THEM DAYS
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Front cover: Maggie Itulak and Amos Grubb on their wedding day. Nain, c.1960. Joan Steadman collection.

Back cover: Pearl Baikie with Santa Claus (one of the officers of the American Base) at the Christmas party. Goose Bay, 1947 or 1948. Source unknown.

These Days at Them Days

Hello! It's been awhile since I've written one of these "These Days at Them Days" notes. A full year, in fact. It's nice to be back in the editor's seat again after being off on maternity leave for twelve months. While I do so much enjoy and appreciate being able to stay at home with my little ones for the year, I'm the first to admit that I love my job! It's good to have some time away, though, and to come back energized and refreshed and full of new ideas. It's a chance to step back and see what still works, what doesn't, and how we can move forward. Many thanks to Janice and the Board for keeping things chugging along so well. Janice also put together some of this issue before my return, and I finished it, so it's been a collaborative effort! Apologies for the delay in getting it out to you, dear readers!

December is one of the busiest months here at Them Days with subscription renewals and gift purchases and donations. I've been reminded of that as I jump back into work, so I would like to extend a big thank you to all our supporters. Every dollar you donate, every magazine you purchase, goes into helping us in our mission to preserve Labrador's history. As a very small charity, every little bit helps, believe me! Thank you so much.

Hope you all had a wonderful holiday season!

Aimee Chaulk, Editor



South Coast Photo Contest



Air Borealis and *Them Days*' South Coast Photo Contest has concluded, and the grand prize winner is Candice Lethbridge of Cartwright! Candice won a trip for two to Montreal. Congratulations, Candice!













Photo Credits
Top: Eva Luther
Second Row: Crystal Pike, Ruby Pye
Third Row: Nancy KG, Tanya Russell
Bottom: Candice Lethbridge, Crystal Pike
Opposite page: Candice Lethbridge's winning photograph

Early Inuit Archaeological Research Assistants

Laura Kelvin

In the summer of 2017, the Avertok Archaeology Project hired three students from Hopedale, Nunatsiavut, to help us with our research. Ida Semigak, John Piercy, and Rosie Edmunds helped us catalogue artifacts, excavate, and interview community members about the archaeology and history of Hopedale. While researching Avertok, the students became interested in Heinrich Uisuk, an Inuk from Hopedale who was hired as a research assistant to help with archaeological excavations in the 1930s. Inspired by Heinrich Uisuk, we set out to find more about Inuit who had helped on archaeology projects in the region during the late nineteenth and early twentieth century.

The Hopedale region has long been of interest to archaeologists, in part because of the Avertok archaeological site. Avertok is a large Inuit gathering and whaling site that was an important part of the Inuit-European coastal trade network during the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries (Bird 1945; Arendt 2013; Kennedy 2009). In 1782, Jens Haven, a Moravian missionary explained that Avertok was very well known and famous among the Inuit and those who lived or wintered in Avertok, "boasts about it as if he has lived in London or Paris" (Rollman 2013: 177; Kennedy 2009: 29). The site is located within the current boundaries of Hopedale and remains culturally important to the people of the community. Avertok has been subject to many archaeological investigations, and artifacts from the site are now housed in museums in Canada, the United States, and throughout Europe. Of the earliest people to carry out archaeological investigations in the region, the best documented are Eliot Curwen, William Duncan Strong, and Junius Bird.

Archaeologists have always relied on local people for help in locating, excavating, and interpreting archaeological sites; Curwen, Strong, and Bird were no exceptions. Curwen came to the coast of Labrador in 1893 to work as a medical missionary on the Grenfell Mission. He had an interest in archaeology, which he pursued to a greater extent later in his life. With the help of local people, he collected artifacts and made notes of archaeological sites that he encountered during his time in Labrador. In his journal entries from when he was in Hopedale, he mentions an Inuk from Hopedale named Ambrose who helped him locate nearby sites and interpret artifacts. Curwen also noted that Ambrose played the organ in the church very well, and that his son, Seth Ambrose, was baptized on September 17, 1893, in Hopedale (Rompkey 1996: 134-138). Ambrose Assa was a well-known organist, who received building materials from the first mission house of Hopedale of 1782, when it was being

torn down in 1897 (Rollman 2001).

Strong was a member of the Second Rawson-MacMillan Subarctic Expedition to Labrador in 1927-1928. In addition to conducting ethnographic research among the Innu, he also investigated several Inuit archaeological sites in Labrador, including Avertok. The members of the expedition relied on local Inuit as guides and interpreters, as well as to help hunt and secure scientific specimens. Although the notes and reports from the expedition housed at the Chicago Field Museum often mention the help they received from local Inuit, so far I have only came across one name, Abram Bromfield, who did not help with the excavations. He also mentions Joe Rich, an Innu man, who worked as an interpreter for him.

Bird did the most extensive excavations on Avertok, as well as many other archaeological sites in the area in 1934, with the help of his wife Peggy and Heinrich Uisuk. Aside from excavation, Uisuk also helped as a guide and to interpret archaeological materials. In "Archaeology of the Hopedale Area, Labrador" (1945), Bird describes how Heinrich considered himself to be an "Irishmo" because his maternal grandfather was an Irishman. Heinrich's mother was Hanna Rain and her parents were John Rain (also spelled Ryan) and Annangak, an Inuk from the Cartwright area. Hanna's parents died in Kippokak, and Hanna was adopted by Markus and Kristina and brought to Hopedale where she was re-baptized (Kirchen-Buch der Evangelischen Brüder-Mission zu Hoffenthal in Labrador [First Church Book]). Hanna married Isaac Uisuk in 1876 (Kirchen-Buch der Evangeli[s]chen Brüder-Mission zu Hoffenthal [Second Church Book]; Brice-Bennett 2003: 27). Uisuk helped Bird excavate an archaeological site called Kammakulluk, a site that was re-visited by the Avertok Archaeology team in 2017. Uisuk told Bird that his family had lived there a long time ago and sang him a traditional song about a time before European contact when the residents of Kammakulluk found a glass bottle with a round bottom that had washed up on shore (Bird; Brice-Bennett: 27). When reading about this during our research in 2017, the students were excited because this song is still sung in the community today. Uisuk married Eunilia Akkuuak from Zoar in 1904. They had two children, both who died young. In 1908 he married Zippora Karpik. They also had two children, both who died as infants. Through this marriage, Uisuk had a step-



Heinrich Uisuk standing at the end of the entrance tunnel to House 2 at Kammakulluk. Courtesy of the Division of Anthropology, American Museum of Natural History (.B573, Box 2 of 10).

daughter named Brigitta Karpik. After Zippora died, Uisuk lived alone until 1961 when Ray and Zippora Hunter married and moved into his house. In 1966, Uisuk died at the age of 83 (Kirchen-Buch der Evangeli[s]chen Brüder-Mission zu Hoffenthal [Second Church Book]).

The contributions that Inuit have made to archaeological research in Labrador are vast. Although we were able to find out more about these research assistants, we were not able to find out how they felt about the projects they were involved in. During our research, we often wondered if any stories about working with these early archaeologists remain in community memory. If so, what can these stories tell us about archaeological research practices in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries?

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Church Book]. "Baptismal Candidates," Hopedale p. 85, no. 179; "Adult Baptisms," p. 110, no. 178. Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Queen Elizabeth II Library.

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Rompkey, R. (editor)

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Trees on Labrador's North Coast: A Moravian Account from 1840

Edited and translated by Hans J. Rollmann

Introduction

Occasionally, old journals yield valuable information about the flora of Nunatsiavut/Labrador. An unnamed Moravian missionary from Nain reported the following about trees on the Labrador north coast, which was published in April 1841,in a German Protestant missionary paper called *Calwer Missions-Blatt*. I discussed this publication with Dr. Jacques Cayouette, a research scientist with the Department of Agriculture and Agri-Food Canada and author of the magnificent and well-researched *À la découverte du Nord. Deux siècles et demi d›exploration de la flore nordique du Québec et du Labrador* (Quebec: Éditions MultiMondes, 2014). Dr. Cayouette identified the spruce mentioned in the article as being most likely "White Spruce (Picea glauca). White spruces," he said, "are coastal trees, either in James Bay, Hudson Bay or Labrador, while large stands of black spruces are more common inland. The size and diameters of these spruces indicate that they are likely White Spruce. Black Spruce tend to grow in height and to be less wide."

In addition, he identified the other tress as follows:

Larch is *Larix laricina*.

Birch brush is *Betula glandulosa* or/ and *Betula borealis.*

Taller birch is *Betula papyrifera.*

Aspen is *Populus tremuloides.*

Alder bush is *Alnus alnobetula*, subspecies *crispa*.

The Article

Here then commences the article of 1840:

> The biggest and tallest trees that grow in Labrador are spruce trees [Fichtenbäume], which progress well in all valleys, with the only difference that the more south they are, the taller and better they grow. Between Okak and Hebron there is a bay called Napparulik, which is, as far as we know, the northernmost place where wood grows. Around Hebron one cannot find any tress or bush. Even in this bay it is stunted. When I was there two years ago on my way to Europe, I saw a lot of rafted wood from that bay, which surprised me. It was short and gnarled, full of branches, true stunted wood. [Krüppelholz]. The length was ca. 40 feet; at the root it was partly thick, but immediately

turning pointed. Trees, 1 foot in diameter, were rotten inside.

In Okak, which lies somewhat more south and more inland, even though it is an island, and deep bays go further inland, I saw only bush-type wood, only taller and more plentiful than in Napparulik, but of considerably lower growth than here in Nain, even though the wood that grows here cannot be compared with wood I saw growing in Hopedale, which is rafted to there from Uksuktok Bay, Allatok Bay and other bays, which lie ca. 20 hours south of Hopedale. Here in Nain is the biggest spruce wood [Fichtenholz] that I have seen and which grows in the bays here ca. 50 feet in length. It can, however, only be found in such valleys where the trees are protected against the north-west and east wind. This winter [1840] an Inuk brought us for sale a log for sawing [Sägeklotz], which was 16 feet long. Two feet above the root it was 56 Zoll [the German inch; 1 Zoll = ca. 2.5 cm] in diameter. I counted the tree rings and computed 232 years; it was not rotten yet. This is the nicest log that I have seen here. But I saw others in Hopedale from those southern bays, which were 90 – 100 feet in length, even, and so thick that a man could only span half of it.—There are also here around Nain larch trees, which, however, do not grow any bigger than ca. 10 to 12 Zoll [ca. 25 – 30 cm] in diameter. Most will only be 6 Zoll [ca. 15 cm] strong, and then die off. They adorn the local forests through their verdant greenery and can be found along the entire Labrador coast, half-way up to Hebron.

Birches are also everywhere, but only in the bays that go deeper inland. Although here as well as in Hopedale and Okak, the entire land is filled with birch brush; but it winds itself only 1, 2, up to 3 feet high above the ground. In the deep bays, however, there are also trees. The biggest birch log brought to us by an Inuk from south of here was 7 Zoll [ca. 18 cm] in diameter, 12 feet long, and had an age of 100 years. South of Hopedale there are entire birch forests with trees 2 to 3 feet in diameter. There are here also aspen trees [Zitterpappeln] of significant height. But I have not seen any yet, neither a birch tree.

Alders stand along creeks, and alder bushes are everywhere. I have seen none that was thicker than an arm, and none that was taller than 20 feet.

Willows grow everywhere, but only as low shrubs. I have never seen an actual trunk. The brush is at times so thick that one cannot get through it.

There may be spruce trees 4 to 500 years old, but since such trees are usually rotten, the tree rings can no longer be distinguished.



Trees rafted for the sawmill in Hopedale. Courtesy of Unity Archives, Herrnhut

> One cannot say that wood will not grow again once the axe has gone through a forest, but it goes very slowly. The places where the first Moravians have cut [wood] are still bare; but one can see here and there small larch and spruce trees grow up. But I believe that 2 to 300 years will pass before the damage is healed again. I have noticed that with trees that are not protected by others or do not stand in a valley where they have cover, what has grown in summer freezes again in winter. Also, young wood is often crushed by snow and what protrudes above the snow dies off. That the climate here in Labrador may have been warmer once, I will not contest, but it may have been long ago, for in the annual diaries of the first Brethren during the [17]70s, we find that the winter was as severe as it is now. In the year 1772, Nain had 52 degrees Réaumur cold.

(Translated from the German by Hans J. Rollmann: "Die Labradorbriefe," [Letters from Labrador] Calwer Missions-Blatt, 24 April 1841, No. 9: 24)

Growing Up in William's Harbour

William Larkham, Jr.
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2017

Memories from William's Harbour are many, and to write about all would probably take up a full book and more. As I think back to my younger days, I think about the old dirt path that was the road around the community, and how each year they'd get out the shovels, rakes and wheelbarrows,which Uncle Cyril looked after like a general. They'd get gravel in the wheelbarrow and shovel and rake in any pot holes and so on.

I think about the old 45-gallon barrel that was over by Uncle Graham's, which was always over running with water from a hose that lead up to the well. I remember how Uncle Cyril would make sure you never played with the water in the barrel, but we did often! We'd sometimes dip our heads in to cool off on a warm summer day, or fill up old dish liquid containers and use them as squirt guns. I remember when later in the season they'd have the hose connected to their house to have running water, which was covered and boxed with Styrofoam to keep from freezing—but it always did during the winter. How Uncle Graham would have a smaller hose and push into the water hose until it came to the place where the water was froze, then he'd funnel hot water in the smaller hose so it would melt the ice, and he'd keep pushing on the smaller hose and pouring hot water 'til the ice was all melted and the water ran free again. At times this seemed like a daily event. They tried keeping the water flowing until there was enough snow down to haul water by snowmobile from Beaver Pond. Though it was called Beaver Pond, it's far from what most would consider a beaver pond, and it was known to have some of the best drinking water around. CN boats would often fill up their water tanks there. I think about as young fellers, me and my brother Hab (Hayward) , for a ride on skidoo, we'd tow the water barrel over to Beaver Pond and fill up and bring back again. When lugging it in, Mother'd always say, "Don't spill too much water on the floor!" Sometimes when the snow was deep, we'd get stuck on the side of the hill coming off Beaver Pond, so we'd have to empty the barrel, go back, refill, and try get up over the hill again. Most times we did, but sometimes we had to do that for the second time; we loved it because we got to ride on the snowmobile a bit longer.

I can picture in my eyes Grandma rubbing ducks on the old cast iron stove before she picked them and the unique smell it made and the drawing shavings made from splits that was made to help light the fire, nowadays they call them feather sticks. I think about how Mother started off with a small store in our back porch, then the old man later built a store next to the house, which she ran for thirty-three years. Before we got a proper road around the community,



View of William's Harbour. William Larkham, Jr.

freight was put in boats in the harbour then landed to the wharf, and all the freight had to be lugged up over the bank to the store. We carried the lighter packages and adults lugged the heavier things. Some freight was left down there and brought up when needed.

I think about the little one-room school for grades K to 9 and the large winged ants that showed up every year, about the old church bell on the school's hill bank that we'd sometimes ring, then run and hide. Again, Uncle Cyril would have something to say about this. I remember the motorboat rides to Leg Island for a barbecue, picking berries and swimming in the warm water that was heated from the dark rocks that surround the pond. I remember the long walks, towel in hand, to Sandy Pond, which also had warm water and a sandy beach. It was our favorite place to swim. We swam in Long Pond as well, but the water was deep and cold with a rocky beach that was hard on the feet. I think about the fishing balloons that was tied up to the rafters at the end of the stage that we use to climb on, or fishing for rock cods and sculpins on the stage head. I remember the large rafts of firewood that they towed home in the spring.

I think about how friends, after being gone all winter, would return with their families to fish cod in the summer and then leave again in the fall when fishing was over. I think about the countless days playing in the beach and the rafts we made and were quite proud of. I think about the little wooden boats we towed around and the Styrofoam boats we made with sails of gull feathers that we raced from the end of the slip to the beach or sometimes watched them sail on out through the harbour. I can picture in my mind the mountain of salt on the

fish plant wharf, the hundreds of gulls that were always in the harbour feasting on the cod liver.

I remember the old CB sets. Call signs around the harbour like Uncle Carl's CJKB—CJKBR after Robin was born. Freeman Russell's Copper Island, Sam Penney's SDM, Granby Queen, Harbour View, Tayler's Tickle, Tidy Point, 5 Brothers and ours, Shinney's Rock, for behind Shinney's was one of the old man's salmon berths. I always enjoyed out in boat checking salmon nets or jigging cod or helping to haul the cod trap, which always seemed to be hooked to the live rock on the bottom by Dickie's rocks and gave you quite the workout to get up. When the cod was plenty, there was always a buzz of excitement in the harbour for everyone was busy and there'd be steady chatter on the CB sets. I recall picking berries every weekend when ripe for Grandfather's pudding, or how I'd hold out my arms and Grandfather would load me up with firewood. He'd load me up good, testing me, and he'd have another pile tied together with rope and heave over his back, then we'd lug it down to the house. When done, I got a five dollar reward.

I remember cutting grass for the hens in the fall, the smell in winter when you pour warm water in the scraps pail, and how sad Grandma was when Uncle Graham's dogs got in and killed all the hens. I remember watching people build boats and how everyone worked together to haul them up in the fall. I think about the countless boil ups we had as kids. Roasted fish and mussels were always on the menu. Also the many days we spent fishing for trout in Beaver, Long and Big ponds, and how we once capsized and had to swim for it. The spring of year soccer games on the harbour ice, hockey in front of the Flynn's house, husky dog races, sports day, hunting, rabbit snaring, ice fishing through ice cracks with Grandma and the time Aunt Mildred broke through the ice in Long Pond and Grandma hauled her out. Trapping as kids, making snow houses, games of rounders, tag, and hide-and-seek, as well as playing guns, climbing trees, pronging fish, cutting cod tongues, catching gulls on glies, Sam's old store, planes landing on Big Pond, for the ice always made there first…these are just some of the many memories I have. There was some teasing, name -calling and the occasional rock fight, for not everything went smoothly…! But for this story I'm going to talk about Hawkins Cheezies, the hard cheezies made from cheddar aged to perfection.

Though William's Harbour for a while had three stores for a population of the mid 70s at its peak, there were only two after Sam's shut down. Neither sold these Hawkins hard cheezies. George's Cove was a summer fishing settlement approximately a five-kilometre walk from William's Harbour on the north side of the island. Most people lived in Port Hope for the winter months, then shifted out in the spring as soon as the ice cleared out of the bay. They'd



Inside Bart Penney's store in George's Cove. The counter to the left is where you would get served. Courtesy of William Larkham, Jr.

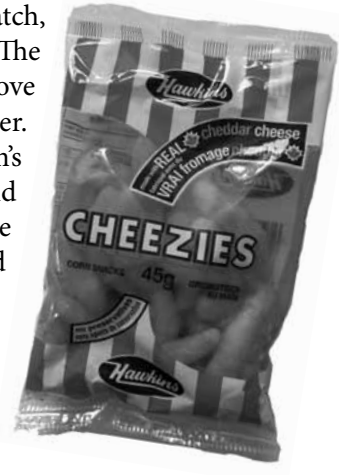
pack everything in their motor boat, usually with a tent-like structure over everything, and sometimes with a small stove going, for it was cold and slow travelling. They'd get to George's Cove, then unpack everything and set up home for the summer, fish cod there, then return to Port Hope for the winter. It was common for businesses to do the same: they'd chase their customers to and from their summer homes. Bart Penney was such a business person. He operated a store in Port Hope during the winter and in the spring, he shifted his business to George's Cove to supply his customers during the summer. He must have had a different wholesaler to deal with, for Bart had a few items that neither of the stores in William's Harbour carried, such as Whoppers, sugary powder candy and, of course, those ever-so-tasty Hawkins hard cheezies. When the bay ice was nearly gone in the spring, you'd often ask was Bart shifted out yet, for as soon as he did a few would get together and walk down to George's Cove with a couple bucks in your pocket. I'm not sure how young I was when I made my first trip, but it was a bit scary, and hard to keep up with the older kids. I may have even shed a tear or two on the first couple trips—but I ain't going to tell that to anybody. The ever-so-beaten foot patch winded around the ponds and over the hills, but just before you got to Bart's store in George's Cove, you had to cross over a marsh, and you always got your feet wet. It that close you usually ran across and right to the store. Though I was younger than my brother Hab, I was already a bit taller, and Bart every time would get our names mixed up—but I really think he did it on purpose and got a kick out of



Bart Penney's store on left (white building). The dark building was his first store that he used for storage after he built the new store. George's Cove. Courtesy of William Larkham, Jr.

it. A couple dollars would certainly go a long ways back then, but it was the Hawkins hard cheezies is all I really wanted. I craved them often through the winter and now I had them. They were extremely tasty—as they still are—and the cheese at the end of the fingers tastes as good now as it ever did.

The worst was, we had to walk the five kilometres back home. Home couldn't come fast enough. We did this pretty much weekly during the summer. The last trip I made, I was eight years old. Me and cousin John got as far as the hill overlooking Tom's Cove.They were working on the road at the time and were getting ready to have a blast, so we decided to hide in the hill and watch, but we got spotted and they made us come down. The following year, we were able to travel to George's Cove by road and the old foot paths were rarely used after. On weekends you'd often see people in William's Harbour that walked up from George's Cove and the Bight to shop and sometimes you'd meet people in the path. They are fond memories for sure, and now the power is shut off in William's Harbour, as of November 10, 2017. They are most definitely of a time gone by…



Winter Medical Patrol, 1949-50

Dr. Tony Paddon
Submitted by Dave Paddon

My trip north began, after a series of last minute delays and minor emergencies, from Goose Bay in the RCAF's Dakota aircraft. The weather was bright, clear and cold. I remained at Hebron three days, working with the Rev. Grubb, Sr., who helped me with interpreting and organization, and we saw a number of patients. One, whose X-ray you saw last autumn and whom you recommended for hospitalization, was sent back in the aircraft which brought me.

The seal fisheries were very poor last autumn, the result of premature freeze-up in the bays, and dog feed is desperately scarce throughout the country. The team I left with on the 23rd was thin and in poor condition, and the travelling conditions were poor, with dry going and hard hauling. I went to Napartok the first day, to see an eye case, and thence on to Green Cove, arriving several hours after dark. I stayed in a house with a nearly moribund tuberculosis case, an old woman whose husband died of TB not long ago. She was alone in the house when I arrived, with a temperature of 104, and there was not even a fire in the stove. House was filthy dirty, which was no fault of our tragic hostess. Narcotics were all we could offer to relieve her distress, and we left at daylight the next day for Nutak. The going was abominable, and soon I took to snowshoes, going ahead. Crossed Itblisoak, a very high and difficult portage with a climb I estimate at 1200 feet of very steep gradient, and also the next portage overland, as I am getting to know the way fairly well now, going well ahead of the team for some hours. I was out of training and got tired, and my feet were cut up a bit by the slings, but anyway we made Nutak several hours after dark, very good considering poor condition of the snow. I stayed until noon of the 26th, as there were a good many patients, and I arranged for evacuation by air of some of the worst but left the others, as I had no hospital accommodation at North West River for them and they were cases I knew the RCAF could not accept. I did one large and gory superficial operation, removing some very large keloids from the thorax of a man who was finding them a handicap in his work, Max Budgell, the government agent, acting as assistant. Saw about fifty patients here. Left noon on the 26th, starting with a very hard climb up the Nutak hills in poor going. I had engaged a new team here to take me to Hopedale, with two Eskimos, Zaccharius Townley and Jonathan Kohlmeister, both of whom knew several words of English to supplement my meagre Eskimo.

Spent the night at Udlik, with Joe Millek, one of the most entertaining characters in the north, and was a success amongst the Eskimos there with some conjuring tricks. Quite a few cases of different types, and Joe, the perfect

host, sacrificed two teeth to the cause of hospitality, to demonstrate his faith in me. Magic failed, I had to use instruments.



Joseph Millik. Nain, c.1936.
Jim and Sally Voisey collection

Left at dawn, atrocious going again. We never get a break with travelling conditions. Took to snowshoes and walked the approaches to Korakulik and up the Kiglipait mountains. Hard snowshoeing and the climb up the mountains seems interminable. It is said to be 2500 feet, but it impresses me as nearer 3000 although the charts give the elevation of this land at only 3000 and of course we do not go quite to the top, taking a pass. This one always makes me wonder how my coronary circulation is. Mostly on snowshoes today, up and down endless barren mountain tops and we begin the descent near dusk, picking up a brook which is icy and for the first time this trip we move fast - too fast in the dark, with the snow drifting before a rising wind. So we stopped on the first big snowdrift and the Eskimos build us a snowhouse, and glad I am to be in out of the cold and the fine driving little drift which seems never to stop in this country. Safely installed by ten o'clock, and eat well, sleeping fairly comfortably and leaving again at daylight. The dogs are underfed and thin and lack energy, so progress is painfully slow. Today I ride most of the time, and get astonishingly cold for this time of year, as it is drifting hard on the ice. Arrived at Nain pale blue and shivering, to the amusement of the Peacocks, who provide a vast hot meal and hot water for a real wash. In the north there is little fuel to spare for melting water and washing is at a premium in most of the homes and of course unthinkable in a snowhouse, where it would probably freeze up on you.

Very busy at Nain, a very large crowd being in for the Easter festivals, and clinics start at 8.30 a.m. and run almost to midnight most days. Bill Peacock is tireless as interpreter and helper and Mrs. Peacock keeps the instruments and equipment clean and doubles as nurse, and we finish in five fast days, during which we see about 150 cases and do a number of minor surgical procedures and incidentally over a hundred dental extractions. Again several patients evacuated by aircraft. We are finished with Nain on Sunday morning and leave immediately for Voisey's Bay where the widow of old Amos Voisey holds gentle sway. The annual gift of a beautiful pair of skin boots, the perpetual legacy of old Amos to the Grenfell Doctor, whoever he may be. I leave at daylight for Kamarsuk, where we see several patients and engage a pilot team to take some of the load. My drivers are not too sure of the road, and I find this terrain completely bewildering. We make the empty house at Boat Harbour just after



This man has just been told he has TB, c.1949. Courtesy of Dave Paddon

dark, through the usual rotten going, and the dogs are very tired. Up at dawn on our way, the pilot team putting us on the road and leaving us. There is by now a good deal of daylight, and this dawn-to-dusk business is pretty strenuous, but going is so bad we must keep moving if we are ever to get anywhere. The dogs are very tired and are showing signs of failing. Little feed for them. We lose our track near Davis Inlet and follow a rather faint trail which we assume to be that of the mailman, who passed by two days ago. At dusk we pass into a long narrow cul-de-sac none of us have ever seen before, and it is beginning to snow. We hope we are not on the track of some casual deer hunter bound inland for the barrens, for we would never have dog feed to get us out again. Soon it is pitch dark, so I get out a nearly exhausted flashlight and we go ahead of the dogs, as I have done most of the day, on snow- shoes, searching for the now very faint track we are following. My inability to converse with my drivers does not make my days very sociable, and I am tired and irritable. The snowshoes seem to weigh a ton, and we have been going for 14 hours, and the track leads us into thick woods. Finally we come out on salt water ice again but have no idea where we are. It is now blowing and drifting as well as snowing and the track is hard to follow. We suspect we are about 20 miles from a house. The dogs are very tired and progress is slow. Near midnight we reach Flower's Bay, and are glad to put up for the night. There is a bleeding placenta praevia here, so in the morning we leave early for Hopedale, the patient's husband driving her in a coach-box. To lighten our wretched team I ride with him, having done over 30 miles on snowshoes the day before and beginning to feel it. His team is good, and despite snow and drift and poor visibility all day we reach Hopedale about two hours after dark. My team arrives about midnight in pitch dark and driving drift. The patient bled on the way, but not alarmingly, and I summon an aircraft, which turns up some days later and takes her to Goose.

Siegfried Hettasch and his wife are my hosts at Hopedale, and most considerate they are. Siegfried has considerable work of his own, as it is just before Easter and the church is busy, but he spends all his time with me, and we put in steady work without interruption for several days. On Good Friday the wind reaches 95 m.p.h. and the drift is indescribable, and I wonder what would be

the fate of anyone caught out in it. I work fast and am remorseless with poor Siegfried, who is most helpful, and the work is done in time for me to leave for Island Harbour on April 7th with a new team, pitifully thin hungry little beasts who are well handled by Willie Winters. You can only get so much work out of so much dog, and these little creatures shrink visibly with each mile, for again we have no decent dog feed. So slow is progress that we reach Tikkerassuk too late to continue, and camp in an empty summer house, leaving at daylight. Island Harbour at noon, but alas, the expected dog feed is not available, and our dogs are unable to continue today. Willie is worried, for he suspects the run up Kippok Bay is going to be bad. We leave at daylight the next day from the hospitable Jimmie McNeils, and a mile or two out I take to snowshoes and go on ahead. It begins to snow, and the going is terrible. It is even hard walking on snowshoes and gets worse, and I leave my team miles behind, which is a relief from watching the poor starved little things struggling in the soft snow. At noon I stop and wait, building a fire.



Willie Winters of Kamarsuk. St. John's. Alder Ford collection

At last I hear my teamster urging the poor dogs, and at length they emerge from the little belt of woods ending the portage, and we boil up, eat and leave, I go ahead again. I am tired already, my feet are cut up and sore and I am dripping with perspiration and so hot that the snow melts on the scanty clothing I am wearing, making it uncomfortable. I have to stop twice and wait for the team, in order to bandage my feet, but am much relieved and can walk. I resort to my old habit of counting up to three thousand paces at a time and then stopping to see if I am any nearer the next point — visibly nearer, I mean. There is two feet of soft snow over an additional two feet of salt water and slush mixed on the ice, and the dogs are even more wretched than we are. Soaked with perspiration, and as the evening gets colder this starts to freeze in spots. Dripping wet and tired and sick of everything to do with Labrador. I am subject to a sort of acid indigestion, worse at times like this and worse in recent years, and it does little to make life pleasanter. Finally I count to two thousand paces at a time, sitting down to rest for three minutes at the end of each cycle, and by anaesthetizing my mind with numerals I seem to anaesthetize my feet and thighs too, but I cannot do more than two thousand at a time without having to stop. I make Kippokok at nearly nine, after over 40 miles of bad snowshoe walking no matter how you measure it. Too tired to take off snowshoes at first. Very stiff.



A sled dog being dropped to St.Anthony in 1946. The US Army used dogteams in WWII and they had some surplus ones after the war. The Grenfell Mission was glad to take them and ten or so were delivered in this manner.

Courtesy of Dave Paddon

By hurrying we get all the work done at this large and rapidly growing village the next day and leave early the following day. It is snowing heavily and we can see nothing, but there is no wind, and I am in a hurry. Going is even worse and we resort to snowshoes at once. A mile or two out the wind comes with a shriek and we are in a nice blizzard. The exhausted dogs can barely move, visibility is fifty yards and at times not ten, every snowshoe step means lifting pounds of the stuff. Luckily I have a compass. We see little and must just keep on. At noon we find a tiny cleft in one of the barren hills with a few stunted trees in it, and in this niche, near Iggiut, we boil up. Shelter is fair, but snow drips into the chill meal we stuff down, and we are away again. Despite the snow the spring sky is hard on the eyes, and we cannot wear snow goggles, as they ice up instantly. I feel incipient snow blindness soon, and everything looks a curious green. Driving snow and icy particles cut conjunctivae painfully and stings our faces. My boots are sticky with blood. We have a small pilot team and they are having a hard time. At dusk we manage to locate a certain abandoned house, but are quite a long time digging down to it, for it is quite buried in snow. My three drivers are just as wretched, but they are solicitous for my comfort whereas I am solicitous only for my own, and the realization makes me ashamed. And they are doing this work for a pittance, in order to help me bring what limited comfort I can to the sick, and I realize that self pity is not a very durable consolation. Clearing out the kitchen we upset a bucket of rotten shark-liver oil and the filthy stuff seems the last and final straw. They howl with glee, and then patiently clean it all up and clear out the most comfortable part of the floor for my sleeping bag. One of them has no sleeping gear and refuses any of my stuff — not a bit cold he explains, sleeping on the naked floor. They are full of praise for the miserable dehydrated and reconstituted military experiment I feed them for supper, along with a tin of sausage, and are indomitably cheerful. It is fun to have English speaking drivers again, although no one could have been kinder or more considerate than the Eskimos I had from Hebron to Hopedale. So I do some conjuring tricks, and we all turn in feeling quite merry.

Next day is if possible worse than the last, but we are off again at first light, crossing the long portage to Makkovik Bay on snowshoes. The terrifying Ben's Cove slide, a very steep drop of 500 feet to Makkovik Bay, which has killed



Group of nine seated on step of Moravian Mission building. Back row: Fred Grubb, Ethel Grubb, Lilly Mathews (teacher). Centre row: Unknown Harp, Joan Harp, Rev. Harp. Front Row: Rev. W. W. Perrett, Kate Hetteash, Rev. Paul Hettasch. Nain, late 1930s. Rosie and Julius Ford collection

many dogs and broken up many komatiks and only this winter badly injured one driver is today a morass of soft new snow and we have to haul our load down a slope down which I shot like a runaway comet last year. Makkovik Bay is a smother of driving drift and we can see nothing. We go astray early and are briefly lost, and then the compass comes to the rescue and we pick up Big Island and grope our way into Makkovik, arriving in the early afternoon.

George Harp, Moravian Missionary at Makkovik, is as hospitable as his colleagues at Hopedale and Hebron and Nain. The Moravians at these four stations, and Mr. Budgell of Nutak and the Rev. Gillett of Postville have done much to make this medical work possible in recent years, and it is so comforting to come in out of the dirt and stress of dog team travel when it is bad—as it must often be—to utterly considerate and thoughtful care such as these posts offer.

The work at Makkovik is done in a day and a half, and we leave immediately for Adlavik. My team now is my own from North West River, with my good friend Sam Broomfield driving would normally have been a wonderful team. It includes three of my own dogs, big pure white animals with a sentimental nature and a vast affection for the doctor, but, alas, the dog feed shortage has already worked ravages on them. We make Adlavik by twilight, though, and spend the night, leaving in the morning for the American weather station at Tessiualiuk, which we reach in early afternoon. I am dreaming about a hot bath, but the water supply is frozen, and anyway I must go at once to Luceyville for an operation and some more out-patients work, working until after midnight, and returning to the base in time to get to bed at 2 A.M. Up again at 6.30 and off as soon as possible for the longest day of the trip.

Our dogs, though thin, are willing and are beautifully handled by the veteran

Sam, whom I consider the best driver in Labrador. The going is not good, but we keep at it, past Cape Harrison and Byrons's Bay, and then across the great portage separating us from Pottles Bay, which is an extension of Hamilton Inlet. This is a long run, and we make over 65 miles by my reckoning, leaving Half-way Brook at dusk. This portage, like most of them, is largely barrens, but Half-way Brook is marked by a skirt of woods. The weather is good, and the night is pleasant but very dark, so that we can see little, and we lose the track we are following, fumbling for a time in some scrubby woods and finally dropping down on to Tilt Brook about ten o'clock in pitch dark and not too sure of our bearings.



Back: Rod Williams, Sam Broomfield, Dan, Leonard and Sam Pottle, Arthur Rich, Gordon Pottle, Elizabeth Broomfield, Ann Rich (baby), Charlie Williams, Sarah Rich, Albert Broomfield Front: Alfred, Ann, Jane and Edith Pottle,Ellen and Phobe Rich, Martha Williams, George Rich, Sis Pottle and Maggie Earle. Boys by Edith Pottle are Wilfred, Henry and Gordon. Edith Pottle is Wilfred Shiwak's sister. Jane is Gordon's wife. Phoebe is Arthur's wife.The Tickle. Pheobe Rich collection

Sam hears dogs howling and we turn down the brook much reassured, reaching the "city" of two houses half an hour later. Our dogs are very tired, but I have messages from North West River telling me the hospital is very busy and to hurry back and the hardship to our dogs must be accepted. It is good to be back on Hamilton Inlet again, even though North West River is still over 140 miles away. From Bluff Head we go along the "ballicators" of piled ice on the shore, with open water outside of us. One of my dogs, Sherry, seemed so ill this morning I was considering shooting him, but he is working again as best he can. All dogs are pitifully thin and weak now and some of them are just stumbling along. We make Rocky Cove two hours after dark and go right to work, finishing the work at 2 a.m. We leave at dawn and travel into the bay all day, reaching Wolfreyville in Double Mer Bay at twilight. Thank heavens, there is a little seal blubber here, so we stop for the night and give our dogs some of the fat their bodies have been starved for. The next day they are all sick, but seem to pick up well during the morning and we make Rigolet by 10 A.M., setting up a clinic in the empty school house and seeing all the patients here by 1.30 p.m. Lunch and we leave immediately for Moliauk, where we spend the

night, departing at daylight to catch the early frost, which makes the morning snow hard enough to bear up the dogs and the komatik. By 11 a,m, it has melted again and is bad going, and the air is very soft.

We cross the portage from Moliauk back to Double Mer to see a girl with a TB spine and arrange for hospital care for her, first open water, as the ice is unsafe for aircraft now, and indeed unsafe for dog teams in places. We cross Double Mer in a rowboat, leaving our teams on the south side of the bay. After a light lunch we return to the teams, and go up Double Mer to another portage, passing back onto Lake Melville only sixty miles from home.

We spend the night at Valley's Bight, leaving around 4 A.M. to catch the morning frost again. Awful going all day, but we shoot a seal after several tries, and our poor dogs will eat tonight. Sam goes on ahead, hoping to shoot another seal and I drive the dogs. Once we mire down in deep snow and the komatik stops. The going is so awful that we stop at dusk at a small trapper's tilt along this wooded shore, and spend the night, leaving again about 3 A.M. and finding rotten going until we reach Black Point, where we take ice that has drained off along the tidal cracks along shore, and we do better, only occasionally breaking through into a foot of water or slush. We must go all along ten miles of shore instead of cutting out across three or four miles of bay, but we are in Mulligans Village by noon and the work is done by four o'clock and we leave for North West Islands. We cannot take the portage which is only a couple of miles, for the wet snow here is said to be four feet deep and of the consistency of Irish stew. Remembering that it took us half an hour to cross the three hundred yards of slush at the head of Mulligans Bay, we prefer to go out around the cape, an extra ten miles. I shoot some white partridges on the way, in case there is nothing else in the way of dog feed at North West Islands, but they find us dog feed and the dogs are contented. The last day or two, although terribly thin, they have been a little better. We leave at dawn to catch the slight frost, which bears the team up until we leave Sabasquasho at nine o'clock, and thereafter we follow along shore and reach North West River at noon, completing about 700 miles of the worst travelling I have ever seen.

We have seen a total of 452 patients, and evacuated ten by air. About as many more have had hospitalization arranged for the summer, after the opening of navigation. The total distance travelled has been two or three hundred miles less than usual, because the Easter festivals brought many people into the larger centers and eliminated some long trips up bays. I return to find nineteen in-patients at North West River and Miss Smith looking about as tired as I feel. The trip is over, though, and from now on I shall sleep in a bed for a while instead of on kitchen floors or snowbanks, and the change will be welcome. I shall be sending in reports on local conditions soon.

We've Had a Good Life Here

Joan Stamp
Researcher: Janice Goudie
June 2017, Labrador City

Janice Goudie: Joan, I understand that you've been here in Lab City for a number of years. Tell me about when you first came to Lab City.

Joan Stamp: I came to Labrador City from St. John's. It was September 25, 1963, with my six children. Previous to that, my husband worked here, two years previous to me coming because it's a mining town and they had to build the homes for people like me. So I had to wait for two years and it was an experience. I had no idea, you know, what it would be like until I landed with my six children. It was a very nice day, I'd say. The airport was very small at that time. Looking back now, I suppose it must have been just forty-by-forty with an oil stove there in the corner to keep the building warm. My youngest son, he celebrated his first birthday here and the other children were ready for back to school. And the oldest girl was a teenager. She wasn't too fussy leaving St. John's and coming all the way to Labrador. At that time it wasn't called Labrador City it was called Carol Lake.

I really enjoyed my stay—well, I still enjoy my stay here. I mean, this is home for me ever since I came. It's a different way of living but I enjoyed it and the children enjoyed it too. And my husband, well, he worked for IOC and he passed away in 1985.

JG: And what was his name?

JS: Cyril Stamp. We've had a good life here. I'm very much involved in the town because first when I came, the children went to school and they got involved in the Guides, and the Brownies and Scouts, so that was my first volunteer position. But since then, I've been involved in mostly everything that has happened here, and enjoyed it.

JG: You've even got an award for your volunteerism.

JS: Last night! I won for twenty-five years as president of the Twin Cities Seniors group. I'm the pioneer, the very first one. And this is the first of the Twin Cities Seniors so I got a story on that too.

JG: Oh, that is amazing!

JS: Yeah, so that's why I kept them.

JG: We'll get to this in a second, I just want to go back to when you first arrived at what was then Carol Lake. What was the community like when you first



Housing being built.

got here?

JS: Well, that's hard to say.

JG: I imagine it wasn't very big.

JS: Oh, no! No, it wasn't big. The houses were just being built. I had to wait two years for the house for me to be built but since then, the town has grown. Back then there was a lot that they came and probably stayed with their relations that were here. Yes really, I suppose Labrador City started a few years before I came. Then of course, we were all in the same boat. We had children to go to school and get involved in things. And know your neighbours. There was lots of children, so you were quite active. And your husband went off to work there in the mornings and came home, but it was entirely different back then. It was good because we grew with it and the children grew with it. And they got very much involved because there was activity. There was quite a lot of activity for the children in school also. And after the few years, the first thing I was involved in, my husband and I curled. That was my activity and then later on in years, we had a cross-country ski club. That's my favourite sport, cross-country skiing.

JG: Do you still do it?

JS: Not these last few years, no. Maybe I fell down too often. I've had a little bit of hip problems, you know. Three of my children still live here, and they intend to stay. One of my daughters lives with me and the other daughter lives with her husband. And I had one boy that was accidentally drowned here. He was only six years old. That was June 11, 1966. Robert. But you



Girl Guide float in a parade.

have to cope with these things, you know.

JG: Mhmm. So how did it feel to build a community around your children, because that's really what you ended up doing?

JS: Ooh, yeah. That was wonderful!

JG: I imagine it must have been.

JS: Yeah, it was! It was wonderful, yeah! We were all busy. Well, most of the families had lots of children—I had six, some had four, some had ten, some had twelve children, so everybody was busy. They were involved in the Guides and the Brownies also. And our different church groups. We were all involved in it. I'm still in the choir in my church, you know.

JG: And I guess at that time, with the mine, they wanted to make people happy-

JS: OH YES!

JG: So if there was something you wanted, you know it was community. It was wonderful. The company backed up the schools. They were right behind them. And this is why they got so involved in sports for families because a lot of the people that came, they only came to work here for two or three years. But then there's a lot like me stayed.

JG: Did you think you were going to stay this long?

JS: Oh yes!When I came with the six children, I knew that I had to make the

decision. I just couldn't, say, run back to St. John's. And the biggest reason why we moved up here, was because my husband worked at Pepperell Air Force Base in St. John's and that folded in about 1960. This is why we moved. There was quite a few that worked at the Base in St. John's that moved here, and they're still here.



Housing being built.

JG: And so, what would be the connection with the Base and moving here?

JS: Well once the Base closed, that's where my husband worked, and you had a family, so you had to look for a job.

JG: And so he was doing the same thing in this area that he would have been there?

JS: Oh yes, yeah. He was supervisor of the housing.

JS: So I finally, you know. And he and I were very much involved in these sports and in the town, you know. You were ever busy and nearly all the families did about the same thing. This children had things going in school, they had their concerts and plays, and of course all the sports that were available.

JG: It's still an active sports community.

JS: It is! It is really. My husband and I golfed. Because when I came here, the oldest daughter, she was a teenager, and then I had a one year old, hey.

JG: That's a big gap.

JS: Well, I had a few in between.

JG: You must have seen a lot of change. Wabush wasn't here when you first came.

JS: Oh, yeah. Here's a little history on here. Between Wabush and Labrador City, it's exactly a twelve minute or ten minute drive, about that. There used to be a bridge across. But then, there was a one hour difference in the time.

JG: Really?!

JS: Oh yes, yeah. That's true.

JG: Ten minute drive and there used to be an hour difference.

JS: That's because it was two different companies, Wabush and Labrador City. So it was a big difference. We used to go to the New Year's dance, and you'd say Happy New Year, and then an hour after, you'd say Happy New Year again.

JG: You could celebrate New Year's twice!

JS: Yeah. Yeah, let's see what else. I'm never bored. If you are busy, you don't get bored. If you don't get bored, you don't get depressed.

JG: I guess first when you come here, and you've got six kids and don't have your family around you, it would have been easy to get depressed.

JS: Oh, I could have, oh yes, it would because it was a whole different life. And with me, I came from St. John's for people that came from the outports, I mean, it was even harder. Even up to today, the whole town is close with the children and the adults and that. We all get along together.

JG: You don't hear about that in a lot of towns.

JS: That's true, yeah. And since then, when I was involved in this twin city seniors club—I mean, I was president for twelve years, but I was one of the pioneers. But you know, all my friends, every one of these people, including my husband, they have all passed away. Every single one of them.

JG: So you're the last founding member of the Twin City Seniors Club?

JS: I am, yep. And I'm still in it.

JG: Tell me about the club and how it started. You started it in your home?

JS: Yes.

JG: Sorry, I'm using the word club and you didn't want to use the word "club".

JS: Back then. But there's a difference when they say "club", they figures it's liquor. That was the thing.

JG: That's right. So what were the sort of things that seniors groups do?

JS: Well, we always played cards, and we had potlucks. Back then, when we all started, we used to have tour groups come here. They loved coming up on the train to see the scenery, and to visit with us, have a cup of tea and that. We had 'em from everywhere—all parts of Canada, and the States. They used to go on the train, and on the way back pick up their cars wherever they were driving. Or they used to come by bus. I've gone out quite often by train.

JG: Really?

JS: Oh yeah, I had a cabin in Ashuanipi. We used to drive over at 7:00, on

a Saturday night, and go on the train, and get off at Ross Bay, and then the train would come by on Sunday about 2:00 and then we'd come back by train. Then they built a road through.Now you can drive right through it. You can drive all the way down to Goose Bay. But there wasn't a road then, see. And the only way you could get there was by train. But now, I've sold that cabin down there, and I've got one up to Duley. I can get there in seventeen minutes flat.



Joan Stamp. Courtesy of Joan Stamp

JG: I imagine, years ago, Labrador seemed so far away from Newfoundland.

JS: So far away. It was years before I went back to St. John's. We had six children, we had to make enough money to go over for a trip. I won some money one time, on tickets or something, and I put it towards going back to St. John's. I think it was $1000, and it got all of us covered.

JG: $1000!

JS: You wouldn't believe it, yeah.

JG: Can't get very far on $1000 these days. Did St. John's seem really different to you when you went then, after a few years?

JS: Not a whole lot—it wasn't too bad then, you know. But now it is. I wouldn't be able to drive in St. John's now. The traffic! I always say, "You don't drive for yourself, you drive for the other fella."

JG: Yes, it's not yourself you got to worry about.

JS: No, no.

JG: So what kind of work does the seniors group continue to do today?

JS: Well, the majority of them are still here, and they had cards tonight. I enjoy my game of cards and it's usually 120s. We've had some functions at the snowcart club there a while ago, for the 150th in July, we've got some kind of a celebration, up there for the Canada Day. We're getting ready for Canada

Day now. We'll have quite a few things on the go. There's always something to do, sure. Well, at least I find something to do.

JG: You strike me as the type if you can't find it, you'll make it!

JS: Yes, you're right. Some of the children say, "You got to make appointments to see Mother!"

JG: There's nothing wrong with it.

JS: But I enjoy it, I must say. I enjoy my life here. Life has been good here. You know, people say "Well, how come you're still here?" Well, I said ,"Thinking back, nobody *asked* me to come here." You know. But I said,"My husband was working and things-it changed when the Base closed. So he had to look for work, same as everybody else. And I never regret it, coming here, and I'm still here." You know, and this is home for me. And of course, now I'm not the only one who looks at it that way. There's quite a few that's still here. And there's a lot that left that are sorry that they ever left. They should have stayed.

And I must say, my children are quite contented. I have a son working here out in the pellet plant. Or somewhere. To tell you the truth, I really don't know, he works out there somewhere. He's quite happy with it. And they all finished school here too, see. Three or four of them were going to school, in St. John's before they came up here, and then finished school up here. And then they did their courses, whatever they were. The only one that's not at home is the oldest girl. She's in Surrey, BC. But the youngest, the baby, he's in Churchill Falls. So I mean, it's only a few miles away, right.

JG: That's right.

JS: So I'm lucky because my children is still here around me, you know.

JG: Is that one of the reasons you stayed? Because, once your husband retired, you could have got packed up and left.

JS: Oh no, he didn't. Sure, he didn't get a chance to retire because he passed away. He was only sixty-three when he died.

JG: Oh my goodness. Not old at all.

JS: No, and because he was five years older than me, he never got a chance to get his pension, see. That's true. And then I was on my own then. But I had lots of support from everybody, you know. From the town, and the church, and my children. They were here with me.

Jack Howell's Wedding

By Clarice Hopkins
Spotted Islands, 1933
Originally published in *Them Days*, Vol. 8, No. 3

Come all you young people who wish for to hear
About Jackie's wedding that took place this year
It happened at Roche's, a little place here alongside
Jack Holwell the bridegroom and Harriet the bride.

The sixteenth of January was frosty and keen
About 10 o'clock we cried, "Here comes a team."
"Oh, Jack's getting married," cried Pearlie in glee,
And that's Alec Turnbull is coming for me."

And then after dinner we got under way.
"I will take the girls," Alec Turnbull did say.
"There's Clarice and Hilda and Pearlie and Bess.
That's all I can take, the boys will walk, I guess."

And when we got there to our surprise
"Too late," they did cry, "for the knot it is tied"
"What a big disappointment," said Bessie to me,
"But that's all right, maid, we're in time for the tea."

"Our boys they are walking," said young Clarice May
"And when they get's here the girls will smile and say,
'Oh just look at Clarence, he is a slick hand,
And Llewelyn Hopkins, he is quite a man.'"
"And there's Jimmy Burdett, he is cute and bright;
And there is Jack Davis, I want him tonight;
And there's Georgie Reynolds, I'd like to have him;
But Maudie Clark says she is going to have Jim."

Now the tea it is over and wasn't it great,
"Give Frank Keefe the music for it's getting late."
"Now clear off the floor," said Tom with a quick glance,
"For the bride and the bridegroom must have the first dance."

Now the dance it is started and all going well,
And some of those people their names I will tell:
There's Max Clark and Bill Clark and Marge Morris too.
She goes with Tom Elson, the boy dressed in blue.

Alec Turnbull is here, he is looking his best,
If he don't get my cousin, he won't have the rest;
I guess you know Pearl, she's so slender and tall,
I heard Alex say, "She's the belle of the ball."
And there is Tom Turnbull, he is a bride's boy,
On young Bessie Reynolds he have got his eye.
She's a nice-mannered maiden, and good looking too,
She would not have Tom but she could not get Lou.
Now Llewelyn Hopkins is slick on the floor
And he is a fellow whom Bessie adores
Maude Parr says a better cannot be found
But there's no chance of Louis when Ina's around.

And there's Ernie Dyson, he's out for the red,
He winks up his eye and he throws back his head.
He's after the girl he got out in the dance
But she's got another and he stands no chance.

There's two or three more but I'll let them pass on
For thedance it is over and we must be gone.
We'll go out to George Parr's and we'll go right to work
And we'll root out the corners where the couples do court.

For Georgie Parr's room first my course I will steer
If I'm not mistaken, there's two couples there.
There's Jimmie and Maude, please don't mention this,
But Clarence and Hilda are going to kiss.

In Billy Parr's room you'll find Marjorie and Tom
I heard her say to him, "You're lying on my arm."
They're kissing and squeezing and he's making her groan
I wish the good gracious he'd leave her alone.
Go into Jack Parr's room about half-past three
"There is another couple," cried someone to me;
I don't know who they are they're keeping so still,
But I think that the girl she comes from Sandy Hill.
So to conclude and to finish I hope you'll agree
In wishing success to this couple you see
Here's a health to Jack Holwell, likewise to his wife,
May they always live happy and enjoy a long life.



Weddings of (L to R) Anne Pone (née Antoine) to Matthew Antoine, Margaret Antoine to Sylvester Antoine, Mary Teresa Ashini to Simon Ashini, Elizabeth Andrew to Dominic Andrew, Matthew Ben Andrew to Helen Andrew, Daniel Pone (church servant), Father O'Brien and Andrew Ashini (church servant). North West River.

Labrador Gallery:

Weddings

This issue's cover inspired the following photo spread of images from a variety of collections in the Them Days Archives. While wedding styles have changed over the years, the act of marriage is always a life event to be celebrated.



Wedding day of Amos and Emma Voisey. Back row: Herbert Dicker, John Voisey, Sam Voisey, Jim Voisey, Amos Voisey. Front row: Nancy Voisey (wife to Sam,née Edmunds), Selma Voisey, (wife to John, née Lane), Amos Voisey (son of John and Selma). Voisey's Bay, c.1902-1904. Clara Voisey collection



Left: Una (Davis) and Don Saunders wedding. In background, Gordie Rendell, unknown and Frank Saunders. Happy Valley. Una Saunders photo.

Below Left: Hayward and Selma (née Webb) Haynes on their wedding day. Nain, c.1945. Sam Webb collection.







Above Right: Young couple on wedding day, Ellen Lucy and Dick Oliver. Makkovik, May 17, 1932. Alice Perrault collection.

Left: Wedding of George and Linda Harp. (LtoR) Ross King, George Harp, Linda Harp and Edna Perrett. Hopedale, 1927. Kate Hettasch collection.



Harvey and E. O. Bird on their wedding day. Cartwright. Millie Jane Davis collection.



Pat and Ruby Cabot. L'Anse au Diable, May 30, 1955. Pat and Ruby Cabot collection.



Above: Wedding of Flora Blake and Freeman Baikie. Snook's Cove. Courtesy of Roland Baikie.

Right: Raymond Letto, Marjorie Letto, Chesley Letto and Irence Belbin. L'Anse au Clair, c.1942. Marjorie Letto collection.





Wedding of John and Andrea Grieves. LtoR: Bill Andersen, Thorwald Perrault, Bill Butler, John Grieves, Andrea Grieves (née Andersen), Wilson Andersen, Peace Andersen, Harry Grieves (brother of John), Harriet Andersen, Caroline Jacques (née Andersen), Mr. Burton (minister). Makkovik, 1936. William Andersen Sr. collection.







Above Left: Wedding of Rupert Davis and Millicent Martin. LtoR: Rupert Davis, Millicent Martin, John Martin and Charlotte (Coombs) Martin. Cartwright. Clarice Hopkins collection.

Above Right: Wedding picture of Russell and Jane Chaulk. Courtesy of Elizabeth Z. Oliver.

Left: Ruth and Bill Edmunds wedding. 1959. Courtesy of Esther Sillett.



Above: Wedding of Rev. Siegfried Hettasch and his bride Frieda Hettasch, Kate Hettasch holding train. Nain, prior to 1940. Jerry and Regina Sillett collection

Right: Wedding of John Andersen and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Pardy. (LtoR) Annie Andersen (Decker), Mary (Minnie) Andersen-Broomfield, Samuel and Waldo Andersen, Lizzie (Pardy) Andersen, Bella (Perrault)Andersen, John Andersen, Harry and Elsie Broomfield, Charlotte (Lane) Andersen, Unknown, and Ollie Andersen (kneeling). Makkovik. Jim Gear and William Andersen Sr. collections.





Left: First wedding in Labrador West at the Catholic Church. June 1961. Labrador Heritage Society - Height of Land Branch collection.



Above: Wedding of Jerry Sillett and Regina Martin. Nain, c.1940's-1950's. Kate Hettasch collection

Below: Wedding of Manasse Pijogge and Ethel Deckers. Hopedale. Hilda Decker collection.



Above: Wedding of Herman Leaman and Sara Webb. Front L to R: Jim Webb, Herman Leaman, Sara Webb, Augusta Webb. Back: Max Budgell, Rev. F. W. Peacock, Liza Webb. Nain, c.1940. Julius and Rosie Ford collection.





Above: (LtoR) Philemon Blake, Burey Riche, Sid Blake, Annie Baikie, Austin Montague and Garmel McLean at Philemon's and Burey's wedding. North West River. Courtesy of Alvin Blake.

Who What Where When Why?



This photograph came to use from the Labrador Heritage Society - Height of Land Branch. If you know who the people are, or anybody else unidentified throughout this issue, please contact us using one of the methods below:

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Where In The World

Steven Rosenblatt in NYC



The Red House on Main Street

Written by LeeAnn Toomashie
Dedicated to Dave and Viola Toomashie.

In Cartwright, a green kitchen welcomed
Strangers of every kind
For breakfast, dinner or supper
Or a laugh and a good ol' time.

Their friends, new and old,
Would all gather to hear
Dave and Viola Toomashie sing
The music they held so dear.

Sunday, especially was for music –
Hymns, "Newfie', Country and blue grass.
Gramp would be cooking dinner
While Nan taught her Sunday School class.

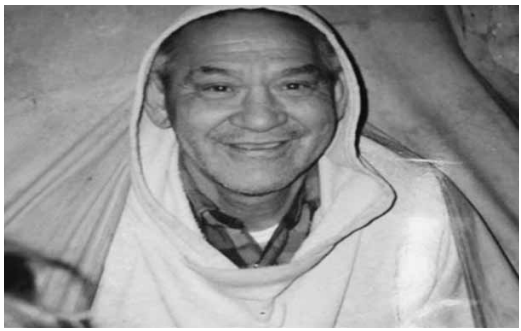
Walls covered in things homemade,
All cherished and proudly on display -
Wooden boats, dancing men, caribou tufting,
All a part of their Labrador way.

The red house is gone now, and they are gone,
But there are the beautiful memories I hold
Of these two people who loved me,
And the songs they sang, and stories that they told.



Once-in-a-Lifetime: My Trip with Archie Best

Stan Oliver
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2017



Archie Best. Courtesy of Stan Oliver

Archibald Douglas Best Jr. was born in 1935 in Mud Lake, a small community/village that is situated on the south shores of the mighty Grand River. Even today as I write this story, for the most part, the community has not physically changed for more than 100 years. It is still the home of some sixty residents who have adapted to Labrador's ever diversifying economy.

All hands that knew him (and there were many) called him Archie. He was the son of a trapper and a true Labrador woman, one of five children belonging to Douglas Best Sr. and Hannah (Michelin) Best. Like many people of Mud Lake at the time, his mum and dad lived a rather simple life, which included fishing in the summer, berry picking in the fall and, of course, trapping in the winter. His mum died when he was only eight years old. His dad was away on his trapline, roughly sixty kilometers up the Kenamu River. Archie had to gear up his toboggan and snowshoe the trek, five tilts away, to tell his dad that his wife and the mother of his children had passed away. One can only imagine how hard this must have been. To make things even more difficult, there were still three other children at home, his two sisters and one brother. Douglas Sr. still had to make a living and provide for his children. For the next number of years, Archie and his siblings learned rather quickly to look after themselves while Dad was away. They continued to live in Mud Lake and managed to fend for themselves by hunting, trapping, and fishing. Archie often told me there were many hungry days but lots of good memories.

Archie started working on the American Base in Happy Valley-Goose Bay circa 1951 at the age of sixteen years old. He was hired as a labourer "slinging cement" to build the base runway. Archie married his teenage sweetheart Marina Hopkins in October of 1964. They moved to Happy Valley in about 1967, on Cartwright Road where Archie built his own house. There they raised five children of their own: Douglas, Shirley, Pat, Marcel and Teresa. He continued to work on Base his whole professional career and retired in 1998 at the age of sixty-three years old, as one of the best heavy equipment operators around.

He could turn a dozer, snow blower or D-cat loader around on a dime and boasts he was self-taught. All the while he worked on base, Archie continued to supplement his income by hunting, fishing and of course trapping. Every fall he would take two or three weeks off and travel up the Kenamu River to Easter Point and trap beavers, marten, otters and weasels. This was a part of who he was and what he loved to do.

Archie did not always go alone. Sometimes he would take company with him, but only if they could take the hard work and be able to live the "Old Way," meaning off the land. In approximately 1995, I was lucky enough to accompany Archie to Easter Point during in late October and November to learn from one of Labrador's finest trappers.



Archie's house. Courtesy of Stan Oliver

I remember when we loaded our supplies for the extended trip. I asked Archie, "Where is the grub box and the food?" He laughed at me and said, "See those two white five-gallon plastic buckets?. That's what you are going to eat, son." Their contents included the very basics: flour, tea, pork, salt, pepper, rice, a few onions and beans. No sugar, pasta, frozen vegetables, and of course, no junk food. I lost twenty pounds in eighteen days, of which most of the time I had the diarrhea—much to the delight and laughing of Archie. He said it was because of all the wild fresh meat that my system wasn't used to. Everything while we were in the country was hard work: fetching water, getting wood, nevermind the actual setting, checking, maintaining and tending to your traps. And if you got fur (and we did manage to trap several beavers, otters and martens), there was a whole lot more work. We paddled ten to twelve kilometers a day to check, and if need be, reset or bait our twenty-five traps.

It was a learning experience and a once-in-a-lifetime trip I will never forget. I was honoured to learn from one of the last and one of the best trappers around. He taught me how to trap the old way, which included putting your trap on the ground without boxes, using homemade beaver pride instead of factory-bought scent and eating what you caught. There was no wastage, and after a long hard day, I tell you, we were happy to sit down and enjoy supper in the canvas tent. You went to bed early and Archie would be up with the kettle boiled before daylight. In spite of Archie's more modern-day lifestyle in Happy Valley-Goose Bay, he never forgot who he was and what the land meant to him. He was indeed a true son of Labrador. Archie passed away in October of 2015, ever remembered and cherished by his wife Marina, five children, seven grandchildren and five great-grandchildren.

A Builder of Community

Burton K. Janes
Bay Roberts, 2017



William Gillett.
Courtesy of Burton Janes

William Gillett, born in Humbermouth in 1906, spent forty years as a missionary in Labrador, working in Port Hope Simpson, Aillik, Postville, Charlottetown, Happy Valley-Goose Bay, and Labrador City. He served as a pastor with the Pentecostal Assemblies of Newfoundland and Labrador. Dubbed "one of the great souls of missionary history" by Pastor Eugene Vaters, he exhibited both personal foresight and initiative. He determined to focus on, not just people's spiritual needs, but also their economic and educational requirements. He was a builder of community, but also of churches, schools and sawmills.

1938: Gillett built a small church at Aillik, a traditional homestead located at the mouth of Kaipokok Bay, with easy access to salmon- and cod-jigging grounds. Three years later, he moved to an old Hudson's Bay Trading Post, known simply as "The Post," on the north shore of the bay. There he erected a second church. He spent his winters at the inland residence of Postville, conveniently located near trapping and hunting areas, and moved to the fishing station of Aillik in the summers.

1946: Responding to a lack of schooling for the children, including his sons, Gillett spearheaded the construction of a one-room school at Postville, without government funding. The building motivated most Aillik residents to move to Postville.

1948: To generate local employment, and create a firmer economic base, Gillett borrowed $1,000 from the Newfoundland government and set up a portable sawmill at Salmon Brook, using the engine from his boat to run it. A year later, he moved the operation to Shanty Brook, on the south side of the bay.

1949: Gillett established a store to save people from having to make the long and arduous trip to trade at Aillik and Hopedale. Locally cut lumber supplied the finances during the first year the outlet served the community.



Gillett's sawmill. Courtesy of Burton Janes

One of Gillett's sons operated the store until 1952, when the Newfoundland government took it over.



The school at Postville. Courtesy of Burton Janes

A few years later, the government also took over the sawmill, which, by this time, employed the entire community plus individuals from coastal Labrador during the winter. The sale of cut lumber paid for wages for fifteen men employed at cutting and sawing and five others who worked in camp maintenance. In the summer, the mill employed only six men; those not working there turned to cod fishing at Aillik.

In 1956, the logging and mill operation failed, and in 1957, the mill was destroyed by fire.

William Gillett died in 1977. Scholars have since praised his many contributions to the fabric of the Labrador communities in which he served.

Burton K. Janes can be reached at burtonj@nfld.net

I Never Used to Get Tired

Harold Goudie
Researcher: Janice Goudie
Postville, 2016



Harold Goudie at his cabin in Alchemy, 2010. Courtesy of Jimmy Goudie

JG: Tell me when you grew up here as a boy here in Postville. What was it like?

HG: It was good. I mean, you mostly played outdoors: sliding, komatik and skating. Use dogs a lot. You'd go to school with dogs sitting on your snowshoes. Yeah tripped you up sometimes.

JG: How many dogs did you used to have?

HG: I had three of 'em. A guy come from Nain, Andersen. He was from Hebron and he came to see his brother; Dan and I his three dogs see .The best dogs in Postville then. Nobody could touch me...I had good dogs. The other guys had ten. I could keep up with them.

JG: Three dogs could keep with the ten?

HG: Yeah with a load of fish on. I used to go rock codding. Three bags of fish and I could keep up with 'em coming back home.

JG: How long did you have the dogs for?

HG: Oh, I had the dogs 'til ski-doos came. I might have a couple of huskies after that, but I give 'em away, I think. Young pups.

JG: So, you were the only family of Goudies here in Postville right?

HG: The only family, yeah. Other ones left and went to Goose Bay.

JG: And how many brothers and sisters did you have?

HG: I had two sisters and one brother.

JG: They all died young, right?

HG: Yeah, died of the flu—whooping cough and diphtheria and all that. I was about four years old. I was the youngest one. Joe was eleven and the girl was ten, I think.

JG: What did your dad do? He was a trapper?

HG: He was a trapper yup. He came up from Mud Lake, and trapped down Davis Inlet and up the bay here; Kaipokok Bay.

JG: So how old were you when you went fishing?

HG: I was fourteen. We was with Uncle Tom. We had four men: his two sons and me. I jigged 700 quintals fish with a jigger one summer. We had a trap but we used to use jigger, mostly. We'd just go out off of Aillik there and jig away.

JG: So you were living in Aillik then?

HG: Yeah. We used to live in Aillik for the summer. Everybody was fishin' then, see. There wasn't many left in Postville—they used to all go fishing and come back in the fall. Used to be only the storekeeper and a few old fellas, old people, here.

JG: Were the Chards out in Aillik then?

HG: No they left a couple years before that. We took over the place then. Uncle Tom, he had the house, Chard's house. And we used the store for traps and fish. Uncle Fred and they used the store after for a house. And all the loft in the fish shed, we used that for our fish right.

JG: So when were the Newfoundlanders out there?

HG: Newfoundlanders were there a long time before that. I was only young when they came. I can remember the schooners coming in, could see the schooners on the other side eh.I could remember the last two Newfoundland girls. She was on the Bootler, the Bootler was anchored out fishing. I worked for Brinex then but we went aboard one evening. That was the last two girls.

JG: Until your boys start bringing 'em home! So when did you work for Brinex?

HG: I went to go work with Brinex in the fall, after I come back from fishing…I was sixteen then. When it was cookee right. It was cookee first year and then one of the guys got drowned…his boy/ his partner got drowned up there and they called me to go in and I went in the bush after that. ….yeah I had to take that from what he done. buddy trained me eh. He was blasting her, he drilled and blasted her where trenches used to find; uranium drill it out and sample it.

JG: That was a good job. How long did you do that?

HG: I was with em twelve summers.

JG: So then you would've been in your twenties?

HG: Yeah…it wasn't much work going on then. Brinex was just about finishing up. I was in Goose Bay looking for a job. But they called me and said they

had work for me. They said get ready to board the plane, you're going to go to Saglek. I said ok. They didn't tell me they was having trouble with the people in there quitting. And we landed and the pilot looked at me and said by, they're all French. I loved em, I mean they was great. I stayed there 'til late fall until the last couple men come up…they had a book that's all I went by was a little book.

JG: So, what was wrong—people couldn't understand them?

HG: No, they couldn't understand them, I don't think. They wasn't Canadian; they was from France.

JG: And what were they doing here?

HG: They were prospecting Saglek. Yeah that's the ones doing all the uranium… they had all the equipment, everywhere. they used to prospect right out here.

JG: That must have been something—watching 'em prospect and find stuff?

HG: Yeah we used to go with 'em… machines on their back. It was like a gun strapped on…and it would screech…it was uranium. The guns screeched out, and you'd see the hand go up. They found something; showing you. You start digging then, see how far it go.

JG: When did start working at the power plant?

HG: I started work in 1970, I think. I was there thirty years. I came back and they want me go Power Plant. I put my name in and they took it. I was working on the road when I got a call…that's all they had them days, projects.

JG: But you never wanted to leave here, you stuck around here. Even convinced Mrs. Goudie to move here.

HG: Yeah…I met her when I worked with Brinex. Me and Uncle Len [McNeill] went over one night. I watched her…I seen her before, see, in North West River. They had a dorm and they had an old bull and it was in like a pen and you couldn't go in the dorm because the bull used to go around. And I seen her go in the dorm and I was afraid to take a chance on it—the bull was there right?! I didn't know if I'd get over the fence or he'd run after me.

Then I met her when me and Uncle Len used to work a lot together. He wanted to go Makkovik one night, that's when I met her. But I was asking the boys—was anybody getting around her? No, they said. I said okay, I'll give her a try.

JG: How long you been married now?

HG: Forty-five years now.

JG: Wow. Long time. So tell me again about the spy in Aillik.

HG: The spy! Old Mrs. Jeffers. I really don't know what she was. She used to be around Aillik when the radar station was there.

JG: So Aillik wasn't just for fishing but there was a radar station?

HG: There was a radar station at the point other side eh. You go there into the canteen, GIs used to come over and bring bars and coke to us.

JG: Yeah so she would come and just hang out, she just lived there?

HG: Yeah she lived with us for summer.

JG: So what did she tell you when she arrived?



Shirley and Harold Goudie on their wedding day. Makkovik, June 27, 1971. Courtesy of the Goudie family

HG: She didn't say anything she just came for… what she used to do was send clothes and that. She used to be very good to the people. She was very good with people but I mean she wasn't smart looking woman.

JG: And she would go up and down the coast?

HG: She used to go Makkovik up and down the coast. I don't know how far she went north but I know she was in Makkovik, Postville and Aillik.

Jerry: Who did she stay with when she was here?

HG: Here I can't remember now, I know she stayed with somebody.

JG: There's a story about a cake, about Makkovik and you guys and the cake. What's that story?

HG: Oh, that was a ball game—soccer game! We were supposed to get the cake, but never got him. We beat Makkovik that time, beat 'em bad.

JG: So your prize was a cake?

HG: Yeah, they was supposed to give us a cake yeah. We had a good soccer team, really good. We'd play every night. Come home, do the chores. It was dark in the night when you'd finish soccer. Play all night 'til it was too late.

JG: So you'd play on a field?

HG: Yeah, down against the school. Beat the snow down hard. We'd play all winter.

Jerry: So how'd you come to play that game? Did they challenge you, or was that something that happened every year?

HG: In Makkovik? Yep, every year. We used to have soccer with them every year.

Jerry: And every year was the same prize?



Norma (Sheppard) Lane, Harriet Andersen, Harriet McNeill (girl), Shirley (McNeill) Goudie and Harold Goudie, Carl Sheppard, Rupert McNeill and Joas Onalik playing the tuba. Having a tuba player at the wedding has become a Goudie family tradition. Makkovik, June 27, 1971.
Courtesy of the Goudie family

HG: No, that was only a cake that year. They wasn't really into soccer, see, they was just learning. But we was good at it right. We had to be, that was all we done!

JG: So they stole your cake?

HG: I don't know what they done with the cake. Maybe!

JG: You just never, ever got it!

HG: No, never got it.

Jerry: Do you remember what the score was?

HG: I can't remember, no. Bad, I think! We were only like rookies the other guys were wicked by. George Lane and Amos Jacque and all them old fellers played soccer. Pastor used to play. When he saw us playing, he used to come out. Boy, he was rough.

JG: What pastor was that then?

HG: Pastor Gillett. Rough. Didn't mind knocking us down.

JG: Lots changed, I guess?

HG: Oh yes, a lot changed now. You don't see kids out no more, playing soccer. We never had no television…we used to play soccer all the time. And we'd clear off the rink and play hockey on the ice out there. We used to haul a barrel with a komatik and flood it. That's hard work! Everybody worked to get it done, or you'd never get it done. Now you can't get nobody to shovel the rink off without a snowblower!

Jerry: So what kind of stuff used to happen this time of year now, years ago? You had the military used to come in, did you? To do the drop.

HG: That was the best part of our Christmas when we was young, because you never had no candy, no pencils, or anything. That's what they'd have, see: pencils, candy, chocolate, oranges, and that. They did a good job too, with the drop. All stuffed in a big basket, netted together. We'd run in, when they'd be coming. They use to let us know from Goose Bay, we'd run out and put a fire on. Because they had to know which way the smoke was blowing before they'd drop, see.

Jerry: Run in to where?

HG: You know where the airstrip is to? In on that marsh.



Harold and his mother, Mary (McNeill) Goudie when he worked at Brinex.
Courtesy of the Goudie family

JG: Oh, so they'd drop it up on the hill, not on the bay.

HG: Oh, no, it'd go in the water. It wouldn't be frozen sometimes. They used to drop sometimes before Christmas right. I supposed they'd come up before the weather get too bad. Sometimes the parachute got tangled in a tree, and they'd have to cut it down.

JG: So did you used to travel much to other communities up and down the coast?

HG: Hopedale and Makkovik, mostly.

JG: And you'd do that by dog team?

HG: Yeah, by dog team. It took ten hours, I s'pose.

JG: So you'd really have to go for a reason.

HG: Yeah, and you'd have to run, too, run like the dogs. It was cold sat down! So you'd get off and run. You'd run halfway to Hopedale, alongside the komatik.

JG: Must have been some fit and some strong!

HG: Oh yeah, very fit, eh. I never used to get tired. When we was with Brinex, we used to walk five miles, ten miles a day, five in and five out. You'd take your drill, ninety pounds on your back, and I'm not a big man. I'd take that and walk five miles with that, put that down. The next day you'd go with a case of dynamite. And the buddy'd carry the cap behind you right. A couple of days before you got to drill with jack hammer.

JG: So you'd have to bring it all in by hand.

HG: Yeah, no chopper then. And then they were in them little ol' bubble helicopters, you ever see them?

JG: Yeah, on M*A*S*H.

HG: M*A*S*H! That's the one they had. Couldn't have lift much, a few rods. At that time, Vietnam, the war, was just about over. And the only pilots they had was from Vietnam, all American, Vietnam pilots. They'd been shot down, you'd hear the story they'd been shot down.

JG: So you seen a lot of different people come and go in Labrador.

HG: Yes, 'twas no Newfoundlander pilots then. There was a couple Swedes and all the rest were Americans, and British. Because that was the older pilots coming off from Vietnam, they'd come fly down here. We'd get a lot of them. Some of them were nice fellers, b'y. Made good friends. I was in the bush one day, and I told him I wanted some magazines! He put us down, I said, "Pick up some magazines when you goes back?" He said, "Okay, I'll bring you some." The next day I went back in, he had the magazines—Playboy! He said "How's the American girl?" Told him "Not so good as the Labrador!"

JG: Sounds like there were always people coming and going from somewhere, coming down to Labrador.

HG: You meet a lot of them. I've had a lot of friends, see, a lot of pilots. I've been flying with a lot of pilots, and they come from Nova Scotia, and Newfoundland on the last of it. Americans disappeared after that. Some of them were rough. Old Charlie! Boy, he was some crooked. He was from Sweden. Don't know if he was in a war or what, but boy, he was rough.

Jerry: You ever work in Goose Bay?

HG: Yep. I worked in the cafeteria on the American side. I worked on the Canadian side as janitor

JG: How long were you up there?

HG: One year. Lots of soldiers there. The British and Americans, lot of people.

JG: That's when you came back to work for Brinex?



Back: Sandy Goudie, Madison Goudie, Isabelle Goudie, Timothy Goudie (in hat), Emilie Broomfield, Jerry Goudie, Shirley Goudie, Jimmy Goudie, Harold Goudie. Front: Ethan Goudie, Joan Goudie, Sidney Goudie, Jaxon Broomfield. Postville, December 2017. \ Courtesy of the Goudie family

HG: Yep. Never went back after, not Goose.

Jerry: Where'd you stay to when you were there? Did you live on the Base?

HG: No, McKinney's Library. The McKinneys had a library there. That's where she stayed. She's American. She had a house. The Americans made that for her, see. That's where we boarded, four of us. Me and Bill, two fellows from Newfoundland—St. Anthony, somewhere.

JG: I suppose you saw a lot of boats, schooners come in too, like over the years, a lot of different ones.

HG: Yeah, a lot of different boats. Met a lot of different captain. Captain Gillett, he came in one night and the boys "Told me to go out," he said. I showed him a place down there off, that's where we anchored. An army boat. Big crew on her. You'd see them all the time.

JG: And the Kyle?

HG: The Kyle, yep. You'd see the smoke coming in Aillik.

JG: So she'd come in and get your fish?

HG: No, she come in with passengers to Aillik. Sam Chard had stuff taken off, see. He had a lot of his freight on there.

JG: And then what would happen to the fish? Like would people come in and gather the fish?

HG: Yeah, schooners come took the fish back. Used to have schooners come in

the fall, take all the fish. They couldn't stay on the Aillik side, they had to go around cause it was rough. The wind come up, and they'd anchor over on the other side, in the Big Cove. And they had ol steam winches back in them days, not by electric. Them ol' ones with the big wheel. Hauling anchor, hauling and hoisting freight.

JG: A lot of work.

HG: Yeah, you'd hear them going, the smoke. Big ol' wheel on 'en. I can't remember the schooner's name. He only had two or three crew, cook and one man. He had about 300 hogs' salt unloaded in Aillik. So me and Piercy unloaded 200 hogs of salt. B'y, he was rough. Good ol' man, though. But that's the way he was right. Ches Templeman, his name was. And when he got to AIllik, he had to take that all up by bucket. You'd go down in the boat, the ol boat had a hole in her. You'd fill up that hole with salt, and then you'd take it all out by buckets, hand by hand.

Jerry: It was all loose? Just loose salt?

HG: Yeah, just lift the bucket up, pass it to the next man on the stage, and another man'd heave it up and dump it.

JG: How many bucket loads would they take off?

HG: They had a big ol' barrel thing, used to dump it over, one of those old kegs, molasses things, cut off. Half of them. Dump that in the boat, and then you had to unload it. We'd be at it all night! Daylight in the morning, taking shifts. Everyone who could lift a bucket had to work.

Jerry: They came with a schooner of salt. Did they go back with a load?

HG: No, salt was the first one to come. That was the first load. She'd go back after she unloaded. She'd go back empty. No fish, see? She'd come back with supplies. She'd go back, and next time she come back she'd take fish.

JG: Who were you working for then?

HG: That was Sam Chard's crowd then.

Jerry: How old were you then?

HG: I was about twelve, thirteen. You had to work then, b'y. Work. Everybody who could lift a bucket had to be there. That's the way you got it done. Somedays they'd come from Makkovik to help us. Makkovik used to send a crowd over, help unload the salt. They'd all be clung on alongside the wharf, Makkovik, Postville, working away. Then you got Bar Harbour, you'd have to go up there, help them unload, and Black Island too.

The Start of the Labrador Heritage Cup Dog Team Races

Richard Learning
Nova Scotia, 2016



At the Heritage Cup Dog Team Race. Bridget Blake in white sweater. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 1980.

Judy McGrath photo

As I remember, in the fall of 1979, I was sitting at home one day and I got a phone call from Jim Kelland, the owner of *The Labradorian*. He asked me if I knew when the last dog team race was held in Happy Valley. I told him I didn't. Then he started talking about starting up the dog team races again and would I be interested in doing it? I said, "Why don't you do it?" and this is his answer: "It would be better for a person from Labrador to start it again." Then Jim said he wanted it called the Labrador Heritage Cup Dog Team Race. I told him I would think about it.

I was working in the firehall on the former USAF base at the time as a firefighter. Karl Saunders and I used to drive to work together, since we worked on the same shift in the firehall. We were driving to work this morning when I mentioned to Karl that Jim Kelland called and asked me if I would be interested in starting up the dog team races in Happy Valley. Then I told Karl that Jim wanted to call it the Labrador Heritage Dog Team Race, and we would award a trophy. Karl just listened, and when I asked, "If I was to start it, would you help out?" Karl said yes. I would head it up, with the help of my wife Betty, and Karl and his wife Cecilia would help.

How to start? I had some idea, but never done anything like this before and I didn't know of anyone who had a dog team in the Valley at the time. I mentioned it at work, and one of the guys said, "Max Blake has a dog team." It wasn't long before I was calling Max Blake and told him the idea that Jim Kelland had. I told him that Karl and myself was going to get it started. Max was interested in racing, but couldn't help out at that time with getting it started. So I started making phone calls along the north and south coasts of Labrador, trying to find

out who had a dog team. In Makkovik, there was Hubert Groves, and in Postville, there was Douglas Jacque. In southern Labrador, I got the names of Dennis Burden and Dwayne Russell. I ended up talking with Dwayne Russell. I asked him if they were having dog team races down there and he said no, there wasn't any. I asked him what he thought of the dog team races being started again up in Labrador. He liked the idea. I mentioned there would be a trophy with the winner's name on the cup. It was the same thing I told the other two up north. My plan was to have the first one in Happy Valley, and then send the trophy to other communities to let them organize the next year's races and so on.



Tabea Jararuse watching the Heritage Cup Dog Team Race. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 1980. Judy McGrath photo

Well now, how to organize a dog team race for Happy Valley? How do I get the word out, where to hold the races, how to advertise and when will the races be held? The spring was the best time, during Easter break and it would be held at the Centennial Centre at the back of the Valley, which was suggested by Jim Kelland. Karl and I set the date and we were all ready to go. Now we had to have a trophy and someone to donate it. The first one I thought of was Melvin Woodward. So I called the Woodward Group of Companies and the secretary put me in touch with Peter Woodward. I explained to Peter what I wanted the trophy for. He didn't have any problem with donating the trophy for this good cause. He told me to pick out the trophy I wanted and the company would pay for it. I went to see Paul Williams, who had a trophy business, and told him what was in the works. Paul picked out the trophy he thought would be the best for the dog races: a large cup with a big base, I liked it and he ordered it for us.

The next thing was to promote the races and get people interested. Jim Kelland put it in his paper to promote it. Then I called CBC, and who should come on the phone but Winston White. I explained to Winston about starting up the Heritage Dog Team Races here in the Valley and the Cup was meant to go all over Labrador eventually. Winston was excited about the idea and he took it from there. Winston had it on the radio as much as he could. So the Heritage Cup was on its way. We had a large trophy paid for by the Woodward Group of Companies. And we got donations for prizes and a few dollars for the top three winners ($50, $100, and $300) Not big money, but it was the best we could do at the time.



Presentation of Heritage cup. Hubert Groves, Max Blake, Morris Chaulk, Ches Dyson, At the Heritage Cup Dog Team Race. Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 1980. Judy McGrath photo

Then the big day had arrived in the spring of 1980. Bernice Heard called me to say she had come up with the idea of the best dressed dog harness. And we had a weight hauling contest and a one-dog race for children. There were small prizes for these like a bag of dog food. Then the main dog team race with the trophy to be won would be the last event. The three main teams were Max Blake, Dietrich Holeiter, and my father, Jim Learning. The driver had to have three dogs in order to race.

The little races took place first. The one dog race was won by my nephew, Jason Learning, with his Golden Hair Retriever. I can't remember who won the other contests. We had a small crowd but a fun day. The winner of the Heritage Cup was to take it home for a while, and after that it had to be displayed in a public place. Max Blake was the winner and so he got to take it home. Well, we never got a chance to put in a public place in Happy Valley. Max moved to Rigolet and took the Heritage Cup with him. No problem, as long as he displayed it in a public place. After all, it was the Labrador cup.

The next year, the race was held in Rigolet and Max was in charge. As far as I know, Max kept it alive encouraging the races. I forgot all about the Heritage Cup 'til one spring I got a call from Mayor Art Williams telling me that the Heritage Cup Race was going to be held in North West River. He was inviting Karl and me to present the trophy, which we did. I haven't been keeping track of the trophy, but no doubt it went all up and down the Labrador coast with many proud winners. To me, bringing back the Labrador husky dog by having races was a good thing because at the time I felt that they were on there way out. The people of Labrador once depended on the Labrador husky for transportation, hunting and hauling their wood in the winter time to keep their homes warm.











This page and opposite: Scenes from the Labrador Heritager Dog Team Race c.1980

Top left: Morris Chaulk presenting the Heritage Cup to Hubert Groves. Top right: Winnie and Tabea Jararuse.





Dog Days

Max Blake
Happy Valley-Goose Bay, 2017



Mike Best, Hubert Groves, Max Blake at the Heritage Cup. Courtesy of Max Blake

When I was growing up in Happy Valley, back in the 1950s and 1960s, it was a lot different than it is today. There weren't many Newfoundlanders here like we have today—most of the people were Labradorians. Most of the people was Lake Melville people from our Lake Melville communities and homesteads. The other Labrador people were from the north coast and the Cartwright areas. Most all of the Labrador people had dog teams for hauling wood, hunting and fishing. When we went to school, we would have to get off of the road quite often to let a dog team go past. Up at Hudson's Bay Company Store there used to be dog teams left over in front of Uncle Alvin Michelin's house, by people that were in the store shopping. In the evenings, all of the dogs in the Valley would start howling at the same time. It only lasted for a few minutes and it all was over until the next day.

I can remember going fishing across Goose Bay to Woody Island with Ronny Groves and his father Gerald Groves when we were small boys on a mild day in the spring. It seemed like we were flying along fast down in Goose Bay channels when a mole came out on the ice and the dogs gave chase. The dogs did not catch the mole. Gerald told us if we had a moleskin money box we would never go broke.

I was fourteen when I got my first dog team. Ike Rich gave me two dogs and Dick Tooktoshina gave me two dogs. My friends William Wolfrey and Wilson Williams lived across the road from me with their father Edgar Wolfrey. They all had a team of dogs each too. I used to go hunting and fishing with Wilson

and William on our teams. We used to go up to the American dump all of the time getting dogs feed and then go down around the bay hunting and fishing.



Max with one of his dogs and the Heritage Cup.
Courtesy of Max Blake

When I was fourteen, my mother and father separated and I became a man. When I was fifteen, I went to northern Ontario working for INCO, in a nickel mill. I left my dogs with Herb Campbell, and when I came back again when I was sixteen, Herb had given my dogs away. In 1977, I started raising pure-bred Labrador Huskies and selling them. I kept a team of seven dogs that I used for hunting, fishing, and hauling wood. In the late 1970s and 1980s, I was very active in the Labrador Heritage Dog Team Races; I won three Heritage Races in all. After a while though, my dogs became too old for racing and I only used them for hunting and hauling wood. I kept a dog team up until sometime in the 1980s when I began working on shrimp trawlers off of Greenland. The dogs became too much of a bother for Bridget when I was gone for months at a time, so I had to get rid of them. Now today all I have are pictures, memories, and dreams of my dog teams.



Heading out seal hunting with Peter Adams. April 25, 1974.
Courtesy of Max Blake

I Was Born in Okak Bay

Nellie Winters
Makkovik, 2017

I was born in 1938 in Okak Bay, that's about 200 miles north of Nain. My parents were Hans and Jane Andersen. My parents had eight children but there's only two of us left now—me and my brother Harold.

This story is about having to leave our home in 1956. The Government decided to relocate people and families from Okak Bay, Nutak and Hebron.

This was our home all of our lives. Our parents or any of the other residents did not have a say in the relocation. They did have a meeting in Hebron with Elders to tell them families would have to move to other communities. They had the meeting in the Church and Inuit people are not going to do any arguing in God's House. I think that is why they had it in the church. The Government said everyone had to be ready in two weeks to leave, in July 1956.

It was very hard on people to have to get ready and leave their homes and only take what they had time to pack up. Leave everything they had worked so hard for.

It was a good hunting place, lots of wild life, char, fish, deer meat, seals. Everyone knew the hunting places and trapping grounds.

Every one of the relocatees were sent to different locations – Nain, Hopedale, Makkovik, North West River, and Happy Valley, Labrador. Those communities were not ready to receive these people. There were not homes ready as the Government had promised. The relocatees were given building supplies but just the minimum and had to build their own home. Some people were still in tents in the fall (November). In Makkovik,there were families kind enough to take people in until they had their houses built. Every family that moved had to take their dogs because that's the way we got around them days.

Men and women that were sick and in the hospital in St Anthony in Newfoundland never had a chance to go back to their home community, because when they were released from the hospital their families had already been relocated so they had to go to the place their families were relocated to.

If anyone is wondering how we got our health care, there was a wonderful doctor from North West River called Dr .Paddon. He travelled to all the coast once every summer on the boat called the *Maraval*. They had everything aboard that boat—x-ray machines. Everyone was x-rayed. He was also a dentist. He looked after all that in that line. And if anyone was real sick, he took them on that boat to the hospital in North West River. If they were sick enough, like TB

them days, people would be sent on to the hospital in St Anthony. Them days we didn't hear from our people that went to the hospitals because there were no phones, no communication.

When people from Okak Bay, Nutak, and Hebron got to their new communities, the hunters and fishermen had to start all over again where to hunt and fish and this was very hard on them.

My father, Hans Andersen, and Henoche Lampe was the mailmen by dog team. They travelled from Nutak to Nain and back, then to Hebron and back, sometimes they were gone a month.

Everyone in Okak Bay and Nutak knew one another, shared things with one another, like wild life, and fish and helped each other at work. And then all at once families were sent to different places. Families were even separated. One sister might have been sent to Nain, and her brother to North West River. It was forty years after that we got an apology from the government. By then, a lot of the older people were passed on. I hope this never happens again.

Back them days, families did work with the seasons of the year. In the spring, men made flats (boats) for hauling nets, and getting ready for the char. They salted chars in barrels and puncheons (big round barrels). Sold their catches to the Government. Summer from July to October,everyone would go Cutthroat fishing, salting fish and drying them on the Bond. In the fall they would sell the salted fish to the Government.

In the fall they would put the seal nets out, save the meat for dogs. The women cleaned the skin to make seal skin boots that they sold to the Government store for $1.00 a pair.

In the winter men would trap for fur. Make komatiks (sleds), trout nets, snowshoes, haul wood. And the women would make tents and sew and get ready for the spring.

I never went back home to Okak Bay for fifty-eight years. In my mind I wanted to, but I just couldn't. I was having a family, a big family of eleven, and I had to rear them up and work besides. So that was fifty-eight years. But I'm so thankful to the ones that got me down there, like Andrea Procter and Jamie Brake. In 2015, I went to Nain and then we flew down on chopper, to Okak Bay and Nutak. We were only there for four hours. I was surprised to see how grown up my home was. It didn't look the same. You couldn't even see the places where the houses were. It still is beautiful.

Aunt Nellie gave this speech in Montreal at the 40th Annual Conference of the Society of Ethnobiology earlier in 2017.

The Sked

Chris Charland
Senior Associate Air Force Historian
North Bay, ON



The Cosmo. Courtesy of Chris Charland

Long before the construction of the Trans-Labrador Highway, the two primary means of getting to Goose Bay were either by ship or aircraft. For many dependants of R.C.A.F. personnel in the 1960s, their posting to Goose Bay began with a scheduled flight on the Canadair CC-109 Cosmopolitan.

The Aircraft

The Canadian-built Canadair CL-66 Cosmopolitan was a twin turboprop medium range transport plane based on the piston-engined Convair CV-440 design. After the installation of turbine engines, the aircraft was re-designated the Convair CV-540. The new aircraft was given the Canadair designation CL-66. The Royal Canadian Air Force received the first of thirteen aircraft on April 19, 1960. They were designated as the CC-109 by the RCAF. The Cosmopolitan, better known simply as Cosmo, was originally powered by a pair of British Napier Elands. They were described eloquently as a "plumber's nightmare!" In 1966, eight aircraft were re-engined with the Allison T56 turbine engines.

The engine powered such notable aircraft as the Lockheed P-3 Orion and Lockheed Hercules. I can personally attest as to the difference in performance, particularly on take-off and while climbing. One distinct feature of the Cosmo was that the seats faced to the rear. You could never see where you were going but could sure see where you had been.

The Squadron

No. 412 'Falcon' (Transport) Squadron was based at RCAF Station Uplands (Ottawa), Ontario. Its main role was that of flying VIPs. The squadron operated a wide variety of aircraft including the famous Canadair North Star, Canadair Yukon and de Havilland Comet. Speaking of the Comet, the Royal Canadian Air Force was the first military in the world to use pure-jet transports.

We're off to the Goose

SF19 (Service Flight 19) was the inbound flight to Goose Bay every Wednesday. The flight back to Dorval was designated as SF20 (Service Flight 20).

The Cosmo normally departed R.C.A.F. Station Uplands (Ottawa), Ontario at 07:00 hours, with arrival to Dorval at 07:30 hours. Of the forty-eight seats in

the aircraft, only approximately nineteen were allocated for passengers. The scheduled departure from Dorval was at 09:00 hours with an arrival time of 13:10 hours Goose Bay time.

As with any flight, Mother Nature dictates whether you get off the ground on time or sit around for who-knows-how-long. There were no rations or quarters available at Dorval. People were advised to make sure they had sufficient funds to last for a full week. Occasionally, priority freight would be a cause for a delayed departure. When we were posted to Goose from RCAF Station Saskatoon in June, 1964, we stayed at a motel just off the airport property. I can still remember breakfast being brought to us at 06:30. After the young man dropped off our food and smiled as he accepted a generous tip from my father, we took the covers off the plates. Everything was ice cold. Not to mention that someone neglected to send any butter with toast that looked like it been burnt beyond all recognition by a Second World War flame thrower.

We left Dorval onboard Cosmo serial number 11159. I checked my cheap watch, which I forgot to wind more often than not. Wheels up at exactly 09:00 hours just as advertised. We ran into some very rough turbulence about twenty minutes west of Goose. The pilots made a very rapid descent from 17,000 feet which panicked a few people. Other than having to pry my mother's hands of the arm rests, it was a grand flight and the first of many.

Personal Reflections

I used to love flying on the Cosmo. The steward would make his rounds of the passengers handing out fresh -baked cookies to anyone who wanted them. For some reason, there would always be leftovers and I invariably ended up with them.

The aircraft commander used to pass around a sheet with all the information about the flight and a map on the other side with the route drawn out in pen. I have quite a collection of them now.

I also remember how good the box lunches were that Flight Feeding prepared. Some of the best fried chicken I ever ate was made by the talented cooks at the Mess Hall in Goose Bay.

During Christmas, special flights would be laid on from Goose to Uplands. The Christmas flights were very popular and many people would be disappointed when their no seats left.

Fresh produce was flown in to Goose aboard the Cosmo. Fruit, vegetables and in particular, meat were much sought after items at the Station Grocery Store come Thursday mornings. On more than one occasion, someone would get distracted and have their shopping cart raided. No wonder some people were so eager to get out of the store as quick as possible!

Then and Now



Village of Postville. 1991. Doris Saunders photo



Postville, 2016. Janice Goudie photo