



Way Back Then

The sun rose very bright this day. There were no clouds in the sky. The sea was calm, not a ripple on the water. It had the makings of a beautiful day. My Father and uncle decided to go across the arm in rowboat to cut a bit of firewood to bring home for the summer. My Grandfather owned the boat, so he decided to stay home. He new that if he went that would take up room in the boat and they would not bring back as much wood if it was only two of them. The snow was all gone, only a few patches here and there where the sun did not shine very much. Summer was almost here. The date was May 27,1937.

My father and uncle got aboard the boat and rowed across the arm. This was about twenty minutes row with two people rowing with two sets of paddles. Now it would only take a couple of minutes to go there with the fast boats we have now. When they arrived at their destination, across the arm they landed by a brook with fresh running water. This would be the place that they would boil the kettle when it came time to have their lunch.

They took their axe and bucksaw from the boat and started to walk in over the hill where they were going to cut the firewood. It didn't take them very long to cut a boatload of wood. After they had their wood cut they went to where they had their boat tied on and boiled their kettle. They had their lunch that consists of a couple slices of homemade bread with molasses, tea and a

piece of cooked salt dried salt fish.

After they had eaten their lunch they went back in the woods to bring out the wood on their back to where the boat was tied. They then loaded the boat and rowed for home

Meanwhile the baby that my Mother (Floss) was expecting was coming along today. My Father and Uncle were away across the arm cutting firewood in my Grandfathers boat. My Grandfather had to go out of the community to get the midwife to come to born the baby. At that time everyone had her babies' home it was a very big task at that time to get anyone to a hospital. Come by Chance hospital was the closest hospital to Hodges Cove where I was born. To get there in the mid thirties you would have to go to Queens Cove in boat than walk to Northern Bight train station than get the train to go to Come by Chance station, from there you walked to the hospital,

My Grandfather had to get the loan of some other boat to go to a small community across the arm to get the midwife. This was a rush job because he had about three miles to row to get there than three miles back. This took about an hour or more. He got the midwife and back home. It was already a couple of women at the house when the midwife arrived ready to help with the birth if they were needed. They had everything prepared; water, blankets and the bed positioned the right way.

After a couple of hours a fifteen-pound baby boy was born and they named him Henry Garfield. I was the first of the clan. I had three brothers and three sisters. Alexander. Mary Rose, William Edward, Lloyd Mark, Elsie Lillian and Ella Doris. Elsie Lillian was born at McIvers, Bay of Islands. I think the favorite sister to me when we were growing up was Ella. She was everyones pet.

Meanwhile my father and uncle loaded the boat with their firewood, a good load they had too. The boat was loaded with only two top planks out off the water. They then left for home unknown what went on back home.

When they were almost ashore my father saw my Grandfather walk down to the beach. He said to my uncle that the old man, as what my father called him, was coming to help to unload the boat. My uncle said that was unusual for him to do that because he didn't know what time we would be back. It must be someone sick or dead. Can you imagine their surprise when they land and he said, Herb. Floss got a baby boy.

Well they unloaded the boat and hurried in to see the big baby. When they arrived at the house the midwife wouldn't let them in the room because everything wasn't ready in the room. Those days the midwife was the boss after the baby was born.

After a while they were able to get in to see the baby. No men were allowed in the room while the baby was been born. Not much like it is nowadays where the husband is allowed in the room to watch the baby been born.

When my father saw me he thought to himself what a baby, in a few years I will have plenty of help. He wasn't in the room very long before the midwife told him he have to get out now, because she had to make the mother comfortable and let her get some sleep.

In those days, after a baby was born, the mother had to stay in bed for ten days. The midwife stayed with the mother for about five days sleeping in the room at night and daytime caring for the mother and baby. After this time the midwife would leave and go home until perhaps the

ninth or tenth day. She would return than to see how the mother was doing and to see if the mother could get up. Usually on the tenth day the mother was allowed up for about a couple of hours. She was only allowed to set up but have a blanket wrapped around her. She wasn't suppose to do anything the first day she got up .Not even to take up the baby. When the baby had to be fed she had to go to bed and do it.

That summer my father went fishing on the Labrador in schooner with a Captain Smith. My father and crew were gone all summer and in the fall when they returned they had a full load of salt codfish. That summer my mother and my self stayed at my Grandfathers house. When my father got back from the Labrador I was about four months old.

All this salt cod that they brought back had to be washed then dried. Every man that was in the crew had to take a share of the fish to wash and dry it. Everyone in the family that could help in any way was there to help to wash and dry the fish. When the fish was dried it had to be taken back to the schooner again, and carried to St John's to trade with the merchants for food and clothing. In those days just about everything were done on the barter system, hardly any money changed hands. The fishermen would get enough food to last them all winter. Usually the food consists of flour, **sugar, butter, beans, peas, molasses, salt pork, salt beef, prunes and perhaps some apples.** They didn't buy any vegetables because they grew their own, such as potatoes, turnip, carrot and other vegetables that could be grown. To keep these vegetables all winter, they were kept in an underground cellar were it was warm enough so the vegetables would not freeze. They also had their own livestock. They bought clothes and footwear, only what was necessary.

I remember one year, I was about six years old, when my father came back from St. John's with his food and clothing for the winter. He bought me a pair of red bottom knee rubbers. I was some excited when I saw the boots. I said to myself that now I could sail my boat without getting my feet wet. I tried on the boot for the right foot to see if it fit okay, perfect. I than tried on the left one and low and behold that one was for the right foot too. Now you couldn't take them back to St. John's to change them. You would have to wear them like that or have no boots for the winter. You see you could have only one pair boots a year. You would wear them all winter than in the spring when they would break off above the ankle you would cut them off and wear them the rest of the summer until the fall, than you would get a new pair. Anyway, back to my rubbers with two for the one foot. Someone said that you could stand in the water and keep turning the toe of the boot with your hand then they would come back right. A fat chance. I kept trying this whenever I was in the water. The boot was the same shape when I threw them away in the fall.

The fall of 1937 we moved to Butter Cove to my fathers' home. We lived there for about two years. My Grandfather lived with us that were my father's father. I was only two years old when he died. The day that he died my father was in the room with him. He ask my father were I was to. My father said that I was down stairs. He than said that boy is going to be tore up by the dogs. That was the last words that he spoke. He just blew out his breath and died. I never knew this until I was about Thirteen years old when my father told me. Well I was always afraid of dogs but after he told me that that made me more afraid than ever, even to this day I won't go near a strange dog. Whenever a dog sees me it starts to bark. I am sure that an animal can smell fear. I remember one time my friend and I was walking down the road and we saw this small dog in this persons yard. Of course when I saw the dog I lagged behind a bit. When the dog saw us here it comes out under the gate and past by my friend and made a bee line for me. My friend had to drive it off with a stick. I guess its true enough what the say that an animal can smell fear.

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We lived at Butter Cove until my father had a new house built at Hodges Cove. While we were living at Butter Cove my mother used to take me on a sled in the winter and haul me up to Hodges Cove every weekend. This was about two hours walk. It didn't make any difference how cold it was she still bundled me up on the sled and away we go.

We moved in the new house in the early forties. The houses at that time weren't built like they are today. They were built on wooden shores. The walls were done with sticks eight foot long, flattened on both sides to a thickness of about 3 ½ inches. All the framing was done this way. The board was sawed with a saw called a pitsaw. It took two men to do this job. A frame was put up about ten feet high. The log to be sawn was put on top. A man got on top holding one end of the saw while the man on the ground held the other end. They used to pull this saw up and down until the log was sawed. A very hard and tiring job. The house was sheathed up on the inside with inch board. The outside was clapboarded on the post. The roof was done with board also than felted over with single ply felt. Later this was tarred to keep the roof watertight. The windows were made locally and installed with a single pane of glass. The inside walls were papered with what they called sheathing paper. The doors were also locally made. There were no locks only a string tied to a piece of board they called a latch. The floors were bare; perhaps there might be a hooked mat on the floor in one or two places. The basement or crawlspace was left opened, nothing around the crawlspace what ever.

Hooked Mats

To hook mats you had to have a wooden frame. In this frame you would lace a brin bag cut square or rectangular shape. Then if you were any good to draw, you would draw some kind of pattern on the brin, such as a caribou, horse or perhaps a Newfoundland dog which was the favourite. If you weren't much of an artist you would always get someone to do it for you. The next thing that you did was to gather up all of the different kinds of colored rag you could get and cut it up in very narrow strips. Sometimes you would get different kinds of wool. You were now ready to hook your mat. The mat hook consists of a nail put in a piece of wood that you could hold in your hand. The nail had a hook in the other end to hook the material and pull it up through the brin. The material was held in one hand under the mat and in the other hand was the hook which was poked down through to pull the material up through. The different colors were used to have different backgrounds, like green grass or blue sky. Some people done really nice jobs on those mats. These mats were used to put on the floor so the floor would be much warmer.

A small porch was built on the house. This was built like the house, framed up than clapboarded on the post. This porch was used in the summer to store things into. In the winter it was used to store wood in and a place for the water barrel. You see there wasn't any running water in them days. In the winter you brought enough water in buckets to fill the water barrel. Then every day during the winter, (except Sunday) that was one of your chores to keep that water barrel filled. I use to be proud when it become cold enough that the barrel would gradually freeze up. The more ice got in the barrel the less water you had to bring. It was bad when the barrel had to be brought into the house to get the ice thawed out. You weren't supposed to put any more water in it until every bit of ice was thawed, than you started the big job over again. While the barrel was thawing out you still had to bring water in buckets for the daily use.

The houses were very cold in winter. It was only one wood stove to keep the house warm. This stove was in the kitchen. The doors were closed going to the bedrooms; all the heat was in the

kitchen. Before you go to bed there was always a couple of rocks warmed up to put in the foot of your bed to warm it up. It used to be that cold that the kettle and teapot had to be emptied before you go to bed, if not when you get up the next morning the teapot would be froze up and broke and the bottom of the kettle would be round. The bread would be froze like a rock. Before you get any breakfast the first thing you would have to do is thaw out the bread and melt the butter. In the night before you go to bed you would have to make sure that every spark of fire was out. You would always throw water in the stove to make sure that the fire was out. The reason for this was because the stovepipe wasn't very safe. After this was taken care of the last thing was to make sure the cat was put out doors. I suppose it was warmer for the cat outdoors than it was in house. The cat would go in some ones barn and sleep in the hay. Some mornings when you get up you would not be able to see out the window the windows were froze up. To see out you had to blow your breath on the window until you melted a little hole in the frost on the window. Just about every home around the community on a cold morning had a peephole on the windowpane.

In the winter your father, if he were home, would get up early in the morning and light the fire in the kitchen stove. After the kitchen was warmed up he would call you to get up. If your father happened to be away working somewhere the oldest boy had to light the fire in the mornings. I remember a good many mornings that I had to get up and light the fire. I remember jumping out off bed and running across the hall and into the kitchen on the cold canvass with your naked feet. It was that cold on the floor, you could only walk on the top of your toes. You would hurry to light the fire than run back to bed and put your cold feet on your brother which you slept with. A fight would usually start than with your brother because you tried to warm your cold feet on his warm ones. You would stay in bed than until the wood was almost burned out, than you would jump out again to put in more wood. By this time the kitchen was warmed.

It seems like back than the winters were colder and there were a lot more snow on the ground. Around January month there was so much snow down that you wasn't able to see any fences. You were able to walk anywhere. It was a good time for riding if you had a slide.

When we were younger, we didn't have warm clothes like they have today. For your daily wear you had underwear made out of flannettee with a flap on the rear closed with a button. Your shirt was also made from the same material. Than you had overalls or dungarees made from blue denim. Your coat was a hand me down or came from some second hand store. Your footwear consisted of a pair of woolen socks and a pair of Knee high rubber boots. You also had a pair of woolen mitts. If you lost your mitts during the winter you went the rest of the winter without any. I remember one winter I lost one of my mitts. I didn't tell my mother, if I did I was in trouble. What I did for the rest of the winter was to use one mitt for both hands. When one hand would get cold I would switch and put the mitt on the cold hand. Mother wasn't aware of this until the spring of the year. She was really mad when she discovered that I went all winter wearing one mitt. Your parents made all of the clothes except the rubber boots of course.

I remember I had a new pair of overalls that my mother made for me. I decided to go out on the hill for a ride. I never had a slide so I decided to sit on my rear and ride down the hill that way. When I got to the bottom of the hill I looked back up the hill and there was a blue streak from the top of the hill to the bottom, just as if someone painted the side of the hill with blue paint. The blue dye from my overalls came out when it got wet. Later I got a slide. The slide was made with two barrel staves, four pieces of wood about six inches long and about four inches in diameter, four or six pieces of one-inch board. Two pieces eighteen inches long for the width and the two-foot pieces for the length. This was called a stave sled and boy that could sure go over the snow.

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We didn't have a factory sled to ride on than.

SCHOOL DAYS.

I remember the first day that I went to school. I was five years old on May twenty-seven and started school in September. I remember that I wore short pants color blue also a blue coat to match. I never had any older brothers or sisters to go along with for company. Boy I was sure scared. School opened at nine-thirty, the teacher rang the bell and everyone went in except me. I was ready to go home again when the teacher came to me and asked my name. He asked me would I like to go in with him, which made me feel a whole lot better.

This was a one-room school with about forty pupils from grade primer (kindergarten) to grade eleven. When I looked around I saw about fourteen seats in three lines about five seats in a row. There were three pupils setting in each seat. The desk part was connected to the seat that had no back. It was something like a picnic table I was seated with two more beginners. The first thing was done before lessons were that you would have a little exercise, than say prayers. While the Lords Prayer was said we had to stand by our seats, fold our hands and bow our heads. This was done every morning and evening during the week.

At that time there were no exercise books, scribblers or lead pencils. What was used was a slate and slate pencil. You would do work on both sides of the slate; show it to the teacher than rub it off again. To clean your slate you had a little bottle of water and a rag that is if you could get a bottle somewhere. Usually the slate was cleaned by spitting on your coat sleeve and rubbing it of which wasn't very healthy. I must have been in grade four when I got my first scribbler and pencil.

At that time school started nine- thirty in the morning, recess at eleven-fifteen to eleven- thirty, dinner break from twelve- thirty to two o'clock. From two o'clock to four o'clock. school ended for the day at four o'clock. The primmer and grade one was free to go home at three o'clock.

Every day in the week before classes would start prayers would be said. You would have to stand by your desk with your hands folded and head bowed until a few prayers were said including the Lords prayer. Than we sat down to start our bookwork for the day. Our textbooks were Arithmetic, English, History and Geography. Oh yes, we did have a library. Our library consists of a box of books that was sent to our school once a year. We could keep these books only a short time because they had to go to other schools in the area. Can you imagine how dirty these books were by the time they went all around? On some of the pages were so dirty that it would almost make you throw up. Some of these books were very interesting others were very boring to read.

In those days the pupils had to bring their own wood to school to keep the school warm. You were supposed to bring two or three junks of wood to school every day. If you forgot you were sent home to get it. It seemed that this was a good deal because you would get perhaps a half hour from school, not so. For forgetting your wood you would have to stay after school for fifteen minutes and lose your recess for the rest of the week. Along with that you might have to write twenty lines saying, "I must not forget my wood".

There were no janitors at that time. The school was closed every second Friday and all the women who had children going to school had to bring their scrubbing buckets and water to scrub the floor and also dust the seats. Every other Friday the older girls who went to school had to take turns sweeping the school. This chore was done after school. The older boys had their chores to do too. Their job was to take turns for a week to light the fire so as the school would be warm

before classes started. For the week you had to bring your own splits to get the fire going. Before the teacher got to school you wasn't allowed to have any one in school with you. The poor kids had to stay out in the cold until nine-thirty school started.

I remember when it was my turn to light the fire. It was a Monday morning. I was a bit late getting to school. To warm the school a bit quick I decided to put on a good fire. I put my splits in the old giant stove and filled her with dry wood. The stovepipe was just galvanized. The next thing I saw was that the stovepipe was starting to turn red. Then the stove started to roar and I headed for outdoors. When I got outside I saw this man running down the road and calling to everyone who could hear him to come to the school with water and buckets. The school stovepipe was on fire and the school could burn down. As luck would have it they put out the fire without too much damage. The man that came running saw from his house the flame coming up the stovepipe. You know some of the students weren't very happy because the school never burned down.

It wasn't only weekday school you had to attend; you also had to attend church and Sunday school. The Sunday scheduled was church at eleven am, Sunday school at two and church services at six-thirty. The teacher held the services when the clergy was away and also was head over the Sunday school. You see he was in a position to know if you were at church or Sunday school or not.

At Sunday school you learned the Belief the Lords prayer and the ten commandments. This had to be learned by memory; also every Sunday you were given the collect for that Sunday or a verse from one of the hymns. You had to know this off by heart by the next Sunday. If you missed a single word, you would probably have to stay after school for fifteen or twenty minutes or get a strapping with a leather strap on your hands that were very painful.

Just about every teacher had a leather strap. He used it on everyone that didn't know their lesson or was late for school. You were only allowed out one night a week on the weekend. If you were seen another night you could prepare for a strapping Monday morning.

I remember one year, I was perhaps about fourteen years old. It was my turn to light the fire for the week. It was Monday morning and I had some boys in school with me, which was against the rules. We decided to make away with the teachers strap, because he used it on us boys quite often. How we were going to do this evil deed and not let anyone else know, we didn't know. It was four of us in on this, so one of the boys decided to burn the strap in the stove, good idea. We decided that each one of us would take hold of the strap and put in the stove. In this way one fellow could not blame it on the other fellow. When we dropped the strap in the stove and saw the flame going around it we had a good laugh. No more strapping with that strap.

Just as we put the strap in the stove, someone looked out the window and saw the teacher coming up the school hill. All the boys had to get out because they weren't allowed in school before the teacher got there. I was left in school and the strap not destroyed by fire. I put on my mitts and grabbed the strap and ran out doors, with smoke flying from the strap. I ran under this old building and buried the strap in the ground. I just had time to do this and get back in school before the teacher got in. When he came in I was acting as innocent as a lamb. He wondered about all the smoke in the room. I explained to him that I had the top off the stove to put in wood.

Nine-thirty came and the teacher rang the bell. After we were in school and had prayers said, we were told to get our arithmetic and start work. You see that was the first subject every morning. I got out my book and started to work, but feeling a bit nervous. I happened to look at the teacher

and he was pulling out drawers in his desk and looking in them and pushing them back again. I knew for sure what he was looking for. He then asked the girls that swept the school Friday evening if they saw his strap. One of the girls told him it was in the top drawer in his desk. He started to look again. By this time I was really nervous. He then looked at me and asked if I saw the strap. Before I got a chance to answer one of the boys who help to do the deed spoke up and said that he saw me putting the strap in the stove then taking it out and putting it under the old building. Now the cat was out of the bag. He asked if I did that and of course I had to tell the truth now. He told me to go get the strap. Went out under the old building and got the still smoking strap and brought it to the teacher. Now that strap was burnt so much that it was as stiff as a piece of board.

You know that I have to punish you for doing this awful deed he said. I said yes sir but I wasn't alone doing this. I then named the other four boys that helped me. So the five of us got five slaps on each hand with this half burnt strap, which I haven't forgot. It was almost as well to hit you with a piece of board.

I remember another teacher that we had. We used to have a new teacher every year. This teacher never used a strap, he used a stick. This morning he told me to go down in the alders nearby and cut him a good caining stick. I was tickled pink to get this job, because it gave me a bit of time away from school. I was thinking that I was in good with the teacher now.

I went in the alders and took my time looking for a good coining stick for the teacher. Having found one to my liking, I sat on a rock and started to rind it and shape the handle for him to hold it by. About an hour after the teacher sent me for the stick I was back and knocked on the door. The teacher opened the door and told me to come in. I got your stick sir and a good one it is I said. You sure have he said, now hold out your hands and you will be the first one to know what its like. I got a few cracks on each hand for gone as long to cut this stick. The teachers were really strict in them days. Perhaps we did deserve a lot of the punishment that we received.

We didn't have any gym in school in those days. The only bit of exercise we got was to kick around a ball during dinner brake or running around the outside of the school playing "Uncle Neddy". Uncle Neddy was the person with a big stick. The game was not to let Uncle Neddy catch you and hit you with this stick. A good many times we did get caught and got hit down across the back. I don't know if it could be called a game but we had a lot of fun. The ball we used was a bladder from a pig. Some person would kill a pig in the fall and give us the bladder. We would clean and wash it then blow it up. It was kept all winter like this then come springtime we had a great football.

We never had any indoor plumbing back then. We had outhouses which was always a minute or so walk from school. This building was partitioned off, one part for boys and the other for girls, but it was only a one seater in each part. This was a very cold place in the winter as you can imagine. If you had to use the outhouse while you were in school you would have to ask permission from the teacher. If someone were already out you would have to wait until they returned. There were a lot of accidents at that time, mostly with the younger boys and girls. There weren't any trouble to see water under some peoples chair after the teacher refused them permission to leave the room. I tell you if you got a strapping by the teacher for something that you done, it wasn't any good to go home and expect some pity from your parents. You properly would get another licking at home. All you hoped that your parents didn't find out what went ahead in school.

We had to walk to and from school. Some people had just about an hours walk before it snowed and the pond froze over. When the pond froze over it would take them about fifteen minutes less. When the first snow came you would have to tie your pants down over you boots so there wouldn't be any snow get in your boots. You might have snow up to your knees to get to school. After a footpath was made it was a little easier than. At that time it was nothing easy about going to school. We had to go to school until we were fourteen years old. A lot of people gave up school before they were that age because the were needed at home to help with the upkeep of the family. Just about everyone had a big family in them days, so whoever was old enough to work had to work to help support the family.

I remember only one time that my father ever went to school to confront the teacher about something that happened in school. The teacher that we had that year would never tell a student to turn around and look at the blackboard at the front of the school. If you were turned around in your seat and whispering to someone behind you he would pick up a book, apiece of chalk or perhaps the blackboard eraser and throw it at you. He didn't care where it hit you as long as it hit. On day as I was setting in my seat doing my work, just before lunch break the teacher threw a blackboard eraser. He threw it to hit the fellow behind me who was turned around whispering to one of the girls behind him. The eraser never reached its target, it hit the wall and glanced off the wall and hit me over the right eye. The blood started to flow and the teacher raced to my desk and had me outdoors. There he started to tell me how sorry he was, than to try and stop the bleeding he stuck a cigarette paper over it. The bleeding never stopped so he sent me home. When I told my parents what had happened my father was fit to be tied. He never stopped for anything only headed straight for the school to the teacher. Whatever my father said to the teacher that day, he never threw anything at any students the rest of the year.

I remember the last time that a student by the name of Duncan went to school. On the walls of the school there were maps of all the continents and the world, and all the maps had a round stick at the bottom to keep them hanging or to roll them upon if need to. One of those maps was hanging by Duncan's' desk. I looked over my shoulder and saw Duncan talking to someone behind him. I had my lead pencil sharpened really sharp. I put my pencil up to Duncan's nose and touched him with my other hand, he turned real quick thinking that I was warning him about the teacher. With the force that his head turned and me holding the pencil it stuck firmly in the side of his nose, He pulled out the pencil and broke it in small pieces than stood up to hit me and while doing so he hit this strip was on the end of the map He tore the strip off also the map from the wall. We were both called before the teacher to get a strapping. Of course I got the most cracks because I started it. I also lost my recess for a week, but Duncan had to fix the stick on the map. He was suppose to do this when he came back after dinner hour. Duncan never returned to school after.

THINGS WE DID

Everybody when they were younger had a good friend. Mine was a fellow named Ken. Although he was just about two years older than me that wasn't a problem. We were always together, except time we would have fallout about some little thing. In the summer time we would always go fishing together to some of the ponds or we go raspberry picking. We never told anyone were our secret fishing places were at or our secret berry picking places.

We didn't have any rods and reels as we have today. Our rod was a small fir tree about sixteen feet long and about one inch in the butt that we cut in the winter, rind it and let it dry. The tree

was very straight with very few knots on it. On the top of this pole we would tie about thirty feet of trout line with a hook on the end. I think that pole could cast that thirty foot of line as well as any casting rod we use today.

I remember one-day Ken and myself was on the way home with our few trout and our rods on our back when this accident occurred. As was the custom whenever we get a chance we would take of our boots and walk bare footed. It seemed easier to carry your boots under your arm than to carry them on your feet. We took off our boots and instead of carrying them under our arms we shoved them over the tops of our trout rods. I had my line balled around the top of the pole and the end of the line with the trout hook on it was tied about half way down the pole. We stopped to look at a robins nest that we found awhile back, to see how big the little robins had grown. I let my pole slide off my shoulder and on the way down the trout hook hooked my ear lobe the hook went in and almost out through again. Now I was in trouble, because I would have to go home and go to my grandfather to have it cut out with his knife razor. This was something that I didn't want to do. So Ken got out his old pocketknife and started to operate on my ear to remove the hook. The first thing he had to do was cut the line from the hook, this done he started to work on my ear and the trout hook. After about ten minutes and much pulling and cutting the hook finally came free. I was really proud of Ken and the job he did. Now the next thing was to stop the bleeding before I got home. What we did was that Ken turned his pocket inside out and cut a piece off to use as bandage. He wrapped up my ear with this rag and waited a little while to see if the bleeding would stop. When he checked sure enough the blood was stopped and the ear seemed to be in good condition. We decided not to tell our parents about this, so off to home we went.

My grandfather was a stern old man. He was the local doctor (not a trained doctor) but someone that people went to with bones broke arm out of socket, small cuts and with fishhooks in people's hands or legs or any part of the body. My grandfather would stitch the cuts, reset the broken bone and splint it up or cut the hook or any other thing that had to be cut out. He did the cutting with his knife razor. This is the reason I didn't want to go to him with the hook in my ears.

One summer my Grandfather and I was fishing together in a small boat. We were using a trawl line. We used to get up every morning, except Sunday, to go to haul and bait the trawl. We were fishing in the arm, only a short distance from home. Some days we would do well with the fish and some days not as good. After we hauled the trawl and baited it and set it again we would come home and start to put the fish away. This was to put it upon the wharf than put it on the splitting table to split it ready for salting. My Grandfather had two good knives that he thought a lot about, namely his cutthroats' knife and his splitting knife. We were hauling the trawl one morning and baiting it as we hauled. He was hauling and I was cutting up squid to put on the hooks for bait. I was using my grandfathers splitting knife to cut up the squid. After I would cut up a few squid I would reach overboard and wash the squid juice off the knife. As I did this the second time he looked back at me and told me that I was going to lose that knife if I wasn't careful. The next time I did it he looked back again to tell me again. The very second that he looked at me the knife slipped out of my hand and went to the bottom. He kept looking at me as I still had my hand overboard. He said, the knife is gone. I took my hand in with no knife. He never spoke, only let go of the trawl put out the paddles and rowed for home. When we got to the wharf he just got out of the boat and went for home. He was that upset over me losing the knife that he never stopped to moor the boat and he never spoke to me before the next day. Of course I kept my distance from him and thinking there goes my summer fishing. After a day or so when

he got over it we started fishing again and fished all the summer.

We dried all the fish we got that summer and carried it over to St. Jones Within, in boat to ship it on schooner. When we got there it was a lot of boats tied to the side of the schooner getting ready to ship their fish. I can't remember who owned the schooner but the person who was on deck "culling" fish for the owner was a fellow by the name of Mr. Hiscock. Now it was several culls of fish. No. 1 was prime fish, No2 was second best, and the rest got worst as it was culled. The worst of the lot was West India. This fish was supposed to be salt burnt, sunburnt, soft and small. The West India you would get the lowest price for it. Anyway when we got settled up we got paid two dollars and twenty cents a quintal for the good and the rest was sold for the lowest price because the "culler" said that we had mostly West India. In the end we got paid twenty-four dollars for about thirty quintals of fish. We only had about five quintals of prime fish. Some pile of money for working all the summer.

The law officers weren't very busy in those days. There weren't any drugs such as dope and crack or cocaine like what's going around today. The only drop of alcohol that was on the go was perhaps a drop of homebrew or moonshine that people made themselves. This was all made in secret, perhaps in someone's woodshed late at night. Also some of the Labrador fishermen, when they returned from St. John's with their winter supply of food, would bring back a rum puncheon. This was an oak barrel that the liquor board had their rum come in from other countries. After they took the pure essence of rum from the barrel they would sell the barrel for about a couple of dollars. The fishermen would buy them, take them home and put properly two or three gallons of warm water in them and let them soak out for about two months. When Christmas time rolled around they had their liquor for Christmas.

I said the law officers weren't very busy at that time. Perhaps they should have looked at things a little closer and see how the children were treated by the grownups. I remember that an old man and his brother had a sawmill. They used to saw a few logs for people around the community. One day my friend and I were playing in the sawdust. We weren't doing any harm, just jumping in the sawdust and rolling around. I never knew anything before this old man was standing over with his arms stretched out to grab me. Just as he grabbed me he said that he was going to take me to the mill and saw me up. I got some fright and how I got clear I don't know. I know he only did it as a joke but I was scared to pass his sawmill for a long time if he was there sawing.

I suppose the biggest crimes that were done was to steal a few apples off someone's tree or steal some vegetables from the garden or perhaps steal a few barrels or a wooden washtub for bonfire night on Nov. fifth. That is if any washtubs or barrels were left out where they could be taken.

I remember one bonfire night some of the boys were going around to see if anything was left out to get for the fire. This old gentleman had a water barrel by his well. He used this barrel to put water in after he drew it up from the well. This was done to make it easy for his wife to get water. Instead of having to draw the water from the well she would only have to fill her bucket from the barrel. This fellow by the name of Stephen, who had a small axe with him on bonfire night to cut some wood if needed, saw this barrel by the well in the garden. He jumped over the fence and went and tipped over the barrel that was full of water. Just as he was going to take the barrel the old man came running towards Stephen to get the barrel. Just before he reached the barrel Steve hit and beat the bottom out of the barrel, which rendered the barrel useless. He never got chance to take the barrel at that time. He jumped over the fence and when he looked back the old man was walking towards his house leaving the barrel as it was. When the old man went in the house

was that it was his own fault for forgetting to take the barrel in out of danger. On bonfire nights there wasn't very many things left out that was any value. There wasn't anybody taken before the courts or disciplined for doing these things. All enjoyed the bonfire.

Some nights in a person's house it used to be a card game with a scoff cooked for after the game. Whoever came to the party usually bought something for the scoff. Perhaps the host had a chicken killed. The other people bought along the vegetables which was properly stolen from some ones garden Perhaps it was from the hostess's garden. Anyhow the meal was really enjoyed by all. Things like this were the most crime was committed. There was never any damage done to anyone's crops or their fences.

Winters at our community were spent working, and playing as it was in every other community. The best time during the winter was Christmas. Everyone looked forward to this time of the year. People didn't have much but they made do with what they had. A very few had any money for Christmas, but Christmas was kept for the twelve days.

When Christmas Eve came the tree was brought in the house to be decorated. The decorations were all hand made. There were no electric lights, oraments or garland only a bit of ribbon or some streamers made with crepe paper. The only thing was bought was the star for the top or perhaps this was made from cardboard and colored yellow.

After the tree was decorated we would hang our stocking behind the stove and head for the bed and wait for Santa Claus to come and fill our stockings. Of course we were very excited and had a problem getting to sleep. We finally fell off to sleep because before we knew anything it was time to get up and look to see what Santa Clause brought us. The first thing that was sticking out off our stocking was perhaps a pencil and scribbler or a boat that someone cut out for us, or perhaps a pack of crayons if we were lucky. The girl usually had a rag doll that someone made. The next thing was a piece of Christmas cake wrapped in brown paper. Next was a few prunes wrapped in paper, than a few molasses candies which was homemade, than last and the best was in the toe of the sock was an apple. This is what most of the children got for Christmas. And were really proud to have it.

I remember the time that I was about seven or eight years old that I was starting to think that there were no such thing as Santa Clause. Christmas Eve night I never hung my stocking behind the stove as we were suppose to, I took mine in the bedroom and hung it on the head of the bed. This way I would know if it were true about Santa, because I would hear him if he went to put any gifts in my sock. I was going to stay awake and wait for him to come. I didn't know anything before it was daylight and when I looked on the head of the bed my sock was filled as before. There went my idea that there wasn't a Santa Clause

After Christmas day we enjoyed ourselves by dressing as mummers and going from house to house. Just about every house that you would go in you would have to have a step dance, the owner of the house would usually sing a jig or play one on the mouth organ or the accordion, than you would get a piece of cake and a glass of syrup.

People would try and guess who you were and if they guessed right you were suppose to show your face Everyone had a good time during the twelve days of Christmas.

After old Christmas Day, which was the sixth day of January, the scoffs, the mummering, the times and the partying was all over until next year. Everyone went back to doing his or her regular chores. The regular chores would be cutting firewood, cutting fence material, such as rails and posts, cutting timbers and plank to build boats and tending to the animals. The women done the cooking, cleaning, carding wool, spinning and knitting socks, sweaters, mitts and if the men wore woolen underwear the women would have to knit this to. The clothes were all washed by hand in a wooden washtub than put out doors to dry. It usually took a full day to do this chore. After the clothes was dried it had to be taken in and ironed. This was done by putting the flatiron on the stove and let it get hot. There was usually a set of irons; you had one staying hot while you were using the other one. How you knew if the iron was hot enough you would wet your finger and touch the face of the iron. If you would hear a sis you knew that the iron was hot enough to use. It would take about two hours on a Monday night to iron the clothes. It was a lot of clothes because just about everyone had a big family at that time. You had two shifts of

clothes. You wore one shift for a week than that was changed to be washed out and you wore the second shift the next week while the other was been washed. For Sundays you had a special lot of clothes, which consist of a suit of clothes, white shirt and tie. This was only worn on Sundays to Church or to funerals. Your parents or grandparents made most of the clothes.

I remember one washday my mother was washing winter socks. She had them soaking in the wash tub. The washtub was in the porch. I came home from school dinner hour and seeing the tub full of socks but no suds. I saw a tin of Gillets Lye on the window by the tub. I decided that I would do a good job for my mother. I took the tin and poured about half of it in with the socks. I went and ate my dinner and while I was doing so my Mothers loud voice came from the porch, (glory to God on high, what in the name of heaven happened to the socks.) When I looked out she had this stuff on a stick and it was dropping away like glue. This is where I put the Lye in the water with the socks and burned them up. This was one time that I never got in any trouble. When I told her what happened all she said to me was, you damn young thing, it s all right that the winter is over because you would have went all winter without socks.

My father went to McIvers, Bay of Islands herring fishing in nineteen hundred and forty-six. After he got settled away he sent for the family to come there for the winter. It was my Mom, myself, my brothers San and Bill and my sister Mary. I remember that I never had a pair of shoes to wear. Mom was wondering what she was going to do about me with no shoes. My grandfather, her father, said that he had an old pair of shoes there that belonged to my uncle. Been a cobbler he said that he would repair them and make them to fit me. After a day or so the shoes were ready, boy you would really think that they were store bought. I had a pair of shoes made from my uncles old ones. We lived in McIvers for just about a year. My sister Elsie Lillian was born in McIvers. We moved back home again in May nineteen hundred and forty-seven.

My brother San is almost two years younger than I am. So when we were growing up we done a good bit of scratching and clawing like brothers do. When he was very young he took sick and was sick for a long time. After he got better nothing that Sandy did was bad. I think that he could clear with murder if my Grandmother could do it. He was Grandmothers pet, he could do nothing wrong. He could get away with things with mother and I would get the blame. I remember one spring him and me was suppose to dig up the potato ground. We had one prong so mom told me to get the lone of Uncle Wills . Now Uncle Will was the kind of person that if you asked him something it would take him perhaps five minutes to give you an answer yes or no. If you got the loan of something from him, he would tell you when to bring it back how to bring it back and where to put it when you brought it back and make sure it was in the same condition when you brought it back as when he lent it to you. I got the loan of the prong and San and I went in the garden to dig up the ground. Everything was find until we got in the garden, than San speaks up and said that he want Uncle Wills prong. At first I wasn t going to give him the prong because I was afraid that he would break the prong. So to keep the peace and get him to stay and help I gave him the prong. Now we couldn t stay together and dig, he had to go in one end of the garden and I in the other. About five minutes passed then he shouted for me to look at him. When I looked up he had the prong drove down by a rock. I told him to take the prong out because he might break off UNCLE will prong. He never listened only pulled and broke off the tine on the prong. Of course I chased him to kill him because I knew when I went back to uncle Will I would be killed anyhow. I never got San and when I got home San was gone to his friends. I told mother what had happened she just said you had no business giving Sandy Wills prong.

When I carried back uncle wills three prong and told him what happened he was along spell before he spoke to me and I was even longer before I got the loan of anything from him again.

I lived in Hodges Cove for eighteen years than Went to White Bay teaching school. But that s another story.

LEAVING HOME

After I finished school, I set out to look for a job for myself. I suppose like every other teenager I was glad that I was finished with school, no more school rules to follow. After a few days I packed my suitcase and headed for the big city of St. John s to seek my fortune

After a few days looking around I got a job working in the Waterford Hospital as an orderly. I worked there for about a month or more and found out that working with mental patients wasn t for me. I quit and came home. This was something that my Mother didn t like because I had a job and quit.

Now that I was finished school and had a job and quit, I was supposed to go somewhere else and look for a job. I wasn t supposed to be walking around doing nothing. At that time there were plenty of work in the lumber woods. Before I got ready to go down to the lumber woods, the clergy called me and said that he had a teaching job for me in White Bay. I said I would accept the position. He contacted the clergy in White Bay and found out that I was to teach in the community of Droverville. I knew where White Bay was but I did not know where Droverville was at. I asked the Post mistress if she knew where Droverville was situated but she could not tell me even though she wrote off the message that was sent to me from the clergy. I asked several people but none one could help.

At this time I was very discouraged. I went and talked to our clergy and all he knew was that you had to get off the train at Deer Lake to get to White Bay. I came back and told my mother and she said that I should go; someone should know when you get to Deer Lake where Droverville is situated.

I decided, or I should say that my mother decided, that I should leave on the following Monday. I was really excited about going away. Over the weekend, which was very long, I told all my friends that I was leaving to go away on Monday to a place in White Bay called Droverville.

Monday Morning I was up very early, I got very little sleep thinking about my trip to White Bay. I started to pack for the train trip. What clothes I had and other possessions that I had all went in a medium size suitcase. By dinnertime I was ready to catch the 10 pm train at Northern Bight station going west. When dinnertime came I ate very little because I was so excited. Supper came and found me the same.

To get from my hometown to the train station I had to go by car. The highroad came through a year or two before that. Before the road came through to get to Northern Bight train station you had to leave in the morning by passenger boat and steam up the arm to the community of Queens Cove. This little passenger boat belonged to a man with a crippled leg. On land he used crutches all the time, while in the boat he would go from stem to stern on one leg. This little boat called in every little Cove on the way to Queens Cove picking up passengers. It would arrive at Queens Cove in the evening, than the passengers had to get a taxi to take them to the train station. In this little community it was only two taxis s to get, this belonged to two brothers,

It comes a time, I suppose, in every young persons life when he gets the urge to leave home to get away from this dump they call home. Just about every kid will say, Boy when I get old enough, I ll be leaving and it will be some time before I ll come

back, I m really sick of this place. This was the feeling that I had. The closer that I was getting to go the prouder I was feeling. I was eighteen years old at the time.

I got a taxi from home to get to the train station. Since the high road was put through, the passenger boat wasn't needed. It wasn't really a taxi; the provincial government didn't license it to carry passengers. This car was owned by the individual who would take you anywhere for a small fee.

About 9pm we left my home to drive to the train station to catch the 10 o'clock train going west. On arriving at the station there were already three or four people there that were going west also. I went to the wicket and bought my train ticket for Deer Lake. I think that the price of the ticket was around eighteen dollars. The ticket agent told me that the train would be fifteen minutes late. But instead of fifteen minutes late it was an half an hour late, which seemed about an hour.

Finally I heard the train whistle. At that time every passenger stood up and headed for the door. Everyone was talking at the same time. Come on boys she's coming. We all stood outside on the platform; soon we saw the light from the train coming around the turn. Have you ever noticed at a train station before the train comes in that just about everyone is carrying on a conversation but when they get outside and the train is coming everyone is quiet?

My suitcase was checked aboard as baggage. I boarded the train with nothing only a paper bag in which I had my lunch. The next thing was to find a seat. I started to walk through the train and finally found an empty seat. This was going to be my seat until I reach Deer Lake. After I got settled away, I started to think about my suitcase. I wondered if it was aboard or not. If it wasn't aboard, what was I going to do when I reach Deer Lake? While I was thinking this, the train started to move, too late now to jump off and check it out. The train, which was called the Newfie Bullet, started to pick up speed as it traveled along. You could hear the sound clickity-clack as the train wheels past over each of the joins on the rail line. As you look out the window you could see the lights of the small communities flashing by. Every now and then the train whistle would blow its lonesome sound and all the while it was taking me farther from home all the time. After we were going for about ten minutes the conductor came through asking for tickets. When the conductor took your ticket he punched it to show where you were getting off. Each train station along the line had a code. This code was put on a card and then placed in the window next to your seat. The code for Deer Lake was DR I think.

The next station after Northern Bight was Clarendville. Here a lot of people got on. It wasn't very long before I had to share my seat with an old gentleman from Port Rexton. This man was going to Gander to get a plane for Toronto. He was going to Toronto to visit his son whom he hadn't seen for three years. From Clarendville to Gander this gentleman told me his life story. I don't think that I spoke two words all the way to Gander. I was very proud that he was getting off at Gander. As an eighteen year old I was getting bored by this time.

People got off at Gander but more got on. As I was settling in my seat again I looked up and this girl was walking down the train. I knew that she was looking for a seat. I moved in towards the window as she came by. She asked if anybody was setting in the seat with me. I thought to myself now someone will be setting in seat with me and for sure she would not be as boring as the old gentleman that was seated with me before. I told her that there wasn't anybody setting here. We settled away and after the train started

to move we started to get acquainted. She was from out around Notre Dame Bay. She was going as far as Grand Falls to look for work. Well I had company as far as Grand Falls. As the old train was clicking along we were chatting away about things that teenagers get to talk about. When the chitchat begins to get scarce I ask her if she ever was to Grand Falls before now. The next thing she said that sat me back in my seat was, Yes, I've been there a couple of times, that's where my boyfriend lives and he is meeting me at the station.

Before this I was thinking that before she would get off at Grand Falls I *would ask her for her address, and her name*, and perhaps we would write each other sometime. Everything ended there. We still carried on a conversation until we got to Grand Falls. There her boyfriend met her.

After leaving Grand Falls it would take perhaps three or four hours before we got to Deer Lake. I decided at this time that I would eat my lunch that I brought from home. I opened the paper bag and found two-bologna sandwiches, a bottle of orange drink. The time now was about four am. This was the first bite that I had since 6 o'clock the evening before. When I finished my lunch I led back to have a nap. When I closed my eyes the first thing that came to my mind was, where was Droverville. I knew that I had to get off at Deer Lake.

As the train was traveling towards Badger I kept thinking how I was going to find Droverville in White Bay. While I sat there thinking about this, I wondered if I had enough money to go back home again. At this point I was already thinking about going back home. I thought to myself I would go no farther than Badger. I would get off and wait for the next train back east. Then I thought to myself what kind of ribbing I would get from my friends if I was to go back home after only a couple of days. No way was I going back to be the laughing stock of my home.

I jumped out of my seat and went out on the brake. This was a platform between two railcars. As I stood there I was trying to clear my mind on what I was going to do. As I stood there with the train going about forty or fifty miles per hour the wind was a bit chilly. Sometimes the smoke from the coal-burning engine would blow back in my face, also some steam. This was a coal burning steam engine. The longer that I stayed out there the more downhearted I was getting. Finally I said to myself that I would get off at Badger and sign on with the A.N.D.Co. and go in the woods cutting pulpwood. I knew that I could get work there because I worked with the Company the summer before. The heck with Droverville and White Bay I would stop at Badger and go to work in the woods.

I was getting pretty cold when I came back to my seat. My mind was made up. Off at Badger and in the woods cutting pulpwood. At this moment the conductor came through saying Badger next station. This got me thinking again. My mother was expecting me to send her a message when I get to Droverville, and the clergy in White Bay was expecting me. If I didn't show up the clergy would wonder what happened and for sure my mother would wonder what happened to me. When the train pulled into Badger Station I had my mind changed again.

As the train pulled out from the station I had to put all the thoughts out of my mind about not going to White Bay. The next stop was Millertown Junction. I thought to myself that I still got a few more places to go in the woods if I happen to change my mind again. The places were Millertown, Howley and Deer Lake. It was woods work going

ahead in each of these places. I had my train ticket for Deer Lake and that was my last chance either to go to Droverville or go in the woods camp in Deer Lake. Finally the train pulled in Deer Lake station the end of my train trip.

I got off the train and went to the baggage car to get my suitcase. Perhaps I haven't got a suitcase, that could be lost somewhere. As I walked to the baggage car an old man was ahead of me. I waited for him to get his luggage then I was relieved when I saw my suitcase. I went behind this man to the taxi stand. There were four or five taxis there waiting to pick up passengers. Just as we got to the taxi stand this man asked if there was a taxi here from White Bay. Lady luck must have smiled on me. Yes there was a taxi going to White Bay. I decided to chase this man and the taxi driver to his car. I knew then that I was on the right track. When he stopped at his car I crossed my fingers and asked could he take me because I to was going to White Bay. It was no problem because that was the only passenger he had for White Bay.

The taxi driver opened the trunk of his car and we put our luggage in. He then shut the trunk cover and away we went. We traveled over a bit of road that was paved then we hit the dirt road. As we were traveling along we hit lots of potholes, which was filled with water, bumps and Sharpe turns which is typical of all gravel roads. We were driving about fifteen minutes when we came to a community. I thought to myself that surely this wasn't White Bay because I didn't see an ocean. Driving through this community it only took a few minutes. Very few houses were seen because the most were built back from the highroad. This was the farming community of Cormack.

The next thing that I knew we were traveling through big woods. The road twists and turned through this forest. Once or twice we saw three or four big moose stood in the center of the road and refused to move. The driver slowed down and tooted his horn; eventually they started to wander off the road and into the woods. This was a rare sight for me because I never saw many moose around my way.

The old gentleman was in the front seat with the driver. He had a good conversation going with the taxi driver I heard him ask the taxi driver how long it would take to get to White Bay. Well he said to get to Hampden, which is at the bottom of White Bay, will take about two hours if we don't have any trouble. I heard him tell the taxi driver that he was going to a place called Williamsport on the East side of the Northern Peninsular. He was there several times before but he traveled by steamer. He had a claim staked there and every year he had to visit it to hold the lease on his claim. He was intending to get someone from Hampden to take him there by boat weather permitting.

I thought to myself that this man must know just about every port of call in White Bay, since he made several trips by steamer. When I got a chance I ask him if he knew of a place called Droverville. Never heard of it my son. I think that my heart went to the bottom of my stomach with that answer. I then asked the taxi driver if he new, same answer. The taxi driver said properly someone around Hampden might know where Droverville is situated. Here I lost my nerve. Tomorrow I would head back to Deer Lake if the taxi were going back.

I sat back in the seat and started wondering how I got into this mess and how I was going to get out of it. This been two days traveling and still didn't know where I was going. I was no wiser than when I left Hodges Cove a few days earlier.

I don't know if I lost track of time or what. All at once the driver said that the people in this house takes boarders, they will put you up for the night. We arrived at the community of Hampden. I then asked the driver if he would be going back to Deer Lake the next day and he assured me that he would, and would be leaving around noon. If I didn't find anything about Droverville by noon the next day I would be heading back to Deer Lake.

We went in the house and found out that we could stay there for the night. We had supper and sat back. I was feeling very depressed not knowing where I was going or what I was going to do. I decided to ask the owner of the boarding house if he knew anything about Droverville. I thought that they might know because they were used to seeing a lot of people and they might hear someone speak of it. No such luck. I was feeling very depressed as the time came to go to bed. The boarding Mistress said that she would show us to our room. She led us upstairs and to this room. I felt bad before but was worse when she said that the two of you will sleep in the one bed. This nearly knocked me out. The first time that I ever saw this man was about four hours ago when we got off the train, now we were to sleep in the one bed.

I didn't like to say to the boarding mistress that I didn't know this man and I would like to sleep somewhere else. At this time I was really scared. I thought to myself that I would get in bed but on the very edge, and I would stay awake the whole night. He got in on the outside edge and I got inside to the wall. I never slept for the whole night. Every time that he would move I was ready to jump out of bed and head for the room door. Finally the room started to light up as daylight was approaching.

When I heard somebody down stairs, I slowly crept out of bed careful not to wake the man that was sleeping in the same bed with me. I went downstairs and the owner of the house was just getting the fire in the kitchen going. He told me that breakfast would not be ready for about a half an hour. I told him that was fine; I was going out around to see if I could talk to anyone that knew anything about Droverville.

From the boarding house to what was called the Company wharf was about five minutes walk. On the wharf the Bowater Company had a retail store built. People around Hampden and other communities around the bottom of White Bay and as far down the Bay as Jacksons Arm came to the Company store to get supplies. The Company had a lot of people working at the woods work, which was its business. The Company store was stocked with just about everything. You could buy gas, diesel fuel, coal, groceries, clothing and any thing that you needed. If it wasn't there the Company was able to get it for you.

As I was walking out I met those massive big trucks coming in the road. Each truck, which was called A, s trucks, was carrying a load of pulpwood which they were taking to the river to be floated to the paper mill in Corner Brook. Bowater's owned the paper mill in Corner Brook. I was awed at how much pulpwood was in the water. Men were everywhere. When I saw all these men working I was sure that someone would know where Droverville was located. I got a chance to talk to one person, who I suppose was the foreman. I asked if he would be able to tell me where Droverville was situated. As far as he knew he thought that it was a place in or near Sops Arm.

This was the first bit of good news that I heard since I left Deer Lake the evening before. I wondered how would get there. I wondered if there was a passenger boat going between Sops Arm and Hampden. He assured me that it wasn't but just about every day

there was someone here from Sops Arm or Jacksons Arm. From this conversation my hope was build up again. I knew than that I was on the right track.

I than headed back to the boarding house to get my breakfast. The old gentleman that was with me asked where I went before breakfast. I told him the news that I had about someone might be coming to the Company store from out the Bay. He said that if anyone comes in he would go back with them if they could take us.

After breakfast was eaten I paid for my nights lodgings and got my suitcase and headed out the door to the wharf. I went early because I was afraid that if I wasn t on the wharf I could miss someone from out the bay. As I was walking along several people was looking at me and I suppose they were wondering were this young fellow was going this hour in the morning. I walked on passed the men who were working until I reached the wharf. I put down my suitcase and sat on the head of the wharf. I was going to wait here until the someone came in the bay or until the taxi that brought me the evening before went to Deer Lake.

While I was setting there the man that came with me from Deer Lake came along. He sat down beside me and we got in a conversation. He told me that his name was Ron Cooney from St. Johns and that he had a land claim in Williamsport. He was going down to stake it because it was a possibility of gold on the claim. I told him where I was from and where I was going in Sops Arm. He than told me that he new a few people from Sops Island.

While we were talking I looked out the bay and I could see something white on the horizon. I was thinking if that was a boat and was it from Sops Arm and would that boat take us back with them. We kept looking and sure enough it was a small motorboat. We kept looking and the boat was heading for the wharf were we were sitting. After I got to Deer Lake the evening before good luck shone on me, except of course the sleepless night I had in the room with this man. Before the boat got to the wharf I saw that it was only two men in the boat. I thought to myself if these people never had to get very much goods they should be able to take us with them if they were going to Sops Arm. After they got upon the wharf and had their boat tied on I ask them if they were from Sops Arm. Yes they were, actually from Droverville in Sops Arm. We are up here today to pick a teacher for Droverville that is suppose to be here today. My heart almost jumped out of my body. Lady luck was with me again. I told him that I was the person that is going to Droverville to teach. I introduced myself, and he told me that he was Augustus Pittman and his buddy was Andrew Blanchard. Mr. Cooney than asked if he could get a passage to Droverville with them.

Mr. Pittman told him it was o-kay he would take him. He was going to pick up a few packages and than be on the way again. After the packages were loaded we were on our way. The trip was about four hours steam. As we were steaming out the bay both myself and Mr. Cooney was admiring the beautiful scenery. The high wooded hills and small coves. We also saw a few wild birds on the way such as ducks, pigeons and turrs.

As we got father out the bay I started to wonder how big the community was and how many people lived there. I didn t know at the time that this was a resettled community and that people moved there only one year ago from Sops Island. Every point of land along the way I wondered if this is were we turn for the community. Finally we came to a rocky point of land and Andrew who was steering the boat started to turn the boat in this Arm. After steaming for about fifteen minutes I saw this little Cove with four

or five houses built around shore. On the back of these house was nothing but a forest. On a point of land jutting out from the shore was a sawmill. Built out from that was a wharf built from slabs that was sawn from the logs. This belonged to the Pittman family, John, Augustus and George. I was sitting by Andrew Blanchard back aft. I ask him what little place was that. My son that s Droverville. Finally after much worrying and two or three days traveling I finally got to my destination. The first person that I met on the wharf was John Pittman that was the man I was to stay with for the school year.

He shook hands with me and introduced himself as John Pittman; I am usually called uncle John or John, never Jack. That was my first lesson as a teenager on how to address this man while I was staying here. He told me to come with him now and he would show me where I had to stay or otherwise my boarding house for the year. He told Mr. Ron Coney that he should come on in to the house also. He told him that he could stay for the night if he wanted.

He took us to this small house or small store as he called it; here we were introduced to his wife. She was a very kind hearted woman as I got to find out later. In this small house were a kitchen, stove and two small bedrooms. In the kitchen a set of steps went up to the next floor where there were a small bedroom and the remainder of the space a counter and a few shelves stacked with groceries. This was the shop, which served the few people that lived around.

We weren t in the house very long before Mrs. Pittman started to put the dishes on the table for supper. At that time Augustus, the man who brought us down the bay, came to talk to Mr. Coney about taking him to Williams Port the next day. Than this woman came in with a little girl about four years old. I was introduced to this woman as Marjorie Pittman and her daughter Loretta. I took this to be Augustus wife and daughter. I said to myself that Augustus looks a lot older than his wife. It wasn t until after supper that I found out that she and Augustus was brother and sister. I never new what fate had in store for me.

School wasn t opened for about three weeks after I got there. They were building a new school and it wasn t quite ready. In the meantime Mr. John Pittman was building a new house, which was almost completed, and he was giving his basement to have school in and also church services until the new school was finished. Marjorie and her father worked very hard and spent long hours to try to get the new house built before the cold winter set in. I think that it was some time in early November that the house was ready for us to move into.

The old house that they owned and lived in on the lower end of Sops Island was taken down and most of the material was bought to Droverville(Pollards Point) and used in the new one. John tore it down and than Marjorie to it piece by piece and took it to the beach and loaded it aboard the boat. When the boat was loaded they would head back home again. Her father would unload the boat then Marjorie would carry the lumber on her back to the site where the new house was been built. She worked very hard while the house was been built.

The new house was quite different from the one we moved out off. The top floor had a large living room, two bedrooms at each end of the living room, a large kitchen, pantry, porch and a large bedroom and a washroom off the kitchen. Down stairs was a half basement that was used at the time, as a school and a school chapel were church services was kept every Sunday. During the fall I was out in boat turr hunting with

Augustus Pittman and his father John. We got a lot of turrs that day, something like one hundred and twenty.

In 1955 when John Pittman and family moved from Sops Island to Pollards Point, they had to clear land not only for a place to put their house but also enough land to grow vegetables. With a little help from her father Marjorie cleared just about all the land they needed. She was a very hard worker when she was in her early twenties. I think that she rather be outside doing something than in the house doing housework. She worked outside but she also helped with the cooking, washing (with a scrub board and a washtub) and the house cleaning. I don t think that she knew what tired was.

After we moved in the house we had to saw up the firewood for the winter. Marjorie and I sawed up enough wood and packed it away for the winter. This was all sawed up with the bucksaw.

The first winter that I lived here was the first time I ever wore snowshoes. I didn t know how to put them on or walk with them until Marjorie showed me. That fall and winter we snared a lot of rabbits. We used to go every evening after school to look at our rabbit snares.

During the winter we got to know each other, and soon we were dating. In Christmas she gave me a pair of wool socks, which I was very proud of. Now for the rest of the winter I had warm feet whenever I would go in the woods.

Before the end of the school year ended we were making our wedding plans. We decided to get married in August 1956. I left and went home after school was finished and she came home in early July. We got married the second day of August. The following summer we came back to Pollards Point to make our home here we made a living here and reared a family of six.

Loretta married Everett Nippard they have one son Sandy and a grandchild Emma. Wayne married Enid Thomas they have three girls, Ren e, Kristy, and Allision. Eugene married Silvia Hennercy they have one son Robert and a grandson. Juanita married Clyde Johnson they have two girls Kimberly and Amy and son Mark also Granddaughter Kelsey. Bruce married Fay Tilley; they had four boys, Andy, Jimmy, Danny, and Patrick. Our youngest Marlene Married Joe Critchell, they have one daughter Megan. So you see that we have thirteen grandchildren and three great grandchildren and love them all very dearly.

. This is where I have made my home and raised a family. It s along way from Hodges Cove but with all my thinking and mind changing I made it to Droverville, now called Pollards Point. Most of our family lives around us. Two boys are on the mainland with their families. This is pretty will the story of me (Garfield) moving from Hodges Cove, Trinity Bay to Pollards Point White Bay.