A STUDY OF THE LUMBERCAMP SONG TRADITION IN NEWFOUNDLAND

JOHN ASHTON

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A thesis submitted to the School of Graduate
Studies in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of
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Department of Folklore
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ABSTRACT

The province of Newfoundland possesses a rich and varied tradition of folksongs and music comprising British, North American and indigenous material. This tradition has been widely documented and investigated by scholars and enthusiasts of all kinds. Despite these facts, we find little reference in local folklore scholarship to songs or singing related to the logging industry.

We know that Newfoundland has had a sizeable pulp and paper industry since the turn of the century and, that in the other parts of Canada and the U.S. where forestry has held a position of prominence, a song tradition associated with that industry has been unearthed. This would suggest the existence of an anomaly within Newfoundland folksong tradition, or, a gap in the literature pertaining to folksongs in Newfoundland.

This thesis suggests that the latter is the case and offers some possible explanations. Employing resources gathered from both archival and field research, it attempts to define the broad parameters of the lumbercamp song tradition in this province. The context, style and repertory of Newfoundland lumbercamp singing are described together with the occupational songs of the lumberjack which have been found here.

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Dr. Herbert Halpert's seminal writings on folksongs were among the first I encountered as a student and have continued to provide me with a source of stimulation. I was introduced to them by Tony Green whose wisdom and infectious enthusiasm were largely responsible for turning my recreational interest in traditional songs into an academic one.

Finally, and most importantly, my greatest debt of gratitude is owed to my dear wife Sheila. Suffice it to say that her contribution has been greater than she can imagine.

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INTRODUCTION

In 1977 I went to live in the town of Musgrave Harbour on the northeast coast of Newfoundland. During my time there I became interested in the occupational lifestyle of the people living in that community and, in particular, in the seasonal patterns which life in an outport settlement seemed to involve. During the course of many conversations I discovered that most of the older men in Musgrave Harbour had spent some period of their lives working as loggers in lumbering operations at Indian Bay, some seventy or eighty miles distant, or in the more remote region of Millertown in central Newfoundland. They had engaged in this work to supplement the income that they derived from fishing, the principal occupation of most residents of that part of the coast.

Some of the men that I talked to recalled many details of the work that they did in the lumberwoods and the times that they had spent trying to occupy their leisure time hours. Occasionally they mentioned the music and singing that they had heard in bunkhouses here and there throughout the province. It came to me as some surprise to discover that one of my great friends, the man from whom I was renting my house, had been a singer of some repute in the lumbercamps and had even made up a song or two during his career as a woodsman.

My knowledge of Newfoundland prior to moving to the

outports had been gleaned from two years of residence in St. John's, the provincial capital. After taking graduate courses in Folklore at Memorial University and after several trips to the communities of Conception Bay and the Avalon Peninsula's Southern Shore, I felt comfortably familiar with this part of the world and confident in my knowledge of local history and culture. The discovery that Newfoundland had a forest industry came to me as something of a shock. The thought that there might have been a folksong tradition associated with that industry was even more surprising.

My reading about Newfoundland had taken me to the writing of folklorists, anthropologists and historians and the works of creative writers of various kinds, but I could not recall having encountered any memorable references to lumbering or lumbermen. I had read extensively about the folksong traditions of Newfoundland but could not remember having seen any extensive treatment of bunkhouse singing or lumbercamp songs. On re-examining the literature I did discover some historical writing about the forest industry and one or two fleeting references to lumbercamp singing by folksong collectors. Together, though, they were not enough to give me a clear picture of the phenomenon that I had just encountered.

What follows is my own attempt to formulate such a picture. It is a modest endeavour to fill one of the obvious gaps in the voluminous literature related to folksongs in this province. It seeks not to present any profound

theoretical interpretations of lumbercamp singing in Newfoundland but rather to define the broad parameters of the tradition: to explain what lumbercamp singing was like, where and when it took place, who did it, what was sung and where it came from. My lack of training as a musicologist has prevented me from giving detailed consideration to the musical aspects of the tradition beyond some general comments about singing style.

The information I have used comes from a number of sources. The historical material about the logging industry was gathered primarily from literary sources, most of them housed in the Centre For Newfoundland Studies at Memorial University in St. John's. The ethnographic and contextual information is derived from the oral accounts of loggers from northeastern and western Newfoundland and particularly from the tape-recorded interviews which I conducted with them and which are housed at the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive under the accession number 85-087. This number is used throughout the text to indicate excerpts from these tapes when they appear. Material taken from these recordings is quoted verbatim with the exception of lengthy pauses and over-burdensome repetitions which have been edited for the sake of fluency of the text. Readers are referred to The Dictionary of Newfoundland English (see bibliography) for interpretation of the many dialect items which appear throughout these excerpts. Supplementary material, particularly song texts, were taken from the

holdings of the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive and where such material appears it is identified by the appropriate accession number.

This account of lumbercamp singing in Newfoundland is then, in large part, the account of the singers themselves and of the men who worked with and observed them. It documents the place of one element of cultural tradition within their daily lives. Before this, it is necessary to locate the historical position of the forest industry in the social, political and economic life of the province.

1. FORESTRY IN NEWFOUNDLAND.

The people of Newfoundland have been characterized as "Fishermen, Hunters, Planters and Merchants." This title was conceived by G.M. Story[1] and the image it suggests has been reinforced by numerous other authors and scholars in their descriptions of Britain's oldest colony and Canada's youngest province. Like Story, they have cited the rich fishing grounds that skirt the island and mainland Labrador as the raison d'être for first temporary and then permanent coastal settlement in Newfoundland. They have documented the avarice of successive British governments who retarded proper colonization and exploited successful settlers in their attempts to control the valuable fish resource. They have, as well, noted the semi-subsistence lifestyle and seasonal work patterns that most Newfoundlanders have incurred through their dependence upon the fishery. Finally, they have recorded the flourishing folk culture which was produced by this way of life and has endured to recent times.

Folklorists have followed the lead of their colleagues in other disciplines by stressing the province's maritime tradition. In their work, folklore scholars in Newfoundland have turned for ethnographic data to works which describe the lifestyle and beliefs of fishermen and their families in small outport communities scattered around the coast.[2] These types of communities have typically gone on to serve as the

laboratories for folklore fieldwork of all kinds and hence, the folklore collections that have resulted were naturally coloured with a maritime orientation. One need only examine the major collections in the area of folksong, for example, to find evidence of this bias. Titles such as, Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland, Haulin' Rope and Gaff: Songs and Poetry in the History of the Newfoundland Seal Fishery and Songs of the Newfoundland Outports,[3] furnish us with metaphors of the same quality as those summoned to mind by Story's excellent survey of Newfoundland history and culture.

The dominance of the sea in Newfoundland studies is by no means an inexplicable phenomenon, for Newfoundland's is an island culture. It would indeed come as a great surprise and be a cause for concern if the sea and its relationship to Newfoundland society were not to provide the dominant themes in Newfoundland literature and research in the humanities and social sciences. However, the very fact that the ocean has been such an all-pervading force in the life of this province has often led students of Newfoundland to overlook one of the most crucial elements in her social, economic and cultural development. That element is to be found in a resource that is so bountiful as to be frequently taken for granted: the forest.

Even today, the majority of Newfoundlanders are woodsmen. In the rural areas of the province (and this still encompasses much of it) a large number of inhabitants spend much of their working lives and an even greater proportion of

their leisure time in the woods. From the early days of settlement until the present time, the forest has provided the people of this island with a readily available source of food, fuel, shelter and employment. The material and spiritual cultural traditions of the region bear witness to the fundamental prominence of the Newfoundlander's relationship with the forest which, like the sea, has both provided and threatened, is viewed as a friend, yet treated with awe and respect. As well as being "Fishermen, Hunters, Planters and Merchants," the people of this province have always been and continue to be woodsmen. A brief history and description of forestry in Newfoundland should clearly demonstrate that this is so.

The forest has loomed large in the history of Newfoundland since the first days of settlement and it is clear that the value of the woodland resource was plainly recognized by even the earliest inhabitants. The first official British presence on the island was established in 1610 when the pioneer John Guy founded his plantation at Cupids in Conception Bay. Records of this settlement also provide us with the first documentation of organized exploitation of the forests. Guy had been given instructions to cruise the area near his proposed colony to ascertain the availability of timber for local use and export. In compliance with this edict, the explorer conducted the first known survey of Newfoundland forests shortly after his arrival in 1610.[4] Construction in Cupids also accounted for

the development of the first sawmill on the island and the foundation was laid for square timber production.[5] An order issued at this time, proclaiming that no colonists were to light fires on forest land adjacent to the settlement, marks the earliest recorded effort at forest protection.[6] The necessity for such legislation was soon illustrated in another Newfoundland colony, that established by William Vaughan on the southern shore of the Avalon Peninsula in 1617. W.C. Wilton recorded that

> the first known reference to forest fires is contained in a letter from this latter place where the writer, in 1618, complained of an extensive fire started by carelessness, which adversely affected the hunting.[7]

From this moment, the desirability of managing the island's precious forest and wildlife resources became apparent. Measures toward this end were enacted by subsequent administrators of the colony, not least of whom was the notorious 18th century colonial governor, Hugh Palliser. Under his auspices, a petition was sent to the British House of Commons on behalf of the Newfoundland boatkeepers and merchants, requesting among other things that,

> The forests should be preserved from wanton destruction in order that trees suitable for spars could be permitted to attain maturity.[8]

In 1767, the same governor issued orders to the northern whaling fleet prohibiting the lighting of fires on the

Labrador coast where much valuable timber had been previously burned.[9]

The utilization of forest products in the early years of settlement was geared primarily towards fulfillment of domestic requirements. While small amounts of timber were exported to Britain for shipbuilding purposes, wood was harvested in the first instance to provide building materials and fuel for local settlers. (These uses of the resource have continued to the present day, although the prevalence of the use of wood as a fuel has been subject to marked fluctuations. Such were the demands upon the wood supply for local consumption that, when commercial forest exploitation finally emerged in Newfoundland, a tradition was established of maintaining a "three mile coastal limit" of woodlands reserved exclusively for the use of island communities.)[10]

The very fact that for many years fishing was the only economic activity available to the inhabitants of the colony required large scale utilization of forest products. The fishery demanded the use of timber at virtually every stage in its prosecution. Wood was needed for making boats and barrels and for the construction of wharves and slipways. Large amounts of timber went into the erection of stores or "fishing rooms," and hundreds and hundreds of logs were required each year for building fish flakes, the large, raised, wooden platforms used for drying cod after it had been pickled or salted. The schooner-based Bank and Labrador fisheries brought boat building operations of considerable

proportions to many parts of the island. Even the bark of the balsam fir was gathered and employed as a covering for the fish and as roofing material for stages and stores.[11] What all this meant for the Newfoundland fisherman was that he was dependent for his livelihood upon his skill in the forest as well as on the water. From the outset of colonization in Newfoundland, a seasonal work pattern was established whereby the summer months were occupied by the fishery, while the winter season was reserved for work in the woods. The essential features of this work pattern remain in place today in outport Newfoundland.

Commercial exploitation of the forest was slow in developing. While several communities followed the lead of Guy's colony in establishing their own water-powered sawmills, few of them had any great commercial significance.[12] It was, however, the lumber industry that provided the first impetus for industrialization and large-scale employment in Newfoundland's forest sector in the late years of the 19th century.[13] The root cause of rapid expansion in the woods industry was railway construction on the island which brought into the province an influx of capital and culminated in 1898 with the opening of a trans-island railway linking St. John's to Port aux Basques.[14]

The timber stands of the interior were quickly made accessible and generous land grants and cutting rights were given to those groups and individuals who had supplied

capital investment for railway construction.[15] Between 1884 and 1901, there occured a boom in sawmilling in Newfoundland and the colony's output of lumber tripled over that period, as did the number of mills in operation. Expansion in the forest industry brought new settlements to central Newfoundland which prior to railway construction had been practically unexplored. J.K. Hiller reports that Newfoundland's first large scale sawmilling operation was established in Botwood in 1890 and was followed by others in Badger, Gambo and Norris Arm.[16] Meanwhile, mills established by Scots entrepreneur Lewis Miller did much to help development of the communities of Glenwood and Lewisporte. Miller also lent his name to what was to become Newfoundland's best known logging centre, Millertown.

The products derived from these new developments were more than adequate to meet domestic needs and thus, by the beginning of the 20th century, Newfoundland had achieved the status of a net exporter of lumber, shipping between 40 and 50 million board feet per year to overseas markets.[17] These advances established large-scale logging operations in central Newfoundland and provided the region's first industrial employment. The fact that only the white pine was used in this lumber trade, and then only those logs of a size which the sawmills could handle, meant that tree-felling in the area was a highly selective, labour intensive exercise.

While the forest industry had finally arrived in Newfoundland, it should be borne in mind that even as late as

the 1920s, it was estimated that wood for local consumption and small-scale industrial use exceeded in quantity the amount required by the large sawmills and Newfoundland's emerging pulp and paper industry.[18] In any case, the sawmill boom was short-lived and in the early years of the 20th century, the larger mills started to close down one by one, leaving behind only the small family operated concerns which have remained the backbone of the industry in this province ever since.[19]

At the heart of the decline in the lumber trade was the very nature of Newfoundland's forest resource. Many of the white pine stands that were harvested proved to be overly mature, thus making for products of inferior quality. Supplies of the pine were seriously depleted by the ravages of blister rust and other forest diseases, so that eventually the species all but disappeared from the Newfoundland inventory.[20] What was left to the province was a forest comprised, in the main, of dense but often stunted groves of black spruce and balsam fir--tree varieties that were worth little to the commercial lumber trade but were ideal for the manufacture of pulp and newsprint.[21]

In the 20th century, the dominant force in Newfoundland's forest sector proved to be the pulp and paper industry. It produced the province's first major industrial development and provided employment both in and out of the woods for many Newfoundlanders. Forest products rivalled fish as Newfoundland's most precious commodity and furnished

an economic base upon which the foundations could be laid for the island's second and third largest communities.

Around the turn of the century, several attempts were made to activate a pulp and paper industry in the province. One such venture, a small pulp mill at Black River, Placentia Bay, operated successfully during the period 1879 to 1903 until it was forced into closure, apparently because of a shortage of water at the mill site.[22] It was, however, the involvement of British business interests which enabled the industry to gain a permanent hold in the provincial economy.

Alfred G. and Harold S. Harmsworth, the titular Lords Northcliffe and Rothermere, were two of the most powerful men in Britain. They controlled three of the most widely read and influential British newspapers, The Daily Mail, The Daily Mirror and the London Evening News. Their publications consumed vast amounts of newsprint and they were constantly investigating new sources of supply. This was especially true at the turn of the century when they were seeking to supplement their regular shipments from Scandinavian producers. By 1903, the Harmsworths were seriously considering the potential of Newfoundland and visited the island in that year for a first-hand observation.[23] They already knew that world markets for pulp and paper were in a healthy state, that Newfoundland had a readily available supply of raw materials of suitable dimensions and that the island was ideally located to supply both their own needs in Britain and the export markets of Europe and the American

continent.[24] Furthermore, when they arrived in the province, they were greeted by a government which was prepared to give generous concessions to industrialists in return for investment which would provide a much needed shot in the arm for a sagging provincial economy now reeling under the effects of a railway boom gone wrong.[25]

Accordingly, the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Corporation was formed and in 1905 started construction of a pulp and paper mill at Grand Falls in central Newfoundland. In return, the company received from government an area of forest in central Newfoundland totalling 3400 square miles, almost twice the size of Prince Edward Island. The Grand Falls mill came on stream in 1909 and was served by logging operations centred at Millertown and Gambo in the central regions of the province. The finished product was exported to Britain via the Notre Dame Bay port of Botwood.

Expansion was rapid. The company took over large sections of Miller's old sawmilling operations which had since passed into the hands of a local company then known as Newfoundland Timber Estates. The A.N.D. company, as it was to become popularly known, also acquired a section of the ailing trans-Newfoundland railroad. In 1916, a mechanical pulpmill which had been constructed four years previously by the A.E. Reed company was taken over and added to the Harmsworths' Newfoundland holdings.[26] By 1911, the community of Grand Falls was booming and had grown in population to two and a half thousand.[27] The A.N.D. plant soon needed to be

fed by a work force of 1500 men employed in 80 logging camps throughout central Newfoundland.[28]

The significance of the A.N.D. company's success was not lost upon outside observers and in 1925, another large pulp and paper mill was opened in Corner Brook on the West coast of Newfoundland. Initially operated by the Newfoundland Power and Paper Company, it was taken over by the International Power and Paper Company in 1926 and it finally came into the hands of the Bowater Corporation of England in 1938.[29] The Bowater mill was responsible for the creation of Newfoundland's second city in Corner Brook and the spin-off community inland at Deer Lake. Bowater Ltd. and the A.N.D. company soon became the two corporate giants of Newfoundland. By the 1960's the two companies between them owned or controlled five million acres or sixty percent of all of the productive forest land on the island.[30] They also produced extensive seasonal and permanent employment in an area that was badly in need of the same and provided cash wages which were still a rarity at that time.

The overall story of the forest industry in Newfoundland over the first half of the 20th century is one of gradual expansion. The two major companies became larger, produced greater volumes of wood products for their own use and for the export market and employed an increasing number of men both in the woods and in the paper-making operations themselves. There were, of course, fluctuations including, quite naturally, some lessening of activity during the years

of the first and second world wars. Between 1914 and 1918, the export of pulp and paper was largely curtailed because of restricted shipping activity.[31] However, a new industry grew up in 1915 when Britain lost her traditional supplies of unmanufactured timber from Russia and Sweden as a result of the German blockade of the Baltic Sea. Newfoundland then became charged with the production of pit-props, an enterprise which continued after the war and provided additional employment for the loggers of Notre Dame and Bonavista Bays.[32] Meanwhile, during the course of World War I, about 500 men from Newfoundland crossed the Atlantic to Britain to do their part for the war effort by working as loggers in the forests of Scotland. This exodus was repeated on a much larger scale during the Second World War, in response to an appeal from Britain's High Commissioner for Natural Resources, J.H. Gorvin.[33] Over the course of the war, more than 3400 Newfoundlanders made the crossing to Scotland to work as woodsmen with the Newfoundland Overseas Forestry Unit.[34]

In the years between the two wars the industry prospered, and many Newfoundlanders found work in the woods even during the depression years when the economy was at rock bottom and work almost impossible to find elsewhere. In fact, it was during these years that, for the first time, forestry products replaced fish as Newfoundland's most valuable commodity. Between 1931 and 1935, over fifty-three percent of the province's exports were derived from the

forest sector compared to the thirty percent which was provided by fishery and marine products.[35]

After the interruptions of the Second World War, the pulp and paper companies soon found their feet again and, in fact, experienced something of a boom in the mid-forties. The fledgling Bowater operation was already employing 2,500 men in wood-cutting alone by 1945,[36] and by the end of the 1950s, the two companies were cutting between them close to one million cords of pulpwood per annum.[37] By 1951 over ten and a half thousand Newfoundlanders were finding employment each year in the forest industry[38] and The Financial Post reported on May 30th, 1959, that as many as fifteen thousand seasonal workers were finding employment for at least part of the year in the Newfoundland lumberwoods.

1959 was indeed a pivotal year which must rank as the most significant in the entire history of logging in Newfoundland. It brought one of the most important and controversial events in the life of an industry that was embarking upon a period of radical change and re-adjustment.

For many years the loggers of Newfoundland had been poorly organized, and in the face of limited opposition, the employers had been able to exploit their workers by paying low salaries and providing sub-standard working and living conditions. An attempt at organization was made in the 1930s when one Joseph Thompson, of Point Leamington on Newfoundland's northeast coast, formed the Newfoundland Lumbermen's Association. This organization produced its

first challenge to the autocracy of the big business interests in the Newfoundland forest industry in 1937. The incident occurred at Robert's Arm and Tommy's Arm where Association members were cutting wood for export to the United Kingdom, via their employers, the Bowater Lloyd company. The loggers claimed that the company and its contractors had agreed to pay their workers at rates equivalent to those being paid by the A.N.D. company to its employees who were cutting pulpwood (about $2.50 per cord). Apparently, Bowater Lloyd had reneged on this agreement and so the loggers walked off the job.[39] A solution to the problem was eventually found when about five hundred striking men took control of the Argylle, a Bowater ship that was waiting to depart for Britain with a load of wood. The men refused to let the boat sail until their demands had been met and eventually the company was forced to capitulate and pay its employees at competitive rates.[40]

This incident seems to have been an isolated one and despite the existence of low wages and poor conditions, any unrest there may have been among the men in the Newfoundland lumberwoods seems to have been given little articulation. There were some efforts made in the late 1930s to bring improvement in the industry, but these did not go nearly far enough. A Logging Act finally abolished the truck system that was still in operation in some camps whereby loggers were forced to take their earnings or a part thereof in the form of supplies purchased from a store run by the employer.

It also became compulsory, for the first time, for employers to provide some form of camp to house their workers engaged in pit-prop and pulpwood cutting operations.[41] Despite these efforts, however, wages and conditions in the Newfoundland lumberwoods continued to be inadequate and a growing sense of militancy had begun to develop among the loggers by the time the 1950's arrived. What proved to be especially aggravating from the wood-cutters' point of view was the fact that workers in the paper mills which processed the raw materials they were harvesting received much better wages for much less demanding work undertaken in much more comfortable surroundings.[42]

In 1956, the Newfoundland Lumbermen's Association invited representatives of several large, international loggers' unions to attend their convention in Newfoundland. Among those present was Landon Ladd, an organizer for the International Woodworkers of America. As soon as the convention was over, he addressed himself to the task of recruiting the loggers of Newfoundland to his organization and in a very short space of time, the I.W.A. became the bargaining agent for the province's wood-cutters, easily winning a certification vote in 1958. The same year, negotiations were opened with the companies with the aim of gaining improved conditions and rates of pay. When the parties were unable to reach an agreement, negotiations were suspended and a conciliation board appointed. When this body had concluded its work, it produced a report which came down

heavily in favour of the loggers and included unanimous recommendations that wages be increased by 5 cents an hour over the life of a two year contract and that normal hours of work be reduced from an average of 60 down to 54 hours per week.[43]

The pulp and paper companies, claiming financial hardship, refused to accept the report and failed to produce any offer of their own. The wood-cutters left their jobs on the 1st of January, 1959, and thus began the infamous I.W.A. strike which was to leave an indelible mark on the pages of Newfoundland history.[44]

At first, there was stalemate. 12,000 loggers with dogged determination faced two powerful pulp and paper companies with large stockpiles of wood and a force of millworkers who were not prepared to risk their own jobs to come out in support of the wood-cutters. As the strike went on, violence began to break out on the picket lines and the pressure mounted on Newfoundland premier Joe Smallwood to intervene in the dispute. When he did so, he threw his support squarely on the side of the companies. He went on radio to denounce the I.W.A. in what Richard Gwyn has termed a speech of "inspired demagoguery."[45] He informed the province of his intention to form his own loggers' union, the Newfoundland Brotherhood of Woodworkers, under the presidency of Maxwell Lane, a Liberal member of the provincial House of Assembly. Having thus stated his case, he attempted to destroy the union and impose tight controls upon labour

activity in general.

At first, this strategy failed, for the loggers remained solidly behind their union. In the end, however, the course of events changed in Smallwood's favour. On March 10th, 1959, a clash between protesting loggers and the Royal Canadian Mounted Police in Badger, a logging town in central Newfoundland, resulted in the death of a police officer, constable William Moss. This outraged public opinion, already turned against the I.W.A. by Smallwood's rhetoric, and it soon became apparent that the loggers were fighting for a lost cause. There was dissension in the ranks and I.W.A. members gradually slipped away to join Smallwood's Brotherhood, which eventually became the chief bargaining agent for the loggers and negotiated an agreement with the pulp and paper companies whereby the rates of pay were increased by the five cents an hour originally recommended by the conciliation board.

Support for the new union was lukewarm, however, and the Brotherhood was disbanded on the recommendation of a Royal Commission on the Logging Industry, two years after its formation. Its place was taken by the International Brotherhood of Carpenters, Woodworkers and Joiners. The Royal Commission was appointed by Smallwood to

> .... enquire and report on the conditions of work and living and on the terms of employment (including rates of remuneration), in the case of men employed in forest operations of all kinds for each of the years of 1958, 1959 and 1960.[46]

Chaired by Sir Brian Dunfield, it examined the problems which lay at the heart of the dispute between worker and employer and vindicated the I.W.A. to a certain extent, by pointing out the poor wages, inadequate housing and working conditions and outmoded equipment and work techniques which loggers in Newfoundland had been forced to endure for so long. Among the recommendations of the commission were that woods camps be supplied with electricity, piped water and hand basins, (hot water for the cook), new paint, heating stoves and improvements in the storing, preservation and presentation of food (pp. 48-55). The government and companies responded and acted upon many of the recommendations making, in effect, a major contribution towards a revolution in the Newfoundland lumberwoods.

The events of 1959 and the work of the Dunfield commission, together with the changes resulting from them, can only be fairly evaluated in the light of their historical context. The late 1950s and early 1960s were years of swift and dramatic transformation in the Newfoundland forest industry. They heralded the end of one era and the dawn of another. The traditional woods camps were being closed down and an increasing number of loggers were starting to commute to and from work on a daily basis from the towns of central Newfoundland and elsewhere which were beginning to serve as the bases from which the pulp and paper companies directed their woodland operations.[47]

A contemporaneous and related development was a gradual

disappearance of the seasonal logger, the fisherman who would leave his outport home in the winter to spend a few weeks or months in the woods to supplement the family income. In his place there arose a new breed of professional loggers for whom the industry provided a full-time livelihood. They were better paid than their predecessors and, when forced to live in lumbercamps, better housed, fed and equipped. These modern-day lumberjacks were fewer in number and armed with increasingly efficient and sophisticated technology.[48]

In the earliest days of lumbering in Newfoundland, the white pine had been cut down with axes and crosscut saws and hauled from the forests by teams of oxen. The pulp and paper era saw the horse replace the ox, and the two-man and later the single-handed bucksaw made the axe and crosscut redundant. These tools and the principal method of forest harvesting, the so called clear-cutting of blocks of woodland, remained at the heart of the industry in this province for many years.[49] The late 1950's and early 1960's however, saw technological changes rapidly introduced. In the space of roughly a decade, the bucksaw disappeared in favour of the motorized chainsaw which was much faster and required less effort. The horse was replaced by tractors, trucks and railroad, and mechanized logging in the shape of the wheeled skidder greatly reduced the importance of manpower.[50]

As if to signify the passing of an era, a wave of forest fires swept through Newfoundland in 1961, devastating much of

the productive forest and consuming in flames almost one twentieth of the entire island.[51] Ironically enough, one of the worst affected areas was on the northeast coast where a series of contractors produced pulpwood and export lumber around Indian Bay, using traditional methods and employing, in the process, hundreds of seasonal loggers, summertime fishermen from Notre Dame and Bonavista Bays.[52]

By this time, communications were also changing rapidly in the Newfoundland forests and efficient radio transmitting and receiving devices were making their presence felt. Many camps now had the luxury of portable phonographs and fully operational T.V. sets were not too far away. The 1950s and 60s, then, brought wholesale changes to woods life in the province. A new breed of logger emerged and the old style of Newfoundland woodsman disappeared, taking with him many features of his logging culture, among them, our subject, the tradition of singing and song-making in the lumbercamps.

NOTES

[1]George M. Story, "Newfoundland: Fishermen, Hunters, Planters and Merchants," in Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland, ed. Herbert Halpert and G.M. Story (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1969), pp. 7-33.

[2]For example, James C. Faris, Cat Harbour: A Newfoundland Fishing Settlement (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1972) or Melvin M. Firestone, Brothers and Rivals:Patrilocality in Savage Cove (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1967).

[3]Elizabeth Greenleaf and Grace Mansfield, Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland (Hatboro, Pa: Folklore Associates, 1968), Lawrence Small and Shannon Ryan, Haulin' Rope and Gaff: Songs and Poetry in the History of the Newfoundland Seal Fishery (St. John's: Breakwater Books, 1978) and Kenneth S. Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, 3 vols. (Ottawa: National Museum, 1965).

[4]H. Kennedy et al., Report of the Royal Commission on Forestry (St. John's: Queen's Printers, 1955), p. 1:3.

[5]Kennedy, p. 1:3, Albert B. Perlin, "An Outline of Newfoundland History," in The Book of Newfoundland, ed. J.R. Smallwood (St. John's: The Newfoundland Book Publishers, 1937), II, 169 and W.C. Wilton, Graham Page and Tony Thomas, Forestry in Newfoundland (St. John's: Newfoundland Forest Centre, 1974), pp.41-65.

[6]Kennedy, p. 1:1.

[7]W.C. Wilton, "Forest Protection in Newfoundland in the Early Colonial Period." The Grand Falls Advertiser, 22nd June, 1972, p. 8.

[8]Kennedy, p. 1:2.

[9]Perlin, p. 183.

[10]The question of the preservation of woodlands for local utilization has proven to be an issue of some contention throughout the evolution of Newfoundland's forest history. For a discussion of the problem see J.K. Hiller, "The Newfoundland Forest Industry to 1914: A Preliminary Survey," unpub. ms., 1980. A copy of this paper is housed in the Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Queen Elizabeth II Library, Memorial University of Newfoundland.

[11]For descriptions of these and other early uses of forest products see Kennedy and Wilton, also, Robert C. Clarke, "The Newfoundland Lumber Industry," B.A. Diss. Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1976.

[12]"History of Sawmilling: Alive but not Well," Decks Awash, 7 (1979), 9-11.

[13]Many of the works previously cited support this point. In addition, see Alfred R. Penney, "The Newfoundland Railway: Newfoundland Epic," in The Book of Newfoundland, ed. J.R. Smallwood (St. John's: The Newfoundland Book Publishers, 1967), III, 473-502; D.W. Prowse, A History of Newfoundland from the English Colonial and Foreign Records, (London: MacMillan and Co., 1895), p. 620, and Subsidiary Agreement-Forestry, (Ottawa: Department of Regional Economic Expansion, 1976), p.14.

[14]See note 13 above.

[15]Hiller, passim.

[16]Hiller, p. 7.

[17]Subsidiary Agreement, p. 14.

[18]The Forest Resources and Industries of Newfoundland: Memorandum Prepared for the British Empire Forestry Conference, (London, 1920), p. 5, and Sir Daniel Morris, "Newfoundland and its Forest Resources," The Scottish Geographical Magazine, 32 (1916), 357. The memorandum points out that by 1920, in addition to sawmilling activity in the province, the A.N.D. company were producing pulpwood with a force of 1500 men in 80 logging camps. This point underscores the immensity of forest operations in Newfoundland aimed purely at satisfying domestic needs.

[19]In 1977 there were 1440 sawmills in Newfoundland. Most of these were of the push-bench variety with an annual output of 0-25000 board feet. For more on the modern-day sawmilling industry in this province see Forestry in the Atlantic Provinces, Atlantic Development Board Background Study No. 1 (Ottawa: Queen's Printers, 1968), pp. 4-26 and Edmund Ralph, "The Forests of Newfoundland and Labrador," in The Book of Newfoundland, ed. J.R. Smallwood (St. John's: The Newfoundland Book Publishers, 1967), III, 344-5.

[20]For details of these and other problems with the white pine, see Clarke and Kennedy, also, G.Tunstell, The Forests of the Island of Newfoundland, (St. John's: 1957), p. 34, and Finn Frost, "Is Artificial Regeneration Necessary in Newfoundland?" The Forestry Chronicle, Vol.36,(1958).

[21]The dominance of the black spruce and balsam fir in the composition of Newfoundland's forests has been reinforced by successive waves of forest fires which have plagued the island since the railway became operational. Fire favours the regeneration of black spruce which is fortunately among the most valuable of pulpwood species. See Kennedy, p.1:3. Species-specific breakdowns of Newfoundland's forest resource can be found in James E. Defebaugh, The History of the Lumber Industry in America, (Chicago: The American Lumberman, 1906), pp. 47-50 and Sidney J. Duly, ed., Timber and Timber Products Including Paper Making Materials, (London: E. Benn, 1924), pp. 140-141.

[22]Hiller, pp. 11-12, Wilton, pp. 41-65 and Clarke, p.4.

[23]For the early history of the pulp and paper industry in Newfoundland and the involvement of the Harmsworth interests, a fairly contemporaneous account is provided in The Forest Resources and Industries of Newfoundland. See also Hiller, and Harry Inder, "Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. Ltd.,"B.A. Diss., Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1964.

[24]The importance of these factors in attracting investment to the Newfoundland forest sector was recognized in the Subsidiary Agreement on Forestry, p.14.

[25]For more on this and the formation of the A.N.D. company, see Morris, p. 361, and Forestry in the Atlantic Provinces.

[26]Penney, pp.473-502.

[27]George Hicks, "Anglo-Newfoundland Development Co. Ltd: Its Impact on Newfoundland History," The Grand Falls Advertiser, 20th December, 1971, p. 5.

[28]Morris, p. 357.

[29]Garnett R. Warr, "Woods Operations of Bowaters' Newfoundland Pulp and Paper Mills Ltd.,"B.A. Diss. Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1965.

[30]Forestry in the Atlantic Provinces, pp. 4-19.

[31]Forest Resources and Industries, p. 2.

[32]Morris, p. 354.

[33]The Evening Telegram, 20th November, 1939, p. 4.

[34]Timber, (Glasgow: Newfoundland Overseas Forestry

Association, 1946) p. 11.

[35]These figures quoted by Hiller, p. 31a.

[36]The Evening Telegram, 30th December, 1945, p. 5.

[37]Sir Brian Dunfield, ed., The Report of the Royal Commission on the Logging Industry, (St. John's: Queen's Printers, 1960), p. 10.

38"Some Notes on Forestry in Newfoundland," unpub. ms. A copy is housed in the Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Queen Elizabeth II Library, Memorial University of Newfoundland.

[39]The Evening Telegram, 23rd October, 1937, p. 4.

[40]The Evening Telegram, 28th October, 1937, p. 4.

[41]The Evening Telegram, 17th February, 1939, pp. 3 and 5.

[42]For comparative statistics on wages of loggers and millworkers, see Parzival Copes, "The Place of Forestry in the Economy of Newfoundland," The Forestry Chronicle, 36:4 (1960), 330-341.

[43]Richard Gwyn, Smallwood the Unlikely Revolutionary, (Toronto: McLelland and Stewart, 1968), pp. 202-203 and "Here's History of Fight in Newfoundland Forests," The Financial Post, 14th March 1959, p. 8.

[44]The divisions which the I.W.A. strike imposed upon the people of Newfoundland at the time have been reflected in the written accounts subsequently produced by writers on the subject. Witness, for example, the pro-union bias in Edward Seymour, An Illustrated History of Canadian Labour, 1800-1974 (Ottawa: Canadian Labour Congress, 1976), pp. 56-67 and Charles Lipton, The Trade Union Movement of Canada, 1827-1959 (Toronto: N.C. Press, 1973), pp. 312-314 and, in contrast, the pro-government partisanship of Frederick W. Rowe, a former member of the Smallwood cabinet in his History of Newfoundland and Labrador, (Toronto: McGraw Hill Ryerson, 1980), pp. 511-12. The most objective account of which I am aware is that found in Gwyn, pp. 199-211.

[45]Gwyn, p. 203.

[46]Dunfield, p. 3.

[47]This development is documented in Robert D. Peters, "The Social and Economic Effects of the Transition from a System of Woods Camps to a System of Commuting in the Newfoundland Pulpwood Industry,"M.A. Diss. Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1965.

[48]One source estimates that between 1951 and 1961, the number of men employed in Newfoundland's forests fell from 10,532 to 6,981. See "Some Notes on Forestry."

[49]For details of this technique, see Wilton, pp. 41-65.

[50]These and other changes are discussed in many of the works already cited. See also, H.A. Johnson, "Mechanization in Corner Brook Woodlands," Bowater's World, Vol.19 (1969), 24-5.

[51]The Evening Telegram, 27th December, 1961, p. 3.

[52]The logging operations at Indian Bay will feature prominently in later chapters. The effects of the forest fire of 1961 in this area will, I hope, form the subject of a later study employing primarily oral sources.

2. LUMBERCAMP SINGING IN NEWFOUNDLAND: A NEGLECTED TRADITION?

The lumberjack looms large in North American history. Celebrated in story and song, his exploits chronicled in numerous books and essays, he was a pioneer who opened up the forests of the continent. The twin streams of folk and literary tradition have bequeathed to us a stereotyped image of the logger: a man who worked hard and played hard, loved to curse, drink and fight, had boundless energy and great physical strength and possessed a love of and talent for music and song.

It seems that there was singing and song-making wherever the loggers worked. It went with the occupation. It can surely be no coincidence that some of the great North American folksong collections have been harvested in those parts of Canada and the United States where the lumbering woods have provided the regions with their principal forms of employment and in turn, exerted a profound influence upon local cultural tradition.

Folksong has been such a prominent aspect of the traditional lifestyle of this particular occupational group that it has prompted comment not only from folklorists themselves but also from a variety of authors in their general writings on forests and forestry as a whole. Over the years, the romantic appeal of the lumbering profession has stimulated the publication of a variety of books on the

subject aimed, ostensibly, at the general reading public. Such works have frequently made reference to lumbering songs or lumbercamp singing and its attendant traditions of music and dancing. This has been seen most recently in Donald MacKay's historical description of forestry in Canada, The Lumberjacks.[1] MacKay provides an account of that most famous of lumbering ballads, "Peter Emberley," and explains the source of its narrative. His discussion of leisure-time activities in the lumbercamps includes a description of bunkhouse dancing and music as well as providing an interesting, though unsupported, comment upon the important role that a gifted singer might fulfill in the context of a logging operation. "Crusty old foremen," he states, "were known to hire a good singer or fiddler, even if he was not much of a logger."(p. 240)

Several popular writers have lamented the passing of lumbercamp singing in their books and attempted to account for its demise. Of these, Robert Pike provides an extensive discussion of the singing tradition in his account of logging in the eastern United States.[2] In his consideration of singing style, he suggests that the widely held idea that the lumberjack singer was a "wailer" or "bull-roarer" is not completely realistic. He notes that

> There was usually, in a camp crew, at least one man with a true, clear voice, who was always being called upon to 'Sing us a song, George.(p.148)

According to Pike, a shanty-like style was frequently

adopted in bunkhouse singing sessions. He describes it as follows:

> Many songs were known by heart by most of the crew, so the singer would sing the first few lines solo and the entire crew would roar out the final line of each stanza as a chorus.(p. 149)

As for the material that was customarily performed on these occasions, the writer identifies a genre of songs peculiar to the woods of New England, songs about,

> loggers as a class, not about individuals - songs of the white, snow-covered landscape, the tall, black pines, the red-shirted crews of lumbermen going in to lay them low. (p. 149)

Finally, Pike notes the important influence of French-Canadian woodsmen in disseminating woods traditions of music, dance and song throughout the northeast region. As a group they were usually highly talented and they were among the last to adhere to the song tradition which was

> driven out by the advent of the phonograph and the radio and helped towards its demise by the big influx after 1914 of men from Northern and Eastern Europe and even from Italy. (p. 159)

In a similar but much earlier work, Stewart Holbrook offers some comparable observations on lumbercamp singing in the United States.[3] He acknowledges as does Pike, the singing talent of the French-Canadians. He also places much of the blame for the disappearance of bunkhouse singing sessions upon the introduction of battery-powered radios.

Furthermore, Holbrook also detects the existence of a distinct type of song characteristic of lumbercamp tradition. This genre, he maintains is epitomized by "The Jam on Gerry's Rock." From his point of view, this well known piece displays all the classic traits of the lumbering song: a maudlin story, bad rhyme, decorated melody and a marked tendency towards localization.(p. 131)

Another popular writer who includes a specific example of the lumbering song in his publication is Walker D. Wyman. In The Lumberjack Frontier, he presents the text of a "lumberjack song," which most folklorists would recognize as a version of the popular "Loggers' Alphabet,"[4] Wyman also notes that musical entertainment was primarily, if not exclusively, confined to weekends and that dance played a prominent part in this recreation.

Not surprisingly, the lumbercamps have emerged over the years as fertile territory for the more specialized research of folklorists and, particularly, those members of the profession engaged primarily in folksong scholarship. Among any list of those who have researched and published lumbering songs during the course of their careers would be included the names of such distinguished scholars as Phillips Barry,[5] Richard Dorson,[6] and Herbert Halpert.[7]

As is so often the case in folksong research, the main thrust of scholarly work in respect of lumbering songs has been more towards the straightforward documentation, rather than the analysis of the tradition. That is, folklorists

have been more inclined towards the collection and publication of material than they have towards extensive discussion of the nature and function of lumbercamp singing.

Substantial collections have been made from several of the best known lumbering regions of Canada and the United States, from Northern Ontario and Quebec, the Maritime Provinces, Michigan, Maine and the Adirondacks.[8] Most have included songs that are clearly part of a general North American lumbering tradition, songs like "The Woods of Michigan," or "The Frozen Logger," as well as pieces which are highly local in their reference and circulation. Most of these books record and lament the passing of woods camp singing and the songs that were created for performance in that context. However, generally speaking, comment upon the tradition itself is strictly limited.

Fannie Eckstorm notes, that in functional terms, lumbering songs had much in common with the broadside ballads from which so many of them were clearly derived. The man who could sing a good song, she notes , contributed to the enjoyment of the logging crew, but

> the man who could make one was the historian of the season's work, the chronicler, the analyst of the whole operation, the drive or voyage.[9]

Quite clearly, as far as she was concerned, Maine lumbering songs served frequently as an expression of antagonism between the occupational group as a whole and those in authority above it. The Maine woods were

full of songs reviling cooks and employers now dead, who were unlucky enough to stir up the muse of some man who could make up a good song.(p. 111)

In this respect at least, New England tradition differed somewhat from that of Canada, at least that is, in the eyes of noted Canadian folksong scholar, Edith Fowke. She offers the suggestion that

On the whole, the shantyboy balladeers were very much uncritical of their bosses. Usually, they spoke very highly of their foremen.[10]

She goes on to cite, as an example of this tendency, the words of John V. Devine, composer of Newfoundland's most famous lumbering song, "The Badger Drive":

THE BADGER DRIVE

There is one class of men in this country that never is mentioned in song,
And now since their trade is advancing, they'll come out on top before long.
They say that our sailors have danger and likewise our warriors bold,
But there's none know the life of a driver, what he suffers with hardship and cold.

CHORUS

With their pike poles and peavies and bateaus and all,
And they're sure to drive out in the spring, that's the time.
With the caulks on their boots as they get on the logs,
And it's hard to get over their time.

Billy Dorothy he is the manager, and he's a good man at the trade;
And when he's around seeking drivers, he's like a train going down grade,
But still he's a man that's kindhearted, on his word you can always depend,
And there's never a man that works with him but likes to go with him again.

I tell you today home in London, The Times it is read by each man,
But little they think of the fellows that drove the wood on Mary Ann.
For paper is made out of pulpwood and many more things you may know,
And long may our men live to drive it upon Paymeoch and Tomjoe.

The drive it is just below Badger, and everything is working grand,
With a jolly good crew of picked drivers and Ronald Kelly in command.
For Ronald is boss on the river, and I tell you he's a man that's alive,
He drove the wood off Victoria, now he's out on the main river drive.

So now to conclude and to finish, I hope that ye all will agree,
In wishing success to all Badger and the A.N.D. company.
And long may they live for to flourish, and continue to chop, drive and roll,
And long may the business be managed by Mr. Dorothy and Mr. Cole.

Fowke is the compiler of the foremost collection of Canadian lumbercamp songs, most of which she gathered in the provinces of Ontario and Quebec, where, she maintains, the lumbering industry has inspired the largest group of native songs. In Lumbering Songs From the Northern Woods, she notes that while the collection itself comprises songs that make direct reference to loggers and logging, the woods camps and bunkhouses filled a catalytic role in the dissemination of folksongs of all kinds.

Like the popular general works on logging previously mentioned, many of the collections of woods songs are antiquarian in tone, their compilers recording for posterity the survivals of a bygone era and, in some cases, attempting

to provide a summary explanation for the disappearance of lumbercamp singing. Typical of these is Franz Rickaby's Ballads and Songs of the Shanty Boy. Rickaby collected the songs in this volume from men who had worked in the lumberwoods of the lake states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota. His informants had been loggers during the period of 1870 to 1900 which he regards as the "golden age of lumbering," in the Northern U.S. Woods camp singing in this region disappeared around the turn of the century as a result, according to him, of sweeping changes in the industry, not least of which was a redefinition of the ethnic mix in the camps themselves.[11]

What can be said about the majority of books and essays on lumbercamp singing is that they neglect to give detailed consideration to the interrelationship of the woods camp songs and the contexts from which they emerged and in which they were performed. Such cannot be said, however, of Robert Bethke's study of lumbering songs from the Adirondacks.[12] In an excellent ethnographic account of the narratives and songs of former loggers in New York State, Bethke views woods tradition from both diachronic and synchronic perspectives. Acknowledging his indebtedness to recent biographies of traditional singers, he employs the technique of relating creativity in the song tradition to the individual performer through a series of close-up examinations of different woodsmen-singers, their personal experiences and their involvement with singing in lumbercamps and other contexts.

He chronicles the existence in the regional repertory of both migratory woods songs from the general North American lumbering tradition as well as locally composed material from logging operations in the area. Lumbering songs apparently clung on more tenaciously in the Adirondack region than elsewhere. While Bethke points out that the advent of radio brought a decline in bunkhouse singing, the tradition was still maintained in some logging camps and, more especially, in local barrooms until some time in the 1950s.(p. 74) Adirondack logging songs were indelibly stamped with the mark of the woodsmen themselves, for, in Bethke's words,

> ....foothills loggers were immersed in the occupation that touched their lives daily.....Accordingly, the thrust of their creativity in song reflected an overriding desire to chronicle woods work, events and personalities.(p. 68)

By far the most detailed and perceptive discussions of lumbercamp singing and the dynamics of that tradition have stemmed from the pen of New England folklorist Edward D. (Sandy) Ives. In a series of books and articles, Ives has published collections and analyses of lumbercamp songs, explored the creativity of individual lumbercamp singers and songmakers and outlined the parameters of the bunkhouse tradition in general. In his pioneering biography of Larry Gorman, he paved the way for his later work by trying to establish some of the cultural rules by which the lumberjack singer/songwriter operated. One of his main observations in respect to this is that

.....once a man decided to make up a song.....there was a prescriptive tradition that told him how to go about it. He could draw, that is, on a large stock of commonplace lines, stanzas, plot situations, structures, moral attitudes and tunes. Historically we can show that this stock is a development within the British and Irish-American broadside (or come-all-ye) tradition.[14]

In "Suthin," Ives identifies a sub-genre of lumbercamp song and outlines its defining characteristics. He explains that,

.....if the form is not basically traditional, the poem or song that celebrates a crew's winter work very definitely is. Such works are extremely common, but, by their very nature, they were fugitive. Like the crew photograph, they were as much souvenirs as anything else. The song would be made up by one of the crew, sung a few times toward the end of the year just to 'give the boys a kick,' and that would be the end of it, although a few men might make copies of it to take home or a copy might be sent to a local newspaper. The pattern was traditional, the 'making,' a traditional act, but the song itself almost never entered tradition. What examples we do have, come to us almost by chance, either from someone who was in that particular camp that winter and happened to recall it or, as in the present instance, because a copy of it happened to be found amongst a man's papers.....Composed as they were, for an 'in' audience, these songs were apt to be extremely allusive, hence meaningless to outsiders though perfectly understandable to those for whom it was composed. The present work is a splendid example of this style: basically a list of names with some little quip or comment on many of them.[15]

Ives's most extensive analysis of the lumbercamp tradition appears in his most recent work, Joe Scott: The Woodsman Songmaker, a study of the Maine lumberjack singer whose compositions have entered the folksong tradition of the Northeastern U.S. and the maritime provinces of Canada. In a section of the book devoted exclusively to exploring the question of whether or not there was such a thing as a

distinctive lumbercamp tradition, Ives investigates all aspects of singing in a woods camp setting. Firstly, he notes that it was a leisure-time pursuit, and there was no tradition of "work songs" as such. Singing in the bunkhouse was solo and unaccompanied and stylistically different, in the eyes of the singers themselves and in terms of actual performance. First of all, it tended to be a "harder" kind of singing which was loud and high and caused the men to put tremendous pressure on their voices. Furthermore, woods singers were apt to sing slowly, "often almost to the point of losing the meter and sometimes even beyond that."(p. 385) Woods camp singing was not highly ornamented as in classical Irish tradition, but resembled Irish singing more than anything else. (This is not perhaps surprising, given the fact that first and second generation Irishmen made up the bulk of the work force in the New England lumberwoods during the late 19th and early 20th centuries.) An older style and repertory endured in the woods camps after they had become extinct in other informal contexts in the loggers' home communities, so much so that "many people came to associate old-time singing of any kind with the lumbercamps."(p. 386) Woods repertoire was varied, but rooted in the British broadside tradition and while the importance of the indigenous occupational songs about lumbering and driving was difficult to ascertain, these pieces were always popular with the lumberjacks and "such songs formed a significant category in woods repertoire, but not a dominant one."(p. 390)

Woodscamp tradition was primarily an oral one, in so far as writing and print played only a minor role in the dissemination of songs.

Joe Scott's songs appeared throughout the maritimes as well as in the Northeastern U.S., but Ives notes that only one version of one song, "The Plain Golden Band," has been collected in Newfoundland, despite many other similarities in singing tradition. He concludes that "Newfoundland and Maritimes tradition come from the same seed sown on similar soils, but their development has been ecotypic."(p. 418)

The works that have been mentioned to this point stand as evidence to suggest that in those parts of North America where a substantial tradition of logging activity is in existence, one might reasonably expect to find a similarly notable tradition of lumbercamp singing and songs. Just such a part is Newfoundland, for, as we have seen in the previous chapter, the forest industry and work associated with it have been important historical factors in the province's development. They have provided, for a considerable period of time, first seasonal, and then year-round employment for many Newfoundlanders. They have, in general terms, exerted a profound influence on Newfoundland life and culture.

The province of Newfoundland has, perhaps more than any other part of this continent, been subjected to an intense and extensive program of folksong collecting on the part of foreign and native-born scholars, musicians and teachers, and students in a large, modern day folklore studies programme.

This work has resulted in the publication of numerous collections of folksongs from Newfoundland as well as books, essays and articles on the regional folksong tradition in both scholarly and commercial format.[16] National and regional folklore collections include major depositions of folksongs from fieldwork studies conducted in towns and settlements throughout Newfoundland and Labrador.[17]

Most folklorists in North America will probably have some knowledge of the rich and varied folksong tradition that has been unearthed in this part of the world. They will be familiar, perhaps, with the vast store of sea songs, shipwreck ballads, shanties and the like, that has been discovered by a host of scholars. They may be aware that Newfoundland has provided something of a North American refuge for the hallowed English and Scottish Popular Ballads. They may even be acquainted with the broadside creations of local composers like Johnny Burke and James Murphy. But few, if any, will conceive of Newfoundland as the home of a tradition of songs and singing derived from the logging camps and lumberwoods.

That such a situation exists is perfectly understandable and it may be attributed to a variety of factors. The first of these may be no more than simple ignorance. Most people, including many of those of us who live and work in Newfoundland, are unaware of just how extensive and important the forest industry has been in the past and remains today. As I have already suggested, it is

quite normal for us to make an immediate association between Newfoundland and the sea and our folklore studies have, more often than not, reflected this association.

In addition, there may be a psychological factor which is operational when we approach the lumbering industry in Newfoundland and the cultural phenomena, like folklore, which derive from it. For logging in Newfoundland invokes in the individual few of the emotional and ideational reactions that it would in other parts of the continent. While forestry has been important in this region, it is not as long established as in other areas and its history has certainly not been as spectacular. The river drives, so much a part of the aura of the lumberjack's professsion, took place in Newfoundland, for the most part, on short, narrow brooks and streams, rather than on raging torrents. They were apparently neither as swift, nor as hazardous as those of Maine and New Brunswick, for example. The stunted groves of black spruce and balsam fir that resulted from the adverse environmental conditions which were prevalent here, ensured that Newfoundland had no tradition of long lumber similar to that celebrated in the forests of British Columbia or Northern Ontario. Four foot pulpwood does not produce many heroes, or feats of skill and bravery.

Finally, a survey of literature relating to Newfoundland folksong would hardly lead the folklorist to suspect the existence of a healthy tradition of logging songs and lumbercamp singing. There has, to date, been no single piece

of research or publication devoted exclusively to lumbering songs, or logging folklore of any kind, for that matter. Lumbercamp songs do not feature prominently in published folksong collections from Newfoundland and scholars writing about the singing traditions of the region have seldom made reference to the subject. Lumbercamp singing in Newfoundland appears to have been a neglected tradition.

The sum total of scholarly references to folksinging and folksong making in the lumberwoods of this province has amounted to little more than recognition of their existence. Elizabeth Greenleaf, in the introduction to her large collection of Newfoundland folksongs mentions briefly that singers often learned their songs in the lumberwoods. She also points to the importance of itinerant woodsmen as bearers of folk tradition.[18] Her notes accompanying the six lumbering pieces in this volume note that four of them probably came to Newfoundland with experienced loggers brought in from the mainland, to superintend the fledgling operations of the large pulp and paper companies. Singing in the lumbercamps at night enabled loggers from different parts of the province to exchange their songs. Finally, Greenleaf makes brief mention of a Newfoundland step-dancing championship, supposedly held in bunkhouses throughout the province, the only reference to such a phenomenon of which I am aware.

Kenneth Peacock, a Canadian scholar with extensive fieldwork experience in this province, examined the native

songs of Newfoundland as they were represented in the collection on deposit in the Canadian National Museum in Ottawa.[19] He suggests that this indigenous Newfoundland material could be organized into ten major categories with "Lumbering Songs" among them. Of these, he offers one or two examples with little additional comment beyond the statement that "The size of Newfoundland's large pulp and paper industry is certainly not reflected in the number of lumbering songs in the native collection."[20]

This pronouncement in itself is indicative of the anomalous situation which has prevailed in Newfoundland with respect to logging songs. The province has had a thriving forest industry, a rich and healthy folksong tradition examined by a host of scholars young and old, and yet hardly any material relating to lumbering has appeared in published collections of folksongs from Newfoundland. The four largest and best known printed miscellanies contain well over eight hundred songs in several versions and yet of this total, only two percent make any reference to the lumberwoods or work therein. Several of these pieces were imported to Newfoundland from mainland Canada and the United States.[21] A recent survey of Newfoundland folksongs which have appeared in printed form at one time or another, covers most of the collections, scholarly and otherwise, which have been published in the last century. It serves only to reinforce this impression of imbalance in the portrayal of the local repertory.[22]

Should this absence of lumbering material in the published collections lead us to assume that the presence of logging songs in Newfoundland has been negligible, or that singing and song-making were irrelevant to the occupational life of the province's woodsmen? My experience leads me to think not. While the scholarly trends that have just been outlined remain something of a mystery, several points can be offered in partial explanation, points which have to do, in large part, with the persuasions and activities of the major figures in local folksong scholarship.

The English folksong collector, Maud Karpeles, to take one example, was patently not interested in collecting lumbering ballads which she probably would not have regarded as folksongs. She deliberately coaxed her informants away from singing native materials and towards providing renditions of the songs of which she was in search, principally Newfoundland variants of traditional ballads from the British Isles. It is quite clear from both her remarks in Folksongs from Newfoundland, and the field notes that she recorded while in the province,[23] that she rejected much of the material that she heard, as unworthy of inclusion. We do not know, in fact, whether or not she encountered any lumbering songs during the course of her research. It seems certain that had she done so, she would have discarded them and failed to have recorded them.

MacEdward Leach's collection resulted from his fieldwork in Labrador, an area of the province which until recently had

practically no lumbering industry to speak of.[24] While he did collect folksongs on the island of Newfoundland, the fruits of his work remain unpublished.[25] His fieldwork activity was restricted, for the most part, to the Avalon peninsula, not an important logging area. He did, however, manage to collect a few lumbering songs in the course of his island fieldwork, most of them derived ultimately from the mainland.

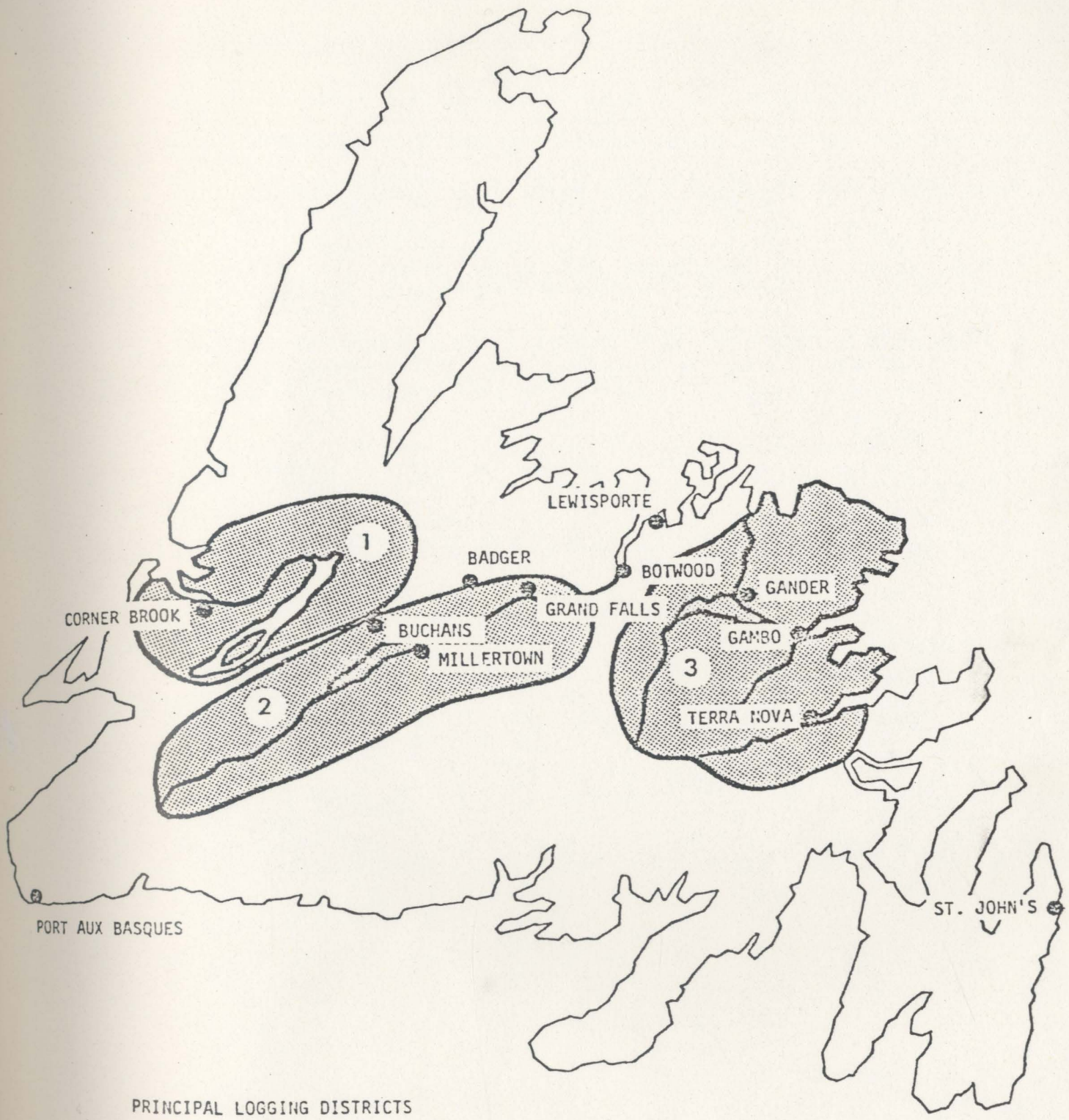
Elizabeth Greenleaf and Kenneth Peacock both admitted a few lumbering songs to their collections, but we know from comparison that neither of them recorded the entire repertoires of some, and perhaps all, of their informants. Furthermore like that of Karpeles and Leach, their work was understandably restricted in geographic scope. None of the best known folksong collectors spent extensive periods of time conducting research in the main lumbering regions of Newfoundland, notably the areas surrounding the Humber and Exploits valleys of the interior and the Gander-Gambo-Terra Nova river districts of the northeast.(See fig. 1)

Kenneth Peacock worked with several singers who had experience in the lumberwoods of the province and he was aware of the central position occupied by the woods camps in Newfoundland's folksong tradition.[26] He simply did not explore these topics in his published work. In fact, the publications of the majority of folksong researchers in the province have been lacking in contextual information. The collections of professionals and amateurs alike have been,

for the most part, little more than song compilations, so much so that, of the works published up to 1974, Paul Mercer has suggested

> the Leach collection is the only Newfoundland folksong volume which satisfies the scholarly standards of the folklorist, including proper attention to the people who sang the songs.[27]

In recent years, there have been changes and contemporary research and publication in the area of folksong has been characterized by greater depth and an increasing bent towards contextual analysis.[28] There has even been some specific interest in occupational folksong per se.[29] However, with greater depth comes greater specialization, and as yet there has been no systematic attempt to investigate lumbercamp songs and lumbercamp singing as distinct traditional phenomena. This is the task to which we must now turn.



PRINCIPAL LOGGING DISTRICTS

1. HUMBER VALLEY
2. EXPLOITS VALLEY
3. GANDER - GAMBO - TERRA NOVA DISTRICT

Fig. 1

NOTES

[1]Donald MacKay, The Lumberjacks (Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1978).

[2]Robert E. Pike, Tall Trees, Tough Men (New York: W.W. Norton & Co., 1967).

[3]Stewart Holbrook, Holy Old Mackinaw: A Natural History of the American Lumberjack (New York: MacMillan, 1938).

[4]Walker D. Wyman, The Lumberjack Frontier: The Life of a Logger in the Early Days on the Chippeway (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1969).

[5]Phillips Barry, The Maine Woods Songster (Cambridge, Mass: The Powell Printing Company, 1939).

[6]Richard M. Dorson et al, "Songs of the Maine Woods," Folklore and Folk Music Archivist, 8 (1966), 3-33.

[7]Herbert Halpert, "A Michigan Lumberjack Singer," Hoosier Folklore Bulletin, 1 (1942), 81-4.

[8]Respectively, Edith Fowke, Lumbering Songs from the Northern Woods (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1970), Louise Manny and J.P. Wilson, Songs of the Mirimachi (Fredericton: Brunswick Press, 1970), Earl Clifton Beck, "Lumberjack Ballads," Michigan History Magazine, 20 (1936), 231-245, and Lore of the Lumbercamps (Michigan: University of Michigan Press, 1948), Fannie Eckstorm and M.W. Smyth, Minstrelsy of Maine: Folksongs and Ballads of the Woods and Coast (Boston: Houghton and Mifflin, 1927), Roland Palmer Gray, Songs and Ballads of the Maine Lumberjacks (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1925), and Robert Bethke, Adirondack Voices: Woodsmen and Woods Lore (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1981). A more complete list of collections, books and essays on lumbercamp singing, as well as works by popular writers who make reference to it, can be found in the bibliography.

[9]Eckstorm and Smyth, p. 112.

[10]Edith Fowke, "Labor and Industrial Protest Songs in Canada," Journal of American Folklore 82 (1969), 36.

[11]Franz Rickaby, Ballads and Songs of the Shantyboy (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1926), pp. xx-xxi.

[12]Bethke, Adirondack Voices.

[13]Among them, Edward D. Ives, Joe Scott: The Woodsman Songmaker (Urbana: University of Illinois Press, 1978), Larry Gorman: The Man Who Made the Songs (Bloomington: University of Indiana Press, 1964), "Lumbercamp Singing and the Two Traditions," Canadian Folk Music Journal 5 (1977), 18-23, "The Lumberman in Town," Northeast Folklore 2 (1959), 58-9, and "Suthin': It's the Opposite of Nothin'." Northeast Folklore 18 (Orono: Northeast Folklore Society, 1977).

[14]Larry Gorman, p. 168.

[15]'Suthin', p. 93.

[16]A representative sample of these works may be found in the bibliography.

[17]For example, the collections of Newfoundland folksongs housed at the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive (MUNFLA), St. John's and at the Centre for Canadian Folk Cultural Studies in the National Museum of Man in Ottawa.

[18]Ballads and Sea Songs of Newfoundland, pp. xxi-xxxvi.

[19]Kenneth Peacock, The Native Songs of Newfoundland. Contributions to Anthropology, 1960, Part II (Ottawa: Department of Northern Affairs and Natural Resources, 1963).

[20]Peacock, Native Songs, p.230.

[21]These are, Greenleaf and Mansfield, Ballads and Sea Songs, Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, Maud Karpeles, Folksongs from Newfoundland (London: Faber and Faber, 1971) and MacEdward Leach, Folk Ballads and Songs of the Lower Labrador Coast (Ottawa: National Museum, 1965).

[22]Paul Mercer, Newfoundland Songs and Ballads in Print, 1842-1947: A Title and First Line Index (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1979).

[23]These field notes and related materials are housed in the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive, (MUNFLA). They are catalogued as accession number 78-3. All future references to MUNFLA materials will appear in the following format. MUNFLA 78-3.

[24]This is confirmed by Defebaugh in his discussion of forestry in Newfoundland in The History of the Lumber Industry.

[25]MUNFLA 66-25.

[26]Personal Correspondence.

[27]Mercer, p. 18.

[28]See for example, George Casey, Neil Rosenberg and Wilfred Wareham, "Repertoire Categorization and Performer-Audience Relationships: Some Newfoundland Examples," Ethnomusicology 16 (1972), 397-403, or, Gerald Pocius, "The First Day that I Thought of it Since I Got Wed: Role Expectations and Singer Status in a Newfoundland Outport," Western Folklore 35 (1976), 109-122.

[29]For example, Lawrence Small and Shannon Ryan, Haulin' Rope and Gaff: Songs and Poetry in the History of the Newfoundland Seal Fishery (St. John's: Breakwater, 1978)

3. LIFE AND WORK IN THE NEWFOUNDLAND LUMBERWOODS.

In the period when forestry in Newfoundland was largely restricted to the harvesting of saw-logs, logging operations were highly selective. The axe, the two-man crosscut saw and wooden sleds drawn by oxen were the chief forms of technology employed in the extraction of a single species, the white pine. It was, however, the advent of the pulp and paper industry which established in Newfoundland the system of forest exploitation, and the social structures resulting therefrom, which were to characterize life in the forests of this province.

In the early years of the 20th century, a pattern of work was established which endured in all its essential features until the late 1950s. The forest was cleared by a method of pulpwood logging known as short-wood, clear cutting, whereby all softwood trees of suitable dimensions were removed from large, pre-ordained cutting areas.

The wood was felled and cut into four foot lengths by means of the single-handed bucksaw. The cutting operations sometimes started in the summer months, but were at the height of their intensity during the fall and early winter. The wood thus harvested was transported in mid-winter from the cutting areas or "yards," by horse drawn sled, to the banks of the nearest navigable river or pond. The spring of the year brought with it the drive, the process by which the logs were conveyed by water from the woods, to the pulp mill,

road or rail transport depot, or seaport, depending upon the location of the woodlands being logged.

Almost every stage of this process was executed manually, and hence the logging industry in Newfoundland was extremely labour-intensive. Many thousands of men were required to reap the annual harvest of pulpwood which would approach one million cords in years of high activity.[1] The few small towns that grew up in central and western Newfoundland as a direct result of the opening up of the forests, could not, of themselves, meet more than a very small proportion on the industry's manpower requirements. Accordingly, most of the loggers of this province were recruited from the outports, the small fishing settlements which dot the coastline of the island along its whole circumference. The majority of them were seasonal workers, fishing during the summer months and working in the lumberwoods during the fall. Those men who were fortunate enough to be retained for the winter haul-off and the spring drive, could obtain year-round employment by combining their fishing and lumbering activities.

The lumberwoods thus played a crucial part in the economy of 20th century Newfoundland, especially in years of depression when fish prices were low. The additional employment and income which work in the forest provided kept poverty barred from the door of many a Newfoundland household. Samuel Button, now a retired school-teacher, was a fisherman on Silver Fox Island in Bonavista Bay during the

years of the Great Depression. He explained for me the circumstances in which he and many of those like him, found themselves during that period:

> I spent ten years in a fishing boat, but in the fall of the year, I used to go in the lumbercamps. Most of the fishermen did this to supplement, for a living. They could not survive on fishing alone. So, we had to work in the woods, usually from October or November until March, or whenever the woods work was finished.[2]

Most of the major lumbering operations had their headquarters inland at centres in the western, northeastern and central regions of the province. Because most of the loggers were from coastal communities and had to work at any operation in which they could find employment, irrespective of location, work in the woods entailed for many Newfoundlanders extensive travel to and from the lumbercamps which provided their homes during the fall and winter. An essential feature of life in the Newfoundland lumberwoods was the journey by boat, railway, or simply on foot, which many woodsmen had to undertake in order to reach their place of employment and to return home again at the end of the logging season. The journey from Indian Harbour in Notre Dame Bay to the headquarters of Bowaters' cutting operations in western Newfoundland was approximately three hundred miles and involved the combination of several modes of transport. Bill Sheppard, now of Nicholsville, made the trip in 1932:

> That's almost another story in itself. Well, we had to come by boat, fifty miles, to get to Lewisporte. And then, you'd take the old "Newfie Bullet," to Deer Lake, and then you'd take your pack and dive in the woods.....If 't'was

five miles or thirty miles.....you could go on for a day, but generally, where I was at, 't'was about ten miles, so, about five or six hours, we were up in the camp.....Take a fair amount of clothes, whatever clothes you had, you'd take in with you. You had to take your own blankets of course, your own bedding.[3]

Naturally, the journey into the woods was longer and more arduous for some loggers than it was for others. However, even those fortunate enough to find work relatively close to home could not avoid some travelling. Logging operations at Gambo and Indian Bay in northeastern Newfoundland provided seasonal employment for many fishermen from the communities of Notre Dame and Bonavista Bays, and the Straight Shore, the narrow stretch of coastline which divides them. One such man was Hubert West, formerly of Wesleyville, Bonavista Bay, and now resident of Corner Brook in western Newfoundland:

We used to walk to Gambo from Wesleyville. Sixty miles! I've walked it a good many times. Sometimes, there were fifteen, twenty, thirty men, sometimes, walking up from Pinch's Island, Wesleyville, Gambo, walking up to Gambo. And the walking was hard and tough, tough going we'll say. But we used to have a lot of fun. I'll tell you, we used to have telling stories on the way. Everything we could think of, we used to do, and have all kinds of entertainment going up through the country on across Indian Bay.[4]

Those men on the northeast coast who were not lucky enough to find work in that vicinity would, more often than not, make the long trek to central Newfoundland in the hope of securing employment at the province's largest lumbering complex operated by the Anglo Newfoundland Development Corporation, with headquarters at Millertown. The journey

would take several days and could often be delayed by ice and snow conditions, passenger boat schedules and the availability of railway transport.

Walter Pardy, of Musgrave Harbour on the Straight Shore, spent many years working in the Millertown region, first as a woodcutter and later as a cook. He shared with me his vivid memories of the yearly expedition to and from the lumberwoods as it used to take place in the 1930s and 40s. He and his companions had the luxury of choosing one of two alternative routes, via Lewisporte or Gambo. Both, however, involved long journeys on foot over rough, virgin terrain, a monotonous train ride with a number of station stops and changes, and several nights sleeping rough in whatever accomodations could be found:

Walk it, in the winter or in the spring of the year, walk to Lewisporte or either Gambo.....'Bout three days, yeah, and your luggage you lugged too.....Say you leaved here, eh, Musgrave Harbour. Well, you might make Horwood. That'd be your first stop, from here. Then you went to Lewisporte, or perhaps, you could make Boyd's Cove. Well, there was a old guy there by the name of Uncle Dyke Frake. Very kind old fellow, very kind! And I believe 't'was fifty cents a night we used to pay, that was for to take us in. And I seen 'em there, take you in their house, everyone laid down on the floor, in the kitchen, wherever, because they wouldn't have the beds, because they'd have their own crowd, eh? And you'd lie down on the floor, in the kitchen. But he'd make you welcome. You had a meal in the morning, they'd give you what they had, the best they had. I think it was fifty cents he used to charge us at that time. And the next day, if it was good going, you might make Lewisporte. But I have been so high as four days trying to get home from Lewisporte. And then you'd get aboard the train in Lewisporte, eh? And they, you'd go to Millertown Junction, from that to Millertown. You'd take the Buchans train then, eh? Buchans train'd be down hauling iron ore eh, from Buchans, and you'd go as far as Buchans Junction from Millertown Junction and then you'd get on this, A.N.D. company, and then you'd go to Millertown.

.....sometimes we'd walk to Wesleyville eh? And perhaps you could get to Hare Bay. You'd get to Hare Bay on a passenger boat. And then Gambo'd be froze over if 't'was in the winter and then you'd walk from Hare Bay. You wouldn't have so far to walk as you had from Wesleyville or Newtown in between. Often times, I've walked to Gambo right on through the country, and lugged me luggage....Four days, you wouldn't do it in less than four days, to Millertown, good goin'.

.....This Uncle Dyke Frake, he was a great old fellow. Everyone liked 'en eh? He was a friend of loggers as far as we could see. That's what he was called, 'Friend o' Loggers.' He's dead now, dead for years. He had a horse, and he always thought he was good, and proud of his horse, eh? Used to have 'em special, come in from some part of the mainland, eh? Canada some place, we wasn't under Canada then. And he always thought proud of his horse. I think, I'm not sure, I believe it was a dollar or something, from Boyd's Cove to Lewisporte, he hauled us. But we couldn't get on the horse, we walked behind 'en eh? Take our luggage and haul. I think it was fifty cents we used to pay. Perhaps he had ten men. Could have ten or twelve men with their luggage, eh? Perhaps you'd dart, you'd jump off for five minutes or ten minutes, the other fellow'd jump on, like that, and you'd get a ride. He had too big a load for his horse, eh? Well, of course, he had the luggage eh? 'Cause you had to carry your own blankets, everything in the world like that you had to carry in. The company found nothing.

.....Going to Lewisporte way, when we used to walk it Lewisporte way, I always used to go to uncle Dyke Frake's...and we'd go there and he was a friend. I seen 'em there laid down, so high as thirty men. Could be from Horwood, Ladle Cove, Apsen Cove, Carmanville, Gander Bay, could be laid down there on the floor, could be a crowd, different places eh? All laid down there, crawlin' with people.[5]

In the fall of the year, thousands of men from all parts of the province would take to the woods by similar routes and, as Walter went on to recall proudly, there was no mistaking the Newfoundland lumberjack:

At that time, 't'was brigs, logans. You'd wear that, that was your pride, eh? Whipcoard brigs'd be your pride.....They were khaki, eh? They was puckered out to the side. We thought they was suits....Then you had your logans, eh? Your logan socks, red colours. Oh, thought that was it. That was a dressy thing. I'd say you had to pay, you had to buy 'em now, I'd say eighty, perhaps a hundred bucks. At

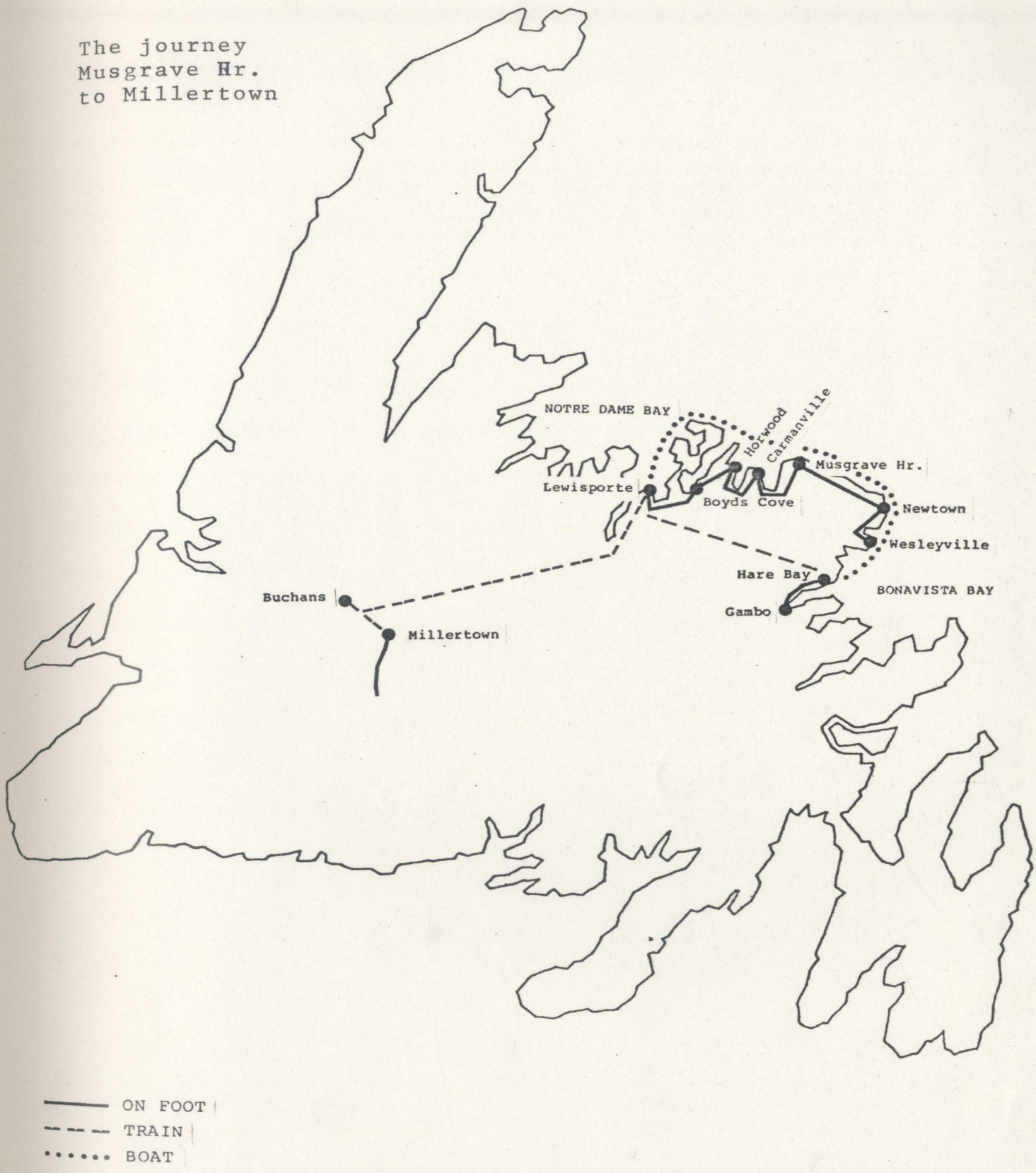

The journey
Musgrave Hr.
to Millertown
NOTRE DAME BAY
Horwood
Carmanville
Musgrave Hr.
Lewisporte
Boyds Cove
Newtown
Wesleyville
Hare Bay
BONAVISTA BAY
Buchans
Gambo
Millertown
ON FOOT
TRAIN
BOAT

Fig. 2

them days, they was, they were twelve and fourteen dollars. I'd say a hundred bucks now. That was our pride. That was a logger's suit. You'd see 'em coming down from Buchans,eh? They were all dressed up, what we called a blue sterge at that time. But we loggers see, we'd logan socks, eh? Yeah, logans and logan socks, that's our dress. Colours eh? Pulled down over your logans, that was your pride. You had a pair of whipcoard brigs, well, you was a man.....'T'was English made, 't'was awful good stuff and did'nt used to leak water eh? 'T'was good stuff. Stand! You'd never tear it, 't'was strong.[6]

Once the men so attired arrived at the headquarters of their hoped-for employers, they were signed on, if lucky, and assigned a camp to which they were to report. At this point, another journey was embarked upon, taking the loggers from headquarters, through the woods, to the actual cutting site. Depending upon location, this trip could prove just as arduous as the one they had completed from their home communities. Samuel Button explained that transport in and out of the woods at the Indian Bay operation was by road and then boat. The complex system of ponds and brooks in this part of the country provided both the access to and, when necessary, escape from, the logging site:

They would be transported by truck to the ponds and if they had to go across a pond, they had to take a boat. They had boats in these ponds. These boats were about thirty feet long and they were sort of flat bottomed boat, because of the shallow water in the ponds. And they were equipped with a, anywhere from a ten to a twenty horsepower engine, the local engine, not the outboard engine that we know today. It was like the Atlantic or the Acadia. If 't'was over ten horsepower, it would be a double cylinder. These boats used to carry the men across the pond and they carried supplies as well. And when they weren't carrying men, they'd take supplies over, like salt meat and other things they'd need for the camp. Of course, they had to have these boats on the pond just in case of emergency. If a man happened to, saw himself, or there was some bad accident, they had to be taken out to the pond and transported across in boat.[7]

William White of Cull's Harbour, Bonavista Bay, worked a lifetime in the lumberwoods, much of it as a woodcutter for the A.N.D. company working out of Bishop's Falls in central Newfoundland. Hard work for him had only just begun, when he arrived there from his home on the east coast.

We started then, we'd go to Bishop's Falls and we'd walk up to Alexander Bay Station, get aboard the train and go to Bishop's Falls. We'd get in the boat at Bishop's Falls and go five miles up to the depot. And then we'd take our clothes bag on our back and we'd walk forty mile. We'd walk thirty mile on the first day, to what we'd call the "thirty mile depot," and we'd stay there that night. And the next morning we'd get up and we'd go the other ten mile and we'd get to the camp.[8]

Compared to this, once Walter Pardy had reached the headquarters of the A.N.D. company in Millertown, he proceeded on his way to the woods in relative luxury:

Then you have a night in Millertown, down the hotel. I can see the hash now, lots o' hash. Yeah, turnips, turnips and potatoes, fat pork, that's be it, and bread. That's what you'd get in the hotel. We'd stay at the A.N.D. company hotel.....First when I went in there, they had a tram from Millertown. That's when I went in there first. They had a tram. You'd go nineteen miles on this tram. That's if there was snow. She could plough the snow. And you'd go to Lake Ambrose from Millertown. Then you'd stay there overnight.....Now, if 't'was in the fall, fall o' the year, or summer, you'd get aboard of a stake bodied truck and they'd drive you down.....a truck with a body on her and a bit of canvas on her, and you'd pile aboard that, perhaps thirty or forty men aboard one truck in the back. And then you'd drive down, wherever you were going, they'd put you off. And then, perhaps you had, when you get to some camps, one bit of road, eh? Then, when you go, you always had a clothes bag, no suitcase. And then you take her, strap 'en to your back, and perhaps you had to walk five miles or four miles or three miles to another camp. Your camp, could be a portage to it, you'd put on your rubbers and walk to the camp. Now, that'd be in the fall, but in the winter.....you'd get aboard of a tractor, a three ton

tractor, used to drive by gas. I thought, when I saw her first, she was the greatest thing I ever seen. Three tons, she was. She'd burn gas. And you'd get aboard of that thing, and they had a box made on sleds, stoved up in the front of her. They had seats on each side, eh? Then you crawl board down her. And then you go, they put you to the main road now, then you had to walk. If your camp was clear o' the road, you had to walk and lug whatever you had to the camp.9

Once in the woods, the loggers came under the protective wing of the camp foreman. In camps run by the Anglo Newfoundland Development Corporation, the foreman would usually be a salaried employee of the company. However, the province's other major paper producer, Bowater Ltd., hired independent contractors who operated and maintained their own individual logging camps. In the summer time, an area of woodland to be cut the following fall would be surveyed by a company employee known as the "field supervisor," or "walking boss." The area's likely yield in cords of wood was established and, according to the quality and accessibility of the timber, a contract would be tendered in terms of a number of cords of wood to be cut, at a set price in dollars and cents per cord.[10]

Thereafter, the organization and implementation of the season's cut was placed in the hands of the contractor himself. His chief responsibilities were the hiring, sheltering and feeding of the men and their remuneration at the end of each pay period, usually, each month. Lloyd Cuff of Musgrave Harbour was a private contractor for several years at the Bowater's operation in

Plate 1. Surveying or "cruising" the timber.

Indian Bay:

When I took my first contract with Bowaters, I had ninety men employed. I had a cook, Max Cuff. I employed a cook, four cookees, no, two cookees, and a bunkhouse man, three cookees and a sub-foreman, he was my second hand. Well, the routine, in the morning, we'd get up six o'clock, breakfast, seven, work ten hours days. And you worked six, for ten hours. And the first year, the first contract I had taken in Indian Bay, I believe wages was then a dollar eighty an hour, teamsters, that's what the teamsters was getting. I was getting $312 a month, y'know, which was good pay at that time. My contract, well, I was foreman's job, see? I had ninety men employed. And every man, I had to look after 'em. Look after the food for the camp. The cook would order, I had to pay for everything. I had my payroll, one year, ninety thousand dollars. Mr. Roland Swift can vouch me on that.[11] A good many cheques that I signed came into his office.....I owned everything there. I had to buy everything, from a teaspoon, to a bed for a man to lay on. I bought everything. I had sixteen horses, I had to buy it, bought it all myself. Well, that was taken out of my contract, y'know, but I made money, first year.[12]

Lloyd's outfit was similar to those of many other contractors at the time and the operation of which he was a part, typical of the large network of logging units throughout Newfoundland which served the Bowater mill at Corner Brook. Between 1920 and 1961 Indian Bay, on the northeast coast of the island, produced an annual cut of pulpwood of about sixty thousand cords in addition to timber for export to Europe. In so doing, it provided employment, mostly seasonal, for between three and five hundred men, recruited from the small fishing communities that were spaced along a one hundred and fifty mile stretch of coastline.

The recruitment of loggers for operations like this was a fairly ad hoc affair. The contractors usually had a regular nucleus of workers who joined them on an annual or

semi-annual basis. Those in specialized positions, cooks, sub-foremen and so on, might stay with the same camp operator for many years. Occasionally, a camp boss in need of workers might contact a trusted employee in any of a number of small communities and ask him to pick up a few good hands. Other men in search of work would head out in the fall of the year for one of the logging centres like Millertown or Bishop's Falls in the hope of picking up a job on the spot.

On arrival at the lumbercamps in the fall, most men expected to be put to work in the forest cutting pulpwood with the bucksaw. There were, however, other jobs to be done, some of them of a less strenuous nature. These tasks too were assigned by the foreman according to his whim at the time. Frank Blake of Victoria Cove, Notre Dame Bay, went as a young man to the lumberwoods at Millertown in the expectation of gaining employment as a woodcutter. He was greatly surprised to be given a job for which he was far better suited. Being a greenhorn, however, he failed to take full advantage of his good fortune:

.....finally we got up to Victoria Dam, as far as we could get in the direction that we was going. And when we got there, we had to put our luggage and stuff aboard of a big dory-type boat, what they called a 'rear boat' that they used on the main river drive. And they had a piece of plank put across the stern of her and a five horse power Johnson screwed on to the piece of plank. That was the means of driving it along. So he, Mr. Samson* when he realized that we were from Gander Bay, my buddy and I, he said, "Now, you fellows know all about them things, them outboard motors, so one of youse now, get her goin." So I started her up. I didn't know where to go, but, under their direction, I got her up to the camp. So that night, he told us that he wanted us to use that boat and engine for a few days, bring in all the necessary supplies for the camp that fall. Of course,

there was all the food for the cookhouse. There was barrels of oil, not too many at that time, just the same, because there was only about five power saws in the camp. Barrels of beef and sacks of flour, all heavy stuff. So that's what we did. We had, we were on wages and we were young, I suppose, and eager, and wanted to put on a good impression with the foreman and we worked like two little niggers, eh? And we did all the work in about three days, and when, actually, if we'd have taken our time and hadn't worked so hard, we could have probably got a couple of weeks work out of it.[13]

The lot which befell most men though was to be sent into the woods with a bucksaw, to bring down the spruce and balsam fir, six days a week, from dawn until dusk. The trees were cut down with the saw, limbed with an axe and then piled or "browed," to await the visit of the scaler, a company employee who made regular visits to all of the camps to measure each man's brow of wood.[14] Woodcutting was paid strictly on a piecework basis, a logger receiving a fixed amount of money for every cord of wood that he cut and browed to the scaler's satisfaction. Bill White recalled that the work was never well paid:

'T'was contract work, see? If you didn't cut the wood, you didn't make the money. Wood would be usually around, I've cut it so low as 90 cents a cord and wouldn't be over $1.40. And now, if you had good wood, we'll say, you'd get about 90 cents a cord. If you had bad wood, like on a bog, this old scrubby spruce and stuff, you'd get about $1.40. But if you was in good wood, you could get two cords of wood, you see? Say you'd get, say $1 a cord, well, that'd be $2 you'd get that day. Well, there'd be 60 cents taken out for your board, and there'd be 10 cents taken out for your doctor's fee. And now, those blades, saw blades, they used to have at them times, was awful easy to break, see? Usually, you, well, you might be a week and wouldn't break one, but sometimes then, probably you'd break two in one day. Well, they was 60 cents each. Well, if you got two cords of wood aboard, $2. Well, you paid 60 cents a day for your board and 10 cents for the doctor was 70 cents and 60 cents for your saw blade was $1.30. Well, you only had 70 cents left for that day, y'know. And now, if you was in real bad

Plates 2 and 3. Spruce and fir are felled with the single-handed bucksaw.

Plate 4. The trees are "limbed" with an axe.

Plate 5. Logs are cut down, "junked" into 4 foot lengths.

Plate 6. The logger piles, or "brows," his wood.

Plate 7. An overall shot of the "yard." Wood is piled or "browed" in roads, to await the winter haul-off.

Plate 8. The scaler measures the wood with his scale-rod.

wood, you could only get about a cord, and you'd have $1.40. so, the way it used to go, we used to have what they call a 'twelve day scale.' The scalers'd come up and they'd scale our wood every twelve days, every second Friday. And if we had $12, I think it'd be $12, we'd think we'd done a real good two weeks work, y'know.[15]

There were a variety of factors which affected the amount of wood that a man was able to cut in a given period of time, and hence, the amount of money he was able to make. The most crucial was probably the quality of his "chance," the piece of ground that he was given to cut over. A man was in constant fear of getting a chance in which "bad wood" predominated. "Bad wood" was timber that was difficult to cut in large quantities and therefore unlikely to yield good money. If the trees were thin or "limby," if the ground was boggy or covered in rocks or alders which impeded cutting, of if a man's "chance" was located a long distance from the camp, then he was likely to complain of having "bad wood." Walter Pardy explained the importance of a "good chance":

Well, run of a day, was all accordin' to the wood, eh? If you had good wood, I mean, you could saw off three cord o' wood. I could saw off three cord o' wood, I've sawed four, bucksaw. And I've been in places I wouldn't get a cord, cord and a quarter. It was all accordin' to the wood you was in. If you was in a good vir, what we used to call a "licky," vir, used to call it, well, I mean, no problem to saw off two and a half cord o' wood, two cord. I have, I've never averaged it, but I have sawed off four cord o' wood, bucksaw. But I mean, I'd say two cord of wood and a half, I averaged that I suppose.....And if you was in black spruce, well, y'know, 't'was harder to saw, 'cause you never had nothing to get. Nothin' there, trees only small, harder to saw. Black spruce, that was pretty hard.[16]

Like most men, Walt was proud of his ability as a

woodcutter, and mild boasting about their prowess in this respect is not uncommon among former loggers. I have heard a number of men, Walter included, praised by old workmates for their skill with the bucksaw. Generally speaking, though, two cords of wood in good timber was an average daily harvest for the average Newfoundland logger. Assigning the "chances" to the men was also the responsibility of the foreman and while some of the cutters complained, usually the "skippers" were fair:

.....that was all allotted by the camp foreman. Yeah, you'd go and get your saw and axe and a pulphook if they had one , and the foreman would take you in with your, your road would be blazed in, you know. Put you on a mark and you'd go on from there.....I would think, on the whole, there was a fair job done in selecting the place that you would cut. I know that in my own case, when I was a foreman, we would usually, I'm thinking about myself and the second hand. If a man, first when a man came into the camp, well, you would usually get him to cut a bad road, if you had some bad wood, y'know. And then you'd alternate with a better chance. Generally I would say that, or I would hope, that there was never too much bias shown in, or the poor man should have just so good of a chance, or get so good a chance as the good man, in order for him, he was entitled to it anyway.[17]

In order for a man to make the best of his "chance," of course, he needed to have good equipment that was well maintained. In this respect, an important member of the lumbering crew was the saw-filer, the man charged with the responsibility of looking after the camp tools, principally, the axes and bucksaws. As Bill White recalled, obtaining and maintaining good equipment was fraught with difficulty:

You take a bucksaw, and you never could get 'en sharp. You'd have a saw-filer there, half the time he didn't know nothing at all about it. You'd put in a bucksaw blade, and

you'd go in and you'd start to saw one o' them big old spruce, probably seventeen or eighteen inches across in the butt, and you'd get it about half sawed down and the saw'd stick. You couldn't get through it, y'know. And you'd have to cut with a axe and a rigout, outfit...Get one stick up and another one for a pry, y'know, get 'en on your back like that....Well, certainly, 't'was too hard. You couldn't stand up to it.[18] I didn't stand up to it because I ended up in hospital.

Finally, a man's own skill as a woodsman had a significant bearing upon his output and thus his wage-earning capability. It would be wrong to assume that work in the woods consisted of no more than a variety of manual tasks easily accomplished by a group of unskilled labourers. Caleb Rowsell lives in Glovertown, Bonavista Bay, and spent much of his life working in the lumberwoods at Terra Nova in eastern Newfoundland. He explained that not everyone could handle woodcutting as a profession and that those who could differed appreciably in experience and expertise:

'T'was hard work and you had to work hard. You either do it or get out. Now everybody made themselves good...when they was cuttin.' One time it was bad enough that your wood was 90 cents a cord. A man went in, he couldn't make $25 a month, you'd call, he was no good, they'd send he down. A man was making $25 a month, he was a good man, $25 or more....The $25 wasn't that much...A good woodcutter, there was a good many of 'em around, y'know, a good woodcutter, he'd cut two cords of wood a day, but the average man, a cord, a cord and a quarter. The good woodcutter cut two cord a day, well that all depends on what you was in. I know, after the bucksaw come in, you got $2 a cord, a man cut 2 cord, he's got $2 made. The man that cut the cord, he got $2 made and there's 60 cents a day for grub, so what have he got left? $18 a month for grub, for his board, we'll say, and perhaps he's only making $30 or $35 a month. Well now, 't'was up to himself, see, he'd make all he liked, if he'd a mind to kill himself and make all he liked. And well, he'd had more than that. You worked hard but you couldn't do any better, you never stopped, y'know? Only thing about it, some people was more active in the woods and know'd how to lay out their things, cuttin', y'know? And so on, fall down their

Plate 9. The sawfiler at work.

trees. Some people'd go in the woods and be fallin' their trees and they'd tangle themselves up, y'know? But the man was well enough for the woods, everything'd be right nice for 'en, y'know? Fall his trees all the one way and buck it all up. Throw it to the road and pile it. But more fellows'd be treed off. That's the reason they couldn't make their money. That's what I was saying, down, that's what they used to do wrong, then those young fellows come in the woods and they didn't understand it.[19]

Usually, if no unforseen setbacks were encountered, a camp would finish cutting its allotted quota of wood sometime in December or early in the new year. The weary loggers would embark on their return journey home and hope to arrive by Christmas. In January, if there was snow on the ground and the weather was fair, the next phase of logging would commence; the haul-off, the job of moving the pulpwood from the forest to the banks of the ponds and rivers in readiness for the drive that was to come in the spring. Not all of the men who had worked in the fall would be rehired at this time, for much less manpower was required to carry out the work. Usually, a foreman would recall his most trustworthy employees, particularly those whom he knew from experience were skilled at working with horses.

Lloyd Cuff would usually keep on about forty of his ninety employees from the fall, for the haul-off at Indian Bay, which usually lasted from December through March. He would rehire his cook and cookees, and keep on a couple of men who could manage a bit of carpentry to repair sleds and perform odd jobs around the camp. Most of the men, though, were employed as teamsters or roadmen. The latter, also

known as "swampers," were responsible for the upkeep of the woods roads along which the sleds had to travel, ensuring that they were kept free of stumps, logs and other impediments, and keeping their surfaces slick and icy. The teamsters were the kingpins of the winter operation. They loaded the sleds with logs, drove them through the woods and often tended to their animals. The work was hard and long and required a high degree of skill. Frank Blake described his experience of the haul-off:

Besides working at cookee and cuttin', I had a little flick at teamin', teamin' a horse. I wasn't too fussy about that. I might have been if I'd a had a good horse. The one I had was a bit stubborn and balky and wasn't pullin' enough wood to suit me. But, teamster, see, he doesn't get up early in the morning, though where I was teamin', I was in Glenwood and they had no barntender. Barntender, the man who looks after the horses and cleans out the barn and all that stuff. They had nobody. So every teamster had to get up an hour before breakfast time, his own breakfast and go down and feed his horse. You'd go down and give the horse hay and oats and, come back and have your own breakfast. And then you'd go down and give her a drink. A bucket of water, and get the irons on her and get her hooked up to the sleds and go on in the woods. You pulled wood all day and of course, you'd always have to carry a hay bag and some oats, y'know, for the noonday meal for the horse. Sometimes you would'nt quite give her a hour dinnertime, 'cause you had your own lunch to eat and you'd be cold just waiting around. You'd cut it short. She had all night to eat when you got back to camp. But that was hard work too, y'know, loadin', especially in the winter time, 'cause the wood was piled on the ground and then when the snow came, of course, perhaps the bottom three feet of that landing of wood was under the snow. And most fellows them days worked in the woods, had a tendency to put the big junks in under, 'cause 't'was easier to put the small ones up top. So, the first load or two you took out of a brow, brow o' wood, wasn't so bad, because, 't'was up out o' the snow. But when you got down to the bottom layers, you had to work then, to get them up out o' that hole on to the back o' the sleds, y'know? You'd haul till you'd see stars sometimes, but I suppose it never hurt anyone, hard work.[20]

Plates 10 and 11. The teamster loads his sleds.

Plate 12. A horse fitted with snow-shoes or "pot leads."

Plates 13 and 14. Single and double teams.

Plate 15. Loaded sleds await the haul-off.

Plate 16. Off to the pond.

Plate 17. A typical load for a double team.

Plate 18. Half a cord of wood dragged behind the main load serves as a break as the team approaches an incline.

Plates 19 and 20. Pulpwood is left at the landing on the banks of the river in preparation for the spring drive.

Walter Pardy also worked as a teamster in Millertown. He didn't mind the job too much, except for the long hours which it involved:

When you'd go teamin', you got up in the morning five o'clock to feed your horse. When the cook got up, he'd come and call for you. You had your lantern light in the barn and everything, for the teamsters. They'd go down and they'd feed the horses---- There was no barntenders in Millertown, A.N.D. company never had no barntenders. Every man that teamed his horse looked after his own horse---- And then you'd get up. You'd feed your horse. And then about half past six, twenty to seven, you'd go to work. Take a pull out. Then you work about quarter past six in the evening. You'd get into the camp about twenty past six, then you'd carry your horse in, feed it, rug it, then you'd come and have your supper. Nine o'clock, you'd have to feed her again and that was rough. And you'd want whatever you could get! You'd want about fourteen cords a day, fifteen, whatever you could get. Whatever it was in your body, you had to put in.[21]

Teaming was not without its element of danger, especially in hilly terrain. Controlling a large horse and sleds loaded down with pulpwood on an icy slope could present its problems, as Caleb Rowsell explained:

When you come to a, to go over a hill like that, if you, if you thought it was too steep. 'Cause the horse had two cords of wood on a sled behind her and 't'was too steep, well, the load could, I have seen it, could drive the horse and he couldn't back it. 'T'was too much for him to back. The load'd drive the horse and trip the horse sometimes, and away 't'd go with everything, the load and everything, right on over the horse. I've seen that happen! But when we'd get to a place like that, they'd always have a piece o' chain for to tie around the runner, y'know? Give the horse, more or less have to haul it down the hill then. Get that piece o' chain around the runner, y'know. And when you'd get it down the bottom, then set it and go on.[22]

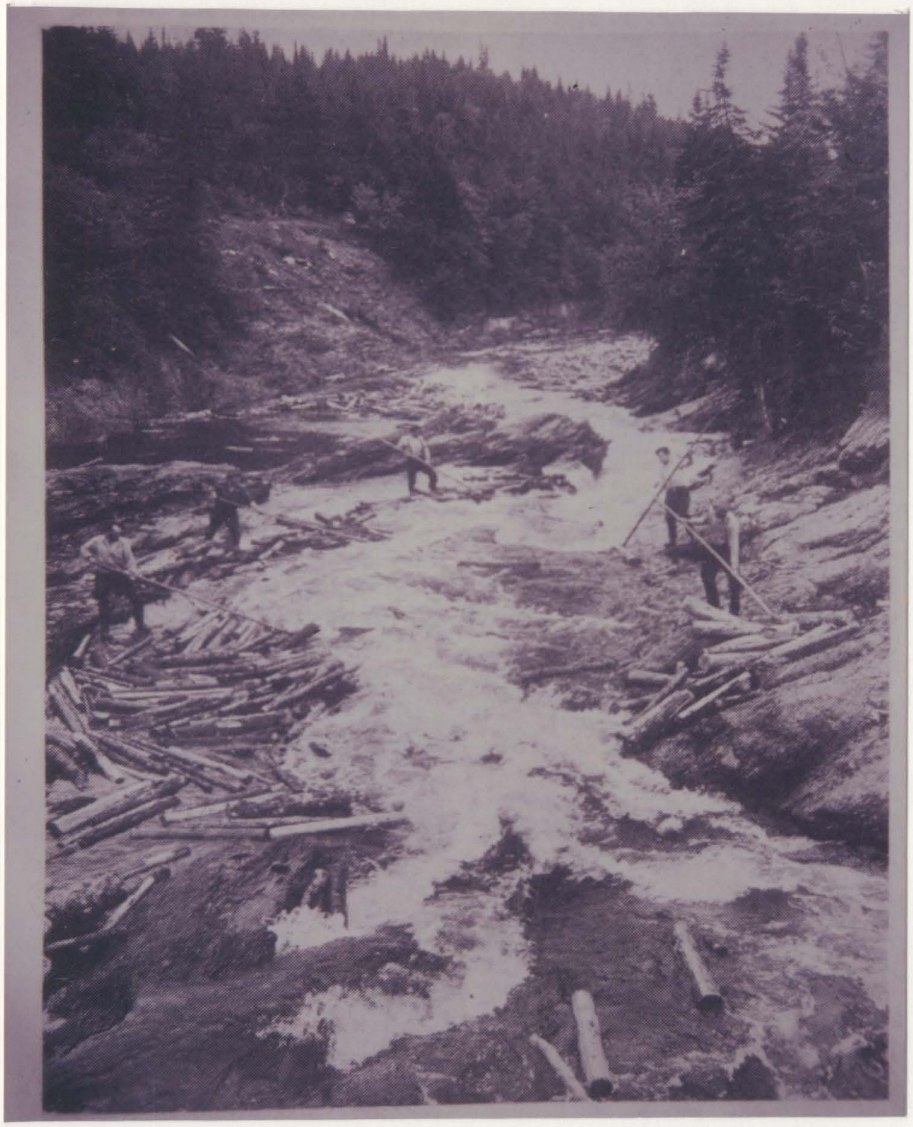
Usually though, accidents like the one above were avoided and the haul-off would be successfully completed

before the spring. Then the loggers waited impatiently for the climax of the season, the drive; the time when they could see the logs they had toiled to bring from the woods safely on their way to market. The work force was further reduced at this time, for only the most experienced and skillful woodsmen and those used to working the water would be kept on. The drive was, in many ways, the most glamorous aspect of logging, as can be see from this excerpt from Elmer Ball's description of driving on the Exploits River:

> There are various working trades in the logging industry, but the river drivers in their day were generally considered to be the elite. Every kid wanted to be a driver and indeed aspired to be a boatman, knowing that these were the special ones. On them depended the safety of the boat's crew at places like Badger Chute, where the river narrowed to about one hundred and fifty feet and dropped about eight feet in one single leap. You needed someone like Frankie Paul in the bow with his big spoon paddle to steer tight to the rocky north shore while the big boat protruded half its length out into fresh air before taking the jump. We had to ship our oars on that side and as soon as the boat hit, we had to be ready to dig in and bring her around in the white water that foamed for a quarter of a mile down river.....There were ten or fifteen boats with six men in a boat and another twenty or thirty men on foot. When a log jam developed in mid river out some distance from shore where the water was swift or deep, we would ferry two or three men out to the jam and stand by to pick them up. It was something to watch when the logs let go and started to pull out. The men had to look sharp and make a beeline for the boat.[23]

When a bad accident did occur in the lumberwoods, more often than not it took place on the drive. Caleb Rowsell helped recover the victim of one fatality on the Terra Nova River:

> You take the falls, now, there's two falls, there's two up there. Well there's one man went over the falls. One (fell out the?) boat. We never seen him no more till the



Plates 21 to 25. Driving the brooks.

Plate 22.

Plate 23.

Plate 24.

Plate 25.

Plates 26 and 27. Drivers at work freeing the log jams.

Plate 28. Freeing the "wings" on the main river drive.

Plate 29. Loading a pulpwood boat in Indian Bay.

middle o' the summer. And when we went up the river to look for 'en, after the water runned off, we, we got about within three miles of where he went over. We was goin' on up in the river boat and by and by, we supposed we was gettin' pretty handy to somethin' 'cause there was quite a smell comin' across, y'know. And we went on and went on and by and by, these, we seen him on this big round stone, flat rocks like, y'know? And this is where the tide drove 'en, right up on this rock and when the water went down, part of his head was in the water and his feet.[24]

Because of the inherent dangers which the drive brought with it, it was important for the foreman to select the best men for the job. Driving a river required skills that were acknowledged as special by all of the loggers themselves. Bill White was chosen several times to work on the main drive on the Exploits River:

You had to be what they called a driver. If you weren't you was called a greenhorn, what they used to call it. 'T'was risky, y'know, 'cause you had to get out on those 'plugs,' we used to call 'em. Where all the wood would get aground, in any little river on a rock, and 't'would all build up back. And now, you'd have to get at it on this, go in a boat. I used to be a boatman for a long while. Well, a boatman, you had to know a lot about boats, y'know. But we'd go out and we'd get on this plug o' wood, we used to always call it a 'plug.' And with your pick pole, you'd move the ones down by the rock. And by and by, they'd all start to go. Well now, that's when you had to know how to be a driver. You had to know how to run, how to get back to the boat or back to the land, or if you didn't you'd go on with the wood. You'd never be seen no more. Oh, the drive was dangerous, especially on the main river. On the small river, there was nothin' to it, 'cause, little small brooks, that's what they was. They'd have a jam in the pond inside and when they'd open up the gates to make this little brook big enough to float the wood, see? And you could jump across those anywhere. There was no danger to that.[25]

In fact, the majority of spring drives in Newfoundland took place on smaller brooks and rivers as so described. Driving in these conditions was more monotonous than

glamorous. The pulpwood was ceaselessly jammed against rocks or on the narrow banks of small, woodland brooks. Between the short stretches of running water were ponds large and small across which the wood had to be towed in a boom. Typical of this pattern was the drive out of Indian Bay as described by Sam Button:

> These boats was also used in the spring o' the year, when the ponds was thawed out, they used to tow the wood down the ponds with these boats. They always towed the wood down to a dam if it was in a pond, and boom it by the dam. And then they opened what they called a 'gate,' and let the wood through. Go on out through a main river to another lake, if there was another lake, and then it had to be towed down another pond.....When all the wood was towed down to the dam, they'd have four or five men going right out, right by the shore and picking off all the wood, putting in a small boom and towing it down to the dam. Now, this would begin about April or early May when the ponds thaw out and they tow it down with these boats as I mentioned. And these boats was equipped with, in such a way as they could go among the wood without breaking off the propellors or blades, as we might say. They had a crate outside of the blades to keep the wood from striking a propellor. And this is why they had ten or twelve horsepower, or even twenty horsepower, because they need a lot of power to these booms....The booms were made up of long sticks, about twenty-five, maybe thirty feet long. They would be about six inches in the top, in diameter, and they would bore holes in both the butt of the stick and in the top of the stick. They'd have chains gone through and fastened to keep these boom sticks together. This is what they called a 'boom.'....You had to have something strong, y'know, because of the pressure of the wind on the wood....'t'was no good to trust to rope. Rope would either chafe off, y'know, with the logs movin' up and down or 't'would cut off across a rock, so chain was the best thing to join the boom sticks together.[26]

The main job of the men working the drive was to accompany the wood as it flowed down the brooks and rivers and was towed in booms across the ponds, ensuring that it moved freely and that any jams were removed as quickly as

possible. Usually, this task could be accomplished by simple use of the driver's best friend, the "pick-pole," a long, pointed, wooden stick equipped with a curved, hinged, metal hook designed for rolling the logs. More serious jams would be freed with dynamite. When all the wood had proceeded safely on its way, the last job on the drive was to 'wing the brook,' as Bill Sheppard relates:

> The wing is a quantity of wood up again' a rock, or a point, or somethin.' And you would leave that there, because that would make the runnier brooks much better.....Channel the rest of the wood through. That was left there till your, until all your back wood was finished. And them wings would practically get watertight, with the bark and whatnot being there two or three weeks. And 't'would make your, the runnier book much more effective and make for better driving. And then, when all the wood was through your dam, or out in the brook, from the back, the back end, you would come back and come out and clean your wings as you came out....That would be the last job on the drive, was winging the brook.[27]

With the end of the drive the year's activity in the lumberwoods would wind down and preparations would begin for the coming fall. Most loggers would have managed to get a few months employment by working on one or perhaps two of the phases of the logging operation. The most fortunate, and those who came closest in Newfoundland to being full-time loggers, could work at woodcutting, teaming and driving and make a decent pay for the season. But the only workers who could be guaranteed year-round employment in the woods were the men who provided the food. Nothing was more important to the logger than his meals and nothing brings a twinkle more quickly to the eye of a former woodsman than talk of the

woodscamp "grub". In the Newfoundland lumberwoods the food was plain, salty, and usually plentiful:

We'd go back to the bunkhouse and you'd wash and you'd get supper, whatever there was at that time. There wasn't much supper to get then, only salt beef and salt fish and spuds and turnips. No fresh beef, not at them times, we'd nothing like that, y'know. Beans, there was lots o' that and steamed duff....Steamed duff there used to be, in big baking powder cans then, seven pound cans I believe they was. High baking powder cans, y'know, and this is what they used to steam the duff in. Mix it all up and put in the can, put in the pot, great big boiler. They had boilers there big as that stove out there. Put all those cans down into this boiler and let it boil then, cook.[28]

Good food was important for the morale of the men in the camps and so foremen like Lloyd Cuff tried to ensure that they were kept happy in this regard:

Good meal, I had the best cook. Make duff puddin,' best! They had all they wanted to eat. They go in the woods, they could have two lunches a day. Their lunch box packed every morning eh? Go in and choose for themselves. If they want fish, they could have it. Sardines, caplin, herring, salt herring, beans, weiners, cheese, anything he want he'd choose for himself in the morning. Now, that was his dinner. When he come out of the woods, his supper was cooked. He could choose for himself now, he could make one lunch out of it or two, but he usually had two lunches at a time, y'know, 10.30 and 2.30. When they came in then, the evening, supper![29]

The quality and variety of food were major preoccupations in the bunkhouse and, according to Sam Button, the cook was held responsible:

Some cooks would serve almost the same thing day after day. Now, of course, for the breakfast meal you could almost say it was either beans or bologna. Now the beans they always referred to as the "bucksaw tablet." This is what the men, the common thing they had.....Well, I think it made all the difference y'know, to the men, because they might be in poor timber and so on, but you'd usually hear them grumbling

mostly about the food. Well, 't'was just about all the same kind of food in each camp, but you put a poor cook in the same camp and put a good one and you wouldn't know but 't'was different food altogether....Some cooks would serve a variety of things where another cook would serve almost the same thing. Lots of times they would serve soup and they saw, not much to go round really and they'd throw water in it, make it much thinner, y'know. Or sometimes, they have it a bit too salt and then, of course, they have to throw water in it. There was one cook in the camp, he had a saying, "Boys, if you wants any more, it's all gone."[30]

Walter Pardy had a reputation as one of the best cooks in the lumbercamps of the A.N.D. company and I can attest to the fact that he has lost little of his culinary expertise. These excerpts from a much longer account of his career give a good impression of the life of a cook in the Newfoundland woods:

Usually, you get up in the morning as a cook. Well, you got breakfast. At that time there was no eggs to fry, only bacon. Not bacon, beans, beans or we'd get a moose for breakfast. You'd have a stew o' moose for breakfast. And hard bread, we used to call it, brewis, eh? "Steak and brewis," we used to call it. If you had the fresh meat, you had fresh meat, stewed, baked, brewis. That was your breakfast to start off, start off about quarter to five. Then you was at it. Well, after you, when everybody eat their breakfast, you'd be mixin' bread, you mixed bread. First you had to mix it in the evening, y'know. First when we start cookin' you had to mix it in the day, but that's after the fast risin' yeast come up, y'know. First, 't'was fifty pounds flour, that's what you used for mixin,' fifty pound o' flour and you mixed that. Well, when that was risin' we used to call it "shortcakes." You had two ovens. You baked four white shortcake. Well, while they were in the oven you baked four dark. Time that, your bread was rose. Well, you got that in the pan and you baked bread. And then 't'was buns and then there was ginger snaps. Well, from that then in the evenings, three times a week you had to mix in double batch, what we used to call a 'double batch.' You mixed a hundred pound o' bread to operate a day. Now, if you had fresh meat or moose you'd put that in your oven. You had to cook so much. Than you'd take it out and you'd bake this. This is how you'd do it. Six o'clock you'd have supper.....Go through about 150 pounds o' flour a day, that's with your, about 150 pounds a day, that's what I averaged for

about sixty or seventy (men). Cook, cook always scrubbed. I always scrubbed my cookhouse....When I started, I think I got $75 a month, I started cookin' first. And then after I had six months, I got $10 more. I went to 85, 'cause I had experience. I was classed as an old cook, eh? From then on you was in the top bracket eh?.....Only thing now, the men didn't work such long hours, y'know. Cook had from anywhere round half past four in the morning to nine every night, nine! That was his last job. I mean he'd be at it to nine every night. He worked long hours eh? If you count it by the hour you didn't get very much.[31]

If the cook had a hard life, then harder still was that of his trusty assistant, the cookee. He worked just as many hours and more and was paid less for his efforts. Frank Blake worked briefly as a cookee at the A.N.D. company camps in Millertown, but he did not stay for long:

In the cookhouse, well, that meant you were the first person up in the morning, the cookee. Half past four you'd have to get out. And down here in our camp there was eleven wood stoves to light in the morning when you got up. And at that time the cookee was responsible. He had to have the splits and y'know, the kindling, birch rind and all for lighting the fires eh? All ready the night before. You'd get up and you light the eleven stoves. You'd light the cookhouse one first and put on the kettles and heat up the frying pan, whatever, for the cook. And then you'd go on out around to the forepeak, to the foreman's quarters. And you'd go up on the hill where the timekeeper and the tractor operator and the scaler, where they had their quarters, you'd light the fire up there. Then you'd go up to the bunkhouses. There were two fires in every bunkhouse. Eleven stoves altogether. You had to light the fire in the morning. By the time you'd get that done and get back the cook'd be up with the breakfast on, and well, then you had to get your apron on then and your cook's cap and serve breakfast to fifty or sixty men. And the minute certainly they were, they had their breakfast, they were gone and then your work really started. Wash all those dishes and soon as that was done you had to be preparing something for the next meal eh? Nothin' at all to sit down alongside a fifty pound sack o' potatoes and peel 'em all, y'know, for a meal, that was small stuff. Sometimes you'd want more. And bread, mixin' up the bread was fifty pounds of flour. The cook always did it with a fifty pound sack in the pan, y'know.

Well sometimes the men'd come altogether if they were working near the camp and more times, you'd have to pack

fifty lunches and then there was the same thing when they did come out in the evening, their evening meal. All those dishes to wash and set the tables out and get something ready for breakfast the next morning. Well, it'd be nine o'clock in the night see, before you'd be finished with it. And that time the fellows out in the bunkhouse, they was turnin' in, eh? So there was only you and the cook. Well you might have a few minutes chatting and turn in yourself. And 't'was all kerosene oil lamps then too eh? You had to light all those when it was dark, started to get dark in the evening. Bring all the water and there was no such thing as running water in the camp. Get out with your buckets and bring in the water and get in the wood for all, for all the stoves. And there was no stop to it, I'll tell you, you had to really keep at it. So I do'nt know how long I was at that, perhaps three weeks or a month perhaps.[32]

One of the major responsibilities of the catering staff was the maintenance of hygiene in the kitchens and eating areas. This was never easily accomplished as lumbercamp buildings were constructed with economy and convenience rather than cleanliness in mind. In this respect, conditions were likely to vary from woods camp to woods camp for, as Walter Pardy observed, some cooks were more thorough than others:

That was up to the cook if he kept it clean. I mean, 't'was nothin' only board eh? Soft board! First 't'was wood. 'T'was logs when I start cookin' but then on the last of it, 't'was board. But then your floor'd be pretty white, eh? You'd get your Gillette's lye and your sunlight soap and take, you'd get a big half ball and then you'd scrub it eh? Oh, your floor'd be, if you was a good cook, different cooks you could eat off the floor, eh?...."Gillette's lye," used to call it, take that and heave it in your water. Sunlight soap, that's all we had to use. That's what you had to wash your dishes into. We had no other suds, only Sunlight soap, Gillette's lye and take your deck broom and scrub it into her. Oh, she'd be white as snow, beautiful. Every morning you'd wash your galley, every day. I used anyway, every day.[33]

The cookhouse was just one of the several roughly

fashioned wooden structures which collectively formed the lumbercamp itself. Each camp would vary in size and accommodation capacity according to the number of men to be employed on the operation in question. Company camps tended to be more standardized in some respects than those managed by private contractors. By and large though, Newfoundland lumbercamps were fairly uniform in physical appearance and spatial organization at least until the period of drastic change in the 1960s. Samuel Button's description of a camp in Indian Bay in the 1930s could be applied with equal validity to hundreds of similar sites across the province:[34]

> The whole complex would consist of a large cookhouse and three or four bunkhouses and one what they call "forepeak." Now, in the forepeak, the skipper would stay and what they called the "second-hand," the next man to the skipper, eh? They was called the 'skipper,' and the 'second-hand.' These two men'd stay in the forepeak. And of course if there were any other men who came in from the company and want to see the foreman and the, or the second hand, this is where he would stay overnight. And sometimes the scaler, he would stay there 'cause when he come in scalin' the wood, he would want to, a sort of private place for makin' up his, makin' up how much wood he had scaled, y'know. And the men would get paid off there as well, y'know. The foremen would sometimes have their cheques come in from the, from the plant and he paid 'em off from the forepeak. They also had some supplies for the men like tobacco, cigarettes, things that they need, y'know, other than food. These camps they also had a barn, one big barn, maybe two sometimes. There would be as many as forty or fifty horses, was a large contractor and he would employ about a hundred and fifty men as well. But if it was a small contractor now, he may employ about twenty-five to thirty men and he would'nt have as many horses, maybe have about eight to ten horses. Horses was, was the main thing at the beginning, y'know. In the later years, they use tractors, y'know, for pulling the timber.[35]

Most camps then contained a limited and fairly standard variety of buildings. The central structure was the

Plate 30. View of a lumbercamp in the 1930's.

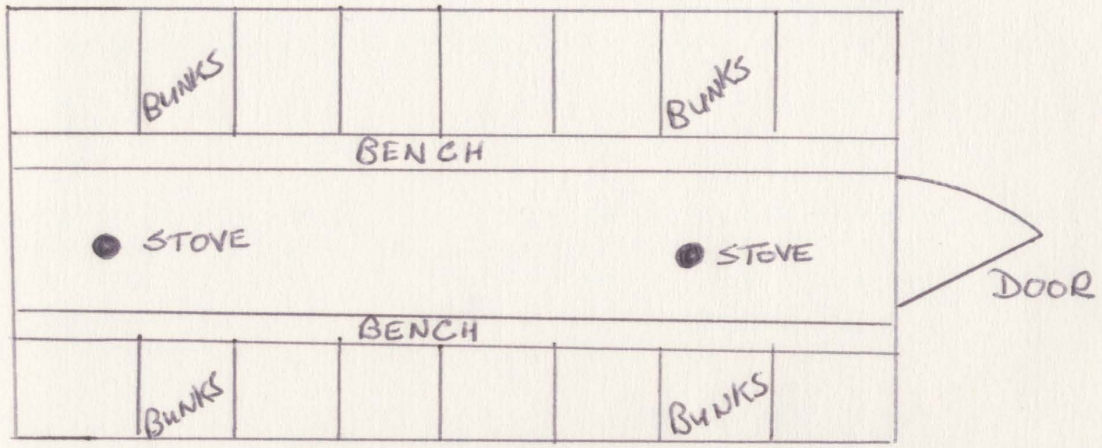
Plates 31 and 32. Typical lumbercamp buildings, framed (above) and studded (below).

Plates 33 and 34. Lumbercamps in mid-winter.

cookhouse to which were usually appended the sleeping quarters of the cook and cookees. The forepeak or foreman's quarters occasionally appeared as another extension to the building and sometimes it was situated on its own. The "van," a small store which supplied the men with clothing, tobacco and a few patent medicines, was generally annexed to the forepeak. Barns for the horses, sheds for storing food and other supplies and the saw-filer's shack when one existed, were all independent of the main complex and to be found in number and proportion appropriate to the size of the particular operation. Finally, there were the bunkhouses which furnished living and sleeping accomodation for most of the men. Here, the loggers spent most of their non-working hours. Hewn of rough lumber, they were dark, cramped, and offered no more than rudimentary shelter from the elements. Descriptions of them are surprisingly consistent no matter where they come from. The interior of the bunkhouse provides many loggers with their most vivid memories of life and work in the Newfoundland woods:

> Well, the camp was built out o' logs. One log on top of another. Usually big pine 'cause the camps'd be about sixty feet long and they'd cut those logs the whole length eh? Put one on top o' the other and they'd build 'em up and then they'd stog that with moss. The insulation in the seams'd be moss, they'd pick the moss. And the logs wouldn't even be rind, the peel wouldn't even be taken off it, y'know. And the roof'd be done with what we call "rafters," smaller sticks, one handy to the other, y'know, and then felt spread over that. And we'd have two oil drums cut off and a stove made out of 'em, a pipe poked through, y'know. There'd be one o' them at each end o' the bunkhouse and the cookees when you come out in the evening, the cookees'd have the fire in and they'd light the fire in the morning before you'd get up, warm it up.[36]

The bunkhouse described above was typical of those to be found at the A.N.D. company's operations in Millertown. The logging camps at Terra Nova were more or less identical. Caleb Rowsell drew for me a simple floor plan of a bunkhouse characteristic of that area:



The bunkhouse, was, he was square like that, see? Bunks was like that on both sides, all along, y'know.....All sealed bunks and 't'was all wood, round wood and they was leared off, two-handed bunks, leared off with old sticks like that. Well now, you'd get there, to the camp, after dark and you'd have to heave down your bag now and take the axe with you and cut some boughs, to put down then to lie on, y'know. There was no matresses, no nothin' at them times.[37]

The bunkhouses operated by private contractors at Indian Bay were of the same basic pattern, at least until the introduction of metal bunk beds in the 1950s. Sam Button's recollections mirror those of other loggers:

Well, the bunkhouse of course was made up of logs, sort of like a log cabin and they had a peaked roof and it was covered with felt. Now, they didn't have any shingles or anything. In fact, the first camps didn't have any lumber on

the roof , just rafters like, and they had cribs. Later on they had cribs but first, they used to build up, get lumber and build up the sides and make bunks on the sides. But after that they got what they call "cribs," iron cribs with a one man bunk, that's all 't'was, but 't'was two stories high.[38]

As may be surmised from these descriptions, living conditions for the Newfoundland logger were far from ideal, and on this point both written and oral accounts concur. Richard Gwyn wrote the following portrayal of the situation immediately preceding the I.W.A. strike of 1959:

> The loggers were also the island's most docile and biddable workers. Unskilled, unorganized, and far more numerous than the supply of jobs, they constituted a classic source of sweated labour. Summer and winter they worked ten hours a day in sub-zero cold or amid swarms of blackflies, and for this they were paid $1.05 an hour. In the woods, they huddled together in tar-paper shacks, furnished only with tiers of wooden bunks and rough blankets. At night they hung their clothes to dry round a single oil drum that served as heater and in the morning they washed in water from an open barrel, kept outside and often covered with icy sludge.[39]

Beyond the physical inadequacies of the lumbercamp buildings themselves, one of the most disturbing features of the loggers' plight was, as Gwyn suggests, the almost universal absence of a decent water supply. Throughout the camps of Newfoundland, running water was extremely scarce and a flow of hot water an unheard of luxury. As a result, in circumstances where scores of men were confined together for months at a time, even the most basic standards of personal hygiene were difficult to maintain. Walter Pardy, involved as he was for most of his career in the handling and

preparation of food, was especially conscious of this deficiency:

'T'was no running water. You had no running water in the camp. Then, you'd to bring everything. 'T'was in a barrel, eh? 'T'was a barrel there, two beef barrels. That's the two hundred pound beef barrels we used to get at that time.....Cookees'd bring water in 'em and they'd be wash basins. Every man dipped the pan down in the bucket, the barrel, eh? Whatever one had the other had. I mean because they had to get it, 'cause everything was used. There was nothing washed out eh? Then you had two water buckets, hung up one on that side where the bucket is to, two gallon and a half water buckets. That's what we had to drink. Seventy, eighty men'd drink out of one mug, eh, two mugs. Used to be one mug hung up on this end of each building, eh? One bucket there, one mug. Two enamel mugs for sixty or seventy men.....No sinks, wash your dishes in pans.[40]

One natural result of this state of affairs was the prevalence of body lice among the men. Few camps went without their share and even those most conscientious about their toilet found it practically impossible to avoid contracting them:

.....first when I went in there, I was only fourteen then. I went from one camp to another and where we had a new camp was open that year, when I went into the woods there was no lice there, 'cause 't'was a new camp. We got there dinner- time and the boys was out of the woods to their dinner where they was pullin' the wood. Was still in the winter, they was pullin' the wood and the boys was out to dinner. And when I went in there the first thing I saw was everyone with their shirts off. And I said, now you had to sleep, you didn't know who you had to sleep with, eh? But at that time, there was two men, what they call "pans." There was four together, put one board between yous. "On a pan," they used to call it, one board between yous. There was two men in the same bunk together and there was two men there. And when I looked, every man pickin' with their shirts off. I said,"What's this?" Only young, fourteen, wasn't fifteen, wouldn't be fifteen until July. I said, "What's all this?" He said, "We's all lousy here, every one, every man." And the fellow I had to get in with was lousy. Fellow I had to get in with was pickin' his shirt. I remember he come from Bonavista Bay.....He said, looked at me and said, "You've got

something to go through here." He said, "You've got to get right into it." He said, "Any lice in your camp the winter?" I said, "No." Well, there was never, or if there was there, I didn't know anything about it. Anyway, we got into 'em. 'T'was only a couple o' days and I was the same thing. Next day, I mean, I had 'em. Every man like that, all the year.[41]

Of course, most loggers would take what steps they could to minimize the effects of these conditions, but the limited facilities available to them offered few alternatives. The preventative measure most frequently adopted was the regular boiling of clothes as described by William White:

There was no such thing as hot water. Sundays, you'd have to wash your clothes. Get 'em in your big boiler, ten gallon boiler, they'd have there for that purpose. Put your clothes in and you'd put 'en on the stove and boil it. That's the only way you'd get 'em clean. You couldn't wash 'em there by hand, but you'd boil it, put ashes in to make lye.....You'd go and get a handful of ashes, throw in...That'd clean it right clean, yes. Oh I've often done that, put ashes in the water.[42]

The unsanitary conditions thus described did not, of course, constitute the only hardship with which these woodsmen were faced. Newfoundland's fickle and often vicious climate could make work in the forest extremely unpleasant and the logger had to go into the woods prepared to endure a highly changeable working environment.

In late fall and wintertime when activity in the woods was extremely intense, a mixture of damp cold and biting frost tormented the worker both in and out of the woods. With poorly constructed lumbercamps offering scant protection from the elements, even the job of the stay-at-home cook was made miserable:

Life wasn't all that hot at that time. First place I went cookin,' camp wasn't very good. Snow'd be driftin' on your bunk in the morning, on your bed. You'd mix bread in the evenings...You'd put lanterns in it to keep it warm....Lot o' sour bread in them days, because the bread used to be cold. And the camp, you could look through 'en anywhere. Look through the camp, anywhere you could see through. Moss was out of 'en eh? Windows wasn't that good. In the morning you'd get up, snow around the cookhouse, on the table, everywhere.[43]

When the weather was really cold the fact that the men were squeezed together like sardines was often greeted as a blessing as much as a curse. The body heat which the loggers collectively generated was just as important as that provided by the crude oil-drum stoves. As this colourful description by Caleb Rowsell shows, at night-time in particular the men welcomed the presence of their sleeping companions:

You'd have a heavy coat and a blanket. Well now, if you had to sleep alone in the winter time for instance, if you had to sleep alone now after you'd cut so many boughs for your bunk. You'd cut a tier o' boughs, perhaps be that thick [2 ft.] You wouldn't have time to cut that many. If you never got a buddy to sleep with you well you had to shiver yourself warm, 'cause well you wouldn't be able to carry bedclothes enough for yourself, y'know. But if you had a buddy well they was all two-handed bunks. All these bunks was two-handed bunks, y'know. Perhaps sometimes one fella'd have to sleep alone because there wasn't enough men to, they didn't need enough men to fill 'em. But if you'd get a buddy to sleep with well with his two feet in the bed clothes and your own two feet, well, you'd have it alright, y'know.....But if you was alone well once your fire'd go out, your big giant stove there in the middle o' your bunkhouse. It was alright while you was up but once your fire'd go out well! And 't'was frosty them times too eh, snow, and once that fire'd go out then you'd be longing for the cookee to come in to light that fire 'cause you'd be shiverin' in your bunk.[44]

During the summer months things were naturally quite different. The heat and the humidity could be oppressive and Newfoundland's large variety of flies and insects added to the discomfort of those men who had the good fortune to be hired on for the drive or some summer cutting. Bill White was never too happy with a woodsman's lot during the summer time:

> The flies and the heat was the, in the summer now like July and August, it used to be that hot that when we'd go to our dinner we used to take out bucksaws and cover over with moss. And when you'd go back, you would'nt be able to catch hold to it. 'T'was too hot, y'know, the sun was. And the flies! Especially in the mornings and the evenings. You'd draw in your breath and you'd draw in a mouthful o' flies. Boy, the flies used to be shockin'[45]

So the lumbercamps of Newfoundland were not the most pleasant places to be in at any given time of year. Bill White worked with the flies and the heat for as little as 22 cents an hour.

This brief impression of life and work in the province's pulpwood forests, drawn as it is from oral sources, is supported by the little documentary evidence available elsewhere. The personal journal of Aubrey M. Tizzard of Notre Dame Bay, for example, provides the following recollection of conditions in the Millertown region of central Newfoundland:

> At 3 p.m. we arrived at Peter Rowsell's woods camp. Our first assignment was to get a bunk. My bunk was next to Gerald Gidge's and it was built out of board and one end fastened to the wall of the camp. Next we were to get a bucksaw and axe. The bunk had a very thin mattress and I carried one blanket and bought two others while there. Now I

was ready for the woods. The bunkhouse was a long wooden building with rows of bunks in twos built on either side. A forty-five gallon oil drum was used for a stove and that was in the centre of the room. A sort of counter was built in the right hand corner as one entered the bunkhouse. There were two wash pans on the counter and two holes in the counter top in which to throw the water once you had washed. Close by the counter there was a water barrel; this water was to be used for washing your face and hands. The drinking water was kept in a pail either on the counter or hung on a nail close to the counter. Everyone used the same mug for drinking and some threw what was left in the mug after they had finished drinking back into the pail. In the evening when everyone came back from the woods, all the wet clothes, whether from sweat, rain or snow, was hung as close to the stove as possible so that it would be dry and ready to put on again in the morning. It did seem very crude at first, but then I sort of got used to it and didn't seem to mind.....

Monday, April 12th, 1943, I was in the woods with a bucksaw for the first time. I was shown the place where I was to cut the four foot pulpwood and pile it by what would be the side of the road for pulling it out to the lakes in the winter. My road was parallel with that of Gerald Gidge. Gerald was an excellent woodcutter and made a lot of money, and here I was next to him. But Gerald was a great help to me. He told me a lot about sawing and piling wood and helped me in so many ways. The scale ended on April 13th which meant that I had two days on that scale. On the 12th, I wrote in my diary that I cut that day one cord of wood; a cord is 128 cubic feet. On the 13th, I wrote that I cut one and a half cords of wood. When my pay slip came it showed that I had cut 2.55 cords of wood in these two days. At $2.50 a cord it amounted to $6.38 and there was a bonus of .33 making a total of $6.71 or $3.36 per day for my first two days in the woods with bucksaw and axe cutting pulpwood. My board was $1.00 per day equaling $2.00 and 0.4 union fee, a deduction of $2.04, leaving my cheque at $4.67.[46]

These low rates of remuneration coupled with the harsh conditions in the camps themselves led ultimately to rebellion by the workers. This occured with the I.W.A. strike of 1959 and the tragic events which followed.[47] The outcome of the confrontation was the establishment of the Royal Commission of Enquiry on the Logging Industry and the report submitted by Commissioner Brian Dunfield provides a

good general view of the state of Newfoundland's lumbercamps at the close of our period of study. Dunfield noted that standards varied from camp to camp and, particularly, from contractor to contractor. The A.N.D. company which operated primarily in the Exploits valley provided and maintained its own logging camps. Conditions there were generally better than most and had gradually improved over recent years. The company had started to paint the interior of the bunkhouses and equip the camps with electric light. The Commissioner expressed the hope that pumped water might soon be available.

In most cases, loggers who worked for Bowater Ltd. could not avail themselves of such luxuries: a result of the peculiar way in which the company's forest operations were organized. Wood for the Bowater mill in Corner Brook was harvested under a contract system. A large number of individuals made their own annual agreements with the company to harvest a certain cordage of wood from designated forest areas located mostly in the Western and Northeastern regions of the province. In return for a stipulated sum of money per cord, the contractor established and operated his own camp and was totally responsible for hiring, feeding, housing and paying the men he employed.

As a consequence of this system there was little standardization in the Bowater network. To begin with, the number of cords of wood to be cut by each contractor and, hence, the number of men to be hired on and the size of the logging camp to accommodate them would vary from contract to

contract. Dunfield isolated three main categories of contractor whose services Bowater regularly employed. There was, first of all, a small number of large contractors who each operated several camps and who collectively supplied the company with about 27% of its yearly requirement of wood. About 61% of the wood supply was harvested by medium sized contractors who typically operated a single camp each. The remaining pulpwood was produced by small contractors or "jobbers," private individuals who would cut between 10 and 1500 cords anually and take on only a small number of employees, typically members of their own families and neighbours, members of their own community.

With such arrangements in place the lack of uniformity in camp conditions was hardly surprising and the Bowater company seems to have done little to try and regulate the situation. The standards of housing, shelter and food for the men were very much dependent upon the compassion of the individual contractor balanced against his desire to minimize costs and maximize profits. In general terms, these contractors' camps did not compare favourably with the company-operated sites provided by the Anglo Newfoundland Development Corporation, or at least, such was the case by the end of the 1950s. In comparing the two sets of circumstances Commissioner Dunfield wrote as follows:

> The contrast in some contractors' camps is striking. The camp is unpainted, dark and dirty; and there is nothing to do in the evening but sit about on the bunks talking. The light is from a limited number of flat-wick kerosene lamps. Said one old logger to us, 'When you have lighted one, you

have to light another to find it.'[48] It is indeed a murky scene.

In general terms, it seems conditions tended to be worse the smaller the operation. In this respect, the most inadequate provisions were made in the woods camps of the "jobbers." Many of these small contractors took little or no responsibility at all for the working and living conditions of their employees. Dunfield wrote in stark terms of their situation:

> The extemporized habitations of the men, made out of anything that came to hand and equipped with 'bits and pieces,' are really dark and squalid hovels which would not be used for hen houses except by the most primitive farmer. Dirt is everywhere. Rats are common. Dilapidation is the rule. It is not the fault of the jobber, but of the system, and partly of the men who could take more pains in the matter of cleanliness if they choose. It is unfortunate that the men make such environments for themselves. If you went to their homes, run by the women, you would probably find them in most cases from clean to spotless. Yet it would seem that this state of the extemporized camps can hardly be permitted to continue. It gives the agitator his opportunity, and the country a 'black eye,' when a stranger sees it.(p. 45)

During the first fifty years or so of this century, conditions of work and living such as those characterized in the pages above awaited the man who left his outport home to work in the Newfoundland lumberwoods. A long journey to the woods themselves, long hours of strenuous work in a harsh and remote environment with little recompense for his efforts, bland and unvaried food, dark, cramped and unsanitary living quarters, all comprised the lot of the Newfoundland logger. To lighten his burden, he called upon many forms of

diversion, among them, the singing of songs.

Plates 35 and 36. Signs of change in the 1950's.

NOTES

[1]Production and employment statistics for the Newfoundland forest industry are scattered throughout a variety of sources some of which have already been mentioned. However, a good overall view for the period we are considering is provided in Dunfield's Royal Commission Report previously cited.

[2]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[3]MUNFLA 85-087, 7. The "Newfie Bullet," was the popular local name for the train which travelled across the trans-island railway from St. John's to Port aux Basques.

[4]MUNFLA 85-087, 11.

[5]See fig.2

[6]MUNFLA 85-087, 19.

[7]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[8]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[9]MUNFLA 85-087, 19.

[10]See plate 1. A cord was the standard unit of measurement in the pulpwood industry, representing 128 cubic feet of wood cut in four foot lengths. All photographs are reproduced courtesy of Bowater Newfoundland Ltd.

[11]Some names have been changed to protect the identity of informants and people whom they have named in conversation. Pseudonyms where used will be marked by an asterisk.

[12]MUNFLA 85-087, 4.

[13]MUNFLA 85-087, 1.

[14]See plates 2 through 8.

[15]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[16]MUNFLA 85-087, 18.

[17]MUNFLA 85-087, 4.

[18]MUNFLA 85-087, 20. See plate 9

[19]MUNFLA 85-087, 2.

[20]MUNFLA 85-087, 1. See plates 10 through 20.

[21]MUNFLA 85-087, 18.

[22]MUNFLA 85-087, 2.

[23]Elmer Ball, "The Badger Drive," in The Savour of Things Past, (St. John's: The On Going Book Committee, 1980), p.30. See plates 21 through 28.

[24]MUNFLA 85-087, 2.

[25]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[26]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[27]MUNFLA 85-087, 7.

[28]MUNFLA 85-087, 2.

[29]MUNFLA 85-087, 4.

[30]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[31]MUNFLA 85-087, 18.

[32]MUNFLA 85-087, 1.

[33]MUNFLA 85-087, 19.

[34]See plates 30 through 35.

[35]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[36]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[37]MUNFLA 85-087, 2.

[38]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[39]Gwyn, Smallwood, p. 200.

[40]MUNFLA 85-087, 19.

[41]MUNFLA 85-087, 19.

[42]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[43]MUNFLA 85-087, 18.

[44]MUNFLA 85-087, 2.

[45]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[46]Aubrey M. Tizzard, On Sloping Ground: Reminiscences of Outport Life in Notre Dame Bay, Newfoundland, ed., J.D.A. Widdowson (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1979), p. 361.

[47]See chapter 1.

[48]Dunfield, Royal Commission, p. 48.

4. SINGING IN THE BUNKHOUSE.

Clayton Jones was born in Bridgeport, Notre Dame Bay in 1889. He first went to work in the lumberwoods in 1906 as a swamper at the Central Forest Company's logging operation on the Exploits River in Central Newfoundland. This outfit, like most of that time, was devoted to the harvesting of white pine for lumber production. Cutting was by axe and crosscut saw and transportation was provided by teams of oxen. In those early years, much of the manpower for logging operations in Newfoundland was imported from mainland Canada and in particular, from Nova Scotia and Quebec. One of the favourite pastimes of these pioneer loggers was found in the singing and playing of music in the bunkhouse at the end of a day's work. As a young foreman Clayton observed, like several writers on the subject, the particular musicality of the French Canadians:

> Fellow come to me one time. He was out in the bunkhouse. He says, "Skipper," he says, "Can't you stop this noise," he says, night-time. I said, "What do you mean?" He said, "There's a crowd o' men out there, everyone of 'em got a juice harp!" The French people, y'know, they're, they like music of course and sometimes, they'd make a juice harp. Get a piece of steel and turn it. And I said, "No boy, there's nothing I can do about it. As far as I'm concerned," I said, "They're enjoying themselves," I said, "I suppose," and I said, "They're done their day's work," I said, "And I haven't got that much jurisdiction over 'em when it comes to that stuff." He said, "Do you know," he said, "The biggest punishment you can put a Frenchman to?" I said, "I wouldn't know." He said, "Tie his feet and give 'en a piece o' music. I think," he said," 'T'would kill 'en."[1]

Mr. Jones worked in the Newfoundland forest industry

from the year 1906 until his retirement in 1969. Throughout that period, he recalled, a wide variety of songs and music were performed in the woods camps of the province. His remarks represent the earliest reference that I have encountered to lumbercamp singing in Newfoundland.

Frank Blake of Victoria Cove, Gander Bay worked in the logging camps around Millertown in the late 1950s and even at that point in time the song tradition was still healthy. He described for me what would typically happen in the bunkhouse after a hard day of work in the forest:

> Well of course the first thing you did was everybody got a wash-up, took off their wet clothes,(and lots o' times clothes would be wet!), and got into something dry and go in and go to supper. Supper would always be a big meal. And then you'd come back to your bunkhouse and try to think of something to do, you know, for recreation for an hour or two before going to bed. Some fellows of course, the older fellows probably, would just lie back on their bunk and take a rest. But us young fellows, I should say we young fellows, we'd more energy and we wanted to do something. Sometimes we might play cards or more times you'd get the old squeeze-box and have a few tunes and somebody'd tap-dance. The once it'd roll around and somebody'd sing a song.
>
> Out in the middle of course of the bunkhouse would be a big pot-bellied stove, y'know. Sometimes a oil drum rigged out for a stove or a square, rectangular shaped 'giant stove,' as they were called. You'd have all your wet clothes hung up around on a rack and then on either side o' the bunkhouse there were double bunks. The ordinary camp cot, top and bottom bunks right on around the wall on either side and across the end if there was room. I think in most bunkhouses were designed to sleep twenty-four men, the ones that I stayed in anyway the first couple o' years. Twenty-four men to a bunkhouse and with all this wet and damp clothes drying there, you can, you can imagine the odour from everybody's socks and so on. Once a week of course, on Sunday, you'd probably wash your clothes. You'd take time out and go down to the river and wash your clothes.
>
> But somebody'd sing a song the once and one song, well, 't'was like drinking eh? One drink leads to another, well one song'd lead to another. One fellow'd sing one and then somebody else they'd say, "Well now, 't'is your turn to sing one now, you sing one." Sometimes it took a bit of coaxing

and well, usually out of twenty-four men, you'd probably have five or perhaps six fellows who could sing a song, y'know. And perhaps there'd be only one or two and they knew a lot o' songs. Well, 't'was enough to keep the camp entertained for an hour or two every night if you wanted it that way.

There'd be certain songs that then you'd get a lot of requests for eh? The same over every time when it come to your turn. "Well sing that one, that good one you know," or 'cause I used to sing several songs and sing 'em so often that I got tired of singing 'em myself. But they were in big demand, y'know. Like "Bunga Rye," and "Faithful Edgar," was another one that got a lot o' demand from the older fellows, y'know, and "Looking Like My Brother," and "Twin Lakes." Well, these would usually get sung almost every time you sung, y'know. So of course you would only sing up to a point because, nine o'clock the rule was lights out, everybody in bunk, y'know.[2]

This account, though perhaps more eloquent than most, is typical of the reminiscences of other loggers which cover, roughly speaking, the period between 1900 and 1960. It also relates several aspects of singing in one specific context which can be regarded as commonplaces within the tradition as a whole.[3]

First of all, this was a bunkhouse singing tradition conditioned by the restricted surroundings which provided its context. Song performances took place in the workmen's living quarters during their leisure-time hours. While men working in the woods might sing along to themselves to pass the time, as they would in any occupation, there were few song performances associated with logging itself. For one thing, most of the work of the pulpwood forests employed single workers or small teams of men. It did not require the type of co-ordination which was the chief objective of the shantyman on maritime sailing vessels. With the possible

exception of the teamster, most Newfoundland woods workers were likely to be discouraged from singing by the physical requirements of their jobs. Attempting to fell a large, snow-bound spruce tree using a single-handed bucksaw while bending almost double from the waist was hardly conducive to the type of singing which would stir the hearts of men.

Secondly, music and song were among many forms of leisure-time diversion available to the logger on completion of his day's work. In most cases, singing took place alongside and often in competition with a variety of other recreational pursuits:

Well what would usually happen, there might be the odd fellow who'd stay in his own bunk, y'know. But if I was over in one corner o' the bunkhouse singing there'd be perhaps two or three fellows sitting on my bunk and two or three more on the next one and so many more up in the top bunk. You'd sort of be surrounded, y'know, 'cause they didn't want to miss a word so to speak, eh? So you'd usually have your cluster. Now, not always. Sometimes there might be a card game going on up the other end o' the bunkhouse. You know, four or five players in playing cards and perhaps a couple o' people would be up there watching the card game. But every now and then you'd get a "Well done," or a clap from them as well, y'know, if you were singing a song eh? So it didn't always happen the same, it varied, y'know. Sometimes you just sung a song and you mightn't have nobody on your bunk. You'd be just there yourself and sing the song and everybody'd be listening in the bunkhouse. 'Cause 't'was no trouble to sing loud enough for everybody to hear it if there was nothing else going on y'know, and there were times when that's exactly what did happen, y'know, one person singing and everybody else listening....A few people might read, card games, playing cards. Of course, there was always somebody like, some fellows liked playing tricks on other fellows, y'know and doing some kind of...I do'nt know what you'd call it, always like, always called it "gymnastics," I suppose, capers on the floor. I mentioned earlier about tying fellows up. 'Well now, he's down there, now you get up.' Without untying your hands and feet you gotta get up and stand up straight, eh? And using what they called a "lazy stick," or a "lady stick." Two fellows get down, sit on the floor and test of strength it was. And put the soles of their feet together

eh? And take hold a broom handle or some round stick and pull, y'know. Two fellows start pulling at the same time and of course the fellow who could stay seated, sitting on the floor and pull the other fellow up was the winner, eh? That sort of stuff used to go on.[4]

Such was the case in the bunkhouses of A.N.D. company woods camps in Millertown, but descriptions of loggers at play throughout the province invariably include reference to singing. Bill Sheppard recalled good times in Western Newfoundland:

If it was in the summer some of the boys would go fishing. Usually there was a pond or a brook available near. And probably play cards, that was one of the entertainments in the woods....Some of the boys would sing songs, but I didn't see much of music if you were thinking about accordions. I didn't see too many, not in the later years anyway because usually we had the radio or something and that would take care of that part of it.....I must say I didn't see too much of musical instruments, y'know, in regard to accordions or guitars or anything like that. Most I saw was just the local songs or something like that...Well they were just the local folklore, probably "The Badger Drive," ....sometimes, Robert Service, "The Face on the Barroom Floor."[5]

Lloyd Cuff of Musgrave Harbour ran a number of logging operations at Indian Bay on the northeast coast and he also recalled that recitations were frequently performed. Also that the radio took its place as a medium of entertainment but that at least initially, it did not displace singing which continued on into the 50s:

Some guy would have a radio there. They'd sit down, they'd tell stories, sing a song. Some guy would recite a bit o' poetry. Nine o'clock, a man's worked ten hours he usually bed down then for the night....Some old fellow would make up a poem about somebody and they'd sing it. Make up a tune to it and everybody would give 'em their best attention. Well the next thing now, the fellow may be in the next bunk

sitting right down there see, tell a story about his experience what he had years ago or something about his father or his grandfather.[6]

Lights out at 9 p.m. seems to have been a rule that was fairly generally applied throughout the Newfoundland woods industry and one which was not subject to any great resistance on the part of the men. The physical demands of their work ensured that merrymaking was restricted most of the time to the period between 7 o'clock, immediately after supper, and lights out at 9. Occasionally, especially in a camp where the entertainment was particularly good, minor transgressions were tolerated but grudgingly so, like the time that Frank Blake encountered a crew of musical brothers in a lumbercamp at Millertown:

But like I said now, when you were in with that musical group (The Stringer boys, Stringers they were from Little Heart's Ease), just, time just flew every night, y'know. Always wish the night were longer y'know, wish you didn't have to turn in. I think a couple o' times we might have overstepped the mark a bit and stayed at it till nine-thirty y'know, at the expense of some old fellow who grumbled y'know, about it.....If you were in your bunk ready to go to sleep and almost ready to go to sleep and everybody getting in bunk and somebody say, "Now one little song before you go to sleep y'know, just one." And of course you'd sing it lying down and you'd work twice as hard as if you were sitting up.[7]

Throughout North America Saturday night in the lumbercamps has been described as something special.[8] Sunday was strictly observed as a day of rest and while loggers were just as tired on Saturday as any other night of the week, the prospect of being able to stay in bed until after dawn

furnished them with new-found energy. Things were no different in Newfoundland. Jabez Preston logged and sang on the northeast coast of the province and in his recollection Saturday was the prime time for a good time:

I worked with father and my uncle and they was pretty good singers eh? They used to sing probably two or three songs night-time. Scattered fellow from Gander Bay, older fellows from Gander Bay y'know. Probably there'd be one in the bunkhouse singing, next thing he'd be playing cards, that's how 't'is. Anyone liked to be playing cards'd be playing cards of course....All going on the one time. Fellow'd have a accordion, playing the accordion, play the mouth organ or somethin' y'know. Weekends it'd be mostly. Saturday if you didn't come home....Most every Saturday night till twelve o'clock y'know, singing songs, playing cards, scattered fellow having a dance....They'd sing the old songs right back to years ago some of 'em.[9]

While singing, card playing, storytelling and the like were by no means restricted to Saturday nights, the weekends were different. As well as going on later, the entertainment might well be more structured. In the later years the availability of motorized transport meant that frequently a smaller crew of men might be left behind in the camps during the weekend:

Well a bit different yes, because usually on Saturday nights there was a smaller crowd y'know. So many fellows would probably be gone home for the weekend and perhaps your bunkhouse might be reduced down to twelve empty bunks y'know, or twelve full bunks, smaller crowd. So then of course 't'was if you were singing then you had a smaller audience and you could all get together in one end or perhaps it'd be a good time to get three or four card games going y'know, and everybody was involved in the one thing eh? That's the, that's the only difference. And Saturday night too you wasn't so concerned about nine o'clock puttin' out the lights. You might stay up till ten 'cause you didn't have to work the next day eh? You could sleep in a bit longer Sunday morning.[10]

Card playing, especially of games locally named "500s" and "120s" seems to have been by far the most popular form of recreation in the Newfoundland woods. Storytelling of course emerged from the general banter accompanying such games as well as taking place in more performance-oriented situations. Most men would take one or more books with them to read during their season in the woods and in the 1940s and 50s many camps were equipped with radio sets. The Bowater company in Corner Brook even presented its own weekly show especially for the men working in its woods camps throughout the province. "Woodland Echoes" went on the air in the mid 1940s and remained popular until 1953 when the program was discontinued. The show featured reports on the progress of the season's work at various company owned operations throughout the island, music (traditional and country and western) by local entertainers like Dick Nolan and The Brockway Brothers, and messages to loggers from friends and relatives in their home communities. Clayton Loughlin, a personnel officer with the company, acted as the show's host and spent much of his time visiting camps throughout the province gathering material for his broadcasts. He recalled that throughout this period, no matter where he went, the loggers were always ready to entertain him with music and singing.[11]

In addition to music, dance and song which will be discussed shortly, a variety of forms of prank, play and

performance were to be found in logging camps in Newfoundland. One gifted entertainer worked with Jabez Preston in a small contractor's operation at Trinity, Bonavista Bay:

> Was a fellow there. I don't know where he was from but he'd do anything. Nightime he'd get the stools out and he'd have a sawmill. Make all kinds of sounds with his voice eh? Sawing a log and like you hear on a sawmill sometimes, strike a knot and different sound eh? You meet knotty timber, knotty logs eh? Every time he'd strike a knot he'd make a different sound. You'd swear to Christ he was a sawmill.[12]

One activity that seems to have been popular in early years was taking part in a spectacle referred to as "court work," or "law suits." Some unfortunate member of the crew, frequently a greenhand or rookie, would be accused, and more often than not falsely accused, of having committed some minor misdemeanour. The men would form their own court to sit in judgement and pronounce sentence upon their victim. Frank Blake heard about this practice from his father who was also a logger:

> I've heard my father tell, I've never seen it myself but I've heard my father tell that they used to have all kinds of acting. Y'know, they'd have court work over certain things see? Somebody'd swipe a fellow's pocket knife y'know, for devilment and when he was found out, when he was found out that's who had the knife well now then, they had to have court work over this. And somebody had to act as the judge and somebody the lawyer for the defendant and another the lawyer for the defence and they'd go through the whole proceedings and they'd give him a certain penalty. Well, might be three slaps on the rear with a fellow's belt y'know, a certain fellow and y'know, they'd act out the real thing eh? But the punishment of course was always funny eh? Mini, mini-theatre.[13]

A more elaborate account of these kinds of proceedings was given to me by Bill White. He recalled that the sentences handed down were rather different and not guaranteed to result in a strengthening of camaraderie. However, Bill's recollections of the 1930s and 40s suggest that "law suits" followed a fairly standard pattern:

'T'was something we used to do for fun.....Like probably I'd go in the woods the day and I'd come out and after supper I'd start, I'd say "Look, I left my pocket knife in my bunk this morning." (We used to call the bed the "bunk"), "And now 't'is gone! Somebody stole my pocket knife during the day." Well somebody'd say "We'll have to put it in court that's all. We'll have to find your knife. Somebody took 'en." Somebody else'd say "Well we'll have a law suit." And there was so many in the camp like that could do everything. I know we had one guy there used to be there all the time. His name was Billy Clarke from New Bay, Notre Dame Bay. And he'd always be the judge. And he'd get an old hat, turn 'en down and put 'en on his head upside down y'know. And an old coat and put on and he'd be the judge. He'd get up and sit in the chair as the judge. And we'd have policemen and witnesses. Well the judge'd start and he'd say, "Well the man had his pocket knife stole today." And then he'd start the evidence, call up somebody. "Did you know what, got any idea what become o' this man's knife?" Y'know, and well, we'd be at that, have two policemen there and by and by course, we'd find out. Yes we'd find out the man. We know'd who the man was that took the knife. And we had, we used to have two hooks up in the.....There'd be a long beam go across the camp what the rafters'd rest on. We had two hooks up there and when we'd find out the man that took the knife, we'd tie a rope around here and another one around his legs. Three or four fellows take 'en, put 'en up and we'd take the rope and probably the sentence that they put on 'en would be five minutes, ten minutes hung up on the beam and when his ten minutes'd be up, get up and take 'en down. Well probably the next night or probably be two or three nights after that, somebody else missed something. Somebody took their watch or.....

We'd have a law suit nearly every week. And I never seen, 't'was awful fun except one time there was, there was a fight over it. This guy that we hung up, after we took 'en down he got mad and cleaned out the bunkhouse. He jumped up, kicked everything. He tore the sticks off o' the bunks that we were sleeping in and he got out by the door and he challenged everyone that was in the camp. He said, "Now," he said, (There was sixty men there.) He said, "I can't fight

sixty men the one time," he said, "Come out now one at a time." he said and he said, "I'll clean out what's in there." he said. I remember there was one old man there, he and his son. And his son was a big tall guy about six foot two I believe it was. And this old man he took his son and he pushed him right out through the door. He said, "When I was your age," he said, "He wouldn't get out and challenge me out and get away with it." But the young fellow never went out. Come back in again. And he was out there so long swearin' and....But by and by he cooled down and come in.[14]

Taking their place alongside such pastimes as "law suits," were the music-based entertainment forms: dancing, playing of instruments and singing. All took place in Newfoundland lumbercamps although solo, unaccompanied singing predominated. While the principal night for musical activity was Saturday, it very frequently took place during week nights as well. Of course in some camps maybe only one of the several bunkhouses would have singers or musicians in residence. Such buildings might well become the entertainment centre for the whole operation. Some camps had no music at all. It all depended on the personnel that had been hired on in any given season. It does seem fair to say, though, that music and especially singing were common forms of entertainment throughout the logging industry in this province. In the period under consideration there can have been few days that went by without someone somewhere in a Newfoundland lumbercamp cheering his buddies with a tune or a song.

Sunday was the exceptional day. When there was singing or music in the camps it was of a variety in keeping with the spirit of the Sabbath. Lloyd Cuff explained to me what

typically took place on Sundays in Indian Bay:

They'd go in and sometimes they'd have a service. Maybe some fellows were religious and they'd go in the cookhouse and have a service on Sunday night. Sing hymns and play, which I appreciated very much and they all did.....I'd sit in with 'em over to the cookhouse, cook when he'd finished Sunday night. Now then maybe there's some of those there want to have a service, y'know. Well now, didn't matter. All religions'd go in. I can't remember when there was one man left in the bunkhouse if we had a service. Everyone'd sit in together which was wonderful....Could be a mission man, a Salvation Army man or United man or R.C. man and they'd join in together, y'know. And I'd one fellow with me an old cook, he had a piano accordion and he'd play. They'd sing hymns. That was great, y'know, keep up the morale.[15]

In similar vein, Bill White recalled that in the camps where he worked none of the normal singing took place on a Sunday. This was the day for hymn-singing and the one time when the regular style of solo, unaccompanied singing was abandoned in favour of group singing in unison:

The only time that they'd all, most all join in was singing hymns. Like Sundays now, Sunday a lot of people would be in the camp would be Pentecost 'cause they used to come up from Notre Dame Bay, see? And they'd sing hymns all during Sunday. There'd be no songs sung on Sundays or stories, nothin' doing on Sundays only hymns. We would never make any, any noise or anything. Just let 'em go ahead. Probably there'd be ten or fifteen Pentecosts there among the sixty. But all the rest wouldn't make any noise y'know, just sit back and listen to the hymns.....just so many fellows'd get together and start to sing the hymns. They'd all join in, sing together y'know. They all get up in one end o' the bunkhouse, sit up on their bunks and sing their hymns. Nobody would'nt interfere, cause any noise or anything.[16]

In Millertown in the 1950's Frank Blake was known not only for his singing, but also as a dancer and a fine accordion player. Whatever entertainment there was on a

accordion player. Whatever entertainment there was on a Sunday, Frank would provide it for there was no singing, only tunes and gentle tunes at that:

> at that time, you usually stayed up in the camp for perhaps a month before you'd come down so you'd be there on a Sunday. Well you'd get out the accordion then. You'd just play a few tunes for people to listen to eh? Might be you'd try to cater to everybody eh? I know I've worked in camps where there was people there who observed Sunday and y'know, were a little bit of the religious type and didn't want to hear no jigs on a Sunday. But keep on for the accordion now, to play a few hymns, y'know. So I've done that too on a Sunday, have a session, perhaps an hour Sunday afternoon, play a few hymns. But there were times when you played just for people to listen to and more times when the bunkhouse was shakin', four or five fellows out dancin', y'know.[17]

Sundays aside, the rest of the week could be quite boisterous or quiet depending upon which camp you were in and who was there. While singing was most common men were known to take their instruments into the woods with them and perform a few tunes during the night. Clayton Loughlin suggested that while he was travelling around Newfoundland for his "Woodland Echoes" program you could find a fiddle or accordion in nearly every logging camp on the west coast and the availability of music in this form was a great encouragement for step-dancing. Indeed most of my informants recalled the presence of some music and dancing in the camps where they worked and, in keeping with the general tradition in this region, it seems that instrumental music was provided as an accompaniment to dancing rather than as a medium for performance in itself:

> The only entertainment to us in them times was sing a

sometimes. Not often, but several camps I was in they had a fiddle there, fellow'd play a fiddle....Mouth organ, scattered fellow'd have a mouth organ that's all....Step-dance, yeah, scattered fellow'd jump out on the floor and do the step-dance. And there was fellows could dance at them times too.[18]

The fiddle, mouth organ and accordion were the instruments most commonly found in the Newfoundland lumberwoods. The well known west coast fiddler Emile Benoit recollected that he would never go in the woods without his instrument[19] while Frank Blake recalled the pressure for him to perform that was exerted by other men in the bunkhouse:

the first thing they'd say, "Well Frank Blake is here now. I wonder have he got his accordion." And I wouldn't be there not five minutes puttin' my sleeping bag or whatever on my bunk before somebody'd come over. "Have you got her? Have you got your accordion with you?" "Oh yes boy." "Damn good. Well it's going to be great now then." Y'know and that was true not only of the accordion, but whatever, whatever a person could do. If he was known to be able to do something to entertain the fellows at night he was very welcome in the camp I tell you.[20]

Quite clearly then, what seemed to be important was that entertainment of some variety be available in the lumberwoods. Frank and I had some lengthy conversations discussing the whole range of woods camp recreation and he gave me fairly detailed descriptions of both dance and instrumental music. How prevalent these forms of entertainment were, he maintained, was really determined by the composition of the work crew. On the whole, there would be more singing than anything else:

I could play the accordion but I couldn't sing while I was playing. If I started to sing I'd lose the tune on the

accordion because I played by ear, y'know. But sometimes there might be somebody in the camp with a guitar. Well then of course if he had a guitar, most likely he could sing. So he'd sing a song and play the guitar and then if I sang a song he'd accompany me, y'know. But a lot of times there was not a musical instrument in the camp, not one to sing with, y'know. Whenever I went of course I always took my accordion now. That was one of the necessary items when I was leaving home, the accordion had to go.....Oh nearly always there'd be somebody there, y'know. You'd, when you start to play you'd hear toes a tappin' and somebody just couldn't stick it any longer. They'd have to get out and step it out eh.....dancing in time with the music, y'know.

Tap-dancing as I know it, as we knew it then of course was whatever jig the fellow played, the dancer was supposed to be able to beat out every beat with his feet, y'know. Now what shape he was in to do it varied too. There were people who could stand up and dance lightly. As the saying goes, "He could probably dance on the bottom of a plate and not break 'en, and not miss a beat." And there was some more fellows who in order to get all the beats in there, they'd have to be bent over and their legs goin' everywhere, y'know. There's, well, not two people that I know that tap-dances alike. I've seen it on television where, I suppose, a lot of training and practice went into it but like that, bunch of men in a lumbercamp, if there was five or six fellows there that could tap-dance, there wasn't two who danced, did it the same. They got the beats in but different, different steps y'know, different way to put their feet and use their feet and legs, y'know.

.....everybody dancing on their own, no partners. Course there might be the odd time now when one fellow might swing with the other guy y'know, even though they weren't partners. But they'd dance so long and then give their legs a spell. They might grab hold o' the other fellow's hands and swing around in time with the music and then let go and dance some more, y'know, but pretty much individual.

I suppose, see, it all depended on, it all depended on the number of singers who were in the camp and the number of dancers who were in the camp, y'know. I, wherever I went, there was always the opportunity there for people to dance because I could play the accordion, right? And always had the accordion. Now perhaps in the other bunkhouse out there, there was nobody with an accordion that could play and there'd be less dancing out there of course. But now I, I might get dragged out there once in a while y'know, some of the boys come in, "You got to come out in our bunkhouse tonight, we got fellows out there who can dance too, y'know."

So I would say that on the whole there was more singing than dancing because there'd be a lot, an awful lot of camps that wouldn't have a musical instrument, y'know. And of course they depended then on chin music, singing, or perhaps there'd be a fellow there was good at singing jigs too could call a dance. I suppose, 't'was as much one as the other

really or perhaps a little more singing than dancing.[21]

Given the long-standing importance of the community concert in the outports of Newfoundland it's perhaps not surprising that loggers, being for the most part outport men themselves, should incorporate this traditional, multi-generic form into their bunkhouse recreation. Bill White recalled the concerts that used to take place in the camps near Bishop's Falls:

> Have a concert. Everybody'd, somebody'd get up and sing a song and someone else'd say a recitation and someone else'd have a dialogue, all that stuff.... Y'know, so many fellows that liked to be at that kind o' stuff they get it all going and everybody'd, not everybody y'know, the young fellows. The old fellows wouldn't take any part but all the young fellows get together and make fun out of it.... Oh yeah, we'd take one end o' the bunkhouse and we had a table up there for a stage. You'd get up on a table when you want to sing a song or say a recitation or something. And had a chair up there for the judge to sit down in, y'know. Oh yes, had it rigged up pretty good for that time.[22]

Emile Benoit also constructed his own makeshift stage for concerts in the woods at Black Duck Siding in western Newfoundland:

> Ça jouait du violon pis la i faisiont des concerts, des, des, des concert là.....J'avions dans l'bout d'la bunkhouse et pis j'mettions des, des, des couvartes en avant....Pis là pou-m'en on- on s'arrangeait avec in, in cordage et pis-j'halions sur le cordage pour- farmer les couvartes, j'halais sur l'cordage pou ouvrir les couvartes- quand qu'les- oh j'avais du fun.[23]

Despite these examples, though, most lumbercamp singing in Newfoundland was less formalized than this and took place with the bunkhouse in its normal state of disarray and the

men organizing themselves in a way in which they normally would for resting at the end of a long day. Most bunkhouses in Newfoundland contained three basic items of furniture and little else: the bunks themselves, a long, wooden bench running either side of the building, (the "deacon-seat," as it was commonly known throughout North America), and a makeshift wood-burning stove. Depending upon the size and shape of the bunkhouse and perhaps the time of year, any of these could provide the focal point around which singing and the other forms of entertainment were centred. In Indian Bay, as Sam Button recalled, the huge oil drum which served as a stove often attracted the singers:

> And what they usually do is get around the centre because they had one big stove. What they call, almost like a, well it was a oil drum with the head cut out of it and a holes cut on the top part for a cover and so on. And they have lots of birch wood. After they'd get the fire going of course, the birch wood'd keep her going. But usually get around the stove. This was where the most heat was to, see, around the stove and they sang songs. Sometimes a fellow'd get in bunk, sit down on the edge of his bunk sometimes and the other fellows try and get as close as they could who are interested in singing songs.[24]

In Bill White's experience, apart from the occasional concert when one end of the bunkhouse would be taken over as a stage, singing was a pretty informal thing. I asked him if there were any special seating arrangements:

> No, no, no, just sat around on your bunks that's all. There was a big long seat used to run the length o' the bunkhouse, a big tree flattened off on the top and four legs put up under it, two legs under each end, a stool like. And that would go the whole length o' the bunkhouse for you to sit down on, to put your boots on or whatever you want to do, y'know. When you get out of your bunk 't'was just a place to

sit down, 't'was a seat.[25]

In general then, the context for lumbercamp singing seems to have been loosely structured and characterized by a spontaneity that is nowhere better portrayed than in Frank Blake's account of bunkhouse singing sessions in the woods at Millertown:

> Well what would usually happen, there might be the odd fellow who'd stay in his own bunk, y'know. But if I was over in one corner o' the bunkhouse singing there'd be perhaps two or three fellows sitting on my bunk and two or three more on the next one and so many more up in the top bunk. You'd sort of be surrounded y'know, 'cause they didn't want to miss a word so to speak, eh? So you'd usually have your cluster. Now not always, sometimes there might be a card game going on up the other end o' the bunkhouse, y'know, four or five players in playing cards and perhaps a couple o' people watching the card game. But every now and then you'd get a "Well done," or a clap from them as well y'know, if you were singing a song eh? So it didn't always happen the same. It varied, y'know. Sometimes you just sang a song and you mightn't have nobody on your bunk. You'd be just there yourself and everybody'd be listening in the bunkhouse. 'Cause 't'was no trouble to sing loud enough for everybody to hear it if there was nothing else going on y'know and there were times when that's exactly what did happen y'know, one person singing and everybody else listening.....not that I recall, not organized as such just, "It's time for a little sing-song now," y'know. You'd call on this one and that one. 'T'was never, there was never anyone to M.C. or anything like that to say, "Well now we'll call on this one and then after he sings we'll call on somebody else." That never happened, not formally. 'T'was all very informal eh?[26]

Of course not all Newfoundland woodsmen were singers. In any logging operation there would be men who had no interest in singing at all. Occasionally all of those who felt that way might end up in the same bunkhouse and in those quarters a whole season could go by without a song ever leaving a man's lips. Other loggers enjoyed the singing

sessions along with their other entertainment but rarely, if ever, sang themselves. It was only a small minority who actually did the singing, perhaps four or five men in the bunkhouse who liked to perform their own songs and to learn new ones, because song-swapping was part of it too. Whether the men in the camps chose to entertain themselves with storytelling, singing or playing games and practical jokes, they usually had to depend upon the talents of a small group of their gifted fellows:

> I never did go in a camp where half of the people could entertain you anyway. 'T'was always that few, And mind you, I have been in camps where there was not many singers but some of the old fellows could tell you some pretty good old yarns y'know, about what had happened years ago and that was interesting too. I don't think 't'was so much, the demand was for something to pass the time rather than y'know, a particular thing.[27]

In general, as Bill White recalled, the younger men in the camp showed most enthusiasm for singing and merrymaking of all kinds, but the older men were respected for their repertoires and knowledge of local song tradition and would occasionally be encouraged to join in with their "older stuff":

> Well, we'd have fellows for that see? Y'know, so many fellows that liked to be at that kind o'stuff. They'd get it all goin' and everybody'd, not everybody y'know, the younger fellows. The old fellows would take any part but all the young fellows'd get together and make fun out of it. We have it some nights, eleven, twelve o'clock.... there'd be about sixty men there. Probably there'd be only about twelve or fifteen at this kind o' stuff y'know, like lawsuits and concerts. But sometimes the older fellows'd take part and sing songs. They'd sing some songs 'cause they'd know the older ones than we would, see? Oh yes, they all do their part at singing..... well anybody could sing. An awful lot

of people can't sing see? There'd be only a certain amount, probably about fifteen or twenty out o' the sixty'd be able to sing and the rest of 'em only just lie back in their bunk and listen, the older fellows, y'know.[28]

Naturally with the need for entertainment so keenly felt and with only a limited number of men who had the talent to provide it, a singer or storyteller who spent any time at all in the lumberwoods would rapidly gain a reputation for himself and his services were quickly sought after by his colleagues wherever he went to work. Jabez Preston's sawmill imitator was a good example. In Indian Bay Lloyd Cuff became known for his recitations of Robert Service's poetry while Frank Blake acquired a reputation throughout the A.N.D. company camps as an accordion player as well as a singer and raconteur. He revealed to me something of the way in which men achieved notoriety when I asked him if there was ever any trouble getting people to sing in the bunkhouse:

Sometimes, sometimes yes, sometimes no. Usually as I said before there'd be three, perhaps three, perhaps four fellows who after you'd be there a while you got y'know, and got over the shock I suppose of not knowing everybody and when you got to mix and get to know each other, well, perhaps there'd be three or four fellows who found out the ones who could sing a song. Sure to be somebody'd tell on 'em see? Somebody'd say, "Well that fellow over there y'know, he can sing, he's a good singer." Well after a while you'd get after 'en eh? But other times there'd perhaps be nobody in the camp only one more besides yourself who'd want to do any singing eh? And then of course when that happened you were in big demand y'know. You wished to hell you couldn't sing sometimes 'cause there was always somebody at you eh?.....Oh yes, yeah, I've seen that happen, if a certain fellow'd come to the camp somebody'd speak up and say "Well, such a fellow's here now. Boy that's great 'cause he can, he can sing too," or 'He can tap-dance,' or "He can play a certain instrument," y'know. "T'll be great that is, more entertainment," y'know. 'Cause when I worked in Benton in camp 23, the next time I went I went to camp 24 and some of

the fellows that worked with me in camp 23 were there. And the first thing they'd say, "Well Frank Blake is here now." .....see, I could sing a few songs, I could play the accordion and I could tap-dance. I could do all three and y'know, keep up my end with almost anybody eh, when it come to the accordion now and tap-dancing. I wouldn't say I was that good a singer. I could do all three and I would say I was so well known for one as for the other.[29]

The situation was very much the same as this in Indian Bay according to Samuel Button. While Sam himself would sing a song now and again, he did'nt consider himself a singer and did'nt have a reputation as such. In fact there were very few men who did and they were in great demand and would usually draw a crowd to their performances:

out of the bunch of say about a hundred men or a hundred and fifty men, you may get four or five who weren't too shy to sing y'know, and would take a chance on singing. But usually, they'd get together. You had four or five bunkhouses and one man come from one bunkhouse might be good at songs and of course, once they knew that he was good at singing songs they might invite him to their bunkhouse.... Some fellows knew the songs but they couldn't sing very well or they were a bit shy and they didn't want to sing. This is what happened. Some guys for example, some guys were good at if they heard a song a couple of times they could sing it right away. This fellow I'm referring to now.... if he heard a song a couple of times he could sing it after, he was sort of talented.... Some fellow'd say, "Well look, there's a certain guy somebody, look he can really sing boy! He's the best singer among the group," y'know, and there would be a competition. But there was some bunkhouses, they wasn't interested in singing at all. They usually get together for a game of cards like or sometimes they'd sit down and tell stories, y'know and jokes. Usually they'd tell a story that maybe they heard their grandparents talking about or something that happened,y'know....especially if it was a stormy day when they could'nt get out to work and a lot of the people would go to each others' bunkhouses and talk over olden times and what did happen and sing songs or what have you, whatever, whatever entertainment they could do.[30]

This passage has a lot to tell us about lumbercamp

singing in Newfoundland. First of all it reinforces the point that loggers did not comprise a "singing, dancing throng," but rather welcomed any available respite from the drudgery of their work days and respected anyone who could help provide it for them. Secondly it suggests the operation of a folksong aesthetic of some kind. Clearly in Sam's mind and in those of his colleagues, there was at work some concept of virtuosity. Perhaps, as his comment about the singer's ability to pick up songs easily suggests, an expansive and expandable repertoire was a part of it. In any event, the presence of individuals recognized by their peers for their abilities as lumbercamp singers resulted in the emergence of these bunkhouse singing sessions as an important factor in the dynamics of social interaction in the lumberwoods.

Logging camps in Newfoundland varied considerably in size and population but those run by the larger private contractors and many others owned by the A.N.D. company in central Newfoundland were large scale operations. Many of the island's lumbercamps housed from sixty or seventy up to one hundred and fifty men in not one but three or four separate bunkhouses. The entire camp complex complete with cookhouse, forepeak, sawfiler's shack and stables for thirty or forty horses could be more like a small town than anything else. For young men leaving their outport homes to spend a winter in the squalor and isolation of the lumberwoods, the prospect of not just working but eating and sleeping with and

tolerating a large group of workmates, most of whom would be total strangers, was a daunting one.

The outlook was not quite so bleak for anyone with an interest in or talent for music. A singer or musician had no trouble making friends in the lumberwoods and the night-time bunkhouse music sessions and the give-and-take that accompanied them provided performers and audience alike not just with recreation, but also with a way of getting to know each other better. They brought to the loggers' working relationships an added dimension, gave them something else to share. When Jabe Preston left his home in Trinity, Bonavista Bay to go and work in the pulpwood forests, he recalled that his immediate concern was to seek out the singers and musicians:

> goin' in lumbercamps, that was the first thing when you got there. You want to know who could sing or who could dance or who could play the guitar or who could play the accordion or who could play the mouth organ, somethin', y'know. That was the first thing you'd find out, first week you was there y'know, all that.[31]

As these comments suggest, men with similar interests tended to seek each other out and singers and musicians quickly befriended each other in the woods. In Bill White's recollection these men would form a group within the group, recognized for their talents by the others and expected to be the inaugurators of singing and playing sessions:

> Well 't'was like everything else, there was some could sing and some couldn't. 'T'was only the ones that could sing y'know, that you'd get the songs from. You go in a lumbercamp, probably there'd be five or six or nine or ten

out of the fifty or sixty men that could sing. Well, they'd always be together like, y'know.[32]

Naturally, a whole variety of social networks were formed in the lumbercamps based upon a number of different criteria. Men from the same or neighbouring communities or those who shared the same religious background, leisure interests or even family ties, would spend time in each other's company. Singing became one of the focal points around which the men organized a great deal of their social interaction. Men would go back and forth from one bunkhouse to another in search of entertainment and companionship. The presence in camp of a good singer would encourage those who were interested to get out of their own living quarters and visit his bunkhouse to hear the singing:

> But if there was a good singer among the group, usually he'd draw a big crowd there. Other fellows'd come in from the bunkhouse and if they knew he was a good singer too, they'd keep on at him until they'd get him to start singing and he may end up singing four or five songs before he's finished.[33]

So if there was a decent singer in the camp word would quickly spread and his bunkhouse would become a central attraction, but again it is important to remember that singing was only one part of the general recreational repertory of the lumbering crew. The same functions were served by other activities and the more the men had to choose from the better. Sometimes, as Frank Blake recalled, there would be a great deal of evening visitation with different

things going on in different bunkhouses:

> there was nearly always somebody from the other bunkhouse, y'know. And of course the same thing was true, perhaps there'd be five or six gone out of my bunkhouse out to another bunkhouse where something else was going on. Perhaps somebody, they might be playin,' doing a few tricks y'know, like lyin' on the floor flat and somebody'd tie you up, see if you could get up, that sort of thing, y'know. That could be going on in one bunkhouse and some people from my bunkhouse'd be out watching that and a few people from the other bunkhouse'd be in listening to the songs and whatever, y'know. So there was always visiting back and forth, y'know. You never did stick to your own bunkhouse as such. You might the first week till you got to know your fellow loggers, then you'd get to know somebody out there. You'd have friends in other bunkhouses and eventually you'd get to know everybody of course. Some you wish you didn't get to know.[34]

Sandy Ives has pointed out the importance of coaxing in both lumbercamp and other singing contexts.[35] His point that this form of almost ritualistic persuasion functioned in a very fluid social situation as a reminder and reinforcement of the expected singer-audience relationship is well taken. Coaxing or prompting seems to have been of similar importance to Newfoundland woodsmen. As Ives suggests, it was important that singers once performing be given the attention appropriate to their status within the group. The singers' initial refusal to perform when asked, no matter how insincere, could help secure it once they started. Coaxing also provided the means by which lumbercamp singing got underway. As we have already seen, while loggers sought out the singers and musicians and would leave their own bunkhouses to hear them perform, singing and music while expected were rarely scheduled in any formal sense.

With a number of recreational pursuits available and enjoyed in the lumbercamp it was necessary to ensure that singing did not interfere too much with storytelling, reading, card playing and so on, and vice versa. Accordingly coaxing played an important role serving to regulate the extent to which singing or other activities were allowed to dominate any given evening's proceedings. Frank Blake recalled that as both a singer and musician he would never perform unless requested several times to do so:

> Oh you'd wait for somebody to ask you, oh yes. I, I can't recall ever, ever starting off without being asked y'know, because well, you, you try to do what was welcome at the time eh? Same way if I had the accordion there. I very seldom would I take it out and play unless I was asked to. Somebody'd ask. Well, you'd probably say, "Nah, nobody wants to hear that now." And then somebody else'd be, "Oh yes I do. Come on get her out." And by and by there'd be seven or eight fellows, y'know. So when the demand got big enough to satisfy you well, you're going to please so many anyway, well then you'd get it out eh, or sing the song or whatever..... you wouldn't get her out on the first request because see, you had to sort of play it by ear. You had to, if there was a crowd up there playing cards or somebody reading a book well, you didn't want to interrupt, y'know. You did'nt want to be blamed for that so you sort of waited. Sometimes you'd see a fellow putting down his book, y'know. "Yes, come on boy play, play us something now." So after, like I said you had three or four different requests and the demand seemed big enough then you'd have a spell at it eh? Usually you wouldn't keep at it all night then. You probably might have an hour at that and say well, you'd excuse yourself. "Well now I got to go and have a game of cards with the boys," eh, or something like that y'know, to get a spell eh?[36]

Meanwhile, Jabe Preston, who logged the province's northeast coast, also suggested that coaxing formed a bridge between singing and other activities. As he pointed out, the coaxing was designed to persuade the first singer to sing.

Once that had been achieved there were no problems:

> If a fellow could sing, what you'd call a half decent singer, you had a job to get 'en to sing anyhow....If one fella'd start to sing a song probably you'd get three or four fellas to sing one then, or somethin' or other....Some young fella or other'd start to bawl somethin' out. From that she'd go.[37]

This comment implies that singing was a cumulative thing. Songs would beget songs both from the initial performer and from other singers in the group. While a gifted singer, especially one with a broad repertoire, might dominate any given evening's proceedings, in general it seems that turn by turn performances were more common. Such was certainly the case in Bill White's experience:

> Somebody'd start off and sing a song and then you'd ask someone else to sing. After a little while you'd find out who could sing and who couldn't y'know and you'd ask them to sing a song. He'd start in and sing one and then the other fella'd sing one. Probably there'd be twenty in the bunkhouse before the night was gone sing a song.[38]

Frank Blake echoed these thoughts and suggested that while no two singing sessions were exactly the same, the burden of providing the entertainment was usually evenly spread and often the subject of negotiation:

> Well again it, that varied too. Perhaps I'd start and I'd sing one and then that might be the condition of starting eh? "Now I'll sing this particular one if y'know, John'll sing the next one," eh? And he'll say, "Yes alright then, but then you got to sing that one." Y'know, you, you sort of bargained back and forth eh, sometimes. More times you might start and sing two or three and then the other fellow start up and he'd sing two or three. It varied, y'know. There was no set way for to do it all, eh? Varied from time to time. 'T'was kind o' nice though when you sang one and then somebody else sang one because then you got your breath all

back and was ready for another one see, when he finished eh?[39]

While in these terms bunkhouse singing was a communal affair, from the point of view of performance, this was an individualistic tradition. Solo singing seems to have been very much the norm. Bill White already recalled that some group singing of hymns would occasionally take place on Sundays but he added that during the week most singers would perform without accompaniment or intrusions from the audience. In this respect, bunkhouse singing was similar to that which took place in a variety of contexts in the loggers' home communities:

> just start in and sing a song that's all. No there's no special, nothing special about it, just sing any kind of a song. Everybody'd stop and listen. Oh when there'd be somebody singing a song you could hear a pin drop. Everything was right silent y'know, 'cause everybody'd like to listen to songs for that time. That's all the entertainment there was ...just one to a time if a fellow was singing that's all....There'd be nothin' going on when you was singing a song. No, everything was right silent.[40]

While it's difficult to imagine total calm and serenity in the typical bunkhouse during singing sessions, what we already know about the number and type of singers and their status within the work group suggests in itself, that solo singing would be the norm. In any event, I have encountered no descriptions for bunkhouse singing in Newfoundland which compare with the following account of performances in the woods of New England around the turn of the century:

Many songs were known by heart by most of the crew, so

the singer would sing the first few lines solo and the entire crew would roar out the final line of each stanza as a chorus.[41]

Sandy Ives' acccount of woods camp singers in the same part of the world more closely resembles those I have heard from Newfoundland woodsmen.[42] Singing was primarily solo and unaccompanied with occasional audience participation in a chorus or refrain and sometimes one of the crew "helping out" the singer with a song that both men knew. Sam Button never considered himself much of a singer and would only offer to perform in an emergency where no other singers were to be found. More frequently he would take a back seat and lend his assistance on familiar pieces:

> Sometimes I would sing, y'know. I would help join in, y'know. For example if there was a guy from home that could sing well. Well when he was singing, if there was anything that he knew, if there was anything that he'd sing that I knew I would help sing, y'know. But I never had the interest of making up song but I'd help sing 'em.[43]

This recollection is echoed by Frank Blake. Being a fine singer and having a reputation as such, Frank very seldom needed assistance but sometimes found interesting comparisons in the repertoires of other bunkhouse performers. Songs that were mutually familiar would occasionally be performed by two men. Interestingly enough, Frank, like Bill White and others, recalls little or no competitiveness among the singers, nor claims by them to exclusive ownership of songs or possession of the "correct" version of a piece that two or more men might know. Beyond this type of shared

performance, though, communal singing was restricted to a few men joining in the occasional familiar chorus:

> what I found was that if I knew a song and there was another fellow there knew the same song of course, when he hear me sing it he'd be listening and he might say "Well now, that's a little different from what, the way I know it," y'know. That's after I stopped singing he'd tell me several verses or a phrase or a complete line was different or perhaps another verse added, y'know. But never any arguments about who was going to sing a song. As a matter of fact there was times that if I start singing a song he'd join in and we'd sing it together, y'know. We'd try and accompany one another and you might get tripped up a little bit when you come to this variance in the wording y'know, but you sort of watched out for that. When you got to that one fellow'd shut up see, and let the other fellow finish that verse and then pick it up again, y'know.....Well if you were singing something like "We'll Rant and We'll Roar Like True Newfoundlanders," when you got to that there's a chorus then. Yes, you might get a half a dozen fellows join in or perhaps more than that, y'know. But other than that, not very often would they chip in, y'know.[44]

Beyond being solo and mostly unaccompanied, lumbercamp singing style was generally similar to that which was found in other contexts in communities throughout Newfoundland. Sandy Ives has described at length the stylistic features of bunkhouse singing in the northeastern United States and has summarized them as follows:

> woods singing style with its hard, loud head-voice quality, its slower tempos, its tendencies toward ornamentation and parlando rubato rhythms and its use of the declamando ending is clearly an extension of at least one kind of Irish traditional singing style.[45]

While Irish elements were present in Newfoundland woods singing they were perhaps never quite as strongly felt as they were in Maine or New Brunswick. The Irish as far as I

can tell, were never such a large part of the woods labour force in Newfoundland as they were in the lumbering areas of the eastern seaboard. With pulp and paper production coming so late in Newfoundland's history, considerably later than the conclusion of almost all permanent settlement in the province, there were very few first or second generation Irish to be found as woodcutters or drivers. While the Irish settled communities of the Avalon Peninsula and the southern bays sent their young men to the woods throughout this period, the demography of the industry resulted in the predominance within the work force of men from the English settlements of the northeast and west coasts of the island.

Perhaps one might say that Newfoundland woodsmen sang in an "outport" style; this is a type of singing which could be found throughout the coastal settlements of the province and which fell within the general framework of the Anglo-Irish hybrid folksong style which has been described by Neil Rosenberg in the following terms:

> singing style is unaccompanied and characterized by a straightforward, undramatic solo presentation with little dynamic variation from stanza to stanza. Personal styles may include vibrato, (generally only on lingering notes) and melismatic ornamentation. Tone production is usually clear rather than raspy but may be relaxed or tense depending on whether the upper or lower portion of the singer's natural range are used. Often the final words of the song are spoken. Emphasis within the tradition is upon the words rather than the tune (or 'air').[46]

This type of singing was found in a variety of contexts in Newfoundland and bunkhouse singing was connected in

various ways to song performances outside the lumbercamp milieu. In the first place, the same men who became known as singers in the lumbercamps were more often than not the acknowledged performers in their home communities, at concerts and weddings throughout the year, and at the informal social gatherings in private homes most commonly known as "times" in Newfoundland.[47] In this respect lumbercamp singing in this province can be regarded in the same manner as it was in Maine or New Brunswick; that is, as an extension of the male-dominated tradition of public performance.[48] Frank Blake, Jabe Preston and Bill White all sang in the woods and were all frequently featured performers at community events where songs were required. Bill recalled for me the occasions when he sang other than in the woods camps:

> Oh yes, around to parties, y'know. Christmas around from house to house you'd do a bit o' singing, weddings and one thing and the other....Oh yes, yes, (in the camps), try to learn every one you could for when we'd get home going from house to house then especially like Christmas time, but all the time, any time at all. The first thing when you go in and sat down, three or four young fellows'd go in and sat down to the old people that are home and say, "Now, what about singing me a song?" And you'd start off and sing the song, and then they'd want another one and another one, probably you'd sing twenty before the night was gone. Probably the next night you'd go to someone else's house see, and there'd be somebody else there was in another lumbercamp learned a new one that you didn't hear. They'd sing that you know and you'd pass it back and forth like that. The only entertainment to us in them times was sing a song or dance, anyone who could step-dance, y'know. Someone play the accordion, get out and step-dance.[48]

As these remarks suggest and as we shall see, woods

singing and singing in other contexts shared a great deal in the way of repertoire. Singers learned songs at home to sing in the woods and vice versa. Even the logging songs themselves, those that dealt specifically with work in the woods and events related thereto could be intimately connected with the wider song tradition. Jabe Preston from Trinity first sang "A Trip up to Sixth Pond" not in a lumbercamp but at a concert in the local fishermen's hall. Stan Pinsent and William Parsons, two bards of the northeast coast, wrote their songs about logging specifically for concerts in their home communities of Musgrave Harbour and Lumsden. Even "The Badger Drive," most famous of Newfoundland's lumberjack songs, was conceived by its composer John V. Devine in preparation for a St. Patrick's day concert in the town of Grand Falls. Frank Blake recalled that much of the repertoire that he relied upon in the lumbercamps was acquired from his Gander Bay home when he was young:

> The first songs I remember learning was before I was old enough to go in the woods. I heard 'em sung in my own y'know, in my father's house, eh? Because the same thing was true out in the rural communities then, that if somebody came to visit during the night in the wintertime, most likely before the night was through some y'know, there'd be some songs sung. And a lot of the songs that I know now, I learned 'em back then y'know, before I left school or before I got old enough to go away to work anywhere. So I suppose if you get people from in the camp from y'know, a wide range of communities you'd have a better chance to learn more songs 'cause every community sort of had their own, y'know. Not every community but every area. Like say between here now and Musgrave Harbour, there's a certain collection of songs that people sang and another part of the coast the songs were different. But you'd always, most always come up on one or two songs that seemed to be popular everywhere y'know,

although might be a little different version of it. Might be a verse or two less or more or a little variance in the tune or whatever. Of course that comes from having it handed down by word of mouth I guess, rather than learned on a song sheet.[49]

Frank was then and still is a fine singer and provides us with a good example of woods camp singing style. As he explains it, perhaps the biggest difference between singing in the bunkhouse and singing in other community-based contexts was the fact that the singer was required to sing in a variety of physical circumstances (even sometimes from the prone position) to audiences of varying size and frequently with a host of other activities going on around him. In short, lumbercamp singing demanded of the performer a high degree of flexibility. Frank's comments also reveal something of the folksinger's aesthetic:

If you were in your kitchen you wouldn't have to sing very loud for everybody to hear. If you were at a community concert years ago where there was, there was no sound system set up and you'd have to sing pretty loud for people in the back to hear you. And of course if you were singing in a small bunkhouse sleeping twenty-four men you could be somewhere in between the two, y'know. But other than that, well I suppose if you were singing in a concert too you'd be standing up when you were singing but if you were in your kitchen or in your bunkhouse you'd ususally be sitting down on your bunk, eh? 'Course it's harder to sing when you're sitting and harder still if you're lying down. ....Oh that sometimes, yes. If you were in your bunk ready to go to sleep and almost ready to go to sleep and everybody lying in bunk and somebody say, "Now one little song now before you goes to sleep," y'know, "Just one." And of course you'd sing it lying down and you'd work twice as hard as if you were sitting up....You'd sing, you'd try to sing loud enough for your audience to hear you, y'know. If 't'was, if you were over in a corner with just three or four guys you could sing low but if people in the other end o'the bunkhouse wanted to hear too, you'd sing louder. But other than that I don't know any, any special way that lumberjacks used to sing.....Well keeping in tune and not stumbling over the

words and singing loud enough for the audience to hear without singing too loud. 'Cause I mean there's a point if you sing too loud your voice breaks. It's not so nice to listen to. I, that's what I would say a good singer is. Somebody who can keep in tune and easy to listen to, eh? A certain, I've heard people sing y'know, they're hard to listen to. They either sing too slow or too loud or they're not in tune or whatever, y'know.[50]

Frank Blake was often asked to sing when he worked in the woods and one of the songs most frequently requested was among his personal favourites. "Looking Like Me Brother," gives us an example of one lumberjack's singing style. It is also one of the song forms that were good for singing in the bunkhouse.

LOOKING LIKE ME BROTHER

Oh first when I came in this world my troubles did begin,
Because I had a brother Jack, we proved to be a twin.
We looked so much alike that you could'nt tell one from the other,
And often I would take the blame for looking like me brother.

Now Jackie was a rascal grew up to be a crook,
One night upon the street he stole a lady's pocketbook.
After he had stolen it he turned around and ran,
And when they saw me passing by they said I was the man.

The cops came up 'long side of me and to the jail they took,
They said, "You are the man who stole the lady's pocketbook."
I said, "I'm not the man sir, we're much like one another."
The judge said, "I'll give you six months for looking like your brother."

Oh Jackie was a married man and a handsome little wife,
But he nor she could not agree throughout their married life.
Once me and my wife went walking with our best friend to guide,
Along came Jack's wife, sure she followed up alongside.

"Ha, ha Jack I've caught you you filthy little rat."
I said, "You are mistaken ma'am, you've taken me for Jack."
She said, "You are my husband, with me you come along."
She grabbed me by the hair of the head and dragged me to her home.

She dragged me up the stairs and she locked me in a room
She went downstairs again, I suppose 't'was for her mother.
The two of them beat me black and blue for looking like me brother.

One night Jack got drunk and came home to go to bed,
He went to turn the gas off but turned it on instead.
When we got up next morning the key was in the door,
There we found poor Jackie was dead upon the floor.

We put him in a pine box and put him on a horse,
To take him to the cemetry, his body to rehearse.
The box fell off, the horse went on, they did'nt miss him gone,
And when they saw me by the grave they said that I was John.

The undertaker grabbed me, said, "Jack you must behave,
You know you're dead, you must not kick, you must go in the grave."
They put me in the pine box, I hollered like a bugger,
They buried me down in under the ground for looking like me brother.

This piece with its straightforward, evenly paced delivery, provides us with a good example of Frank's personal singing style which is typical of that of Newfoundland lumbercamp singers in general. It is also the type of song that could often be heard throughout the province when men were singing in the bunkhouse.

NOTES

[1]MUNFLA 85-087, 15.

[2]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[3]Obviously when dealing with lumbercamp singing, essentially a moribund tradition, one is unable to base observations upon data collected in natural context or even what Goldstein has termed an "induced natural context." See Kenneth S. Goldstein, A Guide for Fieldworkers in Folklore (Hatboro, Pa: Folklore Associates, 1964), pp. 87-91. The most lucid commentary on the difficulties presented by this kind of reconstructional work is provided by Ives, Joe Scott pp. 371-4.

[4]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[5]MUNFLA 85-087, 7.

[6]MUNFLA 85-087, 4.

[7]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[8]Ives has remarked upon this throughout his work as did Wyman, The Lumberjack Frontier p.29 and MacKay, The Lumberjacks p.242.

[9]MUNFLA 85-087, 14.

[10]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[11]I spoke with Mr. Loughlin at his home in Pasadena Newfoundland in July of 1980. Unfortunately I was unable to record this interview. However, Mr. Doug Greer, a broadcaster with CBC Corner Brook, provided me with a cassette recording of an interview he had conducted with Mr. Loughlin as well as a section from one of the "Woodland Echoes" broadcasts. Copies of these tapes are submitted along with my field recordings(MUNFLA 85-087, 16 and 17). Mr. Greer was also kind enough to allow me access to CBC Corner Brook's archival collection of phonograph records of several more broadcasts.

[12]MUNFLA 85-087, 14.

[13]MUNFLA 85-087, 1.

[14]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[15]MUNFLA 85-087, 4.

[41]Pike, p. 149.

[42]Joe Scott p. 382.

[43]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[44]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[45]Joe Scott p. 385.

[46]Neil V. Rosenberg, "Newfoundland (Anglo-Canadian) Folk Music," in Encyclopedia of Music in Canada (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1981), p. 337.

[47]The question of men possessing the social designation of "singers" is discussed in Pocius, "The First Time."

[48]Ives, Joe Scott pp. 393-6.

[49]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[50]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[16]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[17]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[18]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[19]Gerald Thomas, Les Deux Traditions: Le Conte Populaire Chez les Franco-Terreneuviens (Montreal: Les Editions Bellarmin, 1983), pp. 128-9.

[20]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[21]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[22]MUNFLA 85-087, 20.

[23]Thomas, pp. 128-9.

[24]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[25]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[26]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[27]MUNFLA 85-087, 7.

[28]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[29]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[30]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[31]MUNFLA 85-087, 14.

[32]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[33]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[34]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[35]Joe Scott p.383, and Lawrence Doyle: The Farmer Poet of Prince Edward Island (Orono: University of Maine Press, 1971), p. 230.

[36]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[37]MUNFLA 85-087, 14.

[38]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[39]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[40]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

5. LUMBERCAMP REPERTOIRE

Frank Blake's rendition of "Looking Like me Brother" introduces the question of what kinds of songs were sung in the Newfoundland lumberwoods. The immediate answer to that question is: many kinds. In the words of Clayton Jones, "Everything, everything that was made up in the world, somebody had heard it or sung it or something."[1] The lumbercamp repertoire in this province was indeed extensive and rich in variety and this should come as no surprise for what we know of woods camp singing elsewhere suggests that this was a feature of logging tradition throughout the North American continent.[2] Samuel Button explained it in the following way:

> several songs they used to sing in the camps was like, "Hard, Hard Times," "Squid Jigging Ground" and "The Badger Drive".... There would be a variety of songs y'know, it's all accordin' to what some fellows would know, y'know. Like another one was given to me by Mr Hunt, was called "The Cobbler." Now apparently this one came all the way from Ireland.... Some song y'know, that were made up locally would be sung and there was others that was handed down traditionally, y'know. Because a lot o' the songs, no one knew where they came from and of course the wording had changed over the years too.[3]

Sam, like some of our other lumberjack singers, showed a surprising feel for the pedigree of his songs and his summary above is a representative and, I think, fairly accurate one. While it is difficult to portray the lumbercamp repertoire with any precision and while that repertoire was undergoing

constant change, it was clearly a mixture in which Anglo-Irish balladry was predominant. Lyrical songs of various kinds were also included as was a great deal of material from general North American tradition including the occupational songs of lumbering itself. Finally there were native or indigenous songs from Newfoundland including pieces that were known throughout the province as a whole as well as songs that were highly localized in their circulation and terms of reference. Bill White put it this way:

> Some of 'em was about Newfoundland and more was American, English, Irish. Like the songs that I got wrote off here now, they're not all Newfoundland songs. They're just really lumbercamp songs y'know, 'cause any song at all was good in a lumbercamp. Didn't matter where 't'was it originated from, didn't matter.[4]

Most woods camp singers would know at least one or two songs about logging and these would generally be popular. A variety of lumbering songs can be found in the Newfoundland repertory and these include both indigenous and non-native pieces. There is quite clearly a body of logging songs which belongs to a general North American occupational tradition. For example, many of those songs to be found in G. Malcolm Laws' standard typology of Native American Balladry[5] under the heading "Ballads of Lumberjacks" are distributed throughout the continent, particularly in those regions where historically lumber production has been an important industry. Songs like "Peter Emberley," "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine" and "The Woods of Michigan," can be found

in Newfoundland in several versions. It is generally these songs which have been noted in the principal printed collections discussed in chapter 2.[6]

Logging songs which clearly originated in mainland Canada or the United States may have entered Newfoundland via one of a number of routes: through the vigorous nineteenth century shipping trade between the province and the New England states, or on board of the large fishing vessels from Newfoundland, the Maritimes and the northeastern U.S. that plied the common waters of the Eastern seaboard. Sandy Ives has also pointed out that there was considerable small boat traffic between the provinces of Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island.[7]

Woodsmen themselves must also have played a part in the transmission of these songs. Some Newfoundlanders had worked in the woods of Maine and New Brunswick before the expansion of the industry in their own province and, perhaps more importantly, the pulp and paper companies imported large numbers of mainlanders to serve as camp foremen and scalers and in other specialized jobs during the early years of their operations.

As well as these widely known lumbering songs, there were a large number of songs about logging composed here in Newfoundland and these would frequently be performed. There were a few such pieces which achieved considerable notoriety, ("The Badger Drive" and "The Twin Lakes" are good examples), but most of them tended to remain firmly in local circulation

and in the hands of a relatively small number of singers. We will return to these songs shortly but, for now, suffice it to say that the men in the woods frequently composed songs about their work and their colleagues and these too took their place in the lumbercamp repertory. Hubert West put it this way:

> Every kind of song you could think of was sung and some was just made up on the spot.... Some songs were about the camp, some were about the cook, some were about the foremen and some of the lazy guys back home too lazy to work....One guy made up a verse, another guy made up another and keep on goin' and goin' and next thing there was probably five or six or eight or ten verses and away it went.[8]

While such compositions may not have been completely typical, I am sure it is fair to say that logging songs formed a significant and recognized element within the lumbercamp repertory. Most people who recall the singing that took place in the woods refer specifically to those songs that were composed around the daily routine of their occupation. Frank Blake provides this example:

> Well course there's, there are logging songs and they would most generally get sung. Anybody know'd a good song about some aspect of logging, like for instance, "The Badger Drive" is one and "Twin Lakes" is another. But y'know, almost any song that a person sang was welcome. It seemed like certain people in the camp would prefer to hear songs about tragedy, shipwrecks and songs o' that type, y'know. And some more would rather hear the y'know, the songs that they heard on the radio perhaps a few years before or it might be the popular songs o' the day, y'know. They didn't have a radio in the camp and if you knew any o' the songs that were currently playing y'know, folksongs like, they were welcome too. But there was a certain, everybody had their own repertoire of songs I suppose. I know that I would get a lot of requests for particular songs, y'know. But if I sang a

new song that they hadn't heard before, well perhaps the next night you'd be asked to sing that one over, y'know.[9]

From a historical point of view, the English and Scottish Popular Ballads or "Child" ballads have enjoyed considerable popularity throughout Newfoundland and have maintained an important position within the regional song tradition until recent years.[10] These ballads were sometimes performed in the lumbercamps. Bill White, for example, provided me with the following relatively full version of "Sweet William's Ghost," one of the Child ballads which has been most popular in this part of the world.[11] He entitled it "Lady Margaret" and claimed to have learned it in the woods some time in the mid 1930s.

LADY MARGARET

Lady Margaret was sitting by her window side,
    When a knock came on her door.
She opened it wide and to her surprise,
    Was a face she saw before.

"Oh is it my dear old father?" she said,
    "Or is it my brother John,
Or is it my true love darling?" she cried,
    "From Scotland lately come?"

"No it's not your dear old father," he said,
    "Or it's not your brother John,
But it's your true love darling," he cried,
    "From Scotland lately come."

"Have you brought to me any piece of gold,
    Have you brought to me any ring?
Have your brought to me any token at all,
    Like fond true lovers bring?"

"I haven't brought to you any piece of gold,
    I haven't brought to you any ring.
But I've brought to you my new Holland gown,

That I've been buried in."

Lady Margaret arose and put on her clothes,
To walk and talk with him.
She walked and she talked on a dark, stormy night,
In a dead man's company.

She walked till they came to the old church yard,
Where the graves were growing green.
"This is my bed, Lady Margaret," he said,
"That I do now lie in."

"Is there any room for me at your head,
Is there any room at your feet?
Is there any room at your right or left side,
That I may lie and sleep?"

"My dear old father is at my head,
And my mother is at my feet.
I have three blooming roses at my side,
That disturbs me from my sleep.

One is for my drunkeness,
The other is for my crime.
The other is for flirting with other pretty girls,
Leaving Lady Margaret behind.

May the Lord forbid, Lady Margaret," he said,
"In the days that are gone by,
The dead may arise with the living and the wise,
And go home in the sweet by and by."

Another of the British traditional ballads which was well known in Newfoundland and, indeed, throughout North America was "Lady Isabel and the False Knight"(Child #4). Alan Peckford of Gander Bay recited a version for me which he recalled was popular in the lumberwoods in the early years of this century. While it is unlikely that examples such as these ever comprised a dominant element in the lumbercamp tradition, their presence cannot be disregarded and was, I suspect, more keenly felt here than elsewhere.[12] What can be said with confidence is that in common with western folk

music as a whole, the lumbercamp tradition in Newfoundland was dominated by the narrative folksong or ballad rather than the lyrical forms. This tendency was remarked upon in my conversations with Frank Blake:

> Well, a good song was a song, well see, lumbercamp singing, a song had to have a story y'know, it had to tell a story. It was not something just sung to a beat for the purpose of dancing like modern day songs when you go to the clubs. It had to have a story and the funnier that story was the better the song would be rated or the better story it told, y'know. And of course, that depended on who was listening to it. Some people liked to hear those, the sad songs and some more liked to hear the funny ones eh? But whatever, funnier the better or the more tragic the story that was being told the better eh?.....definitely back then, more importance on the words than the tune. The tune of course was important too, but not so important as the words. 'Cause, see, they, they listened to the words rather than the tune and if there was no story behind it y'know, if it had no satisfactory ending, everybody was looking. 'Well, where's the rest,' y'know. It had to have a good beginning, good beginning and a good ending, y'know.[13]

Frank went on to touch upon the subject of bawdy or obscene material and he indicated in the following sentences that these songs were quite prevalent in the camps where he worked:

> Oh well now, when you're in with a crowd of men and men only, there's certain off-colour songs that you don't feel embarassed about singing and a lot o' them songs did get sung in the lumbercamps. I know a few that I'd, that I wouldn't want to sing in front o' my children or in front of what we should say quote unquote, "polite" company. But if a bunch of us come in just all males in a logging camp or a bunch of us was up moose-hunting somewhere y'know, I wouldn't mind singing an off-colour song. And that's what used to happen in the logging camps, y'know. A lot of the songs were a bit off-colour and great place to tell dirty jokes, y'know. You weren't going to offend anybody y'know, or not very likely. But that's the way it was, y'know.[14]

One of the pieces that Frank would not want to perform in front of "polite" company was the following, learned in his adolescence in the 1940's:

YOU TAKE CARE OF THE BEES

Mary held a party, she held it on the grass,
A bumble bee crawled up her leg and stung her on the,
You take care of the bees, watch them as they come,
For if you play with a bumble bee you surely will get stung.

Mary called the doctor, the doctor came at last,
All that he discovered was a gumboil on her,
You take care of the bees, watch them as they come,
For if you play with a bumble bee you surely will get stung.

The doctor mixed a plaster, he mixed it in a glass,
Every half an hour he would smack it on her,
You take care of the bees, watch them as they come,
For if you play with a bumble bee you surely will get stung.

Mary she went fishing in a boat they call a punt,
The line got tangled round her leg and the hook stuck in her,
You take care of the bees, watch them as they come,
For if you play with a bumble bee you surely will get stung.

Now all young girls take warning while lying in the grass,
Keep your bodies covered up especially down around the,
You take care of the bees, watch them as they come,
'Cause if you play with a bumble bee you surely will get stung.

Bill White confirmed that bawdy songs were common in the lumbercamps where he worked in and around Bishop's Falls:

there was a lot of dirty songs too, but I never, I never bothered. I never took any interest in them. I learned a lot of 'em but y'know, I just ignores it. You couldn't get down singing a smutty song and put it on tape or something, y'see. I wouldn't want me voice to be heard doing that kind of filthy stuff, y'know. 'Cause there's some awful bad filthy stuff in the lumbercamps especially, boy oh boy, a lot of 'em too, y'know. Some of 'em was really good too y'know,

a lot of fun in it for we young fellows, y'know. We'd get a kick out of it. But now after you come home you couldn't sing it any more only if somewhere there'd be only a few boys or something.... the young fellows all, the smuttier they was the better they liked it, the more fun you'd get out of it.... there wasn't more I suppose, there wasn't so many dirty ones as there was good ones no, but there was a lot of 'em. I learned dozens and dozens of real dirty ones, filthy.[15]

It should be no surprise that in the all-male environment that pervaded the logging industry, when there was singing, obscene songs were likely to be heard but it is unlikely, as Bill noted, that the bawdy songs ever challenged the supremacy of the more popular ballads and comic songs from the British Isles, or the native North American material closely related to them. Bill gave the following appraisal of lumbercamp repertoire when I asked him if any particular kinds of songs were favourites in the lumberwoods:

Yeah the most humorous ones y'know, what we used to call "funny songs" y'know, with a lot of humour in it. Old Irish, I like Irish songs 'cause they was real comical, y'know. But American songs was more love songs like. They wasn't the same type of songs as the Irish songs at all. English, I never learned many English songs, a few I suppose. And there wasn't many Canadian songs, but Newfoundland songs, there was hundreds, thousands y'know, an awful lot of songs made up in Newfoundland.... They would be mostly Newfoundland songs. Shipwrecks, a ship'd be lost at sea and then there would be a song made up about it y'know and that would come out in the paper. Mostly all shipwrecks and a scattered murder like "George Alfred Beckett" and "Ridge Boland," he killed a fellow over there in Corner Brook and those things. At those times, if there was a murder or a shipwreck or anything, there was always a song made up about it and usually it'd come out in the paper y'know and sometimes you'd learn it, y'know. I learned a good many shipwreck songs. You'd learn them in the lumberwoods too 'cause they would be sung in the woods.[16]

The reference above to ballads being printed in the papers raises the question of where songs that were performed in the woods were derived from and in what manner they were passed on. As might be expected of a corpus of songs so extensive and varied, the sources and media of transmission were by no means always the same.

Stage and popular songs were well known in the woods and, particularly in the later years, the electronic media helped in the popularization of such material.[17] We have already mentioned the presence of the radio in many Newfoundland lumbercamps and the performance of indigenous and imported songs on "Woodland Echoes" and other local shows. Bill White learned some of his enormous repertoire from phonograph recordings while Frank Blake learned American songs like "Saginaw, Michigan" and "The Streets of Baltimore" from radio broadcasts originating in the United States. The pages of the popular printed media have also been a source of material for many Newfoundland singers.[18] Sam Button learned many of the songs that he sang in the woods from the renowned Gerald S. Doyle song book,[19] while Bill White gives the following account of a variety of weekly newspapers that furnished him with songs:

there have been songs now that I've been in the paper, y'know. I've seen in the paper, I'd put me own tune to that....the old papers was on the go, Fisherman's Advocate and Family Fireside and Family Herald, Family Herald and Weekly Star. There'd usually be a column of songs in that all the time y'know, but I didn't learn very many of them.[20]

The reason why Bill did not learn too many songs from the papers was that there were plenty of songs in oral circulation and he could learn what he needed or most of it in the lumbercamps themselves in the time-honoured way:

> Oh yes, I learned 'em all in the lumberwoods, see? In the lumbercamps y'know, we'd go in the lumbercamps and there'd be always so many there that could sing and that liked to sing. Be, we'd usually get together night time and somebody'd sing a song and if he was one that I didn't know I'd want to learn it and he'd sing it over probably five or six times while we'd be there. Well I'd know it then, I'd learn it in that length o' time....that's the way I learned it, yeah. After he'd sing it over probably five or six times I'd know it then, y'know. It wouldn't take me sometimes only three or four times if he was a short song. After I'd hear it three or four times I'd know it....whatever tune he'd sing it to that's what I'd use, see... when you'd hear the song sung once you'd know the tune then. I mean the tune'd be there then. You wouldn't have no difficulty with that.[21]

As far as one can tell, in the lumberwoods songs were not very often circulated in printed form. If not by word of mouth transmission then they tended to be passed on by being written down for one singer by another in the manner described by Frank Blake:

> I learned songs from other people. If I did'nt hear 'em sing 'em enough times and heard that the camp was soon going to close down now, well I would get what I did'nt know, I'd get written down see, get him to recite it and I write it down so that I could learn the rest of the song. The same thing is true of course, I wrote off a lot of songs that I knew for other people.[22]

In similar fashion Hubert West and Jabez Preston learned songs from their workmates while songmakers like Stan Pinsent and William Parsons passed on written copies of their own

compositions to other men in the lumbercamps. Woods repertoire was continually expanded by songs brought in each season from the loggers' home communities and of course, the chain of transmission worked the other way as well with songs picked up in the woods being performed at community concerts and especially at the informal house visits that took place during the Christmas season. Within this process, as Bill White observed, the practice of committing the words of songs to paper was really no more than a logical extension of the oral tradition:

> Sometimes if you had one you wanted to hear over again you'd ask them to sing it, y'know. You'd name it and ask them to sing that one in the woods....Somebody'd come there and sing a new one you never heard before you'd want to hear sung over a few times, y'know....If 't'was a real, if 't'was a song that I wanted real bad and I was sure I wouldn't get it, he'd write it down for me if he could write y'know, and if he wouldn't he just word it out and I'd write it down myself y'see. He'd just tell me the words I'd forget. I'd know most of it but if there was some, a verse I couldn't remember he'd go over it and I'd write it down. Not very many I had to write down. I just learned the most of 'em from memory, y'know.... If a guy came along here now to the house and we ask him to sing a song and he sung the song and I never heard 'en before, probably that would be the one that I'd write down 'cause he might be only here for one night or something and before he leave I'd get the paper and pencil and write that song down. I did learn several like that, y'know.[23]

Sandy Ives has suggested that a good picture of the Maine lumberwoods repertoire could be obtained by reading through any of the standard collections of folksongs from the Maritimes[24] and I suggest that much the same could be said for the lumbercamp tradition in this part of the world. With the

exception of Maud Karpeles' Folksongs From Newfoundland, any of the other major collections of Newfoundland folksongs would give a reasonably accurate impression of the type of songs that were sung in the lumberwoods here.[25] Bearing in mind the comments made in chapter 2 and the fact that these collections do not provide a representative sample of popular songs or bawdy material, the mix of imported ballads from the British Isles, American and Canadian songs and indigenous Newfoundland pieces that their pages contain is probably close to that which one might expect to find in the woods. Another way of trying to reconstruct the wide range of songs that we might expect to find in the Newfoundland lumberwoods is to take the individual repertoire of one lumberjack singer. William White was born on the island of St. Brendan's off Newfoundland's northeast coast in 1912. Less than two years later his parents moved to the small Bonavista Bay community of Cull's Harbour, a place he has called home ever since. By the age of fifteen, Bill found himself working in the lumberwoods of central and northeastern Newfoundland and thereafter he spent a lifetime chopping, teaming and driving. From the outset he took an interest in singing and songs and avidly learned new material to perform whenever he went to a different camp or worked with a different crew. In the later years of his life Bill has started to write down the words of the songs he can remember.

His repertoire is huge, one of the largest of the many hundreds that have been recorded throughout Newfoundland, so

in one respect it can be considered atypical. In another sense, however, it is highly representative for Bill performed all of these songs in the lumbercamps and learned the vast majority of them from other lumberjacks either in the woods or at home in Cull's Harbour. Here is Bill's own account:

After the first time that I went in the lumberwoods in 1927 I was interested in songs. I know the camp we was in now! I can almost name every man there was there and there used to be a lot of songs sung there and I was right interested in it then, only seventeen. Every song that I'd hear I wanted to learn it y'know, so I'd have 'en to sing when I come home y'know, at Christmas going round from house to house. That's all we'd do night-time, go in someone's house and as soon as you'd go in somebody'd say, "What about sing a song? Did you learn 'ere new song while you was away?" y'know. And that was our pastime in my time when I was a boy....if a fellow sung a real good song you'd keep at 'en to sing it over again, y'know. Used to sing it over twenty times probably but I used to only want to hear a song a couple o' times and I knew it see?
I wrote off a hundred and six now from memory, y'know. I never took neither one of 'em out of a book. All what I could remember from the lumbercamp days....Now those songbooks with all the songs in 'em , Gerald S. Doyle put out, I never bothered to write them down. I didn't put them, add them in with my songs because I figured they was, everybody know'd them. Everybody had the book and there was no need of it. Everybody had the book and they were too popular. You didn't want, I didn't want to use them over again because everybody know'd 'em and all of those old Newfoundland songs. After Gerald Doyle put out the book, three books he put out of Newfoundland songs, well I knew just about all the songs was in them books. But I didn't bother to write 'em down because they were too common y'know, everybody knew 'em and there was no need.

But those now I got here, those are the songs that I learned when I was a young fellow in the lumberwoods and then when after I retired there they come back to me and I started writing. I wrote down two or three and I carried on and on and I wrote down a hundred and six. And there's a lot of songs that I learned and didn't write down. Probably there'd be another hundred and six if I carried on writing 'em, y'know. Those were the most ones I liked what I wrote down.[26]

down.[26]

If we accept Bill's remarks about the songs in the Gerald S. Doyle collections and those songs that he learned and has not written down, then at the height of his singing career his repertoire must have numbered in the region of two hundred songs and displayed all the richness and variety of material that one would expect to find anywhere in the Newfoundland lumberwoods.

While Bill's repertoire encompasses a few lyrical songs, ("S.A.V.E.D." and "Green Grows the Laurel" are examples),[27] the ballad is the predominant form and most especially ballads derived from the Anglo-Irish broadside tradition. "The Briny Beach"(K19), "The Bold Hardy Pirate"(K29), "The Red River Shore"(M26), "How the Nightingale Sing"(P14), and "The Pride of Glencoe"(N39), are but a few of the many examples of material imported to Newfoundland from the British Isles that feature prominently in Bill's collection of songs.[28] The Child canon meanwhile is represented by a sole item, "Lady Margaret"(Child 77).

Bill had a particular fondness for native Newfoundland material and, in addition to the better known songs that he learned from the Gerald S. Doyle songbooks, he sang a number of lesser known local ballads such as "The Cornwall," narrating the government's supression of moonshine manufacturing on Flat Islands, and "George Alfred Beckett," the tale of a local man who fell upon hard times and stooped

to murder on the mainland of Canada.

Being of Irish descent himself and having a personal liking for comical songs, it is no surprise that Irish comic ditties and popular songs feature prominently in Bill's repertoire. He indicates that there was no shortage of such material in the lumberwoods.

Native American balladry, of which "The Dying Cowboy"(B1), and "When the Work's All Done this Fall"(B3), are examples,[29] are joined by popular songs excluded from Laws' syllabus like "Just Before the Battle Mother."

Finally, Bill performed a number of logging songs. As well as "The Badger Drive" and "Tickle Cove Pond," which both appeared in the Gerald S. Doyle songbooks, he has brought back to mind "The River Driver," a fairly obscure song,[30] and local lumbering ballads "The Twin Lakes" and "Gerry Ryan."[31] While the occupational songs such as these did not form a major part of Bill's repertoire, and indeed from a numerical standpoint were not dominant in the Newfoundland corpus as a whole, at the same time they are highly significant. They meant a lot to the men and they are important to the student of the lumbercamp song tradition. As we shall see, it is in songs such as these that we can most clearly see at work the relationship between the lumbercamp song tradition itself and the occupational context by which it was conditioned.

NOTES

[1]MUNFLA 85-087, 15.

[2]See for example Ives, Joe Scott pp. 390-393, Fowke, Lumbering Songs pp. 3-10 and Manny, Songs of the Mirimachi pp. 15-19.

[3]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[4]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[5]G. Malcolm Laws, Native American Balladry: A Descriptive Study and Bibliographical Syllabus (Philadelphia: University of Pensylvania Press, 1964), pp. 146-160.

[6]See pp. 38-42.

[7]Edward D. Ives, Lawrence Doyle: The Farmer Poet of Prince Edward Island (Orono: University of Maine Press, 1981), p. 249.

[8]MUNFLA 85-087, 11.

[9]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[10]For a discussion of the traditional ballad in Newfoundland see Colin Quigley, "The Child Ballad as Found in Newfoundland: A Survey," Culture & Tradition, 5 (1980), 16-32.

[11]MUNFLA 85-087, 24. This is Child #77, see Francis James Child, The English and Scottish Popular Ballads 5 vols. (1882-98; rpt.New York: Dover, 1965). North American versions of the ballad are described in Tristram P. Coffin and Roger de V. Renwick, The Traditional Ballad in North America, 3rd.ed. (Philadelphia: University of Pensylvania Press,1963).

[12]For example Sandy Ives has suggested that "The so-called Child ballads were, with only a few exceptions, almost non-existent in woods tradition." Joe Scott p. 390.

[13]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[14]MUNFLA 85-087, 23.

[15]MUNFLA 85-087, 22.

[16]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[17]For a discussion of the role of the electronic media in Newfoundland folksong tradition see Michael Taft, A

Regional Discography of Newfoundland and Labrador, 1904-1972 (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1975).

[18]For an account of the presentation of Newfoundland folksongs in popular printed format see Paul Mercer and Mack Schwackhammer, "The Singing of Old Newfoundland Ballads and a Cool Glass of Beer Go Hand in Hand," Culture & Tradition, 3 (1978), 36-45.

[19]Old Time Songs of Newfoundland. 1st ed. (St. John's: Gerald S. Doyle Ltd., 1927).

[20]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[21]MUNFLA 85-087, 21.

[22]MUNFLA 85-087, 22.

[23]MUNFLA 85-087, 24.

[24]Joe Scott p. 392.

[25]See references on pages 2 and 40.

[26]MUNFLA 85-087, 24.

[27]Other versions of these songs can be found in Leach, Folksongs and Ballads p.301 and Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 2: 454.

[28]Accounts of the appearance of these songs in North America are provided in G. Malcolm Laws, American Ballads from British Broadsides (Philadelphia: University of Pensylvania Press, 1957). The numbers accompanying the song titles indicate their location within this syllabus.

[29]These numbers are assigned in Laws, Native American Balladry.

[30]See the comments of Fowke, Lumbering Songs p. 203.

[31]Versions of these appear in Greenleaf, Ballads and Sea Songs p. 327 and Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 3:761.

6. LUMBERING SONGS.

As in other parts of North America, lumbermen in Newfoundland sang and composed songs about the occupation in which they were participants. The logging songs that appeared here can first be categorized as either imported or native. As was alluded to in chapter 5, a number of migratory lumbering songs appeared in Newfoundland as well as in those other parts of the continent where the forest industry flourished. Several such pieces have been documented in the publications of local folksong collectors.

"The Jam at Gerry's Rock" (Laws C1) seems to have been especially popular and appears in three of the major Newfoundland song collections.[1] Both Greenleaf and Mansfield, and Peacock, provide versions of "Harry Dunn" or "The Woods of Michigan" (Laws C14). Peacock's Songs of the Newfoundland Outports also contains "The River Driver's Lament," "Hurling Down the Pine" and "The Banks of the Gaspereau" (Laws C26). Greenleaf and Mansfield include "The Lumbercamp Song" and "Peter Hembly" (Laws C27), which also appears in a lesser known local collection entitled Ryan's Favourites.[2] Versions of all of the above can be found as well in manuscript or tape-recorded form in the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive. This facility also contains recordings of such well known logging songs as "The Shanty Boys," "The River Driver," "The Frozen Logger," "The Logger's Alphabet," and "The Fifteen

Foot Oar," or as it is better known, "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine" (Laws C2).

The imported lumbering songs that we find in Newfoundland are for the most part textually complete and show little variation from mainland versions of the same. Among ballads of the lumberwoods we find the same kind of plot stability that has been encountered throughout continental North America.[3] The most obvious textual variations are of a minor nature and occur under those circumstances where we might naturally expect to encounter them. There are, for example, substitutions of proper names, (Young Monroe's sweetheart Clara becomes Mary in "The Jam at Gerry's Rock"),[4] localization (St. John becomes St. John's in "The Banks of the Gaspereau"),[5] and the kind of linguistic confusion whereby "The Banks of the Little Eau Pleine" is translated in Newfoundland versions as "The Banks of the Little Old Plain" and even "The Banks of the Little Airplane."[6]

In songs of a more lyrical nature or "descriptive songs," as they have been dubbed by K.S. Goldstein, variation is somewhat more extensive.[7] This no doubt arises in part from the lack of a need for chronology in such pieces. Where integrity of plot is no longer an issue, the stanza itself often becomes the principal unit of variation with verses being added, omitted and switched around. The following is Bill White's version of "The River Driver," also known as "The River Driver's Lament":

THE RIVER DRIVER

I was at the age of fourteen when I first went on the drive,
In less than six weeks after Quebec I did arrive.
I fell in love with Molly, a girl caused me to roam,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

I'll eat when I get hungry, I'll drink when I get dry,
Get drunk whenever I'm ready, get sober by and by,
And if this river don't drown me it's on I mean to roam,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

I'll build my love a castle upon some mountain high,
Where she'll sit there and view me as I go marching by,
Where she'll sit there and view me as I go marching on,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

When I get old and feeble and in my sickness lie,
Wrap me up in my shanty blanket and lay me down to die,
And all the little small blackbirds will sing for me alone,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

I'll eat when I get hungry, I'll drink when I get dry,
Get drunk whenever I'm ready, get sober by and by,
And if this river don't drown me it's on I mean to roam,
For I'm a river driver and I'm far away from home.

Edith Fowke describes this piece, derived apparently from the English song "The Forsaken Girl," as "rather rare" and provides only the following fragment in her Lumbering Songs from the Northern Woods:[8]

I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry,
If the water don't drown me I'll live till I die.
If the water don't drown me while over it I roam,
For I am a river driver and far away from home.

Fanny Eckstorm gives a Maine version collected in 1926 in which there appear three verses. Two of them correspond fairly closely to Bill's stanzas one and two but they are separated by the following verse:[9]

Two bottles and two bottles and some was dreadful wine,
That you may drink with your true love and I will drink with mine,
That you may drink with your true love and I will drink alone,
For I'm a river driver and far away from home.

Another Newfoundland version from the Great Northern Peninsula features the "eat when I get hungry" stanza as a chorus repeated after each of the three main verses of which the second opens like Bill's but features a "preacher preaching for bacon as I go marching by."[10]

The well known "Hurling Down the Pine" is another descriptive song which recounts the day-to-day round of activity in a Northern lumbercamp. It clearly belongs to a general North American tradition of occupational folksong and as such has been found throughout the United States and Eastern Canada under a multitude of titles such as "The Shantyboy's Song," "Jim Lockwood's Camp" and "The Shantyboys in the Pine."[11]

Originating according to popular consensus no later than the mid-nineteenth century, this piece also made its way to Newfoundland sometime prior to 1920 and, despite the scarcity of pine in the province's lumberwoods, appears to have gained widespread popularity. Indeed, the versions of the song found here parallel very nicely many of the oral accounts of the daily and yearly work routines of Newfoundland lumberjacks. The following version collected by K.S. Goldstein and Margaret Bennett from southwestern Newfoundland

is typical. Like most local versions of the song it varies somewhat in length and content from those found elsewhere but contains what seem to be the most stable elements in this song wherever it appears: the familiar "Come-all-ye" opening stanza and the "Snap, crack, goes my whip" verse which was apparently borrowed from the English music-hall song, "Jem the Carter Lad."

HURLING DOWN THE PINE

Come on all ye jolly good fellows, come listen to my song,
It's all about the lumber-boys and how they get along;
They're a crowd of jolly good fellows as you may ever find,
Here's how they spend their winter months in hurling down the pine.

At four o'clock in the morning, our boss he would shout:
"Arise oh ye teamsters, it's time that ye are out."
These teamsters they get up all in a frightened way,
"Oh where is my shoes, pants, my socks they've gone astray."

The next gets up is the choppers, their socks they cannot find.
They blame it on the teamsters and swears with all their mind;
Some other man might have them on and he being very near,
We'll pass it off all as a joke and have a hearty cheer.

Six o'clock is breakfast and every man is out,
And every man if he's not sick he's sure to be on the route;
Oh, you should hear those axes ring until the sun goes down.
Hurray my boys, the day is o'er, to the shanty we are bound.

We all arrived at the shanty, cold hands and wet feet,
We then pull off our larrigans, our suppers for to eat;
We'll sing and dance till nine o'clock, into our bunks we'll climb,
I'm sure those months they don't seem long in hurling down the pine.

There's the sawyers and the choppers to lay the timber low,
The teamsters and the swampers to drag them to and fro;
The next comes in is the loaders, all at the break of day,
Load up your sled five-hundred feet, to the river right away.

Snap! Crack! goes my whip, I whistle and I sing,

I sit up on the double sled as happy as a king;
My horse is always ready and I am never sad,
There's no-one so happy as the double-sledded lad.

Springtime will roll around, our boss he will say:
"Heave down your saws and axes, boys, and help to clear the way;
The floating ice it is all gone and business has arised;
Two hundred able bodied men are wanted on the drive."

Springtime will roll around and glad will be the day
When fellows who left their girls at home, they wander back that way
And now my song is ended and don't you think it's true,
And if you doubt one word of it, just ask one of the crew.[12]

It should come as no surprise that if any logging songs were to have succesfully crossed the Gulf of St. Lawrence and endured in Newfoundland tradition, they would be songs such as the one above and those mentioned in the preceding pages. They were mostly common pieces with a fairly widespread distribution throughout continental North America. Furthermore, the lumbering songs that were imported to this province dealt with the subjects most prominent within the North American logging tradition as a whole: the lumberjack's daily work routine and the perils of his occupation, specifically the ever-present danger of death in the woods.

Ballads like "Peter Emberley" and "Young Monroe" have been characterized as pieces that typify the lumbercamp song tradition as it existed in North America in the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Stewart Holbrook's comments claiming "The Jam on Gerry's Rock" as the epitomization of bunkhouse balladry have already been cited in chapter 2. The same

ballad received far more extensive treatment by New England folklorist Fannie Eckstorm. Her account illustrates both the ubiquity of the song and the accuracy of its portrayal of the hazardous spring drive. It is typical of what she terms "Woods Songs of the Middle Period," that is, from around the turn of the nineteenth century.[13] "Peter Emberley" is without doubt the best known lumbering song in the Canadian Maritimes. Eckstorm pointed out that this ballad had been just as popular in Maine as "The Jam on Gerry's Rock." It was, she claimed, a perfect example of the type of "province-made" song which achieved widespread currency in the state after 1880.

Edith Fowke's research in Northern Ontario and Quebec also unearthed versions of "Peter Emberley" and "The Jam on Gerry's Rocks." Together with ballads like "Harry Dunn" or "The Woods of Michigan," they comprise one of the two dominant categories of material in her collection, devoted entirely as it is to songs about logging and lumberjacks. Ballads of "Death in the Woods" combine with what are principally lyrical and descriptive pieces devoted to "The Shantyboys at Work" to form two thirds of Fowke's entire corpus.[14]

The documentation of daily work in song is of course a notable feature of American occupational tradition, particularly as it relates to the lumbering industry and a number of writers have alluded to this fact. Robert Pike pointed out the proletarian character of New England logging

songs in his Tall Trees, Tough Men. They were, he observed, "about loggers as a class, not about individuals: songs of the white, snow-covered landscape, the tall black pines, the red-shirted crews of lumbermen going in to lay them low."[15]

Robert Bethke had much the same to say about locally composed bunkhouse songs in his more recent study from the Adirondack region. "Foothills loggers," he noted, "were immersed in the occupation that touched their daily lives....Accordingly, the thrust of their creativity in song reflected an overriding desire to chronicle woods work, events and personalities."[16]

In the Newfoundland woods the logging camp disaster ballads were joined quite naturally by songs of the lumberjack's life, songs like "The Logger's Alphabet" and "Hurling Down the Pine," in completing the repertoire of imported material. These two categories of songs were clearly plucked from the mainstream of the lumbercamp tradition in general. They were the most numerous and widespread forms on the American continent. Moreover, those that came to Newfoundland were among the most common of their type and importantly they enjoyed, by and large, considerable popularity in the Atlantic provinces and the New England states, the areas of direct culture contact between the island of Newfoundland and the rest of North America.

The vitality of the song-making tradition in Newfoundland is almost legendary and a substantial number of pieces which reflect the activities and concerns of woodsmen

in this province emanated from this same creativity, thereby adding material to the lumbercamp repertoire. While one or two logging songs like "The Badger Drive" and "The Twin Lakes" became well known throughout the island and even beyond, most of them were rarely carried beyond the general locale of the particular operations that provided their setting or of the home community of a song's composer or singer.

Moreover, Newfoundland's bunkhouse bards were not very prolific. I have not encountered, in this part of the world, a Joe Scott or Larry Gorman, someone who could truly be classified as a "Woodsman Songmaker"[17] and even gifted composers like Lemuel Snow of western Newfoundland or William Parsons and Stanley Pinsent from the northeast coast have tended to devote only one or perhaps two of their creations to their experiences in the lumbering industry.

A number of the indigenous songs are documentary in nature. They present accounts of noteworthy or out of the ordinary events that took place in the woods: a forest fire or a fire in one of the lumbercamps that took away a bunkhouse. "The Forester's Song" documents the departure of Newfoundland lumberjacks to serve in Second World War Britain with the Newfoundland Overseas Forestry Unit:[18]

THE FORESTER'S SONG

There came a call from o'er the sea for lumbermen to go,
To cross the briny ocean, to test the German foe.
Our wives and our sweethearts they did mourn as they stood on the pier,

Lamenting for the ones they loved and they shed many a tear.

I say now boys you are called upon to go and do your part,
As Newfoundlanders always did and we will make a start.
So cheer up boys and do your best while you are far away,
And you'll come back a credit to your countrymen some day.

It was for England in January from Bay Bulls we did sail,
On a liner bound for English shore we gave a hearty cheer.
The passengers did line her deck and on us they did smile,
Saying, "Here's the boys from Ferryland and some more from old Cape Broyle."

Not forgetting Witless Bay and Bay Bulls too likewise,
And bonny little Calvert sent forth her darling boys.
We're not forgetting Tors Cove and (?) in our song,
For they're the boys who did come forth to answer duty's call.

There's one who comes from old Fermeuse who says he's not afraid,
Young Thomas Tobin was his name, a fisherman by trade.
He bade adieu unto his friends as he left home that day,
Saying, "When I will return again, you will have in your hay."

The rest that stepped on board of her all hailed from St. John's town,
Commanded by Captain Turner who never wore a frown.
Saying, "I am going with the boys as I have done before,
To show the spirit of the men from Terra Nova shore."

There's Torbay too included who nobly did their part,
They left their sweethearts on the shore all with a broken heart.
We're not forgetting the northern men, the mainstay of our land,
The finest crowd of lumbermen that ever left this strand.

So now boys we are on our way to cross the ocean foam,
To cut the trees in Scotland before returning home.
So boys don't be downhearted while crossing o'er the main,
There's lots of girls in Scotland to cheer you up again.

Now we're gliding o'er the sea, the land is drawing nigh,
A sharp look out for German ships is watched by every eye.
So thanks be to kind providence, we've landed safe on land,
And we danced the Stack of Barley and stepped out on the strand.

Now we're seated on the trains, some heaved a heavy sigh,
The girls stood at the station as we were passing by.
They brought us lunch and gave us tea and took us by the hand,

Saying, "You're welcome to this country from dear old Newfoundland."

Our six months now are drawing near and soon we will go home,
Back to our wives and sweethearts, no more from them we'll roam.
(?).....may the heavens on them smile,
For they are too among the few that came from old Cape Broyle.

Other songs of this type recall a race held between team horses near Salmonier, St. Mary's Bay and the time a bunkhouse practical joker in central Newfoundland tampered with his colleague's makeshift urinal.[19] The most recent Newfoundland logging songs document the greatest controversy in the province's forest history, the infamous I.W.A. strike of 1959 and the events associated with it.[20] The activities of the chief protagonists, premier Joey Smallwood and rival union leaders Maxwell Lane and Landon Ladd, are recorded as well as events like the Badger riots which culminated in the death of constable William Moss. Kenneth Peacock recorded two songs which view the strike from an anti-union standpoint while pieces collected elsewhere adopt an opposite position.[21] Consistent again with North American occupational tradition in general and with the tradition of industrial protest songs in particular, several songs related to the I.W.A. strike are parodic in nature.[22] The following parody of the well known children's rhyme was noted in a rather surprising location, the March 26th, 1966 issue of The Muse, a Memorial University students' newspaper:

This old man Landon Ladd,

He drove Joey Smallwood mad.
With a knick-knack paddy whack,
Give the dog a bone,
Joey's driving the loggers home.

Another union song from Pilley's Island is modelled on the religious piece "S.A.V.E.D." which was so popular throughout the province.[23] Meanwhile, a folklore undergraduate student in St. John's recorded the following "Davy Crockett" parody from Heart's Content:

Born on a table top in Joey's cafe,
Dirtiest place from here to Santa Fe.
Killed a man when he was only three,
Spent thirty years in the penitentiary,
Joey, Joey Smallwood, premier of Newfoundland.

Went to fight the union war,
The I.W.A. are here no more.
Landon Ladd is awfully sad,
But the rest of Newfoundland is good and glad.
Joey, Joey Smallwood, premier of Newfoundland.[24]

Despite the foregoing examples however, by far the greatest number of pieces composed in Newfoundland belong to what might be termed the "winter work" family of logging songs. These pieces, hybrids usually of ballad and lyrical forms, deal with the most commonplace features of logging, and songs similar to them can be found all across North America.

In discussing one such song, Sandy Ives established the genre as one which was traditional in the New England woods (see above, p.39). His Suthin is an extreme example of the so-called "moniker" form of poetry commonly found in

occupational folksongs. As the author notes, in this particular case we find a list of names(over a hundred actually) with brief remarks about each one. Many winter work songs are like this in Newfoundland as elsewhere and while most feature the names of only a few individuals, some seem to have been written with no other purpose in mind than to provide some kind of permanent record of the make-up of a work crew or, at least, of a group of buddies within the crew.

In this province though, the majority of these songs describe both the working lives of the lumbercamps and the individuals who participated in their everyday affairs. They concentrate upon matters that are of direct concern to the lumbermen themselves: the quality of their working conditions, particularly of their food, the price being paid for wood and, often in Newfoundland, the arduous trek across miles of rough country which was undertaken by many of the men as a preliminary to the cutting season.

The following example was recorded from Samuel Button of Silver Fox Island, Bonavista Bay. It tells of the work to establish Bowater's logging operations in Indian Bay, the construction of camps 1 to 3 and the roads connecting them, and finally the first winter's cutting. The quality of food and pay (40, 48 and 52 cents per cord) is remarked upon and a number of people are mentioned: Dooley, one of the camp foremen, J.H. a cook from Greenspond, Bonavista Bay and the boys from Cape Freels who, if the song is to be believed,

were particularly good at their work.

THE INDIAN BAY SONG

Come all ye men of Newfoundland who work at Indian Bay,
While I the truth to you explain, a kind attention pay.
In 1920 it first began, close by a water side,
To build a mess-house and a store was first the labourers tried.

To build a stable and a shed, it was the company's plan,
They then drove on a portage road, go in across the land.
We went three miles from the camp, we start at number one,
And all at once the work commenced and soon the job was done.

We then drove on a portage road with some of our crew,
And by the brook a place we took to build up number two.
We then drove on a portage road the main river for to see,
Up there we found an alright place to build up number three.

And when the camp was built my boys, and all the work was done,
We then walked out the muddy road to finish number one.
The horses they are landed now on the plant at Indian Bay,
Grind up your double blader men, your landings clear away.

With bob-sleds made and main road chopped, make haste, make no delay,
"What is the rates those winter months?" the choppers they would say.
"There's fifty-two and forty-eight and forty so they say,
And on wet days you're lying up, your meals you'll have to pay."

There is a murmur in the camps who work at number three,
Five cooks have tried to please them, but still they can't agree.
Almost every day you'll hear the men are on the tramp,
And if you ask who passed by here, it's a cook from Dooley's camp.

We have good men from Cape Freels here who work with all their might,
From chop and swamp and swing a saw and drive a team alright.
Put in their time and pack for home as you may plainly see,
Some went away unsatisfied without their fifty-three.

Twenty-eight cents it don't mean much for lumbermen who come,
To eat the best of food that's served by J.H. number one.[26]

The Bowater logging operations in Indian Bay, conducted primarily by small to medium-sized contractors, gave rise to a number of similar songs. The following text of "A Trip up to Sixth Pond" was sent to me by Hubert West, a resident of Corner Brook. It describes the journey, on foot and by boat, of a small group of men from the Straight Shore coast to the interior of the Bonavista North peninsula and their fall season cutting in around Sixth Pond. In the opening verses we see a clearer example of the moniker format while the song shifts from a description of the difficult journey up to the woods to what seems to be the central part of the piece, a complaint about the quality of the boys' "chance."[27]

A TRIP UP TO SIXTH POND

Seventh of October the morning was nice,
We leave with our axes, our saws and our knives.
Going into six pond, the place we were bound,
For Hedley our second hand to take us around.

We got to the South West Pond, the wind about west,
We pushed off the boat and we leave Eli West.
Now Hedley says, "Boys, oh don't look behind,
Bend to your oars and we'll be there in time.

We got to the second pond, the boat she was there,
And young Allen Goodyear had to load her with gear.
We waited two hours, oh what a delay,
We got to the six pond the very same day.

We got to the six pond, the boat she was gone,
Now Hedley says, "Boys, we'll have to walk round."
Four o'clock in the evening we arrived at the camp,
Uncle Ernest Preston he lighted the lamp.

We got up next morning, our camp for to build,
And Charlie our foreman, he showed us the trail.
Got into the timber, sat down, took a spill,
Saying, "Boys, build your camp right under this hill.

Now this is your timber, it's not over poor,

I think around this camp you will get fifty cords."
When the wood is all cut in this little spot,
There's our young foreman is right on the spot.

Now where we are cutting, it's very good,
It takes all our time to get one cord of wood.
For the wood falls is thousands and the birches, you know,
But a little further along is a very good show.

Where we'll shift next, I don't hardly know,
He told us he would put us in a very good show.
But the best of my timber, I'll have you to know,
It will not be cut till a big fall of snow.

Now Christmas is coming and we'll have a spill,
We'll heave down our bucksaws and march out the trail.
Come back after Christmas for a couple months more,
Then by that time, our chop will be o'er.

And now to conclude and to finish my song,
I don't think I have said anything wrong.
With an axe or a horse, it won't take them long,
To haul out their wood out on the six pond.

One more example, a few lines of a song from Mrs Kathleen O'Quinn from the community of Lourdes in Western Newfoundland, shows the moniker style in its classic form and also provides one of the few references that I have come across to women working in the woods in this province. Unlike most, this piece refers to an operation cutting square timber, not pulpwood.

Ned Downey our foreman, a good one is he,
To inspect our timber and view every tree.
With a keen eye to note every flaw in each log,
And mark them as rotten with a piece of blue chalk.

Pad Brien is the sawyer, a good one they say,
Sawing upwards of two thousand per day.
The best of the mill crowd, no better you'll find,
With Jim Breen as pusher and his helper Pad Bryan.

To make up the number we must not forget,
There's Aloysius Phillpot and his father Jack.
Who with his good humour makes all things go good,

While a bunch of bold loggers are here in the wood.

Joe Kennedy the cutter, he is a fine boy,
From daylight till dark he makes the chips fly.
With a wink in his eye and a smile on his chin,
No wonder the girls in the cove fall for him.

The cook is a woman, well trained you may bet,
To keep the thing going with a table well-set.
With pork, beef and pudding, potatoes and beans,
To put up a good meal is no trouble it seems.[28]

In comments already cited about these types of songs, Sandy Ives has suggested that they functioned rather like the crew photograph, providing something for interested loggers to carry with them as a reminder of their winter's work and the friends who worked with them. That such was, and indeed may still be the case, was brought home to me by a little incident that took place during my stay in northeastern Newfoundland. Two former loggers, only partly at my prompting, were talking over old times and old colleagues at a local tavern. "And what about old Lazarus?" one asked. "Yes bye," said the other, "And he was well named too, just looked like he'd rose from the dead. 'Now in comes Lazarus, he's our second hand, He's goin' to boil the kettle with the axe in his hand. When the kettle is boiled, you'll hear him shout out, Now boys come and get it till I puts the fire out.' He used to love it when I'd sing that for him."

Elsewhere, Ives has suggested the importance of the broadside ballad form in providing a model for lumbercamp compositions. In his study of the life and work of Larry Gorman he concluded that

> during the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries there was a ballad-making tradition in the lumbercamps of the Northeast and Middle West, as the number and variety of ballads on woods work and river-driving attest. Obviously, there was a creative tradition, then. It is equally obvious that once a man decided to make up a song, say about a comrade killed on the drive, there was a prescriptive tradition that told him how to go about it. He could draw that is, on a large stock of commonplace lines, stanzas, plot situations, structures, moral attitudes and tunes. Historically we can show that this stock is a development within the British and Irish-American broadside (or come-all-ye), tradition.[29]

The presence within the Newfoundland repertory of many songs derived from Anglo-Irish broadside tradition is well known and local poets like Johnny Burke and James Murphy continued the tradition of writing and marketing songs in the broadside format. In the corpus of Newfoundland lumbering songs one does not have to look far for the residual influence of the broadside format. In his Native American Balladry, G. Malcolm Laws notes that "A come-all-ye stanza commonly used in the broadsides of the British Isles served as the pattern for many native ballads, particularly those of the shanty-boy."[30] This familiar type of opening verse is abundant in local bunkhouse compositions as a few examples will attest:

Come all ye hard workers and listen awhile,
Sit by the fireside and have a good smile.
It's all about working and packing in food,
Three dollars and eighty for one cord of wood.[31]

Come all you river drivers, come listen to my song,
I hope you'll pay attention, it won't detain you long.
Concerning of a shanty-boy without any doubt or fears,
That has rolled around those rivers for twenty-seven years.[32]

Come all ye sons of Trinity and listen unto me,
It's all about the time we subbed in North West Pond, Indian Bay.
Old Avalon had a message, informing us of the work,
Then we started on our way, the hour of twelve o'clock.[33]

In similar fashion, the "now to conclude" type of closing stanza and other formularized ways for bringing their songs to an end were adopted by Newfoundland lumbermen from the traditional models available to them:

Now to conclude and to finish my song,
I don't think I've told you anything wrong.
I wish you success and a jolly good time,
I think boys this song is well put in rhyme.[34]

And now to conclude, these words I will say,
We'll get a damn fright when we go for our pay.
For J----- N----- the devil, he knows how to charge,
And only for his J.P. he'd not be at large.[35]

And now my song is ended and all is put in rhyme,
I'll bid adieu to the lumbering woods, the pulpwood and the pine.
My parents reared me tenderly, I being their only son,
When I gets home, no more I'll roam and the lumbering woods I'll shun.[36]

Edith Fowke, citing the fact that the logging industry was slow to be unionized, has suggested that lumbermen rarely protested against working conditions in their songs.[37] While many Newfoundland winter work songs are jovial in tone and include compliments for kind-hearted foremen and good cooks, others publicize complaints with varying degrees of subtlety. As well as union songs to which we've already referred, the material that we are now dealing with sees grievances expressed over wages, food and "the chance."

The inability of the cook to adequately meet the dietary requirements of the men in the lumbercamps was articulately adressed in "The Indian Bay Song," which we have already seen. Stanley Pinsent of Musgrave Harbour coupled a graphic description of lumbercamp food with his dissatisfaction at the rates of pay in a composition entitled "Beans by Galore":

It was in the thirties, around thirty-five,
When the men who were loggers to the camps would arrive.
We would start off in May and end up in the fall,
Come home to our families with nothing at all.
And it was hard, hard times.

It was nice to find out the camp with good wood,
And also the cook if he cooked up good food.
In this we were lucky, our cook did his best,
For beans was the main thing, we could manage the rest.
And it was hard, hard times.

We would have them for breakfast, in the lunch boxes too,
And also for supper you might get a few.
But the beans they were thousands, they were there by galore,
Even the bucksaw would sing, "Come on with some more,"[38]
And it was hard, hard times.

Job Hunt who composed "The Indian Bay Song" was unimpressed with a rate of between forty and fifty-two cents per cord for his wood, but the composer of "Reid's Express," one of our earliest logging songs, was equally perturbed by the offer of twenty-three dollars for an entire logging season:

Twenty-three dollars is not enough for a bushman I am sure,
Twenty-three dollars for three months and twenty-six for four.
You'll sweat and toil from dawn till dark, you'll work just like a slave,
Your system cannot stand it b'ys, 't'will carry you to your grave.[39]

The problem of low rates of remuneration was exacerbated in Newfoundland by the sparseness and poor quality of the timber encountered by loggers in many parts of the province. Nothing was likely to upset a chopper more than having his sense of fair play offended by being frequently assigned to a "poor chance." Two of Newfoundland's better known lumbering songs are among several that dwell upon this theme. The complaints of those who subbed upon the "Twin Lakes" are mirrored in "Gerry Ryan," a song recorded from Bill White who was in the camp at Bishop's Falls while it was being composed:

GERRY RYAN

Come all ye young men that goes subbing,
And listen awhile to my rhyme,
Concerning two months I had subbing,
With a foreman, well known Gerry Ryan.

We first met the man on the journey,
Who promised us timber in store.
That's if we'd come up when he'd open,
And stay till the chop would be o'er.

We quickly complied with his wishes,
And joined him at old Bishop's Falls,
Being eager for work and employment,
Not thinking the wages too small.

We boarded the truck at the depot,
Our baggage went back in the rear,
But little we thought as we bounded along,
On the hardships we'd suffer up there.

We passed by pine camps and still waters,
Being laughing and joking the while,
And then with a bound, he brought her around,
And said, "Now you're up thirty miles."

Next morning we armed with equipment,
A bucksaw, an axe and a rod,
When to our surprise, what we saw with our eyes,

Were a bunch of scrub spruce on a bog.

It's hard for a man to earn money,
When nothing but scrub can be found,
And if you refuses a bad chance,
On scale-day you're sure to go down.

I find no complaint with the foreman,
I think he is honest and fair.
It is not his fault for like cattle we're bought,
And is yoked to a bucksaw up here.

So when you sit down with your sweethearts,
Your wife and your little ones small.
Just think of the chap that composed those few lines,
One day in the bunkhouse last fall.

And when you're asleep on your pillow,
No matter asleep or awake.
In nightmare or dreams you will always remember,
The hardships of Paradise Lake.[40]

Along similar lines Mike Brennan of Stock Cove, the composer of "The Boys at Ninety-Five," complained that

They signed me up to 'Ninety-five' with not a decent tree,
The wood was bad, the walk was long, 't'would almost break your heart;
The scaler he would come and say the wood was much too sharp.[41]

"Log Tops" is another song which complains of the difficulty of making good money in poor timber where

The logs are scarce and likewise they're small,
You're lucky to get nine or ten in a pile.[42]

As noted in chapters 1 and 3, the lumbering industry in Newfoundland came relatively late in the commercial and industrial life of the province. The domination of the fishery and related activities in the provincial economy and

the lack of any substantial population base in the interior ensured that a great deal of work in the forest industry was conducted on a part-time and seasonal basis. A large proportion of the work force in the Newfoundland woods comprised summertime fishermen from the outport communities, where woods work was simply incorporated into the existing pattern of occupational pluralism with its yearly cycle of seasonally based work activity.[43] There were very few full-time loggers in Newfoundland until the major structural and organizational changes of the 1960s fundamentally transformed the work force and residential patterns within the forest industry.[44]

These features of forest life here are nowhere more clearly portrayed than in the indigenous folksongs that stemmed from the occupational tradition. Collectively, the winter-work songs to which we now refer comprise a chronicle of the working lives of outport men who left their homes each fall and winter on the trek to the woods to supplement their other seasonally derived income. In short, logging provided an occupational context which is clearly mirrored in the cultural products which emanated from it.

This is most evident in the central prominence afforded in the song corpus to the journey in and out of the logging camps. The annual migration of outport men to and from the woods, over varying distances and types of terrain and using a variety of means of transportation, was in many respects the most interesting and memorable aspect of the loggers'

work experience. A number of the Newfoundland winter-work songs dwell almost exclusively upon this journey.

William Parsons' song "Lumbering Woods in the 30s" documents the exploits of a group of men from the northeast coast community of Lumsden going back to the woods after Christmas for the winter haul-off. Their destination was Indian Bay, some fifty or sixty miles from home, and the men and horses endured an arduous trek over difficult terrain which was dominated by the daunting peaks locally known as "Jacob's Ladder" and "Old Jingle."

LUMBERING WOODS IN THE 30S

In the year of 1936 the voyage was not so good.
We started off for Trinity to contract for some wood.
Calling on Chesley Davies and he gave us a block,
Then following Sam Sheppard, each man marked his lot.

At the dawn of day next morning we started to build a shack,
With stones, funnels and bucksaws all tied to our back.
Some had beef and butter and flour by the stone,
Matress, pillow, curbies, each man had his own.

We built our camps, also our barns, then each man drew a road,
Then all was given a turn to cook, our diet was hot dough.
We made our roads and cut the wood and piled it all around,
Then we went home and waited until the snow came on the ground.

On the 29th of December we decided for to go.
The ground was hardly frozen with very little snow.
We tackled up our horses and started on the flight,
We heard when we reached Lumsden South that the Goodyears left last night.

We beat across the country over gravel, rocks and mud.
Our horses they were white with frost and our sleigh shoes red as blood.
There were flankers from them as sparkles from a light.
We beat across to Valleyfield and put up for the night.

We started off next morning all at the sign of light,

Travelling up the Valleyfield Arm and took Salt Water Bight,
Then we crossed a narrow neck and over South West Pond,
Now we followed Granter's Road where we battered on.

The road was rough and weary with mud holes to our heads.
We passed by bogged down horses and parts of broken sleds,
For we thought we would never make it as the going did prevail,
When someone said that from Viner's Pond they had a new cut trail.

After hours of lumps and bumps and helping each other along,
We finally broke out of the woods and landed on the pond.
There we fed our horses and gathered for a lunch,
For it was badly needed for we were a tired bunch.

After lunch we carried on while moving with great ease.
We had not travelled very far when the smoothness soon did cease,
For when we took the new cut trail we all thought we were lost,
For I tell you it was equal to the Alps Napoleon crossed.

We were all that day going over stumps while cursing still went on,
By noon tide in the evening we came to North West Pond.
Then we travelled up the pond with a snowstorm to its height,
When we reached the other side we put up for the night.

We camped all night in the open air with no shelter overhead,
By daybreak in the morning we were nearly frozen dead.
Then we started for Indian Bay, all were feeling fine.
We met a man who told us Jacob's Ladder we had to climb.

When we took Old Jingle, describe it we never will,
Our turnips and potatoes went rolling down the hill.
We finally reached the hilltop, went downgrade to North West Pond,
There we sat upon our loads and the horses trot along.

Soon we settled in our camps and started pulling by the cord.
A few days of pulling wood and the next day to the store,
To keep our camp stocked up with food and our horses stocked with hay,
For when the pull was over we started for home next day.[45]

The journey just described is among several which have been similarly commemorated. "Indian Bay," "The Torbay Ramblers," "A Trip up to Sixth Pond," and "Reid's Express,"

are among the titles of other songs that deal primarily or exclusively with the trip out of or into the woods from various coastal communities throughout the province. One of the most interesting features of such pieces is the frequency with which they make reference to fishing or the marine skills adapted for use in the lumberwoods: boating, navigation and so on. The piece we have just examined is a prime example. Its opening stanza emphasizes the place of logging in the occupational cycle on the northeast coast by pointing out the supplementary nature of the income derived from it:

In the year of 1936 the voyage was not so good.
We started off for Trinity to contract for some wood.

In other words, the fishery that summer had been a failure and so the men went looking for work in the lumberwoods to make up their income. In similar fashion, "The Torbay Ramblers" relates how a group of East coast fishermen, dissatisfied with the price they were receiving for their catch, hauled up their boats and left home for the lumberwoods at Millertown.[46]

"Indian Bay" tells the story of a group of men travelling into North West Pond in the fall of the year. In this area, logging operations were conducted around a series of interconnected lakes and ponds, and boats were extensively used in transportation. A few stanzas will illustrate the definite maritime flavour in this piece:

Then we engaged Hubert Brown to take us across the arm,
And when we got to the Burn Sheep 't'was there we all sat down.
Said one unto the other, "How will we get to the plant?
We'll have to see George Russel, it is our only chance."

And when we walked out to the point, Ken Firmage we did see,
We asked if there was any chance to get to the company.
"I'd take you all across myself but I haven't got any gas.
You'll have to see George Russel, he has half a cast."

And when we got aboard the boat and started on the way,
One says unto the other, "Our passage we will pay."
Then up speaks Jabez Preston, "And what will be the price?"
"Around thirty cents, I guess, from the point unto the pier."

And when we arrived onto the pier, it was there we had no doubt,
For all the men on the room was anxious looking out,
And then we seen Eric Winters and asked him about signing on,
"I can't do nothing about it boys, I have no rig out now."

And "Oh," says Eric Winters, "I think you'd better go on.
The tractor's just about ready to go to the North West Pond."
And then we piled our luggage on and started on the line,
And some of us was walking and more got up behind.

And we arrived onto the scene, the first thing we did see,
The boat a coming with the skipper on board, right from the camp sixteen.
And when we walked out onto the wharf, the boat she came long-side,
And "Oh," says skipper Ches Granter, "Boys what, did you just arrive?"[47]

Perhaps the best example of the maritime element in these occupational songs, and a fitting conclusion to this discussion of Newfoundland lumbering songs in general, is provided by Stanley Pinsent's composition "The Gambo Way." Although it is a song about logging, or more specifically the journey to the lumberwoods, it has as much to do with fishing, sailing and navigation. The song tells of the year

the composer and a group of his friends went to the lumberwoods in the springtime to get a few weeks of work prior to the summer fishery. They left Musgrave Harbour to join the train destined for the logging region of Millertown, a journey described in detail by Walter Pardy in Chapter 3. Their preferred route by boat down Notre Dame bay to the train depot at Lewisporte was blocked by heavy spring ice and so they were forced to extend their journey by an extra day and steam into Bonavista Bay to take the train at Gambo. They went "The Gambo Way."

THE GAMBO WAY

The springtime it is coming, it is coming very soon,
When fishermen are busy all fitting up their rooms,
Fitting up their motor boats and engines putting in,
Preparing for the codfish that is coming in the spring.

Now for the fishery I'm not having much to say,
It was some time in April we said we'd go away.
We got a job with skipper Ches all waiting for the call,
He was supervisor on the road that was going through Noel Paul.

Now by the ice conditions in going Lewisporte way,
Our time it was a limited all on the sixth of May.
We went to see the skipper and those words to Ben did say,
"You'd better try Jim Tippet and we'll go the Gambo way."

We'll go the Gambo way, we'll go the Gambo way,
You'd better try Jim Tippet and we'll go the Gambo way.

We had a jolly crew of men as you may understand,
There was Charlie Chaulk and Joseph Coles, the worst was in the gang.
For when you're in their company all things goes very good,
They're sure to go down under and eat up all the food.

I'm a little forward in my song, there's something else I'll say,
We called into Fair Islands, took a pilot for Hare Bay.
The old Coaker gave no trouble, she hurled us up that day,
But the best of all some of the boys threw Gordon's cup away.

At four o'clock next morning, we joined the speedy train.
We said goodbye to Gambo and welcomed Notre Dame.
We're trusting to the A.N.D. although the pay is low,
But we hope they will do better as the years do come and go.

We came the Gambo way, we came the Gambo way,
And now we don't feel sorry because we came the Gambo way.[48]

"The Gambo Way" is typical of many of the Newfoundland lumbering songs. First of all, it is about work and the men who did it. It employs the moniker style to single out five workers in particular. In part the song was clearly aimed at these men and written for them. But it was written for others too. Most of the men in Musgrave Harbour and nearby communities had worked at one time or another in the lumberwoods. They had lived the experience described in the song or something close to it. The song in fact was first performed not in a lumbercamp, but at a concert in the Loyal Orange Lodge in Musgrave Harbour itself. In its references to fishing and the sea and in its focus upon the journey into the woods, "The Gambo Way" gives us a realistic picture of the place of the logging industry in the occupational life of Newfoundland.

[20]See above, pp. 18-22.

[21]Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 3: 755-6.

[22]For an excellent discussion of parody in folksongs and especially in labour songs see Peter Narváez, "The Folk Parodist," Canadian Folk Music Journal 5 (1977), 32-7.

[23]MUNFLA 78-132.

[24]MUNFLA 66-15.

[25]Ives, Suthin p. 93.

[26]MUNFLA 85-087, 8.

[27]For a discussion of the "chance" see above, p.56. For the song see MUNFLA 85-087, 11.

[28]MUNFLA 78-458.

[29]Ives, Larry Gorman p. 168.

[30]Laws, Native American Balladry p.69

[31]MUNFLA 85-087, 11.

[32]Composed by T.S. Synyard of Sunnyside and reprinted in Smallwood, The Book of Newfoundland 1:472.

[33]MUNFLA 78-318.

[34]MUNFLA 85-087, 11.

[35]MUNFLA 78-458.

[36]Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 3:758.

[37]Edith Fowke, "Labour and Industrial Protest Songs in Canada," Journal of American Folklore 82 (1969), 34.

[38]MUNFLA 85-087.

[39]Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 3:758.

[40]MUNFLA 85-087, 22.

[41]Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 3:746.

[42]MUNFLA 69-43, c.795.

[43]See John Mannion, Point Lance in Transition: The Transformation of a Newfoundland Outport (Toronto: McClelland

NOTES

[1]Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 2:454, Greenleaf and Mansfield, p. 331; and Leach, p. 256.

[2]M.P. Ryan, Ryan's Favourites: Old songs of Newfoundland (Colliers, Nfld: M.P. Ryan, 1957).

[3]See Laws, Native American Balladry pp. 146-60. For a study of one particular lumbering ballad, see Eckstorm, Minstrelsy pp. 176-98.

[4]Leach, p. 256.

[5]Peacock, Songs of the Newfoundland Outports 3: 744.

[6]MUNFLA 78-236, 78-313.

[7]Kenneth S. Goldstein, Folksong, module in the Folk Literature series, ed., L.G. Small, Folklore/Folklife Educational Series, Vol. 4 (St. John's: Breakwater Books, 1983),4.

[8]Fowke, Lumbering Songs p. 203.

[9]Eckstorm, p. 61.

[10]MUNFLA 68-40, c.538.

[11]Representative samples can be found in Eckstorm, pp. 25-7; Fowke, Lumbering Songs pp. 34-6; Beck, Lore pp. 100-7; Rickaby, Ballads and Songs pp. 69-75 and William M. Doerflinger, Songs of the Sailor and Lumberman (New York: MacMillan, 1972), pp. 210-11.

12Goldstein, Folksong p. 5.

[13]Eckstorm, pp. 75-132.

[14]Fowke, Lumbering Songs pp. 25-92, 95-156.

[15]Pike, p. 148.

[16]Bethke, p. 68.

[17]See Ives, Joe Scott and Larry Gorman.

[18]See above, pp. 14-15. This version of the song was collected by Andrew O'Brien in Cape Broyle. MUNFLA 68-16, c. 492.

[19]MUNFLA 71-121, 78-132.

and Stewart, 1976) pp. 22-49.

[44]This is treated very thoroughly in Peters, "The Social and Economic Effects."

[45]MUNFLA 85-087, 3.

[46]MUNFLA 66-25.

[47]MUNFLA 78-318.

[48]MUNFLA 85-087, 9.

7. THE TRADITION IN PERSPECTIVE.

The isolation of this island has provided the theme for much of the province's literature and one noted historian has even gone so far as to label it "The historic curse of the Newfoundland people."[1] It may be surprising to some then that, given the physical and spiritual gap which has for so long existed between Newfoundland and the remainder of North America, the lumberjacks of the province have shared so much of their folksong tradition with their counterparts in the rest of the continent.

Perhaps the factor most common to the lumbercamp song tradition everywhere was the occupational context provided by the job itself. Although climatic conditions were different and Newfoundland timber was stunted in growth and difficult to get at, and despite the fact that the Newfoundland forest industry was based almost exclusively on pulpwood production, the same jobs still had to be done. Here as elsewhere, swamping, chopping, teaming and driving were the principal tasks of the woodsman. Moreover loggers in Newfoundland shared the same concerns as their mainland counterparts. They were preoccupied with getting paid and fed and with coexisting with the other men in their camp. Finally, lumbercamp singing throughout North America took place in similar if not identical circumstances. The bunkhouses and the singing sessions depicted and described in chapters 3 and 4 look and sound like those of Maine, New Brunswick and

Northern Ontario.

Beyond this, the bunkhouses of Newfoundland lumbercamps had much in common with others in terms of the repertoires of the singers that dwelt within them. The same kinds of songs were sung in similar proportions. The remarkable degree of culture contact that did exist between Newfoundlanders and their North American neighbours ensured that occupational songs from the common stock migrated here as well. Indigenous logging pieces dwelt upon similar themes, particularly the winter's work and the composition and conduct of the crew, and were descended in some respects from the broadside balladry of the nineteenth century. Although the Irish element was perhaps not so predominant in the Newfoundland woods, we know that a common Anglo-Irish heritage unites the general singing tradition of the entire northeast and, to a lesser degree, the rest of North America as a whole. It was material from this deep store and songs modelled thereupon that formed the core of the lumbercamp repertory.

In spite of these shared characteristics though, the lumbercamp singing tradition in Newfoundland was different in some ways. Quite obviously, the forest industry in Newfoundland was developed at a much later date than it was in the rest of North America so they were singing in the bunkhouses of Maine, New Brunswick and Ontario at a much earlier date than they were here. Conversely, the 1930s and 40s, the years during which lumbercamp singing in

Newfoundland was at its peak, were the years during which the tradition was dying out in most of North America.

Fanny Eckstorm observed that the logging songs were fast dissappearing from the Maine lumberwoods in 1927 and Sandy Ives' observations in Joe Scott would support this view.[2] In similar vein, Robert Pike suggested that lumbercamp singing had started to disappear in the eastern U.S. after the First World War and he attributed the blame to the advent of the phonograph and radio combined with the heavy recruitment of workers from northern and eastern Europe.[3] In Canada, Donald MacKay claimed that lumbercamp singing was gone by the 1940s, driven out by the radio and the availability of motorized transportation.[4] Stewart Holbrook wrote in 1938 that occasionally a French Canadian could be heard singing but "As for the English speaking logger, his voice was all but stilled when the radio came."[5]

Most of our accounts of lumbercamp singing stem from the very period that these writers are referring to and the tradition continued here into the 1950s. The forest industry in this province was slow to change and the traditional methods of logging and organizing the work were still very much in place by the time of the I.W.A. strike.
Donald MacKay has suggested that prior to the 1960s pay and conditions in the Canadian forest industry in general gradually became worse from west to east.[6]

The eventual demise of lumbercamp singing here may well be attributable in part to the widespread introduction of the

radio and other forms of electronic media to the bunkhouses of the province. However, comments such as those of non-singers like Lloyd Cuff and Clayton Loughlin suggesting the peaceful coexistence of the radio and traditional singing, and those of singers like Frank Blake and Bill White who incorporated songs learned from the radio and phonograph into their repertoires, suggest that this may not have been so important a factor.

Perhaps a more basic cause of the decline is to be found in the drastic changes that took place in the system of manpower recruitment for the Newfoundland woods in the early 1960s. As previously noted, the absence of an urban population base in the Newfoundland interior led the major pulp and paper companies to recruit the largest proportion of their logging force from the coastal outport communities. Logging thus became a seasonal activity for men who combined fishing with other work. There were few full-time loggers in Newfoundland prior to 1960 and not many migrant workers who spent time wandering from logging centre to logging centre in search of employment.[7]

Most Newfoundland woodsmen hired on for a season's cutting or hauling, went into the woods and returned to their home town when their work was completed. In the majority of cases the work-site itself was a considerable distance from the logger's home and, in view of the lack of an adequate road system, most men were forced to stay in the logging camps for the duration of their working season.

This all changed after the I.W.A. strike. In the early 60s the pulp and paper companies embarked upon a complete program of woods road construction. In a very short period of time, the labour force in the industry was transformed. Loggers, fewer in number now, became commuters, travelling from towns like Glenwood, Grand Falls and Deer Lake, into the woods and then out again, on a daily basis. A new breed of full-time logger emerged for whom lumbercamp singing had become redundant.[8]

A brief comparison of Newfoundland lumbering songs with those of the U.S. and Canada reveals one or two areas of contrast. While the winter work songs in general frequently contain brief and matter-of-fact references to loggers going up to the woods, the journey to and from the forests does not appear to have received so much attention from mainland songmakers as it did in Newfoundland. "How We Got Up to the Woods Last Year" describes one journey but this trek, where a group of drunken loggers hired a rig to take them into the woods, was more memorable than typical.[9] "The Chapeau Boys" which describes a group of seasonal farm workers travelling the country en route to the lumberwoods is more like some of the Newfoundland pieces but songs such as this are not common.[10] Fanny Eckstorm provides a song entitled "The Old Chesuncook Road" which describes the Gilbert Road, a route used by automobile traffic to ferry men and supplies from Greenville, Maine, to Chesuncook Lake.[11] The song first appeared in print in 1922. I know of no Newfoundland pieces

like this but then of course motorized transport did not appear in the lumberwoods here until much later.

The Newfoundland songs do not include pieces about the drinking, fighting, courting and other exploits of loggers going into town during a break in their work. Songs like "The Backwoodsman,"[12] "Duffy's Hotel"[13] and "The Lumberman in Town"[14] can be found throughout mainland song collections but the types of places and events that they depict were not a feature of lumberjack life in Newfoundland. Most loggers here went home when their work was finished. There were really no towns here like Bangor or Rumford Falls which served as a home base for the lumberjacks.[15] Nor, as far as I can perceive, were there many instances of the insidious type of recruitment practices described by Sandy Ives in his biography of Larry Gorman.[16] Consequently one does not hear in Newfoundland of bands of itinerant loggers like Gorman's "Hoboes of Maine" nor the songs connected with them.[17]

Differences such as these, however, are small ones. Most aspects of lumbercamp singing and songs in Newfoundland lie squarely within the mainstream of the general North American occupational tradition. Not least of these was the fact, so eloquently conveyed by Norman Cazden,[18] that the logger spent most of his time singing songs about other than strictly occupational concerns. At the same time, it would be a mistake to regard Newfoundland as constituting a folksong region such as that of the Catskill mountains whose music, according to Cazden,

does not represent a regional culture or a regional variant of a larger culture stream so much as it represents a local outgrowth of a widespread occupational culture.[19]

Many regions of North America were developed entirely or in part because of their potential as lumber producing areas. The logging industry became a raison d'etre for human settlement. Failing this the exploitation of forest resources took place alongside the development of other primary industries like farming. In either case, forest life became a major component in the shaping of local culture. Furthermore, there existed throughout the lumbering region of the northeast, a large number of migrant workers who also served as the bearers and transmitters of folk tradition. Consequently, it is perhaps not surprising that regional folksong collections like those of Louise Manny and Fanny Eckstorm contain a large number of pieces related directly to the logging industry.

In Newfoundland the forest industry was developed very late in the going and almost by accident. The regional song tradition was firmly entrenched with an established repertoire and style to which lumbercamp singing had to accomodate itself. Consequently, the occupation of the lumberjack was perhaps never such a moulding force in the song tradtion here as it was elsewhere. Nevertheless, lumbering was important in Newfoundland and the lumbercamps provided a crucial context for folksong performance. The

bunkhouses of the province became a significant channel for the dissemination of folksongs of all kinds and the work of chopping and driving provided important topics for the creative impulses of Newfoundland folksong makers.

It is too early to attach to this region Cazden's bold generalization that:

> ....where lumbering and rafting were major occupations, perhaps the strongest element in the continuance of traditional songs and ballads on every conceivable topic and of every vintage and origin, for the entire area, was the singing of the lumbermen.[20]

However, further research may well lead us to draw similar conclusions for Newfoundland.

It is the need for such research which must be pointed out as we conclude. In the thought-provoking essay to which we have been referring, Cazden described one of the major problems in studying regional folksong traditions in the following terms:

> There are infinitely larger gaps in our knowledge than will ever be filled. Any conclusions drawn from available collections must therefore be extremely cautious and provisional, lest we overestimate the negative argument of silence. In brief, given the present state and the continuing conditions of folksong research, if a certain traditional song or form of a song has not hitherto been located in a given place, and even if it is never found there, we cannot state with certainty that it was unknown.[21]

It may well be that in the past, the negative argument of silence has been overestimated in Newfoundland. There was a lumbercamp song tradition here and one of no small

consequence. A great deal more is left to be learned.

NOTES

[1]Frederick W. Rowe, A History of Newfoundland and Labrador (Toronto: McGraw-Hill Ryerson, 1980), p. 504.

[2]Eckstorm, p.vii; Ives, Joe Scott p. 381.

[3]Pike, p. 159.

[4]MacKay, p.246.

[5]Holbrook, p. 142.

[6]MacKay, pp. 258-9.

[7]For an account of the position of migrant workers in the Candian lumbering industry see MacKay, pp. 218-27.

[8]This whole transformation is the subject of Peters, "The Social and Economic Effects."

[9]Fowke, Lumbering Songs p. 162.

[10]Fowke, Lumbering Songs p. 61.

[11]Eckstorm, p. 144.

[12]Fowke, Lumbering Songs p. 173.

[13]Manny, p. 76.

[14]Eckstorm, p. 96.

[15]For a description of towns such as these see Ives, Joe Scott pp. 15-33.

[16]Ives, Larry Gorman pp. 118-21.

[17]Eckstorm, p. 141.

[18]Norman Cazden, "Regional and Occupational Orientations of American Traditional Song," Journal of American Folklore 72 (1959), 310-27.

[19]Cazden, p. 314.

[20]Cazden, p. 327.

[21]Cazden, p. 312.

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Appendix 1. INDEX OF SONG TITLES