thing to a lot of people – not only to those who get mad at us, or who write us letters of praise – but to those thousands who take us for granted, who every day turn on their television sets or radios for their favorite programs – for entertainment, for information or for opinion.

We know too that because people do develop a personal feeling towards us, we must work harder to do our job of serving all Canadians with good programming – such as the leadership conventions, the choosing of a new Prime Minister – the special NEWS reports – the drama festivals, symphonies, the variety shows – hockey games, the track and field meets, the Olympics, football games, or public affairs specials.

But it isn't only in programming we must work harder to do a better job. We know too that we must continue to produce all these programs with greater efficiency. We must keep our program costs realistic so that we will continue to maintain our international reputation as the most efficient broadcasting network in the world.

CANADIAN BROADCASTING CORPORATION

CBC