

#001



The
Goats
of

NEW

PERLICAN



ORAL HISTORY ROADSHOW SERIES

GOATS OF NEW PERLICAN

Edited by Terra Barrett & Kelly Drover
Oral History Roadshow Series #001



Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador
Intangible Cultural Heritage Office
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"THE GOAT"

The people from long ago
Came across the Sea
To settle here in Newfoundland
With all their family

They brought the goat
For food and milk
To help them to survive
No grocery stores or dairy farms
Those things we could provide

From way back then
And up till now
The goat is still around
For a pet it could be found

The male goat had
Great big horns
And whiskers on his chin
But the female was small in size
They were kept in a pen

The goats were fitted with a yoke
Before going out in spring
To frolic on the pastures
They would eat most anything

By Susie Smith

The women sometimes got a fright
When hanging out their clothes
Right in the butt she would get a poke
From Billy bucks big nose

They roam the hills and mountains
When the weather was fine
But, when the rain was coming
They would parade home in a line

They would take shelter under stages
And under flakes and stores
And when the rain was over
They would climb the hills once more

Men used the goat for hauling wood
Because they were so strong
With very little cash to feed
Just grass from off the lawn

Nothing more there is to say
About the stubborn goat
But it's part of our Heritage
That is all I goin' quote.

INTRODUCTION

According to Norse mythology, the mighty god of thunder, Thor, had a chariot pulled by two wondrous goats. The first goat was named Teeth-barer; the second was named Teeth-grinder. When Thor got hungry (which was often, I suspect), he would slaughter the goats, skin them, and cook their meat in a pot. As he ate, he would lick the bones clean, and toss them onto the fresh goatskin. When Thor was done, he would wrap the bones up in the skins, raise his magic hammer Mjöllnir and bless the bundles. Teeth-barer and Teeth-grinder would then jump back up, restored to their full health and ready to pull the chariot wherever their master wanted to go.

People have been telling tales about goats for a long time. They were amongst the first domesticated animals, and archaeologists have excavated goat bones in human settlements 10,000 years old. People kept goats for milk, for meat, as beasts of burden, and as pets, and when Europeans arrived to settle on the shores of Newfoundland, they brought their goats with them. Goats were easier to care for and feed than cattle, and while Newfoundland might not have been made for chariots, it was definitely made for goats.

It seems that every other person we met in New Perlican had a memory (good or bad) of goats. When the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador worked with the town to host the “Goat Tea and other Animal Tales” storytelling event as part of our Oral History Roadshow programme, a crowd of

By Dale Jarvis

people gathered at the town hall, and told story after story about these special animals and their place in the community life of New Perlican.

This booklet is a result of that night of stories and the interviews that followed. A special thank you to all our storytellers, seniors, goat-owners, partners, and funders that helped with the production of this booklet, and to Terra Barrett

and Kelly Drover for pulling it all together. Eileen Matthews was instrumental in helping organize the Goat Tea, making introductions, and tracking down goat enthusiasts for Terra and Kelly to interview. Thank you, Eileen!

Thank you to the participants:

George Burrage, Bertha Conway, Louise Coombs, Rex Cotter, Betsy Hefford, David Kelly, Thelma Manning, Bill Martin, Bill Matthews, Ed Matthews, Ches Peddle, Ron Peddle, Winston Peddle, Melvin Penney, Ron Piercey, Cyril Pinsent, Susie Smith, Grant Tucker, Charlie Warren, Max Warren, and Phil Warren.



"Thor" (1901) by Johannes Gehrts

GOATS OF NEW PERLICAN

New Perlican seemed to have more goats than anywhere else.
–*Grant Tucker*

I would say there must have been at least two hundred goats in New Perlican. Some people had two up top on the slides. But there were a lot of people. And then there were horses. There were a lot of horses. –*Ron Peddle*

The cows, and sheep, and the goats, and the horses: they would all roam the roads. You would never know when you would go for a walk in the road at night and no lights on the pole you would never know if you were going to bump into a goat or a horse or a cow or something on the road. You had to be very careful and take a flashlight in the night time for sure. –*Susie (Legge) Smith*

Goats were a very important part of the time. I grew up in the Depression. Goats helped us cope with the situation. They were used for various things: they were used for beast of burden, they were used for helping out on many chores. We had male goats and female goats as well. Sometimes they were used as pets.
–*Cyril Pinsent*

The sheep and goats and that, I mean it was unbelievable. When I started driving first, it was unbelievable out there. If I parked the car, in front of my mother's house, where we owned the land anyway, right around there, I parked the car there, and when I got up the next morning there'd be nothing but old goats' buttons. Sometimes they'd get their horns right around the car. Jeez they'd scratch the paint right off of it. –*Bill Martin*

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Ron Peddle's goat Shawna Dawna. Photo by Kelly Drover

GOATS OF NEW PERLICAN

I lived on the south side of New Perlican, which was across the main bridge there in New Perlican, going towards Winterton. If my memory serves me correct, there were about 30 families on the south side of New Perlican. Out of that there were probably about half of that had goats. Those that didn't have horses had goats for working, particularly for working the wood. So there were quite a few goats on the south side. I reckon that were about 15 families, or 16 families, that had goats. Of one or two. And as I said they were primarily used for working goats. There was some female goats that people used for milk. And then there was also, sometimes the goats would be used for meals. Fresh meat, something like that. **-Rex Cotter**

There were lots on the southside where I lived. Most everyone had goats. Well they were always in the way. We would be playing hide and seek and certain places we would be afraid to go because we were afraid there were goats. There were so many goats around. But I had no experience growing up because we had none. But a crowd of us going around – you had to make your own fun at that time anyway- we would be playing hide and seek and that and we would be afraid to meet the goats. The buck goats with their horns and everything we would be afraid of them anyway. I know that much – we were really afraid of the buck goats they stinked and everything else, we were afraid to go near them. Yes my stinked if you went near them and they had those horns and you would see them fighting. Flicking together and fighting and we would be frightened to death of them. **-Betsy (Seward) Hefford**

When the two met, the Southside of New Perlican herd and the Harbour herd, I remember seeing them meeting on the long

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bridge one day. And the two dominant males met, and it was like what you see on television with the rocky mountain sheep butting heads. –**Bill Matthews**

I knew a lot of goats when I growing up but we didn't have any because my dad was crippled all the time but where I lived there was lots of goats on the go all day long. When we were growing up, the part of Perlican that I lived, nighttime they would be lying on the road because there were no cars anyway. I'm ninety years old. But when we were there playing, all we saw were goats' buttons, goats' buttons. –**Betsy (Seward) Hefford**

We drank water from Harry's Brook all my life, that's what we grew up on, water from this pond actually, the pond that goes down Harry's Brook and goes out into the ocean. And all during my days here, there were flakes on that, over the brook. You'd go down and dip up a bucket of water and there was a goats' button in it, and you threw the bucket of water away and dip out another one and you might have two in that one. And the third one you didn't throw it away, you flicked out the goats' button and you come on home with the water. And that was common, and we're all still alive. –**Max Warren**

There's an old story that goes way back with Dad and Uncle Wilson first saw the goats' buttons – guess what they thought they were? Little candies. –**Bill Matthews**

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Goats outside of Ron Peddle's barn. Photo by Terra Barrett

Goats are known for being very proud animals and a goat has the very short tail. When it is stuck right up that indicates the pride and the kind of arrogance of the goat. It can look like a very proud animal so it has a personality. There is no doubt about that.

-Phil Warren

One of the unique things, I guess, about goats too is, unlike horse, most horse are the same colour, they're brown, they're black, they're brown, whatever. Goats were spotted mostly. Yeah they were different colours. So you didn't have to mark them. Unlike sheep, people had sheep, and they had a dozen sheep and of course they would have their initials probably painted on them somewhat in some form. Or something tied around their horns. But most goats were unique in the fact that, my goat was brown and white in different places, there was no problem identifying them...You know your goat just by looking at it. ***-Rex Cotter***

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I learned that goats, even after they are trained, are strong-willed, independent thinkers and they have a mind of their own.
–*Phil Warren*

Oh they were all different. Some were brown and white, some were all white, and some were black and white. Some were all brown. They were all colours. You could always tell. Now the sheep were different. The sheep had to be marked. When you let your sheep out in the spring of the year, they had to be marked. Sometimes they used to put paint on their wool. They sheared the sheep before they go away in the spring of



Susie Smith. Photo by Terra Barrett

the year and they'd put paint on the side of their body with the initial of the person who owned the sheep. And as the wool grew out, the paint grew out with the wool. By the next spring the paint was gone out of the wool. But the goats...you could always identify your own goat. Enough markings on the goats to identify your own. –*Susie (Legge) Smith*

I'm of the opinion that they were very important. Now there would be a segment of the population who do not believe that. It certainly was not influenced by the children's literature who were very unkind to goats, weren't they? You take stories like

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Billy Goats Gruff and so on. Even Holy Writ spoke with disdain about goats. They're mentioned several times in the Bible, they were even cast with disdain on the left hand. They were not accepted by all people. –*Cyril Pinsent*

People didn't like them. And no history of goats would be complete without that, there's a portion of our inhabitants who actually disliked, they hated goats. Because in the summer they would be wandering everywhere, and they would leave a lot of mess, they would eat the flowers and plants that people didn't have fenced in, and they would also rind, or remove the bark from some of their trees. That was not widely accepted by the older generations. –*Cyril Pinsent*

Stubbornness

We had two goats. We had Abel and Cain and that's what they called them. Abel and Cain. One was a little bit smaller than the other one and dad loved animals, he fed them well. So in the morning you would go up in the barn. A good, cold morning. There were a lot of mornings I didn't want to have to go up to the barn but my old man would get me up about five o'clock in the morning, I would go up and we used to give them oats. A tub of oats every morning and a bit of hay and then you would get them ready and you would go in in the woods then. But the little one was pretty cute. He hooked him up to the slide, the horncat they used to call that. Hook them up to the slide, he was alright going in because they never had no load on the slide but coming out when you get a load the little one used to slack back a bit, right? So the

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Ron Peddle talking about the horned cat slide. Photo by Terra Barrett

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other one had the load and the old man used to get some mad b'y. [Laughter] My dad used to be some mad so one day he jumped off the slide, well we used to have the rope too not very many times you would get on the wood, you would walk along with the goats. You would help them. But this morning he got some mad. He went up, he runned up and grabbed the goat by the head and bit his ear, the little fellow's ear and after that as soon as he would get off the slide and walk towards the goat he would stretch right out b'y he would almost bust the line trying to haul fast. I used to do some laughing, that's all he had to do was walk towards him. But anyway after he get out and where we lived out the road out there there is a little bit of a hill and the barn was up on the back so mom used to buy the Girl Guide cookies right? I don't think we ever eat them. I guess I shouldn't be saying that about the Girl Guide cookies either I guess. But anyway she would go up in the garden when she would see them coming up the driveway, up the road, Mom used to go out on the back of the house. She used to give them the cookies and they used to see mom coming out and giving them cookies, and when they would see mom they would start pulling again. They would take off across the garden pulling the wood, to get the wood up to the barn then mom would come out and give them a couple of Girl Guide cookies. That was a treat sort of thing. Only for that I don't think you would've got them up there. *—Ron Peddle*

The goat itself is a stubborn thing. I remember going in with Frank's goat one time, and the little horncat or sled that John Mills made me coming down over a hill and something startled the goat. And of course the path was beaten but the goat startled and jumped off into the deep snow with the load of wood and

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everything. Well it was more trouble getting the goat out then I did getting the wood out. **–Bill Matthews**

I bought a goat from a fella...this one was kind of a brownie, blackie, whitie spots, right you know. It was a male goat, a buck goat. And I used to take her out for a ride in the winter and she'd haul me around see. But she'd get into a fit and she'd stop. And no way you couldn't get that goat to move. So anyway, I was telling a cousin of mine, telling him about it. And he said, "What you got to do is, you get off and you take the ear and put it between your teeth", he said, "And bite." And he said, "You won't have no more trouble." So of course I didn't know no difference, and I done it. And I was going there, along the high road, and she stopped and oh she got balky, she wouldn't go nowhere, she wouldn't do nothing, so on and so forth. So I said, "Oh ok I'll bite your ear, buddy." That's what I done. So when I bit her ear, of course you knows what she done, she shook her head, you know with the pain. And just about hauled the teeth out of my head. I had a tooth ache for days and days and days. **–Melvin Penney**

As a small boy I went into the woods to get the goats, you know? The goat decided she didn't want to come home. And I tried to stop her but I never really. When the goat gets that in her, you've gotta have a lot of strength. And I never had the strength to stop her so she dragged me out into the woods, you know? **–Ron Piercey**

Another time we were coming out and we got up to the bridge in Perlican and we looked and saw his eyes going up over the hill and he was trying to get up over the hill and it was Charlie Seaward

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and there wasn't much snow on the road, a bit of gravel. I guess the goat got a bit balky like a mule and wouldn't pull anymore with Charlie's chopped wood on the slide. The goat wouldn't pull and we were waiting behind with our load of wood. We couldn't get by because there was only a little path on the side of the road with a bit of snow on it. So anyway he went up to his house and came back and he lifted up the goat's tail and whacked whatever he had on his hand on the goat's rear end and anyway it bucks it's head and away it goes with a load of wood to start him off up over the hill. We asked later what it was and apparently he had a handful of salt and pepper! –*Winston Peddle*

Mischief



One of Ron Peddle's goats in barn. Photo by Kelly Drover.

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Goats are all over and they can destroy things as well. Women who had clothes on the line would be very upset when goats would appear and attempt to eat them or destroy them. –**Phil Warren**

In the morning Silv got up to get her ready to go in the woods. He tackled her and put the slide there alongside here and he came back in the house and he said I haven't got very much tobacco (because he used to chew) and he pushed it down in his pocket and he went out and tackled her on and got ready to go and when he stooped down the piece of tobacco came out of his pocket and fell on the ground and nothing should the goat do but grab it and chew it! You should see the dirt coming out of her mouth where she was chewing tobacco. Well didn't he get mad! That was all the tobacco he had. –**Bertha (Legge) Conway**

They could almost eat everything. But one summer the rumor spread amongst us...the fences for the gardens were by wriggles or pickets but around the houses is was palings. And the palings were white washed with lime every year. So there was rumor around, I don't know where it came from, that if you added fish salt to your lime you would get a beautiful white sheen on your palings. So we couldn't afford to use salt that we bought so we added the salt which had been put on turbot then removed before it was shipped and mixed it with our lime. And true enough we had a beautiful sheen of white on our palings. And we were proud boys that we did that. Alas, the next morning when we got up and looked out, we found out the goats had licked everything off. Just the palings left. –**Cyril Pinsent**

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Bonfire night was a very important part of our life that we took up again, the cycle of life. The children every year, you did the same kinds of events and preparing for bonfire night and getting trees and sometimes using goats to haul trees. You would get them and pile them up and bring them to an area and burn them on bonfire night commemorating the attempt on the house of parliament in England. What you would do is gather other stuff from the community – not just trees, old fences, boats, sometimes you stole things like outhouses, which you shouldn't have, to be burned on bonfire night. –*Phil Warren*

Down where I lived, I lived up on the hill. I was just standing there one day doing something, I don't know if I was feeding the goats, but I guess I was looking away, and one just gave me a nudge on the rear end, and tumble, tumble, tumble. As they say in Newfoundland "arse over kettle." –*Rex Cotter*

One night Silv left the store door open and she got out of the pen. She knocked down the pen door and she got out of the pen and came out through the door and she come up on the platform and she started doing like this on the door. [knocking her head] We were in bed so I said, "My – somebody's to the door." So he got out of bed and went out and when he went out this was the goat. Knocking on the door! And he said, "You want your breakfast!" [laughter] So when he went out she took off running - the goat did - out through the yard and in the road and he took off after the goat with his bare feet. He never had socks on. Nothing on because he just got out of bed. But he took off after her and he went, oh my, he must have went twenty or thirty feet before he caught her. –*Bertha (Legge) Conway*

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Ron Peddle. Photo by Terra Barrett

When we were kids you would catch one sometimes and try to get on his back but you wouldn't be on his back very long before he had you off. And there would be saucy goats too. You had to be careful with goats. Especially after they were running all summer used to being on their own. When you bend over they are likely to come up and nail you. You had to watch out for that.

–Ron Peddle

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Now our goat Nancy was a kind of a pet thing, you know. I know she annoyed a lot of people around, because she would get in, like on one person here, had a pair of pantyhose or something on the clothesline. Nancy goes in and she get it and she starts chewing, chewing, chewing, and sort of spoil the pantyhose. She'd go out around the store, Green's store, used to be out around the foot of the lane there. She would go out around the store and the kids would be going in buying chips and cheesies, and whatever. They would have to give her some, and if they didn't she would go along and nudge them and nudge them until they gave her some. And there were dogs on the loose as well, but the dogs only run



Goats in front of the old post office on Harbour Road, early 1960s. Photo courtesy Heritage New Perlican/Bertha Conway

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after an animal if the animal shows fright and runs away. Nancy wasn't afraid of dogs and she'd just go sniff at the dogs and the dogs would say, "Well there's no sport here," and leave her alone.
–*Grant Tucker*

And they were dangerous too. Like...if you were tormenting them. There was some of them had a temperament that was a bit on the boiling side, you know. I can remember one time, there was a line up at the post office, just before Christmas, and there was one came down over the hill, where they used to be up on Norman's Hill, that's where they used to hang out in the daytime. And I remember that buck came down and put its old head down like that and charged through the crowd. But nobody got hurt, but everybody seen him coming on down. –*Bill Martin*

Now Nancy, our goat, she used to go berry picking, with the women. And I know Brenda, my wife, and the neighbour just out the road, used to go in berry picking. When they'd get a spot of berries, you know, they'd start picking. And Nancy would have her spot too, and you dare not go over and pick in Nancy's spot. I know in one case she bucked the missus out the road, and rolled her over down in the bushes because she came along to try and pick berries in her spot. –*Grant Tucker*

Before I got married I lived down by the brook and our neighbour, used to call her Aunt Becky Warren. She had a milk goat and her name was Nancy. Every evening you'd hear Aunt Becky call the goat, "Nancy, Nancy, Nancy!" So when I'd hear Aunt Becky calling the goat, "Nancy!" I'd go up over the hill to see if I could see the goat for her, and drive the goat home. And my friend,

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sometimes my friend be with me. But anyhow this day I was by myself looking for the goat, trying to drive the goat home. I fell down and cut my knee, real bad cut. I was a long time before I could walk on my knee. But I was looking for Aunt Becky's goat, and dad had to come up and bring me down from up on the hill, up back of the house. He had to bring me down because I had my knee cut. Aunt Becky used to milk her goat every morning before she let her out and then in the evenings when she'd call her, she'd come home and milk the goat. **-Susie (Legge) Smith**

My brother had a goat when he was about 8 or 9 years old. He never could get the goat to go. He would tackle it up on the slide and he would never get it to go. So, he used to say, "Help me now to get it in the road." So I'd help him to get it in over the new road so far. Of course when you'd get it in so far we would be in a hurry to get home. So we'd sit on, he'd sit in on the slide on one beam and I'd sit on the other and we'd get a hurry in time home. **-Susie (Legge) Smith**

Then nighttime. When we were out playing in the nighttime they would be all laid down in the middle of the road everywhere. **-Betsy (Seward) Hefford**

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Shawna Dawna, one of Ron Peddle's goats. Photo by Terra Barrett

BREAKING THE GOAT

I found from day one that they were intelligent despite what people said about how pigheaded and stubborn they were. They certainly were difficult to train. You had to, we called it “break the goat in”. That’s the terminology we used and unfortunately we used a kind of reed of some type or a whip to train the goat, but when the goat was trained the goat would follow on the path and would take you on a slide and this would be the fun part of it in the winter. But it was also used to haul like a pony was – we didn’t have dogs. There were very few dogs in New Perlican used for winter sleighs and taking young people, children around the community or hauling wood. Very few dogs but people did have goats, and as I said people used them for milk and meat as well.

–*Phil Warren*

I thought they could be taught. They could be taught to keep on trails. Once you went in the woods and loaded your load of wood with the goat, the goat knew its way home so you had very few problems doing that. –*Phil Warren*

GOAT FACTS

“There is a novel kind of sport which a few of the young men of this town have lately taken up - it is goat-driving. A pair of large goats is secured (William goats), and then a four-wheeled vehicle, nicely painted, is attached to them and after a little practice they make very good time on long journeys.”

HARBOR GRACE STANDARD

St. John’s Notes - May 11th, 1894

DOCTORING GOATS

The goats they used in the woods, the male goats, they would have to be neutered, you know, otherwise they'd be too wild and you wouldn't be able to handle them. They'd have to be neutered. There's stories about that too, I don't know how far you want to go into that. But neutering the goat, I know a very crude method, you don't mind me telling it? Would be



Grant Tucker. Photo by Terra Barrett

to cut the scrotum open, take out the testicles and fill the scrotum full of Jeyes Fluid. Now, Jeyes Fluid was a kind of antiseptic, that they used. They used it in gardens, you know, it was an agricultural product. Fill it with Jeyes Fluid. And they would get over it and after a while it would heal and they'd be fine. Then they became a little more advanced and a fellow Frank Callahan in New Perlican, he had what they call a bloodless castrator, which is kind of like a pair of pliers where they would, the external part, they would manage to pinch the duct, you know, and that would also serve. Now that was painful but there was no blood. –**Grant Tucker**

I know there was one gentleman Mr. Callahan, he used to do that. Whether or not it was because he had the very uniqueness of being the 7th son of the 7th son, and he could stop blood. He could put away warts. He put away warts on my hand, I never saw a wart since. You know, he could do wonders. He could charm a tooth if you had a toothache. But put a worm on his hand and it would die. I guess, I don't know if it was because he could stop blood from flowing. –**Rex Cotter**

KEEPING GOATS

You've got to keep their toenails cut. They can get foot rot when the dirt gets up under them and they get infections but usually after all winter you would cut their toenails before you let them out and then when you were bringing them in in the fall you would cut their toenails again. When I was growing up here they were a short legged goat with long hair. I would say crossed with a Toggenburg goat because a Toggenburg goat has longer hair. I would say mostly that's where they came from but they were all crossed. I mean there were all these goats breeding with one another so there were probably a few Heinz 57 among them anyways. **–Ron Peddle**

Every bit of scraps from the table and things like that, that was all recycled in the goats' buttons. That could have been put on the grounds too, and a little bit of hay that they used too, in their pens. They say smell sticks in your brain more than anything. I can still smell the old goat's pen. **–Bill Matthews**

They'll eat anything I mean a goat, they'll come down and eat stuff off the clothesline if you're not careful. A goat will eat anything. They'll eat almost any kind of weed. They'll clean your vegetable garden out in a few minutes if you are not careful. **–Ron Peddle**

What do goats eat?

Hay. See you would cut so much hay in the summer and dry it and put it away in the stable loft somewhere keep it all winter and we used to cook potato scraps and scraps off our vegetables and put them on the stove and boil them and give them their breakfast to eat. **–Bertha (Legge) Conway**

USEFULNESS

At that time I would say New Perlican had probably more goats per capita than any other community on the shore. I'm sure Winterton and Heart's Content had their share but we had a lot of goats. And they were used mostly for two or three purposes. Pets, yeah they were pets in my case my first goat was a pet. It was used to help work if you wanted to get wood from the woods we used a goat to haul and people used it for meat and

of course milk. It was used for what else? Meat, milk, manure I supposed we used. So these are the uses. But the attitude towards goats was always more negative then. They were always seen as being cantankerous and determined, difficult to train and some of that may have come from the Bible. *—Phil Warren*



Sylvanus Seward. Photo courtesy of
Heritage New Perlican

One of the things that I think about goats is we practiced our carpentry skills, building goats' pens, as a boy. I can remember going to people's houses say, well on Saturday or whatever, we've got to fix up the goats pens. That's where we got our carpentry skills. Learn how to chop and round out sticks, and saw, you know what I mean, and hammer. There was no screws at the time so it was hammer. Lots of times we would use rope, old pieces of fishing line, to tie it together. Making yokes for the goats, cause

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that time it, wasn't to keep the goats in, at that time it was to keep them out of your garden. *—Max Warren*

They roamed all summer long, so they kept the grass down. And the stuff growing, the nuisance stuff, the alders, they kept them down. And they lived off the fir trees. They kept everything really, better than the lawn mowers of today. Because at that time the roads were narrow and you usually had about four, five, six feet of grass on either side so they kept that mowed down. Firewood. Logs. Everything, practically everything came out with goats. They weren't expensive to keep. And they kept the woods in good condition. Most people could afford a goat, but a horse was a big item. *—Ed Matthews*

The goats used to haul the water with the barrels. Sometimes had the barrel on the sleigh in the wintertime and pull the water to the door. Then you'd bring it in put it in your barrel, put your barrel in the porch. And get the wood, I don't know what other chores. I spose whatever chores were to be done...you hear tell of hoops years ago? Barrel hoops, I don't know if you heard tell of that. But they used to cut big alders and split 'em and make hoops for the barrels that the old people used to make. They used to make, they used to call it bundles, but it'd be so many bundles, and after you'd get so many bundles of hoops made, they'd have to take them down to Winterton because that's where the merchant they used to take the hoops to. I remember my husband telling me one time that he took three goats on the slide, and his grandfather, and they went to Winterton. It was quite a way to Winterton. Before you get to Winterton there was a big hill, so when they got to the top of the hill, his grandfather said to him,

USEFULNESS



Unidentified goat with water barrel. Photo courtesy of Rex Cotter

“You can go on, now.” He said, “I’ll dodge on behind you.” So my husband got on the slide, with the hoops and came on, came down over the hill so fast he passed along by the merchant’s store. He never stopped ‘cause the goats wouldn’t stop, and they passed along by the merchant’s store. And his grandfather got there and he wasn’t there. And he said to, there was a couple of men there, “Did you see a young feller here with the goats and hoops?” And the men said, “B’y he might be in Hant’s Harbour now.”

USEFULNESS

He said, “He passed along here like a shot out of a gun.” He said, “He could be in Hant’s Harbour now.” Anyhow, he had to turn around and come back with the hoops. Like I said they were a great help. –*Susie (Legge) Smith*

I know when my father had three goats - but I forget their names. Sister Bett was saying she thought that one of them was named Juicy Fruit. Perhaps he was, I don’t know. But we had one beautiful one - a brown, multicoloured, the colour of a brown lab with white spots and a few darker spots. Beautiful goat he was. But in the wintertime my father had a kind of sleigh that he put the water barrel on and went to the well and filled it up on that and the goat would pull the sleigh. –*Thelma (Callahan) Manning*

It was common to see a horncoat with a goat tied onto it, with a fellow...and he also had a piece of rope tied onto the sled itself, wrapped around his shoulders. So he was helping the goat as well. Yeah, they came home a lot faster then they went in. They knew what was happening and I guess they didn’t get fed until they got home. That was the objective to bring them, to get them home was not to feed them. –*Max Warren*

When you would be in the woods with a slide you would be coming down over the hill and you had a stick out and the goat would be out ahead and the fellow here would be holding on and skidding down over the hill to keep it from running into the goat. –*Ches Peddle*

YOKES

Years ago they used to put collars on them so they wouldn't get into gardens but that's illegal you are not allowed to do that anymore. It was a yoke it came down and went across like a triangle actually. And they put it over their horn and they screw up together and let them go. **–Ron Peddle**



Goats wearing yokes on Pinsent's Lane, 1940s.
Photo courtesy of Heritage New Perlican

Now in the spring before they were let go to run wild everywhere. But before they were let go a yoke was placed on their neck. Now the yoke was made from three sticks. Two short ones about an inch in diameter, and one long one. Now there's a reason for the yokes. Every square inch, I would say, of the land during these years in New Perlican was fenced in with either wriggle fence or pickets. And the yokes were put on the goats so they wouldn't get into the gardens and eat the grass. They also, were free to roam wherever they wished. It was a common sight in the '30s and '40s in the summer to see goats wandering in the path and the roads. **–Cyril Pinsent**

A yoke is, well an oxen's yoke is a thing that goes over their neck for pulling. But the goat's yoke was a triangular, three pieces of wood nailed together. And of course if you know anything about goats they will eat anything, anywhere, anytime, pretty well, Including clothes lines and the rind off of the wood, and they will

YOKES

clear the land for you. But they will also want to get in at young cabbages, and will stick their head in. So this yoke would block them from getting through gaps in the fence to get at different vegetables and stuff like that. That didn't go over too good with people growing vegetables. **–Bill Matthews**

I have a lot of stories that I could tell about goats, harnessing them and yoking them. In order to prevent them from getting into gardens or getting out if you had them in you put a yoke on them. A yoke was a triangular wood that you nailed together, with two sides of the same length that you put together and nailed them, nailed one across the bottom and that prevented them from getting into gardens. You yoked them. So every spring you yoked your animals because in New Perlican your goats were free to roam and so were other animals until more recent years. In New Perlican we had Newfoundland ponies that were in fenced pastures but goats were always free so they went from house to house picking up the scraps, eating the scraps of potatoes, and turnip and carrot that was thrown out, leftovers. They ate anything. **–Phil Warren**

They could jump better than a deer, so most people had to put what they called a yoke on them. A triangle of wood on their neck all summer long so they wouldn't jump the fences for their vegetable. **–Ed Matthews**

In the winter they were barred in the store, and put in the pen in the store. And in the spring the goats were let out to roam. Usually they'd go up here in those woods up on the back of Perlican. People used to have gardens, and they'd have their vegetables in

YOKES

the garden. Sometimes the goats would get in, so they'd have to put this yoke on the goat. Triangular boards nailed across. They'd have to put the yokes on the goat so that they wouldn't get in the garden. -*Susie (Legge) Smith*

Well when I grew up - heavens up knows that wasn't yesterday - goats were used for everything! To get wood out of the forest. For hauling it on sleighs in the wintertimes. In the summertime all the goats were let free and they all wore collars. The collars were for if there was a hole in the fence they couldn't get in because this collar was made out of wood and shaped like a triangle so that the goats couldn't get in at the vegetables in the garden. So before they were all let loose the owners used to put the yokes on them. -*Thelma (Callahan) Manning*

GOAT FACTS

"Police Office, Harbor Grace, 16th May, 1884. In accordance with Chapter 79 of the Consolidated Statutes...All Goats running at large must be yoked, each with a good substantial yoke, of which the lower bar shall be 3 feet, and the upper bar not less than 18 inches in length otherwise may be impounded in the nearest common pound by any person. Penalty not exceeding \$2.00 - with costs."

HARBOR GRACE STANDARD

May 14th, 1884

GOATS AS PETS



Bella the goat. Photo by Terra Barrett

When my children were small, there was a fellow in New Perlican who had a goat whose mother had died, I believe, and he had to wean it on a bottle, you know. We took it in here and we made a pet out of it. That goat would play like a dog, with the children. There was a pile of rocks out here in front of the house where they dug up for water and sewer. Big boulders right, they're gone now. The kids and the goat would play jump the rocks,

you know jumping from rock to rock. And the goat was better at it then the kids, and the goat knew it! Alice, my daughter, and I were talking about her the other day, and when she looks back she says it was the best pet we ever had. And my young fellow in the wheelchair, he'd go out in the harbour there sometimes during the day, and he would always come back for supper. And the goat would come back, and as he'd be coming up the hill she'd be behind pushing his wheelchair. She had a couple of kids, and the kids were ok, and then another year she had another couple of kids and she never recovered from the birthing. She died, a very

GOATS AS PETS

sad day. I took her in St. John's, Nancy we called her, took her in St. John's to the vet, that was the only vet available then. Not much he could do for her. Brought her back home and she died out in the porch. Sad, very sad but that's it, that's part of goats.

—***Grant Tucker***

Another time we were having a party up to the house, a birthday party for one of the youngsters I think. Their father went out in the stable and took the goat out of the pen tied her tail up to her leg where she wouldn't dirt on the floor and brought her in the house and put her in the kitchen alongside the youngsters. Well did they ever have a time with that goat. Yes that's what they did.

—***Bertha (Legge) Conway***



Bertha Conway. Photo by Terra Barrett

I had a goat, I was about 13 I guess, probably about 13 when I had a goat for the first time. It was a small goat. I didn't use it for work, this was strictly for pleasure with me, a little boy. But I had it connected up, harnessed up to my slide, what we call these days horn slide which was used to in the wood. But I didn't do any wood cutting I don't remember. But anyway the goat was not

GOATS AS PETS

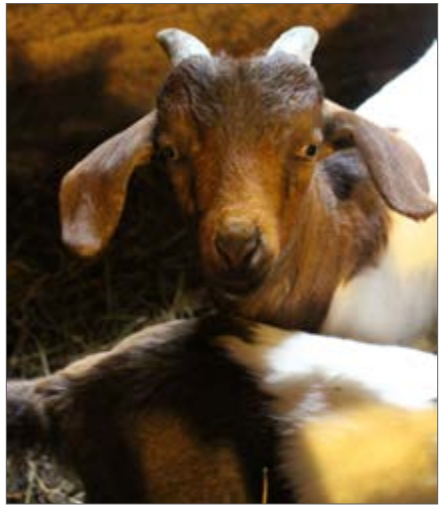
trained to be used to the reins, because, rig a horse and you go to the right, pull on the right rein. Go to the left, pull on the left. And the same thing applies to goats. But unfortunately my goat was not trained, a young goat. So wherever the goat went I went not vice versa. I had it for a year or so and then I guess I had enough of the goat and I gave it to my grandfather in Victoria. He had it for a while, and then one day he had it for Sunday dinner. So that was the end of my goat. It had an unusual name, it was called Stockling. *—Rex Cotter*

I've got a real great goat story. We went to New Perlican and I had two or three children then, so I drove down and they were doing the water and sewage down there and there was this goat that had kind of been raised as a pet and it was called Tina and it was never tied on. Well nothing was tied on in those days, people were fenced in and the gardens were fenced in and the animals were all on the loose. So every time the men bent down to do something, Tina would hit them, she would butt them, drive them in a hole or something right? So they had to get rid of it. So I bought it for five dollars and had it all trussed up. Someone trussed it up for me and put it in the trunk and brought it up to Heart's Content, going to bring it to Pouch Cove as we were visiting my parents then, right? So up she comes and let the goat out and my father had a boxer called Boo and as soon as Boo saw the goat he had it as quick as that by the throat was going to kill it, the goat couldn't breathe. So what my father did was grab the two of them and run across the road and hold the two of them underwater. The goat had to go under too because the two of them were so close together and when the dog started drowning he let go then he grabbed the dog and everything was okay after that. So Tina

GOATS AS PETS

came to Pouch Cove and we had her all that summer and she was lovely. She used to come in here in the morning and they used to have bunk beds in the bedroom and she used to go in and she would get on the bed and pull the covers back with her teeth. She was really cute. Pull the covers back so they would get up and everything. *—Patricia (Hicks) Cumby*

He had a goat and the goat had kids and the mom didn't take one of the goats, one of the kids so my mom took the baby goat and put a little bed by the stove and got a baby bottle. The goat would lay there and my mom would feed the goat the bottle. It became domesticated. My mom fed the goat the bottle and goat got to the point where it was domesticated and we would let it outside and it would come in the house and lie in its bed. My dad, my stepdad, just loved animals. He had a horse that he didn't even have to put anything on the horse it would just follow him around. He used to feed the wild cats too, so he just loved animals and the animals took a really good liking to him. I can't remember how long we had the goat but I know the mom goat, my mom used to milk the goat, and we used to drink the goat milk. And it was really good! Really good milk.



One of Ron Peddle's kids.
Photo by Kelly Drover

GOATS AS PETS

Anyway this little kid goat got used to being inside and we didn't know what to do with it. Anyway my stepdad and mom decided to give the goat to Grant Tucker's little guy. **–Louise Coombs**

I just remember that the little goat used to go outside and if you left the door open she would come back in and lie down by the stove in her little bed. It was just like a cat or a dog. It was so cute. I remember my mom used to get up at night and feed this goat a bottle. **–Louise Coombs**

Silv Seaward, we used to hang out there when we were young and he had a goat and we would be all there sat down and by and by he would get up and go out and next thing you know you saw the goat coming in the door. He would be going around with the goat. There would probably be fifteen or twenty in the house. He would go all around with the goat and the goat never bothered. She just went around. He used to do that all the time. I remember one time the goat got up on her two legs and hit him with her two horns and blackened his two eyes. That's true, a true story. **–Ches Peddle**

Markie was my pet goat. You notice in the picture, I have a little horncoat hooked up to my goat and that goat pulled me around and all that stuff. Around our property, close by. Anyhow, it was a pet goat, he came by name. When I called him, he came. I fed him, he ate scraps like every other goat that was a pet in town. He hauled little bits of wood for me when I was a kid. We burnt wood certainly and I hauled him around the yard and all over. I was pretty young as you can see in that picture, but anyhow, as it turned out , I thought the world of the goat and the goat was

GOATS AS PETS



Charlie Warren and his goat Markie. Photo courtesy of Charlie Warren.

my friend, pet and all that. Anyhow, my goats came to an end about three years after I had the goat, when somebody wanted to buy my goat. They had a kid and the kid wanted a pet. These people knew my dad, through my dad being well known up and down the shore in Trinity Bay due to his taxi service that he had. I didn't want to sell the goat but I thought about it after a while and thought some other little kid is going to enjoy the goat like I did. We sold the goat to these folks, and about three weeks after I wanted to go visit the goat. It wasn't a good time, I think the people told my dad, or for some reason I couldn't go and visit the goat. About a month or so, two months after that, I wanted to go and visit the goat. I got into, sort of like a little huff because I couldn't go and see the goat. My dad broke the news

GOATS AS PETS

to me that the people killed the goat and ate it. They had the goat for a meal... I'm not kidding you, I was upset for months. I'm not kidding, as you can see I was pretty young there, in that picture...My dad found out they slaughtered the goat, and ate it. That was not the reason I wanted to sell the goat, that's for sure...I cried for two or three months after that. I was broken. I was really, really disappointed and even at that age, I knew it wasn't right. But anyhow, I guess they were hungrier than we were. And I'm telling you, anybody will tell you that we were pretty poor when I was growing up. We could've used a goat for a meal ourself if it wasn't a pet. -**Charlie Warren**

GOAT FACTS

*"Boys Rescue Stranded Goats - Spaniard's Bay, Oct. 29 -
"Goats have always had high notions, but when they take on
the role of Lucifer to ascend too high there is bound to be a
fall. And they are not the best loved of animals whether they
go high or low, poor creatures, yet someone is always ready to
get them out of a tight spot when ill luck befalls them."*

"Boys Rescue Stranded Goats - Spaniard's Bay"

THE DAILY NEWS

November 1st, 1956

GOAT MILK

See you can drink goats' milk right from the tap pretty much because goats' milk doesn't have to be pasteurized whereas cows' milk had to be pasteurized. **–Ron Peddle**

Goats' milk was a popular thing, you know. I remember my mother saying they drank goats' milk quite a bit. When you grew up, see that was common. There were more goats around then there was cows, let's put it that way. **–Max Warren**

There was one gentleman here, Charlie Warren, that raised milk goats. He used to milk them and people would get a taste of goats' milk. Some people found that goats' milk was good for babies that had certain digestive problems or whatever, and Charlie would always give them a bottle of milk for the babies, but I don't think he ever got to the commercial operation level. And knowing Charlie they were probably bigger pets then they were milk producers. **–Bill Matthews**

I was raised on goats' milk. Milk goats were kept, just in case a child was born and the mother couldn't feed the child. According to what they say, goats' milk is probably the most nutritious, you know. Anyway, I was raised on goats' milk, as were many children these times, right. And even if mother had milk, the goats' milk was sometimes used as a supplement you know as an additional. So, goats are always really part of the scene. **–Grant Tucker**

PREDICTING THE WEATHER

Everybody will tell you that, that they're a good prediction of the weather. I can remember mom, sun is shining and the goats are coming down from the new road, cause they would go and feed in the woods. And you saw 60 or 70 goats running down, the sun is shining, you better get your clothes off the line. That was one of the key things, Mom would say, "Come on help me with the clothes. We gotta get it in because rain is coming." Sure enough, guaranteed you're going to have rain. The goats were good at that, predictions. **–Max Warren**

See when it was going to rain all the goats would be in the woods and when it was going to rain they'd come all out in a big line. Every one following the other. All the time and they would go in under flakes out of the rain but when you see them coming you would say, "Oh, we're going to have rain." **–Bertha (Legge) Conway**

They were great forecasters for the weather, because they would go into the woods of course I guess to get the greens they would eat from the grass in the woods, just up over the hills on the south side. But if the rain was going to come, we would know before any forecast, and more accurate forecast. Yes they would all come down out of the woods, and go underneath the flakes on the south side. One common place was underneath what used to be the home of the S.U.F., the fishermen's building which is now where they have a coffee shop down there. Yeah, and that was all just open space underneath there. Until the rain came, they would go in there when the rain came, and a half an hour after they came out. You'd be sure when they left the rain was off, and they'd go back into the woods again. **–Rex Cotter**

PREDICTING THE WEATHER

Goats in the community were known to indicate what weather was expected. If goats were eating they browsed. They didn't graze they browsed and they ate trees and tips of trees. If they were in the weather and it looks as if it was going to get a storm, rain, goats would often come out of the woods and get into protected areas of the community. When you saw the goats coming out as a herd from the forest nearby you could expect rain or some kind of stormy weather. They were an indicator of that. So in the community they served a lot of purposes. *—Phil Warren*

I was always fascinated by the number of goats and many times I heard someone comment about how the goats predicted the weather. Depending which way they were heading either up or down the road was an indication of whether it was going to be wet and windy, sunny or a strong wind was brewing. If they just lazed around, the weather was going to be calm. This one particular time, there was a group of them that came into the lane by Uncle Jim Grant's house and around the back door. His wife Aunt Bertha said we needed to drive them away so out we went. The majority started to leave when we got shooing them, but of course there was a few stubborn ones including a small kid whose horns were just long enough to hold onto and were sharp. He bucked me in the leg with the tip of the horn. I grabbed him by the horns and started to lead him towards the road. It had rained earlier and there was a puddle of water beside the house. Just as Aunt Bertha started to say "Let go because he will jump" and before I had a chance to react, he jumped and I went face first into the puddle of muddy water. I thought Aunt Bertha was going to split her sides laughing. The shocked look on my face must

PREDICTING THE WEATHER

have been worth the cash. That event is one of my fond memories of my times in New Perlican. **–David Kelly**

That was always the habit. Towards evening here the goats would file out of the woods and then of course they would go back again in the morning. I remember one time in the sixties, it must have been the early sixties – there was an eclipse of the sun and that particular eclipse darkened the whole area pretty dark and as the sun was going into the eclipse, here the goats started coming out of the woods, took up their spot underneath the flakes and stages and then all of sudden the sun came out again and here the goats were confused and you could actually see the confusion on their faces so they filed back in the woods again. **–Grant Tucker**

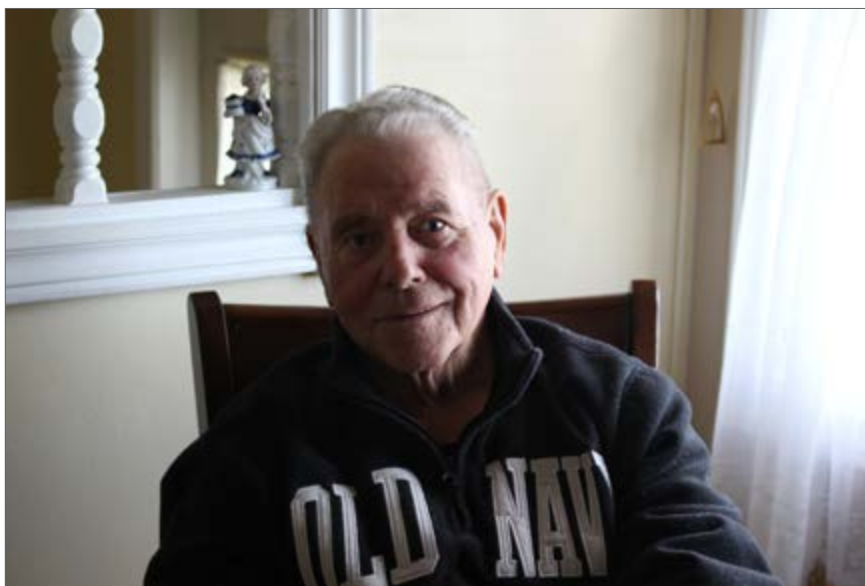
They were also a good weather forecast. Only one we had at the time. When you'd get up in the morning in the summer time they'd go in the woods fifteen, twenty in a group. If they came out before supper time, everyone ran to take up their hay or fish, whatever was drying because it was going to rain...So that was the forecast for rain or a good day...They were the forecasters of the day. Better than Eddie Sheerr. **–Ed Matthews**

If you expected rain. Wherever they were they were headed back to get under some sort of a ledge or something to get out from the rain. They could tell beforehand when the rain was going to come. And they'd be there under cover by the time the rain arrive. **–Ron Piercey**

Oh they would be fighting with each other all the time. Bang! Bang with the horns banging together. It would be quiet like it

PREDICTING THE WEATHER

is here now and by and by you would see them running along, probably 25 or 30 of them and then the old people would go on the flake and tear up the fish because it was guaranteed to rain. It was a better forecast. –*Ches Peddle*



Ches Peddle. Photo by Terra Barrett

A MEAL OF GOAT

Usually people had a cow or two and they would slaughter in the fall. They would have pigs, pigs were popular and you bought a small pig in the spring and of course fed it all summer with fish and vegetables, leftover food was often given to the pigs. So goats, sheep to a lesser degree, because you've got the wool of course as well as the mutton, some Newfoundland ponies, some cows, lots of hens and so on of course because in the thirties people raised their own meats and their vegetables and they used their vegetables to feed their animals and slaughtered them in the fall for food for the winter. They shared of course. If someone had a cow and killed a cow in slaughter in the fall other people in the community got their share of meat. *–Phil Warren*

They were put on earth to eat. Like sheeps, or cows, or whatever. But they are fed well and treated well up there. *–Ron Peddle*

I know right now in rural Newfoundland I believe there is a market for it because Middle Eastern people like goat and there is nothing done commercially I don't think. There is only one or two people in the community with goats right now and one of those gentlemen told me it was no sweat to sell a goat in the fall. *–Bill Matthews*

I had another goat. So mom figured a bit of goat meat would be good you know, help us along. A fair sized family of us. So I said, "Yeah, I'll kill the goat, if that's what you want. You want some meat." I got her in the barn, there by the pond, and I got her rein.... I took a knife and the knife, wasn't very sharp, and I didn't know no difference see, being 11 years old, or maybe even 12. Well I took the knife to cut her throat, that was the first thing to do. Of

A MEAL OF GOAT

course the goat didn't want to die, and she was going all over the place, there with her throat cut. All over the place, blood flying everywhere. I got frightened to death. Because now I didn't know what to do. So anyway, I finally, I done the job and started in skinnin' her. So this fella came in, and this was the same fella that told me about biting her ear. And I said, "Don't tell me nothin." I said, "Almost lost my teeth last time you told me something." He said, "What are you doing anyway?". "Boy," I said, "I'm peeling this one now." What I should have said was, "I'm skinnin' her." My word was I was peeling her. I was a bit on the comical side anyway. And boy, he laughed and he laughed and laughed and he laughed. *—Melvin Penney*

You can put it in the oven like a roast in a roasting pot. Now the way we like it here... I like goat but you don't want goat cooked a whole lot. It's not like pork chops where pork has to be cooked well. I usually take a frying pan, an iron frying pan, and I put a little bit of oil in it and you get it hot. You want your frying pan good and hot and then we put just a couple of little pieces of fat pork and put it in and then a little bit of soy sauce and then bit of pepper and a little bit of salt and the chops. You get your goat chops and you just chuck them in and they sizzle and you only want it cooking for a couple of minutes. If you overcook goat it's going to curl up and it's going to be shoe leather. You can cook goat medium rare – a little bit red. *—Ron Peddle*

The two young bucks I had, when they got old enough someone said, "You should kill them now for the winter," right? So anyway, I said, "Come on, cause I'm fed up with this." I got in the back seat of the car, someone else was driving my car. We went out and

A MEAL OF GOAT

three or four rounds of ammunition, we were trying to shoot ‘em see, because you couldn’t get near ‘em. They were going mad, I mean. And they could go to, up the side of the hill or in around the cliff. In around on the back of where I had the house in the cove, they used to go up there to hang out up there. They’d go right up a path. You’d never say anything would get up there, right? So then, I got another feller out there see, Charlie Seward, who’s dead now. But Charlie went in, got in the back seat of the car and I drove along and bang, bang, bang, like that. That was it. We went to work, and we got them out in Charlie’s stable and he skinned ‘em and everything. We were going to have the big feed that night out there in another house. When we got it cooked, I couldn’t eat it. I wasn’t, you know, I said, “Naw, I don’t like that now.” My brother and the rest of the crowd was there, they went into it. Loved it! **–Bill Martin**

I can remember eating goats. Sometimes now, if anybody had a goat and you killed the goat...back then years ago there seemed to be a lot of, a lot of meat and they’d share. Sometimes when you knew somebody had a goat they’d bring you a meal, a roast off their goat and same way with the sheep. They’d do the same thing when they’d kill the sheep. That was mutton. And they’d bring you a meal of mutton. Everybody shared years ago when you had things like that. **–Susie (Legge) Smith**

Just the same as you would a roast of meat. Same thing with onion and water and in your roaster. Of course so long a time. Now my daughter and them, they just won a half a goat and half a lamb and it was only recently I was up there and had some. It’s not a choice dish for people, not today, but now the older people

A MEAL OF GOAT

are used to it, they don't mind. But it's almost the same as fresh meat. Not a big lot of difference in it. Dependent on the way you cook it too. Because people now use more sauces and things like that on their meat and ribs but the goat was only just cooked with ordinary salt and pepper. Usually a little bit of salt pork. Salt and pepper and onion. But it was a delicious meal, I tell you, when we were small everything was good. Cause we didn't have full and plenty lots of times. So, things like that used to be a treat.
-*Susie (Legge) Smith*

GOAT FACTS

"Hanover had 178,634 fruit trees planted along its streets. How long, what with the goats and the kids, two legged and four, would fruit trees remain and the fruit ripening in the the streets over "this Newfoundland of ours." Broken windows, chipped mouldings, broken down fences, stolen crab-apples, flower-robbed cemeteries answer; Not Long. Parents, teachers, pulpits and press, constabulary and Court House, all good citizens can do their part to prevent the pump of destructiveness becoming so highly developed as it is in the cranium of the average Terranovan youth. As for the goats, they are the despair of the farmer, the legislator, and the political economist."

HARBOR GRACE STANDARD

March 22nd, 1907

STINKY BUCKS

A buck goat, a male goat, we always called them “stinky buck.” There was a powerful odor. If you happened to touch the goat or anything, get it on your hands you’d never get it off. Now these are the goats that weren’t altered, or weren’t neutered. Old Frank Callahan used to say, not neutered, he used to say altered. The goats that weren’t neutered they did give off a powerful smell, and not a pleasant one. But then again, there was all kinds of smells around then, so it just sort of blended in with everything else. Because there was fish you know, rotting in the beaches, and the blubber barrels you know with a smell. All of that was all part of, I suppose, part of the ambient smell, you know. Nobody seemed to notice it and just took it as a matter of course. —**Grant Tucker**

I think that’s the same as when the moose go into rut at a certain time of the year, and I think the buck goat goes into a rut and he sprayed himself and that was the smell that you were getting, the foul smell. I don’t think they were like that all the time, once the rut is over and the breeding’s done, that’s an attraction that’s all. But they did. You knew, you knew there was one, definitely, in the vicinity at that time, at a particular time of the year. No doubting it. —**Max Warren**

The Stinky Buck Club. First when I came home from the mainland, it was a great relief to get home from the allergies and all of that stuff in the summer time and we weren’t immune to having parties at my place on the deck and whatever. We used to have a Tory Road party when people would come around, almost like a street party.

STINKY BUCKS

Out of boredom I guess, one night we were talking about the different, like the Orangemen and the Masons and the this and that, and why in the world couldn't we start something? Not that we didn't have a few drinks in. And so we decided.

I lived next door of course to the surgery that I mentioned earlier, about where Frank Piercey used to castrate them. And of course we lived next door to the surgery. The old storehouse was still there then. So we put a name on the old storehouse, "The Surgery", and of course a lot of questions were asked about that.

Then as the night grew on, I said "let's start a club." And what are we going to call the club related to rural Newfoundland? We called it the Stinky Buck Club. One thing led to another, oh we had a lot of fun. A lot of laughing. There were people from Halifax there, that lived in Halifax, and native Newfoundlanders who had planned to come home. We would use it as a conversation piece and we started, not a charter of rights, but more or less a bunch of rules for the membership in the Stinky Buck Club.

I worked away most of my life, and was still running back and forth sometimes to the mainland to work, and we were told that next year when we met we should have a membership explosion, and we started to write up these rules anyway. It was just a great bit of fun. I remember one of the membership fees, of course this was an exclusive club. To get into it, we set it, I think it was \$150,000 for initiation. You know, that made lot of sense. The next year when Boyd and a few of the other people came home, we just couldn't figure out how people weren't joining our club. We finally brought it down; the initiation fee was a little high.

STINKY BUCKS

Then there were a bunch of other symbols that we developed. Like the Masonic and that have their symbols, so we gotta have our symbols. So we made a pair of cardboard horns and a yoke, because the yoke was what kept the goats out of people's, cabbage gardens. And there was one..oh yes chin whisker. So the initiation rite I guess, was to wear this, horns, and the chin whisker, and the yoke. And it was a yoke, boy we laughed. Oh man, we had a lot of fun. **–Bill Matthews**



Bill Matthews. Photo by Terra Barrett

Oh my yes for sure. There was one used to come up from Winterton, a big goat that used to come up from Winterton, with great big horns, in summertime. And when she'd pass along, oh my! They used to call them the stinky bucks, and they were definitely sticky bucks. They were really, really...that was the big father goat. And the other ones now they used to doctor, that's the ones they used to use in the woods. Because you'd never be able to bar it in your store or anything like that to use for in the woods. You'd have to get rid of that smell. For sure. But the little she goats, the [oh] goats we used to call them, they never used to smell, never smelled at all. **–Susie (Legge) Smith**

CATCHING GOATS

We always had a few hens but then I tried to talk the wife into getting goats. She wouldn't let me have a dog. I wanted to have a goat or a dog well she said you are not getting a dog so you can have a goat. So that's how we got into goats, right? Same with the sheep, the rams were bad too. They'll buck you. We used to catch them and catching them wasn't easy. We used to find a place down the harbour where Raymond Pitt's and them had a house there. There was a little lane, hardly enough room for two people to go through, and we used to all get together. The old fellows would get the young fellows to go chase the goats for them to get them home. We used to drive them out to this lane and then one fellow had to get on the other side of the lane and when you get them in there they had to go single file to get through the lane and on the other side when the goat come through he would make the big jump and grab him by the horns and everybody would jump on and grab the horns to try to get a rope around it right. You would make a few hitches around his horns. That's how we used to catch them. **-Ron Peddle**

People used to give us a chocolate bar or an apple if we would go and catch their goat for them. We used to try and corner them, two or three of us get together, boys, and try and corner a goat. We weren't very successful at it, I can guarantee you that. We could only back them up so far and then they're coming at you, right. So, that was one of my experiences



Max Warren. Photo by Terra Barrett

CATCHING GOATS

with the goats, getting pushed over. Definitely as a child. But we would just carry on. We were brave enough to venture again the next day, and try it again . But there were always one or two goats that you were scared of. –*Max Warren*

See years ago they let everything go, all the animals were let go. As soon as the weather breaks they were gone. Then in the fall you would go looking for your animals. Now with sheep they used to have a bit of paint on them so you could know your sheep but the goats I mean everybody knew the goats pretty well. You would go in then with a crowd of young fellows to catch the goats and bring them home and put them in your barn and rear them up for in the woods. –*Ron Peddle*



Goats in Ron Peddle's barn. Photo by Terra Barrett

GOATS ON ICE

They were no good on ice I remember that. Some people, and I didn't know this, I never saw it in action, but some people made boots for their goats and put little, I guess you'd call tacks or sparbles in to protect the feet of the goat on ice, and I guess they would struggle along and pull their load. –**Bill Matthews**

I was in the woods with my father. Goats they were unhandy on the ice. It was in the late winter and there was a little pool of water around the edge of the pond. Coming out, we had two goats, we always had two goats on the slide. One goat got tangled up in the traces of the other. My father went and stooped down to clear them out. One goat came up from behind and hit him in the rear end and put him right out into a pool of water. –**Cyril Pinsent**

They were good, strong. Only thing was when it came to on the ponds when it was slippery, they were useless. They were no good on ice. –**Ed Matthews**

When they would get to the pond they used to stop and they used to have knit socks to put over their hoof and that way they wouldn't slip on the pond. They made out of a bit of rope about that length to put over his little hoof. If you wouldn't put that on they'd be all over the place, slipping around hey? –**Ches Peddle**

There was another fellow and he never had no socks, he used to put them on the load of wood. He got the goat and put her on the load of wood and he hauled the goat and the load of wood over the pond. That's true. A fellow by the name of [Harrison William] did for a long while. –**Ches Peddle**

GOATS ON ICE

Knit. The boots were knit. Made of wool so they would stick to the ice. Years ago if you were walking in over the pond and it was blowing a gale of wind over the pond you take the rubbers off, your boots and go on and walk on in a pair of woolen socks. That's the same as the goat. –*Ches Peddle*

I remember one time we were coming out of the woods with the goats. We got up to this big pond, big pond in Perlican.... So I had to take the goats and put them on top of the load of wood. Half way over the pond we went ... Me, the goat, and a load of wood to get to the other side of the pond. The ice was pure ice, and we had to wait a while. Then we finally got the goat going again on the side of the pond. It took a while but about an hour later we finally got back home with the goat, and wood. –*Winston Peddle*

I used to use a goat and my father was away so I cut firewood. In the fall before the snow came we would go in and cut the wood to be hauled out and cut up for firewood in the winter. So in September, October, November I would go in and cut wood and pile it, and sometimes stick it up so that when the snow came you could use your slide to pull it out. I would have all of this done in September, October so when the snow came in December, January we would go in on Saturday mornings in particular. It may sound funny but I was always very competitive so I would always want to be one of the first with the goat harnessed to the slide go in and load up wood. One year I went further in. Every year you go a little further in to get the right amount of wood. You had to go around a pond so you would go in and often tie the goat to a tree at the mouth of the pond and you would go across the pond, load up your wood, and come back across the pond,

GOATS ON ICE



Bella the goat. Photo by Kelly Drover

which is easy, and tackle the goat on and go home. Usually it was downhill so you had to be careful that you kept the wood behind the goat because the goat was good on level or on up hill. One winter I, being creative, decided I would take the goat around the pond going in because goats were not very good on ice. They're not like horses which are shod. I took the goat up around the pond on the path staying clear of the ice, loaded up the slide with wood and decided instead of going down around the pond again going home, I would put the goat on the slide on the wood and slide it across the pond. It didn't work. Instead of me dragging the goat on the slide the goat on the wood just didn't work. I had it on top of the wood first. I thought I trained it to stay there but it didn't and I ended up dragging the goat and the wood across the pond. I'll never forget that experience. **–Phil Warren**

LAUGHING GOATS

Well sometimes I stretch the truth a little bit. I don't say anything real bad but I do stretch the truth sometimes. But anyway we had these people up in the garden from Ontario. Well-dressed people and I don't think they had ever seen goats in their life really. I'm not just picking on Ontario either, but they came up and the buck I got, the big old Tom, when they comes in heat they've got these habit of curling their lip right up over their nose and they put their head up in the air like they are sniffing. They stick their tongue out around and some people call it tasting the air for the scent of other animals or goats whatever. But anyway they came up and they were looking over the fence. Now I knew he was going to do this it was just a matter of time. When they come in heat they are at it all the time. So I said to the lady, "I'll see if I can get him to laugh for you in a minute." She looked at me right foolish as if to say, "Oh yeah, laughing goat." Sure enough I didn't have the words out of my mouth, b'y and he turned around looking at me and he put the head up and his lip came right up over his nose and he was showing his teeth and he is sniffing. Well you talk about people getting excited. Missus grabbed the camera and she was flicking and taking all these pictures, and the old fellow that was there with her, there was three or four of them, he looked at me and he said, "My god, that's amazing. Amazing! How in the world did you get a goat to do that? Get him laughing?" I said, "I was weeks training him out there. Spent hours trying to get him laugh." Anyway they went off happy as larks. It made their day. So they went off over to the coffee shop I guess. I went over to the coffee shop the next day, I walk in and she said, "My god, you're something else." I said, "Why? What's going on?" She said, "We had a couple of people from Ontario the other day who said they travelled all over Newfoundland and all across Canada but the

LAUGHING GOATS



Ron Peddle's goat Tom. Photo by Kelly Drover

only thing that stands out of it all was we went to Newfoundland over to Mr. Peddle's and he's got a goat over there and the darn thing laughs at you. He chuckles away. I can't believe it." So my wife came home, Mary came home and I was telling my wife and Mary said, "You told them the difference of that though?" And I said, "No, they went off happy – that's the main thing." [Laughter] They've got good memories of Newfoundland. –**Ron Peddle**

A GOAT PAINTING

Commissioned From Art Andrews



Phil Warren and sculpture by Esau George of a goat with horncat. Photo by Terra Barrett

A GOAT PAINTING

Commissioned From Art Andrews



A GOAT PAINTING

Commissioned From Art Andrews

As an art collector, I bought several paintings of goats. And one year I asked Art Andrews who was an artist from Winterton who lived in St. John's and painted a lot, he was a graphic artist as well, if he would paint me a painting of a goat, near a fence... So I said to Art, "Will you paint me a goat on the hillside in Winterton near a fence, the traditional fence?" I was trying to incorporate in this painting, the culture, the goat culture. And he did. The painting is in the Winterton museum. When I went to pick up the painting and I said how much do I owe he said, "If this goat were slaughtered and cleaned it would weigh about thirty pounds." He said, "I called Montreal and goat meat yesterday was three dollars and thirty something cents a pound." So he said, "How about ninety dollars for the painting?" So I gave him ninety nine, ninety nine and I'll always remember. *—Phil Warren*

GEORGE BURRAGE'S GOAT ART AND MEMORIES



Folk art goat by George Burrage

GEORGE BURRAGE'S GOAT ART AND MEMORIES

New Perlican Aboriginals, that's what I call them and it seems as if they were always here, all through my childhood and adolescent years. The most stubborn, cantankerous, mischievous animal the Good Lord ever created (in my opinion). They actually knew how to "Get your Goat", excuse the pun.

I'd guess that 75% or more of all goats were called Bill, but that didn't matter because if there was 50 or 60 goats in a herd and you just called out "Bill" a couple times, every goat there would look at you but the only one that left the group was your goat. I guess that goat recognized your voice and it would come to you, unless - you had a piece of rope in your hand or hanging from your body somewhere. There it was tail up over its back and gone over the hill in the opposite direction as fast as its four legs could carry it and every other goat right on its tail. And they don't even know why but there's something not right here. So you throw your hat on the ground, cuss under your breath because you know that goat might not be seen for another week, now he don't trust you, until he forgets this little mistake you just made.

Now realizing the mistake you just made and knowing you needs that goat to haul caplin for the garden, your only hope is rain, 'cause it don't matter where it's at (somewhere between Winterton and Hearts Content) all those goats are coming home, and, they're coming on the run. They always do, it's a mad dash for the flakes around the landwash. Goats do not like rain or getting wet.

All that's well and fine, you know where the goat is but you have to almost crawl in there to get at it and be assured it's always the last one in. You can do what you like, jump up and down,

GEORGE BURRAGE'S GOAT ART AND MEMORIES

yell and scream, run around in circles (soon to be committed to the insane loonie bin) that goat is just not moving, no Sir. It's just laying there, chewing its cud, and thinking "you wants me, you come get me." Ready to commit mass murder - you go home, defeated once again by a goat that you know is just laughing at you behind your back.

I remember when we use to let ours go in the spring, I always said a silent little prayer I wouldn't see that thing anymore 'till at least November.

The goat is gone out of your care for now, but it's still your goat and every cabbage patch in New Perlican is in danger. Goats have been known to hide and watch for their opportunity to chew on some tender young cabbage shoots. I remember when I was young, there was this one goat, an old codger, who (according to rumour) used to walk past cabbage gardens, around the corner and then walk backwards into the garden behind the shed, just so if anyone saw the tracks it looked like two goats walked by.

A goat, by definition has horns and cloven hoofs. Remind you of anything?

Some of the old fellers used to bite their goats ears to get them to go in the woods hauling firewood. I tried that once, somewhere in my early teens and let me tell you, it does not work. All that happens is you piss off the goat who knows he's getting you back for that. Then one day when our guard is down and your backside is like a target, BANG!! You're sitting on a cushion for a week or so. A goat is like an elephant, who never forgets.

GEORGE BURRAGE'S GOAT ART AND MEMORIES

We, (as did a lot of people) had a little pair of booties for our goat when it was slippery. They had a wooden bottom, with small nails drove through that and four in. long leather leggings with a lace through them for tying at the top. These worked really good on the pond. However while we were getting firewood, these had to be taken off, if not the goat would eat it all except for the bottom with the nails.

Goats do not like going to, or being in the woods, but coming out was a totally different situation. Whatever how much wood you could put on that sled that goat could haul it and not even break a sweat, just because it was going home. A goat would do anything to get home, we always had to be on your toes and keep an eye on the goat. Never let go of the horns rope, never tie the knot towards the goat. He will untie it. Never leave your axe within reach, he'd break the handle off with his horns. All of this to get back home.

Goats really enjoy Sundays, there was no woods on that day. Plus they got all the pot-liquor from Sunday dinner and would drink it all, blow up like a football. Good thing there was no woods because I'm sure he would bust!

Of course the yew goats were for milk and multiplying while most of the bucks were used for labour tasks. All those had to be castrated at a very young age and of course we had our own local vet, one Mr. Frank Piercey, whose only instruments, I believe, were hot water, razor blade and iodine. And that's enough about that. Castration was a necessity, otherwise you'd end up with a goat known as a "Stinky Buck!" and that's exactly what it was.

GEORGE BURRAGE'S GOAT ART AND MEMORIES

Long hair all matted up, stink to high heaven, grumbled all day, and sometimes saucy as a stray cat.

I remember one night I was on my way out to the harbour to meet up with the boys and took a shortcut over the spelling hill. Almost dark and foggy, when I got up on the hill, sounded like someone talking and I was getting closer with each stop. No street lights then, when it got dark it was dark. Anyway I dodged on then right ahead of me, up in the bit of sky light about 10 or 12 feet, loomed the biggest, ugliest, stinky buck that I ever saw, sounded like he was really cussin' at me, ready to kill me with those big curly horns. Well I near had a heart attack. Then I panicked, yes Sir I spun around on a dime back the way I came, or so I thought. I guess not 'cause next thing I knew I was head over heels over a horse that was laying down there. Well what a commotion. The poor old horse was scrawling to get on its feet, I lost it and started screaming like a banshee. What a fright. Well I don't know what happened to the horse but, after I got back home, and the things I wished on that goat! Well it didn't happen cause I didn't see any bolts of lightning or anything, and I saw the goat couple days later. Stinky Bucks, I hates 'em.

I could never understand why some people had two goats, why ask for twice the trouble when it's hard enough on the nerves to deal with one. I've tried but I just cannot understand why anyone in a sound mind would put themselves through that. Maybe in that way I was blessed. We had only one.

Anyway thats a couple little stories about goats and my humble opinion about them. Hope you enjoyed. –*George Burrage*

GOATS IN THE GRAVEYARD



Goats in St. Augustine Anglican Cemetery. 2016. Photo by Kelly Drover

Oh yes – that worked out really well. The graveyard is adjoining to my land. A fence went up between the two lands. So Eileen who is into this heritage thing – I’ll tell you how that happened. Down in Florida or somewhere down there they had grape vine and they started bringing goats in and letting them go out they go and they used to eat the leaves off the grape vine but they wouldn’t eat the grapes or anything. They would have to pick the leaves so that the sun could get the grapes but they tried goats so

GOATS IN THE GRAVEYARD

they brought goats in and they were doing a wonderful job. They loved the leaves so they ate the leaves and open up the grapes for the sun so I was watching this and anyway the old graveyard out here, which goes back a long time I can barely remember when the last fellow was buried in it, but anyway I mentioned to Eileen one time, “We should let the goats out there.” Another good thing with goats now too is they only drop buttons, it’s not like a sheep where you’ve got a mess. Anyway she said yes I’ll look into it so I believe they got a little grant and they put the wire up and put a gate there by my land and from the road you couldn’t see across the graveyard. It was all these bushes, and birch, all grown in. And they cleaned it right up! It was great for them and it was great for me too because it gave the goats more room to roam around. *–Ron Peddle*

GOAT FACTS

According to the Census of Newfoundland and Labrador there were 15, 071 goats in the province in 1935. In 1945 there were 516 people in New Perlican and 159 goats. Approximately 1 goat for every 3 people.

THE END OF AN ERA

Once we got the council here and then people started complaining that the goats were getting in their gardens and tearing up everything and there was dirt down around the water areas. So finally they said if you've got animals they have got to be fenced in. And that was the end of animals running wild. –**Ron Peddle**



Kid in Ron Peddle's barn. Photo by Kelly Drover



Kelly Drover (left) and George Burrage. Photo by Terra Barrett



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