



Heritage Foundation
Newfoundland & Labrador

#004

DOWN IN THE SANDS:

**BOYHOOD
MEMORIES**
of **SALMON COVE**



ORAL HISTORY ROADSHOW SERIES

DOWN IN THE SANDS:

**BOYHOOD
MEMORIES**
of SALMON COVE

Edited by: Katherine Harvey
Oral History Roadshow Series #004



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

Layout / design by Jessie Meyer

2017

INTRODUCTION

“Growing up in Salmon Cove [there were] big families. Hard to support. Usually there were more children [than] bedrooms or beds. Sometimes not enough to eat.” - James Parsons



Bet Wood overlooking Salmon Cove c. 1930.
Photo courtesy Anthea Tinline.

Salmon Cove is a small community in Conception Bay North most known throughout Newfoundland for its sandy beach. I remember spending many summer days on that beach as a child with my friends, swimming and having picnics, sometimes until the sun began to set.

This booklet transpired after conversations with Berkley Reynolds of the Salmon Cove Future Development Association. Their goal was to document memories of growing up in the community, so Terra Barrett, from the Heritage Foundation office, and I travelled to Salmon Cove on a crisp autumn morning in October.

We hosted a Memory-Mug Up as part of the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador's Oral History Roadshow Series. The majority of those who attended the event were male, which shaped the outcome of this booklet.

I returned to Salmon Cove the following week to conduct interviews with the interested participants. I also collected old photographs of the community and the men who grew up there. My informants had nothing but pleasant memories of growing up in Salmon Cove. This booklet demonstrates the life cycle of these men, from birth to play, and from work to retirement. It shows the mischievous things they got up to and the ways in which the community shaped their lives.

Katherine Harvey



Harvey Parsons, age 3, with
homemade cart. Photo courtesy
Harvey Parsons.

BIRTH



Donald Case as a child with parents c. 1945. Photo courtesy Donald Case.

I can see the midwife walking down over the hill dressed in black - because all old people did at that time - carrying a big black bag. As we were told, carrying a baby for Mrs. Parsons or Mrs. so-and-so. That is all we were allowed to know. In other words, we were to be seen but not heard. —*James Parsons*

PLAYING



Arthur Kelloway c. 1960. Photo courtesy Arthur Kelloway.

Most of what we had were homemade . . . Like even in tidley - nowadays you'd probably use bricks - well we never had bricks so we'd use rocks. It served the same purpose. —**Berkley Reynolds**

TIDDLY:

A children's game in which a stick, balanced on a rock or over a hole, is hooked or flicked into the air and struck with another. - *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*

PLAYING

I watched my friends, especially Berkley's brother who is really good at [walking on stilts]. He used to get on stilts and he just amazed everybody by crossing the brook to get to his school and crossing the brook again. So he was really good at that. Some others were too but not everybody. So you just get a fairly long starrigan, it was just like an ordinary stick, and then probably halfway up you'd nail on another piece of stick so you could put your foot on. That was about all that was to it. —*Donald Case*

All us kids growing up, it wasn't looked at as being offensive if you had a pocket knife in your pocket. Most of us carried pocket knives, and at recess time - and other times I guess - you would play a game of knives. Usually what it was was two or three people would stand around and the first thing you did, they called it "stick ins." And you just threw the knife three times and stuck it into the ground. And then you had to - they had one part of it where you had to flip the knife and it would stick into the ground, and you'd do that three times. Then there was an unusual part of it where you had to reach up and catch hold to one ear, and you took the knife from this side and flipped it, and you did that three times. So as long as that knife stuck in, you were still in the game. The minute that it hit the ground, or it went so low to the ground that your opponent could not put his fingers in under it, then you were out. —*Arthur Kelloway*

I'm afraid to tell you what we used as pucks: a bladder from a cow, a cow's bladder. I think I told you the butcher lived across the road, the guy that had the truck. Well now, he also had animals since he

PLAYING



Orange Lodge. Photo courtesy James Parsons.

was a butcher and we used to get the bladder . . . and let it freeze. After a while we got old hockey sticks, but we did start out using just alders. —*Berkley Reynolds*

Another big thing back then was wrestling. I know we went up in Rupert Butt's garden and we found a whole pile of light and power wire so we built the ring. Then we'd make believe we were wrestling... There was a guy there, I remember, who used to do the announcing: "In this corner weighing so-many-pounds, Whipper Billy Watson." So that was pretty good. That went on for a couple of years until I guess we grew out of it or something. —*Donald Case*

PLAYING

We used to play stretch, or we also called it knives. It's two people, you got a knife, you stand six feet apart, and you flick the knife and the person got to stretch legs the width of that . . . You'd stand up straight with your legs together and you'd throw [the knife], and you'd extend your leg as far as you could, and you'd flick back to the other person and wherever the knife landed, you'd have to stretch. You were out when you couldn't stretch anymore.

—*Berkley Reynolds*

Some of the things that we did, if a child was doing them today they would look at you and wonder if the child should be examined by a doctor. To go out and tie trees to your bicycle and ride up and down a dirt road as fast as you could to see how much dust you could make was a past time for us. —*Arthur Kelloway*

The biggest thing in the winter was sliding, so that was the outdoor one. Indoors, of course, there was a lot of card games, board games, some role playing stuff. You were pretending, for example, you'd go to a church service. And so somebody would be the minister, somebody would be in the choir. And so then at the Orange Lodge there'd be Christmas concerts. —*Berkley Reynolds*

I remember up to the lodge when we'd have a time. We used to spin the bottle, [that] was another game. And then there was another one where you had the girls sit on your knee. We used to sing - and I don't remember all the words - and then at the end you'd just have a kiss. —*Donald Case*

THE SANDS



Salmon Cove c. 1930. Photo courtesy Anthea Tinline.

Salmon Cove got a wonderful beach there. Comes into the fresh-water. So you go out in the saltwater if you're brave and then you come into the river water to warm up. —***Berkley Reynolds***

Summertime we spent a lot of time on the sands. [My family] lived in the bottom part of the cove, so it was called Case's bottom. So only a hop, skip and a jump and I was down in the sands in the water. And there were ten of us all together, and we spent a long time, each summer, each day, down on the sands. —***Donald Case***

I remember towards the end of August there was what they call the "beach peas." Anyway you could just go over - I think they're in Dr. Hunter's garden because he had a cabin over there at that time - and we used to go and pick the peas and eat them raw. They were absolutely super. So that was an extra lunch for us. We didn't have chips and Coke, so we had beach peas. —***Donald Case***

THE SANDS

Everyone from Salmon Cove has great memories of “The Sands.” Down on the sands, warm fresh water from Harry’s Pond runs into a short river and then into the cold water of the ocean. It’s possible to stand in the water in the river, facing the shore, and have one leg in warm water and the other in cold water. At times when the tide rises and falls, this is really neat, because the spot where warm and cold meet, keeps changing. This is something that can still be experienced today. —*Harvey Parsons*



Bet Wood and Noel 1916. Photo courtesy Anthea Tinline.

SCHOOL DAYS

Splits to light the fire was carried to school by students and given to the janitor to light the stove and then taken from [the] school room on the shovel to start the other fire in that room. I see the janitor now, must have been hard as nails. They'd start the fire in one stove and put the coal in and get the cinders, then he'd take the shovel - small coal shovel - and he'd put his hand over it, smoke coming up his fingers, and he'd go right along to the next room and light the fire up there that way. They were hard, b'y. —*James Parsons*

In school you'd have speech night, which was an activity that the community was involved with . . . it was awarding certificates and scholarships and all that kind of stuff. So it was a school achievement thing. —*Berkley Reynolds*

I remember the slate, going to school you never had the exercise book. I remember the slate to do your work on, no scribbler. All outdoor toilets too, when you could get to use it. There was always a crowd. —*James Parsons*

I loved going to school. School was a good place for us. We had good teachers and I enjoyed it even though I wasn't all that bright. I managed to scrape through with the help of them. —*Donald Case*



Old school in Salmon Cove. Photo courtesy James Parsons.

MISCHIEF



Donald Case. Photo by
Katherine Harvey. 2017.

We used to go in people's gardens. I know poor old Uncle Idge. We used to go up there, and he used to have turnip. And we used to grab a carrot and a turnip and take off, and then go somewhere and eat it. I remember one time doing that, and of course there were four or five of us there. We were sitting on the fence and suddenly the fence gave out. And fences back then were important because you had a lot of animals going around, and everyone wanted

to keep the animals out of their vegetable garden. So anyway, we all took off that night I tell ya and hid away or wasn't long going home. —**Donald Case**

Years ago apples came here to Salmon Cove in barrels. And Reg Slade, a friend of mine, the b'ys got talking to him and wanted to steal cigarettes and other things from Aunt Lily Parsons. So they put Reg down in the apple barrel, and when Aunt Lily go to her dinner, the plan was that Reg would open the main door and let the others b'ys in and they would steal Aunt Lily's cigarettes or chewing gum or whatever. And Aunt Rose came into the store for a pound of beans, and when Aunt Lily rose the cover of the barrel here was Reg - he was only short anyways - but here was Reg in the apple barrel. And I said to Reg when he was telling me,

MISCHIEF



Old shop. Photo courtesy James Parsons.

I said, “What’d Aunt Lily say?” He said, “I never hung around to find out.” —**James Parsons**

I don’t know how we escaped many of the perils of growing up. Sliding, I remember one particular night where Berkley’s brother, Tom, took the shavs off his father’s horse sled, and we all went to the top of Salmon Cove ridge, and there must have been fifteen kids hung into that sled somehow or another with him on the back steering it. And we came down over the ridge, missed the turn, went out and cleaned out about three lengths of fence and all got up, shook the snow off ourselves and laughed. I’m sure if it was today you’d have at least two ambulances have to come to the scene. —**Arthur Kelloway**

SHAVES ALSO SHAVS:

The shafts of a horse-drawn sled or other vehicle.
- *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*

JUKEBOXES

I remember growing up with a lot of good friends. We'd be out Friday, Saturday night mostly, probably looking for a girl or something like that. We had a couple of places here that we called the jukebox. It was snack bars actually. In the middle part of the cove, opposite the church, there was Slade's, and we used to go there on Friday nights and, you know, we'd all gather together. I remember at one place they used to make french fries. Oh boy were they ever delicious. They used to put them in a bag, a small brown bag, and of course, I guess with the salt and the vinegar well you could eat the bag and all. I don't know, maybe some of us did.

—*Donald Case*

The only community we used to go and visit - and again, we were looking for a female partner - was when you'd go to Perry's Cove. But you had to be careful because there was a bit of a rivalry down there. We'd go down there, and it wasn't just two or three of us, it was probably ten or twelve, so it was a gang so to speak. Now Perry's Cove had a little jukebox, a snack bar at the foot of the pond down there. We'd all gather down there, of course the girls would be there as well. And I think there was some rivalry. Not only that, resentment too from Perry's Cove boys, you know, why were we there taking their girls. And I remember a scattered time we'd probably end up throwing rocks at each other so we had to hightail it out of there as quick as we could. —*Donald Case*



Donald Case. Photo courtesy
Donald Case.

POSTAL SERVICE



Mailman with horse (left), post office (center), and Lily Parsons (right).
Photo courtesy James Parsons.

Now this man here, he drove the mail with his horse and sleigh and horse and cart from Carbonear Railroad Station where the train would come in to the north shore. Nice long drive, especially in the wintertime. But he drove the mail for years and years. And drop off points along the way, there was mailboxes and stuff, you know, the big mailboxes not the little small ones like we use today. But, you know, you had Freshwater, Victoria, Salmon Cove. Post offices, he'd stop there and drop off. Anyway he did right from Carbonear to the north shore. Lots of hard days on the road. —*James Parsons*

FISHING



Hauling capelin on the sands. Photo courtesy James Parsons.



Olive Wood going fishing. Photo courtesy Anthea Tinline.

I had my first job at twelve years old, and I spread fish all summer for the grand sum of thirty-five cents an hour. Today, you wouldn't even think of having a kid go to work. My parents were dead opposed to me going to work but I wanted to do it because I wanted to be independant. I think in that era, we wanted to grow up faster than what we were doing, and the things we were doing, I don't think you would let children do it today. —**Arthur Kelloway**

Now, fish for the winter. No deep freeze. Capelin was caught and salted in water, or by beef pickle, then drained and dried by the sun on the flake then put in an onion bag and hung on the barn loft for winter. Cod fish was also salted and dried. You had to salt it, because if you didn't salt the capelin it would decay, you know? So it was salted for half an hour and then it was taken out of the salt and a drop of water hove over it and dried. And that way it would survive the winter. Dried on the flake, small flake was only for a family, and then it was cured. Once it was dried, it was cured, and put away, like

FISHING

I said, not in the deep freeze - there was no deep freeze or there was no electricity - so put in the onion bag or something so air could get at it and put on the loft for the winter. And you'd eat that . . . come home from school, capelin and potatoes. —*James Parsons*

I remember eeling. We'd get a stick with a little bit of wire on the end and a hook, and we used to lie down on the bridge there and do some eeling. —*Donald Case*

In June, the capelin will roll in the beach. Spout Cove, just down the road here, I remember it well. [You'd] harness up the horse when it was time to fertilize the potatoes. Go to Spout Cove, haul up two trips from the beach because it was steep, then travelled back home to spread the capelin on the ground and plough it all in the potatoes. All part of the work that had to be done. —*James Parsons*

One activity I engaged in while growing up was night fishing with a flashlight and a hoop from a barrel. A metal hoop was bent over on one end, about a foot or so, to form a handle. Then the hoop would be cut to a length of about three feet. The finished product was curved and resembled the shape of a samurai sword. After dark, we'd quietly walk along the brook, shining the flashlight at the edge of the water. I guess the trout would be attracted to the light. When we'd spot a trout, we'd chop down. When we actually made contact, which was very seldom, we'd flip the trout onto the bank. This is most likely illegal to do now and probably was at the time, as well. I can only blame my chum Harold Peach for introducing it to me, and being my companion on many great nights around the brook. —*Harvey Parsons*

FARMING & ANIMALS

First in the spring, the garden had to be ploughed up, then get ready for planting with the horse and plough. One [would] lead the horse, that was my job. The older person handled the plough. Then planting. It was all hard work, but it had to be done so we could eat during the winter. It was called survival. The women had to work just as hard as the men. —*James Parsons*

From years ago, everyone had a compost pit as it would be called now. A big hole in the ground filled with turf then capelin to rot over time and other things over the winter. And in the spring, it would be opened up and used for fertilizer. Now, everybody had a pit and opened it the same time. Now that was a favorite smell. —*James Parsons*

Most people kept a pig or two. Sometimes they were left to roam. The pig was sometimes left on the roam the same as a goat, sheep or horse. All animals were valuable, and they'd be slaughtered as it was needed for food. The pig would be salted, or fresh, because they'd salt the pork, you know, for their frying and fat; fish and brewis and potato pork and that sort of thing. —*James Parsons*

Wool for the knit socks, mitts and sweaters or caps was taken from the sheep in summer. They caught their sheep and sheared the wool off because the summertime is hot. It was taken from the sheep in summer or after the sheep was killed like in the fall of the year, what they call "the fleece." Then it was spun into yarn after it was washed. You had the spinning wheel. Then women or men would knit the yarn - the men knit in the wintertime just the same as the women did - for whatever was needed. —*James Parsons*

FARMING & ANIMALS

Seeing goats wandering freely, or in gardens, were just a part of everyday life while growing up in Salmon Cove. Quite often the goats were outfitted with a yoke. The yoke was a triangular wooden affair, with protruding ends, which was fitted around a goat's neck. The protruding ends of the yoke made it difficult for the goat to get into, or out of, a fenced garden. Different owners had different colour yokes, so the goats could be identified, while they roamed freely during the summer. It would not be unusual for goats to wander for miles, into neighbouring communities. You very seldom see a goat in Salmon Cove today, but during a trip "around the loop," you're likely to spot some in Trinity Bay, either in a garden or roaming freely and either with or without a yoke. —*Harvey Parsons*

The Meat Man is a vivid memory of my growing up in Salmon Cove. Arthur Kelloway - I can't ever recall hearing him referred to as Art - was a local butcher. I remember each Saturday afternoon he'd park his truck on Parsons Hill, transfer three or four roasts, from a container in the back of his truck, to his hand basket. He'd come into our kitchen and my mother would always say, "What have you brought me today? You've already sold all your best meat, haven't you? Just bringing the leftovers to us." Arthur would plead innocence, take the roasts from the basket and show her. She would have to look at them all, and then select one. Sometimes, depending on my mother's mood, Arthur would have to go back out to his truck and bring in a new selection. The price of each roast was written on a little flat stick (maybe part of a popsicle stick) which was stuck into each roast. The price always led to another confrontation, and sometimes, depending on Arthur's mood, the price would be dropped by five cents. I remember Arthur's large wallet, which he had attached

FARMING & ANIMALS

to his belt with a chain, like a modern-day biker. Arthur would leave our house, replenish his basket and repeat the whole process in the next house on Parsons Hill. I don't know how many houses Arthur visited on a Saturday, but the man must have had a tremendous amount of patience, or he simply enjoyed the friendly confrontations. I seem to recall there was another butcher in the lower part of Salmon Cove, who did the same work as Arthur. —*Harvey Parsons*



James Parsons, age 13, with cow. Photo courtesy James Parsons.

BONFIRE NIGHT

When I was growing up, there wasn't a tire or a barrel that was safe this time of the year. They were taken - and we were stealing them - but nobody ever referred to it as stealing. You took it, you ended up with the biggest bonfire you could have. And many times we took things, I suppose, that were valuable to some people. They were probably a rain barrel or an old tire that they had flowers growing in or what have you. But we took it and we burned it. —*Arthur Kelloway*

I think about lots of times the work that we did in order to have a bonfire. It was a pretty popular thing when the fifth of November rolled around. We never ever knew why we were doing it, like it wasn't until years later that we realized Guy Fawkes and who he was, and what we were basically commemorating. Growing up, as we got older, half the people that were at our bonfires were Catholics anyhow, so we never ever knew the difference. They didn't know either. —*Arthur Kelloway*

There was one lady, and every year the b'ys would steal her barrels. Of course, [that was] back again to the '50s/'60s, might even be before. She had this long hallway, and her water barrels were out in the porch; she was at the other end in the kitchen. She was sitting down, knitting, and she was doing sweaters, say forty-four knit, purl one two rows. She'd look down do her row of knitting and she'd look up and check on her barrels. Well now two fellas, two of the b'ys - and I happen to know who they were, I'm innocent on this one though - as soon as she started looking down to do her row of knitting, which probably took forty seconds or so, then that was a clue and then the other would go and take the barrel and run. So she'd come out, "Them brazen

BONFIRE NIGHT

articles stole me barrels again.” So the next day she’d be telling all the boys, right? One of them was the one who actually stole the barrel. But she says, “I knows you had nothing to do with it.” And he was guilty as could be. So the next week was Bonfire Night, so the bonfire is over by the old school by the brook. So she went over and took a rail from the fence on the way over and when she saw her barrel, she recognized it. And here she was, an old lady, with a rail trying to knock down her barrel off the bonfire. This happened every year. —*Berkley Reynolds*

This gentleman boasted that he had a barn full of barrels and tires, and he had his barn secured so that he’d never ever been stolen from. Well three of us heard about this boast and we figured you’re going to regret saying that. So we went and checked his barn one evening, and it was locked up like Fort Knox. But what he failed to see was that he had a flag pole on the front of his barn and a door that he put the hay in on the loft. It was up about eight feet. So I climbed the flagpole, opened the door, went inside and he had a pile of old tires and so on in there. The barrels we couldn’t get out unless we would take them up through the hatch and lower them down on the rope from the flagpole. We cleaned the barn out. The way that we got the tires out in the beginning was we took his horse’s reins and we squat the tires together so that they would go out through the manure shutter which was only about a foot and a half by a foot and a half wide. In order to get the tire out through we just tied the rope around, collapsed the tire and put it out through. Three of us worked there for about an hour and a half. He, or his wife, just as I came down the flagpole, came out on their doorstep to get some water out of the bucket, and they were talking back and forth. And I lid down beside the

BONFIRE NIGHT

barn, and the other two guys were still in the barn. They came out eventually, locked up all the doors, closed all the doors, put everything back, hung up everything, straightened away the barn so it looked immaculate, went out through the manure shutter, closed it and closed the door for me on the inside, and I came down the flagpole or flag rope again on the side of the barn



Arthur Kelloway with guitar c. 1960. Photo courtesy Arthur Kelloway.

BONFIRE NIGHT

after closing the outside door. Up until I'd say six or eight months before he died, I told him, because he had always wondered how they got into his barn. The locks weren't broken, there was no sign of entry, but the barn was completely cleaned out. And I told him about it, and, you know, I think he held it against me even though it was fifty years later. —*Arthur Kelloway*

The guys down to the bottom of the cove, where Don Case and these guys lived, they would have a big fire down there. And up in this end of the cove, the upper part, we too would strive to have the biggest and best. We would go to extremes sometimes. Pork barrels - which were many, you bought everything in barrels back a few years ago - and we would have as many barrels as we could. And sometimes we would get together and nail them on rails so that you had a big chimney made and it would go up sometimes as high as six or seven barrels. And you would try and mount them in tires to give them a base, and they'd be standing there and you'd get it going with a flame. It'd be shooting up through those barrels, and it gave the appearance that that's a super fire, right? And these are things that you do. But it wasn't uncommon to have fifty or sixty tires. And probably today, when you look at the environment, my God, you can't even burn tires. We'd have upwards of fifty to seventy five tires to burn and we would have sometimes fifty or sixty barrels. It would burn for probably two or three days. It was part of growing up in this area. —*Arthur Kelloway*

JANNYING

Let's not forget the jannies, or the mummers. Christmas time, knock on the door, "Any jannies 'lowed in?" Or someone would call from the window outside, "Mummers 'lowed in?" You go to the door, you see two or three. Then on the back of the porch maybe ten would be hid away, you know, because if you open the door and there was eight or ten you'd say no mummers allowed,

but when there's two or three they'd come in but then there's a crowd hide away. If you had some rum you kept it for yourself. Everyone had home brew in a small barrel behind the stove. Some had an accordion. [The mummers] had bags on their feet and long underwear with the flaps open. Everyone was happy.
—*James Parsons*



Mummers. Photo by Mark Bennett.

Wintertime, of course, another popular thing was jannying, and the girls and the boys would go together. But now you had to be in a certain time when you were jannying because your mother warned you, "Now the big ones are going out 10:00, so you be sure to be home." This is parents, trying to protect you, I suppose, against something happening. They were probably older and a bit rougher, who knows what they were up to. Not up to anything, you know, but just mischievous. —*Donald Case*

HEALERS & CHARMERS

No doctors [in Salmon Cove]. The nearest doctor was in Carbonear. There was always somebody in the community that was very well advanced. Maybe they had just normal first aid or somebody who had been nursing, a midwife or something. In the area of Salmon Cove, I remember if somebody was cut or injured, Blanche Case was one of the people that we would go to. She was somewhat of - I think she might have been a nurse's aid at some time or another. But it seemed like she was very well versed in looking after somebody that was bleeding; cuts or bruises or what have you. —*Arthur Kelloway*

Uncle Sam Reynolds was a seventh son of a seventh son, and we went to him as children to get our teeth charmed if you had a toothache. I remember having it done. The day that I went to see him I had a bad toothache and Mom said, "Go up and see Uncle Sam." I had been up all night. And Uncle Sam was out sawing up his wood with a buck saw and I told him, and he looked in my mouth and he said, "That tooth there, yes." And I remember he laid his finger in on the tooth, and I would assume that he said some sort of prayer or what have you, but he said, "Go on now, forget about your tooth, just go on." You know, it was amazing, but I don't remember ever having a toothache in that tooth anymore. They claimed that he was able to stop a person with a bleeding nose and what have you. There were other things that he claimed that he could do, whether or not he could I don't know, but he was thought of in the community as somewhat of a healer. —*Arthur Kelloway*

THE FAIRIES

The only stories that I recall about fairies were [the ones] my mother used to relate to us. If you were going in the woods always save a little bit of bread or something just in case you encountered the fairies and so on. That was one of the things you learned. We never ever did see fairies, we didn't know what they would look like or anything else, but we were told about them... The bread was for if you encountered the fairies. You would leave the bread and that would give you an opportunity to get away. —*Arthur Kelloway*



Arthur Kelloway. Photo by Katherine Harvey. 2017.

HAUNTED PLACES

From what I understand - because this goes back to my Dad's day, or Grandfather's day - a ship was wrecked just off Perry's Cove or off Salmon Cove Head. There's an area out there called Terrified Rocks, that's how it was always referred to when I was growing up. Apparently a ship went down there many, many years ago. And the folklore of the day was - and ghost stories that were told - that you could hear the people singing hymns and calling out for help as the ship was going down. Years later people claimed that when you'd be walking between Perry's Cove and Salmon Cove you would hear - especially on a foggy, drizzly old night - you could hear the sounds of what they said were people singing and what have you, and they referred to it as "the hollies." Many of the older people in Salmon Cove all knew what the hollies were. My father told me that he was out in boat with his uncle - and father wasn't the least bit superstitious, and he was almost totally deaf - and out in the boat he could hear people singing hymns. And he said to Uncle, "Do you hear that?" And Uncle, who had his ears as keen as anything, wasn't hearing anything. But Father claims to the day that he could hear people calling out for help and singing hymns while they were out in ship, and Father could hardly hear anything. But years later after I was on the go, coming from Perry's Cove one particular evening, Gerald Case and myself, and we were walking between Droke Hill and Birch Hill and every now and then he'd stop and say, "Wait for the boys." And I said, "Who's behind?" And he said, "Harvey Parsons and the boys are coming behind us, let's wait up for them." So we waited and nobody showed. So we walked along, and every now and then he'd say, "Do you hear that?" and I'd say, "No I don't, what do you hear?" "I hear boys singing back there," he said. "They're

HAUNTED PLACES

singing hymns.” And I said, “No, I don’t hear it.” But I knew the story, and I wouldn’t dare tell him because he could run faster than I could. —**Arthur Kelloway**

HOLLY:

Ghost noises; cries of dead fishermen heard on stormy nights. - *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*

As you’re going down the sands, there’s a hill there that’s referred to as Sylvie’s Hill. My grandmother told stories of when she was a little girl, I mean we’re going back a hundred and some odd years. The story that was told in the community was that an old man lived in a sodden tilt at the top of that hill and his name was Sylvie, and that’s where it got its name. They always claimed years later that after he had passed that he would be seen, an old man on that hill. Well I came over that hill manys a times, hundreds of times, I never ever did see anybody. However, Gerald Case . . . [and] I think it was Lloyd Penney, we were sliding down that hill one evening, and it was a beautiful moonlight night. The hill was so slippery and icy that we used to catch hold to the fence to get up, couldn’t walk up, it was just a glare of ice. When we got up to the top of the hill, we looked towards the church, and the old bridge that was there we saw what appeared to be an old person because he was walking real slow and he had a little dim flashlight. What are you doing with a flashlight? Beautiful moonlight night. And we waited, because he was walking towards the hill, and we figured there’s no way

HAUNTED PLACES

he's going to be able to come up the hill, but he kept on coming. And we stayed on the top of the hill, and this person walked up the hill, over the ice, never fell, never slipped, walked between us, no farther than we could have reached out and touched him. And we all said, "Goodnight sir" but there was no response. Walked directly between us, and when he walked between us, we didn't know who he was, and we knew everybody in Salmon Cove, but we didn't know this old man. So we let him go halfway down the hill and we said, "We don't know who he is, let's jump on our sled, get down to the bottom of the hill and have another look at him, see if we know who this is." We jumped on our sleds and we passed him. When we got down to the bottom of the hill we stopped, last we ever seen of him. He wasn't there. As a matter of fact, I don't think we went back up the hill sliding that night. That would have been close on sixty years ago, and only about within the last ten years Gerald and I got together and both of us remember this vividly the same way, and we could never explain what it was, or who it was. When we told the story a lot of people said it sounds like Uncle John Rose Kelloway. He used to come over that hill and that's where he lived too. He had been my wife's great-grandfather, and he used to be the section in the church. I knew him as a small boy to see him, and to be honest with you, if I had to guess who it was, that's who I would have said it was too. The only thing is, Uncle John Rose had been dead for maybe a couple of years then because we were only about seven or eight years old. But we don't know who it was. Maybe it was Sylvie making his appearance again.

—*Arthur Kelloway*

THE WHOBBYS

I never knew what the [whobbys] was unless they were birds out on the water or something like that but, you know, you wouldn't hear it day time. But we'd knock around down in Perry's Cove and you'd be sure coming up that you'd heard what they called the whobbys. I don't know now, someone said there, at that time, was a ship demolished and sunk. I don't know, that's one thing I don't know. I've heard the whobbys and all that good stuff but what the truth was I couldn't say. Everybody heard it.

—*James Parsons*

WHOBBY:

also wabby, wamby, waubbe, whabby. Red-throated loon (*Gavia stellata*). - *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*



Harvey Parsons, age 6, with
homemade hockey stick. Photo
courtesy Harvey Parsons.

THE WOMAN IN WHITE

Ghost stories were something that were told quite a bit. One of the funniest ones - not funny at the time - but you'd always hear of the Woman in White. Everybody would talk about this woman who would appear and she'd be all dressed in white, and people were frightened to death. All us kids, there must have been ten of us, we were out, and I'll tell you what we were doing, we were stealing crab apples. That was a big sport too. And one of the guys who was with us, he lived on Parsons' Hill, and he was half scared to go home because there was much talk about the Woman in White. And there was two or three bigger boys with us, older than us. "Come on, we'll take you home." So we all joined forces, there must have been seven or eight of us, eight or ten maybe. We walked down, went over Sylvie's Hill, down towards where the church is and up along by the graveyard. Low and behold, when we turned to go up Parsons' Hill, here was the Woman in White. Very vivid, standing at the top of the hill. And boy, did we get a start. But the older boys that were there, they weren't all that scared, and they figured if that's the Woman in White we're going to find out now what that's all about. And we pelted her with rocks. There was no sound coming from her or nothing else. Wonder we didn't kill her. Next day we found out that it was Aunt Gladys Parsons coming home from her LOBA meeting with her white dress on. And I tell ya, we often thought about it later. I don't know how she was protected from being hit with the rocks, because we were throwing rocks at her, but she wasn't hurt, but thank God she wasn't. But coincidence, you know, the Woman in White and all of a sudden here's the Woman in White. And we never ever forgot that one because when we found out what we had nearly done, we were all pretty worried about it. —*Arthur Kelloway*

GRAVEDIGGING

[There was] no backhoe. If anyone died, the call would be carried around to look for volunteers. A lot of men would come to the cemetery to help, some to tell old stories or gossip. Good ol' days. I will always remember that. —***James Parsons***



James Parsons. Photo by Katherine Harvey. 2017

REFLECTIONS

I'm probably not making this very exciting but for me I have a lot of fond memories of growing up here. It was really good. A lot of good friends and not much in the way of incidents, but maybe if I gave it some thought perhaps some would come up [laughs]. No, I had a lot of good memories. —*Donald Case*

Growing up in Salmon Cove was probably a lot like growing up in any other small community in Newfoundland at the time. We had a lot of dreams and many of them came to fruition, I guess as a result of schooling and better education. In a small town like Salmon Cove, it has had its share of tragedies, but it has also developed some very career-minded people that went on to do great things. For a small community, we've had doctors and lawyers and everything in between come out of that small community which speaks for itself that we must have been doing something right. And when we say we were doing something right, our parents and grandparents did something right in order to lead up to that. It was a nice community to grow up in, and I must say that even though I told my dad that once I got out of here I'd never come back again, he just smiled at me, and that's all he said. He never challenged me on it, he never said anything because I think he realized that he had probably said the same thing. But even though I had been clear across Canada and worked everywhere, I always thought of back home. And I eventually did come back home and retired here. —*Arthur Kelloway*

SPECIAL THANKS

Donald Case
Arthur Kelloway
Harvey Parsons
James Parsons
Berkley Reynolds

(Left to right) Berkley Reynolds, Art Kelloway and Marilyn Mackay at Salmon Cove memory mug-up. Photo by Katherine Harvey. 2017.





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.

Research and design made possible through the Collective Memories Project, an initiative of the Intangible Cultural Heritage Office of the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador, with funding provided by the Department of Children, Seniors and Social Development.

.....

*Visit online and listen to audio recordings
of these stories, and more!*

www.collectivememories.ca

1-888-739-1892

Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland & Labrador
1 Springdale Street
St. John's, NL Canada A1C 5V5

ISBN 978-1-988899-03-9