



Heritage Foundation  
Newfoundland & Labrador

#006

# *Stories From the Heart*

Tales collected by the  
2018 Oral History Workshop

Edited by Katherine Harvey  
& Dale Jarvis



ORAL HISTORY ROADSHOW SERIES



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**2018 Oral History Workshop**

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*Oral History Roadshow Series #006*



Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador  
Intangible Cultural Heritage Office  
St. John's, NL, Canada

Layout / design by Jessie Meyer

**2018**

# Introduction



*Marilyn Marsh: You were just finishing up your story telling me about the night of your honeymoon. You went to the lady and had to stay with her through her delivery until 8 o'clock in the morning.*


*Gwen LeGrow: That's right. I remember that she had a baby boy and after that, of course I walked back to the boarding house where I lived and got back into bed with Reg!*

*MM: And he was still waiting!*

*Gwen LeGrow: So that was our wedding night! Not very many people go out to a maternity case on their wedding night!*

*From an interview with Nurse Gwen Legrow, conducted by Marilyn Marsh of the School of Nursing, part of the "Nursing Traditions" oral history collection on Memorial University's Digital Archives Initiative.*

Our oral traditions and expressions are used to pass on knowledge, cultural and social values, and our collective memories. They play a crucial part in keeping cultures alive, and documenting and celebrating our oral traditions is an important part of the work of the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador's Intangible Cultural Heritage office.



As part of our ongoing Collective Memories program, we have been teaching community members the skills and techniques needed to properly document, transcribe, and archive our oral history. For the second year in a row, a group of heritage enthusiasts met Wednesday nights through January to learn the basics of oral history and folklore interviewing.

The course was open to anyone with interest in local history, culture, and folklore, and who wished to learn more about safeguarding our cultural heritage through the medium of oral histories. Our students came from a variety of backgrounds, and were curious about oral history for a number of reasons, wanting to learn more so they could pursue their own interests in shipwrecks, audio recording, theatre, community development, family, and military history.

One of the goals of the course was to have participants work collaboratively to create a finished oral history project. Last year's course focused on the hidden and secret worlds of childhood; this year's course delved in the world of love in its many-splendored forms. After listening to examples of archival oral history interviews, participants sallied forth to collect memories of first dates, love gone wrong, marriage and dating, personal passions, and schoolyard crushes.

These are their stories, told from the heart.

*Dale Jarvis*

## *About Our Storytellers*

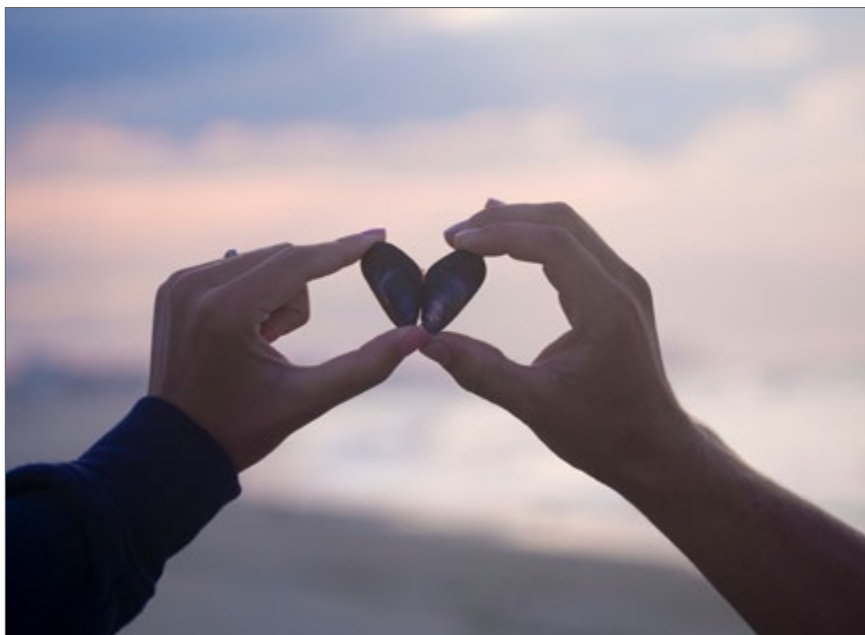



Photo by Aaron Burden. Source: [unsplash.com](https://unsplash.com)

**Margaret Barrett**, née Gilbert, was born in Carbonear on December 14, 1930. She lived in Carbonear until she was four then her family moved to Harricott, St. Mary's Bay as part of the Land Settlement Program. Margaret remembers swimming in the river down on the flats, playing marbles, making hay, and baking bread. She moved to town for work in her teens and started working in the dining room at the Waterford Hospital (Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases). After leaving her job at the Waterford Hospital, Margaret went to work at a laundry before marrying Nathan Barrett in 1950. The pair raised ten




children and have been married for sixty-eight years. Margaret and Nathan recently celebrated their wedding anniversary with family and friends on February 2, 2018.

**Adele Carruthers** was born in 1964 in Corner Brook, Newfoundland, but grew up the Town of Logy Bay-Middle Cove-Outer Cove. She attended MUN and has a conjoint degree – B.A., B.Ed. with a major in linguistics. Adele always had a keen interest in languages and international cooking. She lived in Toronto for thirteen years and returned home in 2001. She currently lives in St. John's and has two grown children.

**Walter Day** was born in St John's on June 22, 1960, but only because there was no hospital in Portugal Cove, where he has lived his entire life. He began fishing at fourteen, and went to sea at the age of sixteen. He was a fisherman for forty-two years in the family business until an injury caused him to retire early. He has been married to Brenda (née Butler) since 1984.

**Kathleen Dicks**, née Quinlan, was born in Clarke's Beach on January 5, 1927, during a snowstorm. She began teaching at a one-room schoolhouse in Halls Town in 1944, where she worked for four years before moving to Fleur-de-Lys. After marrying Gus Dicks in 1949, she became seriously ill with an as-yet-unknown ailment and was in and out of hospitals on the verge of death for seven years. After she recovered, following a series of life-saving surgeries, she was asked to go on an inspirational speaking tour but declined. In 1967, she went back to work, first as a proofreader at the Western Star and later as a receptionist at Western Memorial Regional Hospital.




**Brenda Fordam** was born in St. John's, Newfoundland, but moved to Ontario when she was eleven with her parents and six brothers. She graduated from Seneca College in King's City in 1988 with a diploma in Early Childhood Education. She returned to Newfoundland in 1989, and is currently a Student Assistant that works one-on-one with children with special needs at Holy Heart Regional High School. Brenda lives in St. John's, with her husband, Barry, her daughter, Chloe, and son, Shane. Brenda loves living in Newfoundland and feels blessed to be surrounded by so much love from her family and friends.

**Jeff Hodder** was born and raised in St. John's, Newfoundland. His parents were Arthur and Eddie Hodder. Jeff has a passion for the outdoors and enjoys many activities including salmon fishing, moose hunting, and cod fishing. His hobbies include flying float planes and boating. Jeff loves to share his passion for the Newfoundland outdoors with others.

**Dan Lasby** was born and raised in Manitoba, lived and studied in Ontario, and then moved to Newfoundland where he resides today. He is a performer, writer, and theatre artist, as well as a retail manager. He can be seen regularly on stages across the St. John's metro area, and he currently lives in St. John's with his wife, Tanya, and their three children.

**Julia Mayo** is a retired Petty Officer with the US Navy. One of her first postings was to Argentia, Newfoundland, where she worked as an analyst tracking Soviet submarines at the end of the Cold War. She stayed at the old BEQ combined quarters, where she would meet her future husband. A wife, mother,





and self-professed “reader for life,” Julia is currently a Library Assistant at the Marjorie Mews Library in St. John’s. She has been instrumental in fostering a partnership with the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador to run a series of very successful Memory Mug Up programs, inviting community seniors to the library to share their memories of yesteryear. Julia was also our guinea-pig for the oral history course, and graciously volunteered to come to the class to be our sacrificial oral history interviewee.

***Sonia Neary-Harvey*** was born and raised on Bell Island, Newfoundland. She is a retired elementary school teacher. Having completed her Bachelor’s in Education, she returned to school when she was in her fifties to complete a Masters in Special Education. She volunteers regularly with her church and is an Associate of the Sisters of Mercy. She currently resides in St. John’s, Newfoundland.

***Heather Pretty*** was born on Scott Air Force Base, Illinois in 1975. She grew up in Anchorage, Alaska with her parents and sister. She went to Willamette University in Oregon, and then to the University of Washington in Seattle, where she studied library science. Her career as a librarian has taken her to the National Library of Medicine in Maryland, to McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, to England, and finally to Memorial University in St. John’s. She shares her life in Portugal Cove with her husband Michael and two daughters, Helen and Josie.

# 68 Years

As told by Margaret Barrett  
Interviewed by Terra Barrett

The first time I met [Nathan] I was over in Bishop's Cove babysitting, and I went down to his grandfather's to get something for the woman that I was babysitting with. I was a little bit shy when I got what I wanted. I left and went back over the path quite fast.

I didn't see him anymore until I was working in the Mental, and there was a girl there from Spaniard's Bay, and his buddy was from Spaniard's Bay. I don't know how Jean got in touch with Cliff but anyway they wanted a buddy for Nathan.

So we came out on the bus. We were working in the Mental and the bus used to bring us out and drop off down on Water Street by the post office. Nathan and Cliff were down by the post office waiting for us.

We didn't double date. I don't know where Cliff and Jean went but we just walked back into the park I think – I'm not sure. No probably we didn't because it was in the winter, or the fall, late fall. I don't remember if he tried to hold my hand. That was a long while ago.

Then the next time he went, I went out with him for a little while and then he went on and I went on my way. He went to Hamilton, and that Christmas he sent me a Christmas card. I sent him one, and then he wrote me, and I wrote him back.

Then he came home from Hamilton the first time in February. So he called me and I went out with him for a night or two and then that was it. He went back to Hamilton again.

I never heard from him after.

Anyway, I left working in the Mental then and went out working to the laundry. I was boarding on Topsail Road, myself and my friend Evelyn Roberts she was then. One night we went down, I had an Uncle to the old General Hospital. We went down to see him, and we walked from the General back up.

Wright's was a place on Lemarchant Road where you go and get ice cream and that. We went in there and his self was there. So he walked home with us.

And that was it. We started going steady after that.



Nathan and Margaret Barrett  
on their wedding day.



Nathan and Margaret Barrett.  
Photo by Terra Barrett. 2017.

# *First Impressions*

As told by Heather Pretty  
Interviewed by Neil Burgess

My name is Heather Pretty. I'm originally from the United States. I was born on Scott Air Force Base, which is in Illinois. But I don't associate myself with being from Illinois. When I was young, before I have any memories, we moved to Alaska and I lived in two different locations in Anchorage, Alaska.




Heather Pretty.

I moved to Hamilton, Ontario for a year. And while I was there, I was working with the evidence-based journals group and also worked in the health sciences library there at McMaster University. So living and working there, it was nice to have the second year of the program I was in, but I was going to this place where I didn't know anybody.

My family was planning to go to Mexico at Christmastime. My sister and brother-in-law both knew how to scuba dive and I thought, well, I should learn to scuba dive. I decided I should learn before I got to Mexico because I didn't want to spend my vacation in Mexico taking a diving course, which is going to be a day, maybe two days, and that just doesn't seem like that's going to prepare me properly. Then the other thing, working in the health sciences and just coming out of the National Library of Medicine, I was also thinking about first aid training.

My two goals when I got to Hamilton, Ontario, were to find a first aid course and to find a scuba diving course. I met Max (I think his name was) who was the person from the Steel City Divers.



I just wanted to ask a little bit about the program and if when I was certified, would I be able to dive in Mexico if I started this program now.


“Well yeah sure, you should be able to,” he said. “The thing about Steel City Divers is, not only do we train students but we’re also a very social group. So the students who want are welcome to join us at the local bar and hang out after the course.”

I was thinking to myself, this is so perfect because I have no social group. I get to do diving, I get to socialize with people. So this’ll be good.

Michael was not originally supposed to be teaching the course. But I guess somebody dropped out at the last minute and they asked Michael if he would step in. He’d taught with them previously. The first time that I met or saw Michael, he was teaching a course that he had only been given the notes on, I think, forty-five minutes previously.

His little trick to keep people entertained or keep people focussed on learning and listening was that he would have a bag of candy, and he’d set it prominently out on the table next to him. As he was going through and teaching, then he would ask people to do review questions. He would ask you a question, you give an answer, you’d discuss whether the answer was right or wrong, and then he threw you a piece of candy.

I noticed that he was going around to each of the people through the room, like he was taking turns. He was having each of us take



a turn. There was this young kid, he was probably like sixteen and not really focussed, and he skipped him. He went around everybody in the room but then skipped this kid and asked someone else a second question. I can't remember if it was that he asked me a second question or somebody else, but I raised my hand and said, "You haven't asked him a question yet."

I don't think he appreciated that in particular because of course his strategy was to not ask him a question, so that he wouldn't relax, so that he would continue to pay attention, and stay focussed. That was probably one of his first impressions of me.

As the scuba course went on, he said, "Just so you know, I'm with the Hamilton Light Infantry and I teach first aid, so if anybody is interested in brushing up on first aid, I have a couple of spots open in the course that I'm teaching at the base."


"Well that's perfect, because I wanted to take a first aid class. Excellent."

I went up to him and asked, "Do you have any extra space in your first aid course?"

He looked at me and kind of smiled and said "Well, I'll make extra space for you."

And I thought, "Okay, creepy." But said, "That's nice, thank you."

I went to the first aid course. It was the first day of the first aid course, and he was demonstrating how to find pulse points, heartbeats.



We were at the point in the class where he was showing people where to find different pulse points, and so he was demonstrating on people. We had one person come over, and he showed everybody where to find the pulse point on their wrist, and then got another volunteer and had them find a pulse point on the neck. Then he turns to me and says, “Heather, lay down on this.”

He tells me, “I’m going to take my hand and I’m going to put it into your armpit.”

That’s also right above my chest, and I am laying on the floor and he’s leaning over me. He has his hand in this relatively intimate spot, you know. It’s not where you shake hands! I’m looking up at him and he goes and he finds a pulse point. His comment, that he makes loud enough for the entire class can hear, is, “Wow, your heart’s beating really fast.”

And I’m thinking to myself, “I wonder why that is, you jerk.”

I think part of the reason that I fell in love with him was seeing him teaching first aid. He’s a natural teacher. He’s passionate about what he’s teaching, he is passionate about getting students to learn, and he makes it fun. He always finds a way to make it fun and interesting, and so seeing Michael in his element doing what he does best, you can’t help but admire that. You can’t help but notice that quality in a person when they’re really shining, doing what they do best.



# *A Surprise Wedding*

As told by Adele Carruthers

Interviewed by Robert Power



Adele Carruthers.

Around 1987, I worked as a Settlement Officer and I had a variety of duties in that role. I helped new immigrants and refugees settle into their new communities. So one day, I was asked to go to the airport to meet some refugees that were coming in by plane, and there were some Iraqis and some Iranians coming in.


So I went to the airport and met them. We had to greet them, and we arranged to bring them to a hotel and tried our best to answer some of their questions. In that group of people was a man named Kaveh and he was from Iran. After that, he, among other people, were assigned to me. I was their Settlement Officer, and I had to find them accommodations and help them adjust to living here.

So that is how I met my husband. I was the first person that he met when he arrived that day in Canada.

We moved to Toronto for probably three years, and we decided to get married in Newfoundland. The circumstances of our wedding were somewhat atypical, and that's kind of an interesting story.

I was living in Brampton, Ontario at the time, and my oldest sister was planning to get married in the summer. My mother called and she had indicated that my sister's potential wedding might be in jeopardy. She was very worried about the fact that





a wedding was planned and relatives were coming from across Canada - because my father is from Western Canada - and wedding plans were afoot. People were arriving and had tickets booked, and my sister and her now current husband were having some issues.


So my mother had concocted a plan to save the face of the family so to speak. She phoned me up and said, “Now Adele, you’ve been living together and shacked up long enough – three years is long enough.” She told me the story of my sister’s wedding being in jeopardy, and how she would be absolutely mortified if family and people started arriving from across Canada to find out that they had come for no reason. So she decided - or she strongly suggested - that we should come home and get married – just in case.

We were the fallback plan.

I certainly hadn’t intended on getting married but I thought, well why not? So the plan was, if my sister didn’t get married on that day, then we would get married on that day. Either way, a wedding was going to happen. If my sister did get married on that day, then we would get married three days after.

By the way, this came about three weeks before the wedding happened.

So I had to find a wedding dress, make an invitation list and arrange an alternative wedding three days after, if my sister didn’t get married. I did all that, and we flew home. My sister did get married. It was August 10th.



Three days later, I got married, and the guests who had flown in from away for my sister's wedding stayed and then got a second wedding.

Not only that, but we kept my sister's bouquet of flowers preserved in the fridge. I reused her live bouquet of flowers. I didn't want to have the same exact ones, so I went across the street from my family homestead. There were always irises growing next to the river – purple irises. I picked purple irises and I interfused them in my sister's bouquet.

I got married at my parent's house on their front lawn with a Justice of the Peace, a very small intimate wedding. It was also on my father's birthday: August 13th.

For our honeymoon, my parent's offered to pay for a bed and breakfast on Military Road. We stayed at an old Victorian B&B, up on the third floor. The very next day, my relatives, from away, were planning on going on a whale-watching boat tour, and we were going to go with them. We didn't think to pack for whale watching and my husband was wearing his wedding dress shoes on the boat. We went on the tour, took some pictures, and that was the honeymoon.

There were a lot of challenges because firstly he didn't speak a lot of English. He did go to the English as Second Language School. Besides the language, there were huge cultural differences. Those were the things that made the marriage interesting but challenging at the same time.

# *Brenda + Walter*

As told by Walter Day

Interviewed by Michael Pretty

When you meet somebody, you know. When I met her I knew that I would be married to her. I knew as soon as I met her she would be my fix, she was who I would be with. It was just that feeling. And we courted too, people don't court anymore. We first met at a 'Time' - a Sock Hop. She remembers me, but I do not remember her.

I was having a few, just to pass myself a few wobbly pops. The next time I went, she approached me and asked if I remembered her. I said, "No."

She had a big family: five boys and five girls, so it was a big thing for her to come in. My parents went away for some weekend occasion and she cooked Sunday dinner for all the men. My brother said, "I think I will give you a quarter because you made gravy without lumps."


We started building our house before the wedding, and we moved into a house with a board floor. We never had a dose of money, we paid for the wedding. Well she paid for most of it herself. We paid for the wedding and it was foolish because we had a free bar. I told her if we had not of had a free bar we could have had carpet on the floor.

We got married in the Cove and the reception was at Pius the X Hall in St John's. There was a big crowd, about two hundred and fifty people.

After the wedding, my friends hoisted me on their shoulders and carried me to the car. I was wondering where my two best



Walter and Brenda on their wedding day.



buddies were, and when I gets into the car there they were, sitting by Brenda saying they were going too. They were in the back! She was looking at them, they were saying, “You won’t even know we are there.”

It was awkward when we first moved in together. I remember having to go to the bathroom, so I told her I am known to make a strong smell. She replied, “I do not mind as long as I am warned.”

She is a fine woman. She is a fine woman.

The first few months after we were married, my youngest brother, Brian, would come to the house for dinner every day. Apparently it struck him hard when they carried me out of the hall and he thought they were taking me away. Brenda would cook for him every day.

The first Christmas Brian tells me not to worry about the tree, he will get it. B’y he comes with the tree and he is a dandy seven boughs on him. It had more boughs but some came off when we were bringing it home. They towed it on the way home. So I put it up, and people would say, “That is a hard old tree you got there.”

“Yes,” I would say. “But there is a story to that tree.”

Brenda said, “Oh yes, Brian worked to get that tree.”

One day she comes home from work about a year after we were married, and tells me I have something to tell you.

“What’s that?”

“We are having a baby.”

“No we are not,” I says. “You are.”

Well she replied, “You had a part in it too.”

So it is a Friday morning and she looks at me and says, “We are having a baby today.”

I says, “Very good.”

She says, “As soon as you are up we will go in.”

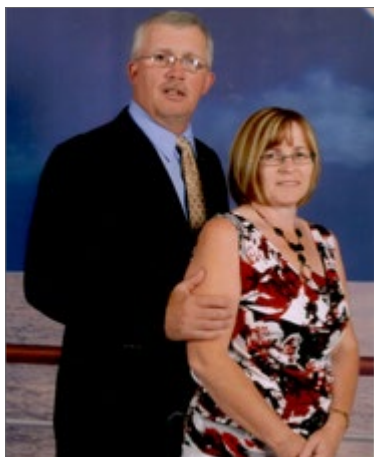
I jumps up and says, “We are going NOW!”

I was not long hauling on me clothes. The crew (of the boat) knew I was not there so they knew what was going on cause the car was not there.

On the way she wants to stop at her mothers, and has a cup of tea. Her mother says, “Go on now, you soon will be better.”

I said, “She is not sick.”

But back then, that meant the baby would be here. That was Friday the 13th, and Jennifer was born. That fits Jennifer.



Walter and Brenda Day

# *Kathleen + Gus*

As told by Kathleen Dicks  
Interviewed by Ainsley Hawthorn

I was a teacher for five years.

It began in September 1944. When you finished grade eleven, you went to summer school, and you got your first, second, and third grade. I might have finished my degree, if I hadn't gotten sick. Some of my friends did – they went back and finished.

I was seventeen and just home from summer school when Monseigneur Dinn came to the house and said, "Do you want a school?"

It was a one-room school in Halls Town about three miles from my home in Otterbury, Clarke's Beach. It gave you some money. That's how I started.

I loved it, after a while. You get used to it, especially when you get the little ones coming to school. They wouldn't know a thing, and by the end of grade one they'd be able to quote their numbers and write their names.


You taught from grade one to grade nine. The last year I was there, I had one pupil who took the CHE exams for grade nine, and she came out with really high marks. I was so proud because I had taught her for four years.

Msgr. Dinn said to me, "I'll give you any school in Conception Bay."

I said, "I don't want it."

I was going north.





I had met this guy during my second summer school named Jim Dinn, and I fell right for him. He was Msgr. Dinn's nephew. I really, really liked him. It was short-lived, though.

We went out together for about six months, but, the last going off, he flirted with someone else. He was conceited and wanted to be chased. I thought, "I'm not chasing him."

In summer school, I had met Kathleen Woodrow. She lived down in Western Bay, and she was telling me how she loved it in Coachman's Cove, and what you could do – go out in a boat and all this stuff. So I said, I'm going north. I'm going north to teach.

Msgr. Dinn really wanted me to stay in Conception Bay and keep on teaching for him. He said to me when I was going, "You'll mean a lot more to us when you come back."

But I met Gussy Dear, and I didn't go back.

When I got on the Northern Ranger to go to Fleur-de- Lys, they said, "Why are you going down there? You won't last ten minutes."

But I got down there and I couldn't go anywhere else because I had no money. I had to stay there. If I had had money, I would have left.

Oh, my God! My God. We came in on the Northern Ranger, and you couldn't get into the harbour. We had to come ashore in a boat. It was so depressing to look at the place, the smell of fish and the stages and flakes. I went to the boarding house - the family



name Noftall - Mr. and Mrs. Noftall and a daughter, Betty, who was about my age.

And the food! You know what they used to have? On Sundays, instead of having a roast or something, they'd use seal for dinner, and I hated it. Only for Mrs. Noftall's bread, I would have starved. She used to make beautiful bread.

That's how I met Jim Henderson. He had a little store. We used to go up there and buy tinned meat and things to eat. Jim got kind of a kick out of me. I'd say things that would be out before I'd know what I was saying.


One Thursday early in October, I came home from work, and the Noftall girl said, "Go up, Jim wants you."

When I went up, Jim was there, saying, "Now, Miss Quinlan, there's someone here we want you to meet."

A man was over the stove cooking something up. He turned around and said, "I'm Gus Dicks." I thought he said "Sticks", so I said, "Sticks or Dicks?"



Gus Dicks.



Jim had said to Gus, “She’s not going to look at you for sure.” I knew I was sick, and I didn’t want to have a relationship. I was too hurt about everything.

Gus was a scaler visiting from Baie Verte. Baie Verte was near Fleur-de- Lys and the centre for Bowater’s operations. I looked at him, and I thought he had nice eyes, reminding me of my former boyfriend, Jim Dinn.

Here I was, I had on this red dress and was blackboard dust from head to foot.

When I left to go, I said, “Jim, walk past the dogs with me.” I was frightened to death of dogs, and they were in bunches outside the store.

Gus spoke up. He said, “I’ll walk past the dogs with you.”


We got so far, and he said, “I’ve got to go back now.”

And I said, “I didn’t ask you to come in the first place.”

And that’s how we parted.

He was due back in Baie Verte, but he stayed until Thursday of the next week. We saw each other every evening, and Thursday night he asked me to marry him.

He said, “Will you marry me?”



“Sure, I will,” I said.

“I’ll pick up the engagement ring.”

“Why not pick up the wedding ring while you’re at it?”

There was a big railway strike on at the time. I never thought any more about it.

Then, during the next week, I was talking to a guy named Gus Lewis, and he said to me, “You know, the scaler is gone to Corner Brook.”

And I said, “How did he get there?!”

“Well, he went up on the Bowater boat.”

He picked up the engagement ring and the wedding ring.

Ruby, Gus’ sister, told me after, she said, “Are you sure you’re doing that?”

“Yes,” he said. “I don’t know whether she’ll take it or not.”

“What will you do with it if she doesn’t?”

“I’ll throw it in the goddamn Atlantic.”

He brought the ring back to Baie Verte, and he kept it. He’d be down about every week or so to Fleur-de-Lys, where I was



A young Kathleen Quinlan (Dicks)  
in her teaching years.

teaching. I must have taken the ring at Christmas.

We were married in June. I always wanted to be married on a Wednesday morning. It had to be the middle of the week, and it had to be on the 22nd. I don't know why I chose the 22nd, but it was a Wednesday morning. I had it in my mind.


We married in Corner Brook, and we had the nuptial mass. Mrs.

Loretta Parsons played Ave Maria all through the mass – she used to be the organist in the church, St. Henry's. It's gone now. They've got condominiums there now.

I was married about three weeks when I got pregnant. Paul was born the 13th of April, and I was married the 22nd of June.

So, here I was, had to come back and face the problems of marriage, and then we're in the staff house. You put out clothes to dry, and you used to feel so embarrassed. I didn't want to put out any underwear.

Gus would say to me "Kay, I'm going for ten minutes," and he'd be gone for four or five hours. He was good as gold but had no idea of time. Oh, my God, was I ever miserable.



The first night we were back there, he was going around singing a song about me, and then he said, “I’m going out for ten minutes.” Ten minutes ended up being twelve that night.

Well, I was vicious. I told him off! All I did was tell him off. Gus was funny, though. If I were home, he’d go down and have a beer or something, and, if I were gone to work, he’d come home.

Dave, his brother, told me this after he died:

Dave said, “Gus, when Kay’s gone you want to stay home.”

Gus said, “That’s because I don’t get any kick out of going out. I got no one to bawl me out when I come home.”

After Gus and I married, I was in St. Clare’s, in hospital, and I was dying. After Paul was born, my bowel really broke down.

A girl came in to see me, and she said, “Do you know I’m engaged to Jim Dinn?”

She always knew that Jim kind of liked me. I was married, and I couldn’t care less. She was as mean as could be. She had eight children for him after. They’re both dead now.

That’s the time I was wheeled to the morgue.

They were going to operate to try and repair the bowel, but I was too weak and succumbed on the operating table. I was

being wheeled to the morgue by Sister Leo when she detected a heartbeat. And I came back.

They tried to contact Gus in the woods.

They phoned him and said, “Come back here, your wife is dead.”

He said, “No goddamn way is she dead.”

He thought I couldn’t die, God love him.



Source: unsplash.com

# *My Love of Salmon Fishing*


As told by Jeff Hodder

Interviewed by Daphne March

I find it so relaxing. That's really what it's all about, for me. When you get on the river, you have the sound of the river, and everything else is forgotten about, whatever was in your life throughout the winter, spring, fall. In the summer, you are on your annual fishing trip and that's all you've been thinking about all year round: getting back to the river and enjoying the peace and serenity of being on the river. The only thing you are thinking about is where the fish are, how to get them to go for your fly, and whether or not you've got the right fly on. Life is pretty simple then, when that's all you are thinking about.

That's what salmon fishing is all about. There might not be any fish there, but you'll never know until they start showing themselves. But that's all part of it, really. It's not known, you don't know what to expect, and that is part of the excitement. Once salmon really start showing themselves, then that's when it gets really exciting. Then when it goes for your fly, then it gets really, really exciting!

I think I was around nine years old the first trip I went on, salmon fishing with my Dad. He used to go salmon fishing every summer. He'd go out to a river at Ragged Harbour a lot of times, with his brother. They used to come back and tell stories, show pictures, and show the salmon. Of course, I was really intrigued with that. He'd taken me out fishing before, trout fishing, but never salmon fishing. We'd always had fun out trouting. We'd find some little hole, or somewhere in behind the gravel pit when camping in the summertime. We'd drag out three or four trout. That's pretty exciting for a young fellow.



My father was Arthur Hodder, Lloyd was my uncle, and his son Fraser. They used to do a fair amount of fishing together. They used to go off as a group, before I was old enough to go. But one summer, we did go off as a family. We took our trailer up to the river, and he showed us where to go fishing.

The year we went up for our first time, I never caught anything. But I saw there were a few fish around. I would have been ten that summer. We used to keep our trailer down river a little ways. Each morning and each evening, we used to come up for the evening fishing, or the morning fishing, depending on what time of day it was. We would get the boat and come up to the ponds in the boat. We'd get to our place and start fishing. Rarely was there anybody else around.

We'd go up for two weeks. We'd go if the weather was half-decent. Usually the weather was nice, typical late-July weather in Newfoundland, up and around Central. I remember it being hot in the daytime. In the dead of the heat, we wouldn't be fishing, we'd fish in the morning and in the evening. In the daytime, we'd do our fun stuff. There was a swimming hole we'd go to; we'd get in the boat and go down. The area we fished in was ravaged by a forest fire back in the 1960s. That is why the woods roads were in there; they needed to get in to fight the fire. Most of the wood had been burned down, and it was just new growth. But there was this one island that wasn't burnt by the fire. We used to go there, because it had a nice sandy beach on it. That was our swimming hole. We'd jump in the boat and go over there. There were nice, big, tall trees there, and a nice sandy beach. We'd like to go there in the heat of the day, when it was hot, and cool off.






Jeff Hodder and his father, Arthur Hodder, with their catch.



Arthur and Lloyd Hodder.



I remember it was a pretty exciting time. I remember it was in the evening, and the sun was just setting. Everything was perfect. It was calm. And the next thing you know, I had this fish on. Was I excited! I remember mom squealing and getting the camera ready for a picture. Dad was saying “Keep your pole up! Keep your pole up!” I landed him, I didn’t need anybody’s help. He netted it for me. I just remembered everything he told me, and he was there coaching me. It was pretty exciting. Needless to say, I was pretty proud at the end of that day.

I woke up the next morning, and I figured I was old enough now to shave. I put Dad’s lather on my face, took the razor out. You know those old razors with the blade you’d put in? I took the blade out and started shaving. There is a picture of me shaving somewhere. That was the next day, I figured if I was man enough catch a salmon, I was man enough to shave!

That was the only fish I got that trip.

I lost my dad that fall.

I was so glad, and he was so glad, that that happened when it did. It was my first fish, and I’m sure he felt pretty happy about it. He knew then that I was hooked. He knew then that this guy was going to do some more salmon fishing. That was one of the things he wanted to teach me, and he did. It was good that he did that.

I took my son out, and he caught his first fish on the river with me. That was a neat thing to pass on to him.

# *Love Gone Wrong*

As told by Dan Lasby  
Interviewed by Tim Matson

I had always, always wanted to be in a relationship and be that guy who was in a relationship. Even when I was nineteen I knew that I was that guy who wanted to have like children and a family.

I remember being twelve—and there was this girl in my class, Brandi, and I was bound and determined that I was going to convince her to be my girlfriend. But you have to understand, where I lived in Manitoba, everyone is related to everyone else in some sort of way, like, except for my family. We moved to the country and we moved into a part of French Metis Manitoba where we weren't related to everyone. It was never said out loud that's a problem but it was a little bit of a problem.


So anyway there was this girl Brandi, and I thought, "Now what am I going to do... I'm going to romantically convince her to be my girlfriend."

I had kind of tried to talk to her a couple of times and it had kind of got blown off. So I wrote her a poem and I bought her a pop bubble ring. And I—this is terrible—I picked the lock on her locker, and put the ring and the poem in her locker and then locked it again.

Then I casually waited in the hall until she would open her locker. She opened the locker and she took it out and she was looking around...and I gave her like...the guns.

It was tragic.

Then she gave me this weird look and like left, and met up with her friends.



“Oh! Okay that wasn’t exactly the reaction I was looking for. Oh well, I’ll just try again later.”

Anyway, there was no trying again later because in gym class, later that day, her and her three friends confronted me in the gym and were like, “You don’t do things like that, you are not good enough for her, you will never be with her, you are this little toad.”

I was like, “Okay, I’m so sorry.”

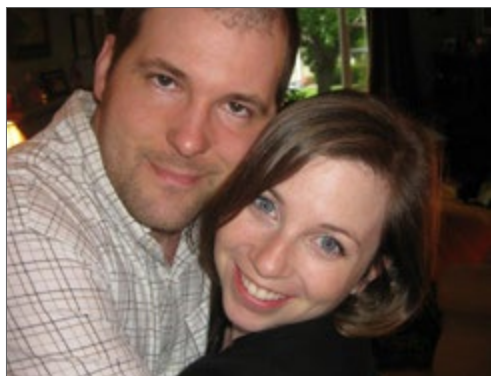
I remember saying at that point, and I was about twelve, “I am never going to date or hit on a girl ever again... girls are over for me.”

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I was twenty, and I had been dating a girl for four years. I was going to propose to her. I had bought a ring. We had talked about how...we’d figure out university, then a couple years in we’d talk about marriage. So we’d talked, kind of, about it on and off.

Anyway, she went to University of Guelph and I was in Toronto at the time, so it was long distance. We were both home for the weekend, and I was like, “Okay, I’m going to ask her to marry me.”

So I set up this romantic walk through the park. City Hall, at the time, was an old fort, so there was this really beautiful walled-in garden on one end. So we went for dinner and we walked around, and we ended up in the garden. We’re sitting on the bench and I had the ring in my pocket, and was like, “Okay, this is it.” So I



Dan Lansby and his partner, Tanya.

reached over, and I was holding her hand, and I was just about to say, “There’s something I’d like to ask you.”

And she said, “I think we need to break up.”


I was like, “I’m sorry?”

And she said, “I just don’t think it’s working out. The long distance isn’t really working and... I think we both just need to figure out our own lives and we need to break up.”

So I was like...“Yeah, for sure, okay. Ahh. Okay.”

So when we walked back, I walked her back to the house, and I went home and I was like, “Oh my God.”

And there’s two worst parts about it.



The first was: I had to take the ring back, and it was this old guy who would not let me return it. He was like, “No, no, go back, ask her again, you ask her again, she’ll say yes!”

I was like, “I’m not—ahh, I’m not going to ask her again, you just need to like give me back my three hundred dollars for this engagement ring.”

And he did.

The other thing that was terrible was that her parents ran a plastics extrusion company. That’s where they make all the clips and stuff for doors. They had been really short over the summer so they asked me if I could just come in and help them in the factory. So I was working for her parents at the time.

This was July, so I had two months that I still had to work for the parents. Her mom did all the admin, so her mom gave me the paperwork every morning, so I had to see her mom every morning. Her dad was an engineer, so he would come and just walk around the production floor. So I had to see her dad twice a day, every day, to give him an update on what the floor was like.

So: I just broke up with their daughter, I had to return the engagement ring, and I had to see her parents every day for two and a half months after that and just be like “It’s cool. Everything’s cool though. It’s— it’s fine.”

It was brutal.

# *Love In Uniform*

As told by Julia Mayo  
Interviewed by Dale Jarvis

I was in the US Navy; Argentia, Newfoundland was my first duty station. When I got my orders I came to Newfoundland. I was pleasantly surprised by the small-townish feel of it, and the quaintness about it. This is why I had joined the Navy; I had wanted to travel and see places that weren't like where I was from and yet maybe a little bit like where I was from.

I was not originally supposed to come here.

When you join the military, and join the Navy specifically, you go through boot camp, basic training, for about two months. Then after basic training, if you are in a technical trade, you go through what is called "A School." A School is your technical training, so I went to A School for a year. After that training, you get your first duty station, or your first set of orders.

I was in a group with about thirty people, and we all got our orders set. You get your orders, you open your envelope to see where you are going, and most of my class were due to go to Hawaii, there is a duty station there for the job that we do. I got my orders, and mine were for Hawaii, with everybody else.

There was one girl in my class, and she was bawling. Oh my god, she was crying!

"I don't want to go to Argentina! I don't want to go to Argentina! I didn't even know there was a Navy base in Argentina!"

I looked at her orders and I said, "That's Argentia, Newfoundland! Why are you crying?"



She said, "My boyfriend is going to Hawaii without me!"

I said, "I tell you what, we'll swap. I'll go to 'Argentina' and you can go to Hawaii!"


So, I got my duty station swapped and took orders to Argentina, Newfoundland.

When I met my husband, I had already been in Argentina for about a year. Our tours of duty were generally two years long; after two years you get rotated out and go somewhere else. So I was right in the middle of mine. We were staying in the "Q" - what we called the quarters - it was at one time the tallest building



The "Q" - Strain Memorial Hall, US Naval Facility, Argentina. Date unknown. Postcard from the collection of Helen Griffin, Jersey-side, Placentia.





in Newfoundland. It was ten stories tall and it had all the living quarters for all the unattached military people on base. Each floor was separated by gender. If you were on the eighth floor, it was only women. The ninth floor might have men on it, but not on the eighth floor. Each floor was self-contained, with washrooms next to your rooms, and a couple rooms set aside that had washers and dryers where you could do laundry.


One day I was down doing laundry. I took my laundry out and I thought I was going to be very motivated and get all my uniforms done. I went down and every single washer and dryer on our floor were occupied. I thought, “I’ve got to get my laundry done” because I had an inspection the next day, and wanted to get everything cleaned up.

I thought, “I’ll be sneaky and sneak down to the seventh floor,” because I was on the eighth floor. I’d sneak down to the seventh floor, the men’s floor, because they don’t ever use their laundry! Their machines were pristine, they were so new, nobody have ever used them!

I was sneaking in and out of the laundry room, and I turned around and there was this really good-looking, green-eyed man. I was like “Woah! Hello!” and he said, “what are you doing down here?”

I said, “I’m just doing my laundry. Shhh. You never seen me!”

I finished my laundry and I went up and I didn’t see him for another day. The next day I had to go to the Navy Exchange. That’s where



we'd buy our uniforms, and that sort of thing. You had to walk around the lake. I didn't have a vehicle so I walked everywhere. I walked over and of course, in Newfoundland, the wind blows non-stop, and it was cold. I came into the Exchange and there's that beautiful, green-eyed man again, and my hair! I can still remember, I caught sight of myself in a mirror at the Exchange and I thought "My God, this is what he sees! Oh Lord, help me!" It was like a white woman Afro; it was everywhere. I was so embarrassed. I kind of made eye contact with him and kept on going.

The Navy Exchange also had a place where you could buy groceries, so I went over there, and of course, he came. He was there, and I thought, "My God, he's stalking me. Or he thinks I'm stalking him."

We had a lounge in the first floor of the Q where everyone would hang out and watch tv and movies and listen to music. I went down to the lounge, and he was down there. So I sat down and started talking to him, trying to see what kind of guy he was.

Just by looking at him, I knew he had to be married, because he just seemed so self-assured and mature. And of course, he was good-looking, but he was just a really nice man. As soon as you met him, you knew he was a nice man, a kind man, generous. I automatically knew he had to be married, because every man I had ever met up to that point that met all those qualifications was already married.

I got to talking with him, and we talked back and forth, talking about family. I asked him what he thought about the base, and I asked him:

“So, are you going to bring your family up to live on base?”

He looked at me kind of weird, and he said,


“No!”

And I’m thinking, “What a wanker! Not going to bring his family? He’s probably going to run around on his wife! Oh my gosh!”

So I got myself all wound up thinking that he was some adulterous person. I got kind of huffy, and I just left!



Dale Jarvis interviews Julia Mayo for the Oral History Workshop.  
Photo by Katherine Harvey. 2018.



By this time, I had myself totally convinced that he was running around on his wife, and that he had three kids left someplace. So I didn't have anything to do with him!

When I went to work, it just so happened that he worked at the same building that I worked at. I worked in what was called the T-Building or Terminal Building. We hunted submarines, which was a really good job until the Cold War ended and nobody wanted to play anymore. Then we didn't have anybody to hunt! What are you going to do?

He worked in the maintenance part of the building and I was an operator/analyst. Primarily, I used all the equipment that he maintained. I had some friends who worked in the maintenance department and one of the guys came out.

"Hey Julia, that new guy, that Newfoundlander. He's a Newfoundlander, did you know he was a Newfoundlander?"

I said, "Yes, I know he is a Newfoundlander."

He said, "That new guy, he's really nice."

"Yeah, he seems like a nice man."

He said, "He thinks you're cute!"

I said, "Well, he can think whatever he wants to think, and he can keep those thoughts to himself. I don't want to hear it!"




The "Q" - Strain Memorial Hall, US Naval Facility, Argentina. Date unknown.  
Postcard from the collection of Helen Griffin, Jerseyville, Placentia.

“What’s wrong with you?”

“He’s married”

“He is not!”

“Yes, he is! Just look at him, he looks married!”



Finally they managed to convince me that he wasn't married, and I thought, "Oh, excellent. A free, available man, that's really nice! He's like the first one I've ever met! I'm going to have to see if I can get him to ask me out!"

I had this plan, this stealthy, sneaky plan. I decided that I was going to tear up my equipment so that he would have to come out and fix it. There was a printer, that kind of old printer that used to have the chaff, with the little holes, that would come up and go "tt-tt-tt-ttt-tttt." I managed to wedge things in there arbitrarily, and he'd come out, and he'd fix it. We'd talk a little bit, then he'd go back to the maintenance department. Then, a few hours later, I'd manage to mess it up again, and I'd call back to maintenance and say, "Hey, that printer is messed up again, can you send somebody out?" And they'd say "We'll send Stirling out."


My plan was working!

He'd come back and about the third time, he said, "You know what, we might want to give this printer and rest, and just go out to dinner."

"OK," I said, "If you want to!"

We've been together ever since.

I had joined the Navy to travel, and by God, I was going to travel. I got orders to go to Wales and he, God bless him, he was determined to keep us together. We kept in touch, and we kept together. The first Christmas I was over there, I couldn't get



leave. So he took some time and he came over and stayed with me in a little farmhouse that we had rented. We had the world's worst-looking goose, with a paste on it. It was terrible. We had a Charlie Brown Christmas tree, and he proposed to me in front of our Charlie Brown Christmas tree. He's the best guy ever.

I can remember the first time he met my mother. My mother put great store in manners: in being articulate, having a good vocabulary, being well-read, not necessarily being well-educated but being intelligent. When she first met him, we pulled up in the driveway. I went to get out of the vehicle, and he came around to open the door for me.

That, right there, was all he had to do.

Plus, he brought my mom flowers, so she thought he was the bee's knees. I kind of think he's the bee's knees still, but she said, "You might want to hold on to him."

I said, "I plan to."

My mom really liked him. They had a shared passion for carpentry work, and so for our wedding present she got us a circular saw. So romantic! A circular saw and a cast-iron skillet: the foundation of a solid marriage!

# *Josiah + Sonia*

As told by Sonia Neary-Harvey  
Interviewed by Katherine Harvey

I met Joe at a party, and he wasn't supposed to be at that party. He crashed all the parties on Bell Island. He didn't get invited because he'd probably start a fight, or he'd be drinking a bit. Joe was very good looking, and he was very tall. He thought he was the man. He'd come into the parties as though I belong here, I'm supposed to be here. He didn't need an invitation. He just said, "If there's a party, I'm going to be there."

Joan MacVille, my girlfriend, it was her party, and he came in and everybody said, "Joe Harvey crashed the party, he wasn't invited." He asked me for a dance, so we danced and had a chat. When the party was over, I didn't go home with him, I went home with a bunch of girls.

Then Maureen O'Keefe had a party, and guess who walked in (even though he wasn't invited)? Joe. This time he asked if he could drive me home. He asked me where I went on Saturday mornings. He said, "I see you up on the square Saturday mornings."

I said, "I go to theory of music."

He said, "Well can I pick you up when you go to music?"

I said, "Sure."

After that he asked me out, we'd go to movies and so on. Mom didn't like him at all. He was a bit wild. To get Mom's acceptance, he went down to the wharf and bought a fish. He came to pick me up the next night, knocked on the door, and gave Mom the fish. Mom thought that was great, and she approved of him after that.






Joe and Sonia at their wedding in 1959.

The first time I ever went to a club and had a drink was with Joe. I remember buying about five new dresses so I'd have a new dress every time we'd go out. We'd go to the club with a couple of friends, have a dance, and go home. There was nothing to do on Bell Island except go to a club, go to a fish and chips place, or go to a party.

Of course, we'd come to St. John's and do a little shopping. I remember the first time I came to St. John's with Joe in his old, black car. I ended up having to push the car halfway down Water Street. It always gave out. He'd put it in neutral and open the door to push, and I'd be on the back pushing. That's not very romantic.



But on that trip he bought me a lovely little chain, and we had Sonia engraved on one side, and Joe on the other.

We got married on Bell Island. I had my first job teaching grade ones. On my birthday, we decided that we'd get engaged. So after lunch we went down to Johnny Simon's store - neither of us had very much money - and Joe said, "Nothing over \$100, because I won't be able to pay for it." I saw this ring right away that I wanted, and it wasn't over \$100. It had a little teeny weeny diamond.

We went to the legion that afternoon to celebrate, and I left a class full of grade one children without a teacher. I didn't tell anyone. The next morning I went back, and Sister Dorothy gave me hell, naturally. Shows my level of maturity.

Back then, a lot of people had weddings in their homes on Bell Island. We had the party in my house, and we were married in a little church. We had a small wedding. Steve Neary dropped my wedding ring on the floor and everybody was crawling around looking for it. They say if you drop the wedding ring it's bad luck, but we did okay for fifty years.

He was Protestant and I was Catholic, but it wasn't a problem. The way I looked at it, he didn't go to church, and I did, so it didn't make sense for us to get married in a Protestant church since I was a devout Catholic. The only problems were with the priests saying I shouldn't marry a Protestant.

Joe got a job at a salesman with Dicks and Company, and I got a job as a teacher. I had Joanne at this point. When I was working

in a little, one-room schoolhouse, I got pregnant with Kenneth. I quit and moved back to Bell Island to live with Mom, and Joe was up north. That's where he stayed until he had enough money to buy a house. Then the kids and I joined him in Wabush Lake.

Joe was romantic in a way where he'd bring me flowers for no reason at all. He'd come home with roses or carnations, they were my favorite.

When I was mad with him, he'd do house work or clean up.

He would always do things to surprise me. I came home from teaching one day and when I walked in the house there was a piano sitting in the living room. The only thing I did was sit down and cry. I played music all my life, and I always wanted a piano. I didn't even know he had gotten it. Kenneth was there, and he knew about it, but he didn't say anything. He just took pictures of me sitting there crying.

Every year for Valentine's Day, Joe and I would go out, and we'd always give each other a card. In the later years, he'd give me a stuffed toy. In 2009, he got really sick. I said to him, "Please Joe, don't give me any more stuffed toys. I have an awful lot of stuffed toys." We were at Walmart, and I was at the cash. I saw him coming towards me with a stuffed monkey.



Joe and Sonia outside their home in 2009.

He held him up and said, “He asked to get down off the shelf because he wanted to be with you.”

Joe passed away later that year, and that monkey was the only stuffed animal I kept.

If you want to have a healthy marriage, you have to speak your feelings. People on my block probably heard me shouting mine when Joe and I had an argument. Be considerate. You can't have everything your own way; you have to be cooperative. Don't do anything to intentionally hurt somebody. Be friends. Be a good companion. Most of all have a sense of humour. If you don't, you're finished.



The stuffed monkey Joe gave Sonia on their last Valentine's Day together.

# *First Love*

As told by Brenda Fordam  
Interviewed by Lee Tizzard

I feel love is feeling protected, always feeling supported. It's always feeling that I matter, that my feelings matter, and that I'm respected. It's a feeling of being protected, hugged all the time. A warm feeling that somebody's got your back, all the time. No matter what, somebody is looking out for you, and taking care of you. That comes from parents, children, siblings, friends. That's what you want to surround yourself with; that feeling of protection and support.



Brenda Fordam,  
17 years old.

I guess it was my first love - certainly it was a crush. I'd say I was thirteen years old. It was a boy from St. John's, and I had known him since I was eleven years old, and we're still friends.

When we were eleven years old we played truth, dare, double dare, promise to repeat. We were on my friend's front step, and one of our dares was to kiss. I was in grade five at the time, and we kissed. Then I moved away.

That was the summer of '76, and then we left at the end of the summer. I never saw him again until I was thirteen, and I came home for a visit two years later. I came home and stayed at my grandmother's house, and I remember being up in George's Court - that's where we used to hang around all the time. We were sitting around, a couple of the girls, and somebody says, "Here comes Mudder Fagan." My heart skipped a beat, I was like, "Tut, right!"

He came around the corner, and I had this feeling. “Oh my God, oh my God, he’s so cute, just look.”


I was staying home for the whole summer at my grandmother’s house. There was innocent flirtations and such, then there was what you call, making out. I went back to Ottawa, after the summer was over. We wrote a couple of letters back and forth, so that was it.

I was madly in love, that was my first crush. So I thought he was going to be my first boyfriend. I used to come back every summer



Brenda Fordam. 2018.





and stay at my grandmother's. We'd see each other but, we never...  
aah..... he had a girlfriend. So I'd come back, it was no big deal.


To this day, we are still, really good friends. I still have the letters he wrote to me. I still have his school tie from St. Bon's that he gave me. And we still talk about it, so here, after forty years, we're still friends, good friends. It's cool, pretty cool. He is still around today and we still hang out.

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### ***The Things I Love***

I love living in Newfoundland, I lived away for fifteen years. I left here in '76. My Mom, Dad, and two of my brothers drove across to Ottawa, and we cried from St. John's to Port aux Basques. None of us wanted to leave. It was really hard. I always said, the fifteen years I was away that I was moving back to Newfoundland. There was no way I was staying, and I finally did move back in 1989. My parents had decided that they were retiring and they were going to move home, so I said, "I'm not staying here, I'm going with you." I always wanted to return. So, I love Newfoundland.

I love my family although we're not close, proximity wise. I got one brother that lives here, I got a brother in Australia, I got a brother in Ottawa, a brother in Toronto, a brother in Halifax, and my brother passed in Vancouver. I love that we are who we are, we're pretty



amazing, actually. We all get along, we all have a ball when we're together. We really do enjoy each others company.

I love my friends, we have a lot of fun. I have a lot of friends, and I feel very blessed for that.

I love what I do, I really enjoy my work, I feel it's a rewarding job, and I was blessed with that as well. I worked at a daycare. I was a director there for twenty years and I loved that.

I feel very fortunate, although I may not be able to go on a trip every year, and we may not have a second car or we may not have a lot of money in the bank. I feel very grateful for what I do have, which is a beautiful home, two wonderful, loving kids and a loving husband and like I said, I'm surrounded by good people.

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### ***The Ups and Downs of Love***

Love can diminish over time. I think with people, situations change. I think that if you, personally, are not in a happy place - mentally - if you have depression, if you have mental illness, if you have issues, then it's really hard to see past that, and therefore; its hard for you to love. It's hard for people to give love when people are wrapped up in themselves. If they become mean and disrespectful, then, I think people could definitely fall out of love, as easily as they can fall in love.





Photo by Kinga Cichewicz. Source: [unsplash.com](https://unsplash.com)



Friendships, same thing. Some people are moving forward, some people don't. You can't go back and live in the past. If you are not moving forward or not living in the now, not living for the present, shared interests and things are not the same so friendships sort of wan. If two people aren't working on their relationship, if they're not even talking about if there are issues, I think that can diminish it for sure.

I always find when I hear stories of older people who have Alzheimer's or Dementia. I think that is really tough, I get filled up. To look across from somebody and know they don't know who you are or know the love that they had, that's got to be really sad for the person left behind: the caregiver, the mother, the spouse, the child.

Friends of mine were seventeen years old, and they got pregnant. She was in nursing school, he was in engineering. Both were from good, Catholic families. Back then, they went away, had the baby and gave the baby up for adoption.

Later, when my friend could go and legally look for her child, she went to the registry, said, "My name is so-and-so. I'm looking for a daughter that I put up for adoption." She gave the date and all the details.

Twenty minutes in... twenty minutes! She gets a call saying that her daughter was also looking for her. So, nineteen years later, these two people, on the same day - on the same day! - connected and found each other.

## Collector's Bios




Front row (left to right): Katherine Harvey, Lee Tizzard, Dale Jarvis, Daphne March, Stella Mair Evans, Robert Power, Ainsley Hawthorn.  
Back row: Neil Burgess, Michael Pretty, Tim Matson.

***Terra Barrett*** is a public folklorist with the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador, researching the history, folklore, and oral history of the province, and working on the Collective Memories project.

***Neil Burgess*** is a wildlife biologist with the federal government, who studies the archaeology, history and folklore of Newfoundland shipwrecks in his spare time.

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***Tim Matson*** is a teacher and theatre artist living in St. John's, Newfoundland. He was born and raised in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, and is thrilled to be living today in a province so rich in stories.

***Robert Power*** was born in St. John's, and grew up in Middle Cove. He works with the Town of Logy Bay-Middle Cove-Outer Cove during the summer season.

***Michael Pretty*** is a retired veteran of the Canadian Army. He lives in Portugal Cove where he enjoys the outdoors, SCUBA Diving and teaches First Aid. He is the founder of the Trail of the Caribou Research Group, that exists to commemorate and remember all the people from Newfoundland who have served at home and abroad.

***Lee Tizzard*** was born in St. John's, Newfoundland. In 1986, he graduated with a diploma in Audio Engineering from Trebas Institute of Recording Arts, Toronto, Ontario. He has been self-employed as a Professional Audio Engineer in St. John's since 1987. He was the Provincial Director for the Mutual UFO Network (MUFON) from 1995 to 1997.



Photo by Josh Felise. Source: [unsplash.com](https://unsplash.com)



## **About Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador**

The Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador is a nonprofit organization which was established in 1984 to stimulate an understanding of and an appreciation for the architectural heritage of the province. The Foundation, an invaluable source of information for historic restoration, supports and contributes to the preservation and restoration of buildings of architectural or historical significance. The Heritage Foundation also has an educational role and undertakes or sponsors events, publications and other projects designed to promote the value of our built heritage. The Heritage Foundation is also involved in work designed to safeguard and sustain the intangible cultural heritage of Newfoundland and Labrador for present and future generations everywhere, as a vital part of the identities of Newfoundlanders and Labradorians, and as a valuable collection of unique knowledge and customs. This is achieved through policies that celebrate, record, disseminate, and promote our living heritage.







Heritage Foundation  
Newfoundland & Labrador



Collective  
MEMORIES

Newfoundland  
Labrador

The Oral History Roadshow is a project to empower and encourage seniors to showcase their memories through a series of public oral history night celebrations, with funding provided through New Horizons for Seniors.

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