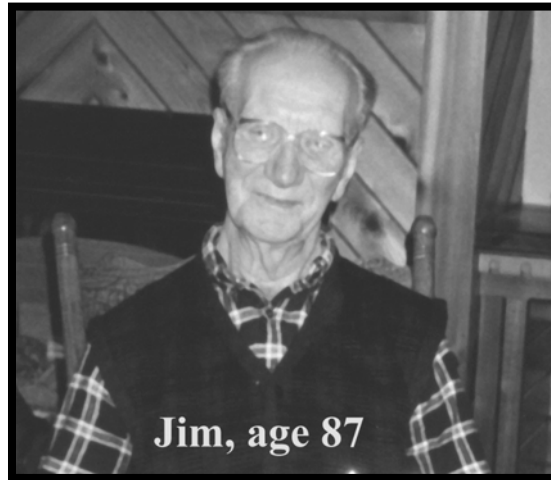


We were his Children

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November 2003*

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*James Leslie Hunt
(30 March 1913 - 7 January 2003)*



James Leslie Hunt was my great uncle, the last living child of Benjamin and Lavinia (Murley) Hunt. He was never married and had no children of his own.

During the last the ten years of his life, I spent a lot of time talking to him about his experiences and memories, and I got to know a lot about his life and the person he really was.

More than once he expressed his satisfaction about the fact that I was recording his stories, and he would say with a smile, "I won't be forgotten now". I assured him he wouldn't be, so I have put together many of his memories, just as he told them to me.

When my grandfather, Francis Critch, died in 1934, my grandmother, Lucy, was left to raise her three children (age 1, 4 and 6) by herself. Uncle Jim once told me that he stayed with Nan then "because someone had to take care of Lucy and the children". And he did just that.

I can imagine, when Mom, Aunt Roella and Uncle Allan were younger, Uncle Jim must have seemed like a father to them, because when I think about it, he was almost like a grandfather to me. He was always there with Nan. I am sure he was thankful, in return, that "his family" was also there for him as he got older. To me, this is a wonderful example of what families are all about.

I believe in his eyes, we were his children, and grand-children

Linda Elkins-Schmitt, 2003

Reflections on the Life of James Leslie Hunt

The House where I was Born

Our house was in a big field behind where Charlotte's house is now, in Mt Moriah. I was born at home. The mid wives at that time were Mrs. Edmunds and Mrs. Clarke. I don't know if I was named after anybody. I guess we were all random names...

The house I grew up in was a one story, it was only a small house. We were stuffed in together! It had 2 beds in each room. Then after a while my brother, Allen, bought a house from Mr. Porter, a big two story place. Then we all shifted over there with him. We had a nice lot of room then. It was there just behind where Ellsworth's Store is to now. Then my brother, Allan, built up in the field then, after he got married.

Where our house was, there was always a road down to the water there. The road that goes down to the community hall now used to go right to the beach there. The water down there was fairly deep and a lot of people had stores there one



time. The Butts, and Uncle Harry Baldwin, and Ned Stone, and the Porters all had them down there one time.

My father never had a store down there because we never had any boats or anything. He worked on the tug the George L a lot when I was only small. I can just remember it, so it might have been earlier than 1919. She started running by

carrying the mail. Before that people used to carry it on their backs and walk from place to place with it. The George L was put ashore over there in Summerside, and she rotted over there on the beach. There's nothing left of her now. I don't know who owned her, but Mr. Ruth from across the bay was the Captain on her. There were four or five brothers of them in Summerside, all big, strong men.

Father used to go to the Labrador fishing in summer sometimes. He worked up in the Staff House when the mill was being built, too. That is up where the Valley Mall is now. He worked as second cook. He was a good cook, too.

My Childhood

The Butts were mostly my friends growing up. Across from where we lived when I was growing up were the Horwoods, across there in the field. There were no children there handy. Welshmans were over the brook there, and then the MacDonalds. That rock out behind Heddie's house is called MacDonald's rock. Yes, it almost looked like a mushroom. Down the other way was Bellows and Butts. Stan Murley was the only Murley down by us, and he was a lot younger than me.



Going to School

When I was in school it was a one room school with about 20 children. There was just one teacher. Almost every year there was a different one, but I can't remember the names. We used an old slate to write on first when I started school, then we got scribblers after. We marked on the slate with chalk. We went by how fast we could go through the work. Some had desks that were made by their family. I sat at a big long desk with a big long bench. There were 6 or 7 of us. I made a small one for your mother and Allan when they went to school.

The first year I went to school, I can remember I went to the Salvation Army School, over there where Ralph Ellsworth's house is to. They had a school and church there all together in one building. The teachers were all Salvation Army officers. The old United Church school used to be across from your grandmother's house, where the post office is now.

The next year I went up to the one where the apartments are to now, up by Aunt Hat's (Murley) house... up where you comes down from the Ball Diversion there at McLeod's Lane. Right there. That is where the old school was to. That's where your mother started out, too, I guess. I had all girl teachers when I went. It was one big classroom. I went to school a little bit, not much.

There was a second classroom built on to the other end of the old Mountain school after a while. It was two story then. When you got up in grades you went to the school in Curling. I never got that far cause I went to work. It was just down over the hill from where our church is now. It was a big school, two story. The newer school was built in the late 1950s or 60s. I cut timber for that school when we had the mill down at Cook's Brook.

We went to school all day, and I mostly went up to Grandmother Murley's for dinner. See it was a long walk to go home. They lived just across from the school. Sometimes we had a big meal in the middle of the day. Grandmother or Aunt Hat would cook dinner.

Grandmother wasn't sick long before she died. She was some nice and kind. She was up in her 90's when she died. I didn't know her sister, Mrs. Cooper or Robert Allen, her brother. The Allens always used to go to Labrador summertime, to go fishing.

Our school was heated by pot bellied stove. We didn't have to bring wood, but we had to bring kindling and start the fire in the mornings. We all took our turn and went early in the morning to start the fire. They used to burn coal then, we just had to get the fire started. There was no trouble to get coal then, it was delivered there by horse. Charlie Bartlett had a coal place up there for years, the vessels used to bring in loads in the fall of the year. He had it stored in his stores there where the marina is now. The vessels used to come in and tie up to his wharf there and unload. A Mr. Payne in Curling used to have coal come in too. He had a place down there where Barry's Fisheries is to there now.

Christmas Fun

Your mother and them didn't get much for Christmas, clothes mostly, something to wear, you know, and fruit. Fruit wasn't so much around as it is now. Lucy made some of the clothes and bought some, it was all according to the money. That's the way it t'was. They had different toys, dolls and stuff that were bought, and books. We always had a special meal for Christmas. We usually had turkey, but we never raised any ourselves, but we had lots of hens. It was always crowded. Like one day your grandmother had 22 for Christmas dinner when I was living there. People from all around would come, some family, some not, everyone was welcome, not like now.

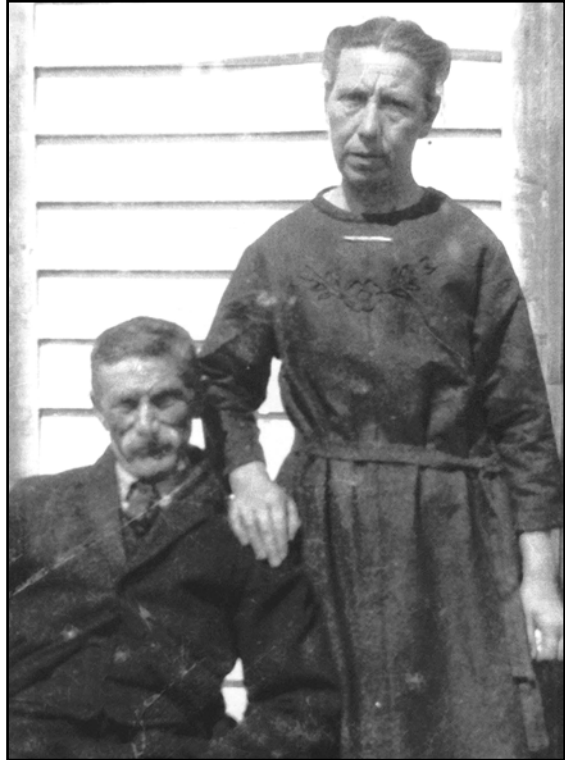
We always went janneying after Christmas. We used to come way up around Petries sometimes. We always had our face covered with something you could see through a bit. You know, we'd throw that back over when we were outside and just put it down again when we went to go into a house again. It was always a crowd of us that would go. We'd go into someone's house and sometimes they'd give you something and you'd dance around and go from one house to another. Mostly we

just went to people's houses that we knew. Some people didn't let janneys in. You had to go where the fun was to. A lot of the old people were some glad to see a janny coming. We used to have a good time, a crowd of girls and boys together.

My Mother and Father

That picture of Mom and Pop looks like it was taken over there by the old house. Mom was Lavinia Murley and Pop was Benjamin Hunt from Summerside.

My mother used to do a lot of sewing, for herself and for others. But she was sick a long time before she died. She wasn't really in bed but she couldn't do much for a long while. I think she had T.B. I was only a young man when she died, sure. I was out fishing when she died, me and my brother, Allan, out in Middle Arm. She died in the fall, I believe it was in November. (note: Mary Lavinia Hunt died 8 November 1935)



The three of them are buried together down in St. Mary's Cemetery, father and his two women. Alice, his first wife, had a headstone. Pop died in 1945. My mother died in 1935 or 1936. Your grandfather died in 1935 I think, in St. Anthony, and I think Mom died the next fall. There wasn't very much difference. (note: Francis Critch died 6 August 1934)

After your grandfather died, we all moved into my brother Allan's house. Then after Mom died we all moved down to your grandmother's house. My brother Ches lived in the house where I was born and reared up. There was no one living in your grandmother's house while we lived with Allan, cause the house was only partly done. See your grandfather built so much and then we shifted in. He went into it when he got married, trying to do as much as he could.

Pop was a small man, something like his father, George. His two brothers, John and George, on the other hand, we big men. Ted and Jack looked like him. Mom was a big women and tall in comparison to Pop. Pop had severe arthritis when he was old and had to use a walking cane to get around.

I don't know much about grandfather Murley, I never seen him. You remember my brother, Jack, well he was the same as his father. He looked a lot like his father. I looked like the Murleys.

Pop went to Labrador fishing when he was younger. He had his mother's grave fenced in in Chateau. About five miles from there they would go in the Bay for the winter. Cape Charles people would go up in Lodge Bay. Lodge Bay is in the Bay from Cape Charles, up in the bottom. It is north from Mary's Hr. There's a nice big river up the bottom of Lodge Bay. I don't know the name of it, but there was salmon and all kinds of trout in that river. They had two houses... one on the coast for summer, and one in the Bay for winter. They brought their fish to Battle Harbour by boat.



Benjamin Hunt's Land in Mt Moriah

I don't know, but I don't think that Pop's house was there when the big fire was in Mt. Moriah. He didn't move over this way till after he got married to Mom. See Pop belonged to Summerside till he got married and then he shifted over here, and Mom had lots of land! (note: the big forest fire was in June 1898, Benjamin and Lavinia married in 1900)

When he got married the first time, they lived in Chimney Cove. He had granted land in Chimney Cove, and in Brakes Cv, Middle Arm, so I have heard, and also here in Mt Moriah. He may have had land over in Summerside too cause he lived over there see. (note: Benjamin was first married to Alice Jane Matthews of Chimney Cove in 1896)

When we were growing up Pop didn't fish much, he mostly worked cooking. He used to be on the boats. For years he was on the ferry that used to run in the Bay of Islands from Humbermouth to Lark Hr. It was a passenger boat, the old George L, that was her name. I don't know who owned it. I don't know if the government owned it or what.

Sometimes Pop would come home in the evenings. He would come home late and then go out early in the morning. It depended on the trip see if he came home or not. I think he worked on her for a long while as cook. He was a good cook! He went down to the Labrador fishing, too. Mom was a real good cook, too. They could cook a meal out of anything. We usually had chicken dinner on Sundays. Them times with our Jiggs Dinner we used to have dough boys or a big steamed pudding. We used to have mutton, too. We had our own sheep and chickens.

Pop had land everywhere he went. I didn't know until about a month ago that he had that land in Brake's Cv, Middle Arm. Mr. Brake here had a map with the summer cabins on it and that, and it was on there. I don't know if he got that

map now or not, and my father had a little block of land there, like a building block. It was right by the beach. He owned land out in Chimney Cove too, but I never saw anything with that written on it. He told me he had land in Chimney Cove, and Henry Buffett told me too. Henry said he had about 12 acres out there that was down by theirs on one side. See the Buffetts lived there for years and had a lot of land there.

The Orange Lodge

I don't know if father ever went down to Bonne Bay when he was working on the George L, but he walked to "Bun Bay" one time from home. He went down to join the Orange Lodge. Him and Harry (Henry) Allen (from up in Petries) and John Butt. Ya, three of them I think, went down and joined up. I can't remember that (ha); but Pop told me that. He was a young man then. They had to go to Bonne Bay for that because there was no branch here. They started a branch here after that.

See there was always a trail to Bonne Bay because they had to carry the mail. You would go across to Summerside and go from there. And they had camps all along the line if you got caught, that they could stay in. I don't know where they were to. All the mail was carried then. It was taken to the head of Bonne Bay and then other fellows would carry it on down. I don't know any names of the people who carried the mail. See it was taken from Bonne Bay to Trout River and Chimney Cove. Sometimes they had dog teams. I think they had two places to stay if you got caught in the weather. In summer the mail went down in boat. Things were different then, you didn't just get in the car and go!

Benjamin Hunt's Death

I don't know if grandfather Murley lived to be an old man. I don't think he was very old. My Grandfather Hunt was up in his 90s.(note: according to his headstone, George Benjamin Hunt died Summerside in 1923, age 89). Ena was a teenager when her grandfather Hunt died, and Roella was 12 or 13. He was 81, I think, in July and he died in September, in 1945. Roella was going to Marie Butt's birthday party. Your mother was working in Cooper's store at the time cause I remembers going up and getting her. She was working when she was 16. (note: Benjamin Hunt died 18 September, 1945)

He was sick for a long time. He was crippled up. He used to use a crutch. He had rheumatic that bad he could not get around at all without crutches or walking stick. He was in bed a long while before he died. He was twelve days, he never eat a bite before he died. I was here to then. I lived here. I built my house after that, but never lived in it. I always lived with your mother. We had

Charlotte and Ted for a year, and then we had Charlotte and Ted and Lucy. We were all in that little house with two bedrooms.

Mr. Butt lived there in my house first. He was a teacher here. Henry Butt. He was no relation to the Butts here. Then the people I worked on construction with up in the mill, Brittneys, they lived here for a while. Walty Brittney and them. And Shediacs. Rose Collins (or Connolly?) lived in your grandmother's house for a while; while Roella lived in my house. Jack lived there for a nice while first when they got married. The first one who lived in your grandmother's old house when she moved out to the new one was Aunt Jane Burton. Gerald Patey lived there, too. That picture is Ena and Champ by my house.



My Brothers and Sisters



Jim, Dot & Ted at Bonne Bay

Photos left to right: Lucy, Rachel, Chesley, Allan, Jim, sister-in-law, Dot and Ted. Missing: John (Jack)

In my day, when people got married there was always a time of some kind. Mostly they had it at home or would go to some school. I think your grandparents went up to the church on horse to get married cause it was in the winter time. There are some pictures around of the horse, and some of Rachel's wedding too. I don't think there was much more than a year between their weddings. All that was on the go then was horses. There were two or three horses around and they would get the sleighs, you know. Sometimes they would decorate them with paper roses and that. The horses would be all done up, some of them would have nice bells on them. Everybody had bells on their horses then. If it was in summer, of course you would have to walk to church.

Ted worked with Porters for years, around the store, bringing groceries in horse and cart. There were no trucks then. He worked with them for a long time.

Ada, Jack's wife, was from Gilliams. Jack went to the Labrador a few times, but Ted never did.

Lizzy and Ches had a daughter, Mary. She had leukemia and then her daughter had leukemia too.

Ted and they had a boy, I don't remember now when that was, if it was first or not.

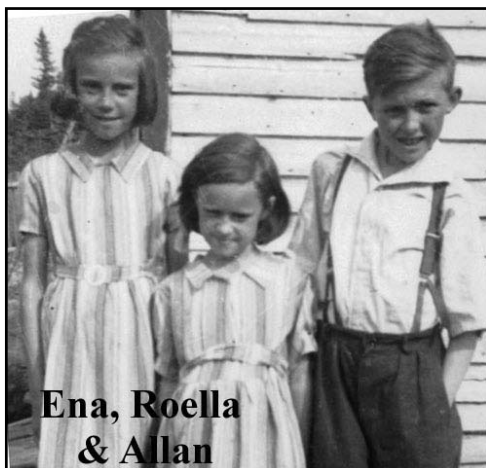
Allan lost a boy, too. I believe that was the oldest one, the first one, I think now. And they had two or three girls that died young with what they used to call summer sickness then. They had diarrhea and that. They were all infants but I don't know how old they were. They never had any girls that lived.

Lucy's Life

The land your grandmother, Lucy's, house was on was hers. Your grandfather had the land, he bought it from Levi Murley. And I bought some from Levi Murley next to it. I built a house on it, and never even spent a night into it! It was over in the field and up a bit higher cause of the lay of the land, handy to the road.

The hen house was down in the garden. We used to grow a nice lot of potatoes. We used to have good gardens some years, you know, cabbage and turnips and potatoes. We used to grow plenty of hay to feed our cattle. That was a big job in the summer, I guarantee you, your grandmother worked some hard at that sometimes. Because we'd be gone daytime working and that. We'd cut it in the evenings and she'd be at it the next day, all day, shaking it apart on the field to dry, and then raking it up in the evening. She worked hard at that. We had a barn, down below your grandmother's house in the corner of the field, we had a barn to store the hay in.

See your grandfather had a little horse, too. That's why he had the barn built back down there in the corner of the field. Your grandmother sold it after he died. It was a little grey pony. He would use it for hauling wood. You had to get your wood and you needed something to haul it out. Yes, Lucy worked hard. After Lucy went blind she taught me to cook some meals and to make raisin buns. Alley learned to make the cookies.



I wasn't down on the Labrador when your grandfather was there.. He was down there with Horwoods one year, and he was down with Porters on the vessel one year, I think. See the Porter's vessel used to go there every year fishing.

I remember when Ena was born, I had just left at midnight to go fishing on the Labrador and the next day, your mother was born. I can't

remember anything that happened to your mother. She wasn't very big when she was young. Roella was sick a lot cause she had rickets when she was young. Your mother didn't have any of that. I remember that Alley had a boil or whatever it was on his neck and drew his head. He wasn't very old when that happened. I can't remember if he was started school then or not. They took him to the doctor. I think the Doctor was Dr. O'Connell.

Roella scalded herself when she was small. She still has the scar on her neck. She wasn't very old, and she upsat a cup of tea. She had her hand on the edge of the table and upsat it all down over her. She still has the marks. She was just big enough to reach up to the table.

They used to usually walk to and from school. If it was really stormy people would go after them on horse, and a whole sleigh load would come down sometimes. I never brought them up on horse, but I went up for them a couple of times when it was stormy. I would bring them down on sleigh.

Your mother and Roella helped Lucy a lot around the house when they got old enough to do it. Your mother used to work in Morrison's and Steve Cooper's Stores, and I think she worked in Steve Cooper's store first. Morrison's store was down where his house was to. Coopers Store was right there where Darren's house is now. That was Coopers land.

Your Grandfather's Death



Frank & Lucy (Hunt) Critch
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I was on the Labrador fishing with Mr. Hussey and went to see Frank on the coastal boat before he went to hospital in St Anthony. Frank could still talk then, but with some difficulty. It was common then for people to have TB. Lots of people had TB. It was not long and he was dead. I'd say he had some kind of cancer. He had been working in the woods that winter and worked around that spring and he just took sick you know they sent him off to St. Anthony right away. He saw the doctor here in Corner Brook and was sent on to St. Anthony on coastal boat. Frank was the type who was always working, but he did not take care of himself. He would go out the winter in shirt sleeves. He was a small man. You can see from his picture when he was married that he was only small. Frank died in the summer. I was on the Labrador when

he died, and then Mom died the next year, in fall. Ena was only 4 when her father died.

Not long before he died, Frank was down to Cook's Brook logging and was working in the icy water. He was working for Porters. But see, he didn't care as long as he was to work. He'd go out in his shirt sleeves in the winter to work. He didn't take care of himself. He didn't mind the cold as long as he was working... that was all... he wouldn't stop day and night working...

After Frank died we lived for a while with my brother, Allan. They all had the same bedroom and there was a big crowd of us there then. By the time we moved back down to your grandmother's house she had the top cut down and made the house into a one story. It was two story when your grandfather was alive. People around helped her out and done it for her. I helped too.

It was in 1940 we came back from my brother, Allan's to live in the little house. For a while, Charlotte and Ted and Lucy, lived with us, too. When your grandmother shifted, then I shifted too. Jack was down with us for a while. Pop was sick see, and your grandmother looked after him till he died.

It wasn't very long after Allan got married, that Pop died. Your grandmother's house was a two story house first when your grandfather built it. She was going to shift into it by herself, you know, so she got it cut down to a one story cause upstairs wasn't finished. But like she said after, she was sorry, cause if she left it and we shifted with her, then we could have done it. Then we would have had lots of room, but you can't think of everything.

The reason I moved back down with your grandmother was because I felt I couldn't leave her alone with three small children and I wanted to help her out. I always gave Lucy my pay check, but whenever I needed money she gave it to me.

Places I Worked

The George Allen who had the sawmill had a bad memory. Once he and his wife drove to the Bank in Curling, then George walked home and forgot he left her there in the car, and had to walk back again. I don't know who he was married to. I worked with him in the sawmill in the summer when I was about 12 or 13 years old.

I was working there when the Petries Hotel on Irving's Point burned. It was right out on the point where the Irving Tanks are now. We tried to help but couldn't. The fire started in the middle of the day. Doman's had a house on the hill. Tom Murley had a house where you goes out to the marina now. I can't remember him.

The first time I went to Labrador was 1929. I went down fishing with Mr. Pye, Ephrium Pye. I don't know if he's related to the Pyes that Clyde Saunders went to live with. Ephrium always lived down there, I don't think he ever lived up here. His

son lived up here, Walter, who worked in the mill. That's who asked us to go down fishing with them.

Me and my brother, Ches, and Joe Hart went down. Three of us. See the fella that had the taxi stand up in town, that was Walter's son. That summer my job was the same as anyone else, we worked alike, hauling nets and that. We got... well we were what they calls sharemen, the whole voyage was shared, the owner took half and we took the other half. We got paid in cash. It was five or six hundred dollars. That was a lot of money them times a lot of money.

We went down in May, or the first of June, and come back again in September. We went down on the Coastal Steamer that time, the Sagona, and we came back on her, too. That's the one that use to run here then. It ran from here, and made a trip every week or two weeks. We got off at Cape Charles. That's where we worked too.

I didn't go down every summer. I went down the next year to Camp Island with Mr. Ned Hussey. He used to go down to Labrador fishing... to Camp Islands. I also went down to Cape Charles again and fished with another Mr. Pye. I forget his name now.

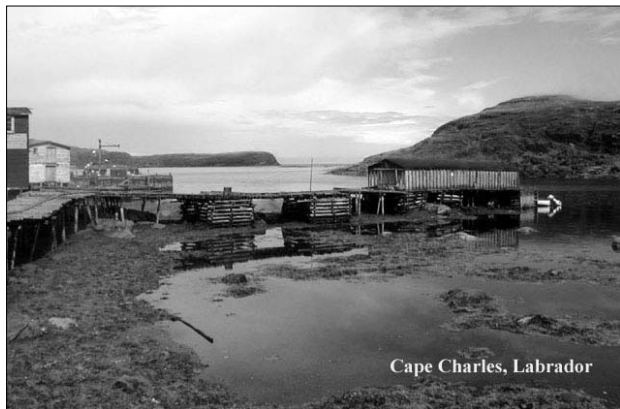
There were never any Murleys down on the Labrador fishing when I was down there either. I think they fished in the Bay of Islands after they came here. My grandfather, Levi, had a vessel see, his own vessel. He used to go to Labrador in it. I don't remember its name. It would have been anchored in Ballentynes Cove, and that was the vessel that Aunt Hat and them would have gone aboard when the big fire was down here in the 1890s or 1900, I'm not right sure of the date. I don't know if anyone died in that fire. I've heard people talking about it. A lot of people left and went over across the Bay in boat to get clear of the fire. I heard Pop talking about it. I think he was living over there in Summerside then.

My first trip to Labrador was when I was about 15. Men usually went to work then when they were fourteen or fifteen. I started at twelve. I fished on Labrador for three years. I spent three summers down there fishing. Baine Johnson had the fishing business in Battle Harbour then. We'd leave here around May month, mostly to go to Labrador... when the ice would go, the boats would start running.

In my day we went to Labrador in small motor boat. We had a house built on to keep ourselves and our clothes and stuff dry, you know. We would leave home around 12 or 1 o'clock in the night so we would be outside the bay by daylight for going down the coast. We would go along by shore and sail down the coast to the Straits. We used to go along the coast as far as Flower's Cove on this side, and then we'd cross over to the Labrador side, and go on down shore to the place where we was going. We'd cross over at Flower's Cove since it was only nine miles across at that point and you could see across there. It would usually take two days

to get down from here if the weather was good, and if we did not have to stop along the way.

We usually used to leave here about 12 o'clock in the night and be down to Henley Harbour the next day. We went down there one year and never stopped at all, twenty-eight hours from home to Cape Charles. There was a lot of difference in the boats then and now. We were only making about six or seven mile an hour most of the time. Sometimes we were off about four or five miles, see the land runs off a long ways in some places down the coast. On the Labrador side there's lots of water.



I worked mostly in Henley Harbour and Cape Charles. There would usually be about 6 or 7 men in a boat going down to Labrador. According to the weather, sometimes we'd go ashore and stay all night. Cape Charles was almost all Pyes and Henley Harbour was mostly Stones. They would all winter together and they also ended up marrying into the two families. That is a picture of Cape Charles. (note: photo by Ruth Snoddon)

We used to board with people who fished there every year. I stayed to old Mr. Ned Stone's for two years when I was down there. He was fishing there for years. He used to come up here to the Bay of Islands winter time and go back in the spring, you know. There would probably be two or three of us staying there some summers. Then he had his crew there in this boarding place, and perhaps two or three others. Good comfort though.

Your father can remember when codfish was dirt cheap, only 3 cents a pound. I guess salmon was just as expensive as any of them. I never seen any halibut down on the Labrador, never seen one down there. The water was too cold down there to fish lobsters. Just codfish and salmon, and there was herring in the fall of the year. They used to salt herring. When we were buying salmon in Labrador we didn't buy any under six pound, so the people had lots to salt and smoke for themselves. They used the small ones themselves.

We used to have meat come down on the boats and we had lots of seal and caribou to eat while we were up there. They didn't have many gardens down there .. Not very much ... it was hard to find a piece of ground big enough to plant any gardens. Up in the bays where they used to go wintertime, there was lots of land up there. It was nice there, but it was so hot and so far away that I guess they never bothered gardens. In the summertime it would be hot enough to kill you up there and those big black flies, they'd eat you in no time! We used to go up bake-

apple picking and you used to have to have something to put on you before you left to keep off the flies.

People came up here to the Bay of Islands in the fall of the year because of herring fishing and work and some lived up here.

And then I went to work with Mr. Porter at the salmon, buying salmon. That was in Middle Arm, and also in Labrador. I spent twelve years collecting salmon and I didn't go back to Larddor after that. We would collect it in small boats, from the fishermen, General Sea Foods boats would come and pick em up. We used to get it ready. We used a small sized boat to collect the salmon and bring it to a bigger boat. We put the catch on ice-- we would ice 'em in in boxes... There was no trouble to get ice on the Labrador in summertime! Go out any day and you could get a boatload of ice. We'd cut it off the icebergs. If it was a bit dangerous we'd shoot at it. You wouldn't believe how one rifle shot could knock over one of those big icebergs. The shock see.... one crack and it would go. You'd have to go away from it. It would be a long time before you could go and pick up your ice. There were always lots of small pieces of ice drifting around the water though. At times we chiseled ice off it, or collected pieces of ice that were floating around. I used to work for Porters then.. Herb Porter.

In one season I could be both down on the Labrador, and out in Middle Arm, depending what was on the go. Labrador summertime, and out in Middle Arm and them places in the fall. What I call Middle Arm is down in what they call Brake's Cove now. There's no road to it now. Some Brakes were there just fishing in the fall & spring of the year. No Brakes lived there all the time then, they went back and forth, the Brakes from Meadows.

There were only about ten to twelve families there in Brake's Cove... Parks, Blanchards, Woods, Paynes... The names around Middle Arm were Park, Bellows, Baldwin, and old man Peter Patrick Barefoot. The Brakes, Blanchards and Haines were also out there. I worked in the woods in winter, and was collecting fish in the summer. There were still people on Woods Island then. They seemed to stay there to themselves. There was a big fishing factory & everything there one time, you know. Everyone was fishing and that's all they done. They had big stores there, and the boats used to come here and take the fish to the States and Canada. Most all the fish we got went to the States. The people from John's Beach were out there fishing, too.

I can remember the tidal wave we had here. There wasn't much to it here, but we felt the effects of it too ... it was bad in some places. That was 1929....in the fall of the year...November, I think. I was working out in Middle Arm in the Herring Store with Mr. Porter when it happened. In Middle Arm people lived there...that's Cox's Cove, and Brake's Cove now. There was lots of buildings out there for herring and that. We called all that Middle Arm. Ya, Mr. Porter used to have the place in Middle Arm. He employed sixty to seventy people, mostly from

around here. There were all kinds of fishing shacks out there and people lived out there, too

And I worked down there at Soper's Crossing on the land a lot, too. I was gone a good bit summer time then. I worked for Porters a long while too. I used to go down the Labrador with Herb, and then when I'd come home and I would go in on the land making hay and working in the gardens, and then when the herring came in the fall of the year, I would work on with him. They were a wonderful family to work with. They were just like your parents. Old Mr. & Mrs. Porter were just the same as your own family. They were so good, you know. (note: referring to Henry Thomas and Dorcas Ellen Porter)

After I finished collecting fish, I worked on construction or whatever I could get. I worked with the Company in there on Brook Street in the 1940s. They had a big barn in there where they kept the horses, and the coal yards was in there. The Corner Brook dump used to go on in around Brook Street one time, way on in back. The Company used to have a mill in there too for making paper cores and that, where the Honda Place is now. And people lived in there too.

When we worked in the woods, we worked for Bowater's, cutting wood with chain saws. I started that about 1959. Before that Ted and I had a saw mill in Cook's Brook for three years. We were in over the hills about three or four miles.

I had a great ox one time. He was big and that was a great thing to haul wood. Big and strong. I sold it to the meat market after. I've tried it all. I had horses, and a small tractor, see, when we had the sawmill down to Cooks. Bern Butt used to work there with us. We used a tractor to haul our logs. Then we'd park her and put the belt on and then we'd saw the logs, using the same motor for the works. When I went to work with Bowater's I got a bigger one then. They'd give me so much for each cord of wood I hauled. If I'd a kept that saw mill I think I would have done better in the end. Some things failed and some didn't, but I never went in the hole. I always kept on top.

Hunting and Fishing

We used to walk in the track to go hunting. We fished in there as well and in Cook's Brook, too: We had a couple of camps in the woods where we could spend a night. We didn't cut wood in the Serpentine Lake area. We would get salmon with a hook, three to five pounds. Six pound was big. Sometimes we'd go down by the beach. There would be people in checking on hunters and go in for a day walking, but we wouldn't mind that. They would take your meat and give you a fine of \$50 if they caught you then.

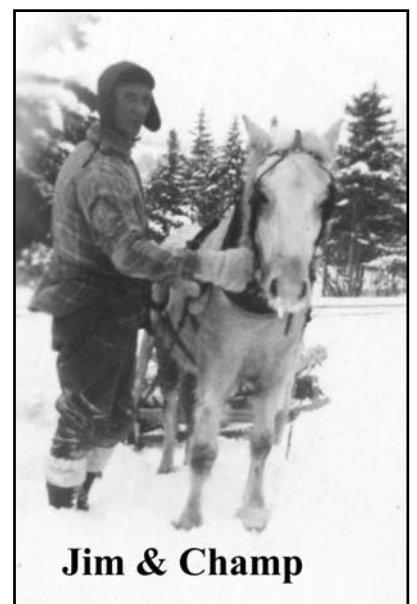
Sawmills and Carpentry

The only one I know who made spinning wheels was Uncle Son (note: Levi Murley, son of Levi Sr). He made the one Mom had, and I think he made the one Aunt Hat had. My mother had two, the one with the big wheel, and the newer one. The old-time one had a big wheel and you worked it with your foot, and a big spindle came out along the side, to put yarn on I guess. I think they made that themselves too, grandfather or Uncle Son or someone. Then the new ones were different. The wheel was made in several pieces in order to get in round. I guess the spokes were made by hand. Uncle Son had lots of tools. He did a lot of carpenter work for themselves, and also for other people.

He did a lot of work scaling logs too, see, he was a scaler. They scaled logs by measuring the smallest end, and measured up the length, and figured out how much was in him. They used a rule. They'd drive a stake about ten inches in top of the small end, twelve feet lengths, and they'd saw it into lumber. I had a scale sheet when we had the mill, cause we had to know how to scale it. Ted used to do the scaling and I used to be on the saw. I never had an accident with the saw. I was lucky. The first time we started our saw up, one row of pulleys we had went to pieces! That went through the woods, I 'low about a hundred feet. As it happened, I left that end, and went up around to where Ted was to, otherwise I would have gotten it! It took us about a week to get it fixed up again. I bought it from a fella Oake in Country Road and we brought it down here to Cooks. He had a mill up there for a long while and then he give it up. When we finished with it, Leo Quilty got it and fixed it up. He probably still got it. We had it down this side of where the houses are in Cook's Brook. There is a road that goes in just the lower side of that. That was Bartlett's land first, and then Mr. Green lived there.

Horses

We had a horse for years for getting our wood. Almost everyone had a horse then, had to. I bought Champ from Mr. Porter as a fold. I bought different ones after that, but I didn't have them as long as Champ. When Jack got married, he bought Champ for himself, and I bought a big grey one. I think Champ was the best one, clear of the last one I had. It was a real good one. She was a red one about eight hundred pound or more. Her name was Betty. She was some beautiful. That's the last one I had. I sold her to Gordon after I didn't need her anymore, and he had her till a few years ago when she fell over the cliff down by the beach. I had some bad ones too! They were lazy. I used to go in Serpentine or Cook's Brook hauling wood then. Your mother and them didn't go with me in the woods.

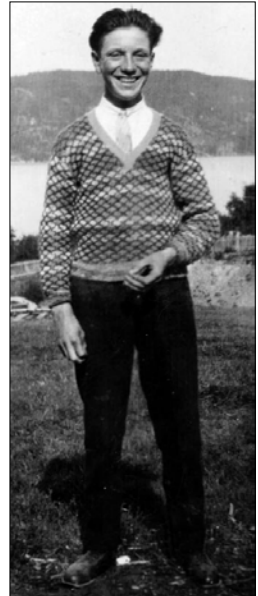


Winters in the Bay of Islands

We'd leave here around May month, mostly, when the ice would go, the boats would start running, to go to Labrador. The bay here froze over for years, even after the mill was here. Sure for years they never shipped no paper winter time. They used to ship it to Port aux Basque by rail and then they started having the ice breakers here to keep the channels open.

Ted fell in the channel once, crossing over. It's a wonder he didn't drown. Cause they'd go across there to Meadows and when he went over the channel wasn't cut. But when he came back it was; and it was late, and he fell in. He come out his self. Whatever happened he just went down and came right back out. Stash? Park was there and grabbed him. There was three or four of them there. I think Ted was married then, but I'm not sure.

I wasn't handy, but I was over there on the other side. So we went up and come across on the bridge, almost up to Summerside. They used to have a bridge there that they used to haul across for the people. We were up coming across on the bridge, me and your grandmother and Mildred and four or five more. We used to always go over wintertime and sometimes in the summer we would go over in boat. It was nowhere across there. It didn't take us very long to walk over, it could have been about a mile. We used to leave right from our place. Sure it was only about a mile on the level. There would be a crowd sometimes that would go over. (note: photo of Jim as a young man).



They used to have good times over there in Meadows. We used to go to Summerside sometimes too, but that was a longer walk, oh ya. When we went to Meadows we didn't stay over night. We always came back. We could stay if we wanted too, cause we had lots of people over there. Most all the young people down around our way, used to go over there. Yes, they used to be good times. Different ones used to play the music from over there. The Brakes could play music, the Marches, and I forget the others now. See, when you would go to Meadows, when you had a dance, they always had a big feed. The people over there would cook it and bring it in. It was only forty or fifty cents or sometimes seventy-five cents for all night and a big feed, and before you left in the morning if you wanted something you could have it. There was always lots of food there. See with people over there you could stay anywhere, and you had to have a cup of tea if you went anywhere at all. They had a big school see, two story, and Summerside had their own school too. They had a big school there where the graveyard is now, next to the church. In the yard there in Meadows,

that is where the school was to and that's where they had the dances. Then a few years ago they built the big high school up there.

The Hunts of Summerside

The picture that we had hanging in the house of the man with the long beard was Grandfather George Hunt. I don't know what happened to that. We had a lot of old pictures around, you know, and I don't know whatever happened to them. I supposed they got lost when they tore down the old house. I heard that grandfather Hunt came to the Bay of Islands as a teacher, but others say he jumped ship. I can remember seeing grandfather Hunt. He was only a small sized man, sort of like my father. I can remember seeing his big long whisker. He never shaved. I was only young then, and he was an old man. He was living with Uncle John, his son.

I never saw a picture of George's wife, my grandmother (note: Lucy Mills Hunt). I don't know where she came from. Mills must have lived across the bay somewhere, cause I thought that grandmother Hunt's sister was married to a Loder. I am not sure about that, but I think so. They probably came from the same place and came there all together.

Father was married to Alice Mattis first. I didn't know the Mattis'. I guess father was down there fishing or something and met Aunt Jane Burton's mother there. They were in Chimney Cove first. Aunt Jane Burton is buried in the United Church Cemetery. Her husband had some kind of a palsy or something. They took him to St. John's and he died in there. I don't know if they brought him back home to be buried. (note: Robert Burden died in St. John's in 1942 and is buried in the cemetery on Waterford Bridge Road). Aunt Jane used to be up around here, but she never lived up here. She'd be here with her daughters. The boys died when they were young of the same thing. Aunt Jane was raised by her grandparents in Chimney Cove. Her mother died when she was born.



(note photo and comments from C.Elkins: There are three or four cabins down in Chimney Cove now, that lobster fishermen have there. The front of the cove is open to the ocean, but the big river goes out there, and they had a big clearing back there all up the side of the hill where it is sheltered. There is an awful lot of land cleared there, nothing only grass. There is one headstone left there, a fellow Buffet. There is also the foundation of two or three of the old houses there as well, some of the concrete.

The shore is straight up and down there so on bad days you wouldn't get out there. There is a pond up behind there called Chimney Cove Pond. There are one

or two queer little knobs on the back there, on the right hand side when you are on the back of it looking out the bay, I don't know if that is where it got its name, but it almost looks like a chimney you know. Something is stuck right out of the ground. They are on the flat just in by the river. See we come down the far end from up in the woods. They had a road up there I suppose for hauling timber one time I guess. We took that road from in behind and walked down into Chimney Cove that way. There used to be mines down there one time so roads came in so far to the mines. There were ten or fifteen horses there.)

Jim continued on: That's right, there's not much shelter out at the entrance to Chimney Cove and you got to come in the river there. I guess old man Buffett had all his family out there, I suppose. Henry was an old man, or middle-aged man when he left it. They bring those horses up from Trout River, and bring them back in the fall. They walk them across the hill. The park road comes right in behind there somewhere.

Pop had three sisters married to three Brake brothers. Aunt Liza Brake raised one or two children. I really didn't know any of the Petipas, just the name. Father used to go over to Meadows a lot. We used to go over and that's the reason I knew the Brakes better than the rest of them.

Grandfather, George Benjamin Hunt



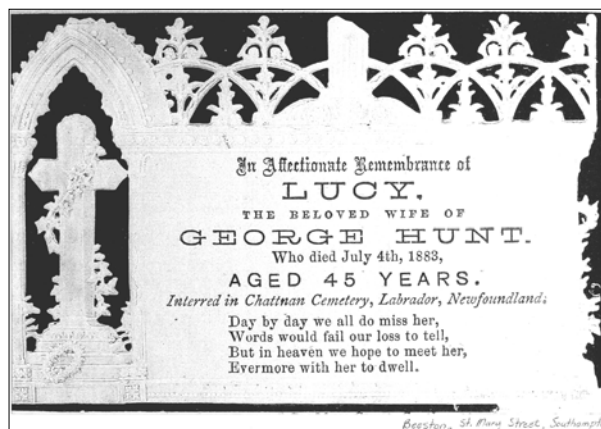
George Hunt, my grandfather, came from England somewhere. I seen him and I can remember him, you know, cause I used to be over there. Now when he died I can't remember, but he was living with Uncle John. I suppose his house was still down in the field cause I can remember Pop tearing it down. It was after that, that I was over there and helped them. You know the land there, well it was down on that flat that is

there by the beach, that's where the house was to. Right on the level, close to the beach. I can't remember if it was a one or two story house.

Uncle John had a big house, and it burned not too long ago. Fred's family was grown up then when the old house burnt and they all built small houses after that. They built there together down in the same field, see. Videy Snelgrove had a house down there too. She was a Hunt. She was Uncle John's daughter. They lived in Humbermouth one time, her and her husband. Her husband worked on the railway. I suppose Uncle George and Uncle John were close, they were all there together, you know.

My Grandmother, Lucy Mills Hunt

Grandmother Hunt is buried in Chateau Bay. I couldn't tell you what she died from. I don't know anything about her. I know she was buried there cause father told me. He had her grave fenced. He used to be down there fishing, you know. Ya, he had a fence around it. (Note: Lucy Hunt died in July 1883). People only lived there summertime. They used to go about five miles... about five miles from that they would go up in a little bay for winter time. I forget the name of it. The people from Henley Hr, Chateau and those places. The Cape Charles people used to go up there in Lodge Bay they called it. See they'd have two houses.... one for summer and one for winter.



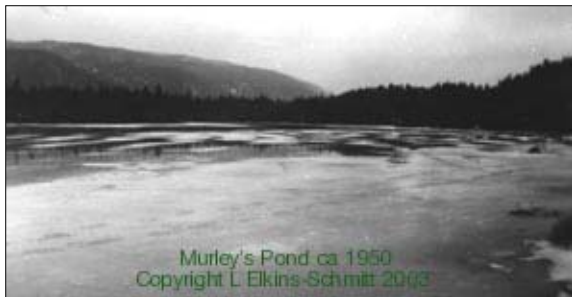
I wasn't getting around then when grandfather Hunt met grandmother... I haven't got a clue where they met. Some people said that George came here as a teacher...but I don't know. Others say he came here on a boat and left her. It's hard to say what happened. I don't know where the Murleys came from either. They were all from different places. See Battle Harbour was the main place down there one time. All the business was on Battle Harbour. They sold all their fish there and that is where most people lived. The people in Chateau would take their fish to Battle Harbour. It was just a fishing village. It wasn't very far from Chimney Tickle to Battle Hr... I would say about ten miles by boat. They were fishing boats. The Horwoods, Pyes and Stones all fished down there too. Cape Charles was all Pyes... there might have been another family or two there, but I can't remember. And in Henley Harbour it was all Stones. They'd be altogether winter time.

People would come home from Labrador sometime in Sept...I'd say about the last of Sept. or first of Oct. A lot of people went from here to the Labrador. I don't know where they came from first.

The Murleys

Murley's lived down where we lived first.. they lived right down over the hill, there on the flat right down by the beach, in the field. It was just them that lived down there. They lived right down by the water. Everyone settled handy by the water then. You can walk down there through the field. Uncle Jack Murley built part of the house there were Gordon lives, but he didn't finished it. I don't know what

happened. Mr. Austin Butt bought it after and hauled it up across the road. Ya, Uncle John (Jack) Murley owned it first. I think he had it finished on the outside. Aus Butt bought it, and tore it down after and built a new one. Uncle Jack Murley was going to get married one time, to a Dorman I think, and he went to the church and wait for her and she never turned up; so he never bothered anymore! Two boys and two girls didn't get married in that family: Hattie, Sophie, Son and Jack. Uncle Son built that last house they lived in up by the school. The old house was only a one story place behind that one. They had everything! I don't know where they got it, but they had everything. Always had lots of money, had an organ... they had plenty of everything. He used to sail back and forth to Nova Scotia. There was all kinds of books in the house. Uncle Son went in to Manuels home before he died. He was only there a couple of years before he died. Then Aunt Hat was left by herself. She lived down with Ches and them for a while, and then she went in the hospital and that's where she stayed until she died.



And that snap is Murley's Pond. It's just in over the hill from us. (note: photo by Allan Critch about 1949)

Grandfather Murley had his own little schooner, his own vessel, I suppose he lived on it down there on the Labrador.

He had that vessel filled up with people and went over to Summerside and anchored when that big fire was in Mt. Moriah. To get clear of the fire. I think his house burnt, but I'm not sure, an awful lot of houses burnt. Uncle Harry Baldwin lost his house. The fire came right out to the water there. His place burnt and then he built up on the other side of the road. The fire started at what they called the Trussel Brook, and burnt right through. That was first when the train started running.

We had grandfather Murley's picture here in a big frame for years. I don't know what happened to that. It was in Lucy's bedroom. My Grandfather Hunt never ever shaved. He had a big long whisker right down to his belt.



Aunt Sophie was your mother's godmother. Yes, I was on the Labrador fishing or working when she died. It was in the early 30s. (picture from Jim Murley: left to right: ? Aunt Sophie, Alf Murley & son, and Aunt Harriet Murley).

I don't know if Uncle Son's father was a mariner. Grandfather (Levi) had his own vessel one time for fishing. He used to go from here down to the Labrador fishing in his own vessel. I don't remember ever seeing it. Uncle Son had his coastal certificate... Captains

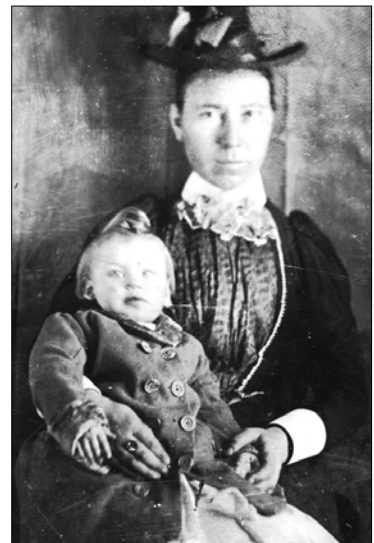
certificate or something, just for around the coastal boats. He never had his own boat. I don't know the name of grandfathers boat either.

They had beautiful antique stuff there, an organ, a beautiful China CabinetYou wouldn't see it around here. I guess they gathered it up over the years. They used to go to Nova Scotia and that. They used to go over for a load of coal. I suppose he took fish or something up. I think he may have worked for Bartletts, too.

I can't remember my grandfather Murley at all, but I knew my grandmother well. She sort of looked like Aunt Hat and your grandmother. I went there for dinner every day when I went to school. Of course, I suppose we all did. Your mother and them did too. The land that we lived on, Levi Murley owned that.

I don't know who that is in that tin photo there. It was in the box of things that Aunt Hat gave your grandmother.

Up to aunt Hats you'd go right in under the stairs.... the cupboards was right in under the sink. Ena can remember that Aunt Hat and them had a hand pump. I can remember pumping the water up there. They had a nice lot of cupboards. Uncle Son built that house. The old house was handy about the same spot. He built that one and tore down the old one. The old one was only small...a low house..and a store. I suppose grandfather built the old one. Uncle Jack always lived with them. He never had his own house.



Uncle Jack Murley was tall and boney. Uncle Sun was a big man, too. Roella says that they were stern people, but Uncle Sun was not as bad as Uncle Jack...her and your mother were afraid of him. They'd go to have lunch and be afraid to breath!

The story I got about Jack Murley...and his marriage... He was ready to get married to a Dorman and he went to the church and waited but she never turned up. I used to love to go up there and get in a yarn with him. He told me old stories but I can't remember them now. We'd talk about different things that was going on around. They had a hard time to find Uncle Jack Murley's birth certificate. They had to get in touch with some office after and found out it was recorded on the Labrador.(note: recorded as John Murling, born 1874 Chimney Tickle, Labrador).

They never went down to the Labrador that I can remember. They were finished up in the Labrador by that time. The never worked for years, none of them. They must have had money somewhere. Uncle Son used to make a bit of money scaling. He was a scaler.. had logs and that.. used to make a bit of money at that. They

must have made money when they were fishing on the Labrador. They had money because of the stuff they had...they had to have money to get it...and they had money when they died. If they wanted anything they went and bought it. You'd never know their business.

Uncle Son was pretty smart. He used to write letters for people and always had the newspaper on the table. I don't know where they got their education. They were born here. They must have learned a lot themselves. His father might have educated him.

Uncle Hen, he was their brother. (note: Henry Murley born Bay of Islands 1876). He wasn't rich! He was sick for a long while. He married one of the Stones, Jane Stone. You know Lizer Pye? Well that was Aunt Jane Murley's twin sister. See Henry and Jane never had no family. They adopted Stan.

It was all Murleys land from Welshman's Brook over to Perretts land one time. Maybe Murleys owned the land on the upper side of the road where Uncle Harry Baldwin lived too, because they owned that land that Mr. French had... that's Sweetapple Drive now.

And I don't remember Uncle Sam Murley cause he was married and had a family before my time. I don't know what happened to him. He died young. That was Alf's and their father. I don't know what happened to Grandfather Murley either. I believe Sam and grandfather died about the same time. I can't remember about it though. I never seen me grandfather Murley as far as I know. (note: Sam Murley and his father, Levi, died two days apart, in October 1908)

The Baldwins

Henry was a very, very nice man. He would do anything to help anyone. Uncle Henry Baldwin used to go to church on his horse and cart. Aunt Sis was similar to Mom in build, while Aunt Hat and Aunt Sophie looked alike.

The Baldwins came from Middle Arm. As far as I know. I don't know where they came from before that. Harry Baldwin was Aunt Dot's grandfather. I don't know if Harry went to the Labrador or not. His house burnt the time of the big fire. He used to live down over the bank there where the community hall is now. He lived down there and then he built up above.... a good sized house.... two story. He had a lot of land there, see. He built on the other side of the road. The land at the very back that he owned is the part that he donated to the Salvation Army for the cemetery. But he also had a place down towards the beach there... almost down to the water. He might have just built there just like everyone else.

Harry Baldwin and Aunt Sis were up around there late 70s or 80s when they died, as far as I remember. She lived a few years after he did, probably four or five

years. They are buried in Petries Salvation Army graveyard, out back of Allen's store there. I can't remember how long ago that was. They only had two girls, and I think Lena was the oldest, the one who married Mr. Smith in Halifax. Dora married Johnny Butt. I think she was younger. He was the only Baldwin that lived in the Mountain. He came from Middle Arm and there were lots of Baldwins from there. The Baldwins in Corner Brook came from Middle Arm too. Lena went away when she was a young girl and met her husband. They lived in Halifax for a long while, but the last few years he lived down in Kentville. He was married a second time see, but they never had no family. I met Mr. Smith when he was here one time with Ted and Dot. He was a nice old fella. I think he was German. He worked in Halifax as a crane operator on the docks, and his son was there after. His son was Rex, then there was Dot and another girl, but I forgets her name now. She never lived here though. Jane, I think it was. She was here one time too for a while.

Porter's Lane & Poverty Cove

This road here is called Porter's Lane cause Porters used to have a store down here for collecting herring and everything. It was called Ballentynes Cove and this is where Mr. Porter used to have his wharf for his store, right out here, look. He had a big store here for packing herring and they hauled there boats up here. Murley's land came down to the beach about handy to where that little store is there now. This is a lovely beach here.



Our Allen family land was up near to where Darren's house is. Some of them still live up there. It could be that was called Poverty Cove, but I am not sure about that now. I used to spend a lot of time around here. We used to put the boats ashore here and walk home. They were Mr. Porter's boats. A scattered time we'd take the boats down home, but there's not much place to leave one down there, ne'r wharf or nothing to tie on to.

I fell overboard out there one morning in December. I couldn't swim. I had the rope in me hand and we were getting ready to go out fishing. It was a good sized boat, not a dory. I slipped when I got up to untie her and went right overboard. I had a suit of rubber clothes on. Allen, my brother, hauled me in and brought me ashore, cause I had to walk home then and go home and change all me clothes. I hauled off me rubber clothes and walked home, and when I got home all me clothes was frozen right on. But I couldn't slow down! So I went on home and changed me

clothes and he picked me up down there. That was a long while ago. I was only a young man then. That was cold water! There was a bit of snow around then.

The Allen Family

Allen's had a grocery store up further on the main road than Allen's Foodland was in Petries. This George raised Lester Allen from a baby. They didn't have any children. He is also the same George who lost his fingers in the sawmill. His sawmill was right out on the beach by the brook on the eastern side. Thomas Murley's house was on the hill going up behind that. That was the only house down around there. A lot of people had stores all along the beach, you know, fishermen's stores. We are related to the Allens cause Mrs. Allen and old Mrs Cooper, and Mrs. Murley were sisters. Steve Cooper's mother.... old feller was Jim Cooper. Ned Cooper was some relation, I think. I don't know where the Allens came from but I knew they were some kind of relations. They were the Allens in Allens Cove.

Pleasure Harbour, Labrador



Pleasure Harbour was a lovely harbour, well protected from the wind. The Allens used to fish there years ago. When I was there there was about five fishing stores there. They belonged to the Horwoods, Arch Pye, Stones, and I forget who else. There were two families of Pyes there, Frank was one.

There weren't any Allen's there then when I went there. That was in the 1930s. It was a round looking harbour, and then flat right to the hills in the back, which they call the Tablelands. They are big high hills, flat on the top. It is rocky, not a tree around. There was quite a bit of flat land on the water's edge and there was deep water right to the edge all up the harbour. It was only narrow going in through the entrance, but when you get in it would open right up like a pond. (note: photo by Cindy Gibbons)

Moving from Labrador to the Bay of Islands

A lot of the people who lived on the Labrador fishing eventually moved down here to the Bay of Islands. They used to go down there fishing summertime, and they'd come up here fishing in the fall of the year, for herring. There was work around here so they gradually built homes up around here and stayed here.

They had schools down in Henley Harbour and Cape Charles and all those places when I was going down there. It was a pretty rugged place to live in the winter, though. They used to shift up in the bays winter time. They used to shift up there cause see there was no wood or nothing outside there where they were fishing. Steve Edmunds was down there teaching for a couple of winters, I think, down in Cape Charles... Lodge Bay. Lodge Bay is in the Bay as Cape Charles, up in the bottom. It is north from Mary's Harbour. There's a nice big river up the bottom of Lodge Bay. I don't know the name of it, but there was salmon and all kinds of trout in that river.

The Grahams, Horwoods and other Hunts of the Bay of Islands

As far as I know, they are no relation to our Hunts. Henry Hunt had a home on Camp Is, Labrador. He was from Conception Bay. Two of his boys drowned on dog team. They went through a hole in the ice. (note: Peter and Elijah Raymond Hunt drowned at Burnt Point, Simmons Bay, when their dog team fell through ice).

The Horwoods were from Carbonear one time. Robert Horwood had three girls and one boy: Collinette, Rosalie and Delilah. They used to go to the Labrador fishing one time, too. Robert and Hedley Horwood were brothers, and their father was Elijah. I think there were only two boys and they had a sister who married a Stone.

There were Grahams in Mt. Moriah, they used to live over there where Horwoods used to live. I don't think they were married into anyone in our family. That's the land Bern Adey bought that Henry Horwood had ... that was Grahams land. The old house and everything was down below. They all leaved here. Roella said she can remember when they used to go making hay when the Horwoods were in Labrador, that her Mom said that that was Graham's house.

All the Graham children were grown up when I was a child. Some of them were still living there and some others had already moved away. The last one of the Grahams I remember was in Bishops Falls, one of the old people's sons, Jack. There was Jack and Norm, and I forget the other boy's name. They had three boys and two or three girls, but I forget their names now. Norm lived in Glace Bay for years, and I don't know where the other boy, George, went. That's the other ones name, George. I don't know if any of the girls married here or not. Old Mr. Graham died here. They were old people as far back as I can remember, and they lived further down in the field. See Hedley Horwood bought the land, the whole works that was there, from Grahams. See when the Horwoods came up from the Labrador they didn't have any land up here so Bobby bought a piece from Ike Murley with a house half built on it, and Hedley bought Grahams. Hedley lived in Grahams old house for a while after that. It was down in the field but you couldn't get down to the water from there. I think they came here just for the fishing season.



Photo of James Hunt with his nieces Ena and Roella.

*James Leslie Hunt died in January 2003.
He is buried in Mount Patricia Cemetery, Bay of Islands*

*Thank you for the memories
Uncle Jim!*