THEM DAYS
Vol. 36, No. 3, 2012

Table of Contents

These Days at Them Days – Aimee Chaulk.....2
Five Loaves a Day – Gladys Lyall.....4
I Was Born on Dunn's Island – Muriel Andersen.....9
Teen Club – Judy Chaulk.....14
We Put on Our Dungarees – Margaret Goudie Parsons.....19
We Were an Industrious Bunch – Roberta Frampton Benefiel.....21
We Always Had Great Attendance – Paul Blake.....25
I'll Tell You The Excitment We Had – Gordie Rendell.....26
Letter from Marjorie Hope, 1945 – Rose Pamack.....29
Labrador Gallery 32
Who What When Where Why?.....38
Premier Smallwood Visits Happy Valley.....40
Happy Valley Pioneer – Jim Learning.....41
Ernest Jerrett's Diary.....46
Memories of the Kyle – James R. Andersen.....51
I Learned More Than Baking Bread – Regula Schule.....55
A Story of Kindness – Elzear O'Brien.....59
Then and Now 64

Front cover: Bob and Elsie Best. Mud Lake. Gwen Chaulk collection.
Back cover: Violin in Nain belfry. Tom Gordon photo.

These Days at Them Days

When I started this issue, I had a single story about a petition to get a teen club in Happy Valley. Through word-of-mouth referrals from the contributors, eager to share the story of their club, the single story quickly turned into a compilation of short remembrances of teens who just wanted to have a little fun—but who had to work hard to make it! When they weren't entertaining themselves in the great outdoors, they were forming bands, starting clubs and holding dances.

In that line of thought, we at Them Days have been similarly busy. We're in the midst of planning another Culture Days event for September 29, getting a concert fundraiser and silent auction off the ground for October 13 and 14, re-printing our colouring book, publishing a new calendar, and preparing a special issue about the Grand River.

So if you're around Happy Valley-Goose Bay this fall, join us for our annual Culture Days event for storytelling and flummies at our office, and then come enjoy two nights of good music at the O'Brien Arts Centre and bid on great items, including rare, out of print issues of Them Days.

We are very pleased to announce the re-printing of our colouring book, and we know many of you will be as well! It has been awhile since this book of Gerald Mitchell sketches was published in 1980, and it's high time we introduced a new generation to these gorgeous renditions of early life in Labrador. If you think it's too precious for your kids to colour in, buy two—one for them and one for you!

Also, if you have something to contribute to the Grand River issue, please get in touch with us here at the office! This will be a large issue like On The Goose, so we have many pages to fill, and there is much to be said about the history of the river.

Aimee Chaulk

Editor

Ad for Calendar & Chrismas cards to go here



Our 2012 Regatta team--to hear the story about how we finished, read our blog at http://themdays.wordpress.com! From left: Gary Keats, Aimee Chaulk, Theresa Hollett, Sandra Hollett, Morgon Mills (holding Beatrix Mills) and Grant Gear. Thanks again to our generous sponsor, H.O.B. & Associates in Sept-Iles, QC!

Five Loaves a Day

Gladys Lyall
Researcher: Grant Gear
Postville, August 2012



Gladys Lyall. Postville, 2012. Courtesy of Harriet Gear

Grant Gear: So, Nan, how many children did you have?

Gladys Lyall: Nine. I used to have to bake five loaves a day through the week, and Saturday I would make 10 loaves to last until Monday. We always had seal meat and duck, stuff like that. In winter we'd have mostly caribou and seal meat. Partridges, rabbits.

GG: Did you do a lot of fishing?

GL: Mhmm.

GG: Where did you fish to?

GL: Aillik, about what—40 miles from here?

GG: Who used to go on the fishing trips with you?

GL: Your grandfather, George Gear. His brothers, Uncle Ches, Uncle Bruce and them.

GG: Did you guys use to get a lot of fish?

GL: Yup, codfish.

GG: So did your sons help with hunting? Like partridges and stuff.

GL: Yup, they'd always go hunting, when they was old enough to hold a gun.

GG: I guess your daughters helped you around the house, cleaning and that?

GL: Yup, they had to do housework and washing and stuff like that.

GG: I guess you did a lot of berry picking too?

GL: Oh yes, we did a lot of berry picking. We used to berry pick down on the islands. We used to pick blueberries, bakeapples, blackberries, redberries. My favorite berry of all is bakeapple. I used to make bakeapple jelly, bakeapple cheesecake, bakeapple pudding, bakeapple jam. All kinds of stuff.

GG: Bakeapple jelly—I never heard of that before, how do you make that?

GL: You boil your bakeapples, and then you drain it off, and then you boil it again. You measure your juices in a cup, and all according to how many cups of jelly, jelly from the bakeapples, you put sugar. And it tastes just like marmalade.

GG: Oh wow. So was there any other types of meals that you learned from your mom?

GL: Yeah, lots of things. Bakin' and stuff like that. I was 11 years old when I made my first bread.

GG: And you do a lot of knitting too—when did you start knitting?

GL: When I was going to boarding school in Makkovik. I was 7 years old. I went out there for about from October 'til April. When I came here, came back here in April, I went to school for a couple of months. Kindergarten. After that they got a school here, see.

GG: And then you just went to school there.

GL: Yup, because mom and dad moved in here after I went to boarding school in Makkovik, well I went over there in October, and they came and picked me up in April. That was in 1950.

GG: Whoa. Can you remember what the boarding school was like?

GL: A few things. I remember we used to have to go for walks, we used to have to do our duties and things like that. Cleaning our rooms and things like that. There used to be a lot of kids there. From other places, all over the coast like.

GG: So when you started going to school in Postville, who was there a principal for that?

GL: Nope, just a teacher. My first teacher was Elna Sheppard.

GG: Oh Aunt Elna, how sweet.

GL: Neat, hey?

GG: Yup. Is there any funny story that you can think of that you'd want to tell me from when you were younger or anything?

GL: No my dear, because I had too much fun. Enjoying fishing, snowshoeing, things like that.

GG: Was there something that you always wore? Like a favourite dress, or skirt?

GL: We would always wear skirts or dresses. I can remember Grandma



Gladys Lyall with two of her grandchildren: Grant Gear and Gillian Gear.
Courtesy of Harriet Gear

making one out of an old skirt she found, from something that somebody gave her and she made it for me.

GG: And I guess Christmases weren't like they are now?

GL: No, I always got a komatik. Every Christmas.

GG: Goodness, you must have had some lot of komatiks.

GL: No I used to beat them up and get a new one.

GG: Oh, from sliding and stuff?

GL: Yup. Oh my, bad li'l ol' girl too, hey?

GG: Yes. And who use to make the komatiks?

GL: Grandpa. And he used to put a box on for me, like he'd make a komatik with a little box on 'en, and we'd go fishing. I use to walk down to Little Brook. Sometimes I would get a pair of snowshoes.

GG: So what did you guys used to do when your birthday came around?

GL: We used to celebrate like you do these days, used to have a cake. A blackberry cake or something like that. We'd have a big dinner and invite people. But no fancy cakes or fruits or nothing because we couldn't get it.

GG: Did you get birthday gifts or no?

GL: Nope.

GG: Can you remember how you used to get groceries and stuff when you were a child?

GL: Well, mom and dad used to live out to Aillik, the people they used to live with had a shop out there. And they would get stuff out there,

like biscuits and stuff like that. Not very much though. Once a year we'd get the *Kyle*. That was in the 40s, eh. 1949, I think it was when we moved in here.

GG: So how did you get groceries then? Did you have to pre-order it, or just buy it when it came in or?

GL: We used to have to just go to the store and see what they had. Whatever they had for fishing, we used to have to buy our winter stock with. Sugar, sometimes we'd get milk, not very often, tea, flour and sugar, and butter. Things like that, the basics. We would spend $25 dollars a week.

Gladys is sending photos

GG: Okay. And I know you loves your ice fishing now.

GL: Oh goodness, yes.

GG: Did you do a lot of that when you were younger too?

GL: Nope.. well, rockcodding.

GG: Rockcodding yeah. How did you go rockcodding—was it dogteam?

GL: No I use to have to walk, four or five miles I s'pose. That would take me about an hour.

GG: Oh my goodness, to go fishing. So what did you do if you caught a whole bunch of fish?

GL: I'd put them aboard my komatik box and come on home again.

GG: Thank you for talking with me.

GL: No problem, my dear.

GG: Okay Nan, take care.

GL: You take care too.

I Was Born on Dunn's Island

Muriel Andersen
Researcher: Aimee Chaulk and Grant Gear
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, August 2012



Muriel and ___.
Courtesy of Muriel Andersen

I was born on Dunn's Island in 1917. Makkovik Island, some people calls it. From the station, it's 12 miles out in the sea. That's where I was born.

We'd go back into Makkovik for the winter, see. It was really rough sometimes, the big sea. We was caught out there one time. Uncle John Andersen, and Aunt Susan, they took me you know, because my parents was gone. And they like took me in their family. We all used to go there (Dunn's Island) fishing time until late September. We was out there one fall until October the 10th. 'Twas rough that year.

Dunn's Island was named that because first there was a man from Harbour Grace, Mr. Dunn. He used to have crews come down, fishing you know. A whole lot of them. And Uncle John Andersen had his place, and his men. Uncle John's daughter Inga and I, we used to cook for the crew. We also used to work on what we call a stage. I used to cut throat fish, I used to hate the splitters, I used to hate doing it with two splitters.

I used to work for my living. I did what I could, and I listened to them and Uncle John Andersen said I was worth my weight in gold. I'm not bragging or nothing, but that's what he said. I was there washing the



Muriel Andersen. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2012. Aimee Chaulk photo

dishes, he was to the table, and he said "That girl there, she's worth her weight in gold." 'Cause I listened to them and tried not to, you know, disobey them all.

Then I fell in love with one of his nephews, John Edgar Andersen. They lived the south of Makkovik, about 30 miles to the south, placed called Adlavik.

I was 21, and he was 11 years older than me. But he was a good man. He was a Christian. We had six children: three girls and three boys. The oldest was Ruth, the next one was Annie, and the third one was Iris. Then there was Eric and Wilson and Tony. But they called Wilson, Wally.

The girls was very smart, eh. The boys too, in their way, mostly like for fishing and hunting and that. When Eric was nine years old and Wally around seven, and Tony three, their father died. Before he died he asked me if I would keep the boys, "Don't give them away; perhaps they'll help you," he said. And I raised them. 'Twasn't easy though. The girls, when they got so old they like you know, they could go off. But I looked after the boys until they could look after themselves.

We never used to get much help from the government. I used to babysit for teachers, store keepers, trying to make ends meet eh. Teachers and storekeepers and other people, eh.

Crafts

I used to crochet. I learned that from a friend. Peace McNeill, do you know her? I used to go there and she lived down the lower end of the village eh, and I said if I could crochet I would crochet all day. She said no you wouldn't she said but if you want to learn I'll learn you. And so then I went down and she showed me how to knit Granny squares, eh. I went home oh yes, it turned out like a cap. Three times, the third time I got it and from that on I learned myself. I crochet blankets and all kinds of stuff, but I don't crochet now, getting to old, eh.

I've made lots of sealskin boots. I'll show you the last pair I made. The last pair I made, long while ago now, I sold them to the CBC man for $10.00. They told me I should have charged lot more than that. When I was with Aunt Susan and Uncle John she said you got to make a pair of boots, thread out the sealskin and three days they start to rip, then on I



Muriel's men: John Edgar Andersen, Eric Andersen, Wally Andersen and Tony Andersen.

Courtesy of Muriel Andersen

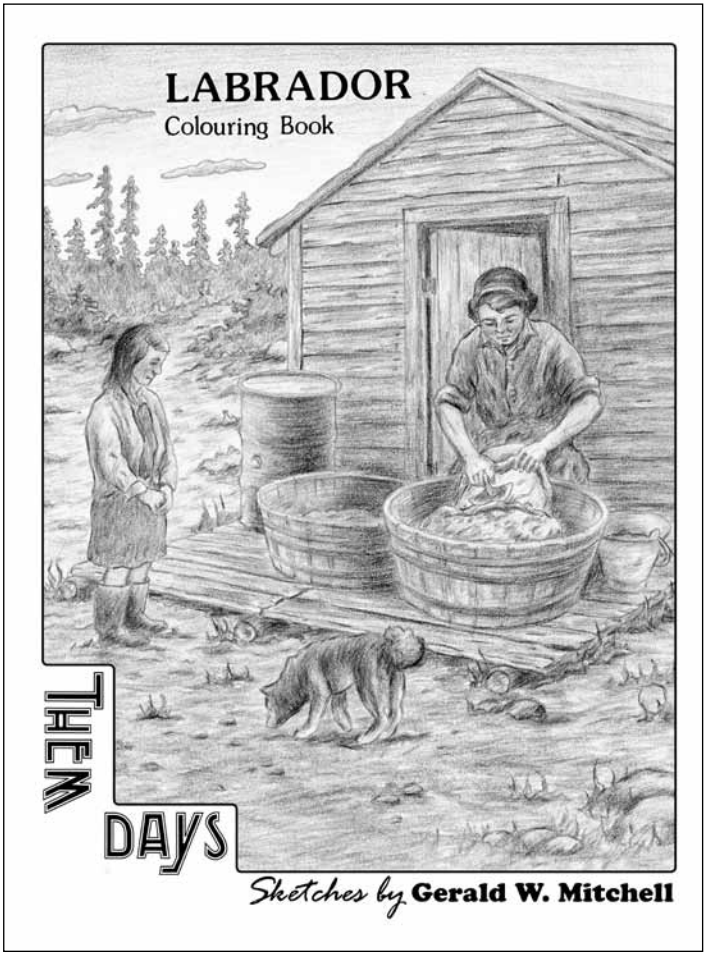
learned myself.

They used to tell me I made good boots. Lots of things we had to learn.

Inuktitut

I learned Inuktitut from my grandmother. She couldn't talk English very much you know, she spoke all Inuktitut, and I never forgot it. My grandmother's name was Alice Lucy. The Lucys were poor off people. She was very strict. I can remember I had a beautiful dress given to me, from the mission. We was poor off people, and I'm not ashamed to say that, because a lot of people was. And she was a religious woman see, and I was only allowed to wear this dress on Sunday. We wasn't allowed to be running, no racing on Sunday because that wasn't the right thing to do. So this Sunday I got with some of my friends and I was running and hooked into, and tore a place in my dress, and she beat me.

The Labrador Colouring Book is Back!



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Teen Club

Judy Chaulk
Researchers: Aimee Chaulk and Heather Dawson
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, June 2010

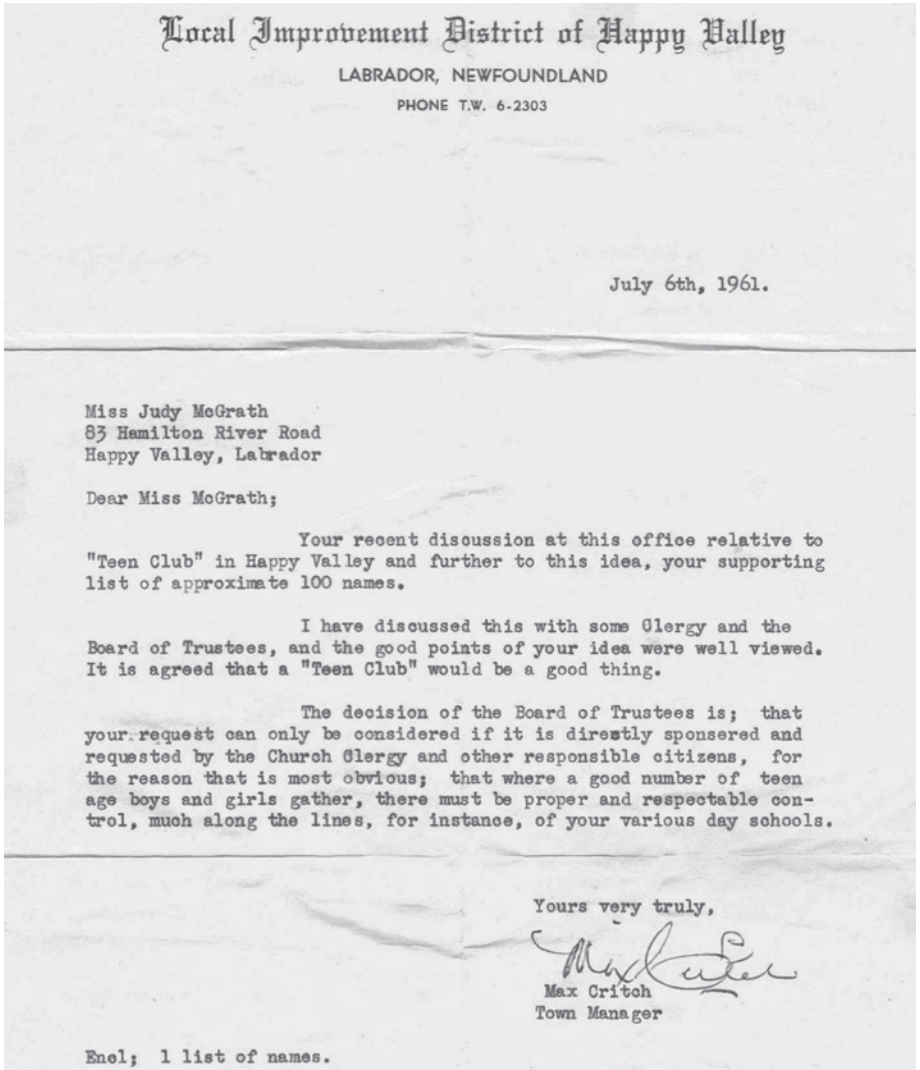
The very first person I remember in Happy Valley, my first memories are of my friend Madeleine. She was a very outgoing person, so she came to introduce herself and then she invited me to a softball game and that was behind the North Star School right, that area? I met people there so we played ball all the time, didn't we? And we used to have dances, they used to be in what was called the YPU building, it was the Young People's Union on Strathcona. So it was sort of a church building, it was something the church set up I think, wasn't it, the Y?

We used to have dances there and I learned to square dance. It was something I'd never ever done before [coming from St. John's] but there were square dances all the time here, and that's all we did. We'd get together and we'd all have square dances. So we used to have fun times.

There used to be dances on the Base. Now, they always had a Teen Club on the Canadian Side; the Canadian base, we used to call it the Canadian Side. Once a week we kids from the Valley would go up there and participate and so we got to know a lot of kids from that side, like from the military. Those teenagers became our friends. We still think of them, actually.

I actually started a Teen Club down here in the Valley then. I started a

petition, I still have a copy of it actually. So what I did is, I went to the Town Manager at the time, it wasn't a Mayor, it was a Town Manager, who was Max Critch, and I think probably the churches. You had to do that, just to get their okay so we could actually start one down here. Oh, and the Legion was here and I think I approached the Legion to see if they would let us have a time where we could have dances in there and the Teen Club would organize it. And I did that, so I got a petition and I presented the petition to all these people. My gosh, I had a lot of names didn't I? Every young person from about age 13 to maybe 20, at that time. And so we did, we were able to do that. We had our own dances and stuff down the Valley then.



Local Improvement District of Happy Valley

LABRADOR, NEWFOUNDLAND

PHONE T.W. 6-2303

July 6th, 1961.

Miss Judy McGrath
83 Hamilton River Road
Happy Valley, Labrador

Dear Miss McGrath;

Your recent discussion at this office relative to "Teen Club" in Happy Valley and further to this idea, your supporting list of approximate 100 names.

I have discussed this with some Clergy and the Board of Trustees, and the good points of your idea were well viewed. It is agreed that a "Teen Club" would be a good thing.

The decision of the Board of Trustees is; that your request can only be considered if it is directly sponsered and requested by the Church Clergy and other responsible citizens, for the reason that is most obvious; that where a good number of teen age boys and girls gather, there must be proper and respectable control, much along the lines, for instance, of your various day schools.

Yours very truly,

Max Critch
Town Manager

Encl; 1 list of names.

JUNE 1961

Permission and co-operation has been granted by our town clergymen and town-manager to have some sort of a teen-club in Happy Valley. Those who wish to participate in this "Teen Club" will please sign their names and state their age and school they attend (if any), in the following columns.

Age limit is from 13 years to 20 years. Those over or under this age are unable to participate.

Signed
Judy McGrath
Judy McGrath

NAME	SCHOOL	AGE
Joan White	U. C. School	13
Philip Carpenter	U. C. School	13
Robert Campbell	U. C. School	13
Peter Davis	U. C. School	13
Ralph Mickha	U. C. School	13
Dell Blake	U. C. School	13
Margret Broomfield	U. C. School	13
James Parsons	U. C. School	14
Marion Crane	U. C. School	13
Marilyn Churley	U. C. School	13
Rosalie Saunders	U. C. School	13
Veronica Mickelin	U. C. School	13
Derry Blake	U. C. S	13
Gloria Shaw	U. C. School	14
Francis Broomfield	U. C. S	15
Clara Purdy	U. C. School	13
Jean Heath	U. C. School	14
Trudy Reid	U. C. School	14
Mary Johnson	U. C. School	13
Myrnie Goudie	U. C. School	14
Margaret Goudie	U. C. School	15
Fred Goudie	U. C. School	15
Marcella Hope	U. C. School	15
Doreen Purdy	U. C. School	14
Kirk Goulding	U. C. School	14
Dean Eddy	U. C. School	16
Junior Eddy	U. C. School	14
Gus Saunders	U. C. School	15
Clemantine White	U. C. School	15
Daphne Davis	U. C. School	15
Shirley Blake	U. C. School	15
Francis Broomfield	U. C. School	14
Pearl Saunders	U. C. School	14
James Martin	U. C. School	15
Ruby Learning		
Judy Parsons		

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Signed
Judy McGrath

Judy McGrath

NAME	School	Age
Gordon McGrath		20
Wm Duncan		17
Dick Chaulk	United School	18
Theresa Allain	R.C. School	16
Paul J. White	R.C. School	16
Chris Goudie	———	20
Bernadette Blake	U.C. School	16
Nellie Sheppard	C. of E. School	15
Peggy Frampton	C of E School	14
Mary Ann Winters	C of E. School	17
Agnes Broomfield	C. of E. School	18
Edna Bird	C of E. School	17
Cathy Edmunds	C. of E School	15
Pearl Lyall	C of E. School	16
Joyce Carew	U.C. School	14
David Blake	North Star School	15
Lloyd Dalton	U.C. School	15
Owen Sheppard	C of E School	13 14
Peggy Clark	C of E School	13
Doris Martin	C of E School	16
Phyllis Shears	C of E School	13
Clementine Clark	C of E School	14
Lillian Webber	C of E School	15
Mary J Clark	C of E School	15
Barbara Letchfidge	C of E School	14
Hazel Williams	C of E School	13
Millicent Martin	C of E School	13
Pearl Edmunds	C of E School	14
Emily Edmunds	C of E School	13
Eric Mitsuk	C of E School	13
Clifford Parlis	U.C. School	16
Hazel Shores	C. of E. School	14
Albert Voisey	A. Meraviau School	14
Ruth Mitsuk	C of E. School	15
Bernice Stead	C of E. School	14
Grace Gaulton	C of E School	14
Catherine Bird	C of E School	13
Hilbert Learning	C of E School	16
Mynall Blake	C of E School	15
John Pottle	U.C. School	16
James Saunders	U.C. School	17
Henry Davis	U.C. School	15

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Signed
Judy McGrath
Judy McGrath

NAME	SCHOOL	AGE
Barbro Broderson	U.C.S.	13
J. Parsons	—	18
Billy McGrath	R.C.	15
Karen Guptill	U.C.S.	15
[illegible] Dunbull	U.C.S.	16
Doris Schweers	U.C.S.	18
Irma Baikie	U.C.S.	18
Irene Denney	U.C.S.	16
Joshua Davis	U.C.S.	18
Clayton Hendsbee	U.C.S.	20
Lorne Newman	U.C.S.	16
Ken Newman	U.C.S.	14
Lloyd Michelin	U.C.S.	14
Roberta Frampton	U.C.S.	14
Shirley Best	U.C.S.	15
Sadie Hurley	U.C.S.	15
Christina Churchill	U.C.S.	17
Bonnie Blake	U.C.S.	16
Frances Deveaux	U.C.S.	15
Thelma Blake	U.C.S.	16
Maureen Clegg	U.C.S.	13
Evelyn Hynes	U.C.S.	16
Lily Blake	U.C.S.	15
Ivan White	U.C.S.	13
Shirley Russell	R.C.	13
Doreen Morris	U.C.S.	15
Raymond Patzold	U.C.S.	17
Hamilton White	U.C.S.	19
Dave Michelin	U.C.S.	15
Howard Michelin	U.C.S.	15
Audrey Hussey	U.C.S.	13
Joy Penney	U.C.S.	13

We Put on Our Dungarees and Penny Loafers and Off We Went

Margaret Goudie Parsons
Researchers: Aimee Chaulk and Grant Gear
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, August 2012

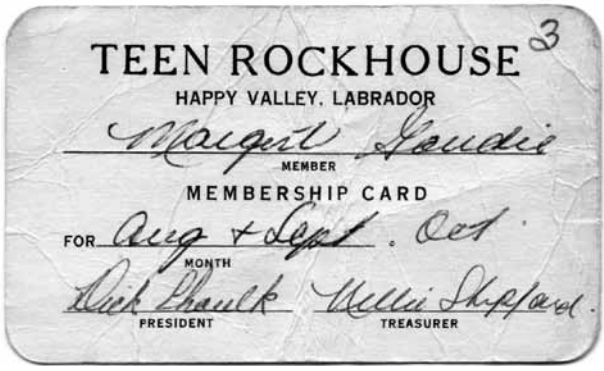


Margaret Goudie. Birch Island, 1961.
Courtesy of Margaret Goudie Parsons

I think it was at a place called Athletic Hall, if my mind serves me correctly. I remember going there and taking my card with me. But I think there might have been more people there who weren't members because there was an awful lot of people who would go to the dances on the weekend. You'd look forward to it all week, and you dressed up in your best.

I'm not sure if it was every week or not, but I know there were quite a few dances because I went to them. But there is one thing that comes to my mind. Maybe someone else can confirm this too. The girls sat on one side of the room and the guys would sit on the other. And the guys would come over and ask the girls for a dance. I'm not sure if this is where I met my husband or not because I can remember how he was doing the limbo, and that was a popular dance at the time. You had the stick so high and I can remember he would go right down under the limbo stick. That was one of the dances, plus the jive and the old-fashioned waltz. I guess we did whatever was on the go at that time. Everything was more toned down compared to today's dances and things.

I don't even know if there were supervisors or not. But I know that one of the bands we use to listen to was Tony and the Spooks, and that was a very popular band, and as a matter of fact, Tony Mesher is still here. I guess he was the leader because it's called Tony and the Spooks.


TEEN ROCKHOUSE 3
HAPPY VALLEY, LABRADOR
Margaret Goudie
MEMBER
MEMBERSHIP CARD
FOR Aug + Sept. Oct.
MONTH
Dick Chaulk Millie Shepard.
PRESIDENT TREASURER

Margaret's membership to the Teen Rockhouse.
Courtesy of Margaret Goudie Parsons

I don't remember if cost anything. Maybe it did, you know, because they had to get those little cards printed out, so maybe they did charge a little bit of money for us to be a member.

It was exciting, you know. During that time we were all into having movie stars for our idols and stuff like that. And we always had pictures cut out of the movie star magazines stuck all over your wall and you know, just the same as kids do today with their idols, I guess.

One thing I do find really funny is that my friend and I, Marcella Hope—at the time, she's a Murphy now—we used to always go up to her sister's house before the dance and get her sister to do our hair for us and that. She would put our hair up in curlers and fix it all up for us, so that we would look our best. It was really exciting. And her sister used to pretend that she could tell our fortunes. But I don't think she really could because she knew we were all excited about going to the dance and she would tell us, "You know, you're going to meet this guy with blue eyes and blonde hair," and all that. And we really believed it, that we were going to meet this fantastic person that would be your future husband or boyfriend. I guess she got a good kick out of it.

We would polish our shoes and all that kinda thing. Mostly wore dresses, I s'pose, though we had jeans too. But we didn't call them jeans, we called them dungarees, hey. We put on our dungarees and our penny loafers and off we went.

We Were An Industrious Bunch

Roberta Frampton Benefiel
Researchers: Aimee Chaulk and Grant Gear
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, August 2012

I've been talking to your Aunt Judy, and we figured out that because of the petition that we signed and she took to the town, the town approached the Legion and the Legion agreed to let the teens have a dance at the Legion on Friday night. But it was only for a couple of hours or something. It was a catastrophe it didn't last very long. So we still didn't have a teen place right?

Courtesy of Roberta Frampton Benefiel

So what happened then was that Gord Rendell got involved. He got this Mr. Rushka of what we think was C.A. Pitts Construction Company. He had a skinny little building, and the seats were all lined up on the side. Anyway, he brought this building down, and it was close to where the RCMP building is now. And that's why I kept remembering earlier that I had to go up over the hill to go to the dance on Saturday afternoon. I lived next to the Hudson Bay store.

So anyway, Gordie Rendell got busy and got this organized for what they called Athletic Centre so they had the building delivered and fixed up and set on the spot, and then they had an outdoor hockey rink and they brought in rocks. And they had a ballfield, they potted gravel for a ballfield and in the winter time they flooded that I guess, or next to it. I can't remember. They had an outdoor ice rink and Gordie was involved in that. And Judy has a letter dating February 1963, from Gordie thanking

her for supplying food for some event or other.

If you wanted to dance, you had to be brazen enough to go and drag a boy on the floor. Because they would not dance, Labrador boys. No sir, you could not get them to dance! Chris—there was no problem with Chris, Chris loved to dance, Chris Goudie—he was out all the time. If you wanted to dance, that's pretty much who you had to dance with. The rest of the boys were just too shy. And then there was a few of us brazen girls who didn't mind, so we would go and drag them out.

Roberta dancing with Chris Goudie.
Courtesy of Roberta Frampton Benefiel

Anyway, the cut off was 20 years old on that petition because 21 was the drinking age and they didn't want any alcohol involved. And actually, Dick and Judy can tell you the story that continues from her story about the teen centre, and you'll find out why the alcohol was a problem.

Wasn't many teenagers in Goose Bay back then. Looks like Judy did her homework; she got everybody. She was good like that, well, then she went to work as a researcher for CBC. So she was already starting her future career there!

Anyway, that's really all I can tell you about the Athletic Centre thing that we all wanted to be there every Saturday afternoon. If I wanted to go I had to scrub the kitchen and living room, those old asbestos tiles and they had to be shone, polished and shined with Johnson's paste wax. And my mother went around to the corners! If I left a speck of dirt in the corners, I had to do it over before I could go to the dance. I worked hard to get them floors perfect, because I didn't want to go back over them. And she would wait until I was done to go back over them, just to see how good I was going to do.



Hudson's Bay store. Happy Valley, 1956.

Courtesy of Roberta Frampton Benefiel

I had this outfit, and this probably was an omen that I was gonna end up in Tennessee, because nobody else around here would have ever worn anything like that back then. I had this rawhide jacket that had white and brown cow hide on the shoulders, and fringes, and I had a brin bag skirt.

In fact, in our North Star yearbook, the only yearbook we ever had for North Star, I think there's a mention of Roberta and her potato sack skirt. I thought I was the cat's meow in my potato sack skirt. It was bought and it had pleats and in the picture of me dancing with Chris, that's what I have on. I had to have that on every week. That's really pretty much it. It was Tony and the Spooks that played. Tony was a guitar player like you wouldn't believe.

The other thing we used to do, on Wednesday night I think it was, was the public skating at the skating rink up on the Base. The swimming pool is across the street. That building on the corner was the skating rink. We all went to that, and I remember all the girls wanted a special dress for the skate. That's where you see all the boys, they did go and skate.

They would actually skate with you! If you skated along side of them, they wouldn't hold hands, but they would skate with you, so I came home from skating one night and I said to myself, "I'm going to have a new sweater for the next night's skating." So I went to the Hudson Bay the next morning and I bought this beautiful red mohair-y yarn and I started knittin'. Well, come Tuesday night, it was the night before the skate I was almost done. I had this much left on one sleeve [from the elbow down], and I ran out of yarn. So I scurried over to the Hudson Bay the next morning and they

didn't have any more.

I don't think I ever finished that sweater. I was so disappointed that I just, I think I just gave up. I don't think they ever got any more yarn anyway.

In the summertime, we went over on Birch Island and went swimming over there. I have a piece of glass in my toe that's been in there ever since. I fell on a piece of glass over there. It was dangerous, and there was several kids that went in the water. You know where the little spit goes out and you come in with the canoes now? That sandy spit wasn't there then, so it was like a drop off. You can walk out so far, up to your ankles or knees whatever, and then there was a sudden drop off. There was two or three kids that drowned over there. So it was a dangerous place, and then you had to walk through Birch Island. You had to walk through a lot of woods. The willows were right in on top of you, it was just like a little trail where people would go to their little houses over there.

The moose and the bears were always a concern, but we didn't care. Off we went to go swimming, and our parents let us! Why my mother would let me do that, I will never know. If I had realized that my kids were going somewhere like that swimming, I would have a heart attack. And Mom was worse than I would ever be, but yet, we all went. Maybe I snuck away, but I don't think so because I would have had to have my swimsuit.

And that's really about all as teenagers that we used to do. We used to go to the Base on Saturday afternoon. At one point there was a big truck on the Canadian side, and they'd come and pick us up and we'd go to the movie for a quarter. So we had that to do. But, as far as having like real activities, you kind of just had to make your own.

Yes, we were an industrious bunch. I didn't realize it, but when you think about it…

We Always Had Great Attendance

Paul Blake
Researcher: Grant Gear
[Location], August 2012

I played with the first rock 'n' roll band that performed at the Teen Gatherings at the Athletic Hall: Tony and the Spooks. We played instrumental rock 'n' roll. We went for at least two years. We started performing at the Athletic Hall in the summer of '62, or whenever it was set up there. The old Athletic Hall use to be where the RCMP building is now in Happy Valley, right next to the ballfield.

We just—myself (Paul Blake), Tony Mesher, the leader of the group, his brother Curtis, the drummer, and Curtis Anderson, who was our bassman—we just developed an interest in music and we used to get together and practice and do numbers, that sort of thing. Then we realized that teenagers had never really had anywhere to go in Happy Valley. The first while before the Athletic Hall was introduced to the Valley, we used to perform at the Legion. The Legion used to graciously give up an evening out of a week for us to hold our teen dances. Of course, we performed at other places, like the social centre on the Canadian base, and performed at the different clubs on the American base as well.

We always had a great attendance from the teenagers in the Happy Valley area, and of course we had them from DOT area and Spruce Park area, whether or not they came from the youth dependants, I'm not really sure, I don't remember that. I do know that we would get paid $20 a night between the four of us. That was pretty good back then.

I'll Tell You The Excitement We Had

Gordie Rendell
Researcher: Grant Gear
Chester, NS, August 2012

There was a construction company that wanted to use our ballpark, which was where the Mounties building is now. They wanted to use our field for pouring their rock dust because they were starting the pavement. Because they used our ballpark, we couldn't play ball on it, so they left a bunch of rock there for us to redo the ballfield. They also left a building there.

We took it over. When I say we, I mean members of the Happy Valley Athletic Association. We called it the Athletic Building and we fixed it up for dances, teen dances, or whatever we had. People would also rent it for weddings, meetings and various other things. They wanted to move it, so I guess that's when the teenagers got involved with it. When we had it, the local bands would play there, like Tony and the Spooks and The Little Boppers. When they decided they were gonna build the Mounties' complex there, they moved it up to what is now called Husky Park. I was on Town Council at the time. I got a grant from the government. In those days there was a grant you could get from the government, you just had to go to your Member of Parliament—ours was Bill Rompkey—and the grants came from what they called from a local initiative program, or LIP for short. You'd take people off of unemployment and put them to work.

I hired a bunch of people and we bought machinery to work on the building. We cut logs, then we split them, then we put logs all around

the outside. I guess we referred to it as the Athletic Hall. But then as people grow older and lose the interest and volunteering and that I'm quite sure that the Lions Club took it over, or maybe it was Mr. Lalonde, who's not around anymore but somebody turned it into to a boys' club. There used to be dances there and parties, and wedding receptions, banquets after sports, organizations, hockey leagues or whatever they'd use it for. And of course there was dances there also, quite often. I remember Gerald Mitchell painted all around the inside of the building murals and he had like a hockey player and ball player, etc, etc, painted all around the inside in the building; it was beautiful.



Lee Michelin, Kitchener Mesher, Gordie Rendell, ? Blake. Happy Valley, 1962. Courtesy of Gordie Rendell

Also, there was a building, if I recall correctly, and I think the first teen building and I'm quite sure the first what they used for teen building was on Strathcona Street, directly across from the North Star School, which would be in behind the original Bobby Davis's house. Right there on the corner of Strathcona and Hamilton River Road, there was a building there and I'm quite positive that it was a teen building. I can remember when Vilroy Hefler got married, that where we held the reception. And I'm almost positive that it was the teen building, so that could be the first teen building in Happy Valley.

When I first moved to Happy Valley in the early 50s, there was only houses on Hamilton River Road and there was absolutely nothing for the teenagers to do, I mean absolutely nothing. There was no store, no post office, nothing then, except a few little canteens. But really we created our own little things to do. Of course, in the wintertime, we would go and play hockey on the creek, and then we'd clean it off and then play all weekend. Then we built a skating rink behind the old North Star School,

then another by the Athletic Hall. We had a winter carnival there and various other things. And then we built another one by the old Anglican school and then you know there was a couple of buildings where we had a canteen, but there was nothing to do and the young teenagers, which were probably only a couple dozen, created their own things to do.

On Sundays we'd put up a couple of posts and put a trout net or salmon net between the two posts and play volleyball. And we'd play horseshoe, which is gonna sound really, really boring to young people. That's basically all we had to do in the wintertime—we played what we called soccer, it was on the snow. We'd wear snowshoes and beat down the snow on the field, and we'd play with a frozen old volleyball as a soccer ball. We'd go to somebody's house and listen to the hockey game.

I'll tell you the excitement we had, we would walk up to where the Greek's pizza place is and wait for the work trucks to come down in the evening at 5:00, and when the men would jump off, we'd jump on the truck and go to the point for a ride, and that was excitement.

I know that there was a couple of clubs for teens on the Base, of course. The Americans had their teen club, and our band used to play over there, then the Canadians had their teen club. You gotta realize that when we grew up, there was three separate peoples, if that's the word you can use: the American military dependants, the Canadian dependants, and then there was us, the Valley people. And we really weren't supposed to associate unless it was something official like the Boy Scouts Jamboree. But once in a while you'd get to meet somebody and you'd go up there.

And until we started playing hockey with them and the Robert Leckie school team, they just played amongst themselves and I guess they thought it was a good idea to get us to go for a game. We didn't have a rink or nothing, so we figured we'd pound the hell out of them. But they sent a bus one Saturday and they took us up on the Base and we beat them. We were happy about that. But then it became the thing to do on Saturday. They'd send a bus down, and we'd go up to play hockey. After the hockey game we'd go to the old Astra theatre and see a movie and then we'd go to their canteen or their snack bar and have something to eat and then walk home to the Valley.

Letter from Marjorie Hope, 1945

This is a letter, dated October 10, 1945, from Marjorie Hope who was in St. Anthony hospital being treated for tuberculosis at the time.

Marjorie was the daughter of Bert and Annie Blake and wife of Rank Hope. They all lived on the south side of North West River and so my mother and Marjorie became fast friends.

The letter is very poignant and gives a glimpse into her personal angst about the future for herself, her family and community. It is an important record of a view from within.

Clarice Blake Rudkowski



May 2012

Oct 10th
St. Anthony

Dear Sylvia,

I am writing in answer to your most welcome letter. I got it after a while but it went to St. John's and back before I got it.

Well I guess I am holding about the same I have gained weight since I left home but my cough don't seem to be much better. It is alright as long as I am still but it makes me cough to talk.

We are still looking for Dr. Paddon[1] but I don't know for sure if he is coming and we also heard that Bella was coming here for the winter. Ern[2] and I was expecting them to come in every minute while the Kyle was in but they didn't come. Ernest is feeling fine and we both had an x-ray the other day but we never heard if they were any better. Of course Dr. Curtis isn't very fond of telling the patients how they really are. It

1 Dr. Anthony Paddon

2 Ernest Goudie (son of Fred Goudie) who died in St. Anthony and is buried there

was the only time I seen Ern since I came was when we went for our x-ray.

I suppose your big rush is over and Cecil is gone by now.

How is yourself and the children? I suppose you are on the wrong side of the river by now.[3] Well let's hope it will be your last year to leave our side we will have to try hard to get our school another year. Later on I am going to make some things to help out on our fair. But it makes me cough to do much. I learned how to crochet since I came here and that is about the only thing I can do without coughing.

I get so lonely sometimes that I just can't let myself think about home especially to think of Yugon but I know that he is happy enough where he is. It is for their sakes that I am here it was a hard choice to know that I had T.B. and to know I had to leave home to make a chance of getting well or if I stayed home it might mean the loss of their lives in time to come. But after staying home as long as I did I can only hope that they were lucky enough not to catch it too. I am always afraid to hear from home, I am always frighten that something is going to happen to Rank as long as I know that they are well I can certainly manage the lonely part of it. I guess I had better say good-bye as I have a few more letters to write yet. Write by air-mail I will get it someday. I said I wasn't going to give up hoping that I would be back this fall. But I suppose one winter won't seem so bad if I can have my health back some day for it. Cheerio.

Yours Sincerely,

Marjorie Hope

Note: Some 6 months after writing this letter, Marjorie succumbed to TB and was buried in St. Anthony.



St. Anthony hospital, 1950.
Courtesy of Beth Green Solis

3 Our family moved to the north side of North West River (wrong side) for the winter so we could go to school.

ARMY AIR FORCES



AIR TRANSPORT COMMAND

Oct 10th.
St. Anthony

Dear Sylvia,

I am writing in answer to your most welcome letter. I got it after a while but it went to St. John's and back before I got it.

Well I guess I am holding about the same I have gained weight since I left home but my cough don't seem to be much better. It is alright as long as I am still but it makes me cough to talk.

We are still looking for Dr. Paddon but I don't know for sure if he is coming and we also heard that Bella was coming here for the winter. Ern* and I was expecting them to come in every minute while the Kyle was in but they didn't come. Ernest is feeling fine and we both had an X-ray the other day but we never heard if they were any better. Of course Dr. Curtis isn't very fond of telling the patients how they really are. It was the only time I seen Ern since I came was when we went for our X-ray.

I suppose your big rush is over and Cecil is gone by now.

Labrador Gallery: Grand Village

These photos come to us courtesy of Gwen Chaulk. They are part of a larger collection of over 200 photos of early Mud Lake life, back when the community was called Grand Village. They show a wide range of activities, and a good sense of humour amongst the Mud Lake residents!





Above: Esther Best. Below: Jane (Woolfrey) Pottle. Bottom left: Unknown.









Clockwise from top left: Mark Best II, c. 1919; possibly Charlie Goudie and family; probably Marjorie, Olga and Cortland Best; possibly Henry Best with Mark Best Sr.'s cows.





Left: Bob and Elsie Best with their children, Frank (b. 1914), Ira (b. 1912) and Claris (b. 1916).

Below: Sarah and Joe Blake



Left: Ralph Best with cow.

Below: Henry Best

Bottom left: Boy holding furs.

Bottom right: Mark Best Sr. and his boys making hay, c. 1914. Douglas (b. 1903) on the right, Mark (b. 1900) on the right.













Top: Henry and Dougie Best, possibly with Donald Michelin, sawing wood at Henry's house.
Middle: Maggie or Druscilla Best and Esther Best sitting on a boat. Mark Best Sr. was a boatbuilder who had a woodworking shop where he built boats to sell. He probably built this one.
Bottom: Fred Blake (seated) with his daughters Maud and Elsie, who married two Best brothers, Henry and Bob.













Clockwise from top left: Johnny and Sally Blake; Herb Michelin and Edna Pottle; Stella (Best) Clark, b. 1924; unknown women; Esther Best and Maggie Best in a canoe.

Who What When Where Why?



This photo is from the Mary's Harbour area. If you know who these people are, please contact us using one of the methods below:

Them Days
P.O. Box 939, Stn. B
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, NL
A0P 1E0 Canada

Tel: (709) 896-8531
Fax: (709) 896-4970
E-mail: themdays@themdays.com



The woman on the right has been identified as Esther (Best) McLean of Mud Lake. This photo was taken in Toronto in 1967, when Mrs. McLean was invited to travel there with Rev. and Mrs. Sellars. Thanks to Gwen Chaulk for identifying this photo.



In Vol. 35, No. 4, of Them Days, a reader posed the question "Why are the fish at Battle Harbour dried over a bog?" The reason is that the bog has a cooling effect. When drying fish on a flake, it is important to avoid sunburning the fish--potentially a big problem under the hot Labrador sun. Fish that were sunburnt were essentially cooked as they lay on the flakes, and fetched a much lower price at market. If you're lucky enough to visit Battle Harbour as this editor was in 2010, you'll learn all sorts of new facts like this!

Tabea Murphy of Nain has identified this photo as the construction of the Nain church. Thank you Tabea!





Oops! We identified the house on page 64 in the last issue of Them Days as belonging to Dan Michelin, when it should have been Donald Michelin! Them Days apologizes for the error, and in repentance, we present to you this photo of Donald Michelin's wedding! Back: Mark Best and Donald Michelin. Front: Unknown, Charles Groves, Annie Michelin, Hilda (Best?) and (Esther Best?)

PREMIER SMALLWOOD VISITS HAPPY VALLEY

Hon. J.R. Smallwood arrived at Goose Bay on October 30th on a special invitation from the RCAF.

On October 31st Premier Smallwood held a public meeting at the Aurora theatre. He was accompanied by Capt. Earl Winsor, representative for Labrador North; Hon. W.H. Keough Minster of the Department of Mines and Resources and the member for Port Aux Port; Mr. Gordon Poshie, Director of Economic Development; Mr. J. C. Ryan, chairman of the Power Commission; Mr. Gus Edwards the new and first commissioner for Labrador. Other distinguished persons present were Group Capt. Sweatmen, Wing Commander Millor from the RCAF station, Magistrate Corbett, Dr. W.A. Paddon, Mr. Max Critch, town manager, and members of the Board of Trustees.

Premier Smallwood first spoke on the very important subject the appointment of Mr. Gus Edwards as Residence Commissioner for Labrador, who gave up his job as head of the Canadian Legion to take this position. Mr. Edwards will represent the Newfoundland government. He will hold the highest office in Labrador. He will out-rank any other person or organization. Mr. Edward's job is to try to solve the major problems confronting the people of Labrador. Premier Smallwood said that Mr. Edwards will live in Happy Valley, but before he comes he will undergo a very difficult course with two ministers of the different departments of the government.

Mr. Edwards made a brief appearance and received a very warm welcome from the people.

Following the introduction of the commissioner Mr. Smallwood discussed the potential resources of Labrador. He divided this subject into three groupings – Lumber, Water Power and Minerals.

He said that there was some twenty million dollars worth of pulpwood destroyed this summer by fire. He added that Labrador has the largest quantity of pulp wood in Canada, an estimate of 60,000,000 cords.

Labrador has the greatest source of water power in the world, about ten million (10,000,000) horse power.

The estimate of iron ore around Schefferville-Burnt Creek is about three hundred million (300,000,000) tons. The estimate of iron ore at Lake Wabush is one thousand million (1000,000,000) tons. Other minerals are uranium at Monkey Hills and lesser minerals in quantity are copper and zinc.

Mr. Smallwood and party returned to St. John's on November 1st.

-From the *Happy Valley Pioneer*

Happy Valley Pioneer

Jim Learning
Researcher: Tara McLean
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, February 2012



Jim Learning at the Them Days office. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2012. Tara McLean photo

I can't remember everything about The Happy Valley Pioneer, but I will tell you that I think it evolved in to Labrador Pioneer eventually. We were kids just out of out of high school—Edmond Shiwak, Pierre Thevenet, and myself, Jim Learning—deciding to do this. We forged ahead with it, just got a place and went to work on it, stumbled around. The Montreal Gazette came in on the flight once in a while, I think, but there was nothing around here that I was aware of. It was a dare, a challenge, and it just seemed like a good idea.

Its lifespan would have been about three years, I think. We went from being just a little Gestetner, two or three pager, to four or five pages, and then we made a big jump, which wasn't a really good idea. Rather than hone our journalistic skills, we decided to make our paper look shinier, so we went to a tabloid, which was really expensive.

We had it printed in Seven Islands, that means we had to put it together, get the script down to Montreal. It had to road out to Seven Islands, and then they then roaded it back to Montreal, and flew it in here to us. So it was like 24 hours of just sheer, flat-out, adrenaline, coffee, and whatever, 'til we got it done. That was the romance of it. After a while, the bills got bigger and the paper got thinner and thinner and thinner.



We started off with a typewriter and carbon copies, and there weren't many copies. There was just a handful of them that went around first, around the Valley, just putting 'em in the Hudson's Bay Company, and wherever we could get them to take them. And then Reverend Peacock offered us a Gestetner. That was a hand-cranked printer. Gooey thing… you just kept pouring the ink in…you still had to type the master copies and then crank. Five hundred for one, 500 for the next one, and if you had all those pages, it was just crank all night, crank, crank, crank.

It was type-written, multi-page, front and back, which means we had to flip the pages over and keep it all in order, things that computers do now easily, we struggled with that. We hand-did the masthead, Happy Valley Pioneer. It's done in English script, and I used a little scratcher, not a pen, but a scratcher, to scratch it out—or we used, it wasn't just me who did that, we all took a hand in it, but I think I was probably the junior there, so I had to do most of the work.

I think initially, there was, I think, 300 or 400 copies, then I think a year later, we got to about maybe 700 or 800, and then with the tabloid, we might have gotten to 1000 or 1200, I think. It was quite an impressive number. We had almost as many papers as we had individuals… men, women, and children to sell to. Readership is two or three to a household…we were pushing ahead.

We got a lot of opinions on it. You stuck yourself out there. I think we began to realize it more and more. We thought we were taking a lot of flack. If somebody said "boo" to somebody, we were devastated.

It was all local content. It was about the shipping, about politics, it was whatever we could dream up. And oddly enough, you know for a



Jim Learning. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2012. Tara McLean photo

place with, I think it was 2300 people, it could keep you busy. You could just keep expanding and expanding and expanding. I was amazed. There was never anything that you couldn't write about. Bad roads—people were always complaining about the bad roads around the Valley. They were flooded every spring, they were washboard-y in the summer…it was just the usual bitch, bitch, bitch about the infrastructure. And then of course, as the community grew, we were getting generation. People were going from individual, little home generators to connecting to a grid, the town powerhouse.

We talked about whatever was topic of the day, the theatre opening— if anything was opening up, we were there. Maybe one or two things did actually open up in those days. It wasn't a lot. And of course, we covered hospitals, or birth and death as much as we could, because those were things people would tell us and we would respectfully pass on.

People would help us out, they would bring in letters and notes from different communities. Whatever there was for news, if we could get our hands on it, we did, we took it and turned it into news. I mean, whether it was a page or a paragraph, or two pages, it was what we could do with it. It was kinda like the newspaper whose spirit was there, if the content wasn't properly there. The knowledge of it wasn't maybe implemented the way it should've been, maybe not a lot of broad expanse, but the idea was there.

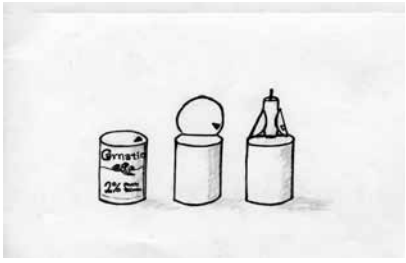
We had a big one when Joey Smallwood came to town… that was a real

stir. I got to actually sit in and attempt to interview Mr. Smallwood. I think he was claiming his little piece of Labrador. He was here to install Earl Winsor, who was to be our representative for the North, meet with dignitaries, and just put on a show for himself, as Joey loved. And of course, for me, interviewing, I never got a word in edgewise. He was just gonna tell—he just told what he was going to do with Labrador, and how long it would take him, and what we would have at the end of the day, and…it was no good telling Mr. Smallwood we already have all that. We need refinement, real representation…he wouldn't even discuss that.

I did try to push the idea of more direct representation, and I'm still doing it…so that was easy to remember. But no, no, no, we couldn't elect anybody, we weren't ready for that, and there was all kinds of excuses about the logistics about getting the ballot box…how in the world would you do it…ʔcourse he was right. But he was wrong at the same time. Because true, by the time you got all the ballot boxes around Labrador, into every cove, tickle, and harbour, and bay, the election would've been long over, or it would've taken six months longer, and if it was the wrong time of year, it wouldn't even happen. So, he was probably right…like say he was right, but he was wrong.

It's funny, I never found that overwhelming, which I think I should've…I think I was more annoyed than I was overwhelmed, which is really a strange mix. I have to say though, I have that tendency: I don't care who you are, I'm not going to be overwhelmed by you. I might be intimidated by numbers, but I can't be overwhelmed by one. And I certainly will admire the station of that person, but as for being overwhelmed, no, I can ask the questions.

I think some of the politicians and the Town people, when you showed up in the room with a camera, they kinda said "Okay, watch it, the press is here!" I think it was more of a joke than anything, but they still, they were aware. I remember lining up the town council one day, I don't know who all was there…there was a dignitary, but I can't remember which one it was, and I had a Polaroid camera. And I had them move around three or four times, took three or four shots, moved



them around till I got my damn shot. They cracked up over that. Took about 20 minutes. Finally they shooed me out and went to work.



Ned Shiwak, Jim Learning, Lincoln Shiwak. Happy Valley, 1958. Elizabeth Goudie collection

Our office was Ed Shiwak's place, on Grenfell Street. We could do everything at his place, so we were really happy with that. We took over the poor guy's house for three or four days every week, putting it all together. It was absolutely a Mickey Spillane-type setting. Some of our buddies sitting around chomping on cigars, and shooting the whatever, and me trying to work and type and talk. That was the atmosphere—it was just a buzz. Getting everything together was kinda like, "Oh yeah, I have to do this." It was a chore, but once we got into the room, and there were always eight or ten people there, until about 3:00, then people would drift away and the hard-nosed of us would be still there, typing away, and doing whatever.

At the end of the night, you'd just get that feeling, "Okay, I'm going to turn this thing loose now. Do I wanna turn it loose, is it finished, what were the mistakes? You know they're going to zero in on the mistakes." And made them we did, who doesn't?

I don't know exactly when we junked it off…it ended because we just had so much debt, we couldn't carry it anymore. The tabloid was just getting too hefty, we couldn't pay the bills, we struggled. We'd get it as close to paid off as we could, and we'd do that, and eventually, we just couldn't. It was just overwhelming.

I can't remember exactly now, but the average week would've cost us about 1500 to 2000 dollars to put that paper out. We sold ads and we sold papers, and it never quite could catch up, there was always a little red area that we couldn't close. So yeah, that was the reality of it. It was always broke, always running behind, always.

Ernest Jerrett's Journal

George Michelin Jerrett sent us a copy of his father's journals, which span the years 1924-1927. Ernest Jerrett, a Newfoundlander from Brigus, worked in Indian Harbour with the International Grenfell Association and spent his winters trapping with John Michelin. He married Ruth Michelin in 1926. Ruth, the daughter of Joseph Michelin and Mary Snow Michelin, was born in Mud Lake in 1903 and grew up in North West River. They moved to Brigus and Ruth died in 1937 shortly after childbirth.

Oct. 3. For many days previous have I dreamed and talked of my intentions of staying at North West River for the coming winter yet it was not until I had returned from a trip to North West River in the I.G.A. yacht that I definitely decided to remain, for which decision I hope there will be no regrets. Then comes a succession of days of preparation. Guns and ammunition are brought to light, cleaned and polished ready for use. Food, clothing tents and cooking utensils are packed up and my own thirty foot motor boat got in readiness for the 150 mile journey up Hamilton Inlet. All at last is ready, the boat is swinging to a line while we feverishly await for the strong N. W. wind to moderate to enable us to start. Unable to restrain our adventurous spirits any longer we decide to face the gale and make what progress we can; so with hearty handshakes, good wishes and cheers from the crew at the post at Indian Harbour we cast off and head away to the Golden West; to a land of placid waters and to the haunts of the Indians and all things of the wild.

My sole companion is a keen young trapper and hunter by the name of John Montague, so together we doggedly plug along against wind and sea and that night about 10:30 we reach Rigolet some 50 miles from Indian Harbour where we anchor and with a light supper smoke and chat, banish all care and worries in the land of sleep.

Oct. 4. Saturday morning dawns bright and clear with a fair breeze of West wind and we awake to find the I.G.A. yacht *Yale* anchored nearby, also on her way up to N.W.R. Our plans previously arranged



Standing: Wilburt Jerrett, David Jerrett. Seated: Ruth Michelin Jerrett holding Mary Elaine Jerrett, George Jerrett and Grace Jerrett.
Courtesy of David Jerrett

with Dr. Paddon, an energetic physician and surgeon and manager of the International Grenfell Association. Hospital at Indian Harbour and N.W. River, are as follows: I am to leave my motor boat at Rigolet, proceed up to North West River on Yale with supplies for the hospital there. Then down the bay again, thence to Cartwright where we lay up Yale for the winter, then join the coastal mail boat Meigle which is due to arrive there about 15th of October, proceed again to Rigolet where we finally take my motor boat and start up for home; a distance of about one hundred miles.

Dr. Paddon is anxious to proceed, so mooring our boat well, John Montague and myself join the *Yale* and with a fair tide, but an ever increasing head wind we up anchor and steam out and up the narrows between Rigolet and the big bay beyond. The wind freshens all the time but we plug along making not more than three miles per hour, hoping to reach an anchorage about seven miles up the Narrows, known as Snooks Cove. Two hours have passed and we are but one mile from the little harbour, but by now the wind has increased to a hurricane and we are being driven backwards. Above the whistling and shrieking of the wind and pounding of the engine we hear the skipper (Dr. Paddon) shouting to reef the foresail and see if we cannot reach port under sail and steam. With sailor like handling we reef our big foresail, and inch by inch we hoist it up before the gale. All goes well for about five minutes when with a rush of spindrift and roar of wind our foresail is rent to ribbons and we are forced to bear away and run back to Rigolet, where we arrive safely and anchor from the storm.

The wind it blew, then it blew some more.
For it knows how to blow on Labrador.



Unidentified men. Mud Lake. Courtesy of Gwen Chaulk

The rest of the day is spent idling around the Hudson's Bay Companies post, smoking and talking with Mr. George Budgell, the genial manager, and wandering about the woods to some pretty scenery to be found in this vicinity.

By eight o'clock this evening the wind has calmed down so we again start off having in the meantime mended our torn canvas, with a fair tide we make good progress, and at 12 o'clock pass St. John's Island and sail out on the waters of Lake Melville. A fair wind springs up and with all sails set we go clipping along about nine knots. As the wind increases, so my spirits rise, for are we not sailing to my land of adventure and the Unknown.

Oct. 5. Wind, North East, blowing strong, thick and cloudy; still forging ahead. At last about 10 o'clock we sight North West River and furling our sails we steam slowly up the mouth of the river and drop our anchor in the waters of the great Nascopie which flows silently down from the vast, almost unknown interior of the wilds of Labrador.

All is silent, save for the occasional cry of some of the winged creatures of the woods, and a pretty scene presents itself.

Paddling silently and swiftly up the river in the shadow of the overhanging trees are seen several canoes. Natives or Indians curious to know who has come from the land outside, and what news they bring.



Mud Lake families. Courtesy of Gwen Chaulk

Little knots of trappers lying idly in the grass and sunshine, smoking and also eyeing the new comers. For this is Sunday and nobody does much on Mondays, at this time of the year, much less on Sunday. And so we go on shore and join the groups and talk, smoke and laugh; and so the day passes happily.

Oct. 6. Monday, landing freight all morning and then making preparations for a motor boat trip to other nearby places of interest. More or less a sight seeking excursion, as we have plenty of time, for we are not due to sail back again until Saturday, October 11.

About two P.M. we start and after a four hours run we take the mouth of Grand River and steaming about three miles up through narrow waterways, little islets covered with trees, beautifully coloured by their autumn tints; and scenery that my feeble pen will never be able to describe. We arrive at Grand Village. Nestling among the trees are seen the houses of the trappers and natives, canoes lying on the river banks and the waters of the Lake like a sheet of glass. Seemingly from among the trees comes a canoe to greet us and we go on shore to dine and visit the different houses around. A prettier place I have never seen. Taking a canoe I explore this Paradise of Nature with its beautiful little islets, and small streams completely hidden by the overhanging trees and after seeing a place like this would make one feel like spending the rest of their days there.

Oct. 7. Leaving Grand Village we steam on up Grand River through scenery similar to that left behind and after an hour's run turn into the mouth of Traverse Pine River and on up to another little settlement bearing the name of the river whose waters silently and untroubled, flow by, namely Traverse Pine.

Here again one is struck with the beautiful scenery. The poplars, the birches, willows and green grass, the great mountains in the back ground, just such a spot as an artist of Nature would delight in. Here we stayed for a few days, hunting and fishing and roaming through the woods, spending a most enjoyable time.

Oct. 8. At Traverse Pine, staying with one of the oldest inhabitants of the surrounding country, a trapper of years experience whose tales of the hunt were the means of passing some pleasant hours.

Oct. 9. Start back again for North West River and after a good run on a beautiful moon-light night, reach there, but not before we had to send one of the party to secure some gasoline, as our tanks had unknowingly run dry. After two hours waiting and drifting about, a canoe shot alongside with the desired liquid and in a few minutes we reached port safely, after a very enjoyable trip.

Oct. 10. Rambling about the woods all day and at night taking a canoe paddle up the river. It was a night fit for the Gods! Just the moon, the waters, the trees and Silence Eternal.

Oct. 11. A fair wind is blowing and so we decide to start on our long trip to Cartwright on the *Yale*, where we intend laying her up for the winter. Our crew is as follows: Dr. Paddon of the International Grenfell Association, Fredrick Blake, a retired trapper of the old stock, and one of the earliest inhabitants of North West River, Graham Blake, son of the above mentioned, serving in the capacity of chief engineer of the *Yale*. Ernest Jerrett, wandered and rambler seeking adventure whence it may come, and author of this diary.

This concludes the list of our crew and with plenty of good food, guns and ammunition we start and making a good run reach Pelters Harbour at 9 P.M. where we anchor for the night.

Memories of the Kyle

James R. Andersen
Researcher: Joan Andersen
Makkovik, 2010

Looking at a photo of the *Kyle* with the caption "School children arriving on SS *Kyle*, Makkovik", Uncle Jim was asked what memories he had of the ship…



Schoolchildren arriving at Makkovik. November 26, 1927. Alice Perrault collection

Me and Bill [Andersen] and Uncle Wilson [Bill's father] and Daddy went aboard.

Eddie Voisey had about 25 fish casks to ship, dry fish, so they said they would take it going south. Five quintal casks. So she didn't get to Nain. She got off Cape Harrison, 'twas too much ice so she had to turn back. When she got Hopedale—she didn't use to call Postville then—they was hurrying. She got in here, the harbour was froze. There was no skidoos then. You could go across it, go anywhere on the harbour. So we hauled

our flat, big flat, down with the mail. Took the mail from Aunt Bertha's. [Bertha Andersen was post mistress.]



Uncle Jim in his home. Makkovik, 2009.
Aimee Chaulk photo

The 19th of November, my sister Inga's birthday, 1927. Aunt Kate [Hettasch] was going away. She was going to Germany for her furlough. She just stuck in the ice so far and she anchored there. We thought we was alright, wherever they went we had to go. That was the only way to get aboard. The boats was all hauled up then. Mr. White [HBC] was terrible disgusted about his fish. Never got his fish off. So she went on. She left here about one o'clock and my brother Edward was over Papa's Cove, over Wild Bight trapping, where me and Bill was when he got so sick. And Edward said when he just come over the hill to Papa's Cove, she was just running in Long Tickle, because they didn't run in the night them times. That's the only year it happened like that.

More about the *Kyle*:

I didn't travel too much. It was a great outing. I'd go to Hopedale on the *Kyle* if Memma went down. Grandma Mitchell was there. Grandma Mitchell used to always be to Hopedale in the summer for two or three weeks, Grandma Mitchell from Adlatok. And Memma would go to see her, so we'd probably go down on the *Kyle*.

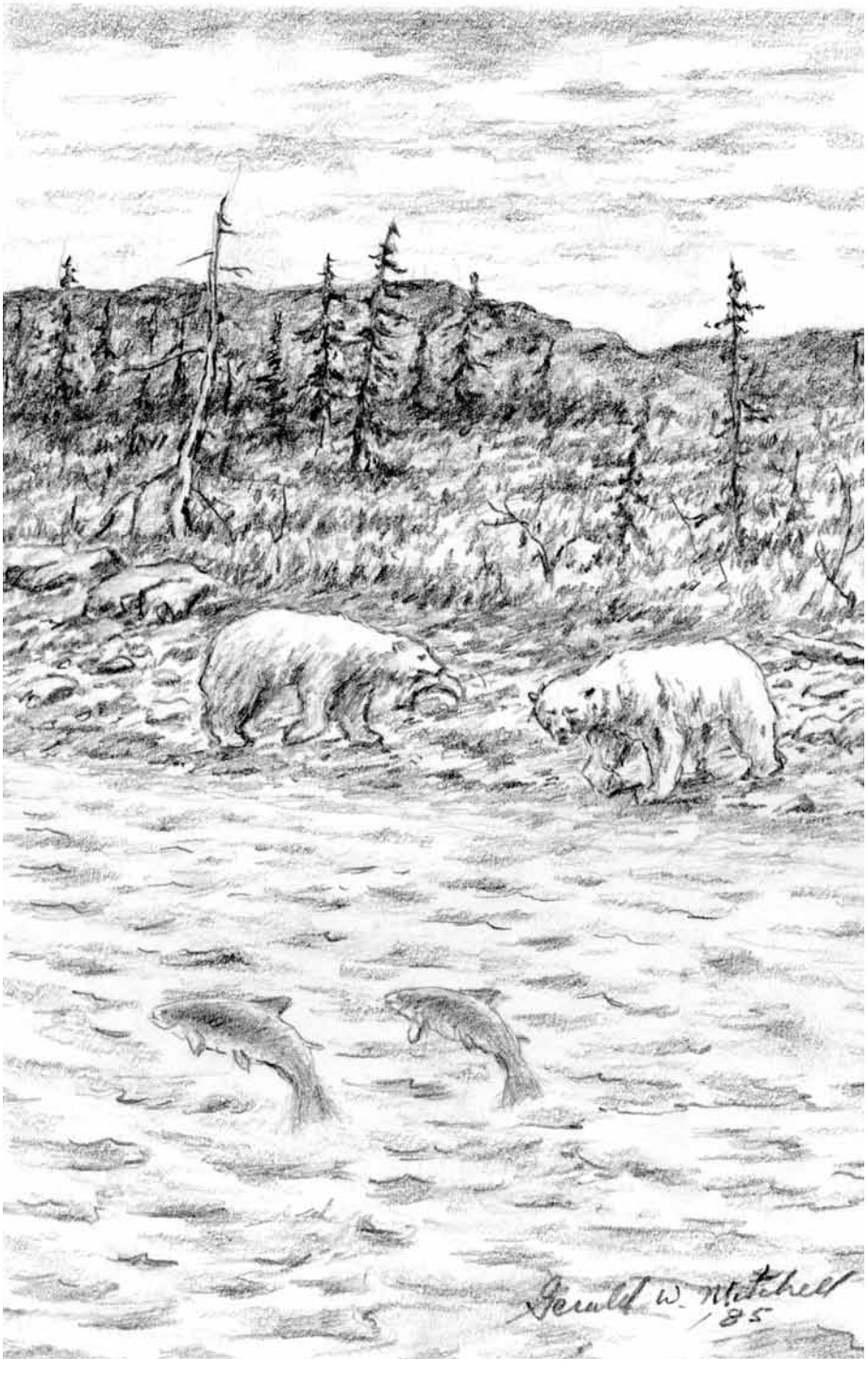
The first time I remember going to Hopedale, we went on the *Harmony,*



On board the *Kyle*. Margaret Lenz, Hans Lenz, Kate Hettasch, Pepperell Wheeler. Makkovik, 1928. Kate Hettasch collection

me and my mother. Passed along by Ikey's Point. Foggy and calm. Memma was looking ashore. Muriel was to Ikey's Point then with her family, and Memma said "'Tis Muriel's birthday today, she is six year old." And we went on, going very slow, she only went like an old motor boat. And when we got down around Double Island, way down the other side of Turnavik, down around Tikkiatsuk, about 18 mile from Hopedale, we heard the boat, and she come in sight. Oh, my God, if you had a video then. She was full! Full of people from Double Island. Somehow they was expecting the *Harmony*, but I don't know how they seen her. They had their ways. And they went all the way to Hopedale, she was like a guide. They had no radar them times. Full of people on her. Dickies on. Men and women. She was on her second trip then, going to Killinek, I s'pose. Well, that was her second trip. She wouldn't go back to England after her first trip, she would go back to Newfoundland. Sometimes she would go down to Barbados and get a load of molasses or something. She would make two trips north a summer. 'Twould be freezing up on her second trip when she would bring school children.

The old *Northern Ranger* got nothing on the *Kyle*. She come out from England... a beautiful mahogany saloon, and a big winding staircase, Oh, you go aboard the *Kyle*, 'twas a real outing. That was about the only boat coming down like that. You could hear people bawling when she


Gerald W. Mitchell
'85

I Learned More Than Baking Bread

Regula Schule
Researchers: Aimee Chaulk and Grant Gear
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, August 2012



Regula Schule.
Courtesy of Regula Schule

I was born in Zurich, Switzerland, in 1928, which makes me 84 now. We lived close to the city of Zurich, on the lake of Zurich. When I was in my late 30s I wanted a change. I was a schoolteacher and I had taught in two different small, very small farming communities. I loved it, but I wanted a change, and I thought—why not become a missionary teacher?

Our church, the Protestant church in Switzerland, doesn't have a mission project, but supports various mission societies. I applied with the one I knew best. They said "We don't need no primary teachers. The indigenous people will do that. We only need, heads of high schools or whatever." So I copied my application to the other three or four mission societies. I had two offers: one for Africa—Zambia—and one for Labrador. And I thought "Africa sounds more interesting."

I was accepted and I started to learn how to drive because I would need a car there. I would have been a youth secretary for a fairly large area, and it looked interesting, and then I had a letter telling me that they had found an indigenous person to do that. Since they knew I had applied with the other mission societies, they just gave my file to the Moravians. They said, "They're in Africa too, they are next door, in Tanzania." And when the Moravians had my file they said "Okay, Labrador." So that's why I'm here, they sent me here.



Regula, second from left, with her sister, mother, and brother. Switzerland.

Courtesy of Regula Schule

I packed my stuff in three wooden boxes and I took the train through France, and then across the Channel to England, and from Liverpool I was on a big ocean liner to Montreal. In Montreal I got the train. I don't know where we crossed, but we must have crossed the sea somewhere. And then from St. John's it was the Nonia. The Nonia stopped at every place until we were in Makkovik.

I was hired by the Moravian church in '67 and that was just about the time when the schools in Labrador were no longer church schools, when they formed the Labrador East Integrated School Board. So I was never a mission teacher, I was just a schoolteacher.

From grade 7 onwards, I had learned English in school, and in my 20s, I went through a change of life, and when you're a teacher, you're not going to be a housemaid in your country. Doesn't fit, does it? So, I went to England and was housemaid with a very nice family for a year and a half. That's where I learned the fluency in English, in school you don't learn that. You learn grammar, and lots of words. And when I came to Makkovik, of course the local dialect was different, and, well, the Canadian English was different from English English, and often I didn't understand what the children told me. And then like, a proper English teacher I'd say, "I beg your pardon?" And then the children would say it again so softly that I couldn't hear it. I know better now, now I say, "What?!" And I have two hearing aids now.

I was used to small towns. Of course there were no barns by the houses, like in Switzerland in the farming villages. A fishing village is definitely



Regula and Ida Andersen. North West River, 1970s. Courtesy of Regula Schule

different than a farming village. In a farming village the life starts at 5:00 in the morning. The farmers get up to milk the cows and get the milk ready for the dairy. And school starts at 7:00. I thought it was kind of a lazy place, because school only started at 9:00. But of course, it wasn't lazy at all!

My very first week I slept in Jim Andersen's house. One day, I said to Susie, Jim's wife, "I wonder what seal meat tastes like?" And she said, "What do you think you was eating on Sunday night, Miss?" Yes, that was Susie, she was quite outspoken. And I didn't know about Jim's qualities with his camera. Later on, I lived in the White Elephant. That was the teachers' residence.

I learned to bake bread there. In Switzerland in that time you could buy all kinds of nice almost home-style breads. And nobody baked bread except for the farmers, and we were not farmers, so I learned it in Labrador. Oh my goodness, I can't remember who she was. My first batch there was one of my students sitting on the kitchen counter telling me what to do next. I learned more than baking bread from my students, too.

I started, I think, with grades 4 and 5. There were four teachers for grades 1-8, or kindergarten to 8, and special ed. I started special ed in Makkovik. I think it said there could be up to 12 students in a special ed class. And I didn't read it right, I thought it said there had to be 12 students. So we just filled it up.

I moved to North West River after teaching in Makkovik for four years. I was in North West River for eight years. That's where I met Susie.

Susie grew up in the infant home. She was only 2 lbs 6 oz when she was born, in Nain. And the infant home just about opened that time, so







From top: Regula and Susie reading a book together; Regula and Susie celebrating the anniversary of Susie's adoption, 2004; Regula and Susie in their home, Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2012.

she was put in there. And I was teaching special ed in North West River, except for my first year. She became my student, and stole my heart. I adopted her in 1979, when she was seven. One day I helping her with her coat, zipping it up, she was just a tiny little child, and she was looking up into my face and she said, "You pretty." So, that stole my heart.

I moved to Happy Valley in 1980 because I didn't want to be Susie's mother and teacher at the same time, and taught at Peacock. I retired in '88, when I was 60. I thought teachers were supposed to teach until 65, it took me by surprise.

And, you want to know what I'm doing now? I'm going to the jail twice a week. We call it Bible study, but it's more and less than Bible study. I like to help them connect with God. Most of them have lost that connection if they had it in their childhood. We read the Bible, I pick a passage for each time I go over. We pray, we talk about life.

A Story of Kindness

Elzear O'Brien
Researcher: Anne O'Brien
L'Anse au Loup, 2009
Courtesy of the Coastal Heritage Experience



Elzear O'Brien. L'Anse au Loup, 2009. Courtesy of the Coastal Heritage Experience

Anne O'Brien: My name is Anne O'Brien and I'm going to get a story from Elzear that sounds much like a story of kindness. Okay Elzear.

Elzear O'Brien: Well, in 1958, I was 13 years old and Eric was 11. So we wanted to go fishing but we didn't have a boat or engine. So we heard that Uncle Victor Fowler in Capstan Island had a boat and engine that he wasn't using. So we walked down there to Capstan Island and asked Uncle Victor for the loan of his boat and engine. He wasn't our Uncle now, but everyone then called him Uncle Victor.

"Oh yes, my boys," he said "you can have the loan of her." He had her all painted up and everything for the summer, so we got a crew from Capstan Island to help us launch her out: Uncle Victor and Gilbert. They go the motor goin' and made sure everything was working for we left, so. When everything was working then we steamed up to L'Anse au Loup with her, and we fished with her all summer. You know, we had pretty good luck with her, anyway.

Well after the fishing season was over, we carried her back, we

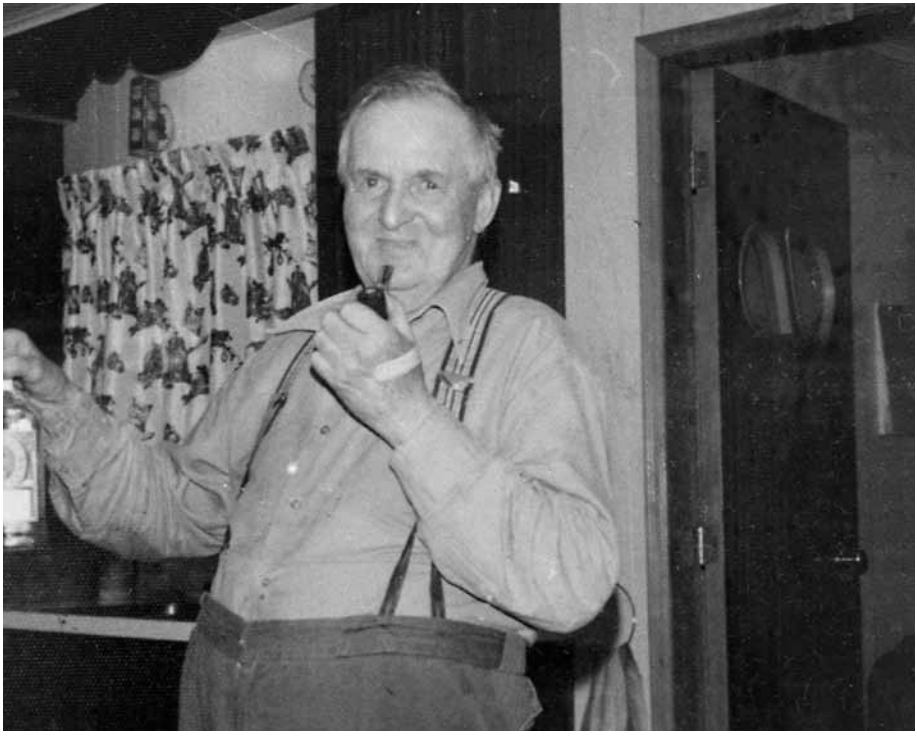
steamed back to Capstan Island with her again. And a crowd come there to Capstan Island, the cove there in Capstan Island and helped us to haul her up. We hauled her up, and we turned her over then for the winter. So we asked Uncle Victor then, we said "How much do you, do we owe you, Sir?" we said.

"Ah, nothin' my boys" he said.

So he had her all painted up and we was proud then. So we said we'd get him a gallon of paint to paint her up for the next year. So as far as I know we gave him a gallon of paint, probably we didn't even give it to him, but we told him we would anyway.

But we had a fairly good summer and the boat was a nice boat, and we thought that at that time, 13 year old, only youngsters fishing anyway.

Well that's why I thought Uncle Victor was a wonderful man, that's how we found him anyway.



Victor Fowler. Capstan Island. Courtesy of Victor and Pearl Fowler

Anne: How long was the boat?

Elzear: I say, Anne maid, she was I'd say she was probably 23 feet. She had a half round bottom on her and a half flat. He already had her repaired before he gave her to us.

Anne: So what kind of engine was in it?

Elzear: It was a 3 Atlantic. A lot of people at them times was getting' a 4 K or a 5 K. Uncle Victor had a 3 Atlantic, nice little engine.

Anne: Now, did you jig the fish or use trawl lines?

Elzear: Mostly was trawl, mostly used all trawl. Sometimes you jig a bit, but that had to be certain times, certain places for to jig but, so mostly everyone here in L'Anse au Loup then was using trawls.

Anne: And what is trawl lines?

Elzear: Trawl line is a special line, you to the merchants and ask for a piece of rope or anything They'd want to know what size it was 3/8, ½ inch or 5/16 or whatever, when you went to the merchant and asked that you wanted six trawl lines, he knew exactly what to get you. That's what we used to have a trawl. Used to have six lines in a trawl, and lines was 50 fathom long and when you do them up in the Winter time you'd try to get anywhere from 90 to a 100 studs on the trawl. With the old trawl, most of the trawls, we'd like you'd have six hundred hooks on 'em on six lines of trawl.

Anne: And why would you turn a boat bottom up?

Elzear: Well, when you finished fishing in the fall of the year, well you haul the boats up and turn them bottom up some people use to take their motors out, out of the boats. But a lot of the people didn't take the motors out so they'd turn them bottom up so the snow wouldn't get into the boat, and wouldn't be so much strain on the boat for in the winter time where they all buried over with snow.

Anne: Thanks very much Elzear, for that wonderful story.

Elzear: You're welcome.

Then & Now



Athletic Hall.



Happy Valley RCMP station, 2012. Grant Gear photo