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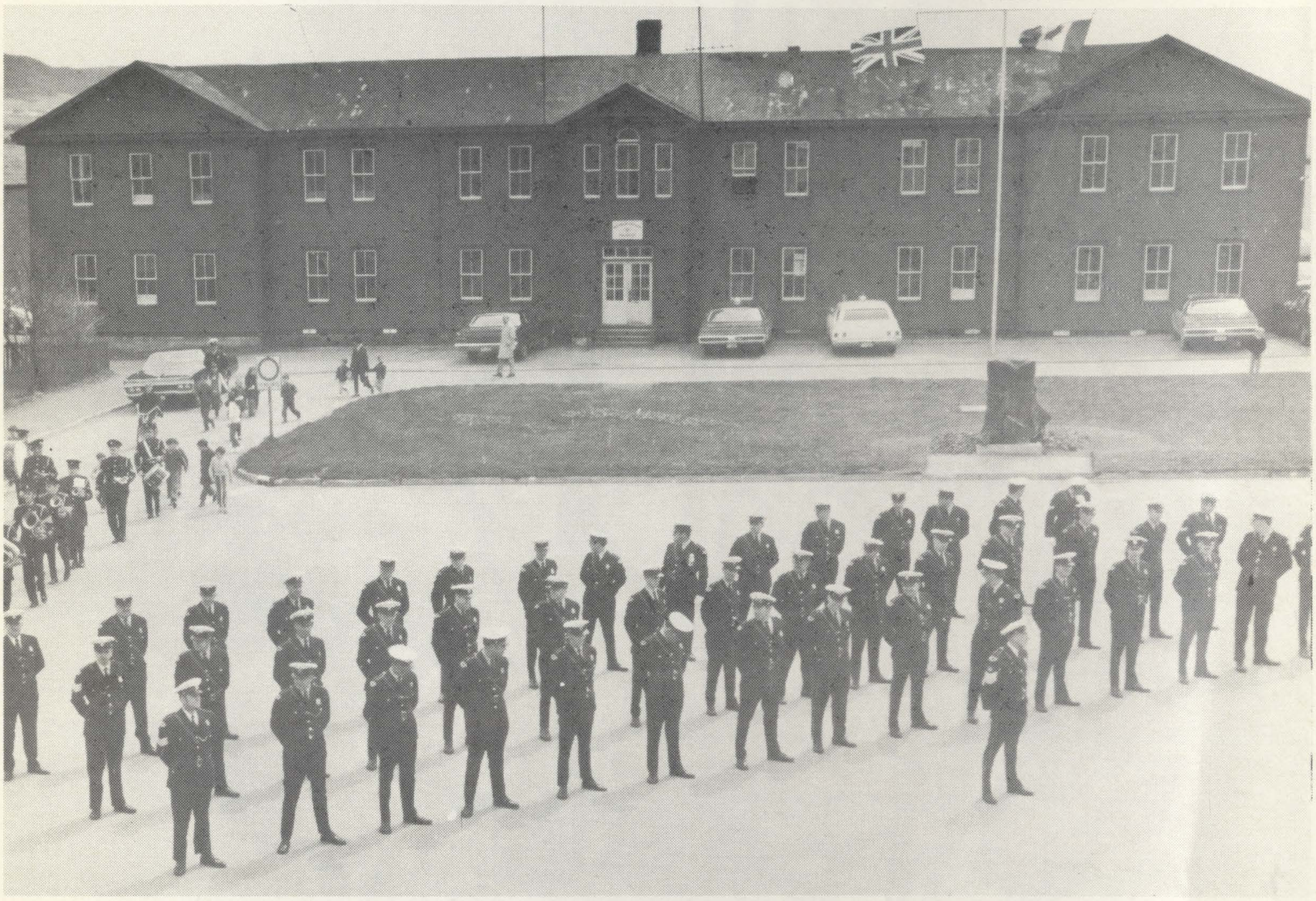

Constabulary on parade in front of Fort Townshend, 1971

COVER ILLUSTRATIONS courtesy of Helen Parsons Shepherd, R.C.A.
FRONT COVER: "Dogberries", BACK COVER: "Portrait of Devon".

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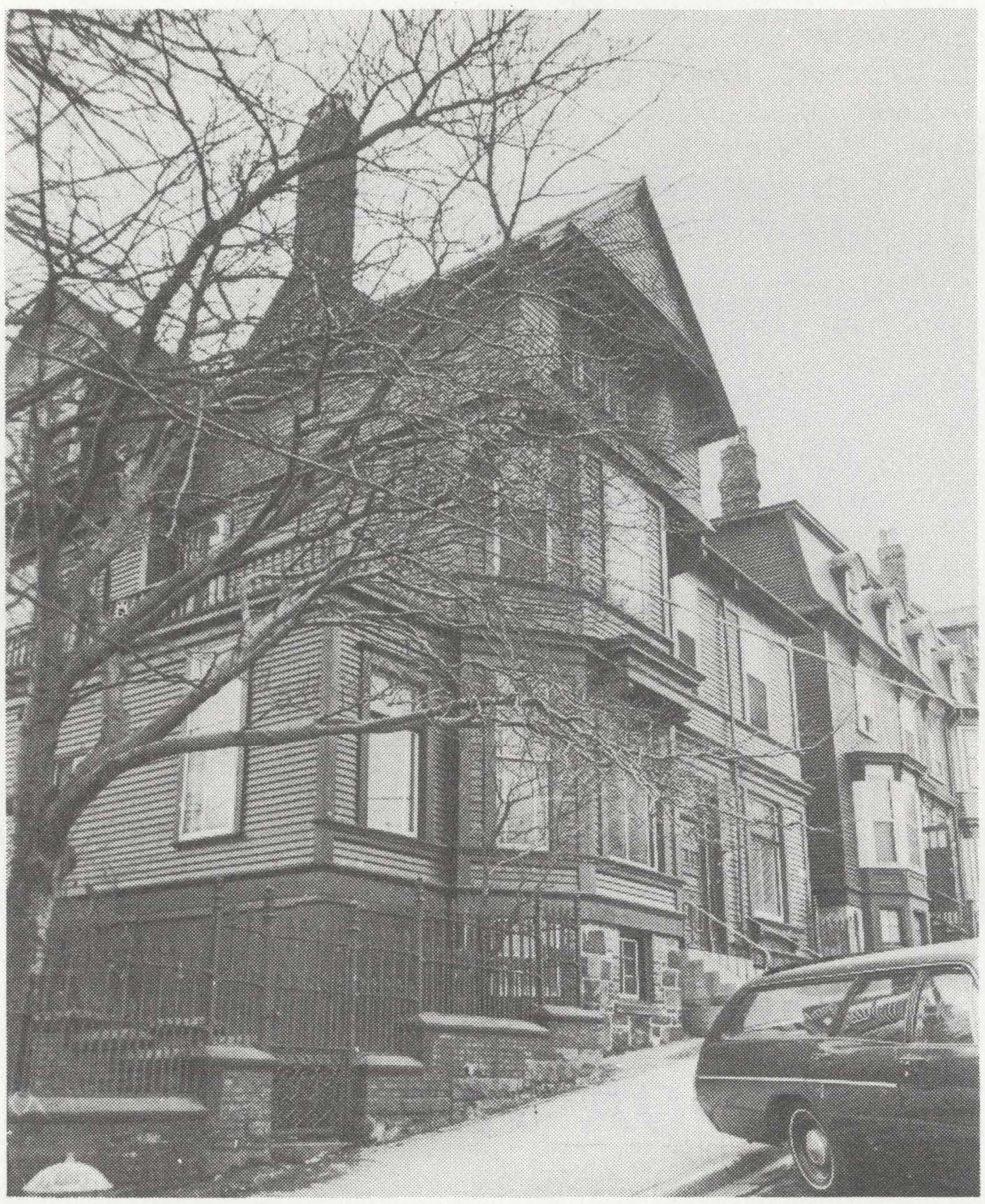


Howard House, the former residence of the Parker family on Garrison Hill reflects the fine taste of Victorian St. John's builders, as do the semi-detached houses above it with their Second Empire roofs. Streetscapes such as this lend today's city a charm of its own which is much admired by visitors.

The Victorian House in St. John's

by
Paul O'Neill

Architecture as a profession did not emerge in North America until the 19th century. Before that in colonial days house design was in the hands of master designer-builders. Here in Newfoundland they lasted into the early years of this century. Perhaps the most outstanding of the St. John's master designer-builders were the Southcott Brothers.

Men such as the Southcotts combined the design skill of the true artist, with the practical knowledge of the mechanic, to produce some of the magnificent structures we still see around St. John's today. They were copied by other less-skilled tradesmen who were accomplished builders in their own right. These lesser folk translated the masterful ideas of people such as the Southcotts into the practical houses one still sees at the east end of Gower Street or the upper section of Cochrane Street, on Monkstown and Rennie's Mill Roads.

Today people often feel they do not belong to their surroundings because of the inhuman scale of our constructed environment. For instance a person living in an apartment block tends to feel alienated from others living in the same block and may pass people living on the same floor without even nodding. Such isolation is seldom found in neighbourhoods where people live in houses designed for the size and activities of their human occupants.

A house is governed by a principle of belonging first to the occupants and second to its surroundings. Unfortunately in much of suburbia today this second principle is often completely ignored and the result is subdivisions where one overpowering structure competes cheek-to-jowl with its neighbour instead of harmoniously blending large with small, expensive with modest, fanciful with simple resulting in a fabric where the whole is indeed more than the sum of its parts. All who visit restored or reconstructed communities such as Williamsburg, Deerfield, Savannah, in the United States, or the west end of Gower Street here in St. John's, to name just a few, are taken by a pleasing ambiance which does not exist in a Newtown or an East Meadows.

By examining examples of traditional building we are brought back to the principle that 19th century houses were designed to achieve a pleasing relationship with their occupants. Rough sawn timbers, working fireplaces, cozy corners, and enough glass to bring in a surrounding street or surrounding nature without the loss of a sense of shelter, make these houses comfortable to be in. They were constructed and furnished to compliment the human form and its activities. There is nothing uncompromising about the planes or the mass or the surfaces. Well balanced facades, a thoughtful use of material and texture, and a comprehensible scale, even in mansions such as Winterholme and Sutherland Place, give a pleasant visual experience and it is this feeling of home and belonging that overcomes our emotions when we leave our little boxes or our big boxes in suburbia and visit a 19th century St. John's house. It reflects the tranquility of less harried times.

People in our city are tending more and more to bring to a rapid conclusion their trip into the monotony of the suburban social strata and are finding in old houses and old sections of the town not only a challenge to their taste and sense of beauty but a sense of community they didn't know existed. The word community is derived from the Latin word "communio" — to share — and share we must if we are to overcome the separation, isolation, and polarization currently engendered by our suburbanization.

A new generation is beginning to question the worth of the new compared to the old. It shows evidence of wanting to pursue the value of other times. While it is doubtful the spread of uncontrolled growth devoid of quality will cease we can hope that at the same time the desire for the restoration of structures and streets in the core of St. John's will result in a counteracting force.

One example of exploiting the potential of the old city is what happened to the Murray Premises. It had dilapidated to the point where demolition was begun and it escaped destruction only by the intervention of the St. John's Heritage Foundation. The Premises have been restored to become a major attraction in the downtown area. The effect seen is an imaginative blend of new materials and forms with the old so as not to detract from the old-time quality of the buildings.

In St. John's there is a movement back to sections of the city taken over by low-income residents when the more affluent families joined the post-World War II flight to suburbia. If you look at these fine old homes you will see many have turrets, porches, and ornamental gingerbread on their facades, the most appealing elements of Victorian-era architecture. They are structurally sound and aesthetically pleasing, charming enough in their own right to merit rehabilitation rather than replacement.

Victorian houses in St. John's display a number of forgotten ornamental arts among which one of the most common is false graining. It was a decorative technique in vogue throughout much of nineteenth century North America. Originally a method used by furniture makers, itinerant craftsmen, and rural people to enhance furniture and woodwork in their houses the art spread to the larger towns and cities as houses were constructed from less desirable woods. Amateur and professional alike

employed a variety of unlikely materials — feathers, corncobs, combs, sponges, potatoes, even candle smoke — to create ingenious effects, ranging from the somber graining of rosewood to whimsical designs. This led to two types of wood graining — that which was purely imaginative, and that which attempted to duplicate wood grains. Perhaps the most common example of the latter in Newfoundland is found today in many churches where what appear to be marble altars or pillars turn out, upon close examination, to be only a very successful imitation.

Once a grain design had been decided for a piece of furniture, a door or other woodwork it was necessary to sand, seal and prepare the wood for painting. When this was done four steps were followed to completion. First oil base bright colored paints were applied and allowed to dry thoroughly. They were then wiped with white vinegar to clean off any fingermarks and insure a good bond between the base coat and the glaze. Next a thin glaze was applied over the base coat that could be removed with the various graining implements. This changed the colour of the base coat considerably which is why bright colours were initially used. Step three, the graining, was begun immediately after applying the glaze coat. Here the choice of implements determined the final effect. The most common tools in use in Newfoundland were a feather from a goose or turkey which gave a very fine grain when drawn through the glaze in an easy, wavy motion; a comb or brush dipped in glaze and applied to the base coat in swirling motions, and a natural sponge dipped in the glaze mixture and applied to the base coat in a pounce motion. The final step after allowing the graining to dry thoroughly was to apply a coat of varnish to it. After drying for at least 24 hours the whole was rubbed down with a stiff cloth.

Even before graining became popular in St. John's a favourite method of interior ornamentation in many houses was wall stencilling. Wallpaper appeared in the early 1700s when French "domino" papers, sheets of stencilled domino designs, pasted end to end in rolls, appeared in English and American markets for the walls of the few who could afford it. Those who could not began to paint the decoration directly on the wall.

In the United States and Canada itinerant painters with highly portable stencil kits would execute designs on walls for a fee or in exchange for room and board. I have found no reference in my research into the past of St. John's relating to such persons in Newfoundland so it would appear that wall decoration here depended upon the talented son, daughter or friend. There were vines and berries, thistles and flowers, a likeness of swags and tassels, fashionably draped over windows and doors. There was a great liking for exuberant colour and no reluctance to use vermillion and green or yellow accents with black and white in combination on a wall. If the walls were of plaster they were often tinted pink, grey or buff, (which was a kind of ochre).

The earliest houses in St. John's had earthen floors. Later these were covered by rough planks. When people were first able to afford floorboards throughout their homes they were usually left unpainted. It is interesting to note that the wider the floorboard the higher up in the house it was used, attics often having the widest boards.

Direct ornamenting of floors by painting was a substitute for expensive floor coverings, more expensive imported carpets and parquet, or marble floors. Painted floors were found in the homes of the well-to-do as well as the working-class cottages. The entry halls of affluent houses, as well as many of their dining rooms, were painted in squares or diamonds in alternating colours, with sections painstakingly veined with feathers to look like marble. Unfortunately most of the houses in St. John's that were decorated in this manner were lost in the Great Fire of 1892.

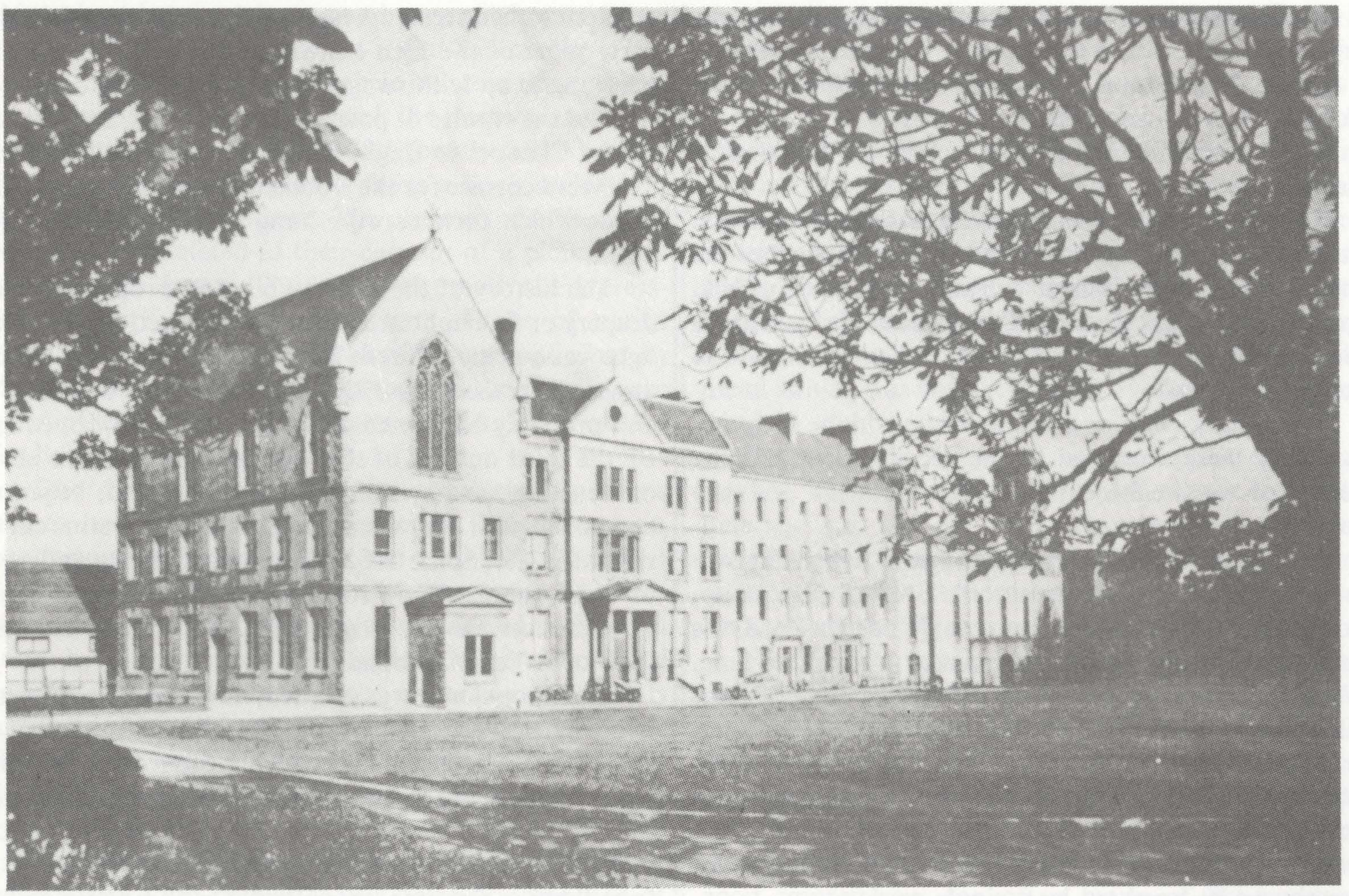
In 1860 a man named Walton coated canvas with a preparation of oxidized linseed oil and took out a patent on the invention which he called linoleum. It was the machine perfection of linoleum in duplicating carpets and carpet squares, at a fraction of the cost of real carpet, that put an end to the art of floor painting in the 1880s.

Wainscoting was to become another beautiful addition to the decorative design in St. John's houses. In the more affluent it was done on the plaster walls of living rooms and dining rooms. In the less pretentious house it was generally confined to the kitchen and bathroom. Its use in these places was a very practical one as it saved the wall of a room in constant use from damage.

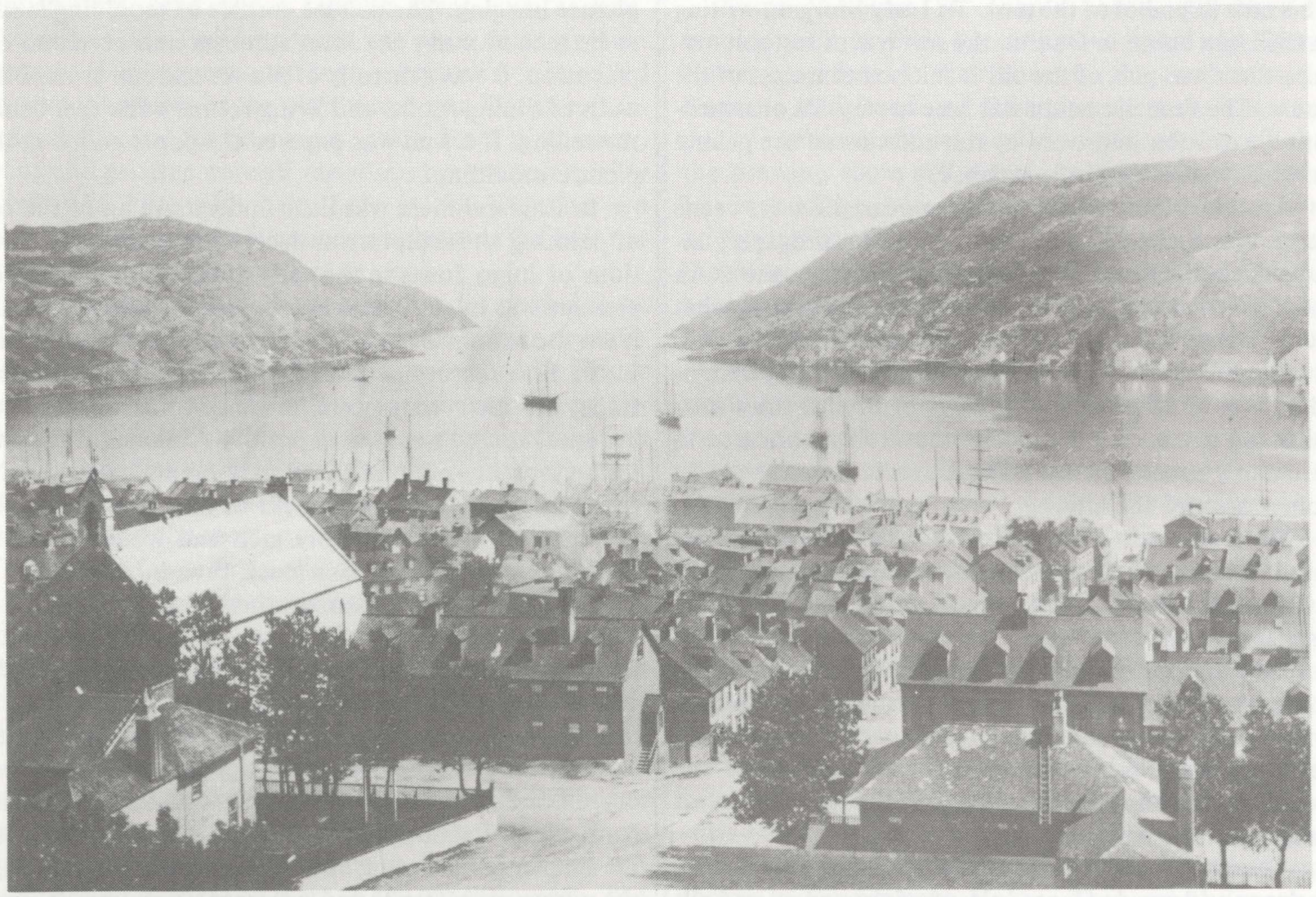
Kitchen wainscoting was of vertical tongue and groove boards that began above the baseboard and rose to a chair rail that ran around the wall approximately half a dozen inches above the sill or bottom frame of the window. A strip of cove moulding was used under the chair rail to hold the tongue and groove boards in place and add a touch of elegance. Once in place the wainscoting was usually painted with a gloss paint so that it was easily washed down with soap and water.

How quickly the fashion for window curtains caught on in Newfoundland is not recorded. We do know they were a novelty in France in the 1670s and 80s, with the earliest reference to them so far recorded in 1673. By 1700 the novelty had crossed over to England and early in the 18th century three types were known. Of these the simplest was the single draw curtain. It was hung in taped loops over a rod and was opened or closed by hand. When these curtains began appearing in pairs the cloth loop was suspended from a wooden ring slipped over the rod. By the middle of the 18th century the ring and rod had become metal and a draw cord was introduced running down the side of the window but not covered by the material. When the single curtain gave way to the use of pairs we do not know but that fashion also seems to have originated in France.

In rooms where there were large windows, brass pulley rods, and heavy hooks to hold up the rods, were installed and the drawstring gave way to silk cord with fine tassels that were decorative as well as functional. As the 18th century progressed the draw curtain lost popularity in the wealthier homes and was replaced by the festoon.



St. Bonaventure's College's north wing was erected by the St. John's firm of M. & E. Kennedy. Like other Victorian construction throughout the city it has fallen victim to modern renovation which saw the chapel turrets and the front portico removed. In the summer of 1988 a fine attempt was made to restore the remaining structure.



Victorian St. John's in the sunshine of a summer afternoon a few years before it was wiped out by the Great Fire of 1892. The high-pitched gable roof with dormers was very much in style among the middle class houses. After the fire the gable roof gave way to the Mansard even in humble houses.

A festoon was drawn up in two or three places at the same time and was bunched at the top of the window beneath a valance. The festoon, also called by some the Venetian Curtain, was drawn up perpendicularly on a series of cords to leave the greater part if not all the window visible.

The third type of curtain was the reefed curtain which was made with drawstrings set obliquely so that when the cord was pulled the pair of curtains was drawn up and apart to frame the window. Today the reefed curtain is generally found in theatres and halls rather than in private homes.

When these curtains came into vogue in the 18th century they were restricted to the great houses and the homes of the wealthy, but in the Victorian era they became commonplace.

In the early 1800s a new type of draw curtain known as the French draw curtain took over in popularity. French draw curtains were on rods. When the cord was drawn both curtains met in the centre at the same time. When the same cord was drawn the reverse way both curtains flew open. This is the method for pulling drapes in most homes to this day. The French refinement to the draw curtain was to add two pulleys at one end and a single one at the other, which combined with an arrangement of slightly overlapping plates enabled the pair of curtains to be operated by a single cord.

By the middle years of Victoria's reign the origin of the festoon curtain around state beds was forgotten and it became a symbol of the past. To Lady Morgan, writing in 1862 of a house in Dublin, the survival of festoon curtains there was part of the old-fashioned character of the house. The French curtain was here to stay. Its ornamentation was soon improved by the addition of the pelmet or what we now call the valance.

Around 1450 the poster bed appeared on the scene and it was enclosed by a valance, a piece of drapery attached lengthwise so as to hang in a vertical position. In the 1700s the word came to mean the elaborate swags that were pleated to hang over large windows. Around 1820 it was applied to a more modest board or drapery designed to hide the fittings and pulleys of French draw curtains and it was in this capacity that it first appeared in St. John's houses. Many examples survive to this day in homes around the city.

The well-made Victorian cloth valance depended on the skill of the cutter and considerable art and ingenuity was needed to make them hang naturally and with ease. Frequently modern ones have a sleek and over-symmetrical look that does not suggest the drape of fabric at all. A simple Victorian drapery usually consisted of one or more swags with tails to go at each end, and each part was made separately. Sometimes the join of the swags was ornamented by a "bell", that is a box pleat hanging down between them.

As with the pull curtain, again it was the French who gave us the draped valance instead of the carved and gilt pelmet cornice of the mansion that could not be adapted to the scaled-down Victorian house. To French eyes a pelmet cornice seemed heavy so there developed in the early years of the 19th century in France a fashion for breaking it up with swags of drapery leaving only sections of the cornice or pole exposed. The idea soon crossed the Channel to England and the ocean to America. The word cornice for the wooden ornamental projection inside which curtains were hung dates back to around 1670.

The history of the window blind is as old as that of drapery or fine upholstery, for the destructive quality of light was quickly realized. The first form of a blind which appeared in the early 1700s was called an "umbrello", and probably ballooned down over a window opening. By the third quarter of that century the Venetian blind or Venetian shades, as they were also called, began to appear. At first they were merely festoon curtains cut in slats of fabric. Some unfolded like a concertina and were of solid fabric. They soon were manufactured from wooden slats. Several firms in St. John's made and sold their own Venetian blinds.

Their popularity was eclipsed, however, by the spring blind. This invention is first mentioned in correspondence dated 1752. The spring blind did not catch on at first and it was not until late in the following century that it became commonplace. In fact it seems to have become the fashion in America before becoming popular in England. Newfoundland at the time undoubtedly aped English rather than American fashions.

A few comments are in order regarding pictures and picture hanging. The picture cornice or moulding is still to be seen in many St. John's houses and needs no explanation. It was generally of plaster and ran around the walls of dining rooms and living rooms a few feet below the ceiling. If a wall was papered the paper ended at the picture moulding.

In England there was little understanding of the use of painting and sculpture as decoration until the innovations of Inigo Jones in the early 1600s. The first use of pictures was in galleries where it was thought one could learn the lessons of history from studying the portraits. In the 17th century people liked the idea of sets of portraits, whether they were of ancestors, notables or beauties, as they were a very positive reminder of the past to the present, and one could walk up and down studying them on days too inclement to take exercise out of doors in an age when many men and women were illiterate and unable to pass much time in reading.

Until the 1700s pictures other than portraits were regarded as curiosities to be admired for their ingenuity, their accuracy of detail and their ability to deceive the eye. During the 18th century they began to appear in drawing rooms and dining rooms so high as to often override the mouldings. They were tipped forward so they could be admired from below. This fashion led to the introduction of a mirror over the mantle to reflect light on the smaller picture hung above. During the Victorian age the mirror grew in size and ornamentation until it eventually covered the whole of the wall above the mantle . . . a fashion seen in the many modern 20th century houses.

Often the mirror was hung in a heavy gilt frame. Other times a gilt frame border held it flat against the wall.

As the Victorians moved their painting down to eye level hanging cords suspended the picture from the moulding. It was not until the 20th century that it became the fashion to hang a picture from a hook nailed into the wall behind the picture. The contents of a Victorian painting were related to their concept of a picture as a kind of moral lesson. The result was usually the depressing mediocrity of cheap sentiment. Blobs of naked cherubs garlanded chaste virgins with laurel and vines on drawing room walls while the owners of those walls were often off somewhere ravishing ex-virgins. Such was the duplicity of Victorian morality.

One of the most important arts in Victorian St. John's homes was that of the plasterer. Plasterwork is anonymous stuff, rarely signed and few plasterers' names are known to us even in a place as small as Newfoundland. The best kind of plaster was and is obtained from burning gypsum, the natural mineral form of calcium sulphate and one of the major sources for this product in Canada today is the gypsum plant in Corner Brook. It is found in most countries, but the large deposits under Montmartre became the best known, and gypsum from there, sent to England as early as the 13th century, became known as "plaster of Paris." The most widely used form of plaster was however composed of lime (Calcium oxide).

The usual kind of plasterwork in St. John's was of slaked lime, sand and a binding agent such as hair. Sometimes the finishing coat was in a finer gypsum plaster. If hair seems a strange substance it was added to give toughness to the plaster and usually came from cows, bulls, and for finer work, goats. Brick dust, straw, dung and gelatine were all variations but the best quality work was done with hair. Late in the Victorian era sawdust was sometimes used as a substitute for hair but the resulting plaster was not as good.

For lime plaster sand was added and it needed to be sharp, gritty and free from any organic matter or staining agents. In this way body was given to the soft plaster and if the sand was good a uniform shrinkage during setting took place. If salt was present, a common problem in Newfoundland where sea sand was sometimes used, efflorescence — the white, frothy blotches on plaster — appeared and the mortar was liable to retain moisture. To avoid this in a damp climate such as ours plasterers liked to work in a warm atmosphere and charcoal pots or salamanders were used not only to heat the rooms but to bake the plasterwork. This practice led to the deaths of two people in St. John's two years before Victoria celebrated her Golden Jubilee.

The 24 February 1895 plasterers who had been redecorating the living quarters upstairs over P. Jordan and Sons, a provisions store on Water Street (about where the Kitchen Queen China Shop is located today) left salamanders burning all night to dry out their work. The smoke from these iron pots suffocated the brothers William and Andrew Jordan during the night as they slept. They were the Sons of P. Jordan & Sons. They were brothers of Bride Jordan, a noted St. John's theatrical director and actress.

In the 19th century houses laths, narrow flat strips of wood about an inch or inch and a half wide were used as a backing for plasterwork. They were generally set a short distance apart and thoroughly wetted with clean water several hours before the plaster was applied. In the 1840s in England a man named Johnson introduced a fireproof wire lathing which gained rapid popularity and towards the end of the century in St. John's expanded metal lathing was not uncommon. It often took the form of mesh such as chicken wire.

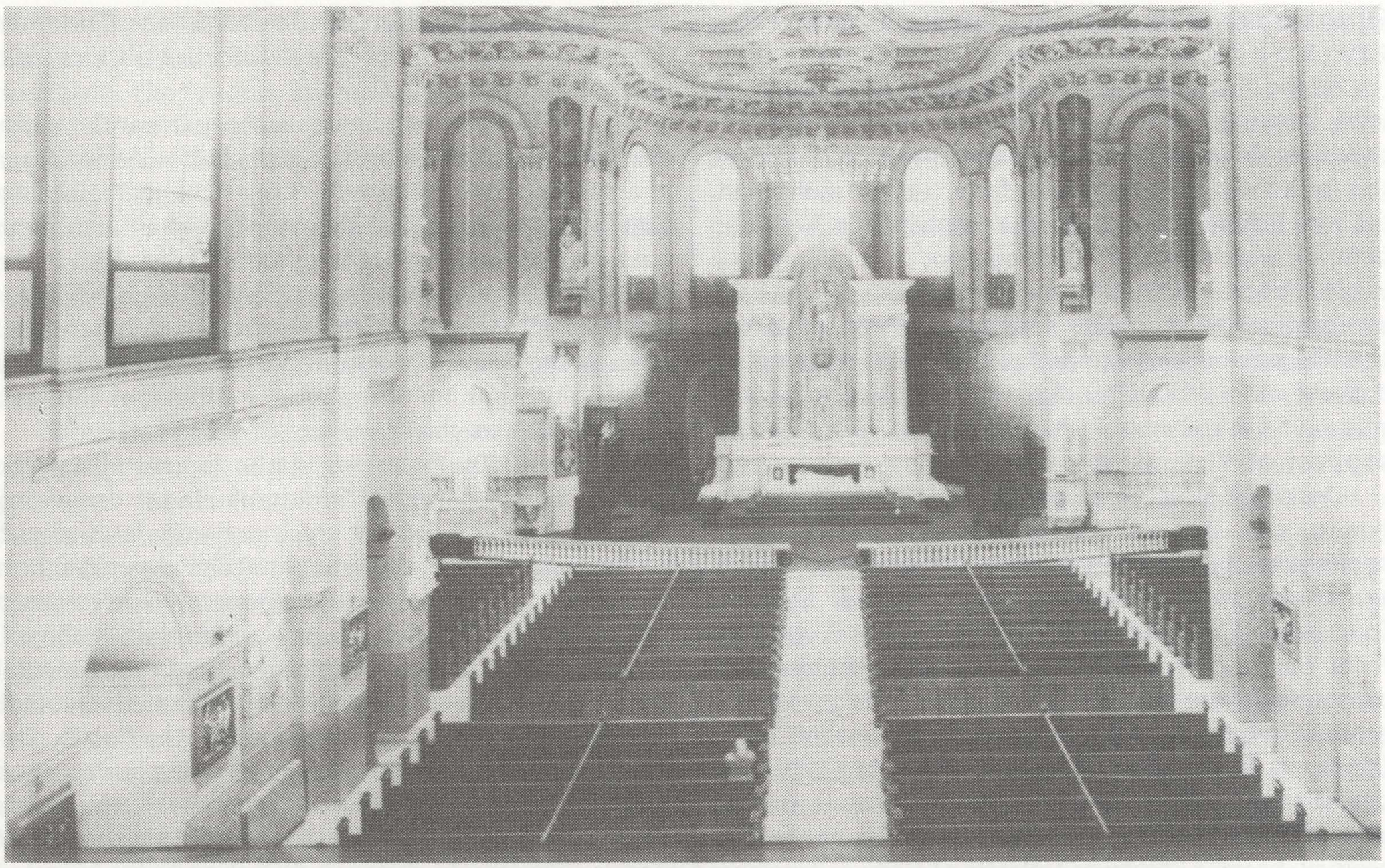
In the 1860s fireproof plaster appeared on the market. This superseded the use of plaster containing lime and hair and did not crack or swell. It dried and hardened rapidly and could be painted or papered almost at once. By the 1880s fireproof plasters were in common use in Newfoundland.

Plaster was applied by means of an ornamental moulding. Carpenters and blacksmiths sometimes made moulds but generally plasterers made their own. Ornamental mouldings were made by reversing carved wood moulds. Some plaster which was semi-hard was beaten into the mould which had first been dusted with powdered marble. The mould designed to last and give repeated good impressions was often made of boxwood but various close-grained hardwoods as well as iron, plaster, wax and gelatine were also used.

Some Victorian St. John's houses still have the moulds used in their construction. John and Brenda Carter have them in their home on the north corner of Rennie's Mill Road and Riverview Avenue. They were put to use in recent years when a part of the ceiling in the drawing room fell down. Several years ago when Lewis and Olga Ayre added an extension to their home on the corner of Forest Avenue and Kings Bridge Road, they were able to recreate a center ceiling rosette for the hanging light to match the rosettes in the other rooms because the moulds were found to be still in the house.

The most spectacular example of Victorian plasterwork in St. John's is not in a private home but in the Roman Catholic Basilica. There a truly magnificent unsupported plaster ceiling had stood for over a century. During the centennial celebrations of the consecration of the church the Rambusch Decorating Company of New York was let loose on the ceiling with disastrous results. Chandeliers were stripped from the huge rosettes leaving them functionless and the cornice, brackets, ceiling etc. were subjected to an onslaught of colour, gilt and stencilling that overwhelms both the building and the worshipper.

Plastering was an art but the work of painting plaster was also an art. Among the most admired examples of such a talent in St. John's are the frescoes on the ceilings of the two chambers of the Colonial Building and some rooms at Government House. They are the work of Polish-born, Alexander Pindikowsky, a talented 42 year-old painter who was brought to Newfoundland by the



What is perhaps the finest example of the art of the plasterer in Newfoundland may be seen in the Basilica of St. John the Baptist. This Romanesque structure underwent extensive interior redecoration in 1955 when the building was 100 years old, but, except for painting, the plaster work was untouched.

This row of elegant post-1892 houses on the north side of Gower Street still illustrates the profound influence of the Southcott's introduction of the Mansard roof to St. John's. While the fronts of some of these structures have been ruined by modern renovations the area is presently undergoing sensitive restoration.

Anglo-American Telegraph Company to teach art to the bored wives of company employees in Heart's Content.

10 March 1880, on a visit to St. John's, Pindikowsky, who was in financial difficulties, tried to cash two cheques at the Commercial Bank forged in the name of the cable company superintendent in Heart's Content, Ezra Weedon. One was for 250 pounds and the other which he took to a drugstore, was for 65 pounds. A suspicious bank employee wired Weedon who telegraphed back a denial that he had issued the cheques. That evening the painter was arrested in the Temperance Coffee House.

When he finally came to trial on June 8 Pindikowsky was convicted and given a 15-month sentence with a warning to leave the country within five days of his release. While in prison the Pole's talents as a fresco painter were discovered. He was assigned the task of painting the ceilings in Government House and afterwards in the Colonial Building in exchange for a reduction in his sentence. When the work was completed Pindikowsky was given a remission of five weeks. Allowed to remain in the colony he painted other walls and ceilings in St. John's before leaving the country and disappearing forever.

Stained glass is unique among the arts of the world because of the relationship that exists between glass and light. We see colour on a surface through the reflection of light; the colour we see in a stained-glass window is from the light refracted through it. The colours of glass are deadened by reflected light, and when darkness falls a stained-glass window cannot be brought to life.

Many of the houses built in St. John's before, and more especially after the 1892 fire were decorated with stained glass, usually a transom over the front door or the window in a vestibule or on a stair landing. For centuries stained glass had only a spiritual role and rarely appeared in the windows of private homes no matter how pretentious the house. It was not until Art Nouveau flashed like a meteor through Europe and America at the end of the last century, only to burn itself out in twenty years, that stained glass was applied to common domestic use. In England in 1883 the architect Arthur Mackmurdo heralded the new style. The Willow Tearooms which he designed in Glasgow that year with stained glass Art-Nouveau doors soon became the rage of two continents. Within a few years stained glass was an integral part of interior decoration.

The movement had no name until Samuel Bing opened a shop in Paris in 1896 called "L'Art Nouveau" in which he sold stained glass. Among those who sometimes worked for Bing was an American named Louis Comfort Tiffany who declined to enter his father's jewellery firm in New York because it was tainted with commercialism. He chose instead to study art and proclaimed his faith in creating beauty for the masses. He became the darling of wealthy followers of fashion. Early in the 1880s his firm was the most prestigious among interior decorators in New York and in 1882 he was invited to redecorate the White House.

In 1878 Tiffany had established a glass workshop and by 1889 he had gained an international reputation, not just for his windows but also for the Tiffany lamp which is today back in vogue. Like Art Nouveau Tiffany himself went quickly out of fashion and when he died in 1933 he was almost forgotten. It was 20 years later before his true worth was recognized.

The late Victorian houses in St. John's still feature windows of tulips, poppies, grapes, corn and snow-laded boughs representing the seasons. Look around and you will be amazed at the domestic use of stained glass in the city from the leaded panes of the mansions on Circular and Rennie's Mill Roads to the etched ruby and blue glass set in simple wooden frames in more humble houses.

To fully appreciate the 19th century St. John's house in its own environment, as a distinctly dynamic expression of its time, we should also know something of the local craftsmen who designed, built and decorated these structures which have become so identified with the city.

First and perhaps most important of all were the Southcotts. While others built more impressive houses their introduction of the Mansard roof was to influence St. John's housing construction to this day. James and John Southcott came to Newfoundland from Devon, England. They began making a name for themselves in the colony when they were hired by the cable company in Heart's Content to construct houses for the company employees. It was here the Mansard roof was introduced by the Southcotts in Newfoundland.

Francois Mansard, 1598-1666, was a French architect whose fine classical designs are said to have influenced Wren in his designs for St. Paul's Cathedral. His pupil and grandnephew, Jules Mansard, designed the Grand Trianon (Versailles), Place Vendome (Paris), and Dome des Invalides. The family name became applied to concave-curved roofs, often with dormer windows. Houses in Newfoundland with this type of roof are usually referred to as International Second Empire. A fine example of this style of Southcott building is Park Place, Rennie's Mill Road.

Much has been written about the Southcott family. John's daughter, Mary, made a name for herself as matron of the General Hospital for many years. Southcott Hall is named for her. Besides the Southcott Brothers there were other important builders and artisans who worked at creating the residential areas of Victorian St. John's which are so admired today.

The Davey brothers descended from William Davey who was born in Barnstable, Devonshire, in 1783. He served his full apprenticeship at the carpentering and joining profession in England before coming to Newfoundland in 1808 and settling at Coley's Point. He later moved to St. John's where he began contracting with his son Edward Davey. They soon became the leading builders in the city erecting both Bishop Feild and Bishop Spencer colleges. Davey Brothers, however, were Edward and George Davey, sons of Edward Davey, born in St. John's. Under the direction of their father they acquired a thorough mastery of the carpentering trade and entered into a business partnership in 1879. On the death of their father in 1884 Edward assumed control of the business.

Another son, also a contractor and appraiser, was the Hon. John Davey, a member of the Legislative Council, born in 1865. His son George, worked with his father's firm for twelve years, until 1923, when he went into the carpentry and masonry business for himself as George Davey & Co. Among the many impressive private homes the Davey family constructed in the city is the former home of the Chief of Police at Fort Townshend, the residence of the Chief of Staff at Waterford Hospital, and their own dwelling on the east corner of Gower and Wood Streets.

The senior member of M & E Kennedy, Contractors and Builders, was Edward J. Kennedy. The son of John Kennedy he was born at St. John's in 1862. He served an apprenticeship in building and construction with his father, upon whose death, in 1892, he formed a partnership with his brother, M. J. Kennedy. The brother died leaving him in charge of the firm. The importance of Edward Kennedy as a builder in St. John's has been greatly underrated. Among the places erected by his firm was St. Bonaventure's College north wing, the Standard Manufacturing Co. factories still in use on Water Street East, the King Edward Nurses Home at the old General Hospital, the Newfoundland Clothing Factory on Duckworth Street, which until recently housed the Evening Telegram, the Peter O'Mara Drug Store on Water Street West now a museum of pharmacy, and George Knowling's department store (later Ayre's), torn down to make room for Atlantic Place.

Among the many private residences constructed by M. & E. Kennedy, still to be admired, is *Kedra,* afterwards *Canada House,* built for the Hon. J. D. Ryan, on the northeast corner of Circular and Carpasian Roads, the presbytery for St. Joseph's Church in Hoylestown, and the residence of newspaper editor, J. J. Furneaux (grandfather of Jane Crosbie), at 36 Monkstown Road, now occupied by Stratford Canning.

We presently know little or nothing of a personal nature about Pidgeon & Murphy, although their firm was responsible for some of the finest buildings and private homes in turn-of-the-century St. John's. Pidgeon came to the city from Canada in the construction boom after the 1892 fire and formed a partnership with Murphy, a native of the city. They built many structures throughout St. John's, such as the old St. Joseph's Church, still standing but no longer used as a church, and private residences, including T.S. Clift's, 65 LeMarchant Road. Perhaps their most important construction was the Italianate residence for the Roman Catholic archbishop, adjoining the Basilica, erected when fire destroyed the old Palace in 1921.

Edward Albert Thomas, born in 1833, founded a small contracting firm in St. John's which operated under his name from offices on Barnes Road. When his sons Henry James and James Harvey took over the operation in the 1890s it became Thomas Brothers and established a name as one of the foremost constructing companies in Newfoundland. Cabot Tower, on Signal Hill, stands today as a monument to their building skills. It is perhaps the most widely known Newfoundland landmark across Canada.

When James left the partnership in 1932 to become City Appraiser, Henry J. was joined by his son Eugene, who had been a bridge builder with the government. The firm then operated under the name Henry J. Thomas & Son, which it uses today. Following the 1892 fire Thomas Brothers erected the Board of Trade Building on Water Street along with other important structures. A number of Victorian houses around the city were also constructed by Thomas Brothers.

The last of the well-known Victorian builders in St. John's to be dealt with here is William J. Ellis, born in the city in 1859. He apprenticed at the mason's trade, and in 1882 commenced a building partnership with his brother John. After the fire of 1892 his services were in great demand and among the many structures he erected was the King George V Institute built for Sir Wilfred Grenfell on Water Street. A member of both the St. John's City Council and the House of Assembly, he was elected Mayor of the city in 1910, and served a four-year term. Several prominent Victorian houses in St. John's are credited to the building talents of William Ellis. Perhaps his most important edifice from a popular point of view was the Total Abstinence and Benefit Society headquarters on Duckworth Street which housed, on the top floor, the famed Casino Theatre, afterwards the Capital movie house, destroyed by fire in 1946.

The houses of Victorian St. John's were places in which design yielded to display. Like nature, the Victorians abhorred a vacuum and every inch of available space was decorated as outlined in this article, adorned with stuffed birds and animals, preposterous furniture, and endless bric-a-brac. The Great Fire of 1892 destroyed many of these houses but enough remain for us to enjoy a serendipitous walk today along the streets of the old city.

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Spruce Partridge

by

R. K. Osmond

"You kill it, you eat it."

God knows, this is one code of behavior which, if sufficiently enforced, would serve as a very powerful deterrent to violence and killing.

Having been raised in a household where the biggest threat to wildlife was my oft-neglected fishing rod, my primitive hunting instincts found their greatest relief during aggressive games of hide-and-seek. And during my adolescent years, when many of my friends spent their spare time bagging small game, I spent mine bagging groceries for cantankerous old ladies in the local supermarket. Consequently, I was little prepared for the outdoor life of Labrador.

I accepted a position as English teacher in Makkovik my first year out of university — partly out of desperation, and partly because the romantic in me heard the call of Big Adventure. You know: toughing it out in a one-room cabin, living off the land — the stuff of which legends are made. After all, I reasoned, I knew how to ride a snowmobile, and I had finally learned to shoot (a .22 rifle, at a paper, stationary target, on an indoor range, while lying flat on the floor . . .).

Makkovik was not exactly as my romantic, adventuresome mind had pictured it. For instance, it had roads (until the snow covered them), several stores; houses, as opposed to cabins (mine had two stories and four bedrooms) . . . in general, it shot my whole heroes-of-the-North image right to hell. True, living there had its difficulties, it was not the same as living on even the fringes of mainstream North America. But it certainly wasn't . . . *romantic*. All the same, I remained undaunted. My Big Adventure was out there somewhere; of that I was certain.

My first real opportunity came the weekend of the first good snowfall. Killy, a friend of mine from the community, asked me if I'd like to go hunting spruce partridge with him. I happily said yes, borrowed a .22 from Kit, the school principal, and followed Killy on snowmobile to Ranger Bight Pond. We spent two hours traipsing about the woods on snowshoes, during which time Killy shot three of the defoliating beasties. I never even loaded my gun.

But the next weekend showed promise. Again it was fine, and not too cold. More snow had fallen, and Killy decided there was now enough snow to head for prime partridge territory. We would hunt, he said, as soon as he'd cut a load of wood. So we loaded the snowshoes and chainsaw aboard the komatik, grabbed the guns (I borrowed Kit's again) and headed out.

The trail was long, and easily the roughest I'd ever ridden. Busting broncos would have been as easy. But after an hour of rattling our bones like windchimes in a gale, we came to the clearing where Killy was to cut his wood. I stopped my machine, dismounted, unslung my rifle . . . and nearly died from shock.

My rifle — the rifle I had borrowed from the school principal — no longer had a bolt. How could this be? It had had one when we left Makkovik. We concluded the rough trail must have shaken it loose. So while Killy cut his wood, I returned slowly, and with heavy heart, to Makkovik, in search of the lost bolt.

(I had no luck; the bolt had vanished. I had only one consoling thought on the journey back to the clearing: At least Kit couldn't shoot me.)

By the time I returned, Killy had his load of wood, so we left the komatik there and went further inland, where Killy was sure we'd find partridge. Several times we stopped, strapped on our snowshoes, and went into the forest. It made no difference that we had only one rifle between us — we found nothing to shoot anyway.

Finally, we made what Killy promised would be our last stop before heading home. This was welcome news to me, for by this time I was extremely hot and tired, and the steam from my breath was freezing onto my glasses, making it extremely difficult to see where I was going. Strapping on my snowshoes one more time, I stumbled blindly on after him.

And into him. For Killy had stopped and was now pointing to a spot in one of the nearby trees. "Partridge!"

"Can you see it?" he asked. I squinted, trying to see through my severely frosted glasses. Through my left lens, I saw only ice crystals. Through my right lens, however, I could see something in the tree.

Killy handed me his rifle. "Here, you shoot it," he smiled. It was a nice gesture; only problem was, being left-handed, my left eye is my shooting eye — and that was the side I couldn't see out of. Killy suggested I take off my glasses. I knew better. Without my glasses I wouldn't be able to see well enough to shoot myself, let alone a bird in a tree.

I tried to scrape the ice off with my fingernail. It didn't work; the ice was too thick and too hard. I tried to melt the ice with my breath. My breath froze on as well. But I was determined to get that bird. Desperate, I tried one more thing. I put my glasses on, raised the rifle, tipped my head to one side, and tried to aim with my right eye. I missed.

Unfortunately for my ego, spruce partridge are incredibly stupid birds; this one sat complacently on the branch as Killy reloaded, aimed, and shot it out of the tree. Picking up the bird, Killy informed me the partridge was a cock — which meant there would probably be two

hens in the vicinity. My spirits rose somewhat, hearing this: perhaps I would get a chance to partially repair my damaged ego. I trudged along behind Killy as he searched the area. My glasses were cupped in my palms now, the ice slowly melting. I was praying hard that I would be able to see soon.

No such luck. Killy spots the first hen, and hands me the gun. Rifle up, head tilted, wrong eye — missed! Killy reloaded, shot, and the bird dropped at our feet. "One more", he said.

My pride was severely damaged by this point: first I lose Kit's gun bolt, and now I have succeeded in missing *two* partridge at point-blank range! I just *had* to get the last one.

I stumbled along blindly, warming, scraping, and wiping my glasses. At last they were clear enough to see through. I put them on, looked up . . . and there was the last partridge.

"Killy, give me the rifle!"

I raised the gun. I sighted with my left eye. This was all too easy; I was sure I was going to miss again. My arm shook with nervousness. Then I was back on the rifle range: "Breathe in, aim, exhale slowly, hold, re-aim, squeeze . . ." The bird fell from the tree.

Oh happy day! My first partridge! I was beaming with pride all the way back to the snowmobiles; smiling broadly as Killy and I tied MY bird between my snowshoes and lashed the snowshoes to the back of my machine; happy as could be as we rode the rough trail back to Killy's komatik.

I was still smiling when Killy looked over at me and asked "Where's your partridge?" For the second time that day, the bottom dropped right out of my world.

It is still a mystery as to how a dead bird, tied to a pair of snowshoes, could manage to escape. Being dead, it didn't get very far, though; I found it a little way back up the trail.

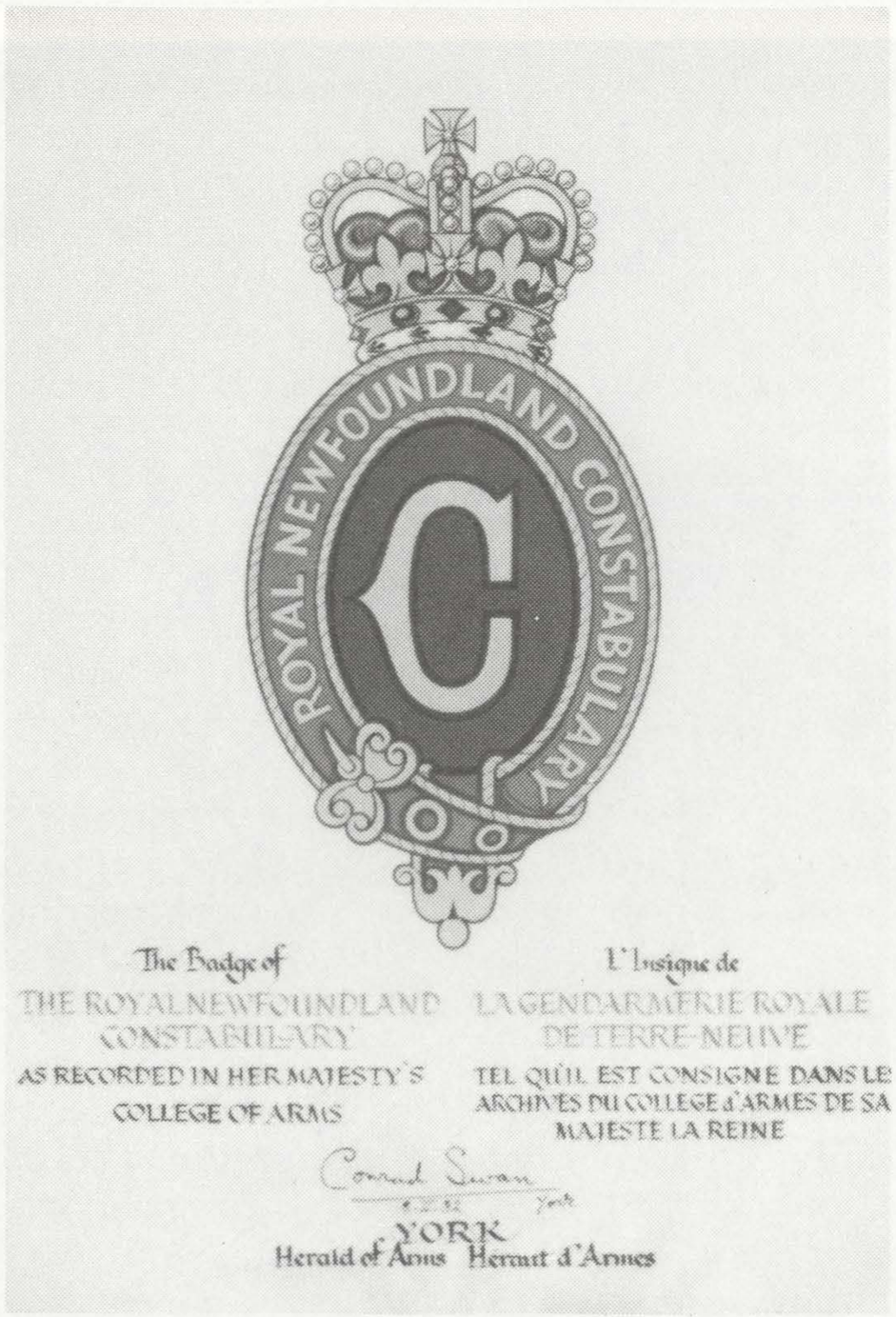
We had no more incidents on the way home.

I remember thinking, as I plucked and cleaned the hen, that this was going to be one expensive partridge dinner. "Well," I figured philosophically, "at least it will make my first taste of spruce partridge that much more memorable."

Did it ever! Sitting down to supper that evening, the plump partridge steaming on the plate before me, I reached out, cut off a leg, sank my teeth into the tender flesh, and allowed my taste buds to savor the taste of . . . TREES! The damned bird tasted like SPRUCE TREES! I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

I gave the bird away, of course. I couldn't stand the idea of just throwing it away, after all it had cost me. But from now on, I shall stick to target shooting. At least that way, I'll only have to swallow my pride.

Photography by K. Bruce Lane



The Royal Newfoundland Constabulary

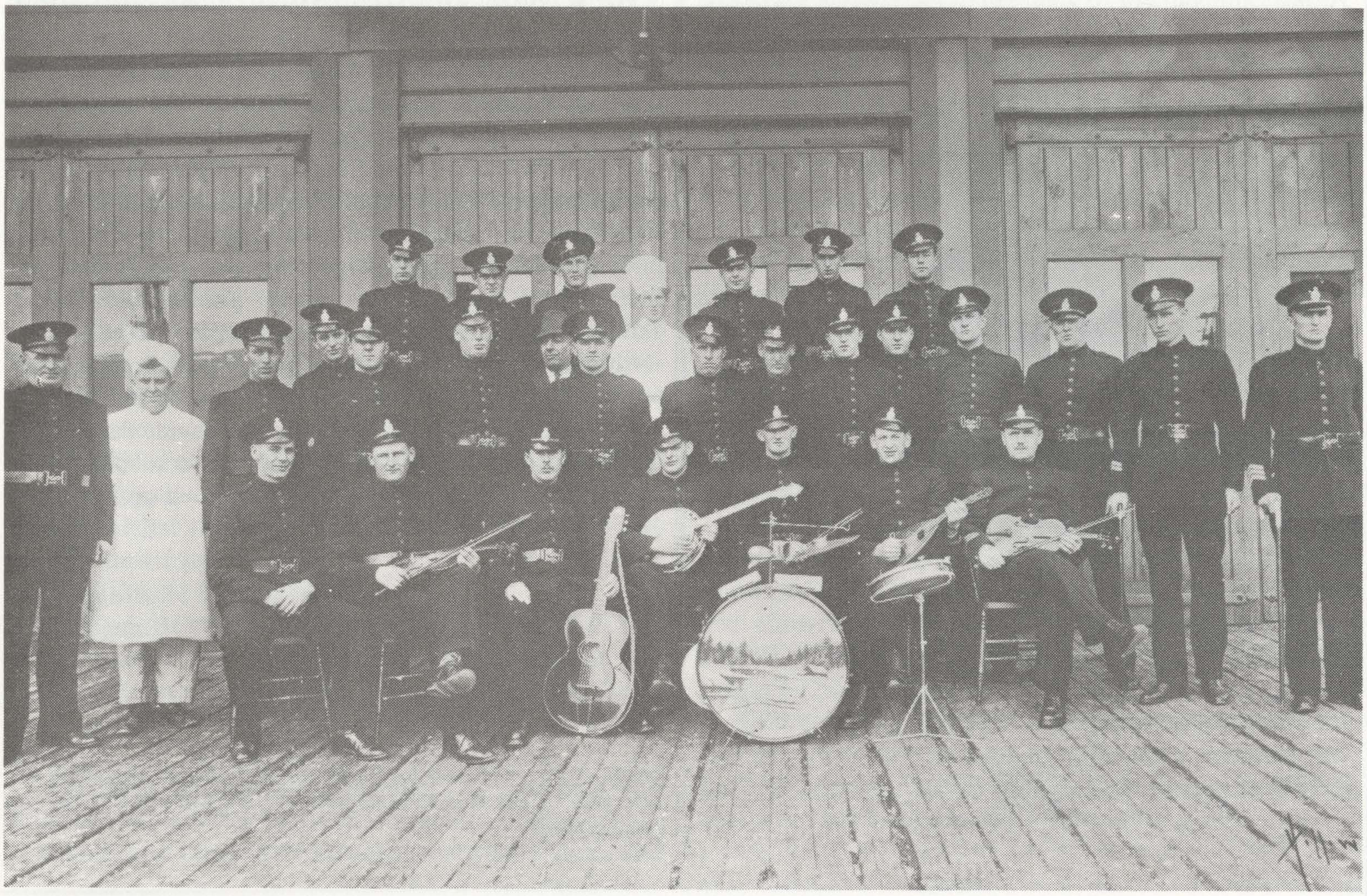
The Royal Newfoundland Constabulary was reorganized in 1871 and since that time has maintained a proud tradition of law enforcement in Newfoundland and Labrador. We have recently begun the task of researching and fully documenting the history of the force together with collecting and cataloguing artifacts and photographs. Our goal is to establish a police museum that will be open to the general public at our Fort Townshend headquarters in St. John's.

It is with great pleasure that we offer a selection from our photographic collection for publication in the *Newfoundland Quarterly*. If anyone can provide further information on these photographs or can offer any assistance in our project, it would be most appreciated.

E. J. Coady
Chief
Royal Newfoundland
Constabulary

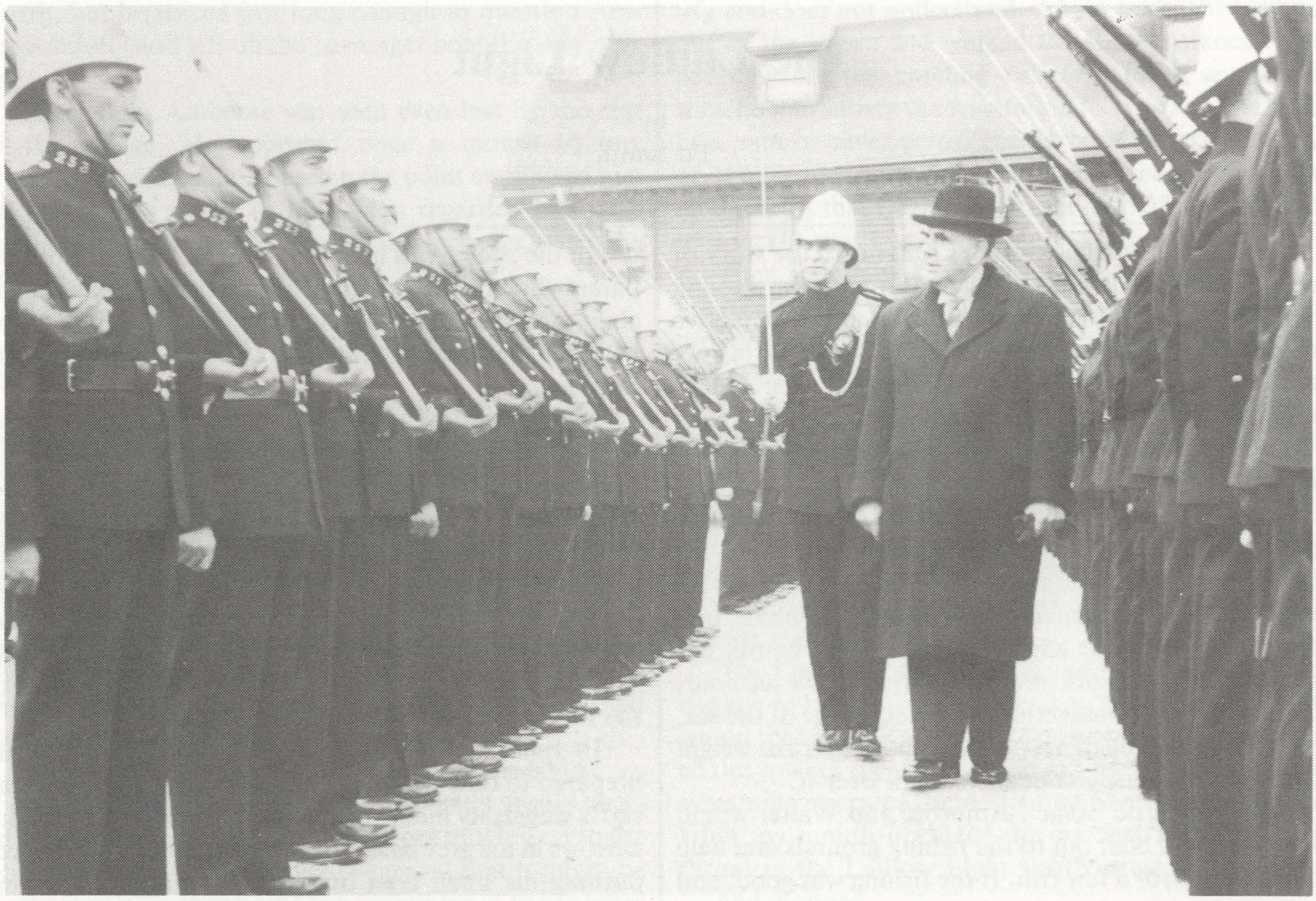
Other RNC photographs appearing throughout this issue are also part of the musem collection and appear courtesy of the Constabulary.

On parade, c. 1952



East End Division Constabulary Band, 1935

Constabulary Guard of Honour



Constabulary under inspection

On parade at Fort Townshend

The Ludlow Light

by
Ed Smith

I was just a small boy when I first heard the story of Jenny Ludlow. The facts as related to me by my young friends were no doubt richly embellished by overactive imaginations, and each time I heard the story during my youth it seemed as though something had been added, or taken away. Thus, what really happened to Jenny Ludlow is still very much a mystery. What happened to me will be starkly clear to the last moment of my life.

Jenny had been a pretty little girl of sixteen when she and Walter Ludlow made their reluctant way down the aisle. She had gone, then, to live with Walter and his father, Ambrose, in the old, tall house on the point, perched on the rocks like a lost fowl. Below the house, jutting out from the shore into the narrows of the harbour, was the tiny wharf, shivering with every surge of the sea, and looking as though it would collapse under the weight of anyone foolhardy enough to walk over it.

From this little 'stage', Ambrose and Walter would row their small boat out to the fishing grounds and help with the traps for a few fish. If the fishing was good, and the larger boats could not take all the catch, the Ludlows would get what was left. When the trap season was over, they jigged cod around the rocks and the shoals, often in vain. At the best of times the living was meager and the work hard. When the fish were scarce the work was harder and the living barely an existence.

Ambrose Ludlow was not well known to the people who were his neighbours, despite the fact that he had lived among them all his life. He was a slight, bowed, sharp-eyed man who rarely smiled and spoke only in monosyllables. Rumour had it that he was a hard father to his son, whose mother had died bearing him. It was well known that he hated children who in turn feared him. Women he ignored almost completely.

Jenny and Walter were married in late March, the long and hungry month when winter has not made up its mind to leave, nor spring to appear. Ambrose was not at the church and there was no reception. The only honeymoon was the long walk around the harbour and out to the lonely house on the point to a bed where there were no secrets.

A month later, almost to the day, Walter Ludlow plummeted to his death from the damp cliffs outside the point to the deep waters a hundred feet below. Perhaps because of the heavy Arctic drift ice in the area at the time, his body was never recovered. The tragedy occupied the community tongues for weeks, but only a few wondered briefly why Walter's gun was found carefully lodged against a boulder, high up on the cliff, and fully loaded.

Jenny remained in the house on the point. Whether or not the choice was hers will never be known. Both her parents had died from diphtheria when she was a small child, and the aunt who had raised her had gone to live with her son-in-law. Jenny was now almost five months pregnant.

People saw less and less of Jenny and Ambrose after Walter's death. On the rare occasions that the old man came to the store for supplies, it was noticed that his eyes were heavy and his manner more impatient than ever. He spoke only when spoken to. Sometimes, Jenny could be seen standing on the edge of the cliffs above the house, her swollen body outlined against the low clouds and her dark hair lifted by the salt winds off the sea. She would stand there until the villagers wearied of watching her or the mist enclosed her in its shroud.

In June, the fishermen put out their nets and again prepared to do battle with the sea. When the heavy trap skiffs sluggishly made their way out through the harbour narrows in the grey dawn, Ambrose Ludlow could be seen pushing his small boat off from his stage and rowing slowly after them. And always, sitting in the stern, would be his daughter-in-law, Jenny. Whenever old Ambrose went to sea, she was with him. If it rained or blew hard, she was wrapped in oilskins, huddled in the stern. If there were fish, she could be seen lifting heavy buckets of water up to the wharf, or forking cod out of the boat up onto the stage.

Ugly rumours began to circulate to the effect that Ambrose kept Jenny a virtual prisoner, never letting her out of his sight. No one seemed to know why he did this, but young people would often report that they heard crying coming from the house late at night, and the old people would simply shake their heads and say nothing. There was no policeman or law of any kind. Even the clergyman came only once a year, in the fall. So everyone minded his own business and Jenny Ludlow was left to whatever the fates had in store for her.

Late in August, Ambrose and Jenny rowed out one chilly, foggy morning as they had done so often before. There was no wind that day and the mist hugged the land as though loath to reveal what lay on the ocean. About midday, the little boat rounded the point, emerging out of the fog like a weasel from its cover. The familiar huddled figure of Jenny was no longer in the stern.

There were men waiting on the stage when Ambrose rowed in. He told them that Jenny had leaned too far over the boat and fallen into the water. He had held on to her for some time, he said, but she had been too heavy to haul back into the boat and finally exhaustion had compelled him to let her go. Jenny and the child she was bearing had slipped beneath the glassy surface of the sea.

A Ranger was called in from the larger centre of Cape North, but he stayed just long enough to question Ambrose briefly and left on the passenger boat the very next day.

After that, Ambrose was seen even less by the rest of the village. He appeared once a month to buy groceries, and then the house on the point swallowed him up again. Few spoke to him. Men regarded him with hostile eyes and women turned their backs when he approached.

Jenny's body was never recovered.

It was shortly after her death that the Light first appeared.

On nights when the moon and tides were full, and the sea was calm, it was said that a strange light would wander into the harbour from the sea outside. Through the narrows it would come, staying close to the rocks along the shore and wandering slowly around the coves until it found its way back to the open sea once more.

Several people reported seeing the Light. Not all of them were very young or very old. Some were hardened fishermen without any other knowledge of fear, and even they spoke hesitantly about the strange thing they had seen moving over the face of the water.

Some said that it gave off a high-pitched hum, as though it were electric. Others claimed that it always paused off Ambrose Ludlow's stage before moving on to the open sea. The school teacher suggested that it might be a school of phosphorescent fish swimming in to the rocks to feed, but few paid any attention to anything that foolish. One thing was sure: those who saw the Light ran first and looked back only from a safe distance. Gradually, it became known as the Ludlow Light because of its reported interest in the Ludlow premises. Whether or not old Ambrose ever saw it on its searching journeys around the harbour is unknown.

The Ludlow Light was an institution when I was a boy. It was at once the terror and the pride of the village. Those who had seen it were regarded as something special and were required to repeat what they had heard and seen over and over again. Many a storyteller enthralled his listeners with real or imagined encounters with the Light. Of course, there were those who passed the whole thing off as silly superstition. My parents were of that school of thought and warned me repeatedly not to be influenced by any such foolishness.

Still, I believed in the Ludlow Light, although I had never seen it. It was as real to me as the city of St. John's which I had never seen, either. The Light was part of my existence, like ponds and trees and school books. Having never seen it, I was more or less content to let things stay that way, although I felt a twinge of envy for those of my friends who swore they had. And then, on an August night when I was just fifteen, the Ludlow Light and I came face to face.

It was one of those nights when the moon reaches out with its light and claims the earth and the sky and the water as its own. The sea was calm and the tides full. It was the kind of night that fills an adolescent's heart and mind with a restlessness and longing that he cannot identify and does not understand. About midnight I slipped out of the house and walked the short distance to the beach where the swelling fullness of the sea seemed somehow to satisfy the frustration in my soul. The moon lit a path of silver across the harbour waters, and I sat on the bottom of an overturned boat and wished with all my heart that I could walk that path of moonlight into a world that was never less beautiful than this.

Then suddenly, I saw the Light.

Already well within the harbour, it was making its way around the little coves and beaches, a soft, bluish haze that was neither on the sea nor in it. It gave no light at all, yet seemed to pulsate with its own contained radiance. It seemed about my size, but had no discernable shape or parameter. All this I saw in the first moment of gathering terror. My impulse was to run, to scramble madly over the rocks and get as far away from the water as possible. But I could not move. Something held me rooted to the boat, and I could only wait, paralyzed with fear, for the thing to reach me.

The Light was drawing ever nearer. Now it was close enough to hear, as well as see. A strange, almost human sound that seemed to come from a great distance reached out toward me, and I could not have moved if all the screaming sirens of the deeps had been coming for me. I felt my mouth open for the cry that gathered in my throat as the Ludlow Light slowly drew abreast of me — and stopped.

The scream never came. The fear that had threatened to engulf me died before an emotion that swept me up and reached down deep inside of me to the secret places where even I had never been before.

The Light was only a few feet in front of me, but even at that distance I could not see it clearly. But the sound! It was neither scream nor moan, or similar to any sound I had heard before, or have heard since. It was terrifyingly real, and yet a part of that other world of the moon and the heavens and the depths of the ocean. It was pregnant with despair and longing and grief. Frustration, bitterness and above all an implacable hatred swelled over the water as one, and I trembled violently, not from fear, but because no human creature could experience what I felt and not have his heart burst within him. For a long moment I was a part of the Light that moved upon the waters and shared its being. My own restlessness of soul and body was swallowed up in what seemed to be the source of all the loneliness and pain the earth could know.

Then suddenly I was released and the Light drew back within itself, leaving me weak and utterly drained of all emotion. Once more it moved along the rocks and around the coves, until at last I saw it pause before Ambrose Ludlow's rickety wharf, just as others said it did. And then, it moved toward the shore, crept up the path toward the darkened house, and disappeared.

How long I waited, still clinging to the keel of the boat, I do not know. I knew only that I should not, could not move until the Light had gone. And then it reappeared, creeping down the path that led to the stage and

the water that was its home. I kept my eyes on it because now the Light seemed to be definitely above the water where before I could not tell. But as it moved into the path of moonlight once more, heading for the mouth of the harbour and the open sea, I saw why.

Ambrose Ludlow was slowly rowing his little boat out through the narrows, and huddled in the stern where Jenny used to sit, was the Ludlow Light.

I told no one of what I had seen, not even when my parents wondered why I had grown pale and refused to eat. I told no one, not even when they found Ambrose Ludlow's empty boat drifting around on a calm sea three days later.

I told no one, because the Ludlow Light was never seen again.

Early police equipment

The Moose Let Loose

by
Joseph Michael Gale

"A TROPHY!, is what you got here, me son" exclaimed Charlie, the legendary hunting and fishing guide of South Branch. "A prize bull if I ever saw one." He grinned up at the excited hunter in from western Canada, "A real beauty, this will keep them talking out on your prairies for a spell."

"A magnificent animal," answered the hunter still very much in awe and toying with the rack. "The majestic head! The spread of antlers! I'm totally speechless."

"Hope you took along a good camera?" said Charlie. "You sit back and relax now. You shot him and you got him! Get him cleaned up, grab the weasel and we'll get him in for you."

That evening under the stars, Charlie sits on the step when the hunter appears around the corner.

"Out having another look at the moose?" asked Charlie.

"I still can't get over it, such an animal. Where do they come from, Charlie?"

"Lots of them roaming these woods and the Long Range Mountains I can tell you." replies Charlie. "Newfoundland is full of them."

"I realize that but what I really mean is, WHERE do or did they come from?" asked the hunter. "Newfoundland is an island. How did the moose get here?"

"Aw, Geez! Here we go now. I'm a guide, not a historian. Have to think on that one a bit," said Charlie, rising. "I'll get us a cup of my well-laced tea and see if I can answer that one for you."

Charlie disappears into the cabin and returns with the spirited tea. "How did the moose get to Newfoundland you ask?" ponders Charlie. "I would say that they arrived here by boat, shipwrecked maybe, like the horses on Nova Scotia's Sable Island."

"You really think wild moose would have travelled that way, back then?" questioned the hunter. "I can see moose meat going by ship but its hard to visualize live moose on board."

"True, you're right I guess." Charlie grimaces from his tea. "Maybe they could have drifted here on the ice floes. It's happened with other animals in different parts of the world . . . It's a question I've never had to answer before but its a good one."

* * *

Little did legendary Charlie or the hunter with his moose realize that another legendary guide and his moose were part of the reason they were celebrating their hunt over well-laced tea. Little have the many who have hunted or made their living amid the moose in Newfoundland.

The other legendary guide was John Connell of Bartibogue, New Brunswick. Born in Bartibogue, this son of an Irish immigrant was to leave his mark on Newfoundland as well as New Brunswick's sporting history. You see, John Connell sent the moose over to Newfoundland, and their offspring now roam the land in great numbers. The story of the moose being captured in the Mirimichi forests for shipment to the rugged coast of Newfoundland is unique, to say the least. The winter of 1904 in Newfoundland or New Brunswick was not unique, it was cold!

An experimental attempt to introduce the big game animal into Newfoundland began with an out-and-out, old fashioned round-up. John Connell led this round-up through the deep New Brunswick snow. He and a small group of hearty men donned snowshoes, as it lay up to four feet deep in places, and went to find a herd or partial herd of moose. It was very hard on their horses pulling the sleigh and John knew the moose would be having a rough time maneuvering in the deep snow.

This proved to be very true. When the men came upon the moose gathered together in a cluster, they circled them. The men began lassoing them as the moose had no antlers at that time of year. It was also the time of year that the moose was at his thinnest, his weakest, so much easier to handle than when in its prime in the fall of the year. As each moose was lassoed, it was tethered and the men would drag it to the waiting, horse-drawn sled with its high side walls. The round-up went on until six moose were captured and delivered the ten or so miles into Chatham to board the train. It is said that John Connell and his small group received $50.00 a moose, a good price back in 1904. Word has it that one moose died of fright at the station and that another died during the journey. However, four of them, two cows and two bulls, made it to Newfoundland. Many years later, Jack Connell of Chatham received a press release from the Department of Tourism in Newfoundland. The release noted that the government had just come into possession of a photograph showing one of the first moose to arrive in Newfoundland. The press release reads,

> This photo shows a yearling cow which was one of four released in the Howley area of Newfoundland in 1904, as an experimental attempt to introduce this species of big game animal to Newfoundland. The success of this project is now a matter of record, since the animal shown in the photograph became one of the original progenitors of the moose population.

The moose population of Newfoundland went on to flourish in a province as rugged and as majestic as the moose itself. John Connell, guide, hunter, trapper, fisherman, also went on to add to his own legend, that rose from a small community, spread to towns and ports and

eventually throughout the whole province of New Brunswick and beyond. In 1910, John added more fire to his growing saga when he and Daniel Lloyd found a year-old cow moose floundering about in the snow. Capturing it easily, they led it to John's home, where he fed it a diet of tender brush and warm bran mash.

The cow moose became a family pet and was named, "TOMMIE". Tommie along with JOHN, became a legend in her own time. That winter, John taught Tommie to haul and in full regalia had her pull the sleigh to Chatham, twelve miles away. Once when she got lost, disappeared back into the woods, she was sighted by Fred Connell in a hunting party. When he called her name, she came to him as a dog would to his owner. John had also used her to decoy bull moose during the fall season and in 1912, she met her end doing just that when a neighbor, out hunting alone, spotted her and shot her. John Connell lost his cow moose but his legend lives on in Bartibogue, on the Miramichi and across the province of New Brunswick . . . And his moose? I would venture to say there are a few offspring roaming the hills and valleys of Newfoundland today. Ice floes, shipwrecks? Really now!

NOTES: *The MIRAMICHI WEEKEND* — September 15th. 1979 Vol. 14, No. 30 (The Articles of Sharon Fraser) Walter Connell, Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Photography by K. Bruce Lane

The Finding of Fort Lampson: A Preliminary Report

by J. Callum Thomson,
Curator of Archaeology and Ethnology, Newfoundland Museum

On August 23, 1867, Donald A. Smith arrived in Saglek Bay aboard the SS *Labrador* to establish a trading post for the Hudson's Bay Company. This action would place his company in direct competition with the Moravian Missionaries, who were at that time expanding their operations into northern Labrador and, as well as proselytizing, attempting to maintain exclusive trading rights with the Inuit. In this same year, or perhaps the previous year, the Moravians had also begun to set up a Mission post somewhere in Saglek, but abandoned the effort in favour of Ramah Bay. Within five days of entering Saglek Bay, Smith and some of the boat's crew had erected a store about 25 km from the mouth of the bay. The HBC flag flew over Fort Lampson, as the Post was now named, the furthest north trading establishment in Labrador. A sketch drawn a few years later shows two buildings and a woodpile on the site, situated below a distinctive, conical-shaped hill. Aided or, more accurately, hindered by several inaccurate archival maps, previous attempts by archaeologists to find the remains of this Post had failed, but when the sketch was rediscovered by Newfoundland Museum staff in the HBC section of the Manitoba Provincial Archives in Winnipeg the hunt was on again.

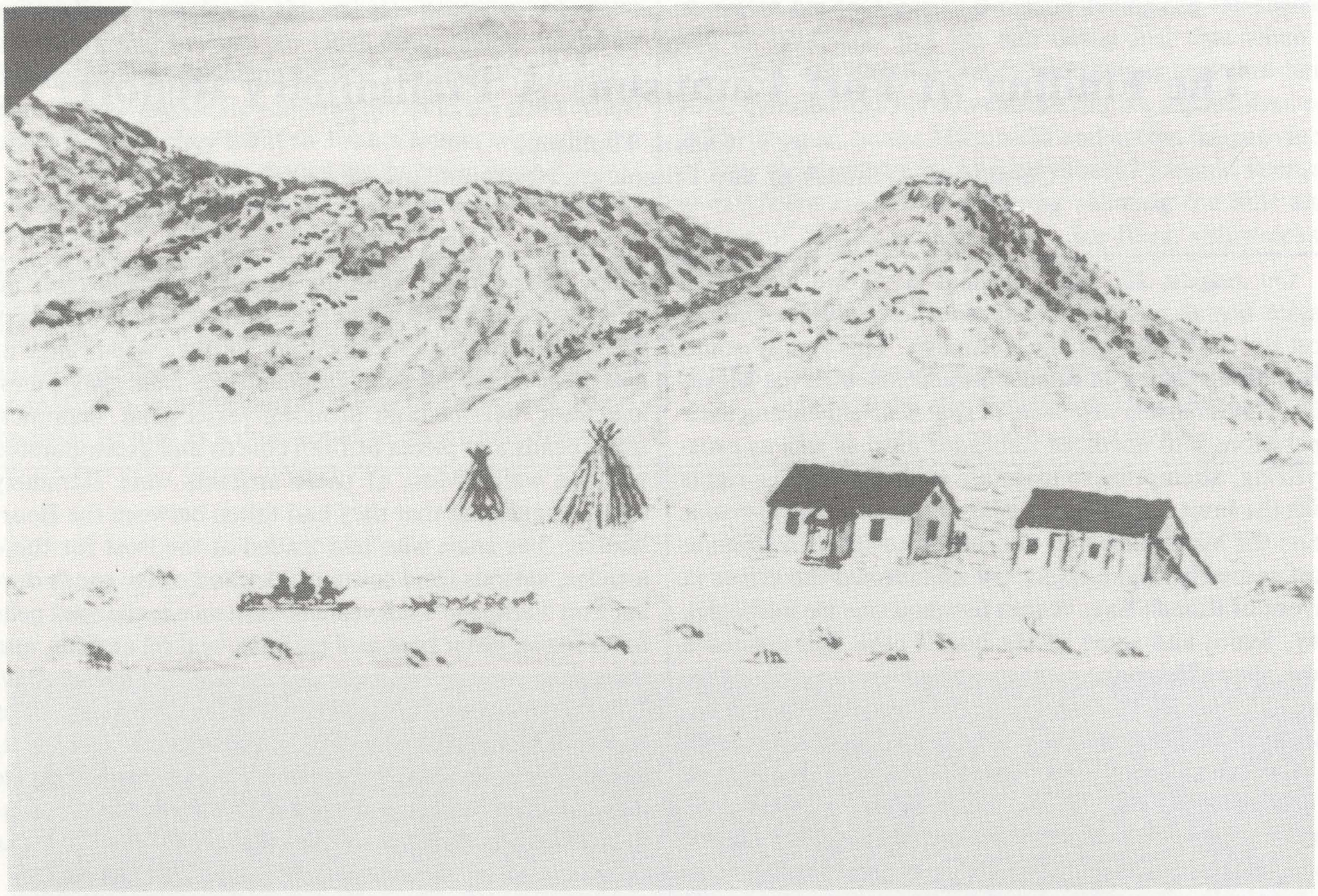
In August, 1988, assisted by Mark Allston of Trinity, Trinity Bay, and Charlie Terriak, Nain, I landed in Saglek Bay and set off by boat to find Fort Lampson. Apart from the challenge of finding the lost site, I wanted to assess its potential for future field investigation, and incorporation of the results into a museum exhibit on the Hudson's Bay Company in Labrador. The exhibit plan called for a section on the extent of the various social, cultural and technological impacts on the Inuit of a trading post in their immediate vicinity, in Saglek Bay for example, through examination of changes in settlement and subsistence patterns and material remains. Two years of poring over maps and Post journals, discussions with residents of the north coast, and previous archaeological surveys in the area over the past eight years had convinced me that I now knew the most likely location of the Post and some of the Inuit camps referred to in the journals.

Shortly after landing late in the evening on a long, grassy terrace below a conical hill at the west end of Saglek Bay, we saw the deeply shadowed outlines of two long, rectangular structures a few metres back from the rocky shore. The architectural details, the proximity to the present beach indicating recent vintage, and the perfect fit of the site to the 19th century sketch made it certain that we had found Fort Lampson.

For the next week, we mapped and tested the two seven by five metre building foundations and their interiors. In one 5 x 0.5 m test trench we were able to discern the walls and original floor, and found a wide range of materials including coal, fragments of iron, clay pipes, lead shot, window and drinking-vessel glass, ceramics, trade beads and pieces of floorboards and green-painted wooden walls. Most of these artifacts were extremely small, suggesting that they had fallen between the floorboards. The Inuit who had traded at the Post for these articles, various food commodities and other goods during Fort Lampson's ten years of existence exchanged pelts from foxes, polar bear and caribou, seal oil and fat, and fish, then returned to their camps around Saglek Bay. They were not encouraged to live close to the Post for fear they would drain the Company's resources. In fact, despite (or because of?) this policy, post records indicate that the Company employees themselves came perilously close to starvation when the annual supply boat was delayed and local game and fuel were exhausted.

While we worked at the Lampson site, persistent high winds prevented us from taking our boat out to locate and examine some of the Inuit sites vaguely referred to in the Journals. We were able to record six new sites reached on foot, and mapped the extensive tent ring site on the Lampson terrace which most likely came into existence following the abandonment of the Post. There is some structural and artifactual evidence to suggest that the Post buildings, or at least the foundations, were reoccupied by Inuit after the Hudson's Bay Company moved the operation north to Nachvak Fjord in 1878.

We also spent a few days surveying for other archaeological sites and located an additional 14 new ones including 4000-3500 year old Maritime Archaic Indian and Pre-Dorset Eskimo hunting camps on raised beach terraces and Dorset Eskimo tent rings at lower elevations, all situated for exploitation of spring and fall seal herds, and Inuit caribou hunting blinds, fox traps and fishing stations. Unlike some of the Moravian Mission stations, Fort Lampson seems to have been ideally situated, geographically and environmentally. Within a few kilometres, many traditional subsistence or new trade-related resources were available either seasonally or year round, thus placing the Post at the heart of Inuit travel routes and habitation sites. Apart from possible small incursions by the sea at the southeast corner of each of the buildings, the Post seems to have been surprisingly immune from the effects of sea and ice, despite being only ten metres from the shore and one metre above sea level. In addition, a narrow tickle between the Post and nearby Branagin Island provided a sheltered anchorage; abundant dwarf willow growth in gullies within a few



Fort Lampson Hudson's Bay Company trading post, Saglek Bay. Pencil and watercolour sketch, 1870s, artist unknown. Collection of the Hudson's Bay Company Archives, Provincial Archives of Manitoba.

Fort Lampson (1867-1877) trading post archaeological site (IdCs-15). Photo by Callum Thomson, Newfoundland Museum.

hundred metres provided a fuel source; the location of the Post, facing south, ensured the maximum amount of sun; and a stream 100 m west was undoubtedly used for fresh water.

After our work was finished at the west end of the Bay, we returned to the outer coast and re-mapped and surface-collected several sites found in previous years, including the two largest Pre-Dorset sites in Saglek Bay, with over 40 boulder and pavement structures. These two adjacent sites, near the mouth of the Bay, are also well situated for spring sealing on the sea ice and, later, caribou hunting.

In our travels during the three weeks in Saglek Bay we were hampered in our movements and achievements by a continuous series of mishaps. Our cook tent was twice ripped apart by sudden massive gusts of wind during northwest gales, and one sleeping tent met a similar fate. A third tent, borrowed from some visiting kayakers, was slashed by a black bear, an uncommon sight in the outer coast area this far north. In addition to the high winds, several days of thick fog also made boat navigation hazardous. The short season was, however an unqualified success thanks to members of the Okalakatiget Society and other friends in Nain for sharing their information, and an exceptionally fine crew. Artifacts recovered during the summer will now be cleaned, identified, conserved and catalogued at the Newfoundland Museum. Among other lines of research, an attempt will be made to analyse both the impact of the presence of Fort Lampson on Saglek's 19th century Inuit residents and the reasons for the failure of the Fort Lampson trading post in an area of such rich resources. The potential of the site for further investigation and incorporation into a museum exhibit will be assessed.

J. Callum Thomson
Curator of Archaeology and Ethnology
Newfoundland Museum
Department of Culture, Recreation and Youth

Inspector General John Roche McCowan, c. 1900

Prominent Figures From Our Recent Past

DR. JOHN MCKEE OLDS

by
Paul F. Kenney

DR. JOHN OLDS

Dr. John McKee Olds was a physician in Twillingate for over 50 years and in that time he was often compared with medical missionaries such as Albert Schweitzer and, closer to home, Sir Wilfred Grenfell.

Olds was born on 27 March 1906 at Windsor, Connecticut, U.S.A. and studied medicine at Johns Hopkins, Baltimore, Maryland. In 1930, while still a medical student, he came to Twillingate to do elective work at the then six year old Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital. He returned to the United States to complete his studies but by 1932 he was back in Twillingate and held a full-time staff position at the hospital. Two years later Olds assumed the post of medical superintendent which he held until 1962.

This early period proved to be probably the most difficult in the history of the hospital. Olds had to cope throughout the Depression and the Second World War. For a period of two years during the war he was the only doctor at the hospital and, presumably, one of the few doctors serving that entire section of the Newfoundland coast.

Isolation was obviously a major factor throughout this time. Aside from the obvious geographical distance of the public from the hospital institution, doctors and medical support staff were also functioning in isolation — from facilities and from each other. During his career Dr. Olds took several steps toward solving this problem and, along the way, made significant contributions to research and medicine in Newfoundland.

In 1936, in an attempt to make medical services more accessible, he established a travelling clinic aboard the *Bonnie Nell,* a refitted fishing boat. Using this boat and its successor, the *Bonnie Nell II* (this one built specifically as a clinic), Olds was able to cover much of the northeast coast, bringing medical care directly to people in isolated parts of the island.

In 1943, together with Dr. Evart Loomis, Olds founded the *Northern Medical Review,* a journal that tried to help improve medical care. The journal was in large part directed to members of the medical community serving in rural and remote areas and helped facilitate greater communication among them.

Dr. Olds is also credited with developing an effective treatment for the condition known as "seal finger". A common infection experienced by men engaged in the seal fishery, the affected finger (or fingers) would swell and stiffen, eventually becoming permanently immobile. Although the exact cause of the infection is unknown, it is believed to somehow be the result of the handling of the seal pelts and carcasses. The common "treatment" had been the amputation of the infected digit.

Working on the northeast coast, patients with seal finger had to be a common sight for Olds. He also got the opportunity to go to the ice in the late 1940s and was able to observe the working conditions. It was there that he could see the development of seal finger and consider possible treatments for the condition.

In his article "Seal Finger or Speck Finger: A Clinical Condition Observed in Personnel Handling Hair Seals" *(Canadian Medical Association Journal,* March, 1957) Olds noted that many cases could be prevented with "Improved hygiene, protection of the hands and care of any cuts or abrasions . . ." Treatment with antibiotics proved to be an effective treatment and Olds correctly predicted that "amputation will be required in the future only if antibiotic treatment is not available early."

In April 1966, Olds, then 60, made his adopted home official when he was sworn in as a Canadian citizen. Recognition of his contribution to Newfoundland and Canada followed soon after in 1969 when Dr. Olds was awarded the Order of Canada. The following year he received an honorary doctorate from Memorial University of Newfoundland.

Twillingate honoured their doctor that same year, commemorating his fortieth anniversary at Twillingate and established an endowment fund in his name for the library in the new hospital in the community. In the late 1970s a new high school was constructed in Twillingate and named J. M. Olds Collegiate in his honour.

Dr. John McKee Olds died in St. John's on 6 September 1985 while a patient in the Palliative Care Unit at St. Clare's Mercy Hospital.

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Government in Newfoundland before 1832: The context of reform

by Patrick O'Flaherty

An address delivered to the Joint Conference of American and Canadian Legislative Clerks and Secretaries, in the Newfoundland House of Assembly August 17, 1987.

Newfoundlanders tend to think of their political and constitutional history as dating from 1832, the year the colony was granted Representative Government by Britain, extending through 1855, when Responsible Government was achieved, and on to 1949, the *annus mirabilis* of the recent past. Quite naturally, perhaps, people regard political history as a narrative of legislatures and premiers and political parties, and tend to equate governments and progress generally with Houses of Assembly and those who hold forth in them. The reformers who demanded Representative Government for the colony in the early 19th century promoted just this view. Their rhetoric emphasized the glorious future that awaited Newfoundland once it had an assembly and could make its own laws, and of course noted the tyranny that had characterized public life in the colony prior to their own advent. To prepare the way for their coming, they evoked such nasty bogeymen as greedy west country adventurers exploiting the hardy Newfoundland fishermen, ignorant governors, indifferent officials in London, and harsh fishing-admiral judges at home, laying about them as if they were Turkish bashaws. They pictured themselves as the defenders of the people's rights and freedoms. It is the reformers' view of Newfoundland's past that has found its way into the history textbooks and the popular imagination.

Newfoundland had a long history of government before 1832. It is a mistake to think of late eighteenth and early nineteenth century Newfoundland as lacking government. At the risk of being tiresome, let me rehearse some of its elements. While it is true that the naval governor continued, until 1817, to come to St. John's only for the fishing season, roughly from July to October, and often for an even shorter period than that, a civil establishment of a kind existed on the island, comprising magistrates, resident surrogates, a high sheriff and his deputies, constables, collectors, customs officers and other officials. These formed a continuous local government through the year and helped to frame and uphold such regulations as existed. Let me emphasize the important position of the sheriff, which has not been studied. He was the "Organ of the Governor" and worked closely with the courts; he executed the orders of both, his duties including custody and punishment of convicted criminals, enforcing writs, attaching property, summoning the grand jury, maintaining district accounts, and removing unauthorized structures. He was a figure of great prestige and authority. There was too a sizeable army garrison permanently established in St. John's, supported by officers of ordnance; while the garrison was not directly under the governor's orders, it was there when needed and could be called out in local crises. And indeed it was called out. In 1820 there were about 700 troops in St. John's, a lot more than are here in 1987. Also, a naval presence was maintained even after the governor left in the fall, though this dropped off sharply after the defeat of Napoleon. But the British army did not leave St. John's until 1870.

The ancient English institution of the grand jury, recognized by governors and judges as the "Organ of the Community," was also a force in society in the 18th and 19th centuries. When the reformers talked, as they incessantly did in the 1820s, of the absence of a constitutional government in Newfoundland, they conveniently forgot many things, one of them being the grand jury — a court-appointed body of local notables which had a primary duty of bringing in indictments, but which also stood "between the government and the people" and had the responsibility of presenting nuisances and recommending measures for the public good. These "presentments" were made in writing to the chief justice, who passed them to the governor with his comments. In effect, the grand jury was a constitutional form of government. It was not, however, elective government.

The grand jury was one part of the apparatus of county government in England which was transplanted to Newfoundland by the colonists. It is apparent from Sidney and Beatrice Webb's extensive discussion in *English Local Government: The Parish and the County* (1906) that the grand jury was well advanced towards "decay" by the end of the seventeenth century in England; however, it remained a strong force in Newfoundland as late as the 1830s — that is to say, after the creation of a legislature — when we see Chief Justice H. J. Boulton lecturing the assembled grand jurors on their specific and important duties. In the course of their discussion the Webbs note the "constitutional significance" of the grand jury and say the subject calls for "further investigation."

The magistrates for their part were also important men who, in St. John's, where there were four of them in the 1790s, would prepare lengthy reports on the state of the colony for the governor, and occasionally assemble to let him know what they thought of his proclamations, thus becoming a kind of informal council. The magistrates in the various towns sat in quarter sessions, provided by statute as a lower court of criminal jurisdiction to keep the peace and resolve disputes over wages between servants (that is to say, fishermen) and their masters. As in England — this is another transfer from county government overseas — these courts had administrative as well as judicial functions, and are best studied in the Webbs' book. Above the magistrates were

the surrogate courts, which were statutory courts of civil jurisdiction presided over by captains of the king's ships and certain favoured local notables. During the summers the naval surrogates sailed along the coastline, holding court, keeping an eye on the magistrates, and generally doing the governor's bidding, for they were executive officers as well as judges; on occasion the civil surrogates moved from outport to outport as well. The surrogates decided most causes — not all — in summary fashion; there was a rough and ready, but (as Keith Matthews has pointed out) fast, method of distributing justice. There was also a vice-admiralty court in St. John's to deal with cases involving maritime law. A supreme court had been created in 1792, and it was decided in 1798 that the chief justice should reside year-round on the island. In 1803 the supreme court was sent on circuit along the south coast. Take all this together, and you have a substantial military and civil establishment, a system of government that was somewhat peculiar, partly amphibious, and to some extent informal and voluntarist. It was flexible; and there were changes of various kinds within its interlocking parts over the decades it lasted. One major change occurred in a number of acts in 1824, which were widely regarded as forming a new constitution for the island. That new constitution authorized the creation of municipal government in the colony, and replaced the surrogates with a system of circuit courts — both substantial reforms. I am providing a simplified description of the old system of government here. It was also firmly entrenched and durable; indeed, many components in it would endure long after the creation of a legislature. Finally, it provided to many the benefits of status and income. The reform movement in Newfoundland did not create government; it substituted one form of government for another, and it met with resistance, not just from colonial administrators in London and the governor's immediate entourage, but from a cadre of local officials whose interests were best served by carrying on in the old ways.

An especially highly developed aspect of this curious apparatus I am talking about was the court system. (I don't have to remind you that the judiciary is a department of government.) An oddity in Newfoundland prior to 1832 was the presence of an elaborate and refined judicial system in a colony that had no legislature. What this meant was that the courts, especially the supreme court, took on certain of the functions of a legislature: there the constitutional rights of citizens were sometimes fought over and asserted, there the powers of the governor, sheriff, and military commander were discussed and defined. The inclination of the reform party in the 1820s was, in the absence of a House of Assembly to turn the supreme court into one. Historians who concentrate on political and economic matters, the normal fodder of their discipline, in the early years of the 19th century, miss out on where the real action often was: it was in the courts. Long before the legislature came into being, the supreme court had affirmed principles that impacted powerfully on the economic and political life of Newfoundland. Indeed, it can be argued that the most important decisions regarding the rights of Newfoundlanders were made before the granting of a legislature. They were made by courts, governors, and other officials, acting within a structure of government authorized in British statutes. To give just two cases. In 1819 Chief Justice Francis Forbes ruled that the inhabitants had the right to own property in Newfoundland, a landmark decision that contradicted the stated official British government policy and, it hardly needs saying, had a profound influence in the colony. Again, in 1820, Forbes decided that the governor's proclamations did not in themselves carry any legal authority; they carried such authority only if they enforced some statute, that is, if they were grounded in law. This meant they did not have to be obeyed. The governor of the day, Sir Charles Hamilton, was flabbergasted by the decision, which forced British authorities to consider anew the need for a local legislative authority in the colony.

The courts thus served, before 1832, as a curb on the power of the governor. Nor were the courts the only such restraint. The governor reported to the Secretary of State for the colonies in London and had to account to him for any unusual or provocative action. Questions sent by the governor to London were sometimes referred to the crown lawyers for advice, and these lawyers also functioned as a curb on his power. It was an extended comment by the crown lawyers in London, not any decision of a House of Assembly, that led to the establishment of a free press in Newfoundland in 1814. Until that date the governor thought he had the right to licence printing presses and limit the number of newspapers in the colony. Indeed, he exercised this supposed right.

It wasn't only the governor's power that needed to be checked; the courts themselves, being presided over by mere mortals, were equally liable to error, as were indeed the crown lawyers, and checks and balances would, in a healthy system, be applied there as well. Here it is worth stating that in the early decades of the 19th century it was dawning on judges and citizens in Newfoundland that inhabitants enjoyed most of the rights and privileges of British subjects as established in English common law. English laws, said Forbes, are "a common fund, from which the colony may draw as often and as largely as its exigencies may require." The 1809 Judicature Act reaffirmed (this had been made clear in the legislation setting up the supreme court) that the courts in Newfoundland "shall determine such Suits and Complaints of a Civil Nature according to the Law of England, as far as the same can be applied to Suits and Complaints arising" there. Despite the disclaimer, the point is clear. Of course, we think of a legislature as a cornerstone of freedom, and so it can be. But even without such a body the inhabitants of Newfoundland still had, for example, *habeas corpus,* the right to petition parliament and address the crown, and trial by jury. This last was a constitutional right that Newfoundland needed no reformers or legislators to bring in. It operated to the great benefit of the tailor John Ryan who, in 1813,

made a number of bold public charges against Chief Justice Thomas Tremblett. The Governor of the day, Richard Keats, authorized an action for libel, acting on the advice of the crown lawyers. But in 1814 a jury acquitted the plucky tailor, prompting Keats to notice "the progress of sentiments formerly unknown in Newfoundland, fast changing it from a quiet peaceful community to a place easily agitated, and meddling in all matters of government." Having a governor thrown off his guard like this by a jury is, I hope you will agree, an immensely cheering phenomenon. Trial by judge and jury remains a fundamental right of citizens in Canada in criminal cases, and while I am very glad to have such institutions as the one we are now in, I'm happy to have trial by jury too, a right that exists independently of this body.

I don't want to be too hard on the governors in this address. The gubernatorial system of government that had emerged by 1800 was, you may think, paternalistic and anachronistic; but it was by no means a harsh tyranny, nor were all the governors the obtuse reactionaries that certain reformers said they were in their pamphlets and speeches. We mustn't make the error of thinking that because a man calls himself a reformer or friend of the people his heart is pure, while a governor appointed from afar must be by nature a bully or a dunderhead. That at any rate would not be my conclusion from a study of the years 1800-55. Some of the modest progress towards the betterment of life for the "lower orders" (as they were called) in the early decades of the century, and even before, can be laid at the door of the governors, including the protection of fishermen from the greed of some of the merchants preaching reform. Governor William Waldegrave established the first committee for the relief of the poor in St. John's. It was Governor James Gambier who proposed charity schools and took the extraordinary (and unauthorized) step of leasing small portions of land for agriculture in the vicinity of St. John's. Governor Erasmus Gower, his successor, set up the charity schools and extended the practice of leasing land. When Gower was directed by his superiors in London not to allow buildings to be erected in St. John's within two hundred yards of the high water mark except those absolutely required for "curing, salting, drying, and husbanding fish," he replied that he found it impossible to act on the instruction. This was not the only time he declined to obey an unrealistic command from across the Atlantic. Thus while the colonial office in London tried to ensure that the governor in Newfoundland administered the colony well, the governor in turn could object to any manifest absurdity in his instructions. There was room to maneuver; he wasn't just a functionary.

Did Newfoundland have legislative government before the creation of its own legislature in 1832? Indirectly, it did. The British Parliament passed the necessary bills and carried out the needed committee inquiries. The reformers in the colony had little difficulty getting their grievances aired in the Lords and Commons, and it is surprising how often Newfoundland came to the attention of the Mother of Parliaments. British legislators on occasion appear to have been very well informed about the Island. Newfoundland prior to 1832 was as well represented in Parliament as certain parts of the British Isles themselves. Large industrial cities such as Birmingham and Manchester were not directly represented in the Commons until the passing of the Reform Bill; similarly it can be argued that Newfoundland was effectively represented by George Richard Robinson, a West Country M.P. who had long been a merchant in St. John's and was able to make crucial interventions on behalf of the island in the 1820s and 30s. Nor was he the only one who spoke for the colony at Westminister. I don't want to exaggerate here; but I'm not willing to concede that the legislation passed by the Parliament for Newfoundland was all defective, while the actions of Newfoundland's own legislature were sensitive and right-minded. Let me give a couple of examples.

As the first decade of the 19th century ended, Newfoundland was enjoying one of its few periods of prosperity, and St. John's especially was booming. A new class of resident merchants and professionals had appeared in the city, and there was increasing pressure on the governor to permit building for mercantile and other reasons on the waterfront. On the waterfront were a number of rooms — that is, parcels of land — that had been reserved since the early history of Newfoundland for the migratory fishermen from the English West Country. That fishery had ended before the end of the 18th century, and the rooms had become commons, used by merchants and fishermen without fee for building boats, storing lumber, and other purposes. The rooms were, however, prime pieces of real estate; and a succession of governors had been careful to preambulate them and place markers on the boundaries. They had long been recognized as potential sources of public revenue. At the urging of Governor John Thomas Duckworth, in May, 1811, an act was passed in parliament that took away the public right to use the rooms and authorized their lease "for building Dwelling Houses and Store Houses, and for other uses necessary to the Trade and Fishery." In September, Duckworth proceeded to offer building lots to the public on thirty-year leases, the total projected income being about 1600 pounds p.a. It was the intention that much of this money would be spent on building wharves in St. John's.

This Act of 1811 applied only to leaseholds on a tiny portion of available land: this point must be granted. Yet the property was within two hundred yards of the high water mark — the traditional boundary of land reserved for the fishery — and "dwelling houses" could be built on it. This was, I won't say unprecedented, but certainly unexpected; and it could well have been seen by the merchants and others as a great breakthrough for residents in the colony where land tenure was still an unsettled and tormenting matter. It was undoubtedly a concession of some importance.

Instead of being welcomed, the Act of Parliament provoked agitation, with the principal inhabitants com-

plaining of the cost of leases and calling attention to the various deficiencies of St. John's that could well do with the application of pots of public money. An Address to the Prince Regent, approved at a public meeting in November, called for another Act of Parliament to create a local body to appropriate the rents from the ship's rooms and use the money to carry out improvements in the city. Seven prominent inhabitants, among them the Scottish physician William Carson, were selected by ballot to form a "Board of Police" to receive the money. There was no mention, however, either in the minutes of the meeting or the resulting address, of the need for a legislature.

It is difficult to see, in retrospect, any basis for the opposition to the Act other than mercantile self-interest; and in fact such opposition as there was quickly dissipated. The Act was a reasonable one in the circumstances — it was certainly preferable to any form of levy or taxation, which would have caused a great deal more agitation in a population already known to be hostile to any such assessment. Indeed, without a legislature any form of taxation would have been strongly objected to as unconstitutional. This was a principle that both the inhabitants and governors were well aware of.

Let us jump twenty-seven years, to 1838. On August 6 of that year a surgeon named Edward Kielley, a Newfoundlander, and an elected member of the House of Assembly named John Kent, an Irishman, had a conversation in the streets of St. John's. There are different versions of the exchange of views that took place. Kent, it is said, called Kielley a cormorant and robber of poor — he enjoyed a number of public offices as a friend of the governor — and Kielley replied by calling Kent, in turn, a "lying puppy" and threatened to pull his nose. Kielley might have performed just such an operation, but Kent wisely took refuge in the House of Assembly, where he claimed that his privileges as an M.H.A. had been violated. After examining three witnesses, the House in its wisdom decided that Kielley should be arrested, a warrant was issued by the Speaker, and the arrest was made by the Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Beck. The Speaker was William Carson. We have to remember that the position of Speaker was a much more powerful one in the representative assembly than it became under Responsible Government. Carson, like Papineau in Lower Canada, who was also Speaker, was the most powerful man in the Assembly, and he was also, again like Papineau, the leading figure in the reform party that now controlled the House, having won the election of 1837. In 1838 he had the strongest voice in determining what the Assembly did.

In making the arrest, Beck required the help of the messenger of the House, David Walsh, who later admitted in court that he was compelled to use "a little force" to get Kielley out of his home. Kielley, however, claimed he was arrested "with great force and violence." He was kept in custody in Beck's house. On August 7 Kielley was brought before the House of Assembly and asked for an explanation of his conduct; he responded by calling Kent, in his seat, "a liar and a coward" and "other very many contumelious epithets," and was remanded in the custody of the sergeant-at-arms. On August 9 he was again brought before the House. A formal apology was demanded. On his asking for what alleged offence he was being made to apologize, he was instantly stopped by Carson and others and told to answer "yes" or "no" to the questions asked; that was all he could say.

Kielley asked for permission to withdraw for a few moments, which was granted. On his return, he again requested, or was about to request, to be told the offence he had committed which required the apology. Again Carson and others stopped him, telling him to answer "yes" or "no" only. Whereupon Kielley declined to make the required apology. Warrants were then issued by Carson, committing Kielley, a highly respected professional man, to the common jail, and he appears to have spent the night of August 9 thus incarcerated. On August 10 he was released by the sheriff on a writ of *habeas corpus* issued by the Acting Assistant Judge on the supreme court, George Lilly. The House, on August 11, ordered the arrest of the sheriff and Lilly, and both were taken into custody. Lilly resisted arrest, and had to be dragged from his chambers, during which process he injured his hand. He was then unceremoniously marched through the streets of St. John's, surrounded by men and boys who had come out to witness that extraordinary phenomenon, the arrest of a judge. Kielley in the meantime had gone into hiding. On August 13 Governor Henry Prescott announced that he would prorogue the House, and despite desperate maneuvering by members to stay in session, he did so. The immediate crisis was over.

This led to a celebrated case in the legal history not just of Newfoundland but of the British Empire, Kielley vs. Carson, which was not settled until 1843, when the judicial committee of the Privy Council in London found in favour of Kielley, and ruled that colonial assemblies did not have the power to commit persons for contempt. In ruling as it did, the judical committee had to overturn a decision of the three-man supreme court in Newfoundland, which had found (in a majority opinion, with Lilly dissenting) in favour of Carson. Looking back now, we can see who the heroes of the proceeding were: not the elected Carson but the unelected Lilly, an obscure, untrained lawyer who had drifted to a half-pay position on the bench when his business as an auctioneer started to fail; Governor Prescott; and Kielley, of course. It is a chastening experience to see a man like Carson who incessantly prated of "liberty" and "the rights of the people" deny Kielley the right to a fair hearing, and shout him down. You will note the importance of the traditional right of *habeas corpus* in the affair, in this case protecting a citizen from a power-mad, elected assembly. Sometimes citizens need to have safeguards against duly elected M.H.A.s as well as against tyrannical governors. And you will see what body ultimately solved the problem by upholding the rights of the individual. It was not a body elected by the people of Newfoundland. From 1811 to 1838 we move from appointed to partly elective

government. The reformers by 1838 have temporarily won the day; but this does not mean that truth, justice, and freedom have won the day. Governments are often the creation of men (and, I should now add, women) seeking power, rather than the embodiments of the will of the people, or some other such nebulous ideal. My preliminary analysis of the reform movement in Newfoundland suggests that this is in large part what we see in it: the struggle for power by contending interests, rather than the expression of any nationalist feeling or the assertion of constitutional rights for the toiling masses. As I have indicated, many of those rights already were guaranteed in Newfoundland. Nationalist feeling in Newfoundland did not emerge until the nativist movement of the 1840s. The promoters of reform were overwhelmingly immigrants, which is not surprising in view of the demography of Newfoundland prior to 1820.

There were, however, faults in the old system of government in Newfoundland; and one fatal flaw. That flaw was the exclusion of Catholics. Newfoundland in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was ruled by an unelected English Protestant establishment, while the general population was assuming more and more an Irish Catholic character. I have done a study of how this establishment responded to the volatile and growing Irish component in the colony in the years 1800-20, and it is not a pretty picture. Generally the response was fearful vigilance. Officials worried about some kind of "faction" existing among these "loose and vagrant" people. A careful eye was kept on the activities of Roman Catholic priests, and warnings about "Romish" zeal in proselytizing among Protestants were sounded in dispatches. Catholic bishops were given modest government salaries to keep them in line. Efforts of Catholics in education were counteracted by government support to the charity schools. Scrupulous attention was paid to excluding Catholics from holding office under the government — a policy that persisted until the mid-1820s when Gov. Thomas Cochrane was denied permission to appoint a Catholic military officer to his advisory council. (The appointment of such a council was nonetheless an important reform.) Incoming Irish women were monitored in case they were of low character. Governors assisted in recruiting Anglican clergymen to serve in Newfoundland, and from 1806 they paid, sometimes out of their own pockets but more substantially from public revenues from rents or other sources, in support of building Anglican churches and houses, and providing salaries to lay readers and ministers. These efforts were endorsed by the British government. The support of Anglicans in the first two decades of the century amounted to a sizeable portion of the total cost of administering the island. Actually there was no established church in Newfoundland in law; but the governors behaved as if there were one, and apparently thought there was one; and an alliance between church and state was effectively, if illegally, created. At the same time as the governors were contributing heavily to the Anglicans, they would caution Catholics that in setting up, say, a benevolent society, "all national and religious distinctions should be carefully avoided, as tending to prevent that union of heart and general co-operation among His Majesty's Subjects."

The legal difficulties Catholics laboured under in Newfoundland were, of course, similar to those of Catholics elsewhere in Britain and her colonies; and once the provisions of the Catholic Relief Bill of 1829 were extended to the colony those legal difficulties formally disappeared. It is worth emphasizing that the constitutional rights of Catholics in Newfoundland were won in the British Parliament, not in the Newfoundland House of Assembly. The legislature nevertheless made it possible for Catholics to gain a direct say in local legislation, and to play a major role in the emerging society. There is much to be said in praise of the reform movement after all.

Fleur de Lys: The Establishment of a French Shore Community

by
W. Keith Regular

Fleur de Lys is, traditionally, a small fishing-based community situated in White Bay, along Newfoundland's northeast coast. Its location was known to Europeans, chiefly the French, as early as the sixteenth century and at times it enjoyed some importance in the French efforts to prosecute the Atlantic fishery in direct competition with the English. Recent archaeological investigation at Fleur de Lys has amply demonstrated what local residents have suspected for a long time, that Fleur de Lys was at some remote time used as a settlement site by ancient cultures. These early visitors, perhaps like the Europeans, recognised the benefits of the well-protected land-locked harbour and also realized the utility of the outcropping of soapstone.

Excavations carried out at Fleur de Lys during 1985 and continued intermittently since then, under the direction of Callum Thompson, Newfoundland's chief archaeologist, have unearthed artifacts believed to be at least 4,000 years old and attributed to the Maritime Archaic Indians culture. These Indians were the ancestors of the now extinct Beothuks.

Carvings in the soapstone cliff at Fleur de Lys have been identified as belonging to a different culture than that of the Maritime Archaic Indians: the Dorset Eskimos. The carvings indicate that Fleur de Lys soapstone was used in the making of pots, bowls and seal oil lamps, which, it is speculated, were traded with other groups with whom the Dorsets had contact. The Dorsets have been located in the period between A.D. 400-700.[1] Sadly, contamination of the site in subsequent centuries by Europeans and their descendants may pose some problems in establishing its full significance.[2]

Centuries after the Dorsets abandoned the site the French discovered the benefits of the small though adequate, well-protected harbour. Located and named Flordelis by the French on maps as early as the 1500s, the harbour and the surrounding area of White Bay were at first infrequently used as a fishing station. Here was established the infrastructure necessary to prosecute the summer season migratory dry fishery.[3] By the mid-1600s the French dominated the northern portion of Newfoundland, including the White Bay area containing Fleur de Lys. Three to nine fishing ships operated out of Fleur de Lys in any given season during this time and it is likely that ships using the smaller French fishing station established to the south at Baie Verte also called in at the tiny port.[4]

The eighteenth century brought increased European interest, especially by the British who now challenged the French hegemony to the northeastern Newfoundland fishery. The result was increased migration and economic expansion directed at Newfoundland including the White Bay region. The Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, gave England title to Newfoundland and before 1800 England had established resident fisheries along the northeast coast in direct competition with the French. In the meantime, in part possibly as an effort to counteract the growing influence of the English, Fleur de Lys took on increased importance for the French. This station and surrounding area became dominated by French fishermen from the home port of Saint-Malo. A major fishing centre for that part of Newfoundland, upwards of 250 men per season fished out of their base at Fleur de Lys during and shortly after the 1760s.[5] By the early 1800s, however, the port was used by fishermen from both France and Britain.[6] It is likely that shortly after 1800 Fleur de Lys began to acquire its permanent resident English population from which many of today's inhabitants are descended.

When the English settlers began to arrive at Fleur de Lys the French shore was in legal limbo. Both Britain and France discouraged settlement and the French claimed fishing rights which they insisted, according to treaty could not be interfered with. Regardless of the prior French claim, English "livyers" were well established in Fleur de Lys by 1857. The census report for the French shore of Newfoundland for that year states that there were three families comprising 30 individuals living there. The names are not given but two of the families were almost certainly those of Robert and Michael Walsh, who, according to local tradition, were the first two settlers in the community. The third was most probably that of George Lewis. The statistical report accompanying the census gives strong indication that the residents were more than recent arrivals. There were, for example, three family residences, plus eight other stores, barns, and outhouses. Ten persons were engaged in the catching and curing of fish and three fishing rooms were in use. There were 11 boats in the community. Some of these quite likely belonged to the French fishermen using Fleur de Lys as their summer fishing base.

The 1857 census report also indicates that the settlers, besides catching cod, which was their mainstay, also fished for salmon, mackerel, herring, and seals. Subsistence agriculture was also relatively important as there were two acres of improved land which yielded 95 barrels of potatoes, by far the most important vegetable crop, reflecting the Irish/English background of the Walsh and Lewis families. Swine and goats were also kept but there were no other animals reported. The census makes it clear that the settlers intended permanent residence and that they had been established for at least a few years.

As the French were, in actuality, in control of this

part of Newfoundland's coast the migrant French fishermen and the English/Irish settlers had to learn to co-exist, and there is every indication that, for the most part, they did so. Neighbourly attitudes were encouraged because both groups were in a position to reciprocate mutually beneficial services. The French fishermen were often accompanied by doctors and clergy who came to serve the needs of the men during their summer stay at Fleur de Lys. Local tradition and official reports clearly illustrate that these professionals often ministered to the settlers.[7] The services of a doctor in attending the sick cannot be overestimated, but the services of the French priest in celebrating mass, marrying couples, and baptizing children was especially prized in this Catholic community which could expect a visit from an English-speaking priest only about once per year and perhaps some years not at all.

The French also provided some early employment because of the need for protection of their property when they were absent from the community during the winter months. Basic foodstuffs were offered the settlers as payment in return for these services. When the French made ready to return to France in the fall they often gave their surplus food to some local English fishermen, designated as "guardians". These fishermen in return agreed to protect from pillage any fishing gear and stores that the French left behind for use in the next season's fishery. Robert and Michael Walsh and George Lewis shared the French favouritism for this service. There was probably some jousting to be employees of the French as the payment in food, no matter how meagre, was a welcome addition to an otherwise marginal and precarious existence during the long winter months.

Having been first in the community these three men realized early the benefits and perhaps attempted to monopolize on this opportunity. Performing this service for the French was also a way for the "guardian" to ensure French tolerance in his own prosecution of the fishery the following spring. This was especially important in the event that the French became disagreeable over slights, real or imagined, caused by the local settlers or by the British in general. A serious dispute could wreck a summer's livelihood for any of the local fishermen, placing the survival of family or the entire community at risk. In the main, however, it appears that both groups got along simply because it was to their mutual benefit to do so.

With regard to Fleur de Lys and the bounty of its waters the French were certain to consider their immediate needs and commercial interests paramount, so conflict with the squatting English settlers could be expected to occur. As they competed for the resources and space in their struggle to eke out an existence in the often harsh environment, harmony between these enemies of long standing was not always possible. The settlers often had to succumb to French demands when it came to choice fishing berths. One can imagine the displeasure of the French when they arrived to prosecute the summer fishery only to discover that the now permanent English inhabitants of Fleur de Lys already occupied the best fishing locations. According to local tradition there were times when the settlers had to abandon berths under French threats that a seine would be thrown around them and they would be scooped up along with their fish. The French had the numbers to threaten the settlers and enforce their will upon them. They were also most certainly better equipped to conduct the fishery, intensifying the competition and placing the local inhabitants at a further disadvantage.

A British naval officer, Captain Parish of the H.M.S. Sphinx, toured much of the coast of Newfoundland during the summer of 1868. His report for the French Shore draws attention to the rapid growth of the English settler population in that area. Parish indicated the need for modification to the existing French/English treaties which would give the colonists "a legal right to the land, which they have in many instances occupied for upwards of 60 years, and hold position of mere by sufferance, in fact only squatters, liable to be turned off should their buildings and stages be considered to interfere in any way with the French Fishing." He did point out, though, that the French and the settlers got along rather well with the settlers being grateful for acts of French kindness, in particular for medical attention.[8]

From the period of first English settlement until the 1870s the population of Fleur de Lys had remained small and comparatively stable. The Newfoundland Directory for 1871 reports four families in the small community with a total population of 25 as compared to the 30 reported in the 1857 census. As the number of "livyers" increased, however, so too did the possibility of conflict between them and the French. During the 1870s the French downgraded the importance of the fishery in White Bay, even totally abandoning some locations. Fleur de Lys, however, was still retained by the French as a port of call and residence for their summer fishery. It is also apparent that any French designs on or plans for Fleur de Lys did not deter English/Irish settlement. By 1876, there were seven families with some 49 residents.[9] As could be expected conflict developed between the French and the residents who by now were growing to regard the settlement as home, and increasingly to regard the French fishermen as foreign interlopers (irrespective of the rights granted by international treaty).

Captain Brown of H.M.S. *Danae* visited Fleur de Lys, on August 15, 1871, at the request of the French naval officer in charge there to investigate a complaint that one of the French fishing rooms had been vandalized. Captain Brown's inquiry, however, proved futile and no information was forthcoming from the English "guardian" of the French property regarding the incident. In such a small community it is likely that strong family relationships had been established through marriage, ensuring the "guardian's" silence. If that were not the case, or not sufficient prohibition, the "guardian" probably realized that he could put in an uncomfortable winter, without the protection of the French, if he was perceived as betraying his English neighbours. Discretion was the

better part of valour. Brown did report that the French had one large ship using 19 boats to prosecute the fishery that summer.[10]

The next year the situation was reversed and this time it was the French who proved to be troublesome and some of the settlers who were endangered. Once again the British were required to investigate and attempt to calm quarrelsome neighbours. Captain Charles Knowles aboard the H.M.S. *Lapwig* visited Fleur de Lys on August 7, 1871 on the basis of a complaint which this time had been made by two of the English settlers, Jeremiah Ford and Patrick Shelley, against French Captain Jules Gueret. They charged that Gueret would permit only the "guardians" of the French rooms to fish at Fleur de Lys that year. Having their livelihood threatened, the "non-guardians" naturally protested.[11]

In their petition to C.F. Bennett, the Premier of the colony, Ford and Shelley revealed that they had been resident in Fleur de Lys for the past five or six years. Both were married and their wives had been born in Fleur de Lys, the daughters of original settlers. They had experienced no problems until that season when, apparently, Gueret turned up in charge of the fishery there for the first time. They alleged that Gueret had told them not to fish under threat of having both their boats and fish seized. As British subjects they were making an appeal for the protection to which they felt entitled.[12]

In their appearance before Captain Knowles both Ford and Shelley stated that Gueret threatened that if anyone should defy him he would drive them three miles inland. As Knowles observed the order prevented fully five of the eight resident families from fishing. Knowles also determined that, as far as he could tell, the settlers had not in any way interfered with the French efforts to prosecute the fishery, a moot point which Gueret later confirmed. On questioning, Gueret admitted that he had indeed given such an instruction. He was under the impression that it was his right to do so, convinced "that the French had the exclusive right to the fishing on the coast which he said was strengthened by the instructions he had received from the fishery board in France." Knowles then ordered Gueret to rescind his prohibition and told the excluded fishermen that they could proceed with their fishery but to be careful not to interfere with the French.[13] At this point the disputants seem to have been reconciled. In his investigatory report Knowles noted that the French were improving their facilities at the small harbour. They had constructed "a bakery, a bath, a drinking fountain, and some additional cabins." Knowles gave his opinion that these were "in direct violation of the treaty," because they were likely intended to be permanent structures.[14]

The French were indeed in Fleur de Lys in force during 1871-72. The Tabular Statistical Report of the Fisheries reveals that in 1872 there were three French Captains with three vessels stationed there. Three rooms were in use and the combined manpower of the French was 167 men using 22 boats. To August 7 of the 1872 fishing season they had caught 4,400 quintals of fish. Despite the occasional disagreement French harassment seems not to have been severe, at least not severe enough to dislodge the resident English settlers.

Regardless of the French presence there were still eight resident English families in the community with a total population of 28. "Guardians" were still employed, namely Robert and John Walsh and George Lewis. Besides these there were the families of Patrick Shelley, Edward Shelley, Jeremiah Ford, and John Conway. There were nine boats used by the settlers in prosecuting the fishery. The religion of the settlers was Roman Catholic, but there was neither church nor school. The religious needs of the settlers were met by the Rev. Father Brown who visited the Catholic settlers along the coast between Hare Bay and his residence at Tilton Harbour, Fogo. M. Robour, a French priest who came over with the French fleet, also provided spiritual guidance during the summer.[15] Unintentionally through their kindness, the French were helping ensure the permanence of the English settlers who engaged in competition with them and who at times frustrated them.

At the conclusion of the 1870s French influence on the eastern extremity of the French Shore in White Bay, declined. The officer in charge of the Fishery Protection Service reported that there were six ships at La Scie (a short distance south of Fleur de Lys) in 1860, down to four by 1874, three in 1878, and two ships only in 1879. Nearby Pacquet experienced similar decline. There was no French vessel in Harbour Round since the one reported there in 1830. He reported six ships stationed at Fleur de Lys in 1832, but only three for the three years immediately before 1879. "From Fleur-de-Lys, along a line of about 110 miles of coast, no French vessel has been fishing since 1828, when there was one at Lobster Harbor and one at Harbour Deep".[16] It is likely that at this time French attention to Fleur de Lys and the southeastern portion of White Bay was proportionate to their fortunes in the fishery. By June 25, 1881, for example, one French schooner with 15 men had already arrived in Fleur de Lys to prosecute the fishery and another with 50 men was expected. But the French had given up going into White Bay to fish and now only went there on an occasional excursion to cut wood. There were no complaints or reports of disagreements between the French and English who were "very friendly" towards one another.[17]

The report of the Fishery Protection Service for 1890 is interesting in that it shows a transition in the French emphasis on the fishery. "French all left for banks. Up to this date 68 visited between Partridge Point (just north of Fleur de Lys) and Cape John; further north don't know how many." At this particular point in time the French do not seem to be concentrating on a shore-based fishery such as had been the custom at Fleur de Lys for approximately 200 years.[18]

As the French abandoned fishing rooms and berths in and around Fleur de Lys, and indeed all along the French Shore, they were assumed and occupied by the English settlers. Fleur de Lys felt the effects of immigra-

tion as people from older settled parts of the island, seeking space and the promise of a better life, were attracted to its beautiful, well-protected harbour. With increased settlement the French naturally became less of a factor, their influence declining as the settlers, with determination, wrestled a living from land and sea. The census returns for 1891 indicate a population of 112 persons. The Newfoundland Directory for 1894-95 also shows that much of the permanent population base of the settlement had been established with family names such as Ballad, Edison, Ford, Lewis, Nofty, Shelley, Walsh, etc. being prominent. There were also family names no longer in evidence such as Conway, Gushue, Hartery, MacDonald, Mahoney and Woodfine. Some of these names have perhaps been lost through out-migration or through a lack of male descendants. In 1898 Antles and Tobins appear on directory lists. The Directory for 1904 reflects little change, but the surnames of Lewis, Walsh, and Shelley predominate, thus reflecting their status as the older founding English inhabitants of the community. It is just as well that the French had abandoned Fleur de Lys at this time as it is unlikely they would have been able to compete successfully with the steadily increasing number of local inhabitants. The demand for the available resources and space was intense.

Fleur de Lys is, today, a fishing- and mining-based community. To the casual visitor the legacy of the French is invisible in all but the community's name but they have left reminders that, along with the memories of the elders of the community, form a rich blend of cultural tradition. Particles of clay pipes can still be occasionally found in gardens or on the beaches. "Smothering Gulch", a small 'bottom' in the community, retains a name unwittingly donated by a French fisherman who, it is believed, ate a large meal and too quickly took to the water only to suffer a cramp and drown. The location of French burial grounds are still known to the community although they have long since fallen into disrepair. But perhaps the best reminder of the rich past of the community is the name itself. Fleur de Lys, translated "flower of the lily", is believed to have received its name from the hill rising behind the community which has three distinct parts. The hill, it is said, reminded the French of both their national emblem, and home, prompting them so to name the community in which so many of them did, for so long, eke out a livelihood.

A Note About Sources.

The sources for this paper are generally identified in the text. Substantial material was taken from the Appendices to the Journal of the Assembly of Newfoundland. Directories for the Maritime Provinces and Newfoundland were also used. A copy of the complaint of Jeremiah Ford and Patrick Shelley is in the possession of the author. Other information based on community tradition was gathered by the author through interviews with elder residents of Fleur de Lys during the late 1960s and early 1970s. A debt of gratitude is owed to the following, William Noftall, Joan Noftall, Josephine Noftall, Jack Noftall, Agnes Heddison, James Heddison, Jack Lewis, Stephen Lewis and Tom Lewis. Thanks to Dana Marcy for the "second look".

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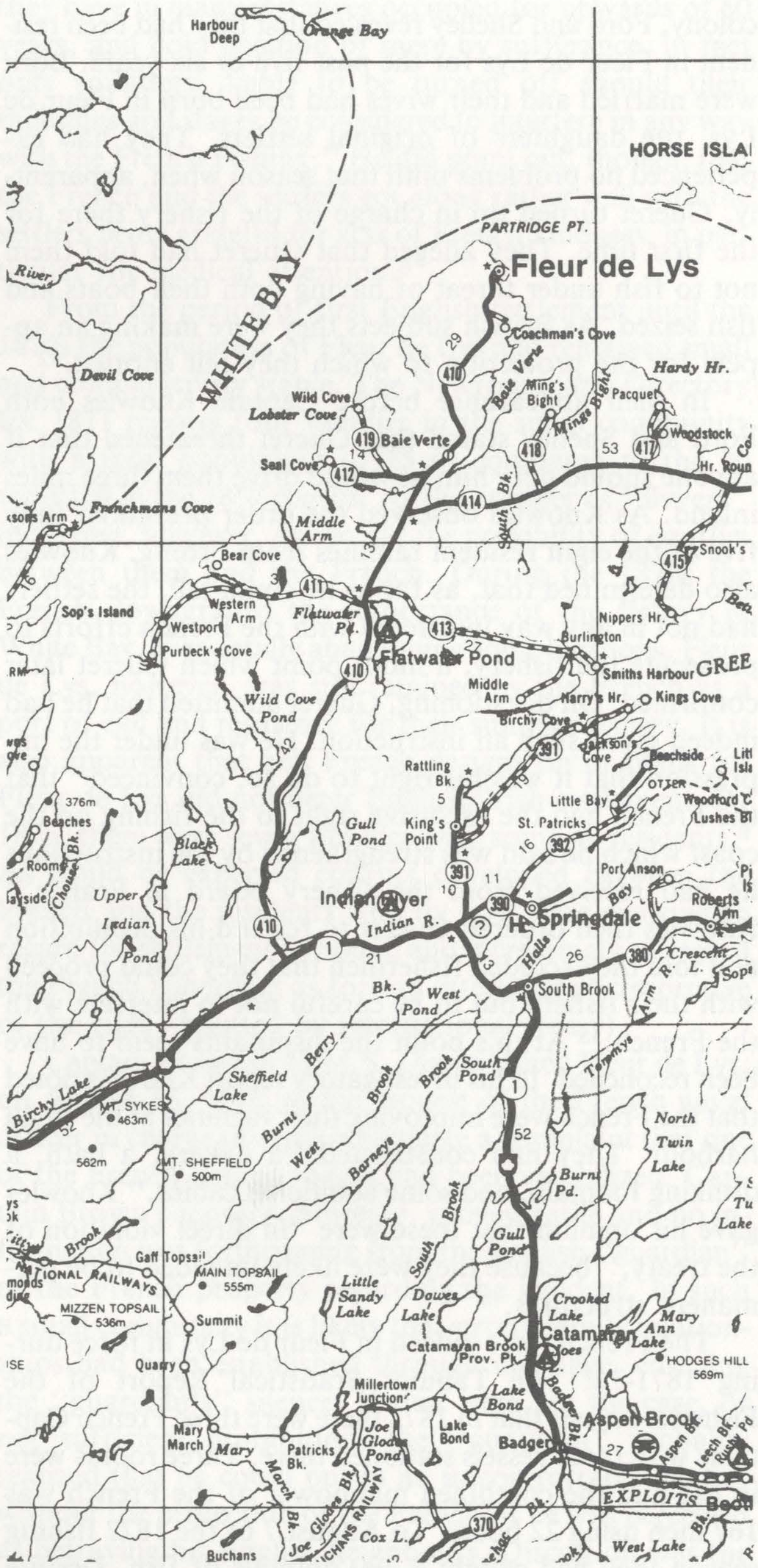


Poetry Section

EVERARD H. KING
Poetry Editor

Gilbert Foster

tea-party: Hotel Newfoundland

rise soon, clear moon, as shone upon the tea-things
like arrows down our Narrows, down to Avalon
that 'island-valley' safe from storm and rain
may we, like Arthur, partner by the streams
let pleasant fancies show and grow to be things
as fleet as sweet, a seat to rest ourselves upon
the flights of sight, to night, a screen from bane
wraptness in happiness; wait on what the sea brings.

Cambridge Sleeping

Slight vague light as an early warning
Pale night nudging at our decay
Trains drab feet for another morning
Slow dykes seeping potential day
Tall hall windows urbanely blind
Eye thin lawns from an empty mind
Cambridge is neutral; now you should go away
Walk to oblivion out of another door
The end is not the beginning but well before.

Silver Street Bridge, Tuesday, 11 November 1975

Comes foggy light on the flat country
And close, hoarse voices of water
Sit here and wait something happening soon
Do nothing, want nothing, hope nothing, only
The river walks timidly forward
Pacing its hesitations to a dimness of sounds
Play in pale light, people, and
Do not know what day is after tomorrow
Someone will come sure and say it
First, and the fist and the flare
Front of events and the eating up risk and rejoiner
Love in dense light and look out and aloud over trees
Stripping their gloves off and skeleton fingers
Beckon the sky.

Tony Parsons

Crazy eyes

If you think I'm crazy now
    you should have called before
        the nighttime faded to light,
        and have you looked into
    your own eyes lately
    or maybe the mirror
is just one more thing
that you can't face.

or

maybe you don't care
    or give a damn
    'bout a broken man
        because your pride
        hides the lies
you might see lying there
    beneath the light
        I was fool enough
        to think
    shone for only me.

Side tracked

escape reality

    reach out
    freak out

dreams induced by
lust for freedom,
freedom sold
for faded dreams

lost

    time eternal
    time forgotten
    time and time

again

illusions
rapidly replacing
fantasy
fading to fact
fiction
knows no border

bound
by bonds
more stringent
than chains
    or prison walls,
    tall and built
from pride
and standing
    silent sentinels,

looking up
from where he's fallen

he takes the south bound train
down the northbound track.

Ken J. Harvey

Receiver or The Disconnection of Distance

"What are you whispering?" I ask.
Your eyes flash up from the telephone.
You stutter something.
The receiver trembles loose
from your fingertips
and slams hard-plastic-sounds
jitter to a shimmy-stop against the floor.
"Someone's dead," I gasp. And you
stare away as if reading the stone-etched
letters on a tombstone, squinting
to find something in the words
that resembles flesh and blood.
I lift the receiver and lay it to rest
on the cradle.
It's calm there like death
awaiting resurrection.
I unplug the jack and touch
your soft wet fingers.
"It's my father," you say. And sorrow
rips its crow-beak through your heart.
You cripple forward as if a piece of you
has been sliced away.
"I love you," I say,
Oblivious of me, you whisper
something painful, something about
forgiveness; the distance between you two
even more distant now
in death.

Ellen Bryan Obed

Osprey

Eyes hard,
Talons tight,
Wings wide,
She craves
the sight
of some
small food
to carry
dripping,
flipping
to her brood.

Donald McGrath

The Spelling Contests

Sundays found us heading for the woods
With our spelling books and other toys
With bags of junk food and plastic guns
To rehearse our campaign against the Huns
Of Patrick's Cove, Point Lance, and St. Bride's.

Stretched out in a clearing (or a bonus)
We'd stuff ourselves and fire off words,
And afterwards we'd hide the books in bushes,
Distribute the weapons, toss for sides . . .

Puffing out our chests like generals,
We'd lift thumb-an'-index binoculars,
Observing shiny specks on the road below
Explode into carloads of giggling girls.

* * *

When the big night arrived the priest,
Fortified by an enormous green pill,
Walked to center stage in the parish hall.
There, amid some books on a table, lay an airmail envelope.
Labelled "jawbreakers", it would only be used as a last resort.

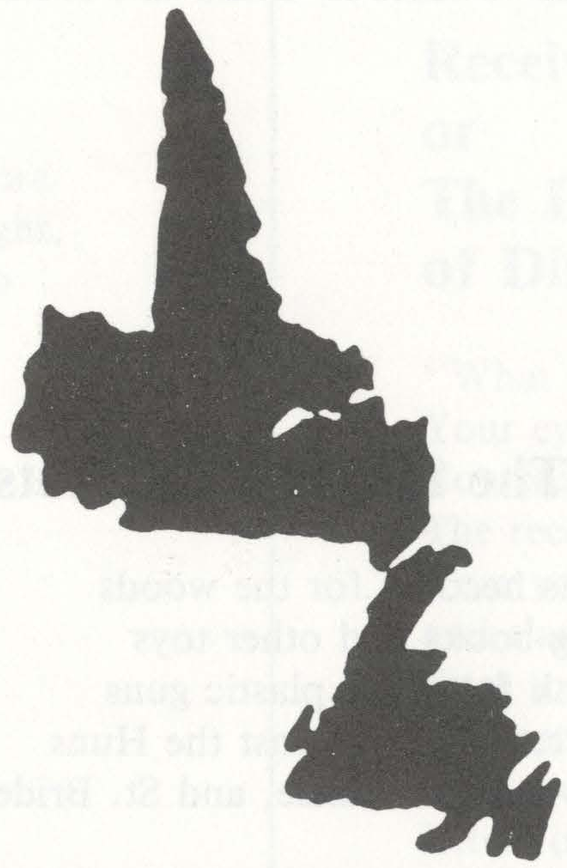
One year the contest coincided
With the Cuban missile crisis.
My brother won $25 for bamboozle,
A word proposed by the mayor
Who consulted with the district nurse
After the jawbreakers ran out.

A steady stream of cars
Honked us victoriously home.
Straightening my bow tie earlier,
I'd wondered if the world would still be there
When we got back from St. Bride's.

* * *

Newfoundland News Highlights

1 July 1988
to
30 September 1988



July 2

Alleged spy Stephen Ratkai was attacked in his cell at the Penitentiary.

July 5

Towns across Newfoundland were reported to be having difficulties maintaining the purity of their water supplies in the face of inadequate sewer systems.

Caplin were plentiful, leading to worries that this might drive prices lower on the Japanese market.

July 6

Provincial government workers were given the right to run for elected office without having to first resign their posts.

Justice Minister Verge announced that the small claims court would rule on the validity of $35 parking tickets issued by private companies.

More than 30 nightclubs were allowed extended hours due to double daylight saving time.

July 7

The Newfoundland legislature ratified the Meech Lake Accord.

July 9

A government official announced that Sprung had billed the province $10,000 for the official visit by Prince Edward.

The town of Carbonear officially launched its Come Home Year celebrations.

July 10

An armed party boarded an American trawler suspected of illegal fishing after the skipper made a run for it.

July 11

Parker and Monroe announced that it would be ceasing to operate its 100 year-old shoe store.

July 12

It was reported that a tentative deal had been reached on Hibernia development.

Lightning caused brief power outages to the Avalon, Bonavista, and Burin Peninsulas.

July 13

New federal electoral boundaries went into effect. Labrador became a separate riding.

Stagnant air from the southeast brought smog from the U.S. and central Canada to Newfoundland.

July 14

An additional loan guarantee of $2.6 million was given to the Sprung project.

July 18

Two levels of government and the Mobil Oil consortium signed a deal to begin construction of the Hibernia oilfield.

July 21

Mount Pearl officially became Newfoundland's third incorporated city.

July 22

Trading in Fishery Products International shares was halted on major exchanges following an earnings-related drop in share prices.

July 24

Emma Jane Houlston, 9, became the youngest person ever to pilot an airplane across Canada on landing at St. John's.

July 27

Corner Brook City Council requested the provincial Environment Department to do more extensive monitoring of mill waste.

July 29

Engine malfunctions put the Argentia ferry out of service.

July 31

Fishermen from the south coast met in Clarenville to discuss foreign overfishing and the boundary dispute with St. Pierre.

August 1

Contract talks with hospital support staff broke off.

Hectic realty trading was reported in the St. John's area.

August 4

Milk prices were the subject of ongoing controversy, following a 4.5¢ per litre increase in the wholesale price.

August 5

Workers at the Brig Bay fishplant asked the courts to decide ownership of 30,000 pounds of frozen fish which they claimed after the company folded without paying them.

August 8

An official representing workers who attended the Gander crash of a jet being flown for the American military reported an increased incidence of health problems.

August 11

It was reported that sales of fish at the giant McDonald's fastfood chain was down by 30%.

August 13

The Newfoundland Summer Games were opened by Premier Peckford following a dispute with the Lieutenant-Governor's office over protocol.

August 15

Department of Environment regulations requiring hunter testing were challenged by a legally-blind man.

August 17

The provincial Transportation Minister announced that the government would build two new ferries and assume the operation of the Bell Island ferry service.

August 18

700 workers at the Corner Brook paper mill went on strike.

August 19

Anti-pornography groups protested the public display of a mural depicting elements derived from Michelangelo's Creation of Adam.

The plight of homeless youths and growing prostitution was aired as a continuing issue.

August 22

The strike at the Corner Brook mill was expanded to include 200 unionized tradesmen.

A Yugoslavian ship anchored in Placentia Bay while a search was conducted following a bomb threat.

August 23

Air Nova announced the introduction of a new Halifax-St. John's-Gander jet route.

The sale of Terra Nova Tel to Newfoundland Telephone was officially announced.

August 24

It was announced that the site for a new federal prison would be Harbour Grace.

August 25

Governor-General Jeanne Sauve visited the town of Conception Bay South.

A delegation representing people from Brig Bay met with the Department of Fisheries to seek relief from one of the worst poverty cycles ever experienced on the Northern Peninsula.

August 26

Results of elections in the Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union were announced. Richard Cashin and incumbent members of the executive were re-elected.

August 28

The Federation of Municipalities requested that the provincial government relieve them of jurisdiction regarding the display and sale of "adult materials".

August 29

Concrete Products Ltd. was identified as the source of a chemical spill that killed fish in the Waterford River.

Tentative agreement was reached in contract talks between the province's teachers and the government.

August 30

70 local United Church ministers held a meeting in Clarenville to express dissent from the national position of the church that the ordination of homosexuals be left to individual congregations.

Premier Peckford said that Quebec had agreed to accelerate negotiations over Labrador Hydro.

The town of Wabush won its court case halting proposed rate hikes for hydro-electric power.

August 31

Newfoundland's federal cabinet representative, John Crosbie, stated that his wife was representing Canada during a free flight she was given by Thailand. Mrs. Crosbie had been among those parliamentary wives who asserted their activities should not be subject to parliamentary conflict of interest guidelines.

September 1

Peter Fenwick lodged a complaint with the federal Department of Consumer and Corporate Affairs following a proposed merger of Brookfield Ice Cream and Sunshine Dairies.

September 4

Talks between Kruger Inc. and the Canadian Paperworkers' Union broke off.

September 5

Volunteers stationed at the Topsail Road Overpass collected over a thousand pounds of canned food from people returning from the Labour Day Weekend to be distributed to needy families.

September 9

Newfoundland railway workers reached an agreement with Canadian National on terms of a compensation agreement to follow the closure of the Newfoundland section of the railway.

Father James Hickey pleaded guilty to 20 counts of sexual assault and indecency in Provincial Court.

September 11

It was reported that 4 of 10 members of the Canadian Aviation Safety Board had rejected the theory that a 1985 air disaster was caused by icing. The minority stated that a bomb explosion aboard the US military transport was a more likely cause.

Human rights activists were reported to be preparing a challenge to the denominational education system, which taxes people of dissenting faiths without giving them school board representation.

September 12

The Supreme Court of Newfoundland held that the Roman Catholic School Board had the right to fire a teacher who changed his religion.

Wabana Town Council delayed a decision on whether to pump out the abandoned mines and store waste there.

September 13

Low level flying was suspended at Goose Bay after the area was occupied by the Nascaupi-Montagnais Innu Association. The groups represented have never signed a treaty ceding the lands to Canada, and maintain the land is still theirs.

France once again quitted negotiations with Canada over fishing rights.

September 14

The St. John's Board of Trade came out in support of private contractors in their bid to scrap a construction industry labour agreement with the provincial government.

September 15

It was reported that more than 14,000 Newfoundland women were waiting up to three months for the results from Pap smear tests. The Health Minister announced plans to send some of the backlog to British Columbia labs: $2 million in additional hospital funding was also announced.

September 16

The Newfoundland government rejected a proposal to store industrial waste in mine shafts on Bell Island and made it clear it would not accept any industrial waste from outside the province.

The European Community signaled its intention to ignore fish conservation quotas, according to the Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization.

September 17

Increasing enrolment and declining facilities and conditions at Memorial University were the subject of numerous stories this month, following years of cutbacks in university funding.

September 18

About 750 members of the Canadian Papermakers' Union at Corner Brook signed a tentative agreement with the mill.

The Justice Department announced a provincial enumeration.

September 19

Provincial corrections officers voted 99% to accept a new negotiated contract.

The international Northwest Atlantic Fisheries Organization reset flounder quotas higher, obviating the need for 4,000 layoffs.

September 20

The Grace General Hospital was given approval to hire additional staff for its mammography unit, following protests over the backlog of tests.

Newfoundland teachers voted to accept a negotiated contract offer.

The Justice Department announced that an office would be opened in Corner Brook as part of computerized system to track down delinquent family support payments.

September 21

The Environment Department announced a strengthening of provincial hazardous waste disposal legislation.

A show by Canadian entertainers in aid of Smallwood's *Encyclopaedia of Newfoundland & Labrador* netted $10,000.

September 22

There was controversy over the degree of indebtedness of the province's municipalities this week.

Bruce Wiseman of Lushes Bight narrowly escaped death from the North Sea oil rig disaster aboard the *Ocean Odyssey*.

September 23

Premier Peckford announced that products of Come by Chance Refinery would be sold to the wholesale market at prices which would act to drive down local fuel costs.

September 24

An epidemic among North Sea seals, believed to be canine distemper virus, was in the news in Europe. The virus was thought not to have crossed the Atlantic.

September 26

A $5 million joint program to help inshore fishermen and plant workers suffering from a poor fishery was announced.

Book Reviews

Thomas F. Nemec
Book Review Editor

The Norse Discovery of America, Vol. 2: The Historical Background and the Evidence of the Norse Settlement Discovered in Newfoundland

Helge Ingstad
Oslo: Norwegian University Press
1985; $103.25, cloth

Dr. Helge Ingstad was born in Norway in 1899 and began his professional life as a barrister. A more prosaic occupation for this obviously restless spirit one can hardly imagine and four years at the bar were evidently sufficient. Trapper in Arctic Canada, Governor of Spitsbergen, leader of several expeditions to the Apache of the southwest United States as well as to the ancient Norse settlements of western Greenland, author of numerous informative and entertaining books and discoverer of the only known Norse settlement in North America, he has led and reported on a life such as most only dream of.

This, his most recent work, is the companion volume to Dr. Anne Stine Ingstad's *The Norse Discovery of America, Volume One. Excavations of a Norse Settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows, Newfoundland 1961-1968* (Oslo: Norwegian University Press, 1985). The two volumes constitute the final report on the Ingstad's historical and archaeological investigations of the eleventh century Norse settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows in Épaves Bay at the tip of the Great Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland. The publicity accorded this fascinating archaeological site since its discovery by the Ingstads in 1960 and its subsequent excavation by them over the following seven years requires me to say little by way of introduction to this publication.

In the late first millennium A.D., a general expansion brought Norse emigrants to northern Scandinavia, the Orkney, Shetland, and Faroe Islands, and parts of Scotland, England, and northern France. Extensive trade networks were established from Ireland in the west to Byzantium and the Mediterranean in the east. By about A.D. 930, Iceland was fully settled and in A.D. 986 the first Norse colony in Greenland was established under the leadership of Eirik Raudi (Erik the Red). It could only be a matter of time before, by accident or design, these north Atlantic colonists made a landfall on the shores of North America. The sagas of Greenland and Iceland which record the first landing and at least some of the subsequent Norse voyages to northeastern North America have provided ample grist for the mills of generations of geographers, historians, archaeologists, and the inevitable lunatic fringe who saw Norse runes and Norse ruins as far afield as Minnesota. Until the 1960s, however, incontestable archaeological evidence of a Norse presence in the New World had still eluded the most ardent researcher.

The work is divided into seven parts. Part I provides background information on Norse ships and methods of navigation, the history of Norse expansion to Greenland and the origins and transmission of the Icelandic sagas relating to the Vinland voyages. Parts II and III are devoted to commentary and source criticism on the *Groenlendingasaga* and *Eiríks saga* in which Ingstad revives Gathorne-Hardy's thesis that the former is not only probably older, but also more historically reliable, than the latter. In parts IV and V, the author deals with a variety of geographical and other issues surrounding the sagas, including contacts with the natives (Skraelings); a better and fuller treatment of the latter topic can be found in McGhee (1984). Part VI comprises a brief review of the archaeological investigations conducted by his wife, Dr. Anne Stine Ingstad, at L'Anse aux Meadows and part VII supplies us with the Vinland sagas in the Gwyn Jones translation, slightly re-arranged. The book is handsomely illustrated with excellent colour plates and numerous black-and-white photographs, line-drawn figures and maps. Readers unfamiliar with the few special characters of Norwegian script will search in vain for an explanation of them. Some minor errors may be noted (e.g. in the foldout map facing p. 512: for Cape Farwell read Cape Farewell; for Port aux Choix read Port au Choix; map p.440 should be entitled "Map of the northeastern Great Northern Peninsula of Newfoundland" and not "Map of the northeastern part of Newfoundland"). A cold sauna for the Norwegian University Press editor for allowing the two-page fig. 18, in which the farm of Herjólfnes, marked by a cross, is virtually lost in the binding, as well as the dreadful inconsistency of typescripts used in many maps. Followed by a good birching for the more serious error of transposing figs. 61 and 105 — the stone projectile point in fig. 105 is not from L'Anse aux Meadows but from the Norse settlement of Sandnes, Greenland (my thanks to Dr. Ralph Pastore for this observation). Mistakes like this are unacceptable in such an important and expensive publication. The price of the volume puts it beyond the means of all but the most dedicated and well-heeled aficionados of things Norse and Newfoundland.

Many of the details of the sagas are so ambiguous that one interpretation is as subjective as another and to quibble with those put forward by the author would be an unproductive use of the space allotted me here. However, there are more troubling aspects of this volume that should not go unchallenged. One is the reference (p. 295) to the discredited thesis that ". . . the Beothuk Indians were systematically exterminated, with the aid of the Micmac Indians from Nova Scotia . . ." No one can deny that the extinction of the Beothuk Indians was a tragic consequence of the European colonization of Newfoundland but there was no systematic extermination with or without the Micmac. Another problem of more immediate relevance to the matters discussed is the glaringly selective use of the evidence presented and the omission of other relevant evidence.

The issue about skin boats is an example. In the Greenland saga, Thorvald Eiríksson, Leif's brother, has two violent encounters with Skraelings in skin boats. Ingstad argues that these Skraelings must have been Eskimoes because "Indian canoes were most often covered with birch bark" (p.122). Yet, Alberto Cantino who met the fifty-seven Newfoundland Indians brought back to Portugal in 1500 by the Corte-Reale expedition provides specific testimony, ironically quoted in another context by Ingstad, that these natives made their boats from caribou skin. Why, therefore, is Dr. Ingstad so firmly wedded to the idea that the Skraelings in skin boats were Eskimo when the evidence at best is inconclusive? The answer is suggested by later discussion:

> "Newfoundland is the most southerly region inhabited by Eskimoes. If Thorvald encountered Eskimoes during a voyage of exploration from Vinland, then Vinland cannot have lain further south than Newfoundland, and hardly anywhere except on that island" (p.296).

Yet another example is provided in the discussion of the topographical and environmental descriptions provided by the

Greenland saga. Dr. Ingstad plausibly suggests that Helluland (Flatstone Land) is Baffin Island and Markland (Wooded Land) the Labrador coast. One could reasonably take issue with these equations, as indeed many have, but the areas identified are not inconsistent with the generalized descriptions in the sagas. However, the much more specific description in the Greenland saga of the location of the Vinland settlement of Leifsbúdir is plainly inconsistent with the setting of L'Anse aux Meadows. I leave aside the much-discussed and presently irresoluble issue of the grapes and vines which gave the land its name and note the reference that the shallows in which the longboat ran aground were so extensive that at low tide it was difficult to see the sea from the boat. At high tide, Leif's men were able to refloat their vessel, bring it up a river and anchor in a lake. Scientific investigations suggest that the sea level in Épaves Bay at the time of the settlement was perhaps half to one metre higher than today which would make the shallows less extensive than they are at present and there is no evidence whatsoever to suggest that Black Duck Brook could ever accommodate any craft, no matter how shallow its draft, bigger than a dinghy, if even that! To be sure, the difficulties in reconciling the saga description with the objective facts are inconclusively discussed in Volume One and very briefly in the present volume —

> "there may have been a pool . . . it may have been possible to bring a ship into such a pool" (p.271).

However, the "may's" later become translated into "must's" in the author's mind and lead him to the resounding statement that

> ". . . there can hardly be any doubt about the Norse settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows being identical with Leif Eiriksson's settlement (Leifsbúdir) in Vinland, of which Groenlendingasaga tells" (p. 481).

Most serious of all is the fact that the archaeological evidence adduced is restricted to the excavations conducted by the author's wife, Dr. Anne Stine Ingstad, between 1961 and 1968. Neither in this nor the companion volume is there any reference to the subsequent excavations between 1973 and 1976 by Parks Canada (Schönback 1974; Schönback et al. 1976; Wallace 1977, 1982) or to the doubts that these excavations cast on such specifics as the so-called boat sheds (set obliquely to the waterline and probably natural features) and the functional nature of the site. For a work published in 1985, these omissions are extraordinary to say the least. Volume I, especially, is where this new material should have been integrated and yet it is simply the reset text of Dr. Anne Stine Ingstad's earlier excavation report, *The Discovery of a Norse Settlement in North America* (1977) with a few corrections. The only major revision involves the upwards recalibration of the radiocarbon dates to provide a new mean date of A.D. 990 + 30/-15 and, after eight years, the report on the aboriginal occupation at the site is still "preliminary."

As I noted in a previous review (Vol. 82(1) Summer 1986:32), Birgitta Wallace has persuasively argued that the L'Anse aux Meadows site shows few of the characteristics expected of the domestic settlement at Leifsbúdir. It very probably was a Norse transit and ship repair station guarding the entrance to the region of Vinland proper, the southern and western reaches of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This more southerly area is a likelier location for Leifsbúdir with its frost-free winters, "wild grapes and vines", and "wild wheat" (whatever plant species these may be).

One can only admire the perseverance with which the Ingstads confronted the initial scepticism about the Norse identity of the L'Anse aux Meadows site. Their hypothesis has been amply corroborated by the archaeological evidence providing laurels large enough for both to rest on. However, positions have evidently and unfortunately hardened in the interim; L'Anse aux Meadows is not simply a Norse settlement, it is Leifsbúdir. That it might be the later settlement of Thorfinn Karlsefni or, indeed, another settlement to which the sagas make no reference are alternative hypotheses that require, but are not unfortunately accorded, consideration.

In a recent work, the Canadian archaeologist Bruce Trigger remarked that "If archaeologists are not to obscure the understanding of the past, they must learn to leave many questions unanswered" (Trigger 1985:52). Trigger, of course, means when the evidence does not admit of a solution and it strikes me that the location of Leifsbúdir is just such a question that, at present, is best left unanswered; Dr. Ingstad's Procrustean attempt to demonstrate that L'Anse aux Meadows is Leifsbúdir is wholly unconvincing. However, readers will find the volume endlessly fascinating. As for myself, I can only wish that at eighty-six I am still publishing and still being controversial.

— Stuart C. Brown

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Dr. Stuart C. Brown is an Associate Professor in the Archaeology Unit of the Department of Anthropology at Memorial University. He has conducted archaeological research in Australia, Iran, Iraq, Sri Lanka, and Canada.

Fred Adams' St. John's

St. John's: Creative Publishers
1986; $9.95, paper

Fred Adams' St. John's is a book of photographs on St. John's. It was first published shortly before Christmas in 1986. It promptly sold out and a second printing was available early in 1987. A quick leaf through this book will tell you why the first printing sold out. It is filled with interesting early photographs of the city. It obviously appealed to the residents' nostalgia and their interest in the history of the city.

The book shows people, events and scenes in St. John's from 1865 to 1945. There are nine sections which deal with: Early Transportation; Ships and Harbour Scenes; Shops and Stores; Street Scenes; Athletes; Interesting Groups; Newfoundland Railway; Characters; Miscellaneous.

What makes this volume more interesting than many books of photographs is that Mr. Adams has in most cases given a description of the contents of the photograph. For instance, page 4 contains a photograph of an early automobile with the following description:

> "This car is a 1906 Reo. Named for its maker R.E. Olds, this was the forerunner of the Oldsmobile. Seen here at the wheel is the owner Mr. Gid Parsons of St. John's. A pioneer in the garage business early in this century. This picture was taken in 1911. Note the Air Horn and the outside brake levers. This car is equipped with carbide lamps . . . two headlamps and two sidelamps."

What more could one want! We have the name and date of the car, the owner, date of photograph and the interesting things to look for. This certainly adds to the picture. Unfortunately in some of the pictures this detail is missing. For example the location of Cash's (p.38) and J.J. St. John's (p.50) are not given. As well the picture of *Urad* (p.34), which is described as a unique and unusual craft, does not tell us the use of the boat or why it was in St. John's. Curiously there are no pictures of the regatta crews while there are two pictures of the Regatta Committee.

All in all it is a most enjoyable book and should be purchased by those who have an

interest in St. John's.

— George Courage

George Courage is a statistician with the Provincial Government.

Strange and Curious: Unusual Newfoundland Stories

Beautiful Ladies of the Atlantic

Otto Kelland
St. John's: Published by the Author
1987; $8.95, paper

Otto Kelland is nothing if not prolific. These two self-published books are simply the most recent to issue from his pen. In the past, Mr. Kelland has produced some works of lasting value; a good example was his 1984 book, *Dories and Dorymen*. Here his standards (and perhaps his aims) are much lower.

Beautiful Ladies of the Atlantic is, despite some problems, the better book of the two. Frankly set in the romantic tradition of books about the sea, it is composed of a series of vignettes about some of the "beautiful" East Coast schooners. The most valuable portion of the book is the first essay on the great racing fishing schooners of the 1920s and 1930s, which really does add something to what we know about these admirable craft. Mr. Kelland not only has something to say but also writes about the topic in an entertaining, well-organized manner. The accompanying photographs underscore the points that he makes in the text.

Unfortunately, the remainder of the book is not as useful. Indeed, aside from his personal sense of aesthetics, it is not clear why he included certain essays. His study of the famous Lunenburg schooner *I'm Alone* adds little to Jack Randell's autobiography and the chapters on the *Kromhout* (another rumrunner), the *Gander Deal* and the *Partanna* seem to exist only as excuses for publishing parts of his (and others') collection of photographs. Some of these, however, save the last half of the book and make it somewhat worthwhile for those with an interest in the coastal vessels of the 1920s and 1930s.

It is less easy to find an excuse for *Strange and Curious.* That there is a market for this type of book cannot be denied: tourists seem always to search them out, and the brisk trade at drugstore book racks suggests that many Newfoundlanders also enjoy the contents. But "popular" and "good" are not necessarily synonymous. The difficulty with this type of undigested folklore is that it is fattening but not nutritious. It is also instantly forgettable, hardly a good recommendation for investing in a book. If there is an organizational principle it is not immediately apparent, and why he has chosen to include snippets of his poetry is a question for which I have no ready answer.

The overall impression that remains after reading these volumes is that both might have been improved by some serious editing. The most bothersome thing about *Beautiful Ladies of the Atlantic* is that the text and pictures are often out of synchronization. The most disturbing aspect of *Strange and Curious* is that it has about as much focus as a random collection of television commercials. Both would have been better, I suspect, had they been published by professionals. Why they were not is a question I cannot answer, since both are likely to command sufficient audiences to repay the investment. The book about shipping is better than its companion, and deserves some measure of praise for its opening essay and exquisite photographs. But neither is as good as it could have been with some constructive editorial advice.

— Lewis R. Fischer

Lewis R. Fischer is an Associate Professor of History and a member of the Maritime Studies Research Unit at Memorial University.

The Phoenix: A Novella

The Pyrate Latitudes

Gordon Rodgers
St. John's: Creative Publishers
1985; $6.95, paper
1986; $5.95, paper

The Pyrate Latitudes, the latest collection of poems by Gordon Rodgers, provides further confirmation (if further confirmation were needed) that Newfoundland poetry has truly come of age. What we now need is the loud blowing of Joshua-horns to bring tumbling down the protective cultural walls erected by prissy Torontonians and outmoded Montreal versifiers. To put it more prosaically, Newfoundland's poets are now good enough to demand the necessary accolades of copious representation in *The Oxford (Penguin) Book of Canadian (Verse) Poetry* and of being regularly reviewed in the national media.

In one act of daring proof of poetic maturity Gordon Rodgers entitles a poem "To the Summer Cottage." Dear God, even two decades ago this would have been a sure warning that the spigots of poesy had been opened and sentimental gush would come gouting out. No longer. Gordon Rodgers gives a clear, true statement concluding

> sea breezes blow through,
> then seed across the blueberry barrens.

Rodgers is a master of presenting sharp sensory perceptions that magically fuse to create a greater reality. Perhaps the most striking illustration of this is to be found in his prize-winning poem "During the Campaign." The first stanza is nineteen lines long and shows us the brash, oleaginous political pro making his one pre-election visit. The second and concluding stanza has four short lines:

> Alone, I watch
> the falling snow heal the dark holes
> that he punched in the path
> outside my door.

A festschrift of learned articles could not have provided us with a more moving statement of the sleaziness in which Canadian politics have become mired.

Gordon Rodgers has crafted a spare, laconic utterance that can suddenly pummel the reader in the solar plexus, as in the poem "Ultralite":

> He dreams of yellow wings
> and red wings across the blue;
> he dreams of ultralites
> and a small business
> outside of the city . . . .
>
> To give his dreams demonstration,
> his hand rises in an arc,
> gentle as a wing,
> then hangs there:
> shaking,
> white and withered.

This is truly impressive poetry. Were John Buchan still alive to award the Medals he created, one would surely go to Gordon Rodgers.

The Phoenix, a prose novella, is an account of a day in the life of a thirteen-year-old boy growing up sensitive in Gander. A passenger plane crashes on take off, he sees the wreckage, and experiences a rite of passage: at the end of the day he takes down the model airplanes of his boyhood, boldly enters the town's Amusement Center, and directs his attentions at a once-skinny girl, who has now "filled out nicely" and is wearing a plum-coloured mohair sweater and tight jeans. (This new awareness of sex ties in with the brutal manifestations of death that he has witnessed.) Finally, he sits on the roof of his house in the dark and thinks deep thoughts.

The story is well told, but even at eighty-five pages this novella is too long. The acute sensory awareness of the protagonist, and the subtle nature of his flickering thought as he emerges from the chrysalis of boyhood could have been portrayed more movingly and with a far greater intensity in a shorter narrative poem. On the evidence that I have seen, Gordon Rodgers' natural medium is poetry and not prose.

— Gildas Roberts

Gildas Roberts is a Professor of English at Memorial University, and an author. The film rights to one of his novels have recently been bought by a Canadian film company.

Taipsumane: A Collection of Labrador Stories

Josephina Kalleo
Nain, Labrador: Torngasok Cultural Centre
1984; $14.00, paper

Josephina Kalleo's *Taipsumane* ("at that time") is a collection of 45 pictures, with a commentary in Moravian Inuktitut, syllabics, and English. The pictures illustrate the traditional way of life of the Labrador Inuit at the time of Kalleo's childhood (in the 1920s and '30s). They show the seasonal occupations and migrations: spring seal-hunting; summer camps, occupied with the cod fishery; winter in Nain, or trapping and hunting travelling by dog-team. Kalleo emphasizes the self-sufficient lifestyle of the Inuit in former days. The foods which they obtained from the land are carefully listed: barrels (puncheons) of frozen fermented fish — "really tasty" — a delicacy in the winter; frozen seal meat and "seal gravy"; dried trout, split into strips for easier drying; the making of *nalluagak,* fish gutted and dried with head and bones on; jigging through the ice for rock-cod — "they're very tasty frozen, dipped in seal oil or eaten with fresh seal blubber"; hunting deer. In "Traditional Foods" (#23), Kalleo draws the various kinds of berries, edible shore plants, and shellfish: currants, bakeapples, blackberries, blueberries and red berries which were made into jam; mussels, clams, sea urchins and sea snails, kelp and seaweed gathered on the sea shore; and edible plants such as willow leaves and sorrel. The illustration shows children gathering these food items, each carefully labelled in Inuktitut. Kalleo's aim is to show the younger generation traditional sources of food of which they are now ignorant. Another illustration (#34) shows children fishing at low tide for young sculpins, using as fishing tackle a pebble wrapped in seal-intestine attached to a line: "It will be a tasty treat for mother." Children too could contribute to the family diet. The Inuit supplemented these local food sources with a cash economy derived from the cod-fishery and fur trapping. Women too were trappers: "We used to do our own trading with furs" — the picture shows a woman trading her fox skin at the store (#10 Women as trappers). "But not any more," Kalleo comments. "I miss that freedom very much."

Kalleo's vision is essentially elegiac, mourning for a past way of life and past values, the decline of Inuit culture and values. In her school days at the Moravian mission in Nain, children were taught in Inuktitut, and "We didn't learn anything about English culture" (#7 Education). Discipline was strict; those unwilling to learn had to stand in the corner — "That is how we were treated when I was a child" (#43 Children at School). Now children are undisciplined, and young people illiterate in their own language.

> The younger people can no longer read Inuktitut because they go to church less frequently. The church was always the main propagator of literacy in the Inuktitut language, as most literature in Inuktitut was church literature. It is sad to see literacy in the Inuktitut language dying. (#14)

Taipsumane with its bilingual text is designed to remedy that. In a savagely satirical picture titled "This Year" (#21), there is a building marked "HOTELL" on one side, a church on the other. People are flocking to the hotel; one man has fallen down drunk.

> The people are forgetting their spiritual values.
> Home-brew, liquor, and beer have crowded them out.
> The church has been forsaken for the bar.
> These same people are the descendants of our fathers.
> They want to forget our culture and adopt new modes of living. They have no one to tell them what to do.

Kalleo links this decline with modern technology. The skidoo is inferior to the dog-team: "dogs would take their masters home through storms when they were lost . . . unlike the skidoos, piloted only by human beings, open to human error." The engines of motorboats have scared the cod and seal away — "They're all gone now, now that we have speedboats" (#22 Seal Hunting). Even modern tents are inferior to the old ones: "Only three sticks hold them up. When it's windy, they're not very safe." In her childhood, tents had "14 tent poles . . . tied onto the inside of the tent. This makes it much more secure during storms" (#32 Tents).

By contrast to "This Year", Kalleo's memories of "life long ago" are warm and full of fun: the excitement of Christmas at Nain, when people were woken up by the brass band playing Christmas hymns; the beautiful Christingle Service when the children were given lighted candles representing the Holy Spirit; also gifts of toys and candy, after singing "O Christmas Tree" and "Silent Night" in Inuktitut. There are pictures of children's games — skipping, blind man's buff, sailing toy boats their fathers had made for them; now, toys are bought, and children have less fun with them.

Kalleo's lyrical sense of the past lifts her book from denunciation into poetry:

> It was a good life living on the land when I was a child.
> The small birds singing in the early morning.
> It was beautiful.
> And the sea birds, the squaw ducks, the black ducks, the sea gulls welcoming the rising dawn, as we prepared to boil tea outdoors. (#4 Life Long Ago)

Kalleo's pictures, in felt-tipped pen, are interesting both in colour and composition. She often shows three or four scenes simultaneously in one picture: e.g., in #3, a spring camp on an island, with tents, skins drying, and berrypicking; a summer scene, making salt fish; what people wore in 1919 (white dickies and white boots); traditional Inuit tools carefully labelled in Inuktitut, surrounded by a rectangular border. The different seasons are indicated by the colouring: yellow for the spring camp "the snow is almost all melted" — and blue rocks for the summer fish camp. Her landscapes are subtly variegated in colour, and are never repetitious. The sea in #36 has pink overlaid with blue cross-hatching, giving a rich purply effect, with lighter blue strokes for the waves in the distance. In the next picture, the sea seems to reflect light: light blue with pink and white highlights, the shadows by the fish-stage in deeper pink. Winter ice is yellow with blue shadows (#33 At the Floe Edge). The interior of a house is bright yellow, lit by a "lamp . . . made from a tin can, their fuel seal oil" (#31). Kalleo is never tedious in her colours: when a woman scrubs a floor, that part scrubbed is fawn-white, the "dirty" part deep blue. Her essential joy shines through her colours: like the purple sea set with jewel-like islands in "Fishing Places" (#40).

Kalleo read her work in Inuktitut (followed by an English translation) at the conference "Overcoming Isolation" (the first conference of Newfoundland and Labrador writers). Tiny physically (but not spiritually) she impressed by her great dignity. An artist with a poet's sensibility, it is to be hoped that she will follow *Taipsumane* with other publications.

— Roberta Buchanan

— Roberta Buchanan teaches English and Women's Studies at Memorial.

Uncommon Property: The Fishing and Fish-Processing Industries in British Columbia

Patricia Marchak *et al.* (eds.)
Toronto: Methuen Publications
1987; $22.95, paper

In the 1980s, the seemingly endless social problems and complex organizational forms of both the Atlantic and Pacific fisheries attracted many social researchers. Now, the major BC group has produced a book of real comparative interest to all students of Newfoundland's fishing industry.

In her introduction, Marchak raises many important theoretical issues and sharply attacks fisheries economists who claim that fish is treated as common property, from which follows the evils of excess capacity, low incomes, and overfishing. The perceived solution is for the state to restrict access and give limited catching rights to individuals. Marchak claims that the root of these problems is the logic of competition for profit, not open access resources. Moreover, since the introduction of limited entry licensing, Canadian fish have, in fact, been state property, and mismanaged at that (p.5). Marchak's argument is provocative and turns attention to the state as a central component of the fishing industry. The state has the task of ensuring the functioning of the *"system of property rights . . .* and the *system of accumulation"* (p.12). The varied constraints on the state and the necessity of opposing particular

property holders at times are recognized.

The remaining essays are organized into three groups: capital and the state; labour and organization; community and region. The main focus is on salmon but other species are not neglected. All chapters are useful and several are essential reading; e.g., John McMullan's rather dense history of state participation in fisheries from wartime controls to recent contradictory programs that he relates to the post 1980 debt crisis. I was particularly interested in part three in which Evelyn Pinkerton examines two communities on west Vancouver Island where fishing was the major economic activity (like much of Newfoundland), and Keith Warriner analyses regional disparities within a dependency theory framework.

It is disappointing in such a long book that so little reference is made to the interviews undertaken for the project. There are few references to field observations or quotes that might enliven the presentations. The project surveys must have generated a massive amount of information, but the data were used only in Guppy's two chapters on labour, and sparingly even there. Nevertheless, social scientists and the general public interested in fish harvesting and fish processing will not want to be without this book.

— Peter R. Sinclair

Peter Sinclair is Professor and Head of the Dept. of Sociology at Memorial University.

Listen While I Tell You: The Story of the Jews of St. John's

Alison Kahn
St. John's: Institute of Social & Economic Research, Memorial University
1987; $23,95, cloth

In the growing field of the study of Newfoundland's history, culture and folklore, the small but important Jewish community of Newfoundland has largely been ignored. Before the publication of Alison Kahn's *Listen While I Tell You: A Story of the Jews of St. John's, Newfoundland,* there was only a handful of scholarly works referring to Newfoundland Jews. Most of these sources are unpublished papers available in Memorial University's Queen Elizabeth II Library, plus a 1½ page "summary" in Sheva Medjuck's *Jews of Atlantic Canada* (1986, 42-43).

Kahn's work comes at an important point in the history of the Newfoundland Jewish community. Out-migration of the younger people, a lessening religiousity of many of the remaining community, and apathy among Jews in various professions, largely found at Memorial University, is threatening the very existence of the last remaining synagogue in Newfoundland.

Listen While I Tell You is a collection of the memories of the earlier Jewish immigrants and their children. Throughout the work we learn of the first Jewish merchant — Israel Perlin, who came to Newfoundland in 1891, and with his brother Frank, founded I.F. Perlin and Company in St. John's in 1893. Israel was the "father" of all the early wave of Jewish immigrants, giving them the opportunity and guidance to travel around the island, peddling wares bought at I.F. Perlin Wholesale. These new immigrants, after a time peddling, married and settled in St. John's, as well as in other smaller communities, where they became an integral part of community life.

Listen While I Tell You is a story of the trials and joys of a new and growing Jewish community, yet it is not by any means complete in its telling. While we learn about the stereotypical merchant Jew, we do not learn much of the social and religious side of a small and struggling community. We hear whispers of those who left the fold, but not of the later waves of immigrants — those fleeing Nazi-dominated Europe, those who survived and settled in Newfoundland, or of those who came to Newfoundland after Confederation, nor of those professionals who form a part of the university community.

It must be remembered that Kahn's work is an oral history, filling an important gap in the study of the Jews of Newfoundland. It gives us the opportunity to hear the story as told by the participants, but does not preclude further study of the history of the Jewish community here. While there is no emphasis on the Jews outside of St. John's in the early period and the Jews that came after ca. 1935, it does give us important insight into the early period in St. John's, and Newfoundland Jews in general. Even if taken only as a source for further study, the book is still invaluable.

— Jeannie H. Howse

Jeannie H. Howse is an undergraduate student studying for an honours degree in History at Memorial University.

Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador, Vol. Two

Joseph R. Smallwood (Editor in Chief)
C. F. Horan, R.D.W. Pitt & B.G. Riggs (Managing eds.)
St. John's: Newfoundland Book Pubs. (1967) Ltd.
1984; $75.00, cloth

In a recent article (August 13, 1988) in the Arts/Books section of the *Globe and Mail* Matthew Fraser wrote that Canada has "no tradition of poet-statesmen." "Canada," he continued, "is one of the few western countries that have not yet been distinguished by artistic figures in high office." Canada perhaps but certainly not Newfoundland, for missing from Fraser's list of writers who have attained high political office is the name of Joseph Roberts Smallwood. His career has a striking symmetry. In the 1930s he produced big books. Beginning in 1946, he enjoyed a run of political success that lasted until 1972. Thereafter he went straight back, as if politics had been mere distraction, to producing more big books, first his memoirs and then two volumes of the *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador,* commonly and justifiably known as the Smallwood Encyclopedia. In between he found time to turn out a steady stream of smaller items, which mixed history, lore and reminiscence in what was by now, to those acquainted with his *oeuvre,* a familiar amalgam.

Smallwood's literary career, like his career in politics, was both daring and quixotic. The product of the heyday of the newspaper and of the journalist and editor cum public figure, he was notable for indefatigable effort. In terms of scholarship and approach to publication he remained an inshore fisherman in the age of state subsidized and, more often than not, university based deep sea dragging oprations. His books are quirky but refreshingly individual.

They are also hard to ignore. *The Book of Newfoundland* (6 vols., 1937-75), begun when Newfoundland was decidedly on its economic rear end, is a monument to one man's irrepressible optimism and faith in the future of his country. I use it a good many times in the run of a year and often marvel that anyone could carry off so madcap if praiseworthy a venture in the dismal circumstances of Newfoundland in the late 1930s. The *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador,* produced in the unlikely setting of a bungalow off Portugal Cove Road, picks up where *The Book of Newfoundland* stops. The obvious comparison is with *The Canadian Encyclopedia,* often referred to, though less justifiably from a literary point of view, as the Hurtig Encyclopedia. That work is the product of the contemporary high tech scholarly collective, backed up by the omnipresent state. By contrast the Smallwood Encyclopedia represents the free enterprise, voluntarism and individualism of the past. One would be hard pressed to find Mel Hurtig's literary mark on his encyclopedia, useful as it is, but the *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador,* though the product of many hands as any work of its type must be, decidedly bears the imprint of JRS.

Volume two of the *Encyclopedia,* published in 1984, follows the format of volume one, and brings the reader from "Fac" (Facey, John Morris Charles) to "Hoy" (Hoylestown, Maggoty Cove). Like its predecessor, it is readable and informative. If it is not always the place to end one's researches, it is almost always a good place to start them. For all its professional gloss, not much more than that can be said of the Hurtig Encyclopedia. Some entries, such as the one on "Food" (pp 272-89), break new ground and excite in their originality, comprehensiveness and social history perspective.

For some time after the publication of volume two, the *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador* was in limbo. Now one has every reason to believe that the work

will be completed. The additional three volumes planned will likely bring the whole work closer to the mainstream of Canadian letters, that is to say towards Mel Hurtig and away from Joe Smallwood, though the Smallwood name will forever be identified with the volumes to come and with those who direct, write and edit them. In a sense, therefore, volume two drew the curtain not only on a prodigious career in letters but on a whole time in Newfoundland's literary life. Having the book in one's library is all the more valuable for that.

— Peter Neary

Dr. Peter Neary is Professor of History at the University of Western Ontario at London.

Lester Leeland Burry: Labrador Pastor and Father of Confederation

Hector Swain
St. John's: Harry Cuff Publications Ltd. 1983; $5.95, paper

This brief biography of a man and his love for Labrador and its people, is a story of devotion and dedication. The author appropriately describes the setting before he leads you into the life of this great missionary-minded person. The book portrays the determination of Lester Burry to improve the conditions under which the people of the north lived; to give them a place in the future. Throughout the book there is evidence that the concerns of Lester Burry for the people of Labrador transcended religion, culture and class.

The author gives a vivid picture of the hardships endured by Lester Burry in his efforts to serve his parishioners along a very rugged stretch of coastline. The devotion and love is flowing in both directions, coloured with a deep sense of respect for this man of God.

The book gives you a brief background, and a glimpse into the early life of Lester Burry, followed by his years in Labrador as a United Church missionary.

To convey his concern for the welfare of all people in Labrador, the author has appropriately given a preview into his political involvement with the National Convention in 1946. A most fitting section to round out the whole man!

This is a very interesting and readable book about a pastor and his people.

— Pearce J. Penney

Pearce Penney is Chief Provincial Librarian.

The Cycle Squad: Wilbur Hobbs, Gordon Taylor, Les Adams & Bill Robinson

Special Poetry Section

New Poems by Alastair Macdonald in celebration of the poet's remarkable contribution to the *Quarterly* during the past twenty years.

Alastair Macdonald

November Eleventh

Today
the ink-soaked clouds
and lurid gleams brood
in a Vlaminck sky
disturbed and desolated as
a Flanders warscape,
'Menin Road', or 'Totes Meer'
of another fray.

Again we think of then
and them, and of all wars
our nature makes
that had their way.

But had their end.
Organic matters torn
and spilled were at the worst
absorbed in history
and earth and put
imaginably
to some further use.
Always exhaustion
slowed the hand,
cried for a stop.

And,
till our time,
the ravaged, grief-drawn face
knew it could turn
from horror, fear,
and lift for balming hope
to the green again
and blowing land,
the light, the air.

The Playing Field

From up on higher ground
the old man gazes down.
Distant, below
on the wide, extending field
the dog in chase looks round
to see
if it's companioned still.

Yes, the boy runs
drawn by the coursing sky
scenting
the mild soft air
of autumn or the spring,
and there,
about, beyond him
are the years
the world, oh everything
to keep him safe
and fill
his life with suns
of which the dreams now tell.

There is a hidden chain
which links these ends of time.
Will the young purpose hold,
or be cast out as wrong
and nothing's fantasy?
The chary, late-day steps,
the all, not quite enough,
that could be done,
the known continuance
to which we cling
too often are the endings
of that run.
And yet we long
sometimes, in the chill
of the veered wind,
for that warm dreamwhile
and the gold it spun.

Alastair Macdonald

Witness of Passage

In snow, scoring the whiteness,
treaded prints of a creature
chart where it's come from, gone to,

may tell what it is, or does
with no aim to leave trace —

for a night, or a freezing.

Marks that would live
must stamp down
through the drifts of our timefall.

Obituaries in an Alumnus Review

It took the unprécised time
and being of a life to print
the spared line or two
of certain facts.

An extract has been pressed:
whether the wine, the spirit,
or the sludge and husks.

Cottage Smoke

Above the trees, from her cottage
hugged in the glade,
her smoke signed to the neighbourhood.
Someone was there.

For her, unmarried, by herself,
it had been home.
The heir, a nephew, did not come
to live in it.

Sun rayed cold boughs, sequined June leaves.
Birds risked the long-
closed threshold, printing snow. Dust clung
to window panes,

rimed the still furnishings. At spaced
breaks of the year
scouts with leave to camp would enter,
raise the smoke wreath.

And those left who knew might fancy,
was her deep quiet
broken once in a while by that
laughter of youth?

Alastair Macdonald

Crossing English Country By Train In Late July

The ochre wash of wheat
floods in light-sheened waves
to rise about jade trees,
rust farm buildings, cottages.

For an instant composed,
though next seconds dislimning,
re-forming, the picture springs
a surge of astonished peace
beyond the word.

Someone may be looking,
feeling, from the houses
islanded in corn. Their fixed view
is the sea of ripened field
awaiting the combines.
The susurration of its dryness
whispers autumn,
the heady edge of cooler,
cutting air through heat, and nights
of moonlit, almost
melancholy promise.
A train is skylining
the level wheat horizon,
carrying people through,
beyond its bounds,
to what, it might be fancied,
enviable magic?

The autumn ushered stir
as, in a different way, the spring.
Summer fulfils itself,
but not always the dreams
it flowers in us.
From flying cloud unreached
the fall's start returned
the manageable self.
In time, these states
were more recalled than felt.

Or from above, the leisured
helicoptered hovering look
on the tawny patchwork
veined with green, where the local
diesel commuter,
a shortish, jointed grub,
boring this and that way,
noses the banks and hedges.

In the train,
through successive assemblages
of landscape, they are moving
perhaps to a point of view
sought still.

Parade of the Constabulary & Fire Department at Fort Townshend

Helen Parsons Shepherd 1988