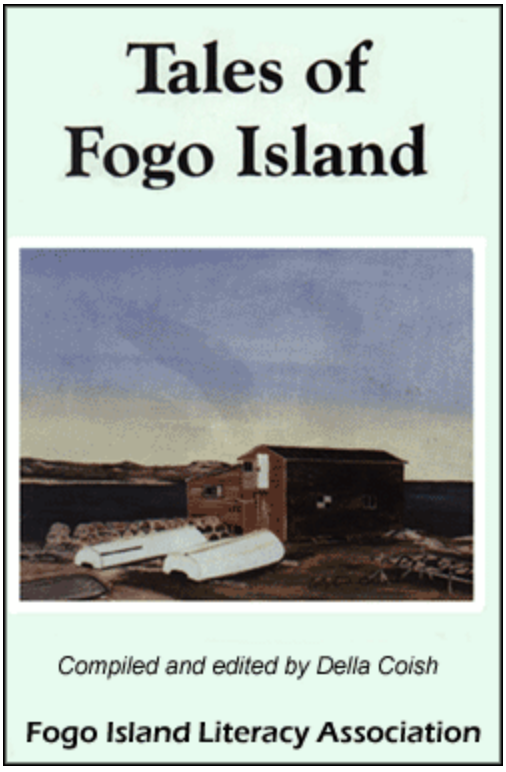

Tales of
Fogo Island

Compiled and edited by Della Coish

Fogo Island Literacy Association

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Contributors

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Winston Osmond (cover art, art work), Keith Whelan (art work). Arthur Ludlow, George and Ruby Ford, Pauline Hynes, Patrick Donahue, Herbert and Ella Coish, Hubert Collins, Daina Adams, Judy Adams, Mary Margaret Adams, Shirley Broders, Bleak House Museum, Gregory and Christina Cole, Barbara Collins, George Decker, Cyril Burke, Colette Wells, James Decker, Harry Decker, Elaine Penton and the Joe Batt's Arm, Shoal Bay-Barr'd Islands Town Council, Clive and Doris Cull, Heber Budden, Margaret McKenna, Harold and Phyllis Coish, James Greene, Cecil and Anne Godwin, Clem Dwyer, Bride Miller, Sheryl Miller, Joyce and Flora Primmer, Albert and Stella Collins, Cheryl Penton and the Fogo Island Flyer, Doreen Dwyer and family, Bruce Pomeroy and the Fogo Town Council, Lewis and Daisy Blundon, Wilson Freake, Anthony Burke, Daniel Foley, Hubert Collins, Marion Foley, Aaron and Ivy Cobb, Ruby Holmes, Steven Dwyer, Alison Freake, Bernadette Dwyer, Lisa Blundon, Audrey Nippard, Sadie Curlew, Hal Anthony, George Combden, Phyllis Lewis, Austin Earle, Ken Budden, Watson Sheppard, Anora Osmond, Bonnie McCay, Gertie Dwyer, Albert Cluett, Sterling Tarrant, Leonard Penton, Anastasia Penton, John Greene (St John's), Ernie and Shirley Coish, Hardy and Clara Coish, Richard and Bernice Hynes, George Budden, Fogo Island Co-operative Society Limited, Fogo Island Central Academy, The Fogo Island Marine Information Centre, The Fogo Island Public Library, The Centre for Newfoundland Studies and Folklore Department, Memorial University of Newfoundland, The Carnegie Hero Fund Commission.

Introduction

Most adult learning and literacy materials are produced in other parts of Canada and the United States. Often these materials lack local content.

In response to the need for culturally relevant materials, the Fogo Island Literacy Association with the support of many individuals, organizations and businesses, presented a proposal for materials development to the National Literacy Secretariat in Ottawa.

The Association was pleased to receive the Secretariat's support and soon began researching ideas for use in the text. The resulting compilation of stories, Tales of Fogo Island, is one attempt at addressing the need for local literacy materials.

The following are notes about content and layout:

**Tales of Fogo Island* is meant to be an easy-to-read book about local life and culture. It is intended for use with adult learners in literacy programs.

*When published materials are used, the source is noted in the body of the text. A complete reference for each source appears in the bibliography.

*Words appearing in bold are direct quotations or summaries of statements made by individuals. **These sections must be read as if a person is speaking**. In a few cases, comments were edited because they were lengthy. However, every effort was made to keep the meaning of the item intact. For example, a statement such as: *'I don't spose he never done dat atall'* would be rewritten as: *'I don't spose he ever done that at all.'*

*when two horizontal lines divide the page it signals that the introduction to the story has ended. If the lines divide sections that are written in bold print, it means that one speaker has finished and another speaker has begun.

*Sometimes the names of contributors appear in the body of the text. In other cases, the person supplying the information preferred to remain anonymous.

*A complete list of photo and illustration credits may be found at the back in Appendix 1.

An Earthquake in Newfoundland

On November 18, 1929, an earthquake to the south of Newfoundland rocked the ocean floor. This caused a tidal wave to come ashore between the communities of Rock Harbour and Lamaline. There was a lot of damage and some people in those areas were killed.

Fogo Island was not directly affected by the earthquake and tidal wave, but some Fogo Islanders still got quite a fright when they felt the ground shake.

One elderly man from Seldom clearly remembers the day of the earthquake:

I was up in the lumber woods, I was only just old enough to be up there. I went up with me father. In them days, when all the wood in one area was cut, the camp would be moved to another spot. The company was just after building a new bunkhouse in a new cutting area. Me and another feller were the young ones in the camp and they give us the job of picking moss. We would get the moss and stuff it between the logs in the bunkhouse walls. The moss was supposed to keep the draft and the rain out. We were out picking our last bag of moss for the day, when all of a sudden, we feels this coming! It was strange. The like of it you will never hear nor feel! We taut for sure that the world was coming to an end. My son! The ground was shaking under our feet and we took off fer the camp. What a fright! We never did get that last bag of moss!

The young man and his friend were quick to reach the camp. The first person they met was the cook. They asked him what happened, but he had no idea. The cook explained that he was baking a cake when the whole place started shaking. As he told the story, the cook pointed a shaking finger at the enamel mugs that had fallen off the hooks on the wall.

The men at the lumber camp had no idea what caused the earth to shake. There were no radios or telephones and soon rumors began to spread. One man reported that a bomb was dropped. Another person said there was a big explosion in one of the mines. Finally, the story of the earthquake reached the camp.

A number of people on Fogo Island were also frightened by the earthquake. A former resident shared the following story about a local man:

A Brush with Death

Years ago, medical help was more than just a phone call away. Sometimes, patients were taken on long, difficult journeys to get treatment. The following is one person's story of survival.

Before having breakfast on Wednesday, May 25, 1927, Mr William James Cull and his son, Jack went to their shed. They planned to do some work on their new boat. The cod-fishing season was just a few short weeks away and there was a lot of work to be done.

It was a pleasant morning with light winds and Jack soon tired of working inside. He knew that it would be a good day birdin', so he asked his father to let him take a break. Then, with thoughts of the fun day ahead, he went to the house to get the old muzzle loader. Jack found the gun in its usual spot, stuck up in the comer of the porch. Without thinking, he picked it up and put the cap on it. As he walked through the doorway, the gun hit the door facing and went off with a 'bang'.

Mr. Cull was still working on his boat when he heard the blast. He rushed to the house and found Jack still holding the gun. The two men noticed that the shot had gone up through the ceiling in the porch and knew that something terrible had happened. At the time, both of Jack's sisters were in bed in the room directly overhead. The men hurried up to the bedroom and found Jack's six-year-old sister, Anora laying motionless on the feather bed. Her father rushed to her side and found that she was still alive. Anora's sister was also in the bed, but she was not injured.

In those days, there were no cars or ski-doo's in Shoal Bay. Getting Anora to Dr. Mackenzie in Fogo would not be easy, but there was no time to waste. As word spread, a group of six men offered to carry the little girl to Fogo. They wrapped Anora in a blanket and carefully lifted her onto a 'hand-barrow'. After making their way over marshes and steep hills, they finally reached the doctor. He cared for Anora as best he could, but he was very worried. He knew that Anora needed major treatment. She would have to be sent to Twillingate Hospital.

The following day, Anora and her father boarded a ship called the *S.S. Holme*. However, heavy pack ice forced the ship to return to Fogo. That night, Anora

and her father stayed at the home of Mrs. Jim Barnes. The next day, conditions were better and the ship tried again to make the crossing. This time, the Holme made it as far as Wild Cove, near Twillingate.

A group of men from that community went out on the ice to meet the ship. They placed Anora in a small boat and pushed and pulled this boat over the ice and through open water. After a long struggle, they finally arrived at the home of Mr Isaac Roberts in Wild Cove. Soon after an ambulance arrived and took the injured girl to the hospital.

Two days had passed since the accident and little Anora was in serious condition. At the hospital, x-rays showed that twenty shot and a large quantity of feathers were lodged in her neck and shoulder. Later that night, Dr. Parsons operated and removed eighteen shot and most of the feathers. However, he was forced to leave two shot in her neck because they were too close to her windpipe.

Despite the odds, Anora survived the surgery and was soon on her way to a full recovery. In the days that followed the accident, Anora's father noted all the people that had helped him and his little girl. He also kept a small glass bottle containing some feathers and shot. After returning home, he traced the path of the shot through the ceiling. They had traveled through a baseboard, a partition, a feather bed and feather pillow before striking his daughter.

Anora still has two shot remaining in her neck but comments, "Since they have been them for seventy-one years, I would just as soon leave them there!"

Questions to think and write about:

1. How did the feathers get into Anora's wound?
2. Why are two shot still lodged in Anora's neck

A Remarkable Nurse

One well-known resident of Fogo Island is a lady from the Scottish Highlands. She came to the island after marrying Mr. Gregory Cole during World War II. At the time, he was serving in Scotland as a member of the Newfoundland Forestry Unit. Before coming to Fogo Island as a young war-bride, this young lady completed a four year nursing program.

Most people on Fogo Island know this remarkable person as 'Nurse Cole'. Her name is Christina Cole and the following is a brief look at her interesting life as an 'outport nurse'.

In July 1946, Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Cole arrived in Newfoundland. They traveled home from Lewisporte on a passenger boat owned by Mr. Hyde of Change Islands. When the boat arrived in Fogo, a crowd was waiting on the wharf to greet them. Mrs. Cole remembers:

It was a beautiful sunny day and I stayed on deck for the whole crossing. After a while, I noticed that I had sunburned my face. I was as red as a lobster! I must have looked strange to Greg's family, but they gave me a really warm welcome and made me feel very comfortable in my new surroundings.

Soon after her arrival, Mrs. Cole was hired by the Medical Committee in the Town of Fogo. Before long, people from all over the island came to know her as "Nurse Cole." For her first five years as the local nurse, she cared for patients on her own. The nearest doctors were stationed in Lewisporte and Twillingate. Since there was no pharmacy on the island, she also had to pick up medicine and supplies at these larger centres. On her first trip to Twillingate, Doctor Woods showed her how to pull teeth. Since then, she has pulled hundreds - some of them without anesthetic!

During her career, Nurse Cole also helped deliver many babies. Midwives also helped and everyone seemed to pull together when there was an emergency. One stormy night, a lady gave birth to a premature baby. It was too risky to send the child to Twillingate by boat because of the wind and high seas. At that time, there was no incubator on the island and keeping the baby boy warm was going to be difficult. In those days, there were few electric heaters or oil furnaces. The parents had a range in the kitchen and a fireplace in one of their bedrooms. It may seem hard to believe, but their neighbors kept a fire going in that bedroom for three full months! Nurse Cole recalls:

That fire never went out. They brought wood and kept it going day and night! One lady even made hooded flannelette jackets for the baby. This helped to keep him warm. In those days, everything we had was homemade. Other people helped by staying with the mother and child. The people were so good. They made my job much easier.

In the early days, Nurse Cole would travel around the island on foot, by boat, horse, or by dog team. She never had trouble finding someone to take her to see a patient. The people went out of their way to help. Travel in those days was not always easy, but it was usually safe. However, there were a few close calls.

Once, three of us were returning from Deep Bay on the salt water ice. We were traveling by dog-team and I was sitting on the sled. One man was running ahead, sort of leading the dogs and another man was running behind, holding the sled and pushing it along. We were almost in Fogo Harbour when the ice began to break up because there was such a big sea. The ice ahead of us broke apart just as we came to it. The man in front with the dogs barely made it over the crack before it opened wide. For a moment, it looked like we were going into the water. As it happened, the runners on the sled bridged the gap between the ice pans and kept us from falling in. That was a really close shave!

In later years, a snowmobile was used for transportation during the winter months. Sometimes, it would get stuck in deep snow, and the passengers and driver would have to shovel it out! However, the snowmobile was still a great help, especially when clinics were held in other communities on the island. For example, there was a clinic in Seldom every Tuesday and one in Joe Batt's Arm every Thursday.

Snowmobile, at the old medical clinic in Seldom

Holding a baby in the nursery, 1961

Nurse Cole with snowmobile driver, Don Anthony, and William Sibley

Dealing with emergencies in those days was not always easy. Nurse Cole remembers one emergency that involved a trip off the island:

One night, they brought two teenagers, a young woman and a young man to the hospital. Both had serious injuries. The young fellow was bleeding badly and we had to stitch him up right there in the emergency. We also had to give him blood. In those days, we did not have blood from the Red Cross. We had our own donors that we called when there was an emergency. We planned to move the patients to another hospital, but the weather was too bad. The following day a bush plane came and we got them off the island. On the way to Gander, it began to snow and the pilot could not see where he was going. He had to follow the road through Gander Bay and we were just skimming the treetops!

Because of poor weather conditions when we arrived in Gander, no planes were going to St John's. We spent that night at Gander Hospital. I was getting very concerned about the patients, because they had serious fractures. Injuries of that type should be treated within twenty-four hours. We had already gone more than forty-eight hours, and we were still stuck in Gander.

I called the doctor and asked him if we could get an ambulance or train to St John's. He told me that we could not get an ambulance because the road to St. John's was not open. He also said that it was impossible to fit a stretcher into a passenger car on the train. I suggested that we put the patients in the baggage car and before long, the two patients and I were on our way to St. John's.

That was a difficult journey for me. I had gone without sleep for a long time and I was getting very tired. I remember sitting on a pile of mail bags next to the stretchers as I tended to the patients. I also remember two of the conductors on the train. I will never forget them. They brought me strong tea in big, thick mugs. They helped to keep me awake.

We finally arrived in St. John's, three and a half days after the accident. They both had surgery done by the only bone specialist in Newfoundland at the time. After a long stay at the old General Hospital (now the Miller Centre) they made a good recovery and now live normal lives.

The people on Fogo Island were very kind to Nurse Cole. She says no matter where she went, people offered her a cup of tea and a 'lunch'. It did not matter if the people were rich or poor. If they had food in the house, they wanted to share it. She says that dealing with such caring and generous people was a joy.

Nurse Cole retired from nursing in 1983. However, after leaving her position at the hospital, she spent a great deal of time volunteering. To honor her dedication to others, Nurse Cole received the Order of the Red Cross in January of 1991.

Later that year, she was again honored for her hard work. On November 1, 1991, she received the Order of Canada. The Order of Canada is the highest medal of honor that can be awarded to a civilian in this country.

Looking back on her life, Nurse Cole says she has no regrets. She notes, "I am just glad that I could do what I did, and help people along the way." With a smile and a sparkle in her eye she adds, "It was an extremely interesting life and I didn't even have time to get homesick!"

There is no question that Nurse Christina Cole is a very special lady.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How did Nurse Cole travel the island in the early days?
2. Can you describe how the people treated Nurse Cole?

One year, a schooner was goin' on the Labrador. Something 'come over' two of the men on board and they died. The rest of the crew wanted to get the bodies off the boat. They was afraid they would catch something. Anyway, while sailing through Stag Harbour run, the ship landed in a cove and the crew buried the two bodies. This is how Dead Man's Cove got its name. But that's not the best of it!

On the day of the earthquake, this feller was cutting wood near the graves. He was limbing out trees when he felt the ground tremble under his feet. He did not know it was because of the earthquake. He thought for sure that he had upset the spirits of the dead men. He turned around and took off fer the harbour. When the fellers down here seen him coming, they said he was as white as a ghost and sweating like a horse! He was in some tizzy. He left his grub box, his axe and the works back in the cove!

The earthquake of 1929 was a strange event that made a lot of people 'shake' in their boots!

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why did it take so long for the men in the lumber woods to hear what really happened?
2. The man cutting wood in Dead Man's Cove also got a scare. How did he look to the other men when they saw him coming?

The Disappearance of Bill Hurley

On the morning of November 22, 1932, Gertie and Nora Burke got an early start on their chores. Gertie sat in the rocking chair, putting the final touches on a pair of vamps, while Nora carded a basket of wool from the spring before. Gertie was fourteen and Nora was twenty-four years of age.

A gentle tap on the kitchen window broke the silence of the morning. The sisters rushed to see who was outside. As they pushed the curtains open, they saw Mr. Frank Burke. He had come to inform their brothers, Tom, Lewis and Cyril, that Bill Hurley was missing. He wanted them to help with the search. Unfortunately, the three men had already gone out birdin'.

Bill Hurley was a bachelor who lived alone in Oliver's Cove. The day before, he had taken a ten-pound tub and left the community. His nephew, Jack Hurley lived next door and noticed that Bill did not come home. There was reason to worry because Bill was in his early eighties. The people were afraid that he had fallen down and was too weak to make it home.

Mrs. Gertie (Burke) Dwyer clearly remembers the weather conditions on those two days, "November 21, 1932 was the loveliest day, with no wind. Later in the evening, a wet snow began to fall and it stayed like that into the next day. The morning of November 22 was dull and dismal, with an easterly wind."

As word spread, a group was formed and the search for Bill Hurley began. By this time, the Burke brothers had returned from birdin' and joined the effort. Every able-bodied man in Tilting took part. Some men from Joe Batt's Arm and a police officer, Constable Cross, also helped look for the missing man.

First, the group checked the area around the 'Long Woods' and 'Donovan's Ridge'. These were good berry-picking grounds. When this failed to provide any clues, the search turned to the barrens and marshes. Some thought that Bill had gone under the meadows' in Oliver's Cove. If he had gone this way, he may have tripped and fallen into the harbour.

The case of Bill Hurley may be the only unsolved 'missing persons' case of Fogo Island.

MYSTERY

By Pierce Dwyer

One dull, dreary November day
Some berries for to pick
Will Hurley left his little cot
And set out on a trip
With eyesight slightly growing dim
Not far he planned to go
Late autumn is a dangerous time
For frost and rain and snow.

When darkness came
No Bill returned
No search was started then
But dawn it brought the hue and cry
And many able men, did search his haunts
Both high and low, but never once did trace
A footstep, jacket, shouting noise
And least of all his face.

There's some maintain until this day
His footsteps led astray
He stumbled through a rocky path
He thought the proper way
If so the body should be near
Upon the rugged shore
But poor old Will was never seen
And never will no more.

There's many other sceptics, who do
Not buy this tale
Although they searched the countryside
O'er hill, through trees and dale
Only echoes answered, as they called
With futile cries
The stars were only mocking,
As they twinkled in the skies.

In later years, two youthful boys
A berry picking too
They found a ragged jacket
And I suggest to you,
A wooden bucket near the scene
Suggests a story strange
Its staves were cracked and mildew
Worn, suggestive of old age
My personal opinion, that in the
Darkness or in fog
Poor Willie made a mis-step and
Smothered in a bog.

Copied from the original poem by Pierce Dwyer.
Provided by wife, Doreen and family.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why were the people worried about Bill?
2. Where did the searchers look for Bill?
3. Was any trace of Bill Hurley ever found?

Serving Your Country

Many Fogo Islanders have served their country with honor during war time. The following is a selection of stories from veterans and their families.

Stories of World War One

Training for the Navy in St. John's, 1912.
Walter William Ludlow is sixth from the left in the back row.

Mr. Christopher Cobb of Barr'd Islands served in World War I. Mr. Cobb was sixteen when he went to war. He completed his basic training on board the HMS Calypso in St. John's, Newfoundland. Later, he traveled to Portsmouth, England and from there, sailed all over the world.

Once, while on night patrol in the tropics, Mr. Cobb heard a strange splashing sound. He wondered if it was a submarine and decided to report it to the bridge. The captain did not want to use the ship's searchlight because it would make them an easy target. Before turning on the light he said, "You had better not be hearing things, or else!"

As the light traced around the ship, the men pointed their weapons at the water. They were ready to fire at the first sign of anything unusual. Then, all of a sudden they spotted something, but it was not an enemy submarine. It was a young Jamaican in a paddle boat. He was carrying a load of oranges!

He must have gotten quite a scare when he saw all those guns pointed at him!

Stories of World War Two

Mr. Gregory Cole of Fogo signed up for the military in December 1939, at the age of nineteen. In January 1940, he left Bay Bulls on a ship called *The Duchess of Richmond*. Mr. Cole traveled to Northern Scotland where he served in the Newfoundland Forestry Unit for six years.

Mr. Cole worked as a mill scaler at a saw mill. He recorded the wood that came through the mill every day. The mill supplied wood for bridges, ships and wharves. It also produced 'pit props' for use in the mines. Some large logs that arrived at the mill were sent to bays and coves. There, they were stuck on their end in the harbour. This helped keep enemy gliders from landing at low tides. It also worked to keep German submarines out of the harbour.

Mr. Brendon McKenna of Island Harbour also went overseas on the *Duchess of Richmond* in January 1940. He was also nineteen years of age. Mr. McKenna first signed up for the Forestry Unit, but later took a position with the Royal Air Force. He was a Gunner Motor Transport Driver and worked on different air bases in England. Mr. McKenna was overseas for six years, and was about to go on assignment in the Far East when he was granted leave. While home, the war ended and he was released from the military with good standing.

Mr. George Decker of Joe Batt's Arm also served in World War II. He signed up for the navy in August of 1940. Mr. Decker was stationed on several different ships including *HMS Amber*, *HMS Osaka*, *MMS 1062*, and *ASL15*.

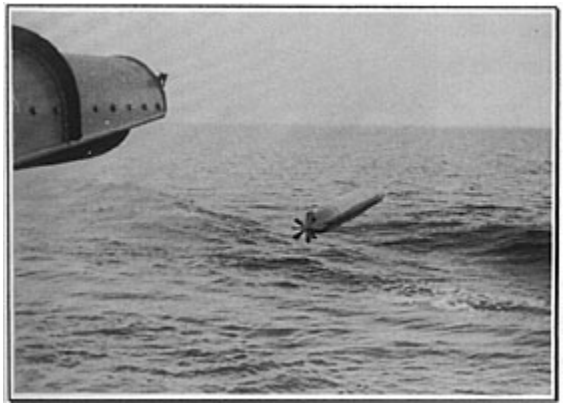
Some of the crew on the MMS 1062.
Person at far right is Mr. George Decker.

On December 24, 1942, Mr. Decker and his shipmates were at port in Tobruk, Libya. The men were relieved of their duty on the *HMS Amber* and decided to go ashore. All around them, people hurried about, loading and unloading ships. As Mr. Decker and his friends made their way along the busy dock, they talked about Christmas and wondered what their families were doing back home.

Suddenly, the crew of the *Amber* heard a loud whistling sound. They dropped to the ground and soon felt the earth shake as a bomb blast ripped through the dockyard. No one in their group was injured, but thirteen men unloading a nearby cargo ship were not so fortunate. They would die on Christmas Eve.

That night at 3:00 A.M., the crew of the *Amber* was awakened by another explosion. They rushed to the deck and discovered that another bomb had exploded only meters from their ship! The crew soon learned that two bombs had been dropped earlier, but only one had detonated when it hit the dock. The other bomb had gone into the harbour.

The crew of the *Amber* soon realized their good fortune, they had escaped injury twice in less than twenty-four hours! Once on Christmas Eve and again on Christmas morning. As it happened, the second bomb did not cause any damage to the ship, it just made a big mess!



Launching a torpedo from the ship.

When the crew on the *HMS Amber* picked up a 'pinging' sound on sonar, they knew an enemy submarine was in the area. When they were certain there was a threat, they would drop depth charges. These charges were set to explode after sinking to different levels. If the charge was at the right depth at

the right moment, it would hit the submarine and destroy it before it could attack allied ships.

Depth charges exploding. This photo was taken by a crew member of the HMS Amber.

Parade ground, MMS Ganges

Life on the base was very different from life at home. Most soldiers noticed a big change in the meals and in accommodations. One man recalls his first meal on the base and the rules for preparing his uniform:

They told us we were going to have a great feed that evening. Well, when they brought it out, we said, 'This is it boys, we are going to starve to death before we gets back out of this!' They gave us each a cup of hot cocoa and a piece of dogfish. It was chalky and cold, with a bit of hard butter to smear on it. We didn't know what to think of it first, but I spose after a while we got used to it.

Taking care of our clothes and making sure they were neat was also important. We used to have our pants creased seven times for the seven seas. We would fold them seven times and put them under our pillow. The next day they would be creased for us!

Kit Inspection, MMS Ganges

Of course, some memories that remain after war are very painful. Often, families are left to mourn the loss of a brave son or daughter.

Richard Hynes, killed in the Battle of Beaumont Hamel, WWI.
One of the many young Newfoundlanders who did not return home.

These are just a few of the many stories that can be told of the brave people who went to war. May we always remember and respect their dedication in serving their country and saving our freedom.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How old was Christopher Cobb when he went to war?
2. What made the splashing sound that Mr. Cobb heard?
3. What were the names of the men who went overseas on the *Duchess of Richmond*? What year did they leave home?
4. What made the loud whistling sound that Mr. George Decker and his friends heard?
5. What did one man eat for his first meal on the base in England?
6. In what war did Richard Hynes die? What was the name of the battle?

The Souvenir Turtle Shell

Sometimes, ships sailing across the Atlantic Ocean were caught in gale force winds. On other crossings, they moved very slowly because the winds were too light.

In the fall of 1926, a three-masted Danish schooner under the command of Captain Dam was on its way to Joe Batt's Arm. The vessel, *Astra*, was scheduled to pick up a load of dry cod at the premises of Mr. Levi Perry. The trip took longer than usual because there was almost no wind.

One day while the Astra drifted along, the crew discovered a large sea turtle sleeping on top of the water. They captured the turtle, killed it and ate the meat. Soon, all that remained was the shell. The wind was still light and the crew became bored. To pass the time, a sailor named William Yaksoman decided to turn the shell into a wall-hanging. He carefully cleaned the breast portion of the shell and made letters out of 'tea lead'. Tea lead is similar to aluminum foil. In those days it was used to line tea chests.

When the *Astra* finally arrived in Joe Batt's Arm, Mr. Walter Ludlow helped load her for the return trip. Before setting sail again, Yaksoman gave the turtle shell to Mr. Ludlow as a keepsake.

The turtle shell. Notice the date (1926), name of the ship (Astra), and the word "Velkommen", which means welcome.

After many years, Walter Ludlow's son, Arthur Ludlow discovered the shell in the family shed and brought it into his home. Mr. Ludlow was about thirteen years of age when the *Astra* was docked in Joe Batt's Arm. Like most young boys, he loved to explore the ships and meet the people on board. He clearly remembers the friendly Portuguese cook on the *Astra* and recalls the rich smell of coffee grounds that came from the ship's galley. To this day, the smell of fresh coffee reminds him of the 'Astra'.

Mr. Ludlow kept the shell as a reminder of the *Astra* and the people he met during the salt fish trade. The turtle shell became a wondenful souvenir, since the Astra was the last Danish schooner of its type to visit Joe Batt's Arm.

The shell's owner, Mr. Arthur W. Ludlow.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Who gave the shell to Mr. Walter Ludlow?
2. Why did Mr. Arthur Ludlow keep the shell?

Faith

When my father was a young boy, he stepped on a prong and drove it right up through his foot. The wound became infected and blood poisoning set in. My father could not walk around. He even missed grade eight. The dark line of blood poisoning began to spread up his leg. After a while, the poisoning reached all the way up to his knee.

Father was very sick and his parents did not know what to do. They finally called the parish priest. He came over to the house and saw my father. No one knows what he did or what he said, but something amazing happened. In a short while, the blood poisoning turned back. It slowly worked its way down his leg and came out through his heel.

For the rest of his life, father had a split heel. In fact, he had a hole in his heel that was big enough to fit his little finger into. It was that big! Sometimes, his heel would chap. When this happened, father would soak it in hot water and cut the dead skin away with a pocket knife. Most people thought that the prong made this hole, but that was not so. It was caused when the blood poisoning came out of his foot.

My father never forgot the blood poisoning that almost claimed his life. He certainly did not forget the miracle that saved him.

In years gone by money was not plentiful. Nearly everyone grew their own vegetables, fished and raised livestock. Most of the time, people could make ends meet. However, there were times when even the proudest families turned to government relief or 'the dole'.

One winter, a family in Island Harbour was having a very rough time. The summer before was dry and their garden did not grow well. To make matters worse, it was also a bad year in the fishery. As the sun came up one morning, the man of the house decided to go to Fogo and see about getting some relief money. He got out of bed and stepped onto the icy floor. Then he hauled on some clothes and went downstairs. As he lit the fire, he wondered what he would have for breakfast, but soon realized that the last morsel of food in the house had been eaten. He would have to go to Fogo on an empty stomach.

The man believed he could make it through the day without eating, but he was worried about his family. Before leaving for Fogo, he went down to his stage. He hoped to find a scrap of salt fish that would feed his wife and children while he was gone. While making his way down over the bank, he noticed that there was a solid jam of ice in the harbour. He also noticed that there was no open water for miles. However, then something else caught his eye. A big seal was right there beside his wharf! In a flash, the man jumped onto the ice and killed it. Soon a delicious seal breakfast was cooked and the family ate until they were full.

One elderly man said, "Twas an act of God. There was no way for dat seal to get dere lest the good Lard put 'en dere. Them was good people. They was God-fearing people and the good Lard would not let them starve."

Faith also seemed to play a role in saving the life of a seven- year-old girl on Indian Islands. One day, the girl started complaining of a headache and chills. Before long, she was too sick to be moved. Her father left in a rowboat to get Doctor MacKenzie at Fogo.

By the time the two men made it back to Indian Islands, the girl had taken a 'bad turn'. She could hardly speak and was burning up with a fever. The doctor believed that the little girl was suffering from meningitis. He also knew that her chances for survival were slim. Earlier that week, two children from Change Islands had died of a similar illness.

Doctor MacKenzie gathered the family together and explained that he had no cure to offer. He told the family that if the child did survive, she would probably never speak or walk again. He also told them she may get some relief if they kept her cool and placed ice around her head. The doctor's words did not give the family much comfort. It was the middle of July and there was no ice to be found.

All that day the family stood and watched the child get even weaker. They put wet cloths on her forehead and hoped that she would get better. Meanwhile, they could hear the child's grandmother praying in the next room. That night as the parents stayed up with their child, the grandmother continued to pray.

When morning came, the little girl was still alive. Her father put on his boots and walked outside to tell some of his friends about his daughter's condition. He gazed out the bay with an empty look on his face. Then, his expression

changed. There in the run, was a small iceberg! The man and his friends 'scravelled' to their row punts and rushed toward the berg. Before long, they were back at the wharf with a punt load of ice. The girl's father ripped the sleeve out of his brand new oil skin coat and filled it with crushed ice. Then he tied a knot at each end of the sleeve and hurried to the house. He placed the ice pack around his daughter's head and held her hand.

The next day, the young girl was feeling better. She even opened her eyes and asked for a drink of water. The family was overjoyed! Not only was she alive, she could still talk! The girl continued to improve until she took another bad turn. This time, thick strings of blood began to run from her nose and mouth. She also bled from her ears for a short time. Her mother ran to the pantry and grabbed a saucer. She held it under the child's face until the bleeding stopped. Then she put the saucer away so that she could show the doctor.

When the doctor arrived a few days later, he was amazed at what he saw in the saucer. He was even more shocked to find the little girl sitting up and chatting with her grandmother! He asked what the family had done for the child. But before anyone had a chance to answer, the little girl spoke up. She said, "Nanna prayed that I would live, and God sent me an iceberg."

The 'little girl' in this story still believes that her grandmother saved her life. She asks, "How else would you get an iceberg up there in July month?"

Questions to think and write about:

1. What is meant by the word 'scravel'?
2. What do these stories have in common?

Schooner Life

Before roads connected all the communities on Fogo Island, schooners were used to deliver cargo. These boats were a welcome sight. They brought food, carpentry materials, coal, salt and other supplies that were needed for survival.

The *M.G. Butt* was a local schooner. She was owned and skippered by Mr. Jimmy John Perry. The crew of this schooner could tell many interesting stories. In the following section, one of these men recalls his time on the *M.G. Butt*.

Jimmy John Perry was a good Skipper. He was like a father to me, and his wife was like a mother. I always said I had two mothers! I started going on the boat with him when I was very young. Their own children thought I was their brother until they got old enough to know the difference. I enjoyed every minute of working for him.

I was on the *M.G. Butt* when Jimmy John brought her down in 1944. She come down from Winter Brook, Bonavista Bay. She was a 36-tonne schooner. Now, Jimmy John had another schooner before the *M.G. Butt*. That one was called the *Gwennie Burdock*. She was lost in the 1930's when there was an awful gale of wind. She parted her chains and ran aground.

We used the *M.G. Butt* fishing down on the Labrador. We also used her for freighting. We had a good life on board that boat. There was plenty of work and we were always treated well.

One time, we were stranded in Barr'd Islands for eleven days with a gale of nord-east wind. There were no engines, only sails. It was too stormy to get out of the place. We were carrying a load of salt that come down from Earle and Sons in Fogo. We were all day gettin' her unloaded. By and by the once, here comes the wind. We knew we had to get the boat clear of the wharf 'cause she would have 'bate everything to pieces. We went out in the harbour and put down two anchors and put a line in to the breakwater. When we got that done, we stowed away fer the night. It was blowing. I'll tell you that! After a spell, she parted one of her chains. We knew if she let go of the other one, she would drive ashore. It was

too much of a chance to stay on her. There were four or five of us on board and we all crawled out in the small punt. That's when the line we had ashore come in handy. We got a hold of 'en and hauled ourselves to shore. We got in alongside this feller's wharf. It was dark as pitch and raining. Oh boy, I'll tell you! It was coming down.

Back in them days people had dogs for working. You know, hauling wood and stuff. These were not like the house pets that people have today. P'raps they would eat you if you was too handy to them. We got up on the wharf, but the dogs up on the road started howlin'. We was afraid of them and had no choice but to get back down in the punt If them dogs was not on the road we could have got up and found a place to go fer the night, but we was out of luck. Even to get up and walk around would have been better than sitting in the punt. All of a sudden, a light shined right down in the punt. Then a voice said, "What are you fellers doing down there?" He said, "I seen it all going on. I knowed there was something wrong." I said to the wife, "Them men is gone out of that schooner. I got to go down and have a look."

It turned out that we was landed to this man's wharf. His name was Mr. George Hewitt. He said, "You get up out of that punt and come up to the house." When we got up to the house, he started singing out to the woman telling her that some fellows was there. My son, she come down the stairs and took our wet cuffs and put them on the damper of the stove. Then she went about getting the table 'sot' for a lunch. Sure, that was one or two o'clock in the morning! They was two wonderful people. I can tell you that! They're gone now I spose, but they was some friendly.

After it came towards morning, we could see the boat was still in the harbour. It wasn't fit to put a dog out be the door. There was the worst kind of sea. We 'bide there for eleven days before it calmed down enough to get out of it.

I went down on the Labrador with Jimmy John for six or seven summers. Sometimes, we would leave to go to the Labrador during the last week in May. Other times, we went in the first part of June. Most boats from here would go around the same time.

We would go down to places in Labrador called Long Island, Grady's, and Cox's Arm. We always tried to be there a week or two before the fish come in. That gave us a spell to get ready. Sometimes it would only take us three or four days to get there. More times it might take up to twelve

days. Coming back was the same way. Once, we was fourteen days before we got home out of it. There was no power then, it was all sails. Sometimes there would be too much wind. Other times, there would not be enough. We had to take whatever come.

I remember a storm up in Twillingate. That was in the early fifties. We went up there with a load of drummed fish. A drum of fish was four quintals of fish in one barrel. Earles and Laymans would pack up the dry fish and ship it aboard a big boat. If the weather was too bad, or the boat could not get into Fogo, we would freight the fish up to Twillingate for them. There, it would be put it aboard the big boat.

On one of these trips, the wind came up and we got caught in Twillingate. It started to snow, and boy it blowed a starm! Light poles was blowing down and everything was blowing to pieces. Shocking. A passenger boat from Musgrave Harbour called The Madeline Rose was docked at Colbourne's wharf. The wind took her and she burst her lines. She drove ashore by a feller's flake and was 'bate to pieces. That was some rough night!

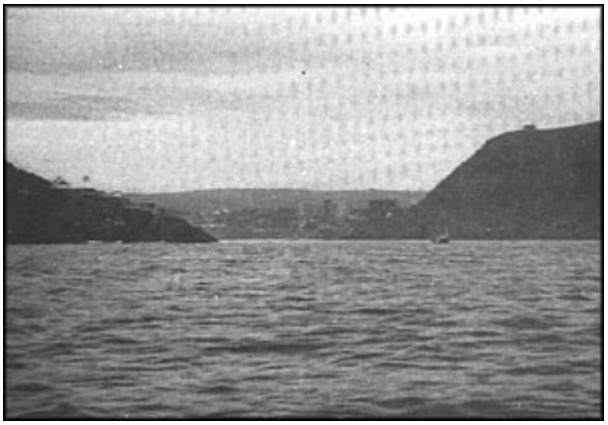
When we left to come down from Twillingate, the water was as rough as could be. I remembers Mr. Harvey Cobb used to come down from Lewisporte bringing passengers. We was on the way to Fogo when we met up with Mr. Cobb's boat just off Hare Bay. Hare Bay is what they calls Deep Bay now. He was watching us go along and could not believe how much the boat was 'knockin' about. He said to the crowd of passengers on his boat, "Look! Jimmy John Perry is going to turn bottom up!"

When we got to the wharf in Fogo, Harvey told us that one time when she rolled down, he could see her keel. He said she went away down on her side. At the time, we thought she was going to stay down too, but she rolled back up again. He said he could have gone on ahead of us, but he would not. He was waiting for us to go bottom up. He wanted to be there to pick us out of the water.

Grub on the boat would not be too bad. The biggest feeds we would have would be potatoes and meat. There was no such thing as opening

a can of stuff for dinner like they does now! The main thing was that we had potatoes, meat and bread. That was the feed: potatoes and beef and sometimes a bit of pease pudding. I can remember seeing an egg fried on board once. Not like it is now. Oh yes! There was plenty of biscuits too! You could eat away at them. There wasn't much grub, but still there was no way to be hungry. There was plenty of 'rough' grub to eat. Every Saturday we would go ashore and get something extra fer supper on Sunday. P'raps a tin of milk, and a piece of cheese. That was about it, but it was a real treat.

I was up in St. John's on the *M.G. Butt* when the war was on. Back then, you couldn't get in the harbour after six o'clock in the evening. At six o'clock they hauled a big chain or net across the narrows. This was supposed to keep enemy submarines and ships out of the harbour.



The view outside of St. John's Harbour, looking towards the narrows.

If you were not there before six o'clock they would not let you in. A lot of people put in some hard nights up there off St. John's. I remember getting there one time at exactly six o'clock and the coast guard came out along side of us. They asked the old feller what he wanted. He told them he didn't want anything, except to get in to St. John's to pick up a load of 'eatables' for Fogo Island. They told us we only had a minute or two left to get inside. We just done it.

Jimmy John had the *M.G. Butt* for 11 years and that's how long I was on her. When Jimmy John was finished with her, he sold her to a man by

the name of Saunders up in Herring Neck. He used her for carrying limestone from Cobb's Arm to Botwood. She sunk on him in the 1960's. She was a good boat and we used her in some hard spots. It was too bad she sunk.

Things is all different now. I spose they will never be the same again. That's too bad, too.

Questions to think about:

1. Why did schooners take fish to Twillingate?
2. Where did the *M.G. Butt* spend eleven days because of a gale?

A Family Business

After returning from World War II, Mr. Brendon McKenna decided to open a store in Island Harbour. He went to St. John's and purchased the building supplies. When he returned, he built the business from scratch. His store opened in August 1946.

The business began as a grocery store but soon became more of a general store. Ships would deliver most of the supplies in the fall of the year. All kinds of goods were sold at the McKenna's store. Some of these supplies, such as flour, hay, and oats arrived on the Lunenburg schooners from Nova Scotia. Dry goods often came from Montreal. One man Captain Timothy Collins of Carmanville often brought supplies in a schooner called the *Radio City*.

Sometimes, freight would arrive at Lewisporte on the train and Mr. McKenna would go pick it up. He had three boats over the years for this purpose. They were named *Miss Barbara*, the *Pay-Off*, and the *Walter Lynn*.

On November 24, 1970, Mr. McKenna lost the *Pay-Off* in the Blind Tickle between Port Albert and Change Islands. The engine failed and the boat drifted onto the rocks. At the time, 'young' Joe Lynch and Will McKenna were with him. They got in a row boat, went ashore and ran all the way to Port Albert for help. In those days, the telephone system was not as good as it is now. In fact, the two young men used the 'old CNT' phones to reach Fogo Island. When the men in Island Harbour heard about the wreck, they got in their big trap boats and went to help Mr. McKenna and the two boys. The sinking of the *Pay-Off* with all of her cargo, was a terrible loss for the business. However, it was not enough to destroy it.

The McKennas had the first electric lights in Island Harbour. They also supplied electricity to their neighbors. Mrs. McKenna recalls how the men got together and 'stuck the poles' and did the wiring themselves.

Later, the McKenna family purchased an eight thousand watt generator. This generator was more powerful than their first, and could run washing machines and other appliances. This was a blessing for the women in the area because it saved them from using the 'wash board'. The generator would be turned on in the morning and would not be turned off until the ladies finished their washing. To let the McKennas know when they were finished, the women would raise a flag on the hill. When they did this, the McKennas knew they could turn off the generator!

The McKenna family business has stood the test of time. The business started by Mr. Brendon McKenna in 1946 is still serving customers in Island Harbour today.

Questions to think and write about:

1. When did Mr. McKenna open his business?
2. Name the three boats that Mr. McKenna used.
3. What were the generators used for?

The Sea Gives Up Its Dead

Sometimes, tales from the past are almost forgotten when they suddenly reappear. The following story originally appeared in the *Lewisporte Pilot* (1965).

On September 27, 1887, Jacob Ford and John Fooks from Island Harbour were out gunning near the western end of Indian Islands. They shot a bird near Gun Rock and rowed to pick it up. Ford leaned over the boat to seize the bird and noticed a patch of oil on the water. Looking closer, he was shocked to see the body of a man among a pile of codfish on the bottom. The men rushed back to Island Harbour and sent word of their discovery to the magistrate.

The next day, a search party set out in a trap skiff. The group included Jacob Ford, John Fooks, William Foley, James Brown, Martin Foley and Samuel Ford. After a search of the area around Gun Rock, they discovered not one, but three bodies. The bodies were pulled from the water and taken to Fogo where an inquiry was held.

One body was medium-sized. He was a man of about 30 or 40 years of age with patches of black beard on his chin. The letters 'C.S' were tattooed on his right wrist, with the letter 'C' written above the wrist joint. The name 'GEORGE A. CHAULK' was tattooed on his left arm.

The second body seemed to be between 22 and 25 years of age. He was a man of medium height and did not have a beard. The letters 'T.M' were tattooed on his left arm, next to a drawing of an anchor.

The third body was medium-sized. This man had a round face, red whisker and appeared to be about 30 years of age. He did not have any tattoos.

A Roman Catholic priest and a minister of the Church of England helped the magistrate with the investigation. The men also agreed that the bodies should be buried in the Methodist Cemetery at Fogo. A funeral service was held for the men and many people attended the burial. Perhaps they felt that even strangers should be laid to rest in the company of 'mourners'. Investigators would later discover that the men were drowned in a fierce gale on Sunday, September 18, 1887. They were crew members of a vessel anchored at the

southern end of Change Islands. During the night, the ship parted its chains and drifted unto the rocks. Several clues, including the name 'Chaulk', helped reveal that the men were from Bird Island Cove. This place is now known as Elliston, Trinity Bay. The mystery of the drowned men was finally solved.

Questions to think and write about:

1. What happened to the men?
2. How many men were found?

The Unexpected Visitor

Sunday, January 20, 1935 was a typical winter's day. However, the events that were about to unfold would make it a very exciting day in Barr'd Islands.

Late that evening, Mr. Eli Combden was walking home from church. It was dark, but he could find his way by the light of the moon. As he crossed the ice in Little Harbour, he felt something jump on his back. At first he thought his friends were playing a trick on him. However, when he felt sharp claws tearing at his jacket, he knew that something terrible was happening. He reached over his shoulder and felt the fur of an animal. It was a polar bear.

The man began to panic and tried to get the bear off his back by shaking and jumping, but it was no use. The bear was holding on tightly and would not let go. Finally, he was able to get away from the bear by backing up against the side of a store. Then, the man ran as fast as he could to a nearby house. The people in the house could not understand what he was saying because he was out of breath and was almost too upset to talk. After a while, he explained what had happened to him. The men in the community were very concerned for the safety of others. They knew that something had to be done.

Two men, Henry Combden and George Combden crept to their homes to get their muzzle loaders. With their guns ready to fire, they walked along the shore in search of the bear. They soon found it lying in the snow beside a wharf. Henry took careful aim and pulled the trigger, killing it in seconds. The next morning, they skinned the animal and carved up the meat. Although the bear was not large, there was enough meat for everyone in Barr'd Islands. At that time of the year, a meal of fresh meat was a rare treat.

A while later, local men spotted the tracks of a much larger bear near Round Head. Some believed these were the tracks of the smaller bear's mother. Too bad it did not stay on the ice floes with her, as this may have kept it out of trouble. Instead, it gave one Barr'd Islands man the fright of his life.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Where was the man when the bear attacked him?
2. Who shot the bear?

The Newfoundland Pony

When people talk about the good old days', they will often mention the Newfoundland Pony. Most local families used Newfoundland Ponies for transportation and for hauling firewood.

Although the ponies were fairly small, they were known to pull heavy loads. It seems that their eagerness to work made up for what they lacked in size. The ponies could also live on little food and survive in very cold weather. These two traits made the Newfoundland Pony the work horse of choice in outport Newfoundland.

Ponies were also known for their intelligence and good nature. One lady remembers how the family horse would go to the pantry window and beg for a slice of molasses bread. Other ponies learned to open gates with their noses and would come and go as they pleased! The ponies were also excellent company for men hauling firewood. Not only would they pull the sleds, they could also find their way out of the woods in a storm. One man from Barr'd Islands remembers how a pony saved him on a very stormy day. The man could not follow the slide path, because it was covered in knee-high drifts. His only hope was in the Newfoundland Pony. He rolled the wood off the sled and looped the reins loosely over the pony's back. Then he sat back on the sleds and let the pony take him wherever it wanted to go. The man just hoped and prayed that the pony would bring him to safety.

As the pony struggled along through the snow, it would stop for a moment and lift its head into the wind. Then with a snort, it would continue walking. The man was wondering how much longer he could stand the freezing cold, when the pony came to a full stop. By now, it was dark and the man could not see what was in front of the horse. He jumped off the sleds and walked up to the pony. When he reached ahead of the horse he found that the pony had its nose pushed against a window pane. It had brought its master to a home in the nearby community of Shoal Bay!

As the speed of life in rural areas began to increase, attitudes toward the ponies changed. Many people would get upset when ponies trampled their lawns. Others felt that the ponies were dirty and would not allow them on their property. In most communities, councils passed new laws that made it illegal for ponies to roam. This meant that ponies had to be kept in fenced gardens. Also, ski-doos replaced the pony as the best means of pulling firewood. When

these changes took place, many ponies were put down. Other ponies were sold and later slaughtered for mink feed and glue. It was a sad way to end the lives of so many loyal and trusting creatures.

The only remaining Newfoundland Pony on Fogo Island is owned by Mr. Albert Cluett of Tilting. Her name is Tilley and she enjoys a comfortable life with lots of love and attention. As the only Newfoundland Pony on the island, she is also a major tourist attraction. Each year, people from all over the world visit Mr. Cluett and Tilley. It seems that everyone wants to get close to a real Newfoundland Pony.

Mr. Albert Cluett and "Tilley".

Mr. Albert Cluett of Tilting with "Tilley".
A beautiful day for hauling wood.

"Prince" poses for a photo while taking a break. Notice the pony's heavy winter coat.

family friend, "Tony".

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why are there so few Newfoundland Ponies today?
2. Why did Newfoundland Ponies become the favorite work horses in Newfoundland?

Wedding Tales

When Mr. James Greene of Tilting was married, he and his new bride planned to ride a horse drawn cart from the church after the ceremony.

In those days, people fired guns into the air when new couples came out of the church. Just as the new Mr. and Mrs. Greene were about to get into the cart, someone fired a gun. Their Newfoundland Pony was spooked and took off down the road with Mr. Greene in the cart. Mrs. Greene was left behind and had to get another ride to the reception!

When Mr. and Mrs. Brendon McKenna were married, they had to journey to another community because there was no priest in Island Harbour. Mrs. McKenna recalls the details of her wedding day:

We were married on the 24th of November 1947. In them times, the people had to go to the priest to get married. The only priest was in Tilting, so we got Mick Butt's boat and went as far as Joe Batt's Arm. We did not travel on to Tilting by boat because 'twas in the fall of the year and it would be rough going around Round Head. We landed in Joe Batt's Arm and left to walk to Tilting on a slide path.

While we were on our way, it started to peck rain. Then it came down in buckets. As it happened, there was someone in Sandy Cove with a horse and cart. They picked us up and carried us to Tilting.

We went to the home of Mrs. Christina Broders and changed our clothes before going to the church. After we were married, we went back to Mrs. Chris's again and changed our clothes for the trip back home. We also had something to eat before we left. When we got to Joe Batt's Arm, Mrs. Francis Penton had a big cooked dinner for us, - you know, with the corned pork and vegetables and everything! However, it was getting dark and we could not stay to eat the meal. Mrs. Penton put it all in a container and gave it to us to take aboard the boat.

When we got back to Island Harbour, the 'tea' was at my mother's house and the dance was in the school. In them times it was the square dance. Twas daylight before it was over! We had the time of our lives! I believe that those were better times. Everything was enjoyable.

The original St. Patrick's Church, Tilting.
Notice the old car and the flags.

A bridal party in Back Cove, Fogo.
Notice the lace up boots and style of hats.

Questions to think and write about:

1. What did a lady in Joe Batt's Arm cook for the McKennas?
2. Why did they travel to Tilting to get married?
3. Why did Mrs. Greene have to get another ride to the reception?

The Three Day Storm

Reverend William Mercer was very dedicated to his work. On Sunday, February 3, 1924, Reverend Mercer left his house in Fogo and walked to Seldom for the evening worship service. A church meeting was planned for the following day in the community, so Reverend Mercer decided to stay in Seldom for the night at the home of Moses Holmes.

The following morning, Reverend Mercer woke to the sound of wind and snow beating against the house. A storm had moved in and the meeting planned for that afternoon would have to be canceled. Since he had no meeting to attend, Reverend Mercer decided to return to Fogo. He had church work to finish and he wanted to get back to his wife and baby boy who were home alone (The Clerical Caller, 1978).

The Holmes family begged Reverend Mercer not to go. They said the weather conditions were too bad. They wanted him to wait until the storm passed. However, Reverend Mercer had spent six years on the Labrador coast and was used to winter snow storms. He was in good physical shape and felt sure he could handle the nine-mile walk to Fogo. On his way out of Seldom, Reverend Mercer stopped at the store of Mr. Fred Scott. Again he was warned about traveling on such a stormy day. Despite the warnings of several concerned people, Reverend Mercer walked right out into the 'three day storm'.

The day passed with no break in the weather and no word from Reverend Mercer. The people of Fogo soon learned of the minister's disappearance. Telegraph operators in Fogo and Seldom waited for some word on the missing man, but none came. Everyone hoped that he had stopped to wait out the storm at the 'half way house' between the two communities.

On the second day, John Gill and his son Fred decided to go in search of the missing man. They dressed in warm clothes and made their way over the path to Freeman's Pond. The ground was covered in ice and they could hardly stand up. The high winds blew them backwards and they had to give up their search and return home.

The weather was the same at dawn Tuesday morning. The snow was not falling as fast, but the wind was as strong as ever. Finally, late Tuesday evening, the wind dropped enough to hold a meeting in the Fishermen's Lodge. At this meeting volunteers were split into two search parties. One

group would go over the hills behind the parsonage. The other would follow the regular path across Freeman's Pond. If neither of the groups found any sign of the minister, they planned to continue for the half way house.

The team that went toward Freeman's Pond included Arthur Gill, Javis Hart, Matthew Bennett, and Matthew Mehaney. These men took two dogs and a sled with them. They inched their way up the slippery pond and onto a path that led to the parsonage. Before long, the dogs came to a stop and would not move ahead. The men noticed a dark spot on the path and went to get a better look. Sure enough, one of Reverend Mercer's skin boots was sticking out of the snow. The men knew that they had found his body. Reverend Mercer was about one mile from safety when he fell down and died. He was so close to home (The Clerical Caller, 1978).

The men placed the body on the dog-sled and brought it to the home of Mr. James Loder, where it was prepared for burial. The magistrate and an Anglican priest went to the parsonage to tell Mrs. Mercer the dreadful news. The people in the town of Fogo helped Mrs. Mercer as much as they could. Some people helped take care of her eight-month-old baby and others provided a place for her to stay so she would not have to be alone at the parsonage

Reverend Mercer was buried in the Methodist Cemetery in Fogo. His family left Fogo Island in the spring on a coastal boat. In memory of Reverend Mercer, a new road to Fogo was named Mercer Memorial Drive. This road passes close to the place where his body was found. The people also dedicated a church in Joe Batt's Arm in his memory.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why did Reverend Mercer decide to stay in Seldom for the night?
2.What were the names of the men who found Reverend Mercer's body?

Remedies and Cures

Local people have always used home remedies. There were very few doctors and nurses in their communities, so they had to find ways to care for themselves. The following is a brief look at some popular cures.

Poultices were used to treat infections in cuts and wounds. For example, a 'gathered', or infected finger could be treated using a poultice. In 1984, Mr Roy Athony shared his recipe for making a 'bread poultice'.

He explained that a slice of bread would be soaked with boiling water. Then it would be drained and placed on a piece of cotton. A few drops of mineral or olive oil would also be added to keep the bread from drying out. When cooled, the poultice would be placed on the infection and left for several hours. Most people would apply a poultice just before going to bed. This would be repeated several times until the infection was 'drawn' out. If the infection was difficult to cure, dried elder blossom or tansy would be added to the poultice.

Poultices were used to treat both people and injured animals. Mrs. Daisy Blundon remembers using a poultice on the family horse:

Lewis was gone away to work and I was home alone. Clyde and Max came down to tell me that someone saw 'Prince' over on the island. They said he was walking on three legs because he had a nail drove up in his hoof. They went over in the trap skiff to catch him and bring him home, but they could not get handy to him, though he was only just able to cripple along. They came back and got me to go with them. I was frightened to death, but I had to do it. I went up on the island with a bag of oats and here he comes. I got him hold 'be the neck. Then the men came and grabbed 'en.

They put him in the trap skiff and come home. Then they hauled the nail out of his hoof. There was a lot of infection there, so I went to work and made a bread poultice to put on it. I put a fresh one on his hoof every night. After a spell all the infection was drawn out and he was the best kind. My, that horse got some tame after that! He used to lie on the ground and let the youngsters sit on his stomach.

There were also special remedies for boils or infections at the surface of the skin. Mrs. Audrey Nippard recalls how her grandmother used a special poultice for curing boils.

Grandmother had a recipe for curing boils. She would use about 1/8 of a bar of sunlight soap, mixed with two tablespoons of molasses and two tablespoons of flour. She would put this mixture on a piece of gauze and apply it to the boil. Sometimes a couple of poultices were needed.

Another popular remedy for boils was the 'hot bottle'. A bottle would be filled with boiling water and then emptied. Then the mouth of the bottle would be placed over the boil. As the bottle cooled the core of the boil was drawn out.

Mrs. Mora Osmond recalls that a whole nutmeg would be worn around the neck as a cure for boils. Mr. Arthur Ludlow remembers how the old people would steep out the blackberry trees to make blackberry tea. Most people believed that boils were caused by 'dirty blood'.

Headaches were also treated many different ways. Sometimes a headache sufferer would wear a white bandana around their head. Sometimes they would also have a sniff of 'Minard's Liniment'. Some people grew 'vinegar plants'. The leaves of this plant would be collected and placed on a person's head. Wrapping the head in vinegar and brown paper was also a favorite remedy.

Several remedies were used to treat a sore throat. A spoonful of Friar's Balsam mixed with a half teaspoon of sugar was considered the ideal answer. This was a gritty syrup that 'hit the spot'. Some people believed that relief from a sore throat could be found by wearing a sock around the neck. However, there was a catch to this cure - the sock had to be from the left foot and it had to be worn recently.

Coughs due to colds were often treated with goose grease. The people would collect the fat from a cooked goose. This would be drained and kept for rubbing onto the chest. If young children and babies had a cough, they would be rubbed with this grease or camphorated oil. Then, a red flannel cloth would be placed on their chest.

A mixture of boiled kerosene, molasses and sugar was also a popular home remedy for coughs. The patient would take several teaspoons of this mixture, two or three times each day. Some people mixed kerosene and cod or olive oil.

There were also a variety of cures for the common cold. Some people drank the juice of steeped juniper leaves. However, there were almost as many 'cures' as there were 'colds' and everyone had their favorites. As one lady said, "a couple of tablespoons of Minard's Liniment mixed with three of four teaspoons of cold water was as good as anything!" This remedy was also believed to be a good treatment for indigestion.

Tonics from the forest or 'woods' were also popular. One lady remembered how a 'poor appetite' could be cured using the bark of the wild cherry or dogwood tree. After boiling the bark for several hours, the patients would drink the juice. Soon their appetite would return to normal.

Deep cuts on the flesh would be treated using a murr plaster. Bladders of murre would be taken from balsam fir trees and spread onto the cut. Mr. Roy Anthony called the murr plaster a 'firm cure' because it rarely failed.

When a person suffered from a burn, a mixture of petroleum jelly and baking soda was a common treatment. When this cure was not suitable, people came up with other treatments. One man recalled an unusual treatment for a severe burn:

Once, I tipped over a pot of boiling water. My arm was burned and there was no doctor to tend to me. Father and one of my uncles went to the woods and peeled the bark from a few birch trees. Then they went to the stage and dipped the bark in cod liver oil, right out of the barrel on the wharf. They came back to the house and wrapped my arm with this 'cod oil bark'. It must have been all right, 'cause it never scarred or nothing.

Some other common cures or remedies include the following:

The first snow in May: Believed to make freckles fade. Some people used this snow as a cure for sore eyes.

Manatee or 'Minion' berries: Used as a cure for sore lips. These are small white berries that grow in shaded areas. A few of these berries rubbed across the lips would provide fast relief.

Black mud: Used to treat bee stings.

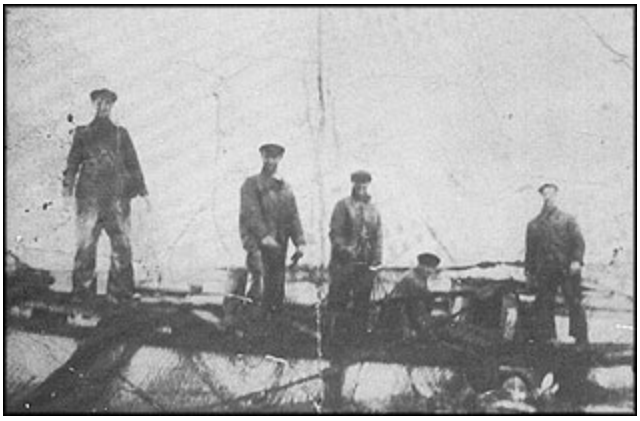
Oatmeal: Used to treat insect bites or chicken pox.

Hot plate: Placed on the chest as a cure for heart burn.

Green ribbon around neck: Believed to prevent nose bleeds.

Questions to think and write about:
1. Why did people use home remedies?
2. Why did people use bread poultices?

The Fishery



L- R: NV Rowe, Hubert Dawe, ? , Dorman Dawe, Eliol Dawe.
The boat is the "Moonie" and was owned and operated by NV Rowe.

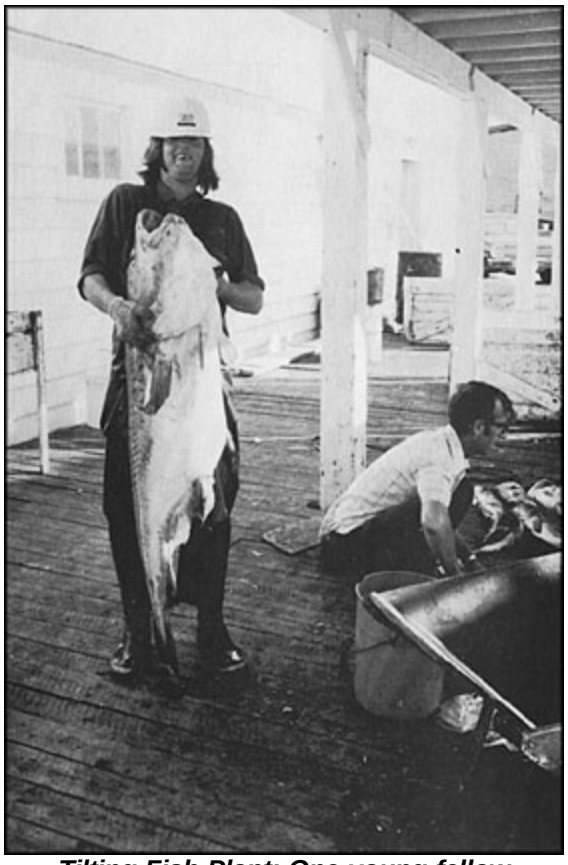
The fishery is the driving force behind Fogo Island. Fishing was not always productive, yet the work was always hard. Fisher people would spend long hours in the boat and then come in for several more hours of back-breaking work.

If catching fish was difficult, preparing it for sale was not much easier. First, the fish had to be split. Sometimes the fish was so big that two people would have to lift it up on the splitting table. Workers would cut the throat and then remove the gut and head.

Gutting and heading fish on the plant wharf.
A busy night on the plant wharf.

Removing the soundbone,
or "splitting" fish at Tilting plant.

Sometimes work continued late into the night, until all the fish was cleaned, put into pounds and salted. After being cured, it would be put on a flake to dry. Most often, tending to fish while it dried was the responsibility of women in the community. They spent endless hours on the flakes and often carried their young children with them. One lady stated, "If it was real busy, we might take the youngsters with us and put them in a puncheon tub to keep them out of trouble."



Tilting Fish Plant: One young fellow and one really BIG Fish!

Spreading fish at the Fogo Island Cooperative Society Limited, Seldom.

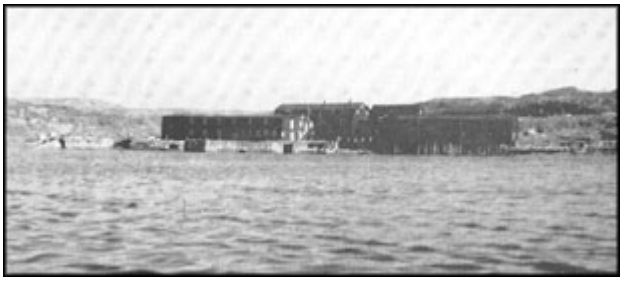
Yaffling and piling dry cod.

Lifting a hand-barrow of dried fish.
Donald Dawe, Joseph Dawe, Dorman Dawe, and ? Budden

The Fish Merchants

When the salt fish trade became a major industry, fish merchants set up local offices to buy and sell fish. A number of merchants operated on Fogo Island. Some of these were Earle and Sons Company Limited, The Newfoundland and Labrador Export Company and the Fishermen's Union Trading Company.

Earle and Sons Company Limited, Fogo



Newfoundland & Labrador Export Company, Fogo

Most fishermen had a 'charge account' with a local merchant. In early spring, each fisherman would go to the merchant and get food and fishing supplies on credit. He would continue to borrow on credit until the fishing season was over and he shipped his catch.

Fish 'cullers' on the merchant's wharf checked the quality of the fish when it was shipped. They looked at the size and condition of the fish and gave each fish a grade. 'Number One' fish was top quality and had the highest value.

'Number Two' fish was not as good. The lowest grade of fish, or 'Cullage' was least valuable and was often sent to the West Indies.

The value of the shipped fish would be used to pay off the fisherman's account. This was called 'squaring up' or 'straightening up'. Then, the fisherman would buy more supplies for the winter. If it was a good year, he would even have some money left over.

Culling Fish at Earle and Sons Company Limited, Fogo

Fishermen also sold cod liver oil to the merchants. The livers would be cooked in 'muck bags'. One lady recalls a poem about a cod liver oil factory in Fogo:

Hedley came from Newstead,
As you may understand.
To start a liver factory on Mr. Earle's land.
Now Hedley he went foreman and Uncle
Walt went second hand.
Billy Snow was the collector
And Eric Bennett the mucker man!

Little Fogo Islands, 1945.
These premises were owned by Fishery Products Limited and included a house , a shop, a cod oil factory, and a herring factory.

Some of the men who built the Fishery Products premises; Llewellyn Jacobs, John Brown, Andrew Brown, Victor Keats, Harvey Jacobs, Cecil Jacobs, George Brown, Charles Jacobs and Arthur Ludlow.

A busy day at Earle and Sons Company Limited at Joe Batt's Arm, 1930's. These premises were managed by Titus Jones.

There were thirteen stores on the premises of Earle and Sons Company Limited in Joe Batt's Arm. The large building to the left is the cod liver oil factory. The two storey building to the right is a utility store and a salt shed combined. Notice also the trolley track leading up to the photographer, who was standing in the door of the fish store. The trolley could carry two quintals of fish (224 lbs). The wooden 'A' frame on the wharf is a 'beam and jig' a machine for weighing fish into quintals. Notice the culling boards along the wharf and the man walking along with a hand-barrow under his arm. The barrels on the wharf are filled with refined, 'Number One' cod liver oil.

Workers could expect to get thirteen cents per hour for yaffling fish or helping on the wharf. The men carrying hand-barrows would usually get fifteen cents per hour. Most of the men working at the wharf worked ten hours per day.

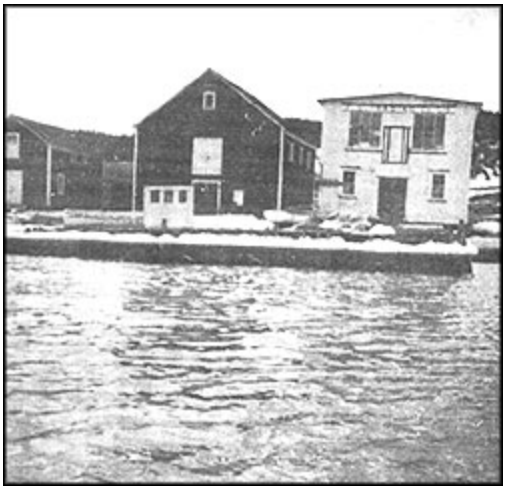
"MV Stauer" at Earle and Sons Company Limited, Fogo.

Ships from all over the world came to Newfoundland to collect salt cod and fish oils. Vessels from Portugal, Spain and Italy often came to Fogo Island in the late summer and fall of the year.

Schooners at Joe Batt's Arm Fish Plant.

Newfoundland and Labrador Export Company, Fogo
Notice the large schooner in the harbour.

With the declining salt cod industry, merchants soon closed their businesses. As the demand for fresh fish grew, new markets had to be found and the old way of salting, drying and shipping fish faded into history. The Fogo Island Co-operative Society Limited was formed by island residents and soon became the backbone of the local economy. Since the early days, the determination of Fogo Islanders has helped them through many rough times. It is hoped that these qualities will sustain them as they deal with the hardships caused by the collapse of the northern cod fishery.



Fisherman's Union Trading Company, Seldom. These premises have been restored and house the Fogo Island Marine Information Centre.

Questions to think and write about:

I. What did the fish cullers do?

2. What was meant by 'squaring up', or 'straightening up'?

Shipwrecks

When a schooner or other cargo ship ran aground, local men would help salvage the wreck. Men that took part in this activity were known as wreckers (*pronounced rackers*). As payment for their help, the men would be given one third of the salvaged goods. This was called 'sharing on the thirds'. The remaining two thirds would be divided between the wreck commission and the owner of the cargo.

If the wrecked ship was carrying a 'general cargo' the wreckers could expect to salvage dry goods, food supplies and building materials. These goods were rare treats that could not be found at the local store. Some people recall having cans of pudding, fruit, and fresh beef in their homes for the first time in the days following a shipwreck. One man remembers how they had plenty of ice cream one winter because his father brought home a dozen cases of milk. Others recall how the women would make clothes, fancy curtains and furniture covers when their husbands came from a wreck with sewing supplies and material.

Since shipwrecks meant extra income for wreckers it is not surprising that they would try to keep a wreck secret. One man remembers how in 1931, a schooner went aground near the entrance to Stag Harbour. The ship lay on the rocks with her three masts pointed over White Point. In order to keep her cargo of salt fish for themselves, men from the Harbour went aboard the schooner and cut out her spars. This way, the people of Indian Islands would not see the schooner and come looking for their share of the cargo.

THE WRECK OF THE 'LAVENGRO'

Lost on Burnt Point Seldom, 1915

By George Hynes and Alex Hynes

Attention all ye wreckers in Notre Dame Bay.
Your attention one moment and hear what we say.
'Twas late in November you'll all mind the night
When a foreign goin' vessel got lost on Burnt Point.

She had loaded in Fogo with prime fish in cask.
Down in her bottom, there were salmon in tierce.
She was chartered for Naples in Italy we are told.
But most of her cargo in Seldom was sold.

She leaved Fogo Harbour that very same day,
With the wind from the west 'ard she ran out the bay.
It chopped to the nor'derd and they hove her around.
And beating in Seldom they ran her aground.

The night that she ran there it did blow a storm.
As she was heading across just inside of the horn.
Just as the vessel was coming around.
'She struck on the bottom and hung up aground.

The captain and crew did man the ship's boat,
In getting to Seldom they had a hard scote.
The night was so dark and the sea it did rage.
They landed their boat up to Mose Holmes' stage.

She lay there all Sunday with the sea running high,
They started on Monday the fish very dry.
They agreed with old Stoney her cargo to salve
Every third cask the men they could have.

'Twas on Tuesday morning the news spread around
The men from Indian Islands did not hear a sound.
With no communication from right round the bay
We lied up on Tuesday a nice civil day.

'Twas Wednesday morning we got ready to start,
Down to the wreck we arrived pretty smart.
When we got there bad news for to get.
Her hold full of water and the fish very wet.

Ambrose Payne from Fogo in his motorboat came around
And men from Change Islands in schooners came down
And when they got there the heart it was broke.
There was men there that day that old Stoney could choke.

The Wreck Commissioner was Stoney
For you all know him well,
If you had been there you'd say it was hell.
Drunk as a fool and in a wonderful tear
If you didn't please him, he'd rant and he'd swear.

One man in particular I'll mention in my song
He went after Stoney because things were wrong.
Stoney came forward I thought 'twas a sin,
Haul out that old boat and let Pomeroy hove in.

Part of her cargo was salmon I'm told
We couldn't get at it, 'twas under her hold.
We got up one cask just before dark,
Old Stoney told us 'twas going to New York.

'Twas on a Sunday morning the Fogota came in,
To work on Sunday we thought 'twas a sin.
But the fish must be taken the same we are told
We started at once to fill up her hold.

We worked all that night until dawn the next day
We loaded the Fogota and sent her away.
We then loaded our boats already to start
But the wind from the west'ard it blew until dark.

And as for our crew, I will now tell their names
Walter Collins, our skipper, a very fine man.
Mark Vincent, our driver a queer funny coon.
There's George Hynes and Alex, and they're just in their bloom.
There's old Skipper Jonathan, a very old man.
There's Arthur John Frampton, Bill Frampton's son.
A livelier crew, I'm sure you won't find
The next time there's wrecking they won't be behind.

Now we'll go home our winter to spend
Hope all the vessels keep clear of the land
For we're tired of wrecking this time of the year.
But out of that wreck we all got our share.

Now to conclude and finish this song,
I hope we've said nothing that you will say wrong
The year has advanced and Christmas is nigh
By and by in the spring, the fish may be high.

Transcribed from the original poem by George Hynes and Alex Hynes. They were about nineteen years of age at the time of this wreck.

The *Sunset Glow*

The *Sunset Glow* came to Fogo with a load of coal. The coal was for Earle and Sons Company Limited. After the coal had been unloaded, she was to take on a load of dry codfish.

The ship was moored in Fogo at a place called the 'anchorage' when the wind came up from the northwest. The heavy strain on the anchor lines caused one of the lines to break. When this happened, the other anchor could not hold the ship and was dragged along under water. After blowing across the harbour, the ship went aground on what is now known as 'Co-op Island'.

When morning came, it was easy to see the damage. The Sunset Glow had gone up on the rocks and would never sail again. The men from the community salvaged whatever they could and left the remainder in the water. When winter came, the remaining bits of her hull were chopped up and used for firewood.

The Sunset Glow aground on Co-op Island, Fogo

The *Dominion* and *Alarm*

Many sealing ships were lost at the ice. Sometimes their wooden hulls were crushed and the people on board had to jump to safety. According to some reports, the spring of 1870 was one of the worst seasons ever at the ice. The story of two ships was reported by Fitzgerald (1988).

The schooner *Dominion* (71 tonnes) of Heart's Content, Trinity Bay was lost near Little Fogo Islands on Monday, March 21, I 870. The schooner had only sixty old seals on board when she struck an iceberg and sank. Three of the sealers on board were drowned.

The brig *Alarm* (119 tonnes) from Carbonear, Conception Bay was lost Saturday, March 26, 1870. The *Alarm* had about 1850 old and young seals on board when the crew was forced to leave the ship in a waterlogged state. One man lost his life as they abandoned the ship.

The surviving crew members walked on the ice to the safety of Fogo Island. When they arrived, they did not have any clothes or food. They had to rely on the 'relief' issued by the Justice of the Peace. At first, the men believed they could walk across the run on the ice and then go by land to their homes. However, the weather and ice conditions made this impossible. The men waited patiently, knowing that the only other way to leave the island was aboard a boat rigged for ice. After waiting on Fogo Island for one whole month, the men finally got a chance to head for home. The barque *Queen of Cape Freels* came into Fogo and picked them up. Those men must have been happy to finally get back to their homes and families!

The *Francis P. Duke*

One of the worst shipping tragedies to strike Fogo Island was the loss of the *Francis P. Duke*. The forty-seven tonne schooner was owned by Captain Patrick Miller of Fogo. She was built in Placentia Bay and was powered by two diesel motors and sails.

On December 17, 1947, the *Francis P. Duke* left Fogo with a load of salt cod en route to Catalina. The forecast for that night included strong southeast winds and snow. There was even some debate about canceling the trip until

the weather cleared. However, it was decided that the schooner would anchor in Seldom for the night.

Captain Patrick Miller's son, William Miller (thirty-one) was in command of the ship. Another of Patrick Miller's sons, Ignatius Miller (twenty-one, Engineer) was also on board. Three other crew members were also from Fogo. They were Augustine Pickett (twenty-seven, Seaman), Maxwell Payne (forty-five, Cook) and Stewart Keefe (thirty-five, Seaman). Another man, Alfred Mullins (twenty-five) was also on board and planned to leave the ship in Catalina.

The ship did not stop in Seldom as many people believed it would. The wind shifted to the southeast and brought heavy snow. The *Francis P. Duke* would never make it to port again. On entry to Valleyfield, the ship struck Shag Rock and was destroyed.

At approximately nine o'clock in the evening, the wife of one crew member, was taking in a line of clothes when she heard her husband calling her name. She could not explain what she had heard, but she was certain that her husband's life was in danger. This lady could not have known, but a great tragedy was about to change her life forever.

One little girl was seven years old when her father was lost. She clearly remembers hearing the bad news:

I heard the other children saying things about the wreck. I was afraid, so I ran home to tell mother. Mom did not hear anything about it before I told her. She ran to our neighbor's house because they had a radio. We all sat around and listened. When the news came on, we heard it all. It was a hard way for mother to learn that her husband was lost. It was also a hard way for us to find out that our father would not be coming home again.

The bodies of Captain William Miller, Augustine Pickett and Maxwell Payne were recovered. They were returned to Fogo where funeral services were held on December 23, 1947. The bodies of Stuart Keefe, Ignatius Miller and Alfred Mullins were never found. It was a sad Christmas season for the families and friends of the six men and for all of Fogo Island.

Questions to think and write about:
1. What did 'wreckers' do when there was a shipwreck?
2. What happened when the Sunset Glow broke one of its anchor lines?
3. How many people were lost when the Francis P. Duke went aground?

Tragedy at the Ice

The seal hunt is a part of Newfoundland and Labrador culture. For local people, the hunt is a source of extra income and delicious meat. However, sealing or 'swiling' can be very dangerous work. In the days before large sealing vessels and accurate weather forecasting, many trips to the ice ended in tragedy.

On April 7, 1917, a number of men from Joe Batt's Arm, Barr'd Islands and Tilting went to the ice in search of seals. The wind was blowing in a north-easterly direction and the pack ice was close to the land. Three brothers; Joseph, Stephen, and Walter Jacobs, and their friend, Francis Pomeroy were on the ice that day. These men were from the south side of Joe Batt's Arm. Two other men from the north side of the harbour, Hubert Freake and William Freake also took to the ice.

After being on the ice for some time, thick fog rolled in, making it difficult for the sealers to find their way. The wind also changed direction and blew the ice away from the shore. The men were trapped on the ice pans. The poor weather and ice conditions continued for more than a week, making it impossible to attempt a rescue. As time passed, the men's families knew there was little hope of finding their loved ones alive.

In June, a man from the Twillingate area picked up a 'sealing gaff' near Moreton's Harbour. The gaff belonged to Joseph Jacobs. A message was scratched into the wood. It read, "April 11, lying down to die." The person who found the gaff gave it to another man who sent it to Thomas and Mary Jacobs, the parents of the Jacobs brothers. For twenty years, the gaff was kept at their home. Today, the gaff may be seen at the Fishermen's Lodge in Joe Batt's Arm.

Mr. Paddy Higgins Remembers

Aye, I was out on the ice that day. Twas the seventh day of April 1917.

It was six or seven o'clock in the morning when all hands took to the ice. I and Frank Adams, Billy Cobbs and Will Adams went out to the lighthouse. Skipper Nath Brett was the lighthouse keeper. He and old Peter Penton was looking out fer their crowd. Will Adams had a crippled foot, so he stayed at the lighthouse for a while with them. Another feller, John Adams did not go out

with us early in the morning. He had two cows in over the hills and he had to go drive them out.

When I got out on the ice, I used to go right to me knees in snow. I was going along when I found two young hood pelts. Perhaps they was left there the day before by fellas from Tilting. Anyway, the rope was gone out of 'em so I took 'em and hauled 'em along with me. Just after that, Will Adams come down on the ballicarter and we hauled along together to good ice where we would expect to see a swile.

Now, I had a lunch bag and a compass with me. I always took that sposin' I was only going in the woods with me two dogs. Now then, twas no time when John Adams started singing out to us. He said "Come on! The fog is coming up and the wind is checking off southern. It's up now about east, or east sou'east."

We could tell that the ice was cuttin' from Brooks' Point to Fogo Tickles, with about a mile and a half of small, slob ice along the shore. Soon after, we met up with Tim Donahue and Ed Coffin. They had one seal. I never had either one. Frank Adams had one. Then we seen Billy Cobbs haulin' out above and he had two, a young harp and a young hood.

When we made it to Drover's Rock, we could see how the ice was running. The sea was heavin' in on the Bill of Round Head, but the fog was coming fast. We set a course for Round Head. By that time, there was seven of us on one big pan. We would tie a hand line around a feller and he would run and make the big jump. If he was quick, he wouldn't go in the water. I only filled one of me boots when I jumped. We had a job to get ashore, but we finally made it in big Greeps Cove. That's where we landed. When John Adams got up over the ballicarter, he heard a feller singing out. He knowed the voice, he knowed it was Pomeroy singing out. We only just made it, because the ice was pinned to the shore.

Later, Steve Freake came looking for two or three fellers to go out in punt with him to look for the Jacobs brothers. I and two other fellers went with him. So we headed out in the boat. We poked out through until we come to a big island of ice. The fog was really thick. I could tell that the ice was running up and that we were in its wake. We poked on another bit and the fog lightened. We heard the lost men sing out and I could see them just like me four fingers in front of me, just like that. I could see the light between them. They was headed down fer the sound of the guns on Brooks' point and Greep's Cove Head. They thought they could get ashore by walking down that way. By the

time they made it, they found nothing only clear water. The ice was all gone abroad.

I don't know if there was four or six, but there was no time to count. I would say there was four. We had no gun to fire and we couldn't get no further. We had a job to get anywhere. We had to look for a black vein of ice to get through.

After a spell, Steve said, "We got to turn this punt around. We are going up on the Long Rocks and we'll be jammed! Get the punt around now!" There was no more sound, no more sign of them. The fog set in thick again. We turned the punt around, but we had a hard enough job trying to do it. Then we come to some thin ice and we made it to clear water. We rowed down be the edge and landed at Brooks' Point. I come home and that was the way it ended. Just like that.

Now, there was also a crowd out from Tilting that day, but they had a better chance to get in to shore. Two fellers, Tom and Harry Dwyer was stuck out on a pan. Harry was older than Tom and he 'gave out'. He couldn't go no further. Tom had a chance to get ashore without him, but he would not leave him behind, no sir. He stayed on the pan with him and they were lucky enough to get picked up. I believe they was picked up by a boat that was looking for the Jacobs brothers and Pomeroy.

The Loss of the Scammels

Years ago, many people would go to Little Fogo Islands to take part in the spring seal hunt. One Sunday afternoon, the Donahue men were sitting down to eat when a knock came on the door of their house. Two young men from Change Islands stepped inside and said, "This is where the sealers are to!"

The home of Mr. William Donahue, Little Fogo Islands, as it was when the Scammels were lost.

They explained that they planned to go sealing the following morning in a row boat rigged with a sail. Mr. William Donahue said, "Now, boys, when you go off the northeast of Little Fogo Islands you are out on the ocean. It's not the same as the north end of Change Islands, so watch yourselves."

The next day, Mr. Donahue went up on Dean's Harbour Head for a look around. This was the highest point of land on the island. He spied the young men's row boat to the north-east, but they were very far away. In fact, they were so far away that the sail on the boat looked no bigger than a ladies handkerchief.

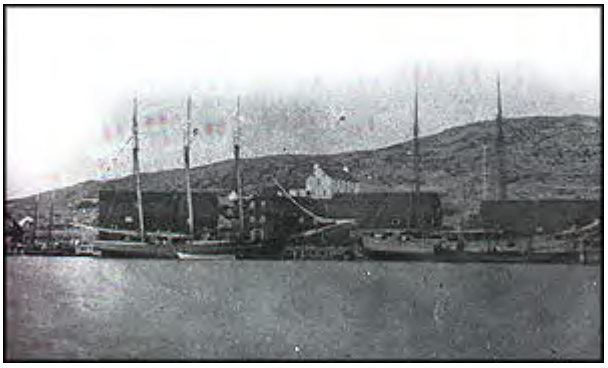
That evening the wind chopped round and the men were lost at the ice. Their boat was found sometime later off of Tilting. Their bodies were never found.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How is the modem seal hunt different than the hunt in those days?

Jumping Ship on Fogo Island

On October 29, 1916, the Danish schooner, *Katrina* was loaded with dry cod at the premises of Earle and Sons Company Limited, Fogo. The ship was scheduled to leave port the next day.



Schooners at Earle and Sons Company Limited, Fogo

However, one crew member on the *Katrina* prepared to do something else. A seventeen-year-old Danish boy, Aksel Neilson, was getting ready to jump ship. On the voyage to Fogo, Aksel had been suffering from a very sore eye. However, the First Mate had insisted that he spend time on watch. The argument continued until the Captain became involved. The Captain sided with Aksel and gave him some boric acid powder for his eye. However, this created another problem for the young man. Now, the First Mate had even more reason to dislike him, for Aksel had made him look bad in front of the Captain.

Aksel decided that he could not stay on the ship for the return voyage. Late that night, he fled the *Katrina* with just a small bag of clothes and some bread and water. He crept onto the wharf and slowly made his way to a hiding spot under a nearby store. When he got there, he realized that he had left his bag behind. He was now in a strange land with no food and only the clothes on his back.

When daylight broke, Aksel reached the western side of Brimestone Head. By this time he was very cold, wet, and scared. By chance, Mr. Walter William Ludlow was on Brimestone Head with his spy glass. He was watching the men fishing nearby. Mr. Ludlow was surprised to find the young man huddled among the bushes. Aksel could not speak any English, but the two men were able to use simple signs to communicate. Mr. Ludlow assured the young man

that he would not return him to the ship. He also tried to tell him that he would return under the cover of darkness with help. Later that night, Mr. Ludlow and his friend Charlie Chaffey, returned and found the frightened young man. They took him to Mr. Ludlow's home and gave him dry clothes and a hot meal. Aksel was exhausted and quickly fell asleep. In the days that followed, the young hideaway hid in Charlie Chaffey's unfinished house during the day and returned to Mr. Ludlow's house during the night for food and to sleep.

As if the young man did not have enough to worry him, a storm delayed the departure of the *Katrina* for nine days. During this time, the ship's Captain offered a twenty-dollar reward for the return of the missing crew member. This was a large sum of money in 1916. However, Mr. Ludlow and Mr. Chaffey never considered turning the young man over. In fact, they did everything they could to protect him. After a long wait, the *Katrina* finally left Fogo - without Aksel Neilson.

The Ludlow family continued to help Aksel after the Katrina left port. After three or four weeks, they found work for Aksel at Campbell's lumber camp near Millertown. Mr. Ludlow, Mr. Chaffey and some of their friends gave the young man some clothes and supplies and found passage for him on the *Clyde*.

Photograph of Aksel Neilson

Aksel made it to the lumber camp safely, but did not stay there for long. He could not speak English and the other men began to think he was a German spy. They often saw him writing notes and drawing simple maps. On New

Year's Eve, some of the men became drunk. Aksel was frightened they would harm him, so he ran away again. This time, he went to St. John's where he slept outside since he had no place to go. One night, he slept in a puncheon and spent another night in jail. Finally, after several cold and hungry nights, he got a ride on a Portuguese vessel. Two years after his adventure began, Aksel Neilson finally arrived back home in Denmark.

Several years later, Mr. Walter Ludlow received a letter. It was from a man named Aksel Sandemose. Aksel had changed his name from 'Neilson' to 'Sandemose'. He had become a writer and found that 'Neilson' was too common in his home country. In the letter, he thanked Mr. Ludlow for all of his help and told him more about his incredible journey.

In the summer of 1938, Aksel Sandemose returned to Fogo Island and stayed with the Ludlow family for two months at their home in Joe Batt's Arm. During his visit, the two men retraced the path that Aksel had taken nearly twenty-two years before. While staying at the Ludlow home, Aksel also showed his love of writing. Often, when Mr. Ludlow arose to go fishing, he would find Aksel huddled by a kerosene lamp, scribbling away in Danish.

In the following years, Aksel Sandemose became a famous writer. He wrote several outstanding books and won many awards. He was even nominated for the Nobel Prize for Literature. His first book was dedicated to the man who had saved his life. Later, Sandemose named his first son after Mr. Walter William Ludlow.

Photograph of Walter William Ludlow

In December 1965, a full page article about Sandemose's life appeared in a Danish newspaper. Included in that article was the above photograph of Sandemose's rescuer.

A Christmas postcard sent to Mr. Walter Ludlow from Aksel Neilson

Mr. Ludlow's son, Arthur Ludlow still has many pictures and hand-written letters from Aksel Sandemose. He keeps these precious articles in a folder titled 'The Sandemose File'. A file that holds a truly amazing story of survival, success and of course, friendship.

First-born son of Aksel Sandemose,
Walter William Sandemose

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why did Aksel Neilson jump ship?
2. Why did he change his name?
3. Why did he become famous?

The Lumber Woods

Many local men fished during the summer and worked in the woods during the fall and winter. Working in the woods was difficult, but it was an important source of income for many families.

Some lumber camp workers.
The person in the middle looks very young.
Men in their teens often worked in the woods.

I was about eighteen years old when I first went up in the lumber woods. I would travel to Bishop Falls, then take the train to Howley, and go up from there. It was very hard work. There were no power saws and the camps were very crowded. Most of the trees in my road were 'boughy' spruce. These were big trees that had long limbs right down to the ground. It was a hard job to get handy to them. First you would have to limb them out.

There were times we'd get thirsty and we'd dig a hole anywhere we could. If water runned into it we'd drink it. We wouldn't care how many twigs, or how much dirt was there among it.

There was a counter about five or six feet long in the living quarters that had holes in it. We would lodge the wash pans in these holes. When we was finished with the water in the pan, we would throw it down the hole. There were twenty-five or thirty men doing that in summer and winter.

Imagine, not washing your body for five or six months! Some, I spose never did, unless they got down by the lake. In dem times, you could smell a person before anything else. Now, if I can't get a wash three or four times a day I don't know where to get to. It's not because I'm dirty, I just wants to freshen up. Boy oh boy, that's the way it was.

In the early years of the lumber camps, the men did not have mattresses to sleep on. When they arrived at the camp, they would cut boughs for their bunks. Some men did not change their clothes or their boughs often. They lived in cramped quarters for months at a time. These living arrangements created many problems.

There was no running water, no bathroom. I had two underwear outfits with me. Before I went to bed for the night, I would turn my long-johns inside out and hang them over a rail, outside. This would freeze the lice. Then I could shake the lice off them in the marning. I would put that pair on, and hang the other pair out for the next night. When I came home in the spring, the 'missus' would burn the works, every stitch I brought home.

Now, some fellers had it bad in the camps, but it was not like that all the time. Most of the time it would depend on the crowd that was there with you. If they were clean and the camp was clean, it was not so bad. The work was still hard, but you could put up with the work.

While they were cutting wood, the men would not eat a noontime meal. They would have a lunch at around 10:00 A.M. and then have another lunch at around 2:00 P.M. This snack time would attract twenty or thirty men. They would light a fire outside, boil a kettle full of water and treat themselves to molasses bread and a few biscuits. There were always plenty of biscuits to eat and sometimes they would have a bit of cold salt meat. Supper would not be ready until 6:30 P.M. Sometimes, men would catch some fresh food of their own:

We would do a bit of rabbit catching when we got a chance. We would put out a few slips while we was working. Then around three or four o'clock in the evening you would hear the rabbits bawling. If the slips was handy, we would check them after supper. Sometimes we would clean one and give it to the cook to make for breakfast. The ones we didn't eat, we put away in the shed and they would freeze like rocks and we would bring them home.

The cookhouse was one of the busiest places in the camp. The men would be served bread, potatoes, salt beef, biscuits and plenty of deep, dark beans.

They would be hungry after a long, back-breaking day in the woods. Some clearly recall the sights and sounds of the cookhouse:

There was lamps then to eat by, and people was not able to see what they was eatin'. In the cookhouse there was a bucket that the cook would fill up with water. This bucket would be hung up on a nail, with an old enamel mug beside 'en. When the men came in, they would catch the mug hold and dip 'en in for a drink. Everyone drank out of that same cup. The once, someone would go get a fresh bucket of water. I don't know why more people didn't get sick, with all hands drinking out of the same bucket! There was no such thing as catching stuff because we all lived rough. My God, it would turn your stomach!

Cutting trees using the bucksaw was difficult, but the hard work did not end when the trees were on the ground. The trees had to be limbed, cut into four or five foot lengths and put in a pile called a 'landing'. Later, the wood was put on tractor or horse sleds and taken to the lake. This was called the 'pull-off. It would remain there until spring.

When the wood was cut, we would roll it out to the 'road' for the horses. That was a hard scote - tear yer guts out then, moving them big, heavy logs. The 'arses was the big black and red ones. The 'company' would have them come down from the States and Ontario.

One man remembers how using a horse in the woods meant extra daily chores:

I liked working with horses. I'd get out of the bunk at five in the marning, go up through the snow and feed me 'arse. I'd heave in a few oats and a drink to 'en and come back to the cookhouse until six-thirty or seven o'clock. After I got some breakfast, I'd go put the 'arness and all the gear on 'en and go for the day. I don't spose it was too bad, unless you got a stubborn one. All he would do is make you swear!

**A group of men in "the woods" with horses.
Notice the men sitting on horseback.**

Another man remembered the 'good side' to caring for the horses. He would help shoe the horses and repair equipment:

Some fellers did not like shoeing horses, but I always offered to do it. I would earn extra 'Target' or 'Beaver' tobacco by nailing on horse shoes. When the trucks and plows come in, that all come to an end.

When the ice melted and the logs went into the water, 'the drive' would begin. The company used dams to control the water level in the lakes. To float the logs downstream to the mill, they would open the dams. Some lumbermen worked on the drive every year. This was dangerous, especially when there was a log jam. One man remembers working on the drive:

I worked on the main drive. I cleared up jams or 'plugs' on the river. When there was a big jam we would get out there and pick at it with stick poles. A stick pole was a stick with a dart on the end. When that jam let go, look out! Run for your life!

We used pulp hooks for lugging logs to the water. The men also used these when they was piling wood on the landings. The beachcombers was said to be working 'on the rear'. They pushed logs off the beach and into the water. Every single log had to go down the river.

Loading the Tractor Sleds Up With Fred Small

By Donovan Burke

Attention ye lumbermen listen to me
I am a poor poet please excuse me.
I left my old home out on Fogo Isle
To travel a distance of sixty-five miles.
Sixty-five miles with our snowshoes tied on
Myself and young Terry we toddled along.

Arriving at Lewisporte, labour full bent
The very first train, into Bishops we went.
We walked to the depot, they say it's four miles
There Billy Macdonald, we met with a smile.
Saying, 'if I can land ye, a job now at all
Twill be loading the tractor sleds, up with Fred Small'.

Forty mile more, we attacked on the road
Two small shackles of iron, we slipped in our load,
That Mick Cook he wanted, for sleds up the line.
We jogged right along, while the weather was fine
Early that evening, we arrived at the Camp.
The men they came in, their shirts they were damp.
Some men were short, some others were tall
For loading the tractor sleds, up with Fred Small.

Early next morning, Fred Small he did say,
Boys follow me, and I'll show you the way.
In the main road, up on a hill
There were the tractor sleds, lying stock-still.

Jim Southern is driving the tractor you know
Moaning and groaning in four feet of snow.
Main Small, his breaksman, is nearly as bad,
Tormenting old fellows, making them mad.
Moving the sleds, by the landing along
Chewing tobacco, and saying things wrong.
Never a batch of snow round here did fall
To hinder Jim Southern, up with Fred Small.

I'm not very young, but I never allowed
To have so many nephews to work in one crowd.
Twas 'Uncle come here' and 'Uncle go there'.
When a landing fell down, it was 'Uncle keep clear'.
'Uncle don't lift too hard', 'Now Uncle haul',
We're loading the tractor sleds, up with Fred Small.

Eric Lilly that man his muscles were bare
He'd equal Joe Louis at Madison Square
Bill Cannings, five hundred pounds, he could haul
For loading the tractor sleds, up with Fred Small

Jack Martin's the cook, the best you could meet
Such goody goodies, I never did eat.
Fresh beef and turnip, steamed duff and boiled
Many a hungry man round here would smile
Light cake and dark cake, buns in galore
If you're not full, just ask him for more.
Eat when you want to, don't grumble at all
Loading the tractor sleds, up with Fred Small.

Now the job it is finished, the wood on the lake.
With pleasure, our scanty belongings, we'll take
We'll go where the men and the women and maids
Are all occupied, in their various trades.
Sometime in the future, our minds might recall
Loading the tractor sleds, up with Fred Small.

Transcribed by Mr. Anthony Burke
September 23, 1997

Questions to think and write about:

1. What did men eat in the lumber woods? Did they have any special treats?
2. Do you think that life in the woods was hard? Why?
3. What did the men sleep on in the woods?
4. What were the 'tractor sleds' in the poem used for?

Lumber Woods Travel

When on their way to the woods, many Fogo Island men would travel to Lewisporte by passenger boat. From there, they would catch a train or walk the rest of the way to the camp. Men returning from work in the lumber woods would often walk home on the salt water ice. The following are some stories about travel to and from the lumber woods.

I leaved from Port Albert one winter to walk down on the salt water ice. I wasn't down fer the island when the weather turned poor. I could not see very far ahead, but I know'd handy about where I was to, because I come down that way lots of times. I also know'd the islands because I put lobster pots out around the area. The last island I come to was Pike's Island. I had neither compass wit me and that's when I went wrong.

Just after, I come across three young fellers. They didn't know where to go because they never walked down before. When we left Pike's Island the wind changed. I couldn't see a ting fer blowin' snow. I had neither compass with me, and when the wind went nord-east, I went wrong. We made the Indian Lookout three times before we got to Fogo Island! On the last try I said, "This time I'm going ashore. I'll be on Fogo Island when I gives up again."

With that, I took the wind in me face and whatever it was that was falling. It was the real hard stuff, freezing rain and snow, I spose. It was bad, but I never slacked until I poked out by a pile of wood in the bight. The young fellers was glad enough too when all hands got on Fogo Island.

I wanted them to come down to the harbour wit me and stop. I said, "You can come down and get a lunch. We'll find a place for you to stay the night. Then you can go across the ponds tomorrow". But they did not want to do that. They wanted to go on fer Island Harbour or the cabins in Roger's Cove that night. In them times, there was people in Roger's Cove from Barr'd Islands. They stayed up there in the winter because it was sheltered and there was plenty of firewood. They stayed in camps and some kept dogs for hauling firewood.

Anyway, I headed fer home and the three young fellers took to the shore. When they reached the 'Old Stag' (Fogo Island Point), the wind was in

their faces and it was the worst kind. They had a hard job and soon got tired. Their clothes bags seemed too heavy to carry, so they hung them on a tree.

When they got close to the camps, the dogs hear'd them, and started to bark. They followed the sound to safety. They told the crowd there that they left their clothes bags about three miles up the shore. The next day, the men in Roger's Cove found the bags about a half mile away. They knew there was no way them fellers went three miles, unless they went in circles. They must have been so beat out and cold that they did not know where they were to.

I met one of them later and he said, "By, we only just done it. Yes, we only just done it. I thinks if we had to go another half a mile we would have had to lie down and give it up - perish. We only made it 'cause we heard the dogs barking."

They had a close enough call that time. They were lucky.

When I leaved the camp for home, I would usually go as far as Loon Bay. One time, the going was bad and by the time I reached Loon Bay, my clothes was soaking wet. I stopped at a house and the people did what they could to make me comfortable. They dried my clothes by the wood stove and gave me something to eat. Don't forget, I wasn't the only man there like that. P'raps there was ten or twelve more besides me. They did what they could fer us, but it was still pretty rough.

After walking for a couple of days, I got to Port Albert where I met up with Jimmy John Perry and them. They was on their way to St. John's for the seal hunt. Mr. Perry said, "When you gets down to Duck Island be careful because the ice is bad. It's froze, but it's not very strong. When you gets to it, you should get down and crawl and drag your luggage behind you."

When I left to cross the ice, I met two more fellers who was on their way home. We was already drenching wet and the sloppy snow was up over our logans. That wasn't good, walking with your boots right full of water. When we reached the bad ice, I told them to take their luggage off their backs, but they would not listen. They walked on ahead and then they fell in the water. I pushed a stick along to them and hauled them out. I tell you, when they got out of the water they was satisfied to listen to me!

They did not have one thing dry to put on, but I had a pair of blue serge pants and a pair of brigs. I gave these to the men. After so long, we finally got home.

One year I leaved home fer the woods on the 7th day of May and didn't come home again until the 17th day of December. That time, I had to come down from Frederickton be meself in a row punt.

I can also mind one time when I leaved to row up to Lewisporte with Uncle Si. We was on our way up fer the 'drive'. It was the first part of May. By the time we reached Michael's Harbour the wind was breezin'. It was too hard to row as far as Lewisporte that night, so we hauled up our punt on a grassy bank. We took the tauts out of her and turned her over. We put on our long rubber coats, got something to eat and crawled up under her fer the night. When it got light, there was about three inches of snow on the boat!

These are not the only stories that can be told about travel to and from the lumber woods, but is gives us an idea about how tough travel used to be!

The Lumber Woods
By Colette Wells

The work was hard,
The food was rough,
We put in long hours
And the going was tough
No chainsaws then, no hot baths
Them times are all gone now
All part of the past.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How did most people travel to and from the lumber woods?

Thinking About Christmas

Christmas is a time of great celebration, but it probably does not hold the same charm today as it did in holiday seasons past. The following are some memories of Christmas in the 'old days'.

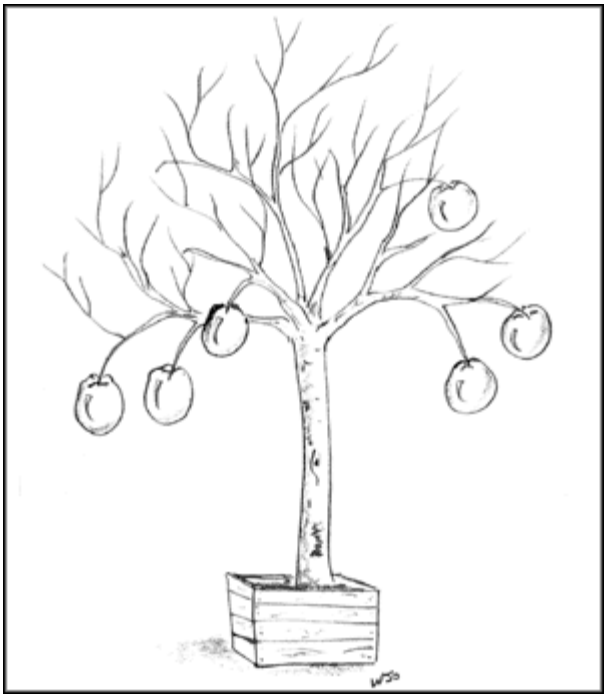
I remembers when Christmas was the best time of the year. Sure, getting the house ready for Christmas was the best part of the season! The first thing we had to do was clean the house from top to bottom. The men would also get ready. They would bring wood in from outside and make sure they had plenty of splits. No one wanted to fuss with wood during the twelve days of Christmas!

And the Christmas cakes! My dear! We would start baking Christmas cakes in the fall of the year. Sometimes we would spend hours cutting up fruit and nuts. Then we would have great yarns about how our cakes came out. One might complain that her cake was too dry, or too 'doughy'. Someone else might say that they baked their cake too much. When the time came to cut them, we would make sure that we had a taste of everyone's cake. If the recipe was good, we would copy it off for the next year. Now, people don't have time for making cakes like that. Nah. There is too much other stuff on the go today.

The Christmas tree is still a big part of the Christmas tradition. Years ago, people could not buy an artificial or 'farmed' tree. In those days, the man of the house would choose a tree and cut it down. One lady remembers the first time she ever saw a Christmas tree:

Aunt Bessie was sick in bed. It must have been when one of the children was born. Anyway, Uncle Caleb was going to 'do up', or decorate the Christmas tree. We was not allowed to see it until it was all finished. Well, he was working on that tree for some spell! Bye and bye the once, he opened the door and let us in. There, stuck up in the corner was an 'aps' tree! You know, the kind that loses its leaves in the fall of the year. It didn't have one leaf on it. Not one! Uncle Caleb trimmed each branch on the tree to a sharp point and stuck an apple on each one. That's as

true as I'm here! That was the first Christmas tree we ever seen, and we was some tickled with it.



An unusual Christmas tree!

When Christmas Eve finally arrived, most people attended midnight mass or special candlelight services. Later, the children would be settled away in bed. In those days, there were no toys and games, but the children would be very excited. They would be overjoyed to find a homemade doll, a few candies or a bit of fresh fruit in their stockings.

Most people believe that though they did not receive expensive gifts, they were much happier.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Do you think Christmas is the same today as it was years ago? Give reasons for your answer.
2. What did the women do when preparing for Christmas?
3. Why did the men have plenty of splits at Christmas time?

Forest Fires

Have you ever wondered why some parts of Fogo Island are wooded while other areas are barren?

It is believed that forest fires played a role in changing the features of the landscape. Lightening caused some fires on the island, while humans started others.

The Beothuck Indians were among the first people to visit Fogo Island. Some people believe that they left their camp fires burning and that these fires spread to the forest. However, fires did not become a serious problem until European fishers arrived in the late 1500s. Amazingly, there is a close connection between drying fish and forest fires.

To understand the link, consider the process of 'making fish'. After the fish was salted, it would be washed and put outside on flakes, rocks or boughs until dry. In those days, there were no tarpaulins to protect drying fish from the weather. If it got wet, or burned in the sun, it would spoil.

The early fishers needed to find a way to cover their fish. They looked to nature for a solution to their problem and soon learned that they could use tree bark. Bark could be taken in strips, flattened and dried to make a cheap cover for their flakes. This popular method of covering fish is even mentioned in the famous Newfoundland song, *I'se the By:*

'Sods and rinds to cover your flake,
Cake and tea for supper. . .'

The bark, or 'rind' of the balsam fir was used most often because it was thick and could be peeled from the tree with ease. The process of rinding trees was usually done in the spring and began with the removal of the lower branches. A narrow cut would be made into the tree as far as the inner trunk and a special spoon-like tool called a 'rinding shim' would be inserted under the bark. Then the bark was gently peeled away from the standing tree. This was continued until all the bark within reach was harvested.

After being 'rinded' the tree would die. The fishermen called these trees 'white ends' or 'whitings' because the trunk turned white or pale grey as it dried. They later cut these trees for useas garden posts, net bobbers or firewood. In those days, dry white ends for use as splits were a real treat.

Since 'white ends' in the forest were so dry, they would burn out of control if they caught fire. Many local trees were rinded, which allowed fires on Fogo Island to spread rapidly and burn for long periods. This caused the soil to dry and blow away, leaving nothing but barren rocks in some areas.

Mednis (1978) studied the effects of fire on the landscape of Fogo Island. He traced the oldest written report of local fires to August 30, 1839. He also presented articles from two St. John's newspapers. The first article appeared in the September 3, 1867 issue of the *Public Ledger* and is summarized below:

Letter from Fogo on August 22, says there are fires there too. Woods on fire for nearly three weeks. Thought it would reach houses. More than thirty fires seen from hill. More in Hare Bay. Smoke often dense. Heavy rains lately. Much wood destroyed and fire 6-8' into ground. No rain for over two months.

The second newspaper report appeared in the July 31, 1875 issue of the *Courier*, and is summarized below:

Fogo Island is on fire in several places, particularly near Seldom Come By, Stag Harbour, and Island Harbour. There is also a fire on Brimstone Head, Back Cove, Fogo that has been burning for the past three weeks and cannot be put out . . . At this time while writing (at Fogo) the smoke is so dense that objects cannot be seen 100 yards off' although it is only 4 P.M.

Two men arrived by boat from Island Harbour, 7 miles off reporting a number of houses burnt. This fire is reported to cover four to five miles. It appears that nothing can stop it unless there is heavy, heavy, rain. It is approaching Hare Bay rapidly and is reported to be coming out in Shoal Bay between Joe Batt's Arm and Fogo. It is reported that the fire originated in Little Seldom Come By or Cobb's Cove where a woman named Rebecca Squires was making salmon in an old tilt in which she carelessly left fire.

The history of forest fires on Fogo Island may never be fully documented. However, it is likely that fire played an important role in changing the landscape forever.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why did people rind trees?
2. What type of tree did fishermen rind most often? Why?

Man's Best Friend

Today, most dogs are lovable pets that know nothing about 'working for a living'. In the past, dogs were used for hauling wood and providing transportation. In fact, most mail arrived by dog team!

One man remembers when he owned several dogs:

I can mind when the dogfish was as thick as grass in the garden. My buddy and I would go catch a boat load of them for the dogs. We also got the old flour up to Earles. They did not sell that flour because the rats had got into it. In any case, it did not cost much, perhaps fifty-cents or a dollar for one-hundred pounds. My wife would make bread and dough boys for them and they would get so fat!

The most dogs I ever kept at once was seven. I figured it was just as well for me to have seven, than have two or three and work just as hard myself! I would harness them to pull sleds using ropes. There was only one problem with that - when going down a hill, they would have to run 'savage' to keep ahead of the sleds. I couldn't have that, I got along with my dogs just fine, so I rigged up a brake system for them.

When we got to the top of a hill, I would take out two pieces of chain and put it on the sled runners. This slowed the sled and they could haul down the hill to their liking. When they got to the bottom, they would look behind and wait for me to release them.

When I was at something in the stage, I would tie them on down by the flake. When they saw me coming, they would get crazy. The leader would be flicking his ears and when I'd untie the sled - 'chook'! They'd take off across the harbour!

Sometimes, we would get halfway across the harbour when we'd strike a little drift bank and slouse! I'd fall off. Perhaps they would go on across the harbour before they noticed I was gone. They always came back to get me. They were good dogs and were broke in like that. They were well fed and never used to fight.

Besides being helpful with day-to-day travel and chores, dogs also made timely mail delivery possible. Two of the people who brought the mail by dog team were Alan Torraville (Fogo) and Daniel Budden (Little Seldom).

Mr. Dan Budden, or 'Uncle Dan', as many people knew him, delivered the mail for fifteen winters. Sometimes, he would begin mail delivery in January, depending on when the coastal boats stopped running. Mr. Budden would leave Little Seldom and go to Stag Harbour. He would pick up the mail in that community and then take it to Fogo. When he arrived in Fogo, he would drop this mail and pick up mail arriving from Farewell and Change Islands.

Mailmen's wages were not high, but they were enough to make ends meet. Mr. Dan Budden received three dollars for each of his return trips. When the weather was good and the mail was on time, he would make one trip per week. The people of Seldom even made up a poem about the mail service. It began with the following two lines:

Danny and his dogs are doing all right
We gets our mail every Friday night!

One of Mr. Budden's dogs, 'Bruno' is still remembered with pride:

Most times, Uncle Dan had four or five dogs. Then he got Bruno and he did all the work. Bruno was quiet, but when you showed him the harness he would come right along for the work. The rest of the dogs might run up under the house or store, but not Bruno! He was always ready to work!

Uncle Dan got him as a pup up in Dog Bay. He was a big dog, but his mother was only small. They said that when he was a pup, he'd chase the other pups around and that strengthened him up. He was mostly black in color, with some white spots.

Uncle Dan could cross the island in all kinds of weather when he had Bruno with him. There were no ski-doo suits then either! The dog would stop sometimes and scratch the snow out of his eyes. Dan often said he would have smothered if it were not for Bruno. In fact, he was on a mail run the day that Reverend Mercer was smothered in the storm. Uncle Bob Scott asked him what the weather was like coming back from Fogo. He said that he had often seen worse, but he had the dog with him. Dan would have never lived to be ninety-seven years old if it wasn't for that dog.

Most story tellers will say that the working dogs of years ago were not at all like the dogs that people own today. Some people called them 'Newfoundland working dogs'. In fact, the dogs may have been related to the Labrador

Retriever or the 'Landseer'. The Landseer is a purebred Newfoundland Dog that looks exactly like the more common black Newfoundland Dog, but it has white fur as well. In any case, the 'Newfoundland working dog' was definitely man's best friend.

Dogs pulling seal pelts at Fogo. Notice the heavy set bodies and colouring of the dogs.

These photos were taken near the hospital in Fogo, 1962.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why were dogs popular years ago?
2. What were dogs used for?
3. What did one man feed his dogs?

Strange Events

The Ghost Ship

A young man from Fogo Island was working 'across the bay' when he saw something very strange. He was walking home one chilly evening when he stopped at the local store to 'get a warm'. Before entering the store, he noticed a large schooner passing just outside the harbour.

Once inside, he joined a group of men who were enjoying a great yarn. He sat with them and mentioned the schooner he had seen minutes before. As they listened, the older men nodded their heads and began to smile.

The young fellow could not understand why the other men were amused. Then, one man spoke up and said, "Sonny, that schooner goes up the bay every time a storm comes. We never found out if there was a schooner lost or what, but that's the way it happens every time."

At first, the young man did not believe the story. However, when a storm struck later that night, he had to think twice.

The Fright of His Life

Some people are not easily frightened. Mr. Lynch of Island Harbour is one of these people. He has seen many things in his life, but none of them scared him as much as the thing he saw one night while walking home.

He was on his way from Payne's Harbour to Butt's Point when he met a man on the road. This man was dressed in a black suit of clothes. Mr. Lynch spoke to the man, but did not get a reply. This made him curious, so he tried to get a better look. Mr. Lynch almost jumped out of his skin when he realized that the figure in front of him did not have hands and did not have a head. Mr. Lynch was about to shout for help when the man in black vanished.

Mr. Lynch ran to his house and told his family what he had seen. At first, no one believed him. However, when they saw that he was shaking with fear, they knew that he was telling the truth. They were all frightened and wanted to speak to the priest. As it happened, the priest was in Island Harbour that evening and arrived at the Lynch home in minutes.

He asked Mr. Lynch to tell his story and describe where it had happened. Then, the priest convinced a few people to go with him to the place where Mr. Lynch had seen the figure. When they reached the spot, the priest said a few prayers and then returned to Mr. Lynch's house.

Years later, someone questioned the priest about the events of that night. However, the priest would not talk about it. In fact, after he returned to the Lynch home, he never spoke of it again.

Mr. Lynch still believes he saw a ghost. Whatever he saw that night, it is safe to say that it gave him the fright of his life!

The Headless Soldier

One night a lady from Fogo was returning from a friend's house when she noticed a man walking in front of her. She thought it was her older brother Val, so she called out to him.

The man stopped for a moment, but then began to walk faster. The lady picked up her pace to catch him, but the man also sped up. She soon became annoyed and shouted, "Don't run away from me Val, I knows who you is! Stop right now and wait fer me!"

She said this several times as she hurried along, but did not succeed in making the man wait for her. At one point, she noticed she could not see his head. At first, she thought his coat collar was pulled up high, but this was not so. Just as she reached out for him, he vanished. The lady was frightened and ran the rest of the way to her house.

The following day, the family received the sad news that a close relative had been killed at war. From that day onward, the lady was certain she had seen the spirit of the dead soldier. She believed the spirit was trying to tell her that something terrible had happened to him.

The Light in the Bight

One evening in the early 1900's, Jim Meean and his crew were returning from a good trip 'on the Labrador.' They almost reached the safety of Tilting Harbour when a bad storm came in from the northeast. Before long, their boat was swamped and sank out in the bight. Witnesses could not attempt a rescue because of the poor conditions. All of the crew members drowned.

After the sinking, the people of Tilting would see a light in the bight when a storm came on from the northeast. This usually happened in the late fall or early winter. The light was small and moved around like a boat floating on the water. The people would see the light for only a short time, before it again disappeared.

Many older people in Tilting saw 'the light in the bight' several times and soon decided that something had to be done about it. They went to the parish priest, Dr. Jones for help. The next time the light appeared, they went with the priest to Burke's Hill, the best location to view the light. They prayed for the souls of Jim Meean and his crew until the priest made the sign of the cross toward the light. The light faded and was never seen again.

Some people believe that the Meeans found their eternal rest that night.

Weather Lights and Jack O' Lanterns

Years ago, many people reported seeing strange lights in the sky. They often called these 'weather lights' because they were common before a severe storm. Some people say the lights would appear out of 'thin air' and looked like balls of fire. They could occur over land or water. Although these lights were a common sight, there was no explanation for their appearance.

Some people were frightened when they spotted a weather light. Others took it all in good humor. One man told the following story:

One night Abe and Uncle Andy was bringing the mail by dog team. Abe said, "Look by! There's a weather light coming!" Uncle Andy answered, "He couldn't come at a better time! 'Tis just gettin' dark!"

Another type of unusual light was the 'Jack O' Lantern' (pronounced Jacky Lantern). The Jack O' Lantern was more frightening than the average 'weather light'. Some people even reported being chased by Jack O' Lanterns!

Questions to think and write about:

1. What gave Mr. Lynch of Island Harbour the fright of his life?
2. What did people in Tilting do to make the 'light in the bight go away'?

Boats

Before the days of long liners, wooden 'bully' boats were used in the cod fishery. Most bully boats had two masts, two sails, a jib and a small motor. Bully boats came in a variety of colors and most were given names. Almost every family involved in the fishery owned a bully boat. For example, one Burke family of Tilting owned a bully boat called the 'Gertrude', a Dwyer family owned one called 'Black Beauty' and the Ludlows of Joe Batt's Arm owned a bully called the 'Lucky Strike'.

Bully boats could hold an average of twenty-two quintals of round fish. Most people that fished from a bully used hook and line. Some families built their own boats, or arranged for local boat builders to do the job for them.

When they needed a larger boat, some families worked together to build a schooner. This was the case for the Decker family of Joe Batt's Arm.

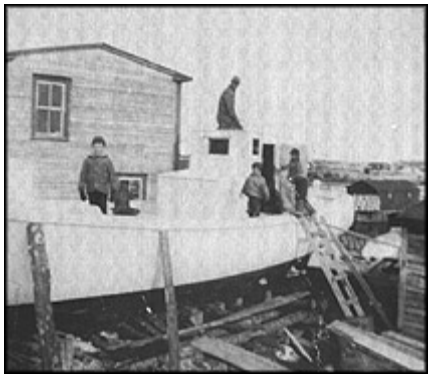
The "Candace"

In the fall of 1925 John Decker Sr. and his five sons, John Jr., David, Eli, Ephraim, and William went 'in the bay' to build a schooner. They took their families and moved to a small cove called Starve Cove on Chapel Island. This was a good place to build a large boat. After many long days, their boat was finally ready for the water. They launched the schooner on the first high tide in May 1926, and named her the 'Candace' after the Queen of Ethiopia.

Later, when motorboats and long liners replaced the schooner, local men learned how to build these vessels as well. Boat builders often worked outside in 'all winds and weather'. One man commented, "I used to get cold just *watching* my father working on the boat. He'd haul off his gloves and work with bare hands as the snow drifted around him."

A bully boat anchored in Barr'd Islands.
Notice the main mast with the jib, rigging and the foremast.

Building a trap skiff in the spring of the year.



"Boys, she'll soon be ready to launch!"

The first 50 foot long liner of Fogo Island, 1967.

Owner Mr. James Decker of Joe Batt's Arm, built the vessel himself. The photo at the top shows how the boat looked at the beginning of the process. The bottom photo shows the official launching. Many people came to this event, including representatives from government.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How were bully boats powered?
2. Who was the 'Candace' named after?
3. Who built the first 50 foot long liner on Fogo Island?

Tragedy on Duck Island

In the summer of 1937, Mary Ellen (Penton) Beresford and several other members of the Penton family arrived in Joe Batt's Arm for a holiday. Like most people that lived 'away', they enjoyed a visit to their childhood home. Everyone had a wonderful time and left the island with memories of a great vacation. Unlike the others, Mary Ellen chose to stay in Joe Batt's Arm for a few extra days.

One morning, she decided it was a perfect day for a picnic on Duck Island, near Joe Batt's Arm. At first, her mother was not interested in going, but Mary Ellen convinced her that it would be fun. Mary Ellen's nine-year-old brother, Leonard, and seven-year-old sister, Anastasia, also went along for the adventure.

One side of Duck Island had a lovely beach. It was a good place to gather shells and wade in the water. However, Mary Ellen was not interested in this area. She wanted to explore the other side of the island, the side that faced the ocean. She made her way out to a rock and dangled one foot over the edge. She splashed it around on the waves, but lost her balance and fell in. Her mother heard her cry and ran to pull her out. In her panic, she reached toward her drowning daughter, but she also fell in.

Anastasia and Leonard saw what was happening and screamed for help. Two young men in a fishing stage on Etheridge's Point heard them and hurried to their row punt. They rowed as fast as they could, but soon realized they could not rescue the two women. They returned to the harbour and got more help. Soon motorboats and crews were on their way to the site. The first man to reach the scene said, "This young woman, Mary Ellen, was face up in the water and her mother was lying close beside her."

The women were plucked from the bottom and rushed to the nearest house. There, a veteran and two midwives tried their best to revive them. Sadly, nothing more could be done. Mary Ellen and her mother were dead. Their lifeless bodies were taken home and prepared for burial.

Several men went by boat to bring the dreadful news to Mary Ellen's father, Michael Penton. He and his two older sons, Steven and Allan, were out fishing. They were shocked and horrified by the news. When they arrived at their home, the men fell to their knees and wept. Michael was overcome with

the loss of his wife and his daughter. Some people believe he never recovered. The heartbroken man died the following year.

The events of August 1, 1937 proved that a pleasant day can quickly become a day of mourning.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Who went to Duck Island?
2. What happened when the young lady went to the other side of Duck Island?
3. How did the Penton men hear about the drownings?
4. How did this story make you feel?

The Story of Marguerite de Roberval

This story is a summary of the account given in Wilderness Women: Canada's Forgotten History by Jean Johnston

On January 15, 1541, the King of France offered a wealthy captain named Jean-Francois de la Rocque de Roberval an opportunity to set up a colony in North America.

In the spring of 1542, this captain decided to invite his niece Marguerite de Roberval along for the journey. He adored Marguerite and treated her like a daughter. Before long, the young lady and her old servant joined the ship and were on their way for an adventure. On the journey across the Atlantic Ocean, Marguerite fell in love with a crew member on her uncle's ship. She was afraid to let her uncle know about the relationship because her boyfriend was from a poor family. She knew he would be very angry if he found out.

After eight weeks at sea, the ship finally entered St. John's Harbour. The vessel was in port for three weeks as the captain dealt with settlers and took on supplies. The couple enjoyed their time ashore and away from the watchful eye of her uncle.

Though they were careful, Marguerite's uncle found out about the relationship. He was furious. He believed that Marguerite had disgraced the family name and insulted him. After leaving the port of St. John's, the captain decided to leave Marguerite and her servant alone on 'Isle des Demons'. This means the 'Island of Devils' or 'Island of Demons'. Sailors believed that this island was haunted by ghosts and spirits.

Before Marguerite and the servant were forced from the ship, they were given supplies and a gun. Marguerite's boyfriend watched as they prepared to leave and was overcome with panic. He gathered some clothes, a gun and tools and jumped into the boat with her. Then the small row boat was set adrift near the shore of Isle des Demons. An old map suggests that this island is actually Fogo Island if the top of the map is treated as south rather than north.

Although they had been abandoned, Marguerite and her two companions had a good summer on the island. There were plenty of berries and other sources of food. They built a shelter and slept on boughs. However, there was one serious problem with life on the island - each night when darkness came, they

could hear strange noises. These sounds terrified the three people. They did not understand the sounds were probably the calls of wild birds and animals.

As time passed, life on the island became more difficult for the small group. They had been on the island for eight months and had not seen a ship since they arrived. The young man became depressed and died. Shortly after his death, Marguerite gave birth to a child. She missed her true love, but she was a very tough young lady. She took over his share of the chores and cared for her baby and old servant. While she went about her daily work, Marguerite kept constant watch for ships, but none came.

The small group of castaways was managing to survive until things again changed for the worst. This time, both the servant and the child died. For a time, Marguerite nearly lost her courage. However, she was determined to beat the odds and lived alone on the island for more than a year before spotting several fishing ships. Marguerite ran to the beach and lit a fire, and began to run up and down the shore, shouting and waving. The fishermen saw her, but thought she was a demon. They were too afraid to go close to shore.

Finally, they were able to see that Marguerite was a person, not a spirit. They sent a few men in a small boat to investigate and were shocked to find a French woman stranded on this island in the sea. At first Marguerite did not know if she could leave her dead family behind. However, the fishermen convinced her that she should return to France with them.

Two years and five months after she arrived, Marguerite left the Isle des Demons forever. After returning to France, she became a school teacher and often told of her adventures on the far away 'Isle de Demons'. Fortunately, she also told her story to several writers who preserved its details in writing.

This is the story of Marguerite de Roberval. Possibly one of the first European ladies to walk and live on Fogo Island.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why was the captain angry with Marguerite
2. What did the captain do to Marguerite as punishment?
3. How many of Marguerite's group are buried on Fogo Island?

Resettled Communities

In the years following confederation, the government of Joey Smallwood tried to reduce the number of small, isolated communities in the province. To help meet this goal, they established the 'Resettlement Program'. As part of this program, people were paid to move to larger 'growth centres' and in a short while, whole communities were wiped out.

The communities of Wild Cove, Lockes Cove, Indian Islands, Little Fogo Islands, Eastern Tickle, Lion's Den, and Cape Cove are resettled communities on and around Fogo Island. Some of these communities were resettled under the resettlement program, while others died because of changes in the economy and way of life.

The residents of these communities did not have easy lives. They had to bring supplies from far away and could not get services in their communities. Still, some were prepared to deal with these hardships if it meant they could stay in the places they loved. However, once families began to leave the communities, it affected everyone who remained. Soon, there were not enough people to keep the communities alive.

Wild Cove

Wild Cove is a resettled community two kilometers east of Seldom. Like other communities on Fogo Island, it was settled because it was near rich fishing grounds.

Most residents of Wild Cove, fished from bully boats or small schooners. They shipped their fish in Seldom, where the merchants had agents. While in Seldom, they also picked up food and fishing supplies.

In 1891, a church was built in the east end of Seldom and residents of Wild Cove attended these services. In later years, they built a one room school in Wild Cove. This building was also used for worship by the Church of England (Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador, 1994). However, finding clergy who would travel to Wild Cove was difficult. As a result, services were few.

After surviving for nearly one hundred years, the community began to die. Some people believed that life would be easier if they moved closer to

medical facilities and other services. Others wanted to fish from a protected harbour. In any case, the first family left Wild Cove in 1958 and the others soon followed. Most residents floated their homes to nearby Seldom, while others took their homes apart and then rebuilt them at another location.

Wild Cove

Although the people of Wild Cove believed that they needed to move, they were very sad to leave the place they loved. It was hard for some older people. Today, Wild Cove is still 'home' in the hearts of the people that left many years ago.

Cape Cove

Cape Cove is on the northeast side of the island. It is approximately five miles from the community of Tilting. Irish immigrants settled in Cape Cove in the early 1800's.

All the people living in Cape Cove relied on the fishery. There were no merchants in Cape Cove so people shipped their dried fish in Tilting. By 1901, the population in Cape Cove had reached forty-one (Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador, I994). There was no church in Cape Cove, so people walked to Tilting to attend Mass.

In the 1950s the government encouraged the resettlement of Cape Cove.

Cape Cove

Payments to those who resettled ranged from one-hundred and fifty dollars to as much as six-hundred dollars. The last person to move from Cape Cove was Mr. Albert Cluett. He left in 1957 and floated the family home to the community of Tilting.

Little Fogo Islands

Little Fogo Islands is a cluster of islands to the northeast of Fogo Island. Three of the islands were settled, including the main island (Little Fogo Island), Eastern Island and Penton's Island.

For about eighty years, fishermen and their families lived on the islands year round. However, there was no protected harbour and the islands could be difficult to access in the fall and winter. Rather than stay on the island for all year, many residents decided to move to communities on Fogo Island.

Fishing on Little Fogo Islands in the fall. A Kinden from Indian Islands, and a Wheaton from Fredrickton.

Mr. William Donahue and his family were the last permanent residents to leave the islands. Their final winter on the island was in 1937. Like other settlers, they wintered in Joe Batt's Arm and returned to the island during the hunting and fishing seasons. Most of the other settlers were from Fogo Island, Change Islands, Carmanville, Boyd's Cove and surrounding areas. This settlement pattern caused the population of the islands to rise and fall rapidly with the changing of the seasons.

L-R, John Dona hue, Alonzo Donahue, Leonard Donahue, William Donahue and pet dog "Brandy". This photo was taken in the spring of 1942. The men are preparing to leave for Little Fogo Islands where they would hunt birds and seals. Notice the bags of provisions and the type of guns. The gun to the right is a 'breech loader', and the gun to the left is a muzzle loader.

St. Anne's Roman Catholic Church on Little Fogo Island.
Later, this building was restored in part by the Knights of Columbus.

Indian Islands

Indian Islands was probably named when settlers found Beothuck Indians living there. There are two main islands, Eastern Indian Islands and Western Indian Islands. There were three communities on the Eastern Island. These were Eastern Cove, Indian Island Tickle and Chaulkies Cove. The Western Island was also known as Perry's Island. There were three churches and three schools on Indian Islands.

The people of Indian Islands fished for a living. However, there were no sheltered harbours on the island and this caused many problems, especially when there was a gale of wind and high tides. In fact, many people left the islands in 1921 when a vicious storm destroyed their premises and gear. This was known as the 'Great Wash Out'. The remaining families left the Island when the Resettlement Program was offered.

Three little girls on Indian Islands. Houses in background were moved to Seldom and Stag Harbour.

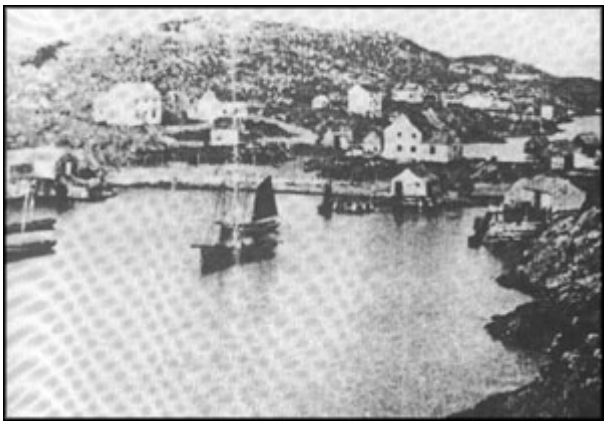
Anglican Church Indian Islands, 1961

Eastern Tickle, Lion's Den, Lockes Cove, and Shoal Tickle

These communities were about three kilometers east of Fogo and were settled by Irish and English settlers. The largest of the four settlements was Eastern Tickle, with about one hundred residents.

Eastern Tickle

There was no church in either of the four communities, so people walked to Fogo to attend church. Some people did this three times each Sunday. In 1900, they built a small school house in Eastern Tickle for grades one to six. The older children were sent to the River Head School in Fogo. In 1960 the school in Eastern Tickle closed (Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador, 1994.)



Shoal Tickle, near Fogo

Questions to think and write about:

1. How did people move their homes to other communities?
2. Where did the 'Great Wash Out' happen?
3. How much were people paid when they decided to move from some communities?
4. Where did most people move when they left Wild Cove?
5. How many islands make up Indian Islands?
6. How many islands make up Little Fogo Islands?
7. What was the largest of the resettled communities near the Town of Fogo?
8. Why did people travel to Little Fogo Islands in the spring of the year?

The Beheading of Michael Turpin

During the summer months, the Beothuck Indians would journey down the Exploits River and canoe along the coast. Sometimes, they would stop on Fogo Island and prepare for their journey to Funk Island. The Beothucks lived in this land without torment until the white man came.

When the Europeans arrived, many fights occurred between the settlers and the natives. Often, these struggles ended in the death of the Indians since the white men had guns. The beheading of Michael Turpin on the morning of June 13, 1789, did not fit this pattern.

Michael Turpin and Patrick Murray were setting potatoes in their garden at Sandy Cove when a group of Indians attacked them. The two men got such a fright that they ran in separate directions.

Patrick Murray ran toward Tilting. The Indians followed close behind. They almost caught him when he got stuck in some mud near Reardon's Rock. Luckily, he was running so fast that his shoes came off and he continued running in his bare feet. As it happened1 a lady by the name of Foley saw him running toward her with the Indians in hot pursuit. She pointed her spade toward the Indians. They must have thought it was a gun because they turned and ran away. Murray continued running until he fell at his wife's feet with two arrows in his back. They removed the arrows and Murray survived.

Meanwhile, Michael Turpin was in serious trouble. He tried to escape by swimming to a schooner anchored in Sandy Cove. However, the Indians easily captured him and dragged him back to shore. There, they pushed him onto a large rock and chopped off his head. Michael Turpin's blood ran over the rock and seeped into every crack and pore in its surface. The blood remained on the rock for many years and it soon became known as Turpin's Rock.

When the Beothucks left Fogo Island, they took Michael Turpin's head with them. When they arrived at the mouth of the Exploits River, they put the head on a pole at a place now known as Point of Bay. This was unusual because the Beothucks did not 'scalp' their enemies.

Unfortunately, the Beothucks and European settlers continued to fight until very few Beothucks remained. The small number that did not die by the gun, perished after catching diseases from the white man.

Questions to think and write about:

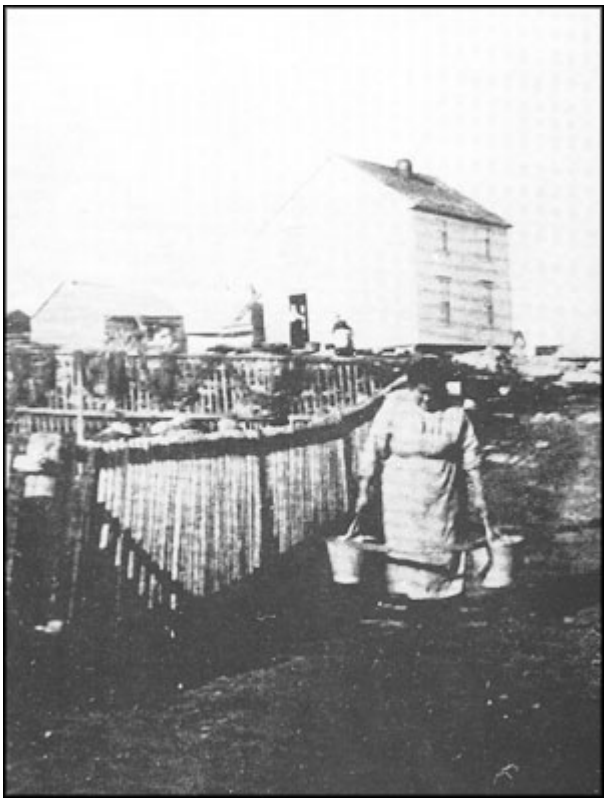
1. Why did the Beothucks come to Fogo Island?
2. Where was Michael Turpin killed?
3. What did the Beothucks do with Turpin's head.

Bringing Water

Years ago, people did not have running water in their homes. They had to find water in ponds, streams, or wells and carry it in buckets. Most buckets were made of wood or galvanized metal and were very heavy, especially when filled with water.

Water carriers, Fogo

In the winter, some people would fill buckets and haul them on slides. Once at home, the buckets were emptied into a barrel in the porch. This barrel would be refilled as needed. Sometimes, the porch was so cold the water would freeze!



Bringing water in Joe Batt's Arm. Notice the hoop and galvanized buckets. Also, notice the nets hanging on the picket fencing.

Bringing water was difficult work. However, people developed ways to make it a little easier. To keep the buckets away from their legs, most water carriers used a 'square' or 'hoop'. This kept the buckets stable and kept the water from flopping out.

Many people fondly remember their childhood. However, very few people have fond memories of bringing water!

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why did people use hoops?
2. What were most of the buckets made of?

The Good Sheppards

On the morning of June 28, 1912, Nicholas Keefe and Thomas Keefe were fishing from their bully boat. Nicholas was sixty years of age and Thomas was sixty-two. The brothers were having a good morning on the grounds when they noticed that the wind was breezing. They were experienced fishermen and knew they should return to the safety of Tilting Harbour as quickly as possible.

The Keefes hoisted their sails and were soon on their way. They were making good time when they had the bad fortune of running into a small piece of ice known as a growler. Within minutes, their boat began to take on water. They were three miles from shore and they were in very serious trouble.

As it happened, the Sheppards of Indian Islands were fishing in the area. Nathaniel aged sixty, Mark aged thirty, and Henry aged eight were about half a mile to the windward of the Keefe's boat when they saw what was happening. The Sheppards changed course and raced toward the sinking boat.

When they got about thirty feet from the Keefe's boat, Mark Sheppard let the jib fly in the wind. Then he stood on the bow with one arm wrapped around the foremast. Nathaniel handled the mainsail and carefully steered their boat. Mark reached out with a gaff and hooked the Keefe's boat.

By this time, Thomas and Nicholas were up to their chests in icy water. Mark pulled the Sheppard's boat over the sunken stern of the Keefe's boat. This would give the men a chance to climb aboard. Nicholas jumped aboard first, with Thomas following close behind. Just when it looked like everything was going to run smoothly, an eight foot wave broke over the two boats and caused them to slam together. As they separated, Thomas lost his footing and fell in the water. Thinking quickly, Mark dropped his boat hook over the side and pulled Thomas to safety.

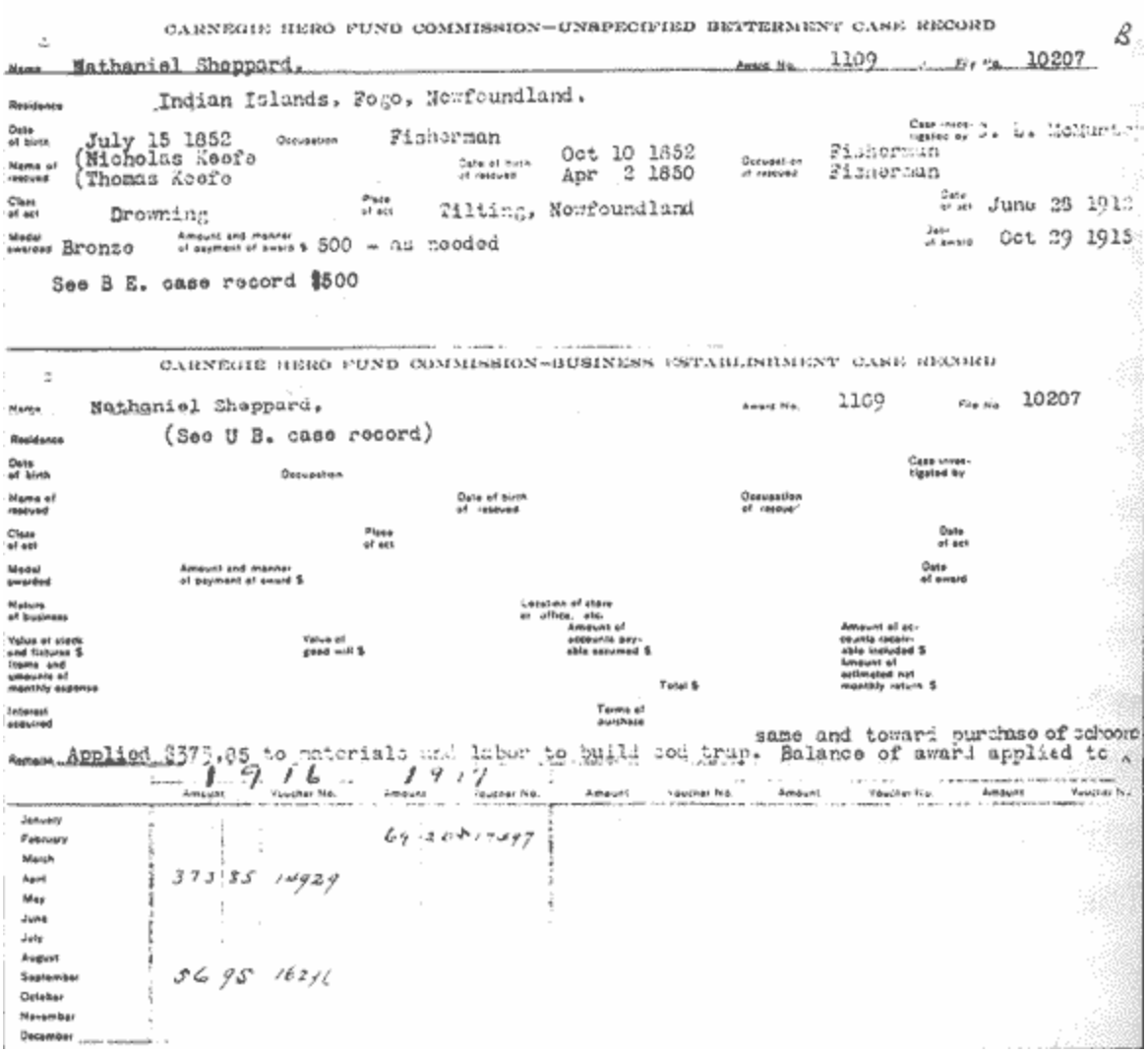
For a few moments, the men were relieved. But now there was another problem. A piece of plank, about a foot long and five inches wide, had punched a hole in the side of the Sheppard's boat. Young Henry Sheppard was in the cuddy and saw the water pouring in. He grabbed a coat and stuffed it into the hole. This worked until they reached Tilting Harbour.

By the time they reached Tilting, a crowd had gathered on the wharf. Everyone was full of praise for the Sheppards. One old man said, "Well boys, you can thank the good Lord for your rescue." One of the Keefes answered, "No sir, we can thank the good Sheppards!"

The parish priest in Tilting heard about the rescue and thought the Sheppards should be recognized for their bravery. Without telling them, he sent their story to the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission in the United States.

In November 1915, a package arrived for Nathaniel and Mark Sheppard. They were very surprised when they opened it and found two medals of bravery and five hundred dollars each. This was a small fortune in those days!

The Carnegie Medal



CARNEGIE HERO FUND COMMISSION—UNSPECIFIED BETTERMENT CASE RECORD

Name Nathaniel Sheppard. Award No. 1109 File No. 10207

Residence Indian Islands, Fogo, Newfoundland.

Date of birth July 15 1852 Occupation Fisherman

Name of rescued (Nicholas Keefe Date of birth Oct 10 1852 Occupation Fisherman
(Thomas Keefe Apr 2 1850 Fisherman

Class of act Drowning Place of act Tilting, Newfoundland Date of act June 28 1912

Medal awarded Bronze Amount and manner of payment of award $ 500 - as needed Date of award Oct 29 1915

See B E. case record $500

CARNEGIE HERO FUND COMMISSION—BUSINESS ESTABLISHMENT CASE RECORD

Name Nathaniel Sheppard, Award No. 1109 File No. 10207

Residence (See U B. case record)

Date of birth Occupation Case investigated by

Name of rescued Date of birth of rescued Occupation of rescued

Class of act Place of act Date of act

Medal awarded Amount and manner of payment of award $ Date of award

Nature of business Location of store or office, etc.

Value of stock and fixtures $ Value of good will $ Amount of accounts payable assumed $ Amount of accounts receivable included $

Items and amounts of monthly expense Total $ Amount of estimated net monthly return $

Interest acquired Terms of purchase

Remarks Applied $375.05 to materials and labor to build cod trap. Balance of award applied to same and toward purchase of schoone

1916 1917

	Amount	Voucher No.	Amount	Voucher No.	Amount	Voucher No.	Amount	Voucher No.	Amount	Voucher No.
January										
February				64-20-1447						
March										
April	373	85	14929							
May										
June										
July										
August										
September	96	95	16214							
October										
November										
December										

This is a copy of Nathaniel Sheppard's Case Record. It shows how Mr. Sheppard spent the funds he received. Notice that he purchased new fishing gear and applied the balance toward a schooner. Mark Sheppard's Case Record is similiar, except he used his money to help cover the cost of an engine and materials for the boat.

These items are courtesy of the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission.

The Good Sheppards, Part Two!

It has been said that history repeats itself. This is the case for the Keefes and the Sheppards. A number of years later, some relatives of Thomas and Nicholas Keefe were making their way into Tilting with a boat load of fish. They were just a few miles from Tilting when their boat tipped over. The two men were thrown overboard. Soon after, a boat arrived on the scene and a man pulled the men from the water. Believe it or not, the man in this rescue was 'young' Henry Sheppard. Those Sheppards must have been the Keefe's guardian angels!

Questions to think and write about:

1. How do you think the men felt about their award?
2. What did the Sheppards do with the money they received? Were you surprised that they spent the money in this way?
3. Some people think that Henry Sheppard should have been given more praise than he received. What do you think?

The Fogo Process

Many people have heard about the 'Fogo Process', but are not sure what it means. To understand the Fogo Process, one must look back to Fogo Island around the time of confederation.

Joseph R. Smallwood was Premier of Newfoundland when the province joined Canada in 1949. At that time, the provincial and federal governments had some firm plans for outport Newfoundland. In particular, they wanted to decrease the number of small, isolated communities in the province. Fogo Island was one of their many targets for resettlement. When the 1960's arrived, the future of Fogo Island was very uncertain.

When the resettlement plan was in action, Premier Smallwood and his officials visited the island and gave the people three choices. They could stay on the island and wait for it to slowly die, they could move away while the resettlement program was offered, or they could stay and build their own economy.

Joseph R. Smallwood speaking at the Fogo Island Motel, 1969

Listening to Mr. Smallwood

In 1967, the National Film Board of Canada began a program called 'Challenge for Change'. The program was focused on building communication between communities and turned out to be exactly what was needed on Fogo Island. At the same time, a group of local people began working together to find solutions for the Island. This committee, known as the Fogo Island Improvement Committee asked Memorial University Extension Service to organize a conference on the island. It was hoped that the conference would help bring the people of the island together.

This conference marked the beginning of a partnership between Memorial University, the National Film Board and the people of the island. At first, the groups focused on the issue of resettlement. However, there were too many other pressing issues. Rather than deal with each separately, the Film Board and its partners produced twenty-eight short films about local life, personalities and events (Coish, 1975).

A community meeting. Notice the recording equipment.

When people watched themselves and their neighbors in these films, they could see they shared the hopes and dreams of people in other communities. They could also see that cooperation was the key to surviving as an island people. These films were later played for government and other agencies. This was much more effective than having each community or person present their problems on their own behalf (Coish, 1975). Through film coverage, their concerns were easier to pinpoint. The footage also made it clear that islanders loved their quiet lives were not going to give up and move away without a fight.

Once people began working together, they created opportunities for Island survival. They began their own shipyard, and later opened a fish processing co-operative. This business is still operating and is the major employer on Fogo Island.

The experiment with film on Fogo Island become known all over the world as the Fogo Process. Many people believe the Fogo Process helped save the island. Today, Fogo Islanders are dealing with other difficult issues. By looking back on the Fogo Process, they may discover new solutions for some of today's problems.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How did the 'Fogo Process' help Fogo Island?

The Story of the Markland

In the early hours of May 15, 1998, people began to arrive at the ferry line-up in Man O' War Cove. It was a beautiful morning for a trip on the ferry. The sea was calm and the sun was shining. At around 6:42A.M., the traffic began to move ahead. The ferry would soon be loaded and on its way to Farewell.

Each day before the ferry begins operating, the captain must report to the Coast Guard in St. Anthony. This is also done each evening when the vessel docks. On that particular morning, the ferry was under the command of Captain Cyril Burke of Tilting. He was delivering the morning message to the Radio Operator in St. Anthony, when he was interrupted by another caller.

"MAYDAY! MAYDAY"! A voice echoed over the radio. "This is the captain of the Markland. We have struck a rock and we have to abandon ship!" Then, in a frightened voice, the captain of the Markland gave his location.

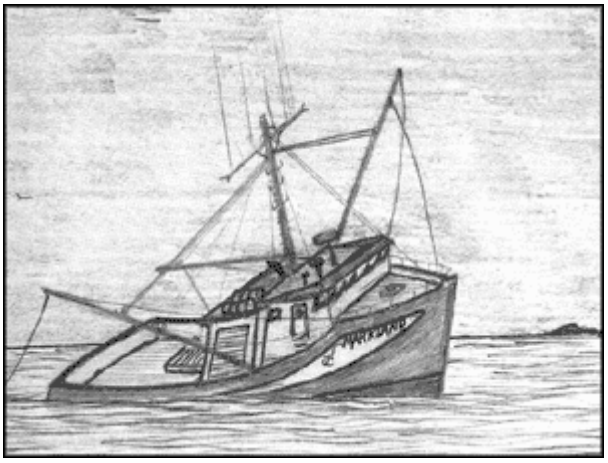
The Coast Guard asked the *Beaumont Hamel* to help in the rescue effort. The ferry was only minutes from the *Markland*, while the Coast Guard vessel, *Sir Wilfred Grenfell* was at least a four hour 'steam' away.

In a matter of minutes, the ferry pulled away from the wharf at Man 0' War Cove. However, this was no ordinary crossing. The *MV Beaumont Hamel* was now on a rescue mission! The ferry passengers had no idea that anything unusual was happening until the captain came down from the bridge. Then, in a calm, but firm voice he asked for everyone's attention.

'Ladies and Gentlemen, may I have your attention please. We have just received word from the Coast Guard that a vessel requires assistance. We have been asked to respond to this distress call since we are near the site. As more information becomes available we will keep you informed. Thank you.'

Neither the captain of the ferry nor Coast Guard operators had radio contact with the *Markland* after the Mayday was issued. There was no way of knowing if the crew made it to their lifeboats. Thinking quickly, Captain Burke called ahead to Farewell where some men were repairing the dock. These men jumped aboard a small, flat-bottomed speed boat and rushed to the scene. If there were men in the water, this speed boat could mean the difference between life and death.

When the *Markland* finally came into sight, everyone on the ferry could see that the fifty-eight foot long liner had gone aground. She was listing out to the starboard at about a thirty-five degree angle with her port stabilizer stuck into the air.



The passengers and crew of the *Beaumont Hamel* could also see that the men in the speed boat had picked up her crew and were towing their life rafts. Now, all seven of them were crammed into the speed boat with their three rescuers. There was no room in the boat for them to sit so they stood with their arms at their sides. They looked like bowling pins that were ready to fall over. The boat was so full that the waves almost flopped over the sides as they made their way toward the ferry.

When they reached the *Beaumont Hamel*, the ferry came to a stop and the stern ramp was lowered. The crew of the *Markland* climbed out of the speed boat and onto the ramp. When they were all aboard, their little orange life rafts were dragged onto the deck behind them. At last, they were safe!

After a serving of hot tea, the crew of the *Markland* described the events that had led up to the accident. The week before, they left Nipper's Harbour on their first shrimp-fishing trip of the year. While at sea, they ran into trouble with their gear and went to Carmanville where a repairman met them and fixed the problem. They were on a test run and were moving along at nine knots when the ship 'brought up solid' on Vesuvius Rock.

The crew knew they were in trouble when they looked over the side of the boat and saw pieces of the hull floating on the water. They tried to see if there was water in her hold but it was impossible, the boat was twisted in the crash and the hatches were jammed shut. Rather than take any chances, the Captain issued a Mayday and 'all hands' boarded the life rafts.

As they told their story to passengers on the ferry, the men were still shaking. When the *Beaumont Hamel* finally arrived in Farewell the passengers got into their vehicles and drove away. The crew of the *Markland* was not in the same hurry. They were glad to be on solid ground and took their time walking to the nearby phone booth. One by one, the men called home and told their wives and loved ones about their close call. As the last man said goodbye, a tear of relief ran down his cheek.

No one was lost in the accident and only one of the crew was injured. He broke his collar bone when the ship slammed into the rock. In any case, this was one ferry ride that they would never forget. Fortunately it had a happy ending.

Questions to think and write about:

1. How do you think the crew of the Markland felt when they were rescued?
2. Can you name some of the things that help this story have a happy ending?

Bits and Pieces

Drifting Away

One day in the fall of the year, John Doyle and his father left Tilting in an open boat. They were going 'in the bay' for a load of staves. Staves were used to make barrels. While at sea, they ran into some bad weather and drifted off course. After quite a while, a ship bound for England picked them up. Meanwhile, on Fogo Island, their family believed the two men had drowned.

The men stayed in England for the winter and were treated very well. The British authorities gave them food and clothing and made sure they were comfortable.

John Doyle and his father waited for the first ship to Fogo in the spring. Then one day, they finally made it back to the Island. Just before dark, the two men walked up the path to their house. Their families knew nothing of their return until they appeared in the doorway. Imagine the look on their faces!

Mummering

In most communities, 'mummering' or 'going out in the jannies', was a very popular Christmas tradition. This involved dressing in strange clothes and visiting friends and neighbors. Jannies would often sing a song or dance a jig and would not lift their veils until their names were guessed. After a lunch of cake and syrup, they would continue visiting other homes.

Today, the practice of welcoming masked strangers into your home can be an invitation for trouble. The fact that 'jannies' were welcomed without worry shows that people were honest and could be trusted. Many people wish that this way of life had never changed.

A 'young janny'

The Back Kitchen

Years ago, everything was homemade, including entertainment. One person remembers the following story:

When I was a child, I would be delighted when a dance was held at my house. I liked it because I would get to stay up late. These dances would not be planned, they would just happen. Someone would come to the door and say, "What about a dance tonight in yer back kitchen?"

If the answer to this question was 'yes', it was no time before the mats would be taken up off the floor. Sometimes they even took out the stove! Then the crowd would have the dance and probably a big scoff. The next day, it would be all scrubbed up and you would never know that anything happened there the night before!

I remembers once, we had a dance in the porch at a neighbor's house. In them days, the ceilings in most houses were not very high. In this house, there was a hatch in the ceiling for the attic. One feller was too tall to dance in the porch, so they opened the hatch and away to go! He 'stepped her down' all night with his head up through the hole in the ceiling!

A Scoff

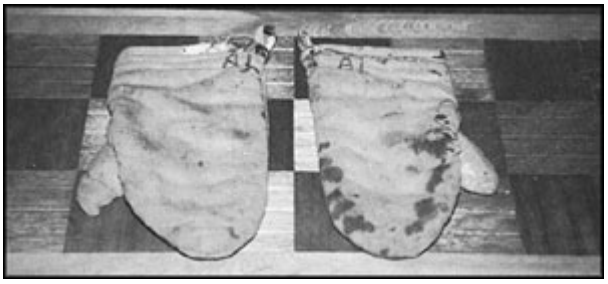
When the fishery was at its peak, men would often eat their lunch out on the water. One man remembers:

When I was a young fellow, fishing with me father, we would have stewed fish every day. We had a stove called a 'bogie' to cook on. It was a cut off 10-gallon drum that was put down in some sand and rocks. We would have some fried-out fat pork in a pot, wash a fish in salt water, and then stew it. Then we would get the pot up on the gangboard. We never used plates. I'd take one side of the pot and me father would take the other. We would have that with some bread and tea. Now, that was not only one day, we did this *every* day, over and over!

Swan Skin Mitts

When birding and sealing, men wore swan skin mitts to keep their hands warm and dry. These mitts were made from a heavy, closely knit material that was similar to flannel. It did not soak water easily and was very heavy. In fact, some of these mitts could even weigh half a pound each! Swan skin mitts were often worn over a regular pair of knitted gloves or men's 'gunning mitts' (mittens with a trigger finger). The swan skin mitts in the following photos belong to Mr. Arthur Ludlow of Joe Batt's Arm.

Swan Skin Mitts



People Do the Darndest Things!

Some local people could keep their balance in unusual places. For example, one man could do the 'monkey dance' around the gunnels of a motorboat.

Mr. James Purchase was known for balancing on the stem of a punt - while standing on his head.

Mr. Purchase was eighty-years-old when these photos were taken in 1967!

Travel

This photo was taken in 1956 or 1957.

Before the Trans Canada Highway was completed, a ferry carried traffic across the Exploits River. Later, the Sir Robert Bond Bridge was built and made travel much easier. Imagine taking a ferry when traveling between Gander and Grand Falls-Windsor!

Someone Had a Little Lamb!

The young lady in this picture raised this orphaned lamb. It followed her everywhere and was more of a pet than a farm animal. The lamb could never understand why it was not allowed in the house with everyone else! On more than one occasion it sneaked into the porch, hoping to stay inside with the family.

Also notice the method of drying socks (vamps) on the fence. There were very few clothes pins in those days and this was the easiest way to get the job done!

My First Pair of Shoes

One lady recalls how she felt when she received her first pair of shoes:

When we were growing up, we always wore the old-fashioned lace-up boots. One summer, father was fishing in Tilting and did very well. When he came home from shipping his fish, he had a pair of shoes for me, a wool stocking cap for mother and some peppermint candy. That was a big deal! They were black-patent dress shoes with one strap across each foot. That night, when I went to bed, I put my shoes under my pillow. When I woke in the night, I would put my hand under the pillow to see if they were still there. I couldn't believe that I had a real pair of shoes!

A Normal Part of Winter Travel

Sometimes, ferry service to Fogo Island and Change Islands can be stopped due to heavy ice. In these cases, the Canadian Coast Guard sends a vessel to escort the ferry. Travel without icebreaker assistance is sometimes impossible.

The following photo was taken from the bridge of the *MV Beaumont Hamel*. The Coast Guard Ship *Henry Larsen* is cutting a path through the ice for the ferry.

MV Beaumont Hamel following in the wake of the CGS Henry Larsen

A Lucky Horse

Years ago, a man bought a horse from one of his neighbors. Later that winter, the man, his wife and young child were visiting another community. On their return trip, the sleds went through the ice. The people climbed out of the water, but they had to leave the horse behind. About an hour later, the owner returned with a group of men to rescue the horse. Amazingly, it was still alive and was pulled to safety.

A while later, the men were talking about the rescue when one of them said, "It's a wonder that horse didn't freeze." After which, the son of the horse's first owner jokingly answered, "Freeze! I don't spose he did freeze! The last thing father done before he sold 'en was give 'en a gallon of antifreeze!

Icebergs

Before depth recorders or 'sounders' were invented, people used icebergs to find the best fishing grounds. One man remembers the days when icebergs were very important:

Icebergs are all right for the tourists to look at, but one time, people depended on them to find the good fishing grounds. The men would go up on the hills and watch the icebergs to see where the grounds were. When an iceberg stopped drifting south, the men would watch it for several days. If it still did not move, they knew that it was aground on a shoal or 'nob'. To be sure it was not moving, they would line up a stick with the center of the iceberg. Then they would place another stick directly behind the first. They would mark these two sticks with white ribbon or cloth and would watch to see if the berg moved out of position.

If the iceberg did not move, they would take the 'marks', or coordinates. When the fishing season opened, the fishermen would row out in a straight line on these marks. They did not know how far they had to go to reach the spot. However, they knew there was a shoal along that straight line somewhere. Of course, they knew where this straight line was because they 'marked' it with their compasses in the spring.

Questions to think and write about:

1. Which of these short stories was your favorite?
2. Do you have some short tales of your own to add?

A Poor Night, Not Too Long Ago

April 17, 1998 began as any other early spring day on Fogo Island. In Tilting, as in other communities, preparations began for a day at the ice. Lunch boxes were packed, gas tanks were filled and excitement was in the air. There was no hint of what the next twenty-four hours were going to bring.

Tilting, showing thick ice fields in the background

The weather for most of the day was favorable with light, variable winds and thick fog to the east. The boats were scattered from outside the 'barricks', south to a line off Cape Fogo and were operating among strings of loose pack ice. Seals were plentiful and each boat was averaging a catch of around twenty-five or thirty. Overall, it was a good day to be out on the water.

However, as evening approached and thoughts turned to the voyage home, the older, more experienced sealers began to have nagging doubts. They had seen evenings like this before. With this in mind, Gus Foley decided to contact someone on shore by VHF and get information about the ice conditions. Unfortunately, just about everyone he could think of was out sealing and nobody was answering his call.

That day, Cyril Burke was off the island and was scheduled to return on the last ferry. For some reason, he changed his mind and returned on the afternoon trip. As he drove down over the Burn Hills, he could see that the ocean was flat-calm, with heavy pack ice and a thick fog bank about three or four miles offshore.

On arriving at his home, he turned on the VHF and immediately heard Gus Foley calling. Gus was down to the south somewhere, and was in the company of Leo Burke and Len McGrath and their crews. Leo Burke had his GPS (Global Positioning System) on board and Len had a good radio. It was not dark yet and there was nothing to be alarmed about, but they were

wondering if they could reach Tilting. Cyril told them that their chances were slim. However, he would go to the tower for a better look and call them from his portable VHF. Meanwhile, the crews would continue toward land in thick fog.

The call from the tower provided little encouragement for the boys. The fog prevented Cyril from seeing far across the bay but he told them to keep heading to the south on a chance they might get around the souther' edge of the ice.

On his drive back to Tilting, Cyril began to realize that this situation might be a little more serious than usual. He still did not know how many men or how many boats were out. Nevertheless, he knew it was possible that someone would be out all night.

With this in mind, he went to his home and telephoned Austin Reid in Seldom. Austin confirmed what Cyril had been thinking. Austin said that the boys had just come in and that they had to go a long way in the bay to get around the souther' edge.

The next VHF call came from Len McGrath who was stopped in thick fog. He gave his latitude and longitude to Cyril who plotted it on a chart at home. Cyril informed the boys that they were on Clam Rock. He also told them about the ice conditions in the bay. He suggested they head for Copper Island before trying to get into Seldom - their only chance for a harbour.

From this point on, things progressed rapidly. The next VHF call came in from Cyril Foley. He had Leo McGrath and Pat Butt with him. Foley did not have navigational equipment in his boat and in thick fog, was unsure of his position. After being informed of the ice conditions in the bay, and after sizing up his options, Foley wasted little time in making his decision. His message to Cyril Burke was short, "Call Mary and tell her we are going to be out all night."

At this point, Cyril Burke knew it was time for action. He placed a telephone call to the *MV Beaumont Hamel* and contacted Joe Burke. Cyril asked Joe to notify St. Anthony Radio that assistance was needed. Within minutes, the Rescue Coordination Centre (RCC) made the first of many calls to Cyril Burke. There was still very little information about the number and location of the boats at the ice. However, Cyril could confirm that Cyril Foley was stuck. This was enough information for the RCC, they immediately re-routed the Coast Guard Ship (CGS) *Bernier* to the scene. The vessel had been on its way to the Cape Freels area.

As darkness approached, fog and drizzle also moved over the land. Soon family members began to seek information on what was happening. Accounting for the number of men and their location became the focus of activity, with Cyril Burke doing most of the coordinating through VHF, telephone and word of mouth. Soon, word arrived that the boats owned by the following people, had made it to Seldom; Leo Burke, Len McGrath, Gus Foley, Justin McGrath, Neil McGrath, and Roy Dwyer.

Knowing that others were still trapped in the ice, Cyril continued to listen intently for any new calls. Soon after, he was told that Owen Combden was out in a boat, but probably did not have a radio. At dusk, another sealer, Gerard Dwyer, called saying that things were not looking good for him. He had his two sons, David and Wade with him as well as Jim Broders and they were having a rough time making headway. A few moments later, Gerard reported that a boat was coming toward him. It was Owen, Wince and Derek Combden, and Derek's son, Clifford. This was good news. Now, three boats were accounted for.

People from all over the island were anxious to find out what was happening. With ears bent toward their VHFs, they waited for someone else to call. By now, it was certain that three other boats were missing. This number dropped by one, when Bill Burke called Cyril on the VHF. Bill had his son, Matt with him as well as Basil Lane. They were around the Cherry Grounds and were still able to make some progress. However, they would soon run into thicker ice. Cyril informed them that the *Bernier* was on its way to the scene.

It was later learned that Young Matt had filled his boots and the cold was starting to have an effect on him. Knowing that something had to be done, his father helped remove his boots and socks and then tried to warm his son's feet with his hands. Luckily, that morning, Bill had sent him back to the house to get a spare pair of socks. After putting on these socks, Matt's feet were wrapped in plastic bags and put back into the boots.

Garry Mahoney was next to contact Cyril. He and Danny Dwyer were low on gas and in thick ice. According to Garry's navigation equipment, they were in the same area as Bill Burke and the boys. Garry quickly decided to shut down and wait for assistance.

At this time, concern for Ed Foley's boat began to creep into everyone's mind. With Ed were Martin Foley, Herb Burke and another of Bill Burke's sons, Mike. They had no radio, no GPS and had not been seen since earlier that afternoon. As the night wore on, the weather worsened. The wind began to

breeze from the southeast with cold drizzle and even thicker fog. If they remained unaccounted for, the *Bernier* would have begun searching for their boat first, since the others were in no immediate danger. Meanwhile, the Coast Guard Ship was steaming at best possible speed toward the scene, with its horn blaring into the black of night.

As they searched for a channel, the crew on Ed's boat began to lose hope. However, as typical Newfoundlanders, they would not stop trying. With the engine at full speed and the fiberglass boat taking a punishment, they slowly beat their way westward. They would 'butt' into the ice and then stop for a few minutes to regroup. Finally, on one such stop, they heard a horn blowing. Despair turned to hope as they reasoned it was the Burnt Point Lighthouse. Little did they know that it was the CGS *Bernier*. After another while of stopping and starting, they could also hear voices in the distance. Once again, they reasoned that they were hearing people on Burnt Point.

In the damp night air, Cyril Foley and his crew thought they could hear an outboard motor. Was it their imagination? Listening more closely, all on board agreed that they were hearing a boat outside them somewhere. They began to call out and before long, Ed Foley and the boys emerged from the fog! They must have been so happy when they finally pulled up to Cyril Foley's boat. Leo McGrath immediately called St. Anthony Radio, saying "I've got some good news Ed Foley and them just came up alongside." With that, everyone listening gave a sigh of relief.

The situation was now in the hands of the *Bernier's* captain and crew. At around 11:30 they arrived and began locating boats. Then they hoisted the boats, seals, and men to the deck of the vessel. It was a slow and difficult process, but by two in the morning, all hands were safely on board. The ship then set a course for Seldom where everybody would be dropped off. By sunrise the next morning, there was a strong wind from the southeast and heavy rain. If the boys had not been rescued when they were, the outcome of this story could have been very different.

Sometimes when incidents end in tragedy, people will ask themselves "what if", as they replay the story in their minds. Thinking back to the events of that cold April day, there are none of these "what if" questions. Everything seemed to work out right. Consider the events that helped this story have a happy ending; Cyril Burke came home earlier than expected, Cyril Foley shut down early, the *Bernier* was re-routed quickly and Ed Foley and his crew found Cyril Foley in the fog and darkness. This was quite a chain of positive events.

All of the people involved in this story must be congratulated. In particular, Cyril Burke and other local residents who helped organize the rescue and gather information, Terry Simms at St Anthony Radio, the Captain and crew of the CGS *Bernier* and the staff at the Rescue Coordination Centre.

This modern *'Tale of Fogo Island'* is an example of teamwork at its best!

Questions to think and write about:

1. Why were the sealers having trouble reaching shore?
2. What boats made it to shore in Seldom?
3. Where was the Bernier when the distress call came in?

MY ISLAND HOME

By Aaron Cobb

There's a place that's dear to me
It's an Island in the sea
Where the caribou and the busy beaver roam
With its marsh and ponds and streams
And its lovely forest green
Fogo Island is my sanctuary home.

Sturdy fishing boats do glide
Through the fog and the wind and tide
To the grounds where grand-daddy used his sail
With their nets and traps and trawl
They have skills to use them all
Making a livin' from the sea, this is no tale.

(Repeat first verse)

We have a ferry boat that's grand
She's the pride of our island
Bringing trucks and cars and food and passengers too Making three round trips each day
Crossing o'er the stormy bay
Fogo Island washed by the waves of the ocean blue.

(Repeat first verse)

Original music and lyrics
composed by Aaron Cobb, 1985.

Heading to the grounds aboard 'Decks Awash'

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The Sea Gives Up Its Dead (December 16, 1965). The Lewisporte Pilot.

APPENDIX 1

Photos and Illustrations

Photos and Illustrations

Winston Osmond: Cover art, 139.
Keith Whelan: 207, 298.
Christina Cole: 10, 11, 149, 150, 189.
Arthur Ludlow: 23, 70, 90, 91, 92 *bottom,* 93, 116, 118, 119, 120, 215, 216.
George Decker: 26, 27, 28, 30, 164.
Richard Hynes: 31, 162.
Lorne Foley: 49, 223.
Patrick Donahue: 67, 178, 179.
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