

STORIES, STORYTELLING AND
STORYTELLERS IN
NEWFOUNDLAND'S FRENCH
TRADITION: A STUDY OF THE
NARRATIVE ART OF FOUR
FRENCH NEWFOUNDLANDERS

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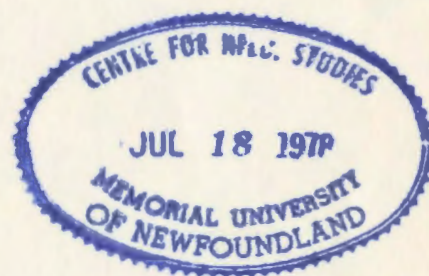
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GERALD ROWLAND THOMAS

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IN NEWFOUNDLAND'S FRENCH TRADITION:
A STUDY OF THE NARRATIVE ART OF
FOUR FRENCH NEWFOUNDLANDERS

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ABSTRACT

Francophone settlement on Newfoundland's west coast, part of the former French Shore, began in the latter decades of the eighteenth century. Acadians from Nova Scotia laid down roots in the interior of St. George's Bay, in the region of the present day communities of Stephenville and St. George's. They were followed throughout the nineteenth century by a trickle of fishermen from France and St. Pierre, a number of whom were deserters from the fishery. These settlers, many of whom spoke both French and Breton, founded the present communities of Cape St. George, Mainland and Black Duck Brook/winterhouses. These communities are still primarily francophone today.

Between 1970 and 1977 considerable fieldwork was undertaken amongst the peninsula French, with emphasis on the collecting of folktales. In that period, several hundred variants of internationally known tale types were recorded, in both French and English.

This study provides a survey of the history of French settlement on the Port-au-Port peninsula, and an overview of the French dialect spoken there. These are supplemented by a discussion of fieldwork techniques and experiences, adding further contextual perspective, but also underlining the problems of collecting folklore in a foreign language.

Against this backcloth, the study focusses on the narrative art of four French Newfoundlanders: Mrs. Elizabeth Barter of Mainland, Mr. Frank Woods of West Bay, Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont of Cape St. George. In their different ways, the four narrators represent a little known aspect of storytelling tradition, the private or family context.

Before the advent of television and other forms of entertainment in the early sixties, storytelling, in the public veillée, had been the most popular form of entertainment during the long winter nights. In this context, storytellers performed with dramatic gusto, commanding the undivided attention of their audience. Their public performance was marked, in the actual narrations, by a careful attention to the details of their tales and fidelity to the repetitive nature of their stories.

In contrast to the public performer of former times, storytellers in the private or family tradition perform in a context which is not readily accessible to the collector. Once accepted, he is faced by the task of inducing reluctant narrators to tell their tales. They do not think of themselves as performers or storytellers in the manner of the older, public tradition.

When telling tales, they tend to limit their use of gesture, now considered old fashioned, and there is usually considerable interplay of various kinds between narrator and audience. Perhaps because of changing tastes, most private narrators neglect aspects of tale narration formerly held in high esteem in the public tradition. Details are omitted, short cuts are taken. Nonetheless, the large body of narratives recorded from the four storytellers is evidence of the continuing vitality of the family or private tradition. Folktales are still told, although the telling of them reflects changing tastes and criteria, an inevitable consequence of a changing society.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The late J. Killa-Williams was instrumental, during my undergraduate years at the University College of Wales, Aberystwyth, in awakening and fostering my interest in French dialects and, unwittingly, in French folklore. It was because of this interest in French dialects that I began to work with Herbert Halpert in 1966. Professor Halpert encouraged me, upon completion of my M.A. in Folklore, to study the traditions of French Newfoundlanders.

This thesis is the concrete result of his encouragement and guidance. I wish here to acknowledge most warmly his advice and direction as my thesis supervisor, and also his continued friendly concern for my welfare as a fellow folklorist.

For their critical advice I am indebted to Dr. John Hewson of the Department of Linguistics and Dr. Neil V. Rosenberg of the Department of Folklore. Their suggestions were invaluable in the preparation of this thesis. I must also acknowledge my debt to colleagues and students in the Departments of French and Folklore, who helped me clarify some of the ideas discussed in this study.

I gratefully acknowledge the encouragement and support of Professor Luc Lacourcière of the Université Laval; of Professor Frederick A. Aldrich, Dean of the School of Graduate Studies; Professor Iain A.F. Bruce, Dean of Arts; Professor Kenneth S. Goldstein, Head of the Department of Folklore; and Professor E. Roger Clark, Head of the Department of French.

I also thank the President and the Board of Regents of the Memorial University of Newfoundland who granted me the sabbatical leave which enabled me to pursue field work on the Port-au-Port peninsula in 1972-73. I am most grateful, too, to Mrs. Dallas Strange for her painstaking

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My wife and colleague, Mrs. Mireille Thomas, and our children, must have been strongly tempted to see in their husband and father a person obsessed. I am truly grateful for the understanding they showed during the preparation of this work.

There would have been no dissertation were it not for the French of the Port-au-Port peninsula. I am especially grateful to the people of Cape St. George and Mainland, to whom this study is dedicated. All of those I met and knew were generous with their friendship and help. They are too numerous to name individually, and I hope they will accept a collective word of thanks for everything they did for me.

I am most indebted to the four storytellers who are the subjects of this study: Mrs. Elizabeth Barter of Mainland, Mr. Frank Woods of West Bay, Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont of Cape St. George. It is rare to find so many good storytellers in such a small geographical area; they are four of the best, and they represent all the storytellers who have not been included in this work.

Finally, I owe a very special debt to Geraldine Barter. I am grateful for all the hard and often discouraging work of transcribing the many tape-recordings made with her fellow French Newfoundlanders. I am indebted to her for her patience, cooperation and friendship; without her willingness to talk about her people, their life and their stories, I do not think this study would have come near to doing justice to any of them.

CONTENTS

| | |
|--|-----|
| Acknowledgements | i |
| Introduction | iv |
| Part I--History, Language and Collecting | |
| 1 The French Shore: Origins and Evolution of Franco-Newfoundland Communities | 1 |
| 2 The French Spoken on the Port-au-Port Peninsula | 36 |
| 3 Fieldtrips and Collecting Experiences Amongst French Newfoundlanders | 70 |
| Part II--Storytelling, Storytellers and Their Stories | |
| 4 Introduction | 105 |
| 5 Mrs. Elizabeth Barter--Biographical Notes | 117 |
| 6 Mrs. Elizabeth Barter--Views on Storytelling | 134 |
| 7 Mrs. Elizabeth Barter--Performance and Style | 153 |
| 8 "Uncle" Frank Woods--Biographical Notes | 181 |
| 9 "Uncle" Frank Woods--Tale Transmission, Belief and Narrative Style | 202 |
| 10 Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont--Biographical Notes, the Storytelling Context and Television | 224 |
| 11 Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont--Aspects of Their Performance and Narrative Styles | 251 |
| 12 Conclusion | 280 |
| Part III--The Tales and Notes to the Tales | 286 |
| Repertoire of Mrs. Elizabeth Barter | 288 |
| Repertoire of "Uncle" Frank Woods | 526 |
| Repertoire of Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont | 647 |

| | |
|---|-----|
| List of Tale Types | 778 |
| List of Motifs | 781 |
| Appendix I: A Note on the Literature of Performance | 804 |
| Appendix II: A Note on the Informants' Repertoires | 809 |
| Bibliography | 813 |

MAPS

| | |
|---|------|
| The Maritime Provinces of Canada | vi |
| Port-au-Port Peninsula and St. George's Bay | viii |
| France | 3 |
| Brittany | 8 |

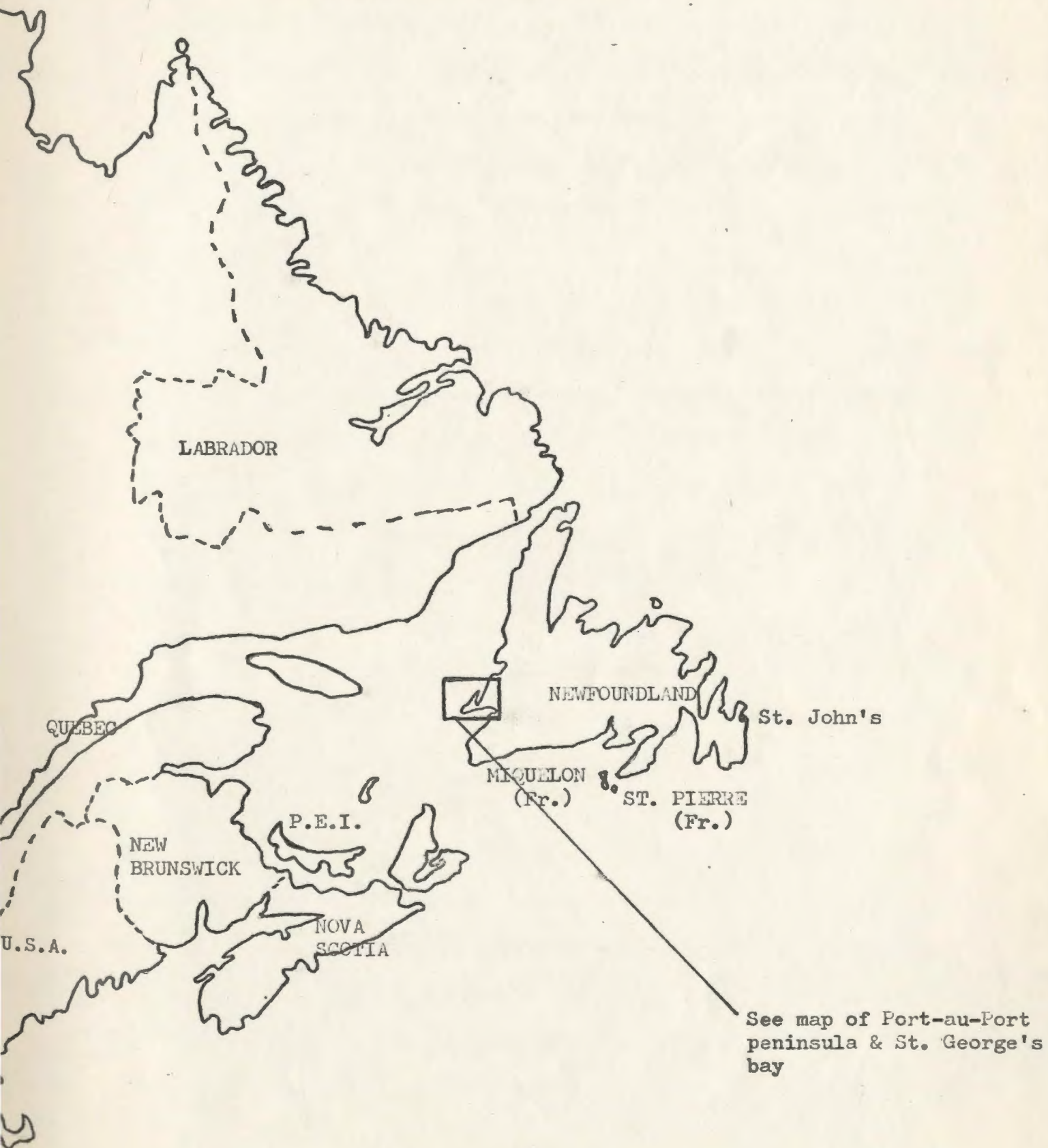
INTRODUCTION

The French speaking enclave of Newfoundland, some of whose members have provided the subject matter of this study, is situated on the west coast of the province. Historically, there are two groups of French settlers in the region. The first is composed of immigrants from the former French colony of Acadie, the modern provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Following the Acadians' dispersal by the British in 1755, a number began to move to the interior of St. George's Bay, and the present communities of Stephenville, Stephenville Crossing and St. George's were settled in part or in whole by their descendants.

The second group of French speakers to come to this general area were metropolitan French, in the main fishermen from Brittany, Normandy, or the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon. They began settling on the Port-au-Port peninsula following the conclusion of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815, when France was once again able to enjoy the exclusive fishing rights on the so-called "French Shore" of Newfoundland which had been agreed upon in the Treaty of Utrecht, concluded in 1713 between Britain and France.

The French population on the Port-au-Port peninsula is composed of those few French families who were legally permitted to live in the vicinity of fishing bases, to watch over them in winter, and who eventually remained there permanently. This nucleus was augmented by deserters from the French fishery, and a trickle of Acadian families with whose daughters deserting fishermen could eventually found families of their own.

THE MARITIME PROVINCES OF CANADA

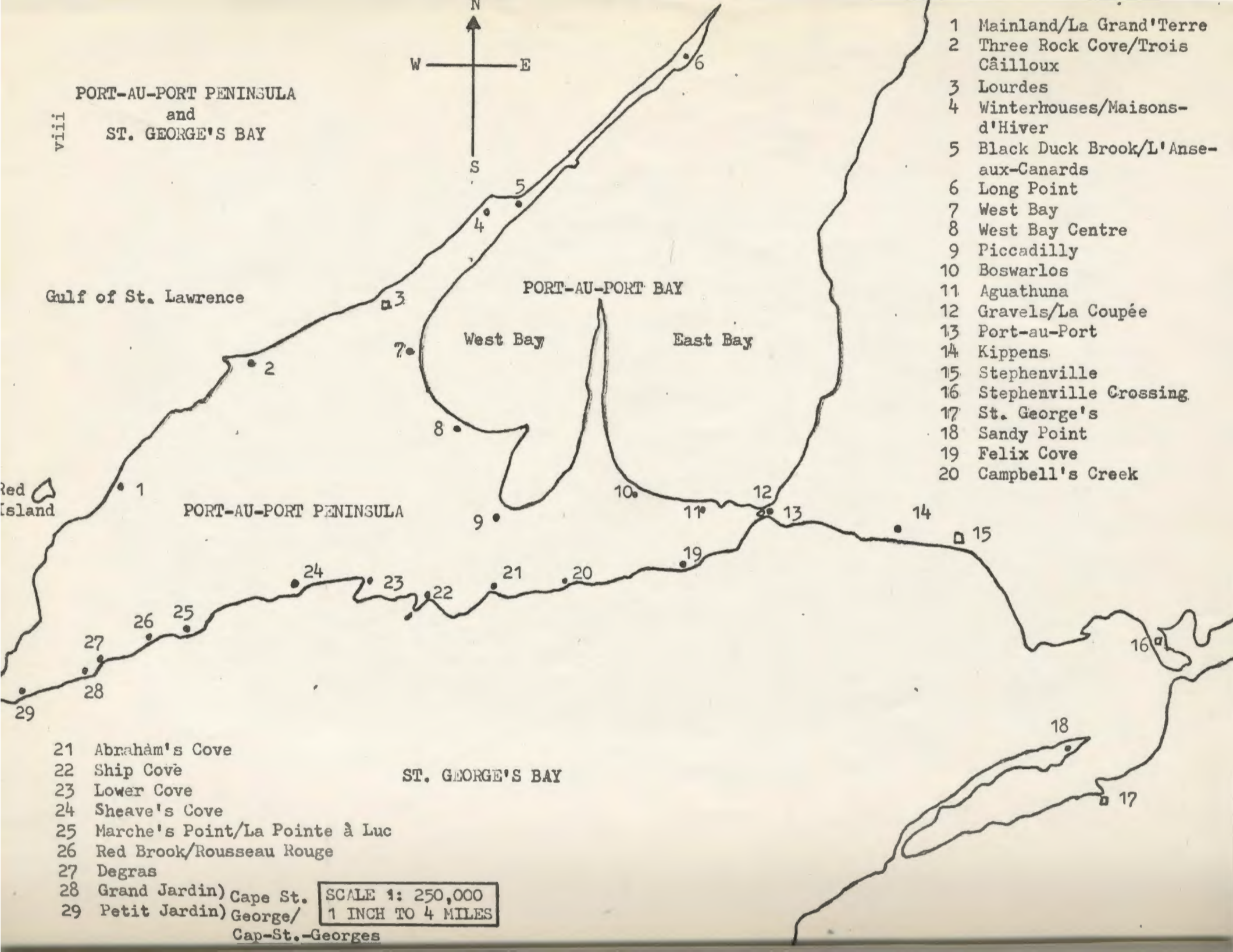


SCALE 1: 10,000,000

French settlements on the Port-au-Port peninsula are confined to a handful of isolated communities at its different western extremities. At the southwestern tip lies Cape St. George or Cap-St.-Georges, with its adjacent communities of Degras (sometimes spelt De Grau), Red Brook or Rousseau Rouge, and Marche's Point or La Pointe à Luc. The further one moves east from the Cape, the smaller the number of French speakers one encounters.

Some eight or nine miles north of Cape St. George is the community of Mainland or La Grand'Terre, itself situated a mile and a half from Red Island or l'Ile Rouge, an important French fishing base during the nineteenth century. Some twenty miles further north again, at the base of the Bar, an elongated spit running some ten miles in a north-easterly direction, are the twin communities of Winterhouses (Maisons-d'Hiver) and Black Duck Brook (L'Anse-Aux-Canards).

Although French speakers are to be found in almost every community on the Port-au-Port peninsula and in the communities around St. George's Bay, the only ones which can be considered to have French majorities are Cape St. George, Mainland and Winterhouses-Black Duck Brook. In the years since the first settlers put down new roots on the peninsula, there has been a constant admixture of Acadians from the St. George's Bay area, and while this has tended to produce a more homogeneous population, at least from a linguistic standpoint, considerable inter-marriage with anglophones and other forces working towards assimilation have prevented the growth of a distinct geographical enclave of French speakers. There are today from two to three thousand francophones on the peninsula, but it is difficult to be precise since many French speakers have refused to admit their ethnic origin, or that their



mother tongue is French.

Indeed, even those French speakers who use the language daily and are proud of their French background, will argue ruefully that their French is not correct, or that it is full of anglicisms, a view shared by many non-French speakers who disdainfully refer to the French as "Jacotars."¹

It is true that the French spoken on the west coast is dialectal, that it differs from international, educated usage in phonology, morphology and lexicon. It is true, too, that the French spoken in Newfoundland contains many anglicisms, but that is equally true of the French spoken in other parts of Canada and in France itself. The dialect is sufficiently different, nonetheless, to prove difficult for any French speaker not familiar with it.

Few Canadians, with the probable exception of some Acadians, are even aware that there is a French minority in Newfoundland, let alone that they speak a regional form of the language. Even scholars in such fields as linguistics, anthropology, geography or folklore have, until recently, almost completely ignored the research possibilities of the area.

The number of scholarly publications based on study of the French Newfoundland minority could, until within the last few years, be counted on the fingers of one hand. The French geographer Pierre Biays

¹ No satisfactory etymology of this word has been proposed, to the best of my knowledge. It is a still current pejorative term applied to the French. Folk explanations suggest it derives from "Jacques à terre," meaning a deserter, but the implication usually associated with the term today is that a "Jacotar" or "Jackytar" is the issue of a mixed French-Micmac union.

devoted a brief article to the economy of Cape St. George in a 1952 publication,² and the late John T. Stoker published a brief article on the French spoken in the general area in 1964.³ Apart from some field tape recordings made in the region by John Widdowson and John Hewson in 1964, now incorporated into the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive (MUNFLA), the only folklore research undertaken there seems to have been done by Kenneth Peacock, whose three volume Songs of the Newfoundland Outports, published in 1965, contained over forty folksongs collected from French singers.⁴ The paucity of published research on French Newfoundlanders until recent years is evident in a 1977 bibliography.⁵

Although this study is the first made of the French folklore of Newfoundland, historically it is only one in a long line of research on French traditions in North America that goes back to Ernest Gagnon's pioneering Chansons populaires du Canada published in 1865. Folklore studies languished in Canada from Gagnon's time until the First World War, although the discipline was in its heyday in France during the same period. There, scholars such as Eugène Rolland, Henri Gaidoz, Paul Sébillot, Emmanuel Cosquin, François-Marie Luzel and others were under-

² Pierre Biays. "Un village terreneuvien: Cap-St.-Georges." Cahiers de Géographie (Université Laval) I (1952), 5-29.

³ John T. Stoker. "Spoken French in Newfoundland." Culture 25 (1964), 349-359.

⁴ Kenneth Peacock. Songs of the Newfoundland Outports. 3 vols. (Ottawa: National Museum of Canada, 1965).

⁵ Geraldine Barter. A Critically Annotated Bibliography of Works Published and Unpublished Relating to the Culture of French Newfoundlanders (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1977), (mimeo).

taking the scientific study of French traditions. Representative works by these and other French or Franco-American folklorists mentioned in this brief survey of French scholarship are included in the Bibliography.⁶

Yet at the very time that folklore studies went into a decline in France, they began to prosper anew in Canada. There, prompted by Franz Boas, Marius Barbeau began collecting French Canadian traditions. Boas' encouragement of Barbeau was a reflection of the general concern of the founding fathers of the American Folklore Society, of whom he was one, for the French fact in North America. The Society published work by Alc  e Fortier on Louisiana French traditions in its memoir series as early as 1895. I shall return to Fortier later, but the concern for French folklore is shown especially in the many issues of the Society's journal between 1916 and 1950 devoted in whole or in part to French folklore from Canada and New England. Most notable of these were the seven series of "Contes populaires canadiens."⁷

During this period of intense activity in French Canada, French folklore scholarship, as noted earlier, was in decline. But the great French folklorist of the inter-war years, Arnold van Gennep, was a constant encouragement to those interested in the discipline, and it was he who prompted Paul Delarue to pursue his interest in French folktales.

⁶ I am of course stressing folktale study in this survey, and should point out that only the last three scholars were active in folktale collection and study; there was naturally much activity in other genres. For a good summary of folktale research in France, see Richard M. Dorson's introduction to Genevi  ve Massignon's Folktales of France (University of Chicago Press, 1968), in the series Folktales of the World, General Editor Richard M. Dorson.

⁷ Details of these will be found in the Bibliography under Barbeau, Lanc  t  , et al., in addition to other works mentioned or alluded to.

Delarue's research resulted in two major achievements. The first was a collection of folktales from different areas of France, Contes merveilleux des Provinces de France, under his general editorship, and the second, his analytic catalogue of French folktales, Le Conte populaire français.⁸

Delarue's catalogue is of particular importance, since it differed in many ways from earlier catalogues of tale types. These were often no more than terse lists of numbers and references. Delarue's approach was much more informative. After identifying each tale according to the Aarne-Thompson catalogue, he provided a representative example of the tale from French tradition. This was followed by a detailed analysis of the characteristic elements of the French types. A list of French versions with full bibliographic references and a summary of tale elements in each version, based on the initial analysis, was followed by a general note discussing the French tale in relation to its worldwide distribution.

In much the same way as van Gennep influenced Delarue in France, so did Marius Barbeau exercise a crucial influence on Luc Lacourcière in Canada. Lacourcière founded Les Archives de Folklore at the Université Laval, Québec, in 1944, went on to edit a notable series of publications under the same title, and undertook an intensive and extensive series of field collections in French Canada.

Lacourcière's fieldwork was not confined to Québec, which he covered exhaustively. He collected widely in the maritime provinces and elsewhere, even satisfying his ambition to collect in the Franco-Newfoundland tradition, when I accompanied him to Mainland and Cape St. George in late

⁸ Delarue did not live to see the completion of his great catalogue, but it has been ably continued by his collaborator and successor, Marie-Louise Tenèze.

1975, to visit some of my informants. In addition to his vast collecting, he has trained many French speaking folklorists from the United States and Canada, encouraging them to collect in their own areas.

During this intense activity as teacher and collector, he conceived the project of an analytic catalogue of French folktales in North America, taking Delarue's work as his model. The summation of his work is forthcoming, and will incorporate his own collections of tales, those of earlier collectors, some of whose work appeared in the Journal of American Folklore, and, in order to provide the exhaustive coverage of the whole of French tradition in North America required by his project, he will use material collected from enclavic French traditions.

By enclavic should ^{be} understood those often small but sometimes large geographic areas of North America where French people or French speakers are in a minority, usually surrounded by speakers of English. French Newfoundlanders are an obvious example of such an enclave.

The study of enclavic French folklore began with Alcée Fortier's publication in 1887 of folklore collected from French speaking Blacks in Louisiana. Research into the White francophone traditions in that state did not begin, however, until the 1940's, when Ariane de Félice and, especially, Calvin Claudel collected material there. They were followed by Corinne Saucier and Elizabeth Brandon, both of whom studied under Lacourcière at the Université Laval.

The existence of a rich tradition of French folklore and folktales in Missouri was brought to light by collecting undertaken in the 1930's. Of especial interest are Ward Allison Dorrance's The Survival of French in the Old Sainte Geneviève District (1935), which has few tales however, and Joseph Médard Carrière's remarkable Tales from the French Folklore of

Missouri (1937), the transcriptions of which remain a model for anyone attempting to write down dialectal forms of French.

Lacourcière's influence since 1944 has been critical to the study of enclavic French folklore. He promoted and encouraged research in Acadian French traditions, influencing both Geneviève Massigon and Father Anselme Chiasson, as well as the growing number of contemporary Acadians intent on studying their traditions. He taught Father Germain Lemieux, whose research in Ontario was very largely done in isolation. He has always encouraged my own collecting in Newfoundland's French tradition,⁹ which had been influenced directly or indirectly by many of the scholars whose work is referred to earlier.

I first visited Cape St. George in the summer of 1965, spending a few hours chatting informally with some of the local families. Between 1966 and 1970, while preparing an M.A. in Folklore under Herbert Halpert's direction, I had no contact with the area; but as he pointed out to me, academic qualifications made me a logical candidate to study Franco-Newfoundland folklore. The combination of French and Folklore was, at that period, unique in Memorial University.

⁹ Succinct summaries of the state of folklore studies in Franco-American tradition have been made by a number of scholars over the years. See in particular: Marius Barbeau, "Canadian Folklore," French Folklore Bulletin, IV, Nov. 1945, 21-26; Feb.-March, 1946, 86-90; June, 1946, 159-166; J. M. Carrière, "The Present State of French Folklore Studies in North America," Southern Folklore Quarterly X, 4 (1946), 219-226; Luc Lacourcière, "The Present State of French-Canadian Folklore Studies," Journal of American Folklore 74, No. 294, 1961; and Luc Lacourcière, Oral Tradition: New England and French Canada, Archives de Folklore, 1972 (mimeo).

One should also note the important contribution to creole French lore made by Boas' student, Elsie Clews Parsons, whose 3 volume Folk-Lore of the Antilles, French and English, includes one of the most important bodies of folktale annotation to have appeared. See Bibliography for details.

An additional reason to take up Halpert's challenge was that at least one scholar to visit the area had affirmatively declared that Newfoundland's French minority had "...produced no culture, either native to Newfoundland or handed down, and there seem to be little or no trace of folk-songs or folk-tales, arts or crafts."¹⁰

In early 1970 I made my first visit to the Port-au-Port peninsula since 1965, but on that trip it was official business which took me there. The then Head of the Department of Romance Languages and Literature, Professor C.S. Barr, had sent me to the area to acquire information on the teaching of French in local schools. I was able to make a number of useful contacts at Cape St. George, learning of potential informants. Two exploratory trips there in 1971 confirmed my impression that the community was a potentially fruitful one for folklore collecting, and I spent the best part of a sabbatical year, from September 1972 to June 1973, living and collecting folklore at Cape St. George.

Towards the end of my stay at the Cape I also made two short trips to Mainland, where I collected further material. But it was only upon the resumption of teaching duties in September 1973 that I was to embark upon what proved to be the most fruitful collecting of all.

A second year student, Miss Geraldine Barter of Mainland, a French Newfoundlander who was transcribing some of my tape-recordings, noted that her mother knew stories such as I had collected at the Cape. As a result of her observation, in November 1973 we drove to Mainland, and I began collecting folktales from Mrs. Elizabeth Barter.

¹⁰ Stoker, op. cit., p. 358.

Her repertoire is so large, and her views so interesting, that I still collect new tales from her at every opportunity. It was at the Barter home, too, that I met "Uncle" Frank Woods, and it was there, over a period of three years, that I recorded much of his story repertoire.

I had begun collecting the folklore of French Newfoundlanders expecting to bring my findings together in the present study. After a few months, however, it became clear that the stuff of several dissertations was on hand, and this did not include the collecting I had encouraged, since 1975, on the part of my own graduate and undergraduate students.

As a consequence, it became imperative to narrow the scope of the study, and I decided to concentrate on narratives alone. But faced, by late 1976, with over one hundred Aarne-Thompson tale types in over one hundred and seventy-five versions or variants,¹¹ collected from more than thirty informants, and not counting the unclassified types of narratives such as legends, jokes, anecdotes and memorats,¹² it appeared obvious that I should have to limit myself even further.

Although this decision was based on practicality, it left me with an uneasy feeling. After spending greater or lesser periods of time

¹¹ Reference is to the international tool of folktale scholars, Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson's The Types of the Folktale (revised edition, Helsinki: Academia Scientiarum Fennica, 1961).

¹² The memorat is a useful term coined by C.W. von Sydow to refer to the personal experience story. See Selected Papers on Folklore (Copenhagen: Rosenkilde and Bagger, 1948), pp. 73-74, 87.

living with my informants, I felt I was well on the way to acquiring a broad overview of their culture and way of life as a whole. To restrict myself to a small, well-defined topic would prevent me from faithfully presenting the broadest possible context in which to place the phenomenon of storytelling.

I tried to make up for this restriction by at least a preliminary effort to discuss a small number of storytellers in depth. To my satisfaction, I realized that such a study was actually making full use of the broad contextual data with which I had supplemented my folklore collecting. The background information I was able to draw upon enabled me to place my study of storytellers in a much fuller context than I had originally expected to do.

Earlier in this introduction, I mentioned the history of French Newfoundlanders, their language, and my collecting experiences amongst them. The first three chapters discuss each of these topics at some length, and provide in condensed form some of the necessary context for the discussion of storytelling which forms the major part of this study.

It will appear from the chapter dealing with the history of French Newfoundlanders that, contrary to other parts of eastern Canada, French settlement was not Acadian alone but included, especially on the Port-au-Port peninsula, an important Breton admixture. Any future comparative studies in Franco-Newfoundland folklore would have to take this into account, without ignoring, of course, the Acadian input. Together with borrowings from the anglophone majority, Franco-Newfoundland folklore may one day be seen as a fascinating example of multicultural mixing.

The chapter on the French spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula is largely descriptive of differences between it and the international standard. Since many of the narrative texts which are an essential part of this study are in this dialect, it seems advisable to outline its main features, for the benefit of any reader whose knowledge of the standard is adequate but who would have difficulty with non-standard forms.

I have included a fairly lengthy description of my collecting experiences amongst French Newfoundlanders for two reasons. In the first place, it may prove interesting reading to any future collector disposed to collect folklore from an ethnic group different from his own.

Secondly, a personal collection inevitably reflects the collector's character, illuminating his strengths and weaknesses, his successes and failures, his interests and biases, as much as those of his informants. Although a printed text may lack the element of interaction, the background provided by a description of collecting experiences should partly compensate for this lack.

A brief introductory chapter in Part Two of the study attempts to evoke storytelling as it is and as it used to be, and presents the storytellers and the kinds of tales they tell. Each of the four narrators has contributed in his or her way to my understanding of the narrative genres, but none has been as informative as Mrs. Elizabeth Barter, to whom three chapters are devoted. The first is biographical, noting amongst other things the factors which contributed to her becoming a storyteller. The second brings together her views on storytelling, and the third describes and discusses her performance and

narrative styles.

Two chapters are devoted to "Uncle" Frank Woods, the only male narrator included in the study. He is a particularly interesting subject. His background, detailed in the first chapter devoted to him is, in some ways, typical of many French Newfoundlanders of the older generations.

Of especial interest is that he tells all his stories in English, although he learnt them in both French and English. The product of a "mixed" Franco-English marriage, he grew up fluent in both languages, and as a bilingual storyteller must have been an important conduit for cultural exchange when working in the lumber camps and elsewhere.

The second chapter on "Uncle" Frank Woods discusses his views on storytelling, and in particular, his views on truth in narrative.¹³ They show that folk classifications are sometimes very different from those adopted by professional folklorists. The chapter also notes the ways in which he learnt his stories and examines briefly his storytelling style, often in comparison with Mrs. Barter's.

Two chapters are devoted to Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont of Cape St. George. They are taken together because I always recorded them together. Brief biographical notes precede a discussion of my collecting experiences with them, noting the linguistic

¹³ An early discussion of the importance of 'truth' to folklore performers is in "Truth in Folk-Songs--Some Observations on the Folk-Singer's Attitude. An Essay," pp. ix-xiv, in Traditional Ballads mainly from West Virginia, by John Harrington Cox. Introductory essay and supplementary references by Herbert Halpert. American Folk-Song Publications No. 5 (New York: National Service Bureau, June, 1939).

peculiarity characteristic of our recording sessions: the former almost never spoke in English, the latter rarely in French.

They reflect, as does "Uncle" Frank Woods, their mixed ethnic background and milieu. A discussion of coaxing, already raised in one of the chapters on Mrs. Barter, leads to the question of why storytelling is no longer popular. A second chapter examines features of their performance and narrative styles, but dwells at some length on the interplay which occurred between them since, as was mentioned previously, I never recorded them individually.

A concluding section summarizes findings on tale narration in Franco-Newfoundland tradition. It is argued that there probably have always existed two narrative performance traditions amongst French Newfoundlanders. The first, and best known to most collectors in most parts of the world, is that of the public performance. Here, a storyteller recognized in his community as an artist usually dominates the veillée, where he habitually performs. Such storytellers have most often engaged the attention of folktale collectors around the world.

Although I have almost certainly overlooked discussion of this subject, it was only with the work of folklorists such as Harold W. Thompson¹⁴ that scholars began looking at the second kind of narrative tradition, the family or private tradition. In actual practice, many

¹⁴ Thompson was one of the first collectors to encourage his students to collect from their family traditions, thereby drawing attention to the smaller, private circles of folk narrators. See in particular his Body, Boots and Britches (New York: Dover, 1962. Reprint of the 1939 original edition).

collectors in the United States have secured materials from individuals who were not known as public performers, although early interest was undoubtedly in such narrators as Johnny Darling, Gib Morgan, and other famed tall tale tellers. Since Thompson's innovative research, many folklorists have begun collecting Märchen,¹⁵ legends, memorats, jokes and anecdotes from the smaller, private traditions.

It can now be concluded that there are two narrative traditions in the folklore of French Newfoundlanders. The first is the public performance tradition. This is now dead to all practical purposes, and the few storytellers who might have fitted into that public context, and there are still a few on the Port-au-Port peninsula, are practitioners of what may be termed an "archaic" style of narration characterized, amongst other things, by a dramatic use of gesticulation.

The second type of tradition is the private or family one. Each of the four storytellers studied in this thesis represent, in their own way, the family tradition. Even "Uncle" Frank Woods, who did tell tales in a public context, the logging camps, is now essentially a family narrator.

If the public tradition of storytelling can be called dead, the private tradition is far from dying out. I suspect that even without my interest and encouragement, narrators like Mrs. Barter would have continued telling tales in their own family circle.¹⁶ If scholarly

¹⁵ In accordance with scholarly usage, I prefer the term Märchen to the imprecise 'fairy-tale.' Stith Thompson pointed out the logic of this usage in The Folktale (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1946), pp. 4-5.

¹⁶ For a recent exploration of family tradition, see Holly Cutting-Baker, Sandra Gross, Amy Kotkin and Steven Zeitlin, eds., Family Folklore (Washington: The Smithsonian Institution, 1976).

interest in their storytelling tradition has helped her and others take a new pride in it, that is all to the good. Modern folklorists may indeed have an important role in revivifying certain traditions, even in an altered form, without recourse to artificial means of resuscitation.

The chapters on individual narrators are followed by a third section in which the texts of their respective narrative repertoires are given. Each tale has been identified where possible according to the tools of international folktale scholarship, but no attempt has been made to provide extensive comparative notes to the tales.

In the first place, faced with such a large number of narratives, the task would involve a study of thesis length in its own right. But secondly, and with perhaps more justification, it would be absurd to attempt this before publication of the masterly work being prepared by Professor Luc Lacourcière and his colleagues at Laval University.¹⁷

The stress in this study is not on comparative research but on the intensive examination of a private, family tradition, as exemplified by four Franco-Newfoundland storytellers.

Notes to the tales will be accompanied by a brief English summary of narratives told in French. This summary is provided for readers who do not wish to study the details of the Franco-Newfoundland dialect, without which an appreciation of the texts would be difficult to those familiar with the standard form of French alone.

¹⁷ Professor Lacourcière is to publish shortly a most extensive study of folktales in the French language tradition of North America.

PART I--THE FRENCH SHORE: ORIGINS AND EVOLUTION OF FRANCO-
NEWFOUNDLAND COMMUNITIES

CHAPTER ONE

THE FRENCH SHORE: ORIGINS AND EVOLUTION OF FRANCO-NEWFOUNDLAND COMMUNITIES

This chapter will detail, as noted in the introduction, the origins of French Newfoundlanders. To do so, however, requires a certain amount of historical background as a context in which to place the existence of this small French-speaking enclave, less than 1% of the present population of Newfoundland, which is about 550,000.

One of the chief reasons why it is important to provide historical data is that many of the factors which led to the growth of a French colony, as it were, on Newfoundland's West Coast, also contributed to the maintenance of the tradition of storytelling, and especially the telling of Märchen, until fairly recent times.

A second reason, less relevant to my main thesis, is to dispel the widespread notion that the French in Newfoundland are largely of Acadian origin and tradition. It is true that a good percentage of present-day French Newfoundlanders are descended from Acadian settlers, but by no means all did. This chapter will attempt to show how and why two distinct groups of French-speakers came to settle in adjacent areas of Newfoundland.

France and French sailors have had long historical ties with Newfoundland. After John Cabot's discovery of Newfoundland and her cod-rich waters in 1497, there was no immediate rush across the Atlantic to profit from the reports. At the time, France and other Atlantic nations relied on herring from the North Sea and the English Channel for their needs. But the Breton and Norman fishermen were not

slow in exploiting the discovery. As the American historian Samuel Eliot Morison notes:

The first authentic records of any French ship on the Newfoundland Banks are those of Jean Denys of Honfleur in 1504, who fished between Cape Bonavista and the Strait of Belle Isle, and Thomas Aubert in the Pensée of Dieppe, belonging to Jean Anco, two years later.¹

Early French fishermen made two trips annually to the Grand Banks, coming first in January or early February, and again in April or May, returning to France in September. By 1529, Norman merchants were re-exporting cod to England and sun-cured cod was rapidly replacing salted herring as the staple of the French salt fish market. As Morison points out:

Cured codfish, if properly cooked, is tastier than pickled herring and easier to handle. One can throw it about and stack it like cordwood, whilst herring has to be contained in a barrel full of brine. (p. 273)

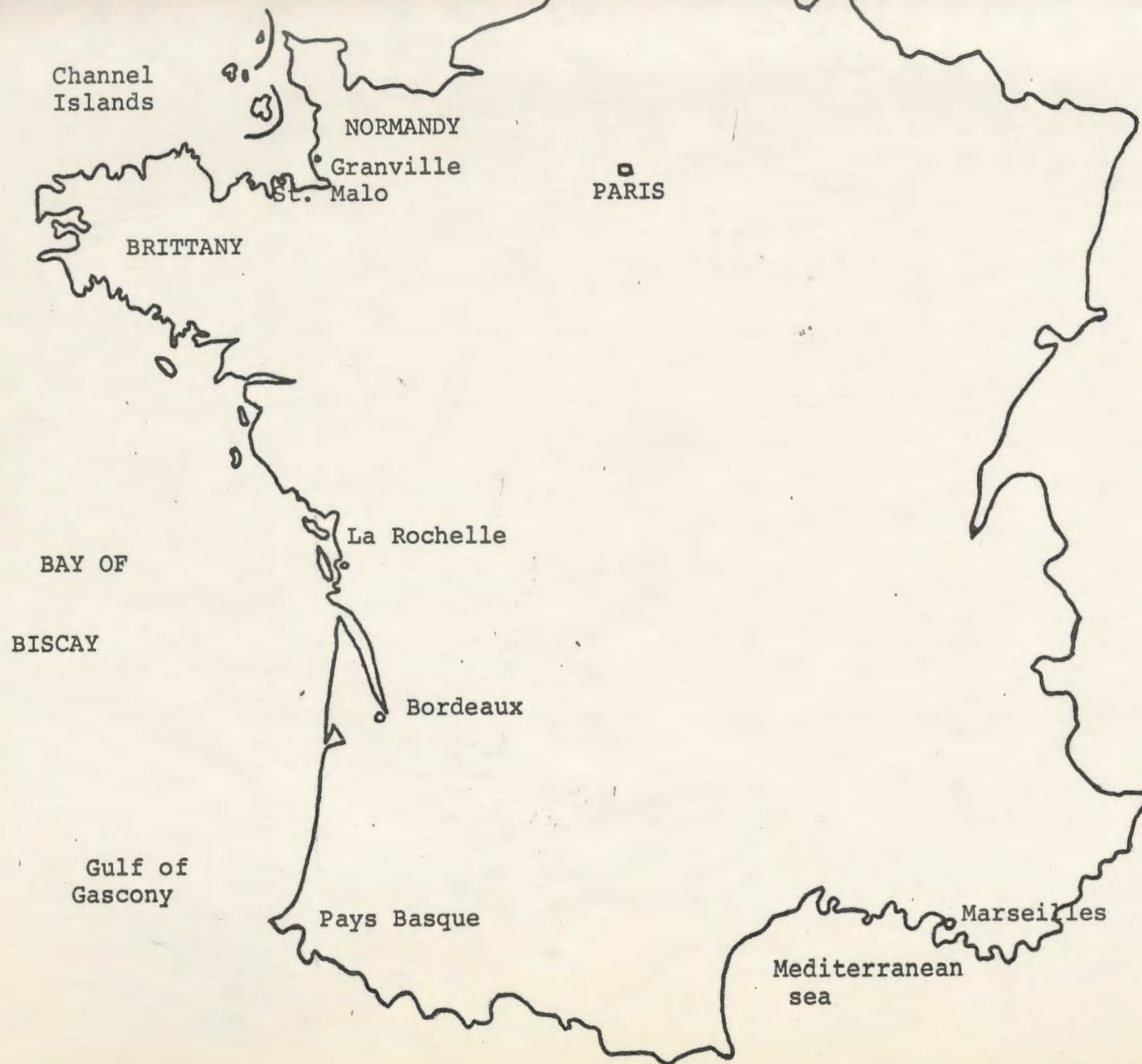
So rapidly did the Banks fishery grow that in 1542, no fewer than sixty vessels left Rouen the same day for the Grand Banks. The fishery was, of course, "wet," that is it did not require a land base for the curing of fish. The cod was salted on board and cured upon its return to France.

The Bretons were amongst the first to exploit the northern discovery, and it is significant that Jacques Cartier was himself a Breton. Born in St. Malo in 1491, a town which was to maintain the closest ties with the Newfoundland fishery until quite recent times, Cartier had probably visited Newfoundland before being commissioned by Francis I to discover new lands in the New World.

¹ Samuel Eliot Morison. The European Discovery of America: The Northern Voyages (New York: Oxford University Press, 1971), p. 270.

FRANCE

SCALE 1: 5,000,000



It is a curious coincidence that on Cartier's first voyage of discovery in 1534, he should give a name evocative of St. Malo to a prominent cape on Newfoundland's west coast where, some three hundred years later, a St. Malo native would become one of the very first settlers of a now thriving French community. Following a stop in the Bay of Islands, Cartier sailed south:

The next prominent point, off which lay a low island at a distance of a mile and a half, Cartier called Cap de Latte, after Fort La Latte near St. Malo, with which he was familiarCartier's Cap de Latte is magnificent, and so sheer as to suggest castle walls rising directly from the edge of the sea, as they do in the Breton fort. The English changed the name to Cape St. George; and the low island which Cartier noticed is now named Red, from the color of the rocks. (Morison, p. 359)

Cape St. George, and the community which sprung up opposite Red Island, La Grand'Terre or Mainland, are French villages populated in large part by people of Breton descent. It was largely from natives of these communities that most of the material which will form the narrative textual section of this study was obtained.

From Cartier's time until the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, France was to all practical purposes mistress of large sections of Newfoundland. English settlement was confined to the east coast, running from Cape Bonavista south to what is now known as the Southern Shore. The French used the rest of the coast at will, with their colony at Placentia (Plaisance) its centre.

Following the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, which concluded the War of Spanish Succession, France lost everything in Newfoundland except fishing and drying rights from Cape Bonavista in the east, around the north of the island to Point Riche on the western shore of the Great Northern peninsula. But even after losing Acadia and Newfoundland in

1713 and Canada in 1763, at the end of the Seven Years War, France strove determinedly to preserve her shore rights, not relinquishing them definitively until 1904.

Before 1815, however, the struggle was prompted not merely by Newfoundland's importance economically, but also by the usefulness of the fishery in the production of large numbers of competent seamen who were a potential reserve for la marine royale. I quote below at some length from the historian of the French fishery in North America, Charles de la Morandière, who ably summarizes and explains the value of the French shore fishery:

Les diverses et nombreuses manipulations /de la pêche sédentaire/ obligeaient les armateurs et les capitaines à embarquer un grand nombre d'hommes soit pour le travail de la grave, soit pour servir d'aide aux pêcheurs. Pour être gravier, nul besoin d'être un marin de naissance ou de profession. Un jeune homme de la compagnie, pourvu qu'il fut /sic/ solide et bien constitué, donnait rapidement pleine satisfaction...même s'il n'avait jamais vu la mer auparavant. De même, pour accompagner dans une chaloupe le marin expérimenté qui dirigeait la pêche, pour l'aider à arrimer la chaloupe et même à manoeuvrer la faux, il suffisait d'avoir de la bonne volonté et un peu d'adresse. Avec la faux un novice, soutenait Pléville Le Pelley, peut prendre autant de morue qu'un pêcheur expérimenté. En deux ou trois campagnes, un garçon de 16 à 18 ans se mettait rapidement au courant de la pêche, se familiarisait avec la mer et le navire et, même s'il ne devenait pas un fin matelot, pouvait être incorporé dans les équipages de la marine royale....La pêche de la morue verte était moins intéressante à ce point de vue car, outre que les navires n'avaient que des équipages réduits à 15 ou 20 hommes,--et non pas 80 ou 100 et même 130 et 150 comme sur les morutiers allant à la pêche de la morue sèche--il leur fallait des matelots déjà très au courant de la pêche.

D'autre part, la morue sèche, si elle trouvait des amateurs dans la population des provinces maritimes, était de vente facile dans les pays chauds, en particulier dans les pays méditerranéens car elle ne se gâtait pas comme la verte à la chaleur. Les Portugais, les Espagnols, les Italiens en consommaient des quantités considérables. Elle constituait donc une denrée d'exportation des plus intéressantes et l'on comprend que le

ministre des finances surveillât la rentrée de devises étrangères que son exportation lui procurait. 2

There was another reason why the French clung so tenaciously to their shore. Although English settlement began spreading west in the decades following 1750, causing a rearrangement of the Anglo-French agreement of 1783 (from this date until 1904 the French Shore lay between Cape St. John in the north-east and Cape Ray in the south-west), economic imperatives obliged the French government to assert that their treaty rights entitled them to an exclusive fishery. A very profitable fishery, in the hands of Malouin fishermen (natives of St. Malo), was prosecuted on the Petit Nord.

This "Little North" was the stretch of coast from Cape St. John to Cape Norman, at the northern extremity of the Great Northern peninsula. Here the cod was not only plentiful, but generally of a uniform size, and smaller than those caught on the Banks. They were ideal for export to the West Indies. From Cape Norman south to Cape Ray, the fishery tended to fall into the hands of the St. Pierre-based companies; indeed, they acquired a monopoly of the rights to that part of the shore, for reasons which will be explained shortly.

The active connection between St. Pierre and Newfoundland's west coast really begins following repossession of the archipelago of St. Pierre and Miquelon by the French in 1816, from whom the British had captured it in 1793. The reason St. Pierre-based ship owners were

² Charles de la Morandière. Histoire de la Pêche française de la Morue dans l'Amérique septentrionale, 3 vols. (Paris: Maisonneuve et Larose, 1962, 1966). Vol. II, pp. 519-520.

granted monopoly rights to the southwestern part of the French Shore was of a practical nature.

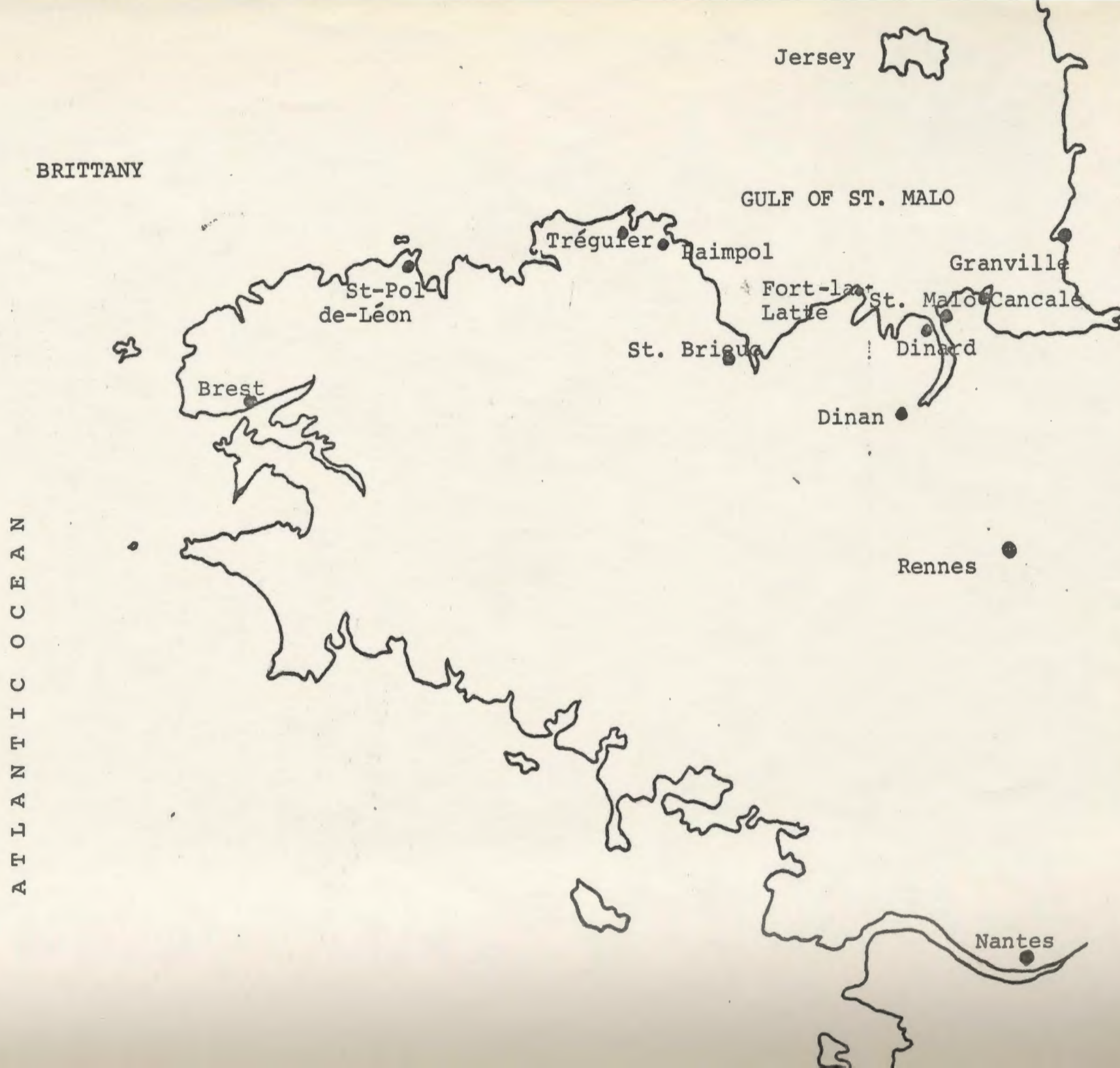
Every five years, ships leaving France, from Brittany or Normandy, would draw lots to decide upon the allocation of harbours on the French Shore, especially on the Petit Nord. It is quite obvious that owners in St. Pierre would have great difficulty in participating in the lottery, and as a consequence they were allotted Codroy, Red Island, St. George's Bay and Port-au-Port.³ Metropolitan French companies did acquire a share of this monopoly, but on the understanding that they use manpower drawn from the islands alone.

Thus it was that the Granville-based company, Campion-Théroulde (later LeCampion-Théroulde) was allowed to exploit Red Island and, from 1860, Codroy as well. Although the Compagnie générale transatlantique (which had grown out of LeCampion-Théroulde) did not always make use of Codroy, Red Island remained until the very last years of the French Shore a centre for St. Pierre fishermen.

In 1870, a visiting French naval captain noted the presence on Red Island of a doctor, a surgeon and one hundred and twenty men. The following year, another French captain counted one hundred and thirty-two men on Red Island.⁴ Towards the end of the century, as the cod fishery began to lose its value, and tended to be replaced more and more by a lobster fishery (there were five St. Pierrais lobster fac-

³ Port-au-Port seems to be a fairly modern corruption of the French name, Port-à-Port, which is how it appears on French maps of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries.

⁴ De la Morandière, vol. 3, p. 1351.



tories on the French Shore in 1898, with a complement of one hundred and thirty-three men), the number of active fishermen continued to diminish. By 1901, there were no more than eighty-seven men fishing for cod in the region, and seventy-seven involved in the lobster fishery, despite a fifty franc bonus offered to every man who was willing to go to the French Shore to fish for cod.⁵ When the 1904 agreement ended French rights in the area for once and for all, St. Pierre fishermen had to turn elsewhere.

This then was the history of the French Shore. The brief summary given above has attempted to explain why France placed so much importance on the shore fishery, at least until the nineteenth century, and to note the role of St. Pierre on the shore between 1816 and 1904. It was mentioned earlier, however, that this chapter would attempt to explain the presence of two distinct French-speaking groups of settlers, Acadians on the one hand and metropolitan⁶ French on the other. The remainder of this chapter will take up the question of origins, concluding with a brief outline of the evolution of the peninsula French settlements.

The earlier of the two groups, the Acadians, will be discussed first, in somewhat summary fashion. Rather more detailed attention will be given to the history and evolution of the peninsula French, most of whom came either directly from France or via St. Pierre. They are bearers of the tradition examined in this thesis.

⁵ De la Morandière, vol. 3, p. 1353.

⁶ The term 'metropolitan' is used in its French meaning, referring to continental France as opposed to la France d'outremer, France's colonies and possessions elsewhere in the world.

In 1755 England, into whose hands the French colony of Acadia had fallen in 1713, decided to uproot her French subjects there and disperse them. Many were shipped back to France, some drowning on the way because of the unseaworthy vessels in which they were transported. Others were scattered along the Atlantic seaboard of the American colonies. The most famous group of these were to become the Louisiana 'Cajuns'.

The grand dérangement, as Acadians refer to this inglorious episode of English history, was not totally successful. Many Acadians were able to hide in the woods, later moving to new and unsettled lands. Some went north into what is now New Brunswick and parts of Quebec; others went to Prince Edward Island and the Magdalen Islands; others went to outlying areas of the former Acadia, settling on Cape Breton Island.

It is not known how soon Acadians came to Newfoundland, and I have no documentary sources to pinpoint the first arrivals. A Father White, parish priest at Stephenville Crossing and diocesan historian, told me informally in 1972 that he had evidence of settlement in the St. George's area as early as 1770; but he has not yet published his findings.

Charles de la Morandière, using French naval records, was one of the first to offer details of settlement in the St. George's Bay area. He noted that in 1821 there were eighteen families, thirteen at St. George's Harbour and five at Grand Barachois (probably in the vicinity of Stephenville Crossing). The officer reporting added that forty years before, that is in about 1780, only two families were there, one in each location.⁷ The report does not apparently mention the nationality of the

⁷ De la Morandière, Vol. 3, p. 1175.

settlers, but notes that 'English' fishing vessels come there often, including one from Jersey and others from Canada.⁸

By 1830, the population along the French Shore from St. George's Bay to Codroy had increased considerably. Of special significance is a letter written by a French naval officer to the governor of St. Pierre, an extract of which I borrow from de la Morandière:

A la baie St-Georges (un peu plus au nord) écrivait-il, la population est d'environ 2000 âmes qui peuvent se diviser en quatre parties, savoir: 400 Anglais, 1200 Acadiens, Français et sauvages 400. Les parties les plus industrieuses sans contredit sont la première et la dernière. Les deux autres sont des misérables paresseux qui ne vivent qu'au jour le jour. Bien que pour eux le travail soit d'une nécessité absolue, la faim seule les fait s'y livrer. (Vol. 3, p. 1179)

According to this report then, there were 1,200 Acadians living in the St. George's Bay area, in addition to four hundred English and four hundred 'French and Indians', the latter presumably Micmacs.

De la Morandière refers to similar reports between 1830 and 1850, all of which confirm the alleged laziness of the French element. He adds moreover that the Acadians who had come to Newfoundland were people of little value, drawn there by the absence of law, taxes or police. Similar reasons are offered for the presence of metropolitan Frenchmen. (Vol. 3, p. 1179)

⁸ The presence of "Jerseymen" at Sandy Point before the end of the eighteenth century was noted by the Very Rev. Michael Brosnan in his Pioneer History of St. George's Diocese, Newfoundland (Toronto: Mission Press, 1948), p. 2. It will be recalled that Newfoundland was England's oldest colony until it joined Canada in 1949. Acadians, to whom the Gulf of St. Lawrence was familiar territory, would have appreciated Newfoundland's isolation from Canada, as well as its independence.

He notes that metropolitan Frenchmen were known as "Jacotars" and were, in general, fishermen who had deserted the fishery in order to avoid military service. The few good French elements were those who wintered in the area to watch over the fishing installations. Many of these worthy elements, however, tended to marry English women and be assimilated to the anglophone population, (Vol. 3, p. 1179)

Another source of information on Acadian settlement in the St. George's Bay area is of more recent vintage. Between February and May 1948, a series of ten brief articles appeared in the Moncton weekly, L'Évangéline. Based on notes supplied by a St. George's native, Thomas W. White, the articles provided brief family histories of as many Acadian settlers in the area as the author was able to elicit from friends and acquaintances.

White noted a stream of immigrants between the years 1825 and 1860. Families came primarily from Margaree and Chéticamp on Cape Breton Island, and from the Magdalen Islands. Members of the Aucoin family settled in Stephenville, St. George's and Codroy from 1847 onwards. A family of Blanchards were at St. George's and Codroy in 1845. Benoits, from Arichat on Cape Breton Island, appeared in about 1850, one branch settling in the Codroy (where, it seems, their descendants learnt Gaelic). In 1855 a Bourgeois, born in France and married to an Acadian woman, settled in St. George's.

The first Cormiers settled at Sandy Point in 1847, and in the same year a Doucet or Doucette settled at Port-au-Port and a Delaney, of Irish origin but raised by a French family, settled in St. George's. The Gallants came to Stephenville in 1846, followed by a family of Gaudets in 1855. As early as 1830 a family of Tesseau (sic, Jesseau,

now Jesso) came to St. George's from Bras d'Or on Cape Breton Island, later moving to the Port-au-Port peninsula. A Lejeune family came with the Jesseaus, settling at Sandy Point. In 1830 too, a family of Pierrots, also from Bras d'Or, came to St. George's where for reasons unknown they changed the family name to Alexandre.

Various members of the Leblanc family from Margaree settled in the area between 1847 and 1855; some had already spent time in the Magdalen Islands before coming to St. George's. Some time between 1846 and 1860 another branch of Leblancs settled at Stephenville and became prosperous farmers, having brought all their animals and farm equipment with them. Other families came to Newfoundland in the eighteen-fifties: Longuépée, Chevarie, Chiasson (written Chaisson in Newfoundland), Poirier, Deveau, Muise and Madore, in addition to branches of families already settled in the region--Aucoins, Gallants and Cormiers.⁹

While evidence shows there were metropolitan French settlers in the St. George's Bay area, they were apparently few in number. As the late Geneviève Massignon showed in the section on Acadian family names in her study of Acadian speech, the vast majority of family names mentioned above are characteristically Acadian.¹⁰ In addition, White's articles, based on interviews with descendants of original Acadian settlers, may be considered as accurate as family tradition will allow.

⁹ Thomas W. White, "Les Acadiens de Terre-Neuve." L'Evangéline (Moncton, New Brunswick), nos. of 26 and 28 February, 4, 11, 18 and 25 March, 1, 8 and 15 April and 6 May 1948.

¹⁰ Geneviève Massignon. Les Parlers français d'Acadie, 2 vols. (Paris: Klincksieck, 1962), Vol. 1, 42-75.

There is next to no documentary evidence pinpointing the settlement of metropolitan Frenchmen on the Port-au-Port peninsula. This is hardly surprising since, as de la Morandière points out, the French in the St. George's Bay region were for the most part deserters. If they settled on the then isolated peninsula, it was precisely because they wished to avoid contact with authorities of any colour, English or French.

There are numerous clues, nonetheless, to the origins of the Port-au-Port French. De la Morandière is again the source of much substantial information. As was noted earlier, ship owners in St. Pierre were allotted harbours for the summer fishery, and the best known and most widely used were at Codroy, St. George's Bay, Port-au-Port and Red Island. A condition imposed upon both native St. Pierre companies and metropolitan French companies based at St. Pierre was that they use only fishermen from St. Pierre. This did not mean only native-born St. Pierrais, but included fishermen who came to the island from France to work from locally based fishing vessels. Many of these often wintered on the island, thus avoiding sea passages twice a year.

In the nineteenth century, the majority of metropolitan French fishermen who passed through St. Pierre were from Brittany. I summarize below de la Morandière's remarks on the recruiting of fishermen during the nineteenth century, since they explain the predominance of Breton fishermen in the French Shore fishery of the period.

French ports involved in the shore fishery were those with a poor hinterland--Granville in Normandy, St. Malo and St. Brieuc in Brittany, St. Jean-de-Luz in the Basque country. By the time the Napoleonic wars had come to an end in 1815, social conditions had produced changes in

many parts of France, mostly for the better.

In the Norman hinterland, for example, hard work and better fertilizers had begun to make farming a more rewarding life, and fewer peasants turned to the sea to supplement their livelihood. Basque fishermen, for other reasons, were also turning away from Newfoundland.

Consequently, ship owners had to turn to a still poor Brittany for an abundant source of future shore workers. So not only did young Bretons leave their own ports, but throughout the nineteenth century they also flocked to Granville as the time for departure to St. Pierre and Newfoundland drew near.¹¹

The great French folklorist of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, Paul Sébillot, was a little more precise as to the actual villages which supplied so many graviers or shore workers. Some 2,000 fishermen-farmers would come to the Foire aux Terrenewats or the Foire aux Marins as it was also known, which took place at St. Malo on the first Monday in December. They came from the villages of Cancale, St.-Coulomb, and especially from villages of the cantons of Châteauneuf, Pleudihen, Pleuguénec and Dol. These men were to go to St. Pierre and the shore fishery; Sébillot notes, as does de la Morandière, that the Banks fishery required professional fishermen.¹²

Other evidence comes from oral testimony. Although many contemporary French Newfoundlanders on the Port-au-Port peninsula can no longer

¹¹ From de la Morandière, pp. 1064-1065.

¹² Paul Sébillot, Le Folk-lore des pêcheurs (Paris: Maisonneuve & Larose, 1901, and reprint, 1968). Coll. Littératures populaires de toutes les nations, vol. XLIII, pp. 299-301.

recall or never knew the origins of their fathers, grandfathers or even great-grandfathers, some are quite precise. Usually the name of St. Malo crops up--this being no doubt the point of departure, rather than the actual home village. Others refer to La Roche, probably meaning La Roche-Derrien, a village not far from St. Brieuc. Others claim their family first came from St. Pierre and, as will be seen shortly, this is more than likely.

The likelihood of Breton origins is strengthened by linguistic evidence. The French geographer Pierre Biays visited Cape St. George in 1951, and was able to meet old settlers who still spoke Breton.¹³ Although over twenty years later I was unable to hear Breton spoken, a few informants could mumble a few words of it, and many told me how the older settlers used to use it, often to mystify their neighbours who spoke only French.

Eloquent testimony is provided by a study of family names amongst peninsula French. Names such as Bozec, Cornac or Cornic (now spelt Cornect), Carrautret (Cowntret, Karotret), Lagatdu, Kerfont, Tallec (now spelt Tallack), Scardin (or Secardon), Robin (often spelt Robia or Rubia today), Rivolan, Huon and others, are either characteristically Breton or from the region, as oral evidence notes that bearers of these names were Breton speakers.

Other names are widespread in Normandy or the western provinces in general, such as Chrétien, Dubé, Dubois, Félix, Formanger, Lecoure,

¹³ Pierre Biays, "Un village terreneuvien: Cap-St.-Georges." Cahiers de Géographie, I (1952), 5-29.

Lecointe (often spelt Lecointre or Lecountre), Leroy, Louvelle (or Nouvelle), Lemoine, Lainey, Marche, Renouf, Retieffe, Rouzes, Savidon and Simon. There are families in the communities of Black Duck Brook (L'Anse-aux-Canards), Mainland (La Grand'Terre) and Cape St. George (Cap-St.-Georges) which still have ties, more or less acknowledged, with St. Pierre families, such as Briand, Morazé, Ozon, Poirier and Simon.

As can be seen, a number of changes have occurred in the spelling of certain names, or in their pronunciation. Some names were even changed deliberately. A family of Rioux was originally Boloche; but the change was probably made as a means of hiding one's identity, a likely reason if the original Boloche had deserted. There is still a family of Leboloche in St. Pierre today.¹⁴

Many of the geographical sources of family names I have listed have been confirmed by Albert Dauzat in his important study of French family names.¹⁵ It is also significant that few, if any, of the peninsula names are to be found in Geneviève Massignon's list of the seventy-six most common Acadian names.¹⁶

¹⁴ See Melville Bell Grosvenor, "White Mist Cruises to Wreck-Haunted St. Pierre and Miquelon." National Geographic, Vol. 132, No. 3 (September 1967), pp. 378-419.

¹⁵ Albert Dauzat, Dictionnaire des noms de famille et prénoms de France. Paris: Larousse, 1951.

¹⁶ Massignon, Les Parlers français d'Acadie, Vol. I, pp. 42-75. Such names are, of course, common in the Acadian centres of Stephenville, Stephenville Crossing and St. George's.

If we know where the peninsula French came from, it is equally important to know why they came to settle where they did. The obvious reason is, of course, the fishery. But that in itself does not explain why a number of Frenchmen should choose not to return to France, but seek a new life in an isolated and relatively inhospitable part of Newfoundland.

Oral testimony is quite categorical in its explanation. Many, if not all of the original French settlers on the peninsula were deserters from the fishery. De la Morandière had drawn attention to their presence in the St. George's area; there, however, they would have been quickly assimilated either to their Acadian cousins or the Anglo-Irish settlers. Few informants, on the other hand, can say why their forebears deserted. It is implied, without being stated openly, that conditions of life provoked desertion; but the deserters were always apparently very reluctant to talk of anything relating to the question when any of their descendants asked them about it.

What then were the conditions which prompted desertion? One may reasonably assume a number of possible causes. Firstly, it should be remembered that many of the men engaged in the shore fishery were not fishermen first and foremost. They were subsistence farmers who had to supplement the meagre fruits of the arid Breton soil with seasonal work at sea. Brittany did not become the fertile province it is today until the growing use of chemical fertilizer permitted a better exploitation of the land.¹⁷

¹⁷ For an evocation of nineteenth century Brittany, see Yann Brékilien, La vie quotidienne des paysans bretons (au XIX^e siècle) (Paris: Hachette, 1966).

Secondly, many were very young. As has been noted earlier, the large number of hands required for the shore fishery had always been supplemented by novices, lads who until the nineteenth century, might be no older than twelve or thirteen years. Although the age limit was officially raised to sixteen in the early years of the nineteenth century, it is more than likely that boys younger than that embarked for the French Shore. The prestige would have attracted some, the economic need of the times might have prompted others.

Once at sea, however, disillusion might quickly set in. As the youngest passengers on the four week crossing from France to St. Pierre, the future graviers were given the worst berths on board; they would be both cramped and relatively inactive, not being part of the vessel's crew.

Having reached the actual base on the French Shore where they were to spend the best part of six months, there was little to experience but long hours of exhausting work. Moreover, and this I think explains in large part why desertion took place mainly on the Port-au-Port peninsula, it was only at Codroy, St. George's and Port-au-Port, of the St. Pierre harbours on the French Shore, that one could expect to find company other than that of fishermen. In the first three harbours, there were embryonic villages and the possibility of a social life, however simple. But on Red Island, there was no local population. And Red Island was the most actively used base during the nineteenth century.

Red Island is a rock rising steeply out of the sea some two miles from the western extremity of the Port-au-Port peninsula. There is only

one narrow path leading to the top of the island; the rest is cliffs. Since there is little or no beach, the dried codfish had to be hauled up by rope and tackle, up a two hundred foot cliff face.

We are fortunate to have an eyewitness account of conditions of Red Island dating from 1860. The French diplomat and author, Count Arthur de Gobineau, first noted the living accommodations:

Au pied du cône une rangée de cabanes de branchages qui ne contiennent que des cadres et des hamacs sert de dortoirs aux pêcheurs. C'est plus que modeste, c'est très-misérable, et on conçoit mal comment dans un pareil climat, sous un ciel toujours pluvieux ou brumeux et dont l'humidité est souvent glaciale, on peut se contenter sans inconvénient d'un genre d'abri aussi sommaire.¹⁸

Despite such conditions, Gobineau argued that it was a salubrious life, made evident by the healthful activity of the men. He continued with a description of Red Island as it appeared to him:

La grève était couverte, de manière à flatter aussi peu la vue que l'odorat, d'une couche de débris sanglants de morue; têtes et entrailles chargeaient le galet aussi abondantes que le sont ailleurs les plantes marines rejetées par la vague. A quelques pas s'élevait la paroi presque droite du cône. L'établissement proprement dit est au sommet. On a construit en planches un escalier roide comme une échelle, accosté à droite par des rails en bois sur lesquels montent et descendent, avec l'aide d'un cabestan placé au sommet du mont, tous les fardeaux qu'on veut faire circuler.

Après avoir escaladé un bon nombre de marches, nous nous trouvâmes au milieu des magasins, tous construits en planches, de l'habitation du gérant, de celle du docteur, enfin dans le centre d'une exploitation intelligente et bien réussie. (Gobineau, pp. 183-184)

¹⁸ Comte Arthur de Gobineau, Voyage à Terre-Neuve (Paris: Hachette, 1861), pp. 182-183.

If ever there was a double standard, that was it. The manager and doctor lived on top of the island, in cabins made of planks, the fishermen and graviers on the shore, in shelters made of branches, and surrounded by the sight and smell of decomposing cod entrails.

Gobineau tends to speak condescendingly of the graviers:

Ces gens ne sont à la mer que des passagers. On les entasse en aussi grand nombre qu'il est utile de le faire dans tous les coins du navire. Ils ne sont pas difficiles et se contentent de peu. Arrivés sur la côte, on les débarque; pendant toute la campagne ils ne naviguent plus, et leurs fonctions se bornent à recevoir le poisson que les pêcheurs leur apportent, à le décoller, à l'ouvrir, à mettre à part les foies pour en extraire l'huile, à étendre les chairs entre des couches de sel, enfin à les soumettre aux différentes phases du desséchage sur les graves. (pp. 184-185)

If we are to believe Gobineau, the graviers had attained a life of undemanding simplicity, humble and satisfied with their lowly station. Yet a little further on in his account, Gobineau contrasts the true fisherman with the gravier in terms most unflattering to the latter. If the fisherman had a sense of pride in his work,

Le gravier n'a rien de semblable. C'est un paria [*my italics*]. Il ne représente quelque chose aux yeux de personne. Le moindre matelot devient près de lui un personnage qui le prime. S'il doit se noyer, c'est très-obscurément et il n'a pas l'honneur consolant d'en être un peu responsable. Ce sont les autres qui, en sombrant, l'entraînent à leur suite. Il cherche misérablement sa vie et à grand'peine il trouve de quoi la soutenir. Enfin, il passe la plus grande partie de son temps et de ses journées dans les chauffauts, rude commencement de purgatoire. (p. 186)

What is this purgatory of which Gobineau speaks? What is the chauffaut? He is eloquent in his description:

Un chauffaut, expression normande qui répond au mot échaffaud, est une grande cabane sur pilotis établie moitié dans l'eau, moitié à terre; construite en planches et en rondins on a cherché à ce que l'air pût y circuler aisément. Quelques grandes toiles de navires la recouvrent.

Une partie du plancher, celle qui est au-dessus de l'eau, notamment, est à claire-voie; et dans cette partie sont rangées des espèces d'établis où l'on décolle la morue. Rien ne peut donner une idée de l'odeur infecte du chauffaut. C'est le charnier le plus horrible à voir. Une atmosphère chargée de vapeurs ammoniacales y règne constamment. Les débris de poisson à moitié pourris ou en décomposition complète accumulés dans l'eau, finissent par gagner l'intérieur du lieu et comme les graviers ne sont pas gens délicats, ils ne songent guère à se débarrasser de ces horribles immondices. (pp. 186-187)

In this revolting atmosphere as Gobineau described it, he suggests nonetheless that the only real danger the graviers might run was to cut themselves with their knives. Indeed,

Les maux d'aventure sont fréquents parmi eux et entraînent de graves conséquences qui aboutissent quelquefois à la nécessité de l'amputation. (p. 187)

Gobineau seems to fob off such dangers, implying moreover that the health of the gravier could be the envy of many. As he noted, there was, after all, a doctor present.

De la Morandière, writing a hundred years or so later than Gobineau, does not make so light of the hazards to the health of the shore fisherman. He discusses at some length the problems of recruiting doctors for the French Shore fishery, their duties and efficacy. Although ministerial edicts of the time required doctors on board vessels and on shore establishments, the law was not always obeyed.

Quoting a report made by a captain Mer of the French naval station in Newfoundland, de la Morandière notes how:

Le commandant Mer raconte que le capitaine prudhomme du havre est venu le trouver en lui amenant un pêcheur dont la main était en très mauvais état. Cet état était si mauvais en effet qu'on dûit lui couper un doigt. C'était un maître capelanier.

"J'ai demandé au prudhomme pourquoi il n'y avait pas de

médecin. Il m'a répondu: les armateurs n'ont pas pu s'en procurer. Ce qui veut dire simplement: les armateurs n'ont pas voulu en faire la dépense." (De la Morandière, p. 1068)

The absence of doctors during the nineteenth century was commented on by other naval officers. In 1872, a captain's report quoted by de la Morandière noted that cases of scurvy, lung infections and typhoid fever were almost always fatal for want of proper treatment, and untreated cuts often required the otherwise unnecessary amputation of fingers and toes.¹⁹

Finally, it should be recalled that the Inscription Maritime, founded by Colbert in 1670, permitted men to become fishermen with the obligation thereafter of a five year period of military service. A number of oral testimonies from French Newfoundlanders suggested that so-and-so had deserted because he wished to avoid any military service.

One old lady from Mainland told me how, as a little girl of six or seven, in about 1900, she remembers French sailors coming ashore and asking her of the whereabouts of a certain man. She could not tell them, but learnt later that the deserter was hiding in the woods nearby.

Causes of desertion were to be found then in social conditions. Adolescents were obliged to work for six months on a lonely shore, devoid of entertainment, in sanitary conditions which were as crude as the dwellings they had to live in. The risk of death was ever present, as was the more common threat of the loss of fingers or toes. There was the certainty, after four or five years in the fishery, of another five years in the French navy.

¹⁹ Summarized from de la Morandière, p. 1068.

It has not been possible for me to find a precise figure for the number of actual deserters from the French Shore fishery. While there are reports of isolated Frenchmen living along the shores of the Petit Nord, the majority seem to have settled on the Port-au-Port peninsula. To make an educated guess, based primarily on a study of the distribution of French family names on the peninsula, I would say that no more than fifty or so deserters settled there in the period 1816-1904.

These deserters were generally single men. To found families they needed wives, and wives could be taken from several sources. One source could well have been the small number of families which came directly from St. Pierre to settle on the peninsula. They were, strictly speaking, deserters too, but not from Red Island. De la Morandière has evidence that a number of fishermen fled to Newfoundland from St. Pierre, for fear of being sent back to France.

Apparently, if a fisherman went into debt to the companies on the French island, he could be shipped back to France. Poor fishermen were not wanted in St. Pierre. According to de la Morandière, a family of Poiriers fled to the Magdalen Islands as early as 1819.²⁰

One of my chief informants, the subject of two chapters later in this study, "Uncle" Frank Woods, was born in St. Pierre in 1893, and baptized Francis Dubois. When he was six years old, his father, a pilot, fled from St. Pierre with his whole family, settling first in the Bay of Islands and later, on the Port-au-Port peninsula. "Uncle" Frank's father had been afraid of being sent back to France when his time as a pilot

²⁰ Ibid., p. 1282.

was over.

A second source of additional French blood on the peninsula would have been families which were legally settled there. It is known that whole families were allowed to winter at the French fishing stations, as de la Morandière noted, in order to oversee and protect installations. Agreements between France and England in 1884 and 1885 confirmed what was already a practical reality.²¹ Moreover, if one installation was sufficiently distant from another, a second family was authorized.

Thus it was possible for French families to be in almost permanent settlement anywhere the French made use of the shore. Since it was St. Pierre-based companies which exploited this part of the French Shore, families from St. Pierre were used as caretakers. As they would remain to fish in the summer, they soon became permanent settlers. This explains why some families on the peninsula still have ties with St. Pierre.

There are also a few families known to me who claim that their forebears who first settled on the peninsula were not deserters, but came there after completing their military service. As Geraldine Barter has suggested to me, they would presumably have been fishermen who were already familiar with the area and who found it attractive, possibly because of the freedom it offered (a reason why many Acadians settled in the St. George's Bay area), and possibly because French families, already settled there, offered a friendly refuge in agreeable surroundings.

²¹ From de la Morandière, pp. 1201, 1204.

The embryonic settlements of Mainland, Cape St. George and Black Duck Brook grew steadily throughout the nineteenth century, as census figures will shortly testify. But in addition to the trickle of deserters from France or St. Pierre, and those whose presence was sanctioned, other families began to settle on the peninsula.

Some were Acadians from the interior of St. George's Bay, who were beginning to find the growing presence of St. John's authorities oppressive. At least the Acadians shared a common tongue and heritage with the peninsula French.

The Acadians may well have brought with them some Micmac Indians. It is known that there were frequent alliances between Acadian and Micmac, and I know of at least three French families on the peninsula to whom oral tradition attributes Indian blood. Finally, English settlements began to appear on the peninsula, and no doubt some French settlers took English wives, although the peninsula French have tended to be highly endogamous, if studies on the subject are to be trusted.²²

It now remains to show how these early families survived and prospered to such good effect that the three main francophone communities on the peninsula contain at least 1,500 French speakers in 1977. Indeed, there are today several thousand inhabitants in the region of French descent, but they have lost their mother tongue.

²² See, for example, Nicole Lamarre, "Kinship and Inheritance Patterns in a French Newfoundland Village." Recherches sociologiques, 12, No. 3 (1971), 345-359.

Unfortunately, there exist few published documents which outline early life and settlement. Apart from the rare reports made by French naval officers, we have to rely on census figures, the interpretation of which is sometimes difficult. Indeed, some of the figures in the census reports are almost certainly incorrect.

An initial question springs to mind concerning the survival of the earliest settlers. De la Morandière provides useful information on the source of some food-stuffs. Quoting a M. Carpon, a surgeon who had made several trips to the Newfoundland shore fishery, and who wrote an account of his experiences in 1852, de la Morandière says:

Le navire emporte avec soin beaucoup de jeunes choux plantés dans des paniers remplis de terre. On suspend ces paniers au-dessous des hunes afin que les frimas de la mer n'entamassent pas les végétaux qui s'y conservent et y poussent parfaitement bien. On conserve de cette manière tous les troncs de choux garnis de leurs racines et dont les feuilles ont servi pendant une partie de la traversée à faire la soupe. En arrivant à Terre-Neuve, on les plante ainsi que des pommes de terre. On y sème encore navets, pois, salades, cerfeuil, épinards, cresson, raves et radis que l'on a le plaisir de voir croître très promptement. Ces travaux s'exécutent sous la direction du chirurgien.²³

All the same, even with a stock of vegetables brought from France, it must have been very hard for the first deserters to feed themselves adequately during their first winters. While they could supplement their diet with such fish as they might have caught or stolen, with rabbits and birds they might snare, or with berries they might pick, their diet would have been frugal.

²³ De la Morandière, p. 1048, quoting from M. Carpon, Voyage à Terre-Neuve, Paris & Caen, 1852.

Yet by the time the first census study was taken on the French Shore in 1857, each community seemed to be adequately provided with the necessities of life.²⁴ Before examining figures relating to material questions of animals, fish catches, buildings and other subjects dear to the compilers of census questionnaires, it is instructive to turn for a moment to the topic of population.

The 1857 census, the first to include data on the Port-au-Port peninsula, listed a total of thirty-nine inhabitants in "Port a Port Bay West and Bay East." "Ethnic origins" tells us that twenty-six of the total were born in Newfoundland, the rest in British colonies--presumably Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. No mention of French natives is made.

The 1857 census obviously did not cover the whole of the peninsula, perhaps because of the French base on Red Island or perhaps because of the lack of roads of any kind on the peninsula. Yet we know that there would have been over a hundred Frenchmen on Red Island, and an indeterminate number further north at Black Duck Brook. Furthermore, Pierre Biays affirms that the first French settler to live at Cape St. George was a certain Guillaume Robin of La Roche, who arrived there

²⁴ Political issues had prompted the Newfoundland government to assert itself in the region under French jurisdiction by the middle of the nineteenth century. The debate over authority in the area only ended in 1904, with the French giving up all rights to the French Shore. De la Morandière discusses the political question at some length in the third volume of his history.

in 1837.²⁵ We must assume that if Biays' date was correct, Robin would not have spent twenty years in total isolation.

It is obviously impractical to detail here the growth of every community on the peninsula,²⁶ and so I will restrict myself to comments on Cape St. George, Mainland and, to a lesser extent, Black Duck Brook. Cape St. George and Black Duck Brook first appear in the census returns for 1874, Mainland in those of 1884.

Black Duck Brook is included with "Port-au-Port Bay" and the total population is given as one hundred and twenty-seven. Again, as in the census of 1857, the whole population is listed as either Newfoundland-born or from British colonies. Cape St. George had, in 1874, a population of twenty-one, two of whom were born in "Foreign or other countries." Ten years later, the 1884 census does not mention Cape St. George, referring to Green Gardens, an alternative name, and gives the population as one hundred and forty-seven.

These figures point to one of the problems of interpreting settlement on the peninsula. In practically every census up to 1921,

²⁵ Pierre Biays, "Un village terreneuvien: Cap-St.-Georges," p. 15. Biays, who presumably interviewed a descendant of the first Robin, gives Robin's home as La Roche-Derrien in Brittany. He was at Cape St. George in 1951. Robin's grandson, also Guillaume, whom I have interviewed frequently since 1970, claims his grandfather was from St. Malo. Biays was probably correct, St. Malo being the port of departure for most fishermen working on the French Shore.

²⁶ Census figures for French communities have been studied by students of mine at Memorial University of Newfoundland and are described in Geraldine Barter's A Critically Annotated Bibliography of Works Published and Unpublished Relating to the Culture of the French Newfoundlanders, C.E.F.T., Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1977.

communities are ill-defined. It is likely that the 1884 census included under Green Gardens all of what is now Cape St. George, including as well the adjacent community of Degras, perhaps even Red Brook.

More to the point is that "foreign born" in the figure of one hundred and forty-seven is still low--only four. One may suspect that this figure, and any like it, are completely incorrect. It was not in the interest of deserters to say they were French, because they feared being captured and returned to France. As I noted earlier, as late as 1900 French seamen landed at Mainland looking for a deserter. The fear was, therefore, a real one.

Mainland appears in the 1884 census too. It had a population of twenty-nine, two of whom were born in a "foreign country." The twenty-nine people were distributed among five families. Black Duck Brook in 1884 had a population of eighty-six, only one of whom apparently admitted to being born in a foreign country.²⁷

It seems obvious from these figures that somebody was not telling the truth. Oral testimony today claims that almost every family at Cape St. George, Mainland and Black Duck Brook had a metropolitan French or St. Pierre ancestor as first settler. One can only conclude that in the

²⁷ Figures are taken from the following studies: for Cape St. George, Ruth King, "Communities of the Cape St. George Area of the Port-au-Port Peninsula: 1874-1911"; for Black Duck Brook, Catherine Hanlon, "Census of Black Duck Brook (1874-1921)"; for Mainland, Robert Wayne Barbour, "The Community of Mainland, 1884-1921: A Factual Report"; for Port-au-Port, Brian Galway, "Census Figures for the Community of Port-au-Port from 1857-1891." For further details, see Barter, Bibliography. The studies were term papers prepared in the Memorial University French Folklore 4400 course, "Traditional Culture of French Newfoundlanders," and are available at the Centre D'Etudes Franco-Terreneuviennes.

years prior to 1904 and even beyond that date, only the oldest men would be willing to admit to French origins. Even with large families born and raised in Newfoundland, it seems unlikely that the seven "foreign born" in the three communities could have sired, by 1884, in excess of two hundred children.

Turning to the material welfare of the growing French population on the peninsula, we learn that by 1884 the communities possessed a variety of domestic animals which would provide fresh, and after the purchase of salt, salted meat. In 1884, the five families at Mainland had fourteen cows and thirty-one sheep between them. These could provide butter, milk and meat, as well as wool which could be made into clothing. Cape St. George at the same period could boast twelve milch cows, eighty-nine sheep and two pigs. Presumably, the first animals were brought from St. George's.

Moreover, both communities were essentially fishing villages, and census figures show that at Cape St. George in 1884, 1,503 quintals of cod were cured and forty-one barrels of herring were caught. Mainland, a much smaller settlement, produced one hundred and ninety-five quintals of cod, four barrels of herring and nine barrels of caplin.

A study of successive census returns shows a steady growth in the population of each community. In 1891, Mainland's population had risen to thirty-three and by 1911 to one hundred and ten, eleven of whom now admitted to being born in a foreign country. Cape St. George, over the same period, had apparently fluctuated from a high of one hundred and forty-seven in 1884 to seventy-five in 1891 and ninety-nine in 1901. In

1911 figures vary again, but the discrepancies can be accounted for by changing census divisions. Thus we may assume that the figure of one hundred and forty-seven given for 1884 included the population of "Little Gardens," "Green Gardens," "Big Gardens," Cape St. George and Red Brook. The first three communities named are all part of Cape St. George.

With these sub-divisions in mind, the total population of Cape St. George in 1911 was two hundred and three, two hundred and forty-three including Red Brook. There was a corresponding growth in the number of domestic animals, with horses and poultry now added to cattle, sheep and pigs. Some thirty-five families occupied the area.

The first school mentioned along the Cape St. George shore was in 1901. It was located at Red Brook. Prior to 1901, there was a very high degree of illiteracy in the whole area, and those who managed to go to school apparently stayed no longer than they had to. Education, under the aegis of the Catholic Church, was entirely in English. Oral testimony suggests that the few truly literate people were Frenchmen who had acquired their education in France, before coming to Newfoundland. The first school at Mainland is noted in the 1921 census.

Without exception the French population of the Port-au-Port peninsula seems to have been Catholic. But there was no church at Cape St. George until 1921 or shortly before, and Mainland had to wait until 1975 for a chapel served once a week by the priest from Lourdes. Previously, marriages and baptisms might be celebrated once or twice a year, when a priest made his rounds from St. George's.

The life style of the peninsula French was not much altered until the 1940's, when the American Air Force Base was built at Stephenville. It attracted large numbers of men and women from the peninsula and elsewhere, providing employment in a variety of construction and service jobs. The base also prompted the French to learn English with more assiduity than before. To speak English meant it was possible to earn good cash wages, and indulge in some of the luxuries afforded by the Post Exchange.

By 1945 rough roads had been worked through to the most outlying communities, although the road to Cape St. George was not paved until the early seventies, and the road from Lourdes to Mainland is still not paved in 1977. Roads permitted a greater degree of mobility and people were encouraged to seek work in Stephenville.

In the early sixties electrification of the peninsula was undertaken. Cape St. George received electric power in 1960, Mainland in 1962. Together, roads and electricity contributed to the rupturing of the old way of life. From an economic standpoint, fishermen left the sea or (in the winter) the woods, to find paid employment at the base. Social activities such as storytelling were replaced by television. Licenced clubs, access to which was facilitated by the new roads, also provided alternate forms of entertainment and socializing.

The closure of the American Air Force base in the sixties produced an economic depression in the area from which it is still suffering. Furthermore, overfishing had seriously depleted stocks of fish and lobster in St. George's Bay, with the result that many people had to fall back

on government welfare programmes and unemployment payments.

During the period leading up to 1960, serious doubts had been raised about the future of the French language on the peninsula. The late J.T. Stoker predicted in 1964 that it would be dead within twenty years, and many local people had contributed to this view by using English alone with their children. This was because for many years the French population had been subjected to both covert and overt attacks upon their cultural integrity.

Both the Church, which controlled education on the peninsula, and the provincial government, which administered such services as were available, attempted to apply a policy of assimilation, largely by ignoring the French fact. Overt pressure on the French was applied by anglophones both on and off the peninsula, who mocked the accent of French people speaking English, and condescendingly called them "Jacotars." If some parents succumbed to these pressures, it was with the welfare of the children in mind. In order to succeed in life, English was essential.

In the sixties, however, an apparently spontaneous rebirth of interest in their language was kindled in the French. It coincided with the Federal Liberal government's new policies favouring bilingualism and bi-culturalism. A concrete result was the creation of a social group called Les Terreneuviens Français, founded at Cape St. George in the early seventies, with similar organizations appearing subsequently in other francophone communities. French television was made available to the area by satellite relay in 1974 and in September 1975 a bilingual school

programme was inaugurated at Cape St. George.

Today, Cape St. George has a French-speaking population in the region of four hundred; a similar number is to be found at Mainland, and a slightly lower number at Black Duck Brook and its twin community, Winterhouses. Many other French speakers are to be found in other peninsula communities. French continues to be the first language of many families, although it is little used in front of outsiders, who readily conclude that it is not used at all. There are still some people who speak French alone, knowing little or no English, and many in which young children learn French before English.

Just as the French language has survived and evolved despite efforts to play down its importance, so has another aspect of French culture survived, albeit in an attenuated form: the art of storytelling. This chapter has outlined in summary fashion the origins and evolution of the French settlements of the former French Shore. The next chapter will discuss and describe the language spoken by the peninsula French. It is interesting in its own right, since it is different in many ways from standard French, but the main purpose in devoting a chapter to it is practical. Most of the folktales recorded at Cape St. George and Mainland were told in French. An examination and description of Newfoundland French will facilitate understanding of the folktales of French Newfoundlanders.

CHAPTER TWO

THE FRENCH SPOKEN ON THE PORT-AU-PORT PENINSULA

The French language as it is spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula is decidedly different from the internationally used standard. In this chapter I shall outline the distinctive features of Newfoundland French by comparing it to standard French, the form of the language most likely to be known to the reader.

The chief reason for describing Newfoundland French is a practical one. Most of the folktales included in this study were recorded in French. Since I have attempted to write them down exactly as they were told, the written form of the idiom is naturally very different from the conventional form of written French. A description of the characteristic sounds, forms and vocabulary of Newfoundland French is a convenience designed to facilitate the task of a reader accustomed to literary French.¹

There are other reasons why a description of Newfoundland French may be of value. It is a form of French which has evolved in isolation from other regional types. Its particular character has grown out of a unique amalgamation of imported forms; it has been coloured by its physical environment; and it has been influenced by English. I do not claim that

¹ Since I have collected folktales from both Cape St. George and Mainland, I will occasionally note differences in the speech of each community. It must be emphasized that dialect speakers do use standard forms of French, but amongst French Newfoundlanders standard forms are much less common than their dialect equivalents.

the characteristics of Newfoundland French are not found in other dialects, but I think their combination in Newfoundland is unique.

Apart from brief and random comments on the idiom,² Newfoundland French has never to my knowledge been examined by students of language. This chapter may serve to encourage trained linguists to explore in greater depth than I am capable of doing a vital, living form of modern French.

Further, Newfoundland French has been, for all practical purposes, a purely oral idiom. Until very recently there was no local government of any kind, and no schools until early in the present century. There was, therefore, little reason for writing or keeping records. When schooling was made available, it was in English. I have seen early church records in French at Stephenville, but they were made by educated priests who wrote using the standard language. There have never been any local newspapers published in French.

Apart from some of the first French settlers who had received a modicum of education in France, before coming to Newfoundland, there seems never to have been a tradition of literacy in the French language on the Port-au-Port peninsula. Even today there is only a handful of French Newfoundlanders who can read and write their mother tongue. Port-au-Port French has evolved, therefore, almost completely free of the constraints usually imposed on regional forms of speech by an educated,

² J.T. Stoker, "Spoken French in Newfoundland." Culture. 25 (1964), 349-359.

literary standard.

It is only in recent years, following the Canadian government's policy of assisting ethnic minorities to preserve their culture, that efforts have been made to foster the French language on the Port-au-Port peninsula. In 1974, French language television from Quebec was made available by means of a satellite relay.

The language is the French of Radio-Canada, a mixture of metropolitan French, Quebecois standard and its vernacular. My informants tell me that English television is preferred to French programmes, largely because they understand English better than the French of Quebec. French television is watched frequently, however, both by older people and the younger generations, especially when English programmes are not to their taste. The availability of French television is generally considered to be a good thing.

In September 1975 bilingual schooling was inaugurated at Cape St. George, at the kindergarten level. The first teacher was native of France, followed in the second year of the programme by a Quebecer. My informants tell me the success of the French programme over the first two years was not great. This was in part due to the origins of the teachers, who apparently had some difficulty settling into a new environment, and in part because of the difficulty of finding the highly qualified teachers necessary to make such a programme a success. Enthusiasm for it remains high, however, amongst both English and French segments of the local population.

It is too early to say what influence French television or instruction in French will have on the local idiom. It is possible that Newfoundland French may lose some of its distinctive features, at least amongst the younger generation, and draw closer to a more international kind of French.

Before describing the characteristic features of Newfoundland French it is necessary to recall the origins of its speakers. This would help any future student of the dialect in a search for probable sources, as a means of explaining, in part at least, its present form.

French Newfoundlanders have three principal places of origin. As I noted in the preceding chapter, many of the original settlers on the Port-au-Port peninsula came from the French province of Brittany. Indeed, a number of them had Breton as their mother tongue, although I cannot say what influences, if any, Breton has had on Newfoundland French.

Most of the French or Breton fishermen who came to Newfoundland during the nineteenth century probably sailed from the port of St. Malo, others from smaller Breton ports nearby, and a few perhaps from the Norman port of Granville. The kind of French spoken in that area has many features which distinguish it from standard French, and it must be assumed that contemporary Newfoundland French derives in part at least from the French of northern Brittany and southwestern Normandy.

As noted earlier, a second source of settlers on the peninsula was the French island of St. Pierre. It cannot be affirmed, however, that the French spoken in Newfoundland has been significantly influenced by the language of St. Pierre. In the first place, St. Pierre served as a

kind of "half-way house" through which French fishermen were channelled into the Newfoundland fishery. Their stay there would generally have been brief. The influence of St. Pierre was on settlement rather than language.

Further, the French spoken in St. Pierre is quite close to the standard. While it does have some local pronunciations and a nautically flavoured vocabulary, it does not seem to be as distinctive as Newfoundland French.

This is in part due to the island being a French colony, with the French system of education, a system notoriously anxious in the past to impose a standard form of speech on French citizens. Another reason St. Pierre French seems to be fairly close to standard usage may also be because the island's population has never really been able, until recent times, to coalesce into a truly homogeneous group. In the many wars between France and England, for example, the whole population was frequently uprooted and returned to France.

The third principal source of French settlers in Newfoundland was the former French colony of Acadia. The Acadians, who settled in what were to become the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, brought with them to Canada a form of French spoken in the centre-west provinces of France--Saintonge, Aunis, Angoumois and Poitou in the main.

When the first Acadians from Cape Breton Island came to St. George's Bay at the end of the eighteenth century and during the nineteenth century, they spoke a French which, while still sharing many features

with the language of their home provinces in France, had necessarily evolved in the intervening centuries. Their French was to be an important admixture with that spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula.

As noted in the preceding chapter, a number of Acadian families moved to the peninsula from the St. George's Bay area. Breton and other metropolitan French fishermen would have found marriageable girls in the Acadian families.

Further, the thriving communities of Sandy Point and St. George's served during the nineteenth century as an important source of food staples for the peninsula French. Early settlers there made trips by boat or on foot to the two communities, with ample opportunity for meeting Acadian settlers and, eventually, finding wives. Marriage would have contributed therefore to a mixing of the two forms of French.

Other factors which have helped shape Newfoundland French include Frenchmen from other provinces of France, to a very slight degree the presence of Micmac Indians, and the growing influence of English.

Some of the early settlers were neither from Brittany, St. Pierre or Acadia. The evidence of family names on the peninsula suggests that there was a sprinkling of Norman settlers, and some whose origins cannot be determined. Their family names are widespread in the maritime provinces of France. What influence they may have had upon the French of the area would require specialized research to be brought to light.

Secondly, there were Micmac Indians settled in the St. George's Bay area. Some Acadians certainly married Micmac women, and oral testimony suggests that there are families with Micmac blood on the peninsula.

I have tentatively identified a few Micmac words in the peninsula French lexicon, but again, this is a matter which needs the attention of specialists.

Because of the isolation of the peninsula French, English did not become an important factor to them until the Catholic Church became well organized in the area, towards the end of the nineteenth century. It is true that the first priest to minister to the spiritual needs of the French, Fr. Alexis Bélanger was French himself, but he was alone for the eighteen years of his mission on the west coast (1850-1868). But his successor, and first Prefect Apostolic of St. George's (1868-1885), the Right Reverend Thomas Sears, was an anglophone, as were all his successors in the eventual see of St. George's.³

It was under Sears that serious efforts were made to build schools in the future diocese, and although they were slow in coming to the French communities, when they did come, instruction was in English. Perhaps because of language problems, perhaps because of the need to work, perhaps because education was not obligatory, few of the older French people benefited from schools. Many of my informants, including some in their thirties and forties, have told me that their formal education was limited to a few months--enough, as a rule, to learn the rudiments of the three R's.

Economic factors seem to have been as important as any in prompting French Newfoundlanders to learn English. The arrival of the railway at

³ Summarized from Brosnan, Pioneer History.

the turn of the century not only provided some work at Stephenville Crossing, it eventually facilitated participation of the peninsula French in the logging industry which began to grow in the Corner Brook and Deer Lake region shortly after 1910. Even today many French Newfoundlanders spend their winters in the woods, either in Newfoundland or New Brunswick.

The most significant influence as far as English was concerned was also economic. This was the opening of the American Air Force base at Stephenville in 1941. As noted earlier, it drew many French speakers to the work it provided. In order to benefit fully from the prosperity brought by the base, it was essential to know English.

The base attracted English Newfoundlanders in large numbers as well as the French, and, according to some of my informants, it was at this period that French people began to acquire an inferiority complex about their language. Apparently, many English speakers made fun of their accent, and from 1941 on a number of French parents stopped using French with their children, hoping to give them an advantage in life they had lacked, namely the English language. Coupled with the advent of television in the sixties, the influence of English speakers seemed for a time to be causing a serious erosion in the use of French. The question of English influence on the French language on the peninsula will be discussed in more detail later in this chapter.

As indicated previously, I have tried to write down the tales exactly as they were told. Many early collections of folktales made in the provinces of France did not attempt to reproduce the spoken form of

the word; most tended to be rewritten in the standard language.

Not only is this poor method from a scientific point of view, it also robs the oral version of a tale of any originality it might still have after being written down. I have deliberately avoided this approach, which still has its practitioners, and have tried to write down the spoken word or phrase as close to its pronunciation as possible.

Newfoundland French differs from the standard in sound, form and lexical content. An attempt has been made to reproduce differences of sound and form by using combinations of letters which would enable someone familiar with standard French to pronounce them as a French Newfoundlanders would.

In order to avoid confusion, however, some use has been made of the phonetic alphabet devised by the International Phonetic Association. Illustrative examples are followed by their phonemic notation.⁴

⁴ The system is based on the principle that "When two sounds occurring in a given language are employed for distinguishing one word from another, they should wherever possible be represented by two distinct letters without diacritical marks" (Principles of the International Phonetic Association, London, 1949 (reprinted 1975), p. 1).

Phonemes are defined as "the functional units of which sounds are realizations" in J.D. O'Connor, Phonetics (Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, 1973), p. 66. Although a given sound may be made in slightly different ways, depending on its context, if the different enunciations of the sound do not change the meaning of words in which it appears, it is not considered necessary to indicate the differences with special symbols.

Such variations of phonemes which do not produce differences of meaning are called allophones. If one wished to indicate allophonic differences, one would use a phonetic, as opposed to a phonemic transcription which, for the greater precision needed, makes use of a wider range of symbols and a variety of diacritical marks.

Following my summary of the distinctive features of the phonology or sounds of Newfoundland French, of its morphology (or word shapes) and its lexicon, I shall briefly discuss bilingualism on the Port-au-Port peninsula. Such a discussion is relevant both to the Franco-Newfoundland lexicon and storytelling. A final note will summarize questions of orthography and punctuation not raised earlier.

It is conventional practice amongst dialectologists to begin their description of a language with sounds and, more precisely, with vowels. The vowels of Newfoundland French are the same as those of standard French but have, in addition, two extra vowels. Newfoundland French, however, consistently uses a number of vowels in contexts different from those of standard French.

The standard French vowels represented phonemically⁵ by the symbols /i/ and /u/ exist in Newfoundland French, but the latter also possesses variants of these sounds. I have not been able to determine if these variants are true phonemes or merely, as I suspect, allophones of /i/ and /u/. For this reason I have not indicated the variations in my transcripts. They are shorter sounds than /i/ and /u/ and are conventionally noted as /ɪ/ and /ʊ/. They occur in such words as /farɪn/, farine flour, standard /farin/, or /isɪt/, icitte here, standard /isi/ ici, and /bʊt/, boute end, standard /bu/, bout, or /tʊt/, toute all,

⁵ I use a phonemic transcription rather than a phonetic one to allow a more workable and readable text. The idiom does deserve, I feel, a more thorough study than I can make.

standard /tu/, tout.⁶

There is a tendency to lengthen and diphthongize the vowel /ɛ/ of standard French in some contexts. It is hard to say how consistent this phenomenon is, but it is clear to the trained listener. It occurs in such words as standard bête /bat/, animal. Phonemically it can be indicated in Newfoundland French as /bejt/. Wherever possible, if the sound occurs in a word which in French has an open vowel, for example bête, it is written in Newfoundland French as béte. The yod /j/ is implied.

The two sounds of standard French formerly represented by the letter a, respectively /a/ and /ɑ/, are now rarely distinguished in French, where /a/ tends to replace /ɑ/. In Newfoundland French, however, the distinction is not only preserved, but /ɑ/ is used in many contexts where it is absent from the standard. Thus the word casser, to break, pronounced /kase/ in standard French, is /kase/ in Newfoundland French. In my transcripts this sound is usually written as â, as in câsser.

There is a distinction between the French of Mainland and that of Cape St. George which concerns the treatment, in certain contexts, of the standard /e/ or /ɛ/. The French of Mainland generally has the same pronunciation of the verb ending -ait (characteristic of the present tense of some verbs, and the imperfect and conditional tenses of all

⁶ This phenomenon has been examined in detail in Jean-Denis Gendron, Tendances phonétiques du français parlé au Québec (Paris: Klincksieck, 1966), pp. 13-43. Gendron examines several features of Canadian French which would be pertinent to a specialised study of the Newfoundland dialect.

verbs) as standard French, usually the sound /e/. Cape St. George French is characterized by its use of the sound /a/ in this context. Compared to such standard forms as *il fait*, he does /il fe/ or /il fɛ/, *il avait*, he had /il ave/ or /il avɛ/, Cape St. George has /i fa/ and /il ava/, as opposed to Mainland /i fe/, /il ave/.⁷ Such forms are written i fa, il ava.

A characteristic of many French dialects is the opening of the vowel /ɛ/ before the consonant /r/ to /a/. This is typical of Newfoundland French, as in the following examples: standard *personne* /pɛrson/, a person, *déserteur* /dezɛrtœr/ deserter, *verte* /vɛrt/, green, Newfoundland French *parsonne* /parsɔn/, désarteur /dezartœr/, varte /vart/.

Newfoundland French shares with other regional forms of the language a non-standard pronunciation of the group -oi-. /wa/ in standard French, the group is often heard as /wɛ/ in Newfoundland, especially in such words as standard *histoire* /istwar/, history, *noir* /nwar/, black, and *avoir* /avwar/, to have, thus *histouère* /istwɛr/, nouère /nwɛr/, aouère /awɛr/.

A number of vowels common to both the standard and Newfoundland French are not always used in the same contexts. Generally, the evolution is that all high vowels lower in certain contexts. A few examples will serve to illustrate the point. The standard French front rounded vowel /y/, usually written -u-, has become more open and less

⁷ In educated French usage the -ait ending is usually /ɛ/, but in popular French, as in Newfoundland, it tends to /e/.

rounded in some words. It is most obvious with the indefinite article une /yn/, a, which in Newfoundland French is pronounced /œn/ and written eune.

The masculine form of une, un /œ/ in the standard, has generally fronted in Newfoundland to /ẽ/, as it has in popular French, and is usually noted as in. The change is not totally consistent, and for this reason both in and un appear in the texts.

The central vowel /œ/ as in standard seulement /sœlmɑ̃/, only, jeune /ʒœn/, young and heureux /œrø/, happy, has fronted and lost its rounded quality. In Newfoundland French these words are pronounced /sɛlmɑ̃/, /ʒɛn/ and /ærø/; they are written sèlement, jène and hèreux. In my transcriptions, the spellings are not always consistent, sometimes because the pronunciation is standard, sometimes because it was difficult to be certain of the exact pronunciation.

One of the most disconcerting differences between the standard and Newfoundland French is the tendency, in Newfoundland French, for the sound /a/ to move to an articulation in the back of the mouth, to /ɑ/, and from there to close somewhat. Standard French il fallait, it was necessary, can be heard as /fale/, /fole/ and even /fule/. Forms in Newfoundland French may be written fâllait, faulait or foulait, depending on the pronunciation.

A characteristic feature of Newfoundland French in general is the dropping of vowels from words, frequently in the initial position. Forms of the verb être, to be, preceded by /e/, as in the imperfect tense and the past participle, commonly lose the é, thus était is tait or, at

Cape St. George, ta. Other cases where this commonly occurs include couter for écouter, to listen to, spérer for aspérer, to wait for, and tende for entendre, to hear. This can occur with initial syllables, for example garder, standard regarder. The apostrophe may or may not be used to indicate the absent vowel, depending on whether ambiguity might occur in the text or not. The question of orthography, as I noted earlier, is still to be settled.

Some words seem to acquire a prothetic vowel most consistently. For standard roi king, rien nothing, né born and copeau chip (of wood), one hears âroi /arwa/ or /arwa/, arién /arjɛ̃/, ené or éné, /əne/, /ene/ and acopeau /akɔpo/. These differences are indicated in the transcriptions by the addition of the appropriate letter and/or symbol, as in the above examples.

I noted earlier that the French nasal vowel /œ̃/, as in the article un, tended to be pronounced /ɛ̃/. While Newfoundland French shares the same nasal vowels as the standard, there are cases of nasalization in non-standard contexts, and denasalization. It was Geraldine Barter who first drew my attention to nasalization, when in her early transcriptions of my tapes she consistently wrote ramanser for the standard ramasser, to pick up. I suggested she use the tilde /~/ to indicate non-standard nasalization, and found it occurred frequently; the example is written ramãsser, where ã indicates a nasalized allophone of /a/.

Denasalization is also a common feature in Newfoundland French. Here are a few examples: standard fontaine /fɔ̃tɛn/, fountain, train /trɛ̃/ (in the expression être en train de, to be doing) and entendre /ɑ̃tɑ̃dr/,

to hear, can be heard clearly as fontaine /fotɛn/, tra /trɔ/ and /atɛd/. The whole question of nasalization in Newfoundland French deserves a special study.

A final note on vowels has to do with the so-called semi-vowels. In French, the three semi-vowels always accompany a vowel, forming what one might term a semi-diphthong. Newfoundland French tends to simplify such groups to simple vowels, although in one special context it creates new ones.

The standard words depuis and puis /dɛpɥi/, /pɥi/, since and then, are usually pronounced /dɛpi/ and /pi/, depis, pis. Similarly, the group /ɥɛ/ as in the word juin, june, is pronounced /ʒɛ/. The group /ɥij/ of standard juillet, july, is simplified to /ɥjɛt/, jullette.

It was noted earlier that the yod /j/ tends to attach itself to certain vowels such as /e/ or /ɛ/. It also appears in a prothetic position, especially before the words un, une, one (pronouns), elle and eux, she and them, où, where and eu, had (past participle). The words are written iun, iune, ielle, ieusses, ioù (or ailloù) and ieu, with corresponding pronunciations /jɛ/, /jyn/, /jɛl/, /jœs/, /ju/ or /aju/ and /jy/.

The semi-vowel /w/ appears as in French and in addition as a result of the labialization and rounding of the consonant /v/. This point will be mentioned in a moment, in the discussion of consonants in Newfoundland French.

One of the most striking differences between the sounds of standard French and those of the Newfoundland dialect involves the treatment of

certain consonants. In some ways, the Newfoundland French consonants are what is most disconcerting to the unattuned ear.

A most noticeable feature is the aspiration in Newfoundland French of what is, in the standard, a conventional but now unpronounced h. It occurs in such frequently used words as les hardes /le hard/, clothes, haler /hale/, to haul, haut /ho/, high and dehors /dahor/, outside. It is not an extremely frequent phenomenon, but it is striking.

A second noticeable feature concerns what in the standard is the consonant y. In Newfoundland French it tends to become the semi-vowel /w/. Thus standard French words such as savoir, to know, envoyer, to send, voir, to see, avoir, to have, cheval, horse and cheveu, hair, are pronounced in Newfoundland French /sawɛr/, /āwɔje/, /wɛr/, /awɛr/, /ʃwal/ and /ʃwɔ/ respectively. The written form of these words has given some problem. I have tried to avoid the use of the letter w as most French speakers would read it as a v, although the use of -ou- in some contexts produces an awkward combination of vowels. For the time being I have used the letters ou to indicate the /w/. The examples noted above are written respectively saouère, envoyer or enoueyer, ouère, aouère, choual and choueu.

The third characteristic feature of Newfoundland French consonants are the palatal sounds /tʃ/ and /dʒ/ which correspond in the standard to the velar consonants /k/ and /g/ before a front vowel. Some examples include américain, American, biscuit, biscuit, coquille shell, paquet, packet and quinze, fifteen, in the standard; they are written and pronounced thus in the dialect: améritchain /ameritʃɛ/, bistchuit /bɪstʃɪ/, cotchille /kɔtʃi/, patchet /patʃe/ and tchinze /tʃɛz/.

Just as the sound /tʃ/ has been rendered by the letters tch, so has the sound /dʒ/ been noted by the letters dg. This should allow a standard speaker to approximate the Newfoundland French pronunciation. Some examples include standard baguette, a rod, guerre, war, gueule, mouth, guêpe, wasp and longueur, length. In Newfoundland French these are written and pronounced badgette /badʒɛt/, dgerre /dʒɛr/, dgeule /dʒœl/, dgêpe /dʒɛp/ and londgeur /lɔ̃dʒœr/.

In the case of a small number of words, the final consonant is pronounced in Newfoundland French where it is not in the standard. The adjective tout, all /tu/ is, in Newfoundland, almost always pronounced toute /tɔt/. Other examples include standard bout, end, debout, standing, lait, milk, eux, them and deux, two. In Newfoundland usage they are pronounced and written /bɔt/ boute, /dɔbɔt/ deboute, /lɛt/ laite, /jœs/ ieusses and /dɔs/ deusse. This last example is so pronounced only in the final position and presumably by analogy with six (j'enai six) or dix in the same context.

Most consonant clusters in Newfoundland French are simplified, usually but not uniquely in the final syllable. The groups involved include -tre, -dre, -pre, -bre, -cre, -gre, -vre and -fre, which simplify with the dropping of the r. Some examples include standard être, to be, vendre, to sell and pauvre, poor. In Newfoundland French they are written and pronounced ête /ɛt/, vende /vãd/ and pauve /pov/ respectively.

The same phenomenon occurs with the groups -cle, -gle, -ple and -ble, which lose the l: standard oncle, uncle, diable, devil, Newfoundland onc' /ɔ̃k/, diabe /djab/. Other consonant clusters which simplify include -lme, -cte, /ks/ and -ste.

A final point concerning Newfoundland French consonants concerns the groups tr- and dr-, which are often pronounced as cr- and gr-: standard trois, three, truelle, trowel, drapeau, flag, and the dialect droche, blubber, have been noted as crois /krwa/, cruelle /kryɛl/, grapeau /grapo/ and groche /grɔʃ/ respectively.

In concluding this section on the sounds of Newfoundland French, it must be emphasized that the coverage is obviously not exhaustive. There are many minor points of phonology which are not included here either because of their relative rarity or because such changes as they produce in the orthography of the dialect are straightforward. The topics covered are included only to give a practical working knowledge of the dialect, to help the reader of standard French cope with the texts.

It is quite obvious from the preceding remarks on Franco-Newfoundland phonology that the subject is sufficiently broad to merit a study in its own right. The same is true for the morphology of the dialect. Morphology, or the study of word shapes is another area of investigation which shows that Newfoundland French has significant differences from the forms of the standard. Again, only the major differences are shown, and the way in which the orthography is influenced by them, since the intention is only to help the reader.

Beginning with the articles, the reader will note that the masculine form of the definite article in standard French, le, loses its vowel in Newfoundland even before a consonant: J'as vu l'bonhomme, I saw the fellow. This is, of course, consistent with standard pronunciation though not of standard orthography.

Further, contractions of the articles with the prepositions à and de are not made consistently; one hears both au and à l' before nouns beginning with a consonant, aux and à les, du and d'le, des and d'les.

As was noted earlier, the indefinite articles un and une of standard French are often pronounced /ẽ/ and /œ̃/ respectively, and may be written in and eune.

Two points may be made concerning the noun. In the standard language there are a number of nouns which have so-called irregular plurals, for example un cheval /ʃə val/ but des chevaux /də ʃəvo/. Analogy, the principle which causes irregularities in a given pattern to be ironed out, has led to the Newfoundland French forms in chwal, des chwals (horse, horses), in journal, des journals (newspaper, newspapers); in these two cases, the plural form has been remodelled on the singular, whereas the opposite is true for the standard word animal. In Newfoundland French the forms are in animau, des animaux, compared to the standard un animal, des animaux.

The second point is that some collective nouns, singular in form, are treated as plurals and require a verb in the plural: tout l'monde allont, everyone's going.

Newfoundland French does not seem to possess a wide range of adjectives. One notes a tendency with many speakers to make some quite common adjective invariable, that is, they do not agree with the noun they qualify according to the rules of standard French. One may hear such sentences as Chante-moi eune chanson français, Sing me a French song, where standard French requires française.

The demonstrative adjective has three singular forms in Newfoundland French, c', ct' and cte, with a plural ces. C' is used with the singular of masculine nouns beginning with a consonant: c'garçon-ici, this boy. Cte /stə/ and ct', the latter form reserved for use with words beginning with a vowel, are used with both genders. The demonstrative adjective is usually accompanied by the particles ici or là, to indicate proximity or distance: ct' homme-ici, this man, cte femme-là, that woman.

There is a much wider variety of pronoun forms in Newfoundland French than in the standard. Forms of the first person pronoun je, I, include the standard je /ʒə/, j' /ʒ/ and ej /əʒ/, e.g. j'crois, I think, ej m'en vas, I'm going. As opposed to the standard plural, nous, we, Newfoundland French uses the singular pronoun with the plural form of the verb, and the addition of nous autes: Ah, j'contions des contes nous autes! Oh how we used to tell stories!

While second person pronouns are the same as the standard forms, third person pronouns differ. Masculine forms in both singular and plural are i or il, thus i va /i va/, he's going, il allont /il alɔ̃/, they are going. Feminine forms are a or alle in the singular, but the plural form is the same as the masculine types.

Direct object pronouns are the same as in the standard but seem to be little used. One notes the form lé, /le/, when used in the imperative tense of verbs: mange-lé, eat it. Indirect object pronouns are more varied. Standard lui is rarely used, the Newfoundland form being y /i/: j'y as dit, I told him. The plural leur, to them is almost never used but in its place Newfoundland French has à ieusses or

à ielles: j'as donné ça à ieusses, I gave it to them.

Disjunctive pronouns differ from standard French in the third person forms and include lui (him, he), ielle or éelle (rare) (she, her), in the singular, ieux or ieusses /jø/, /jøs/ and ielles /jæl/ in the plural. Ieux is sometimes used for the reflexive se: pour ieux désennuyer, to pass the time.

Demonstrative pronouns differ from the standard in both form and pronunciation. Basic types include çu-là or çui-là this one, masculine, cette-là (feminine) and ceuses-là /søz la/, those (both genders). Proximity and distance are expressed by the addition of ici and là: cette-là-là, that one, ceuses-là-ici, these.

Before discussing forms of the verb, it should be noted that omitted from the description are differences between the standard and dialect forms of possessive pronouns, indefinite pronouns, relative pronouns and interrogative pronouns. All show variation from the standard in form, pronunciation or function. They would cause great difficulty to the reader, however, either because they are sufficiently close to the standard to allow ready understanding, or because differences of orthography which appear have been noted elsewhere. The same comments are true, by and large, for prepositions, adverbs and conjunctions.

In dealing briefly with the verb in Newfoundland French, it should be made clear that the chief differences are the product of analogical formations. The Newfoundland dialect has been free of academic restraint, and irregular verbs of standard French are either regularized or replaced by new forms based on regular patterns.

There are two main kinds of analogical formation at work in Newfoundland French. The first concerns the endings of words, the second the root or stem of verbs. I shall give examples of each.

Taking the verb avoir as an example (its wide use as an auxiliary verb has probably made it the pattern for other verbs to follow), one can make the following observations. In the singular, standard French has three forms, two of which share the same pronunciation: j'ai, tu as, il a /ʒe/, /ty a/, /il a/. Newfoundland French has, in the first person, a regularized form j'as /ʒa/.

This pattern is found in the future tense of all verbs, and in the imperfect tense of all verbs at Cape St. George (j'avas, t'avas, il ava). It is also found in the present tense of a few verbs like aller (j'vas).

The third person plural of all verbs in all tenses seems to have been influenced by the form in the present tense of verbs like faire (font), aller (vont) and être (sont). Unlike most verbs, these are end-stressed in the third person. The future of all verbs in the standard has -ont in the third person plural, since it derives from the third person plural of the verb avoir (ont).

These patterns have produced in Newfoundland French a third person plural form of avoir, avont. It has spread to all verbs, thus standard il vont, Newfoundland il allont. This ending also characterizes the imperfect tense of all verbs, thus standard ils avaient, ils allaient, Newfoundland il aviont, il alliont.

Examples of the verb aller from Newfoundland usage also illustrate the second major analogical influence, upon the root of verbs. Standard French vont is out of line with the other forms of the plural, nous

allons, vous allez. Newfoundland French has regularized this pattern.

Two further examples will serve to illustrate this feature. The verb apprendre, to learn, apprend in Newfoundland, has, in standard French, the following forms in the present tense: j'apprends, tu apprends, il apprend, nous apprenons, vous apprenez, ils apprennent. In Newfoundland usage the root maintains the -d- in the plural by analogy with the infinitive: nous apprendons, vous apprenez, il apprendont.

The second example concerns past participles. They tend to be regularized on the basis of the infinitive form of the verb. Verbs like craindre, coudre (to fear, to sew) which have in the standard craint and cousu as participles, are regularized in Newfoundland to craindu and coudu. Verbs like courir and mourir (to run, to die) have forms couri and mouri as opposed to standard couru and mort.

A final point to note concerning verbs in Newfoundland French concerns the subjunctive mood. Generally it is little used; but some forms exist, usually with different pronunciations. The most common include seye /sej/ for standard sois (the verb to be); false /fəz/ for standard fasse /fas/ (the verb to do) and alle /al/ for standard aille (the verb to go).

In concluding it must be emphasized that this section on the morphology of Newfoundland French is only a survey, an overview that presents the most striking features. Both the phonology and the morphology merit fuller treatment, which would require separate treatises to do them justice. For similar reasons the lexicon of Newfoundland French will touch on major features only.

The lexicon of Newfoundland French can be broadly divided into six areas of unequal importance: words whose meanings are shared with standard

French; words common to both idioms which have a different meaning in Newfoundland French; words with a technical, usually maritime meaning in the standard, which are used in both technical and non-technical meanings in Newfoundland; words no longer used in the standard, i.e., archaisms; dialect words; and borrowings, from both Micmac and English.

I will not give examples of the common stock of vocabulary, which should be clear to the reader. Words shared by both but which have a special meaning in Newfoundland French include: les hardes, rags in the standard, but clothes in general in Newfoundland; élève, a pupil in the standard, a foster-child in Newfoundland; calotte, a skull-cap in France, a cap of any kind in Newfoundland French; paletot, usually a short coat in the standard, but any coat in Newfoundland.

Words of a technical flavour used with everyday meanings are common in Newfoundland French. Usually, the standard French word is confined to technical usage. All have to do with the sea. The standard word virer, virer de bord, means to go about (of a ship); in Newfoundland usage it means simply to turn, turn around. Chavirer to capsize in standard French, means locally to spill or tip over; amarrer, to tie up (a boat), amârrer in Newfoundland, means to tie up or attach (anything). Standard gréer, to rig (a vessel), greyer in Newfoundland, is used to mean to dress or, reflexively, to get dressed. Souquer, in standard French to haul a rope taut, is used on the peninsula to mean to hug or embrace. These few examples by no means exhaust the many nautical terms in everyday usage in Newfoundland which can also be used in their technical sense.

Some examples of archaisms include the words devinaille, a riddle, which was replaced in old French by the now standard devinette; asteure, used by Montaigne in the sixteenth century instead of the standard maintenant, now; besson, a twin, rather than the standard jumeau, and nic /nɪk/ rather than standard nid /ni/, a nest.

A fairly large number of words in the Franco-Newfoundland lexicon do not seem to be known at all in modern standard French; dictionary entries for them, where they appear at all, indicate regional or dialectal sources. Some examples include aspérer or spérer, to wait for; bavasser, to chatter; carnasser, to play; garâcher, to throw; la grave, the shore, beach; and les zusses, eyebrows.

There are two kinds of borrowings in Newfoundland French: a small number from Micmac, and a much larger number from English. I have tentatively identified four words as probable borrowings from Micmac:

macauque /makok/, a cranberry; misquish /mɪskwɪʃ/, a sheep-tick; moyaque /m jak/, the common eider duck; and machecoui /maʃkwi/, birch bark.⁸

The English language is an inescapable part of the Franco-Newfoundlander's life. Cut off from all contact with France since 1904, the French communities of Western Newfoundland are hemmed in on one side by the sea and on the other by English communities; English has inevitably

⁸ Deriving, according to Massignon (op. cit., p. 112, s.v. Terrain humide 10), from the Micmac meaning a prairie or savannah. Professor John Hewson of Memorial University's Linguistics Department advises me that misquish is unknown in Micmac; moyaque is probably borrowed from Micmac /mu/ sea duck, of which the plural is /muyaq/; machecoui is from Micmac /maskwi/.

influenced the spoken French in Newfoundland. This is an aspect of Franco-Newfoundland culture which deserves much careful study and attention. I can only hint here at the depth of penetration of English into Newfoundland French.

Before discussing the general question of bilingualism, here is a sampling of common anglicisms to be found in the Newfoundland French idiom. Names of objects or concepts uninvented when contact with France was lost are taken wholesale from English. Genders of nouns seem to have been chosen haphazardly, but the chosen gender is used consistently.

Examples include un car, a car for standard auto or voiture; un grader refers to the machine used, in most people's experience, to fill in the pot-holes in the dusty peninsula roads; le TV /tivi/ is used for the standard la télévision or le téléviseur; la plane for un avion; and le power or le pououère for l'électricité, introduced to the peninsula in the early sixties.

In order to take a sampling of the frequency and variety of anglicisms, I analyzed the contents of a thirty-minute tape-recording made of Mrs. Elizabeth Barter. I found in the recording, which included both narrative and dialogue, a total of thirty different anglicisms.

Some of these were used frequently: all right, un party, oh my God! anyway, really; others, such as mailman, un way, un veil, un shepherd, une crowd, for example, only appeared once but can be heard commonly in general conversation.

There were a number of verbs which have been given French endings: treater, to treat; meaner, to mean; escaper, to escape, and checker, to check. Where anglicisms of this kind appear in my transcriptions, the

English source and French pronunciation is usually noted.

A final kind of anglicism noted here is structural. It involves the use of a French verb with an English preposition, forming an interesting hybrid. Examples include retourner back from French retourner and English to go back; fin'er out, from to find out and chercher pour, from French chercher and English to look for. The patterning of French verbs on English prepositional verbs is very common in Newfoundland French.

These few examples by no means exhaust the study of anglicisms in Newfoundland French. I have noted a number of lexical influences, but a trained linguist with a knowledge of both Newfoundland French and English would certainly uncover other kinds, probably both phonetic and structural or syntactic.

This examination of the French spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula will conclude with a brief discussion of bilingualism, some of the effects of which have just been examined. The infiltration of English words and structures into Newfoundland French is an inevitable consequence of bilingualism, and is not of course confined to Newfoundland.

In an uneducated milieu, cut off from all contact with formative influences in the mother tongue, borrowings of words expressing new concepts will be absorbed willy-nilly. Daily intercourse with speakers of the majority language will slowly cause speakers of the minority tongue to absorb more and more foreign words. This is especially true in the absence of education in the mother tongue.

In the preceding chapter it was noted that most French people until fairly recent times had little formal education, the exception being a few Frenchmen who had received some schooling in France. I suspect that

it is the younger generations of French speakers who have a higher percentage of anglicisms in their speech, for two reasons.

The first is that they alone have been able to have a lengthy education; the second reason is that, especially after the opening of the American Air Force Base at Stephenville, many parents stopped using French with their children. They did this because they were mocked for speaking French, or English with a French accent; and because they felt their children would have better prospects in life if they had the mastery of English.

Since the sixties, these views seem to have changed, so that today many French parents desire the possibility of an education in both languages. This has been realized at Cape St. George.

There are very few French speakers today who cannot speak English, but most will speak to the outsider with much more alacrity if the outsider uses French. English is still the language of work, while French remains the language of the home.

For the bilingual folklore collector, bilingualism in his informants is a great advantage. Kinds of folklore which are most readily collected in the intimacy of the home are best collected in the mother tongue, but if the collector is baffled by an unusual word, his informant can usually provide an English rendering.

The greatest advantage is that a collector working in a minority group is much better placed to establish good rapport with his informants if he can use their language. The collector can only err if he considers true bilingualism to mean the mastery of the educated forms of two languages.

In this discussion of bilingualism as a corollary to the influence of English on Newfoundland French, the impression may have been given that it is French alone which has been penetrated by the second language. This is not so. The English spoken by both French and English natives on the Port-au-Port peninsula contains many gallicisms, a few examples of which appear below.

I have noted English speakers using the French word patron for English pattern; I have not heard the latter; couettes /kwɛts/ for English plaits; and pattes /pats/ for English paws. Once, playing cards with an anglophone, I heard her say, after failing to score any points, "I got crotte de poule," i.e., 'chicken droppings, nothing.' On another occasion I was verbally chastized thus: "How can I talk on the phone with you bavassing [i.e., chattering] there?"

This chapter has explained why it is necessary to describe and summarize the main features of Newfoundland French; it has pointed to the origins of the dialect and noted some of the influences upon it. In rather more detail, have been discussed matters on phonology, morphology and lexicon, with special emphasis on the question of anglicisms and bilingualism. Any one of these subjects merits intensive study in its own right, as I have already noted. The chapter is a summary of major points and makes no claims to exhaustive coverage. It is given for the reader's convenience, to facilitate understanding of the folktales.

A NOTE ON THE TRANSCRIPTION OF THE DIALECT

I mentioned earlier in this chapter that I have tried to write down the contents of my tape-recordings just as they were spoken. To this end,

features of the orthography were noted which differ from standard French usage. The guiding principle, which it has not always been possible to follow, was to write down Newfoundland French in such a way that a reader knowing the standard would be able to reproduce the pronunciation of the Newfoundland idiom with a fair degree of accuracy.

The careful reader may note a number of apparent inconsistencies in the transcriptions. These are due to the following reasons: firstly, not all speakers of Newfoundland French have the same pronunciations of words. I have noted a small number of differences, for example, between the French of Mainland and that of Cape St. George.

Secondly, because of the different origins of many families, and because their native French would not be the same from family to family, differences can be found within the same community. This is true with individual speakers; I have noted many cases, for example, where a storyteller uses both standard and dialectal forms of the same word. Further, a speaker may not always be consistent in his pronunciation of individual words.

A third reason is that the transcriptions have been made over a period of five years, and in that period the system of transcription has become progressively more refined and, it is hoped, more accurate. My own perception of the dialect has been greatly improved by the help of Miss Geraldine Barter, a native of Mainland and fluent speaker of her dialect. I have tried to correct earlier weaknesses, but cannot be sure that I have caught all of these.

With these points in mind, I provide a brief summary of the orthographic details noted earlier in the chapter, and a final note on

punctuation. As far as the actual notation of sounds is concerned, three factors should be taken into consideration: there are sounds in Newfoundland French which do not exist in the standard; there are other sounds which are common to both but appear in different contexts; and finally, there are sounds which are normally omitted in Newfoundland usage.

In the first category, the sounds /tʃ/ and /dʒ/ are noted -tch- and -dg-: tchoeur, heart and dgerre, war in Newfoundland, for standard coeur and guerre. As the contexts of /ɛ/ and /ʊ/ have not yet been defined, I have not indicated them, and use the letters i and u. Similarly, I have not indicated the aspirated /h/.

The most common category of differences is that in which the same sounds appear in different contexts. The reading of words should not be difficult, since letters and combinations of letters used are the same as in the standard. Examples include dgépe for guêpe, a wasp; iun, ioù for un, où, one and where? respectively; amârrer, câsser, for standard amarrer, casser, to tie up and to break, where the â corresponds to the sound /a/; parsonne, varte, for personne, verte, a person and green respectively.

My use of the letter w is the one case where I have strayed from my general principle of following French sound values. In standard French, the letter is pronounced normally as a v. I use it to indicate the sound /w/ when /w/ is not followed by the sound /ɛ/. When the sound /w/ is followed by /ɛ/, I use the letters -ou- to indicate /w/. Examples include chwal, standard French cheval, a horse, and auère, standard avoir, to have.

Sporadic changes, often affecting the vowels /y/, /u/, /o/, /e/, /œ/ and /a/ are indicated by use of the appropriate letter, and are not typographical errors. Some examples include jornée for journée, a day; sèlement for seulement, only; and defaire for défaire, to undo. The Cape St. George treatment of the standard ending -ait or the final sound /ɛ/ is indicated by the letter a: faisa for faisait, apra for après.

These are the major points of orthography which need explanation. They refer of course to the French spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula, in the two communities where I have done most of my collecting.

Besides the narratives in French, a number of folktales in English have also been collected. Some of these are given in part three of this study. Ideally, there should be an equivalent study of the English spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula, but this does not fall within the scope of my competence. A trained linguist will one day hopefully attempt to do for the Port-au-Port English idiom what I have tried to do for the French.

In my transcriptions of the English, I have paralleled roughly what I tried to do for the French, that is, use the conventional spellings of the standard language to indicate sound pronunciations. It should be noted, however, that the conventional spellings I have used are those of an educated speaker of British English, rather than that of English usage in North America.

A final point needing discussion is my use of punctuation. In many matters I feel that I have not yet arrived at a satisfactory compromise between the usage of formal written French and the verbal art of the storyteller. I shall indicate here some of the most common conventions

I have adopted.

One of the chief problems is in the use of the apostrophe to indicate sounds pronounced in the standard but normally omitted in Newfoundland French. Initially, I used it to show omissions, writing diab'e to indicate standard diable. This produced a plethora of apostrophes in the text and was unsightly; it also slowed up reading. My compromise is to omit the apostrophe wherever possible, unless it is used in the standard or where its omission would make it difficult for the reader to identify the word.

In ordinary conversation as well as in storytelling, sentences are not organized with the neat orderliness of correct written prose. The period has only been used to indicate a distinct pause and, by a drop in the voice, the speaker's notification of the end of a sentence.

The question and exclamation marks are generally used quite conventionally. For emphasis within a sentence I have italicized the words stressed. I have not underlined anglicisms as if they were foreign words. As I showed earlier, some English words have become part of Newfoundland French.

So far as I can determine, normal or narrative speech rarely produces effects that would be best indicated by a colon or semi-colon. Although some might feel that for clarity these should be inserted, I feel it would be a distortion of the transcription to insert them.

I have been least consistent in my use of the comma. In most instances the comma indicates a brief natural pause; but storytellers frequently run phrases together, and I have deemed it advisable also to insert commas for grammatical clarity. I have tended to omit commas where

there is no pause, unless clarity is affected.

The dash (--) is used to indicate a pause longer than that indicated by a comma, and a very long pause is usually shown by the French points de suspension (...). I have also used the dash to separate the words of two speakers, where the separation is not otherwise shown, for example, by 'he said' or 'she said.' Hesitations in speech are usually shown by conventional signs such as 'euh,' 'er,' and 'ahh.'

I have not indicated paragraphs in my texts because I feel they correspond to no natural break in oral narratives. The exigencies of space have prevented me from showing changes of speakers on successive lines, as is customary in published works.

I am a little unhappy that I have not yet settled on a more consistent usage, but I feel that so long as this is explained, the reader will accept my system.

CHAPTER THREE

FIELD-TRIPS AND COLLECTING EXPERIENCES AMONGST FRENCH NEWFOUNDLANDERS

This dissertation is based on seven years collecting and study of the folklore and language of the Port-au-Port peninsula French population. When I began fieldwork in 1970 I was very inexperienced in collecting folklore of any kind. I was at a further disadvantage since it was my intention to collect the folklore of a group of people whose language was not my own.

I was British-born and English speaking, and although as a teacher and student of French and French dialects I was very fluent in standard French, my very first encounter with the French spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula drew my attention to the many differences between the standard and the dialect. The preceding chapter has outlined these differences.

This chapter will describe my visits to the area, the kinds of people from whom I collected folklore, the methods I used in collecting it, and the kinds of situations in which I collected it. In describing my visits to the Port-au-Port peninsula, I shall note impressions of my first brief visit in 1965, my first folklore collecting trips in 1971, and pay considerable attention to my experiences during an extended eight month stay at Cape St. George from October 1972 to June 1973. I shall then sketch briefly subsequent collecting at Mainland, which is still continuing.

Since I was collecting folklore where my main informants used French as their mother tongue, although most also knew English, I have included

a sub-section in this chapter which concentrates on collecting folklore in a foreign language. This is because I used French whenever possible, although it is not my native tongue. There are both advantages and disadvantages to this method, and I feel my experiences may be of value to future collectors in similar contexts.

A final sub-section draws attention to what may be considered both a humorous and informative aspect of fieldwork: the unexpected perils which menace the innocent collector.

I first visited the Port-au-Port peninsula in the summer of 1965. My wife, a native French speaker herself, and I were driving to Ontario with Dr. Alan Williams, then of Memorial University's Geography Department. We stopped at Stephenville for a day and met Mr. George Billard of Memorial's Extension Service. He invited us to accompany him on a trip to Cape St. George, correctly assuming that I would be interested in meeting some French Newfoundlanders. My then Head of Department, the late Dr. J.T. Stoker, had spoken to me about them and shown me a copy of an article he had written about Newfoundland French. It had whetted my appetite to pursue the study of a little known French dialect.

In 1965 the road to Cape St. George from Stephenville was completely unpaved and the car we travelled in trailed clouds of dust. People waved to us as we passed by. We were struck by the garish colours of the houses along the roadside, vivid mauves, blacks, yellows and pinks. At Cape St. George we talked for about two hours with Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Cormier, an elderly couple both since deceased. We were fascinated to learn, after some calculations by George Billard, that the old couple had at that time at least one hundred and twenty-eight direct descendants.

I took some photographs of the couple outside their home, and was happy to be able to give a framed copy of one, some seven years later, to the son who had inherited his house and land. Charlie Cormier and his wife Mary were both to become good friends and informants.

During this first trip to Cape St. George I collected no folklore, as I was barely aware of its existence as an academic subject. I was pleased to have met some French Newfoundlanders and spoke French to them, and this prompted Herbert Halpert to suggest, in 1966 when I began folklore studies with him, that I might eventually study the folklore of this small ethnic minority. The study of storytellers and storytelling which is the subject of this thesis is the result of his suggestion.

My second trip to the region was in December 1970, not with any folkloristic research in view, but to prepare a report on the teaching of French in schools of the Stephenville-Port-au-Port peninsula district. In interviewing French speakers from Cape St. George, Black Duck Brook and Mainland, however, I made my first useful contacts. I did not know for sure at the time that I would be spending an academic year at Cape St. George, but when the possibility of an extended field-trip there arose, I chose to go to the Cape precisely because I had been so warmly received by some of the local people.

One of those I had interviewed in 1970 was Mrs. Marina Simon, a French speaking teacher in the Elementary school at Cape St. George. She was the wife of the local postmaster and daughter-in-law of Mrs. Veronica Simon, who had already spoken to the few researchers to have previously visited Cape St. George: Kenneth Peacock, John Hewson, John Widdowson and J.T. Stoker. Mrs. Simon, Sr., made me most welcome and

was later to become an invaluable informant.

The first visit I made to Cape St. George to collect folklore was in April 1971. I wrote to Mrs. Marina Simon asking her if she could find accommodation for me, and when I arrived at her home I found a room waiting for me. The modest exterior of the houses along the coast road is often reflected inside, but I found the Simon's house to be almost luxuriously furnished. There are few houses at the Cape which are not spotlessly clean and Mrs. Simon's was no exception.

From the moment I took off my shoes at the door, however, I felt my initial nervousness begin to give way to a tentative feeling of confidence. I had done very little collecting in the field at that time and felt extremely self-conscious. We ate across the road at Mrs. Simon, Sr.'s home, and there the atmosphere grew warmer still.

I heard about former collectors who had visited the Simons' home and felt encouraged to explain what it was I hoped to do. Manjo Simon, the postmaster, mentioned the names of potential informants, and unconsciously, the particular strategy I was to employ as a collector began to take shape.

Strategy is perhaps too noble a word to describe my method of contacting informants. Manjo Simon was more than willing to drive me to his aunt's home in Degras, and went out of his way to arrange for a storyteller to come to his house to be interviewed. He was an excellent intermediary.

My use of an intermediary began as an act of courtesy to a stranger, but I found it so convenient that thereafter I never made a first contact without the help of a third party. To put it more strongly, during the

whole course of my collecting on the Port-au-Port peninsula, I never once took the initiative of visiting a potential informant for the first time by myself.

There is something to be said both for and against this procedure. Waiting upon a third person's convenience often entails a long delay before meeting the potential informant. Because of my timidity, I did not meet or interview Mr. Cornelius Rouzes, of whom John Widdowson had spoken to me with such high regard, nor the famous Mrs. Josie Lacosta, recorded by Peacock, until quite late in my stay.

I never met Mrs. Olive Marche, an old lady whose reputation as a storyteller was legendary at the Cape, both because I could never find an intermediary and because I had been intimidated by the reputation of her husband who was jealous of her and disliked visitors. I even heard that neighbours who had called in saw nothing of Mrs. Marche but her retreating figure as she went to hide.

On the other hand, a third person, in my experience, facilitates enormously the initial awkwardness of meeting strangers. Both the interviewer and informant are much more at ease when a mutual acquaintance explains the purpose of the visit, especially when, as in my case, there was a very high chance of linguistic confusion. We all spoke French, but with sufficient differences to prevent total comprehension.

If it is true that my modus operandi made me wait several months before meeting some of my best informants, it is also true that by the time I did meet them, there was no longer any great problem from the language point of view. By the time I met Mrs. Lacosta and Mr. Rouzes, I had acquired a working fluency in the dialect. Both became exceptionally

good informants.

My interviews with Mrs. Lacosta and Mr. Rouzes were still a long way off in 1971, and I was faced with the immediate problem of my very first interviews with French Newfoundlanders. Manjo Simon drove me the mile or so to his aunt's home in Degras. Mrs. Annie Felix, a singer of some local reputation, was not at home, but her husband Arthur, one of his sons and a friend of his were.

After introductions were made by Manjo, I ventured to suggest that the guitar, accordeon and violin that could be seen in the kitchen might be put to good use. Manjo encouraged the boys, who were in their late teens or early twenties, to play. They did, with little coaxing needed, and they were not in the least bothered by my use of a tape-recorder with which I collected their music.

After almost an hour of playing, the men paused to eat a 'lunch'-- salt herrings and boiled potatoes. When I was offered some I jumped at the chance, not only because I was hungry, but because I felt that to accept the offer of food was to be no longer considered a total outsider. We had barely finished eating when Mrs. Felix returned from Bingo.

She was reluctant to sing, although Kenneth Peacock had recorded her. But a glass of rum I offered her was accepted, and with her husband's encouragement she sang a few songs. She needed to be coaxed. That she sang at all was due, I think, to her husband's desire to hear her. He had had a few drinks, had played the violin, and was 'feeling good.' One of Mrs. Felix's songs was called Arthur, her husband's name. He liked the song and prompted her to sing it.

After an hour and a half recording the family, I returned to Manjo's home with a tape-recorded selection of songs and music and, more especially, some self-confidence. After supper, Manjo and his wife talked to me about 'the old times,' telling me a few anecdotes and mentioning the name of a recently deceased tall tale hero about whom I was later to collect a series of stories.

The highlight of my stay was the hour or so spent, at the Simon's home, in the company of Cyril Robin. A short, compact and swarthy man, Cyril Robin showed himself to be an animated and gifted storyteller. What is more, he could sing and play the guitar. I was able to record samples of all these talents, and to my great joy and excitement, my very first Märchen, a version of AT 303, The Twins or Blood Brothers. He promised to see me again when I returned and tell me more stories.

On the following day I met Cyril Robin's elder half-brother Guillaume (Willy), who was to become my most instructive informant. He sang songs, told anecdotes and knew all about everything, or seemed to. I returned to St. John's after a three day field-trip, highly satisfied and not a little elated over the first contacts I had made.

My next visit to the Cape was in August of the same year. I began extensive interviews with Willy Robin and continued recording Cyril. I was staying with Willy Robin who lived alone, and as Cyril and his large family lived next door, all recordings were conveniently made in Willy's house. In all, eight hours of conversation and stories, songs and anecdotes were recorded.

For the first two days of my five day visit I was accompanied by a graduate student of mine who wanted to study my interviewing technique.

I felt much like a one-eyed man leading the blind, and was not fully at ease until he returned to St. John's, two days before me.

The first two collecting trips to Cape St. George gave me much food for thought. My conclusions prompted me to adopt certain approaches to collecting when I began my long stay at the Cape. In the first place, I recognized that I was much happier beginning an interview with a new informant when an intermediary had introduced us.

I began to realize too that a crate of beer was often more welcome than hard liquor--while liquor was rarely refused, beer was by far the best lubricant. Neither Willy nor Cyril Robin refused the rum I had brought, but I felt after only a short while that beer would have been better. Liquor stimulates too quickly, whereas beer can be drunk slowly or rapidly without too prompt an effect. This was later confirmed by experience, and I almost always went to see an informant with a case of beer under my arm.

I began to learn, too, that there were some subjects of conversation which were best left until one knew the informant better. One might talk readily about the old times, about storytelling or singing, but if one jumped in with questions about fairies and the like, about the supernatural in general, the response was usually negative. It was always difficult at first to judge the degree of belief informants might have in such matters. Willy Robin was highly sceptical, Cyril, on the other hand, seemed to take supernatural phenomena for granted.

If there was one thing I learnt about, it was the need for the interviewer to be obviously and openly sincere in his questioning. I always had the feeling that if the person interviewed doubted my sincerity

for a moment, I would have left empty-handed. This was especially true with the Robin brothers, whom I questioned about the supernatural and other matters involving belief. Willy Robin always watched me closely; I suspect he was evaluating my sincerity.

Sincerity involves looking serious, and asking one's questions in a tone of voice devoid of humour. I only allowed myself some feeling when I felt my informants were sure I was not mocking them. I can only suspect what conversations went on behind my back about me, but I assume they were not unfavourable, since nobody ever refused to talk to me. I never acquired a bad reputation in the community, or if I did, I suffered no ill effects from it.

In hindsight, the most valuable lesson I learnt from my exploratory trips was how extremely useful such prior trips are. When I arrived at Cape St. George in October 1972 to begin a stay of eight months, I knew the community well enough to feel secure, and was known to enough people to inspire confidence in new acquaintances. Things went well, without any problems. Well, without many problems; the few that occurred will be mentioned in my description of my eight month sojourn at the Cape.

I had learnt some useful lessons when, at the beginning of October 1972, I arrived at Cape St. George. But Fortune had smiled on me again; in the preceding year, one of the few Franco-Newfoundlanders to come to Memorial University appeared in a second year French class I taught: Phyllis Benoit, now Mrs. Jerome Martin. Phyllis was able to find lodgings for me and came to Stephenville with Jacques Simon, Manjo's twin brother, to meet me at the airport. She was to introduce me to many

people, including a number of excellent informants, and was even able to tell me a folktale she had heard as a child.

I boarded from October 1972 to the end of March 1973 with Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simon. Both my landlords became informants of mine, especially Mrs. Simon. Although she was not a fluent French speaker she was of French background, from a family of Benoits from Marche's Point. It was at Marche's Point that I subsequently interviewed her brother-in-law, Mr. Norman Young, who told me a variety of tales and legends. He mentioned as his source for one tale "Mr. Frank Woods, an old Frenchman," who was himself to become one of my best informants and is the subject of two chapters in this study.

There is no doubt in my mind that the best way to find out the ins and outs of community life is to live with a family for an extended period. Much can be learned about everyday life just from conversations overheard on the telephone. It is usually in the kitchen, close to the window looking out on to the road, and telephone conversations, apart from messages and gossip, almost invariably include references to vehicles which pass up and down the road. During the winter I spent at the Cape the precise location of the oil truck could be known at a moment's notice. This was useful information during a very cold winter. The telephone is like drums in Africa; messages are relayed from community to community and from house to house.

Not only did I quickly become conversant with most aspects of personal and public life at the Cape, but, in the same kitchen, I was able to learn much about the functioning of folkloristic details which,

hitherto, had been notes in a book. Living in the kitchen with a housewife produced quantities of notes daily touching on all aspects of life, custom and belief. A week in a household is probably worth more than a dozen questionnaires, if the researcher is alert. Mrs. Simon was, in any case, always willing to explain and justify some statement of belief I overheard and enquired about.

Further, living with a family which was not noted for its story-telling ability, I was nonetheless able to elicit a few tales, from both husband and wife. Mrs. Simon usually took a break in the afternoon from her chores and, over a cup of tea, would chat about anything I cared to mention. Eventually, after some coaxing, she told me a few tales she remembered--admittedly in somewhat fragmented form, but stories nonetheless.

I would have thought that the Simons might have been instrumental in introducing me to a wide number of people, but this was not the case. Apart from a nephew who lived in the house and who was himself an informative subject, I met only three informants through the Simons: Mrs. Philomène Simon, an aunt of Mr. Simon, who lived next door but who stayed a week with us when her furnace ran out of fuel during a blizzard; Mrs. Blanche Ozon, who also stayed a week while Mrs. Simon was away; and Mrs. Simon's brother-in-law, Norman Young, whom I have already mentioned. Happily, all three knew some stories.

It may seem that I am looking a gift-horse in the mouth by regretting the small number of people I met through the Simons. But it is a little more complicated than appears. For various reasons, relatively

few people called at Mrs. Simon's house. Those who did rarely stayed long. And, because of some disagreement between Henry Simon and Cyril Robin, I never interviewed the latter during the course of my eight month stay at the Cape. Whereas Cyril had been open and anxious to please during my previous visits, he seemed to shun me this time. People explained that he was 'un tchurieux,' an original character whose actions could not be predicted. I shall return to Cyril later.

In June 1973, after a brief absence from Cape St. George, I began boarding with another family, the Louvelles or Nouvelles (both forms are used). Mrs. Simon had written to me during my absence to tell me she could no longer board and lodge me. For most of the time I had lived with the Simons, things had gone well. But eventually Mrs. Simon seemed to tire of my continual questions or my presence in the kitchen. It was, of course, not at all typical of men to be in the kitchen as often as I was. I used to sit there writing up archive cards while she went about her business. During the constant chit-chat that went on, I usually managed to note quite a large number of details--sayings, beliefs, dialect words and the like--gleaned in a natural context. The reason I allude to this disagreement is to point out the kinds of problems the collector can provoke, quite unwittingly, during a protracted stay with a strange family.

The Louvelles, Frank and Adeline, with whom I stayed for the rest of my time at Cape St. George, were very different people from the Simons. Both were French speakers, as were their children (the youngest eleven years old), and both were warm, open and humorous. Both liked a few drinks and we knew each other well enough to me to be accepted in

the family much more as a good friend than as a source of extra weekly dollars. Both became good informants.

It was at the Louvelles that I first spoke to Cyril Robin about the stories he had promised to tell me almost two years before. He had come to do some work with Frank Louvelle; I mentioned the subject to him and he replied that his health had not been good, that it had been a hard winter, and added, almost as an afterthought, that he had not known I was staying with Frank Louvelle. As I said nothing he explained, much to my surprise, that he had not wanted to see me while I was living with the Simons.

The originality of his last excuse prompted me to do a little detective work later on, and I discovered that a disagreement between Cyril Robin and Henry Simon left them no longer on speaking terms, and for this reason Cyril had been reluctant to contact me.

It was while I was staying with the Louvelles in June 1973 that I first went to Mainland for collecting purposes. For the first time in my stay at the Cape, I had my car with me, and was able to visit informants with much more ease. One Sunday afternoon at the Salon du Cap, the local beer parlour and dance hall, I met Mrs. Mabel Bungay, a native of Mainland who also taught at the primary school there.

As a result of our conversation I made two short visits to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Willy Cornac (or Cornect, as the name is now written), whom I recorded on a variety of subjects. A wild party with plenty of liquor, occasioned by the return of the eldest son for a holiday, allowed me to record a considerable amount of music. The

family is talented in this respect and a series of jigs and reels were played on the violin and guitar by various brothers.

The end of June saw the end of a very successful eight month field-trip to Cape St. George. I had made some one hundred and twenty-five tape recordings, for a total of some seventy-five hours recorded time, and almost 1,600 archive cards on each of which was noted a minimum of one folklore item. I had acquired a better than working fluency in the dialect, which I hoped to put to good use transcribing the many folktales and other kinds of folklore I had recorded.

As I noted, I had concluded my fieldwork on the Port-au-Port peninsula with two brief trips to Mainland. My major collecting at Mainland, however, began well after my fieldwork had officially ended. In September 1973, I was gratified to find in a second year French class another dialect speaker from the peninsula, Miss Geraldine Barter of Mainland, whom I had twice met briefly earlier in the year, once at St. John's and once at a camp site near Mainland where she was working during the summer.

I asked her if she would be interested in transcribing my tape-recordings on a trial basis. She was interested, and so well did she acquit herself of the first transcriptions that I was able to find funds to pay her to finish the job. She herself became enthusiastic about the work and began studying her own traditions with much perception.

By a stroke of good fortune it transpired that Miss Barter's mother was a storyteller. In November 1973, Geraldine and I drove from St. John's to Mainland to begin what was to prove to be a series of

excellent recordings. Mrs. Barter was to become a very close friend with whom I and my family were always made welcome.

She also had the most extensive repertoire of tales of anyone I interviewed on the Port-au-Port peninsula. Indeed, by her experiences and comments about life in a Franco-Newfoundland community, she typifies the French storyteller in family tradition. It is for these reasons that I have devoted three chapters to Mrs. Barter and her stories in the second part of this study.

So far in this chapter I have outlined the course of my field-trips to the Port-au-Port peninsula, mentioning some of the problems I encountered and some of the solutions. I dwelt upon my contact with Cyril Robin, of whom I had expected great things as a storyteller. He is not, however, a typical storyteller in my experience, because of his enigmatic character and his originality.

By and large I met three main types of informant amongst the French. The first kind includes those who knew primary information (folktales, legends, anecdotes and song) and were willing to talk or perform for me with a minimum of cajolement. The second type of informant was the person who knew songs or stories but who required a considerable amount of coaxing before he or she would be willing to perform. The third type included those who could and would talk informatively on many subjects but who were neither storytellers nor singers.

I shall deal at some length with those who fall into the first two categories in the chapters devoted to individual storytellers. For the moment, I will simply take an example of each kind in order to illustrate.

Mrs. Josie Lacosta (or Costard, in its anglicized form) had been extensively interviewed by Kenneth Peacock and enjoyed a wide reputation as a singer on the peninsula. Because I was reluctant to meet new informants without an introduction, I did not meet her until June 1973. Having met her, I indulged in an orgy of recording. This was possible because Mrs. Lacosta enjoyed being interviewed and loved singing. Indeed, as she later told me, she used to sing to herself in order to remember her songs.

Many people at Cape St. George told me that the problem with Mrs. Lacosta was not getting her to sing, but getting her to stop. This was well meant advice which produced a large grin on my folklorist's face. In six and a half hours of recording, Mrs. Lacosta sang me over forty songs.

From this point of view I had a bonus when her forty-three year old son Alcid, celebrating his birthday, interrupted his mother's singing to sing (very badly) a version of 'Lord Randell' for me. But the real bonus came when, remembering Herbert Halpert's experiences, I decided to ask Mrs. Lacosta if she knew any stories.

Nobody had ever hinted that she might tell tales, and to my delight and surprise she told me half a dozen stories, displaying as much talent as a storyteller as she had as a singer. And she needed little or no encouragement to tell them. She was one of the few storytellers, moreover, whose narrations were not constantly punctuated by pauses or corrections.

Although I have not included her material in this study because of limitations of length, and because she is nonetheless a singer rather

than a narrator, Mrs. Lacosta was, and still is, a collector's delight. She talked volubly on many subjects and was ever ready to sing a song, which she concluded with a girlish giggle. She often volunteered information I had not had the wit to ask for, a trait that seems to be common to those who have previously been interviewed by other collectors.

The second kind of informant, the one who required coaxing in order to tell stories or sing songs, usually did not have a large repertoire. A case in point would be Mrs. Lucie Simon of Cape St. George. I first met her after going to interview her husband Edouard on the subject of a local tall tale hero, Albert Simon, to whom he was related. During the interview, Mr. Simon began recalling other kinds of stories that used to be told and the names of one or two folktales cropped up.

It transpired that Mrs. Simon knew one of the tales mentioned, but adamantly refused to tell it. I began to coax her, using every argument I could think of; how important it was to try and save the tales from oblivion, that it did not matter that she could remember only parts of it. When I encouraged her to tell any kind of tale at all, she finally relented and agreed to tell the story of 'Morgan.' This she did, though the tale was much abbreviated.

This tale served to break the ice, for it prompted her husband Edouard to tell one, again incomplete, called 'Les quarante-six voleurs.' Once we had apparently exhausted the subject of storytelling, I learnt that Mrs. Simon could sing. Again I had to coax her, assuring her that it did not matter at all that she could not sing it 'properly.' With a few pauses, she sang the song she had in mind, and then another one.

It might be thought that Mrs. Simon was trying to fob me off with the abridged versions of tale and song. But before I left, she told me that she would try to remember the tale in full for my next visit, which she seemed to anticipate with pleasure. She did indeed give me a fuller, though still incomplete version of the tale at a later date, but was unable to recall any further stories. She regretted having forgotten those she had once known.

Mrs. Veronica Simon represents the third type of informant from whom I collected. She is neither a singer nor a storyteller, but during the many informal conversations I had with her in her kitchen, she provided me with nearly two hundred items of interest, ranging from dialect words to recipes to beliefs, proverbs, sayings of all kinds, weather signs, customs, in brief, everything except tales and songs.

Mrs. Simon would sometimes be seated, other times going about her household chores, while I would scribble away in my note book--now noting an in-context statement, now taking down her reply to a direct question. Our talks were rarely longer than an hour's duration, but I was always able to glean some new insight or some hitherto unrecorded fact from her.

There were many people like Mrs. Simon. While I can point to some two dozen informants who told stories of one kind or another, I collected much information from another sixty or so people who were neither singers nor storytellers. It is clear from the preceding remarks that while I was mainly interested in tales, I also collected other kinds of folklore. It is perhaps appropriate here to recall the general purpose of my various field-trips to the Port-au-Port peninsula.

No extensive collecting had previously been made to my knowledge amongst French Newfoundlanders. J.T. Stoker had passed through the area briefly in the early sixties, Kenneth Peacock had collected songs from a handful of singers at Cape St. George in 1959, and John Hewson and John Widdowson had made some exploratory tape-recordings together at the Cape and Black Duck Brook in 1964.

At the time I was planning my field-trips to the region, there was no one in Memorial University's Folklore Department whose research inclinations or linguistic ability lay in that direction. In theory I was the best qualified for the task, having completed an M.A. in Folklore, speaking fluent French and possessing a knowledge of French dialects.

In this context, the obvious plan of attack was a general survey of the area's traditions. J.T. Stoker had concluded that the language would be dead within twenty years of his visit to the French and, with rather less justification, that the area possessed no traditions anyway, neither songs nor stories. I proposed therefore to adopt Kenneth S. Goldstein's 'vacuum' method:¹ to collect everything that I could but, given my interest in narrative, with emphasis on stories and storytelling.

This is why a great deal of the material I have collected is not directly related to stories and storytelling. That there was a rich

¹ See Kenneth S. Goldstein. A Guide For Field Workers in Folklore (Hatboro, Pennsylvania: Folklore Associates, Inc., 1964), 133-138.

storytelling tradition, albeit a moribund one, is the reason the present study deals solely with narratives and their tellers.

So rich is the Franco-Newfoundland tradition, in fact, that it became obvious to me that my proposed thesis could not hope to include all the folktales I collected, let alone all the folklore in general. If I wanted to do justice to the tradition, I would have to focus my attention on one specific aspect of it, and even then severely limit my coverage.

There was one great advantage to my approach. A lengthy stay in a small community aimed at a broad survey of its folklore enabled me to acquire much insight into the general culture as a whole. My knowledge of the kind of social situations of which storytelling and singing were only a part, albeit an important part, was greatly enriched. Living in the small community of Cape St. George allowed me to understand the friendships and enmities which are part of community life, and the broad survey of its folklore gave me an understanding of the culture which I would probably have failed to get if I had concentrated on folktakes alone.

I was extremely anxious to collect folktales, since this was the genre which interested me most. At first, most storytellers I interviewed had relatively small repertoires, and in my haste to record them I sometimes neglected to spend as much time with them as I should have. I did not think it necessary to explore in depth the family history and background of my informants, in the way I subsequently did for Mrs. Elizabeth Barter, or Mr. Frank Woods, or others who do not appear in this thesis.

This brings me to the kinds of interviewing situations in which I collected. I have already mentioned how I relied, for initial contacts, upon a third person. This usually meant that a first interview would involve the presence of at least three people, sometimes more. Thereafter the number would vary.

Much depended on the family situation of the interviewees. Mrs. Lacosta, Willy Robin, Angela Kerfont and Blanche Ozon all lived alone, although the last two ladies were almost always together when I interviewed them. Cornelius Rouzes, although he has a large family, always received me in his living-room where we talked in quiet; he would never tolerate much noise from his younger children outside in the kitchen.

Almost all the other people I interviewed were surrounded by children, friends or relations. In some cases they were noisy, in others quiet. On the two occasions I interviewed Mr. Norman Young at his home in Marche's Point, his wife and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simon, one of their sons and his wife were present. Yet while Mr. Young told his stories, there were few if any interruptions. Interviews with Mr. and Mrs. Mattis Kerfont, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Cormier and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simon were all conducted quietly, although there were others present.

On the other hand, interviews with Mr. Israel Rouzes and his wife Bridget, and with Mr. Howard Lemoine, were usually noisy, even uproarious. This was on account of the many children present or, in one case, because of the unexpected appearance of a drunk. He, too, was duly recorded.

The usual place in which interviews were held was the kitchen. On arriving at the house, my informant or informants-to-be would invite me to sit down and perhaps offer me a cup of tea. This was so if I was interviewing in the afternoon, as I often did--after dinner (the noon meal), and before the children came home from school, at about three o'clock.

This was one of the quieter times of the day in most houses. The housewife would be taking a break from her chores, sitting down over a cup of tea to roll a cigarette or two. If the interview was to be made in the evening, usually after seven or eight o'clock, I would bring a dozen beer with me, and it was I who would offer my hosts a drink.

I rarely had any problems with my tape-recorder, either from a mechanical point of view or from the point of view of my informants. None were really shy of the microphone, although both Mrs. Kerfont and Mrs. Ozon giggled a lot at first. Once I had explained that my memory was not good enough to remember everything that was said, and that I could certainly not write fast enough, most people were satisfied to let me record them.

I would sometimes point out how important it was for the old stories and songs not to be lost, and offering to replay the tape-recording was often gladly accepted. Indeed, many informants asked to hear what had been recorded. One informant, the singer-violinist Cornelius Rouzes, later took to the habit of recording himself on his own tape-recorder, and some of the local people have apparently begun recording their own informants in order to preserve the old songs and tales.

If I knew from past experience exactly what I was going to record--each interview with Mrs. Kerfont and Mrs. Ozon was to hear and record folktales--I would begin recording as soon as the narrator was ready to start. If, on the other hand, nothing had been planned, I would begin recording after a few minutes of conversation had given me what appeared to be a fruitful starting-point--family history, life in the old days, generalities which might lead to more particular aspects of local tradition.

This method was especially successful with Willy Robin. I used to visit him at least once a week, sometimes more; he could be relied upon to sing at least one or two songs (I recorded over fifty from him by the time I was about to leave the Cape), tell a few riddles and then talk on just about any aspect of past life I cared to mention. He certainly enjoyed being interviewed and I think my frequent visits prompted him to begin recalling consciously aspects of his life to which he had given little thought in recent years.

A great deal of valuable folkloristic information was gathered during taped interviews with people who were neither storytellers nor singers. I used as my basis for questioning Herbert Halpert's Genre Classification for Individual Student Collections,² which I had frequently perused at my leisure. As a consequence, I was rarely at a loss for a

² Compiled by Herbert Halpert, assisted by Violetta M. Halpert. Memorial University of Newfoundland, 1971, 5 pages (mimeo).

subject of conversation. As time went by and I became familiar with many of the characteristic features of local traditions, I was able to use my newly acquired knowledge to elicit further comments and descriptions of items, but in more depth and detail.

Much excellent material was noted in context, without a tape-recorder. Not only dialect words and sayings, which I learnt to recognize as such, were thus collected, but also many beliefs. In my experience, many informants are reluctant to talk about the more personal kinds of belief, involving deeply rooted convictions about the supernatural--especially when confronted with a tape-recorder.

But a chance remark in an informal context might permit the collector to explore such matters. One informant, who had appeared very sceptical about the supernatural when his wife had been telling me a ghost story, later assured me that a 'starm o'wind' was coming because a light could be seen down at Lower Cove. The light, he explained, marked a wreck, and was always visible when a storm was coming from the same direction as the one which had caused the shipwreck originally. Once the ice was broken, informants would show less and less reluctance to talk about such subjects, especially when the interviewer seemed understanding and serious. I was even able to record such narratives on subsequent occasions, having first heard them in an informal context.

Paradoxically, it was with the best storytellers that I sometimes gathered the least biographical information. That is not to say that what I collected was not adequate, but in the case of Mrs. Kerfont and Mrs. Ozon, it was rare for them to be willing to spend an afternoon or

evening with me. I had all my time cut out coaxing them to tell some stories, either before they wanted to turn on the television set to watch their favorite soap-opera, or go home and make (in Mrs. Kerfont's case) a lunch for one of her sons.

I felt, however, that my greatest inadequacy as a collector was in the taking of notes during an actual interview. Although I usually took notes after a recording session, recalling the physical context, the moods and movements of my informants and other pertinent details, I failed to make comments during the interviews. I tended to rely too much on my memory in visualizing the kitchens in which I recorded or the gestures of my storyteller informants.

The reason I did not make notes consistently was partly because I felt it impolite not to give my full attention to the speaker, who was after all narrating at my request, and partly because the speakers almost always concentrated their gaze on me, sometimes, I suspect, to judge my reactions to what they were saying. On the other hand, I interviewed my major informants often enough to have indelibly impressed on my mind the characteristic gestures they made and the typical expressions they had on their faces.

These points will be amplified in the chapters devoted to the individual storytellers. Indeed, the generalizations about my collecting experiences which form the major part of this section are based on my interpretation of specific situations. The many details of interviewing strategy which depended on the character of each individual will be discussed in their proper context, although in this chapter I have drawn

conclusions from all my collecting experiences, not just from those with storytellers.

I shall conclude this section with two points which, I feel, need special comment. The one concerns the question of language, the other, in a lighter vein, the perils of the collector.

COLLECTING FOLKLORE IN A FOREIGN LANGUAGE

It is a truism in folklore studies that a collector should be able to speak the language of his informants. The ideal collector might be one who, a fully trained folklorist, can return to his own community and collect with all the perception of a native.

Until very recently, Memorial University's Folklore Department had no one who came near this description as far as French Newfoundlanders were concerned. In 1970, I found myself in the then unique position of being a trained student of folklore who was also fluent in French. I emphasize, too, that what little there was to be learnt about the French spoken in Newfoundland from published sources, suggested that a French speaker could easily operate on the Port-au-Port peninsula.

My early visits to Cape St. George convinced me that a protracted stay would be necessary if I were to collect successfully in French. While I had no apparent difficulty communicating with the people there, analysis of my first tape-recordings made it clear to me that as well as I thought I spoke French, there was a considerable amount of their speech I was not understanding. One result of the intensive study I gave to Newfoundland French is the lengthy earlier chapter I have devoted to its

description.

I have often accompanied native French speakers from France, Quebec and St. Pierre to the French communities in which I collected. Few felt they had any problems understanding the speech. I am convinced they were deceiving themselves, not consciously, but as the result of a common linguistic process: speakers of different forms of a same language have enough in common to get the gist of a conversation in informal circumstances. As a native English speaker trained in and attuned to standard French, I was especially susceptible to noticing not only the similarities but the differences between standard and dialect French. The proof is that native standard French speakers confronted with a tape-recording of Newfoundland French were always incapable of accurately transcribing the speech they heard.

As a collector in the field, speaking the standard, I found at first that I did not understand specific details of what was being said. I set out to learn the dialect, and once I had achieved a working fluency in it, I was able to collect more successfully. The deception, for the standard French speaker such as I was in my early visits, is that while he may get the general picture, he most often fails to get the nuances or even whole items of vocabulary. It is not the same as learning a totally foreign tongue.

It might be assumed from the above paragraphs that I was dealing with monolingual speakers, but this is certainly not the case. The vast majority of French speakers in the area also speak English, with a greater or lesser degree of fluency.

Consequently, it is perfectly feasible for a non-French speaking collector to go to Cape St. George or Mainland and, through the medium of English, collect French folklore. After all, a person accustomed to expressing himself in either language is perfectly capable of describing an old custom or explaining certain kinds of belief, or of discussing work techniques in English or French.

To collect in English alone would be, I think, far from rewarding in the long run. True, certain kinds of folklore can be collected from bilingual speakers without detracting from its quality. But, as I found, there are some kinds of material which are best told in the mother tongue, which is, for many people on the Port-au-Port peninsula, the French language.

Certain types of legendary narrative, for example, seemed to be more forthcoming when interviewer and informant were using the latter's native tongue. The informant was naturally more at ease talking about deep-rooted beliefs in the language in which they were learnt. In quite informal contexts I have heard English speakers gauchely questioning French people about ghosts and the supernatural, and seen the apparent look of contempt on the face of the person questioned. It is almost only in the privacy of an informant's kitchen, late in the evening, over a last cup of tea, after the conversation has covered many things, that talk might turn to such matters.

From what my informants have told me, moreover, that was and is just the kind of context in which questions of the supernatural would usually surface. For the collector, of course, not only is the right

context necessary, he must also have been accepted as trustworthy by his informants.

Once the collector has been accepted in a family, he is liable to learn about supernatural experiences quite unexpectedly and, as I discovered, from an informant who, hitherto, had given every sign of a total cynicism on the subject. This is what occurred with Henry Simon who, having roundly ridiculed his wife for telling a supernatural memorat, promptly turned about and narrated to me a family legend involving an encounter with some unidentified supernatural being. His wife had told her story in English; he told his in French.

It is equally hard to collect folktales from a French speaker in English, if the tale was learnt in French. Most (although not all) storytellers preferred to tell the tales they knew in the language in which they had learnt them. Mrs. Elizabeth Barter told me most of her stories in French, and the few she told in English had first been heard in that language. Mrs. Angela Kerfont, who told tales she had learnt from French speakers used English to tell them, but often apologized for her narration by saying they "...go better in French."

Mrs. Kerfont was obviously translating her tales, and translation must be considered a fairly frequent happening. I collected tales in English from Mr. Norman Young. He told me he had first heard them told by Mr. Frank Woods, "an old Frenchman," while working with him in a lumber camp. I later met Mr. Woods, who was born Francis Dubois, but had come to Newfoundland with his parents at an early age. He now speaks French on very rare occasions, and told me all his tales in

English. Some of the tales he told Mr. Young in English he had learnt from his father, who told them in French.

The prospect of telling tales when the narrator has to practice a kind of simultaneous translation, which is what a non-French speaker might ask for, would be daunting. Having myself had experience in simultaneous translation, I know just how hard it is. The alternative, for the non-French speaker, is to record the tales in French, without understanding them.

I suggested this to Miss Barter; although her feelings may not be typical of other French Newfoundlanders, she scornfully retorted that it would be extremely uncomfortable for the narrator and "...like talking to yourself." I suspect a singer might feel the same way about singing French songs to someone who did not understand French. The kind of songs most liked by French singers in Newfoundland all have an important narrative element. It would again be like telling the story to oneself.

I have mentioned much earlier in this chapter how important it was for me to master the French dialect of the Port-au-Port peninsula. It allowed me to understand much more than I initially thought I was understanding. But the simple fact of being able to speak any kind of French was a tremendous advantage.

On being introduced to someone, the new acquaintaince would either ask me directly if I spoke French--"Vous parlez-ti français?"--or ask the person introducing me if I spoke French. It must be remembered that for a long time the use of French was scorned by anglophones in

the area. An outsider who did speak French would have the immediate advantage of not being associated with people who considered French to be inferior.

Once it was clear that I did speak French, I was usually inundated by a torrent of it, not all of which I understood in the early days of my stay. People became very enthusiastic towards me, wanting to know where I came from, and usually assuming I was from France. After a while I tired of trying to explain that I was from Wales (C'est-i en France, ça?) and allowed that I was indeed from France. It was a white lie which not only prevented tedious arguments over geography, but which often made me immediately welcome in French households.

It was nonetheless embarrassing at first to speak a French which was manifestly not always understood. My new friends were conscious of the differences and spoke depreciatingly of their own speech, which they felt was not good French. I always tried to disabuse them of this view, and made more friends when I began talking about the prospects of a French school at Cape St. George.

I must conclude this brief discussion of the language problem with a mention of macaronic speech. Essentially, macaronic speech is the mixing of two or more languages in the speech of one person. This can occur with the simple use of, for example, an English word in a French sentence, or the inclusion of a whole sentence in one language within the context of a second language. Or, in the broadest sense, it can include, within the context of an interviewing situation, two speakers each using different languages, but also understanding the language

used by the other person.

Examples of macaronic speech will be indicated where they occur in chapters devoted to individual narrators. The most striking case, the only one I shall mention now, concerns Mrs. Angela Kerfont and her friend Mrs. Blanche Ozon. Both are bilingual, both are storytellers. But whereas Mrs. Ozon told her stories only in French, Mrs. Kerfont told hers in English. Yet it mattered not which language was being used; both frequently interjected comments on the tales, or at each other, in the language of their choice.

Both ladies understood each other perfectly. Since I was able to understand them by the time I interviewed them, I was not handicapped, as a monolingual speaker would surely have been, by the rapid switches from one language to another. Nor did I miss the sometimes subtle thrusts or comments which were made in either language.

In many situations, one could find both bilingual and monolingual speakers present. Occasionally, comments might be translated for the benefit of a purely English speaker, but sometimes comments were made at the expense of the anglophone. The careful observer noted, too, the bewildered expression on the face of a person whose understanding of a joke was limited to one or two words alone.

Collecting folklore in a context such as exists in the Port-au-Port peninsula requires of the collector a real bilingualism. He must be able to speak the French dialect (and be aware of variations from community to community) and be willing to modify his English to take into account local dialectal forms. Not only will he be more readily

accepted by the community, but he will be able to appreciate more fully the richness of the local tradition. At the purely linguistic level, living in such a community is an education in itself, professional research apart. Part of the collector's experience may be somewhat less exhilarating, however, as the concluding section notes.

"TWO BLACK MEN WERE GOIN' DOWN THE LANE"

The second of the two appendices to my collecting experiences may be seen in a light vein, and no doubt corroborates the experiences of other collectors in small communities. I include it, however, not simply to enliven the proceedings with a humorous aside, but more particularly because it shows the kind of error a collector can make quite unwittingly. In this case there were no serious consequences; but there could have been.

The winter of 1972-73 was a particularly hard one at Cape St. George. Several feet of snow fell during a series of blizzards which seemed interminable, and for over a week the community was without electricity, with several shorter losses of power. Lacking transport, I walked everywhere, tape-recorder slung over my shoulder. What prompted the account I am about to describe is the clothing I wore during this period of severe cold and heavy snow.

I was never able to dress as scantily as some of the local people did in cold weather, and wore a cover-all snow-suit of the kind used by snow-mobilers. To protect my face I wore a woollen mask with slits for my eyes and mouth. Thus garbed, I used to walk the mile or so down the

road, in late November and early December 1972, to visit Israel Rouzes and his family.

As I subsequently learnt, a rumour began circulating that somebody was going around the community frightening children and women. As one might conclude from what I have said above, suspicion fell on me. Not only was I a conspicuous stranger known to visit different houses, but I was known to wear suspicious clothing.

Most damning of all, I wore a mask, at a time moreover when talk was turning to Christmas and mummering. Even at Cape St. George, where mummering was, as far as I could discover, adopted from nearby English settlers, mummers had a reputation for being rowdy and for frightening people.

I discovered that I had allegedly been seen near the Church in Degras, and even as far away as Red Brook; my name was associated with Terry Felix, a young man from Degras with whom I had drunk a few beers. We were alleged to have frightened a number of women alone at home; precise names and times were given. We became identified, somewhat curiously, with "Two black men goin' down the lane."

Needless to say I did my best to squelch the rumours, as did Terry Felix. But our protestations acquired added strength when it became known that one or two of the local 'tough guys' had vowed to do us serious bodily harm if ever they caught us going about our alleged nocturnal activities. Preferring the blue nose brought by the cold to the black eye of an avenging fist, I stopped wearing my mask. By the end of December, no more was heard of the subject.

In August 1975, I paid a brief visit to Cape St. George and during a chat with an old friend, I learnt that some time within the last three weeks, a man had been terrorizing women and children in one part of the Cape by pretending to be a ghost, complete with white sheet.

Unfortunately for him, the kind of threat which had been levelled at me was carried out against him. Three or four young men lay in wait for him, caught him, and gave him a severe beating. This episode brought back to mind the events of three years before. I realized that I had very nearly been the unwitting victim of local resentment for deeds I had not done. Such, one may conclude, are the potential hazards of the folklore collector.³

³ For a discussion of outsiders and their relationship to mummers, see Melvin M. Firestone, "Mummers and Strangers in Northern Newfoundland" in Herbert Halpert & G.M. Story, eds., Christmas Mumming in Newfoundland (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1969), 62-75.

PART II--STORYTELLING, STORYTELLERS AND THEIR STORIES

CHAPTER FOUR

STORYTELLING, STORYTELLERS AND THEIR STORIES

INTRODUCTION

The three chapters which comprise the first part of this study outlined the general history of French settlements in western Newfoundland, summarized the chief features of Franco-Newfoundland speech, and described my my collecting experiences amongst French Newfoundlanders. The purpose of this brief introduction is to make general remarks about the custom of storytelling in the tradition of the Port-au-Port French, to introduce the four storytellers who will be the subjects of subsequent chapters, and to comment briefly on the nature of their recorded repertoires.

The golden age of storytelling amongst French Newfoundlanders, if ever there was one, was probably from the time of the first permanent settlements on the peninsula up to the 1940's. Until that time, the routine of daily life was linked closely to the seasons and suffered little variation. Most men, young and old, were fishermen who traded their catch to local merchants. Some went to work in the lumber camps which were opened up at the turn of the century, a few ventured further afield to fish on the Banks or even to sail as far away as the West Indies. But most remained at home, in winter and summer alike, complementing their fishing with small-scale subsistence farming.

The women not only raised their families and cared for their homes, they often fished with their husbands and almost always busied themselves with vegetable gardens and some of the domestic animals. They

sheared sheep, washed the wool, carded it, spun it and knitted it.

From March or April to late September or early October, both men and women rose early and went to bed only when all the chores had been finished. But in the winter months, there was more time for relaxation and home-made entertainment, and one of the major forms of entertainment was the veillée.¹ The veillée was simply the gathering at the couple's home of other couples, who would arrive about seven o'clock in the evening. There might be as few as two visitors or as many as a dozen. In the last years of the veillée's popularity, a single couple alone might visit, although the further back in time one goes, the more visitors there would be.

The evening's activities usually began with card-playing, the game of 'Auction' being, in most people's memories, the most popular. About nine or nine-thirty the game would draw to an end and the hostess would serve a 'lunch.' This might consist of a plate of beans, which would have been cooking on the stove since about five in the afternoon, or bread and jam and home-made cookies or biscuits. The hostess would not normally cook a meal at that time of night.

After the lunch was over and the dishes and tea cups cleared away, the storytelling would begin. Sometimes, each member would be called

¹ Arnold Van Gennep, writing in 1937, notes about the veillée that: "Les descriptions détaillées sont nombreuses; on en trouvera davantage encore en recourant aux romans régionalistes; mais les veillées en tant que phénomène social caractérisé n'ont pas encore fait l'objet d'un monographie française comparative." (Manuel de Folklore français contemporain, Tome III, Paris: Picard, 1937), p. 418. He lists major works with information on the veillée. A recent and thorough discussion of the veillée in French tradition is: Louis Marin, Les contes traditionnels en Lorraine, Paris: Geuthner, 1964.

upon to tell a story, but more commonly, one well known storyteller would be asked to narrate. There are many reports of a single tale lasting over three hours or longer, so that one tale alone might comprise the evening's entertainment. Visitors would usually leave any time after midnight, but if a particularly long tale was being told, the veillée might last until three in the morning. There are reports of the rare tale which required two or even three successive nights to be completed.

The veillée was the chief context for public storytelling, and the renowned narrator, usually a man in the older Franco-Newfoundland tradition, was a public performer par excellence. It is the public performer and the public performance which have been most commonly studied by folklorists until fairly recent times.

The veillée itself usually took place in the kitchen, where the hostess would be kept busy feeding the stove with wood. The kitchen would be lit with a kerosene lamp perched on a shelf over the kitchen table; the participants would be seated on wooden chairs around the room, facing the narrator. Children, who were not officially present at the veillée, would be tolerated nonetheless, provided they remained silent and unobtrusive. They would lay on the floor, obscured by the shadows from the lamp, listening to and learning the tales they heard until they fell asleep.

The veillée as described above began to change after 1940. The coming of the Americans to Stephenville attracted many of the French to that community, where ample work was to be found. Their skills as

carpenters were put to good use, and both men and women were able to find employment in secondary services--as cooks, maintenance men, or domestic help.

The best known public storytellers in Franco-Newfoundland tradition were usually men, and their absence from home had a double effect on the veillée. In the first place, many of the best narrators were not present to narrate, and secondly, if the man of the house was away, his wife would not go to a veillée. While the American base did not by any means destroy the tradition, it helped begin its erosion. The coming of other forms of entertainment, such as movies, unknown to many people on the peninsula until the early sixties, further disturbed the rhythm of the storytelling tradition. Movies were not available, of course, until electricity was brought to different communities. Electricity was the means, too, whereby television was introduced to the peninsula.

There is little doubt in most people's minds that television was the major culprit in the demise of the veillée and storytelling as public entertainment. Almost every person I interviewed who had experienced the veillée would point an accusing finger at television, without need of prompting. Electricity was late in coming to the peninsula, in particular to Cape St. George and Mainland. The former community was electrified in 1960 or 1961, the latter in 1962. Television had therefore been affecting the narrative tradition for a good ten years before I began collecting folktales at Cape St. George and Mainland.

The specific influence of television on storytelling will be discussed in subsequent chapters, but its general impact may be noted here. Electricity was the immediate cause of change, since it permitted not

only television and radio, but also movies. One informant did not see her first film until 1963 or 1964, when screen and projector were brought to Mainland for an evening's entertainment.²

Radio, television and films tended to destroy the element of personal participation and interaction which characterized storytelling. At the same time, entertainment became more private and personal. The element of novelty must also have been considerable, and one should not ignore the educational influence of television. A whole new world was vividly portrayed to people for whom the magic of books had never been effective, since most were illiterate or possessed so little education that to read at length would have been more tiring than pleasurable.

In brief then, television caused people to stop going to their neighbours' homes for entertainment. Since it was the veillée which nourished the public storytelling tradition, public narrators stopped telling tales and eventually forgot them. That a number of individuals did not forget tales completely can be explained by a number of reasons.

Firstly, not all families had television; for others, the novelty wore off, and yet others presumably considered tales and their telling to be important and enjoyable. But the chief reason why stories can still be collected, when the public tradition of tale narration is dead, is that they have continued to serve a real function in another context:

² Michael Taft, "The Itinerant Movie Man and His Impact on the Folk Culture of the Outports of Newfoundland," Culture & Tradition, I (1976), 107-119 points out that many movie-men had portable generators. However, I have heard no reports of the kind from Mainland or Cape St. George.

the private, family tradition, where mothers tell tales to their children. Geraldine Barter has examined this aspect of folktale telling at Mainland in a recent paper.³

Although the veillée is now a thing of the past, tales can still be collected, not only in fragmentary or incomplete form, but often in surprisingly long and rich versions. Who then are the people who know and tell folktales in Franco-Newfoundland tradition?

The reason I first undertook to collect and study the folklore of French Newfoundlanders was to prove that it existed, and in particular that folktales existed. For this latter assumption I had no basis other than an instinctive feeling that a small, isolated ethnic minority, whose more numerous cousins on the Canadian mainland had already given much evidence of their inherited narrative traditions, must possess a narrative tradition of some sort.

In the early days of my in-depth collecting I was very nearly discouraged, for the only narrators who knew any Märchen at all seemed to be anglophones. But in December 1972, I began a series of recordings of two middle-aged ladies whose repertoires and comments, whose style and performance led me to devote two chapters to them in this study.

Mrs. Blanche Ozon and Mrs. Angela Kerfont of Cape St. George told me Märchen and romantic tales, jokes and anecdotes. Of special interest

³ Geraldine Barter, "Storytelling and Children in the Tradition of French Newfoundlanders." Paper read at the 2nd annual meeting of the Folklore Studies Association of Canada, Fredericton, June 1977.

was the interaction between them, not only because it was humorous (and probably untypical of the older, public tradition), but because the former tended to speak in French alone, while the latter used English almost exclusively, in both tales and conversation.

Although I had recorded at least one French storyteller who narrated in French on my very first collecting visit to Cape St. George, I was unable to collect from him during my year long stay there. And although I was to collect many tales from over twenty informants, it was not until November 1973 that I was to meet Mrs. Elizabeth Barter of Mainland.

She proved to be my best informant, both for the size of her repertoire and the extent of her comments about tales and storytelling in general. I have been able to continue interviewing Mrs. Barter up to the present, and have been fortunate to have my work with her supplemented by interviews made with her by her daughter Geraldine. Through talking with her mother, she has discovered the world of storytelling in her own tradition.

As a consequence, I have been able to devote far more time and attention to Mrs. Barter than to any other informant, and my study of her encompasses three chapters. The first is biographical, and stresses the factors which promoted her own interest in storytelling. The second examines her attitudes towards tales and their telling, and the third is a study of her performance and narrative styles. They combine to portray the best example I know of the private, family tradition of storytelling amongst French Newfoundlanders.

It was at Mrs. Barter's home that I met the fourth of my storytellers to be included in this study. "Uncle" Frank Woods, born Francis Dubois on the island of St. Pierre, was already in his eighties when I met him in late 1973, and he is still fishing today, in the summer of 1977. In the course of several interviews with him, I was able to learn much about his background and record most, if not all, of his present repertoire.

It is quite possible that the recorded repertoires of my four narrators reflect my own preoccupation with Märchen. I consciously sought tales of magic and wonder, eliciting legends and anecdotes as a rule when the informant had run out of Märchen. It is certainly true for Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont, whose tales can almost without exception be readily classified in the Aarne-Thompson The Types of the Folktale.

On the other hand, I was never able to continue interviewing them as long as I would have liked, for reasons which are outlined in chapter ten. But of the tales recorded from the two ladies, it is still possible to note their preferences. Mrs. Ozon told rather more jokes and anecdotes (AT 1200-1999) than Märchen, and one at least that she did tell had to be completed by Mrs. Kerfont. Her preference seemed to be, moreover, for the romantic tale or novella.

Mrs. Kerfont delighted in tales of magic (AT 300-749), which comprised the bulk of her repertoire. She was the better of the two both in terms of the size of her repertoire and her manner of delivery.

Mrs. Elizabeth Barter also preferred tales of magic, of which she told at least fifteen distinct types. She also told and enjoyed romantic

tales, her stated preference, and a good number of jokes and anecdotes. Of the four narrators, she alone told some animal tales (AT 1-299). Because I have been able to spend so much time with her and also because she does not always distinguish between folktale and legend, I was also able to record a variety of legends, the majority of which deal with the supernatural, and several memorats.⁴

Part of her legend telling was prompted by the presence of "Uncle" Frank Woods, who told more legends and humorous tales than he did Märchen. But he did tell a number of tales of magic and other ordinary folktales, although his age was undoubtedly a factor in his now diminished repertoire.

While "Uncle" Frank and Mrs. Barter almost never told folktales together, that is to say while one or the other was being recorded, they did listen, and thereby recalled tales they had forgotten. They did tell legends together, however, and often prompted each other to recall versions hitherto locked away in their memory.

As I noted in my introduction and elsewhere in this study, storytelling, as it used to flourish in the veillée, is a thing of the past. In this regard, the study of four storytellers can tell us much about the traditional corpus of tales told by French Newfoundlanders, but only indirectly about what it was actually like to take part in a veillée.

⁴ Linda Dégh has provided a thoughtful discussion of the relationship between various types of traditional narratives in her Folktales and Society: Story-Telling in a Hungarian Peasant Community, Bloomington and London: Indiana University Press, 1969. See especially chapter seven.

It is only indirectly that one can evoke a picture of a real performance or capture the storytelling style of the older, public and now archaic tradition.

Consequently, I have used remarks and comments made by informants on the one hand, and an analysis of their performance and narrative styles on the other, to suggest by contrast with the private, family tradition, what the public tradition used to be. No single narrator I interviewed was able to recapture with any degree of vividness the nature of the veillée. Even by inference, I have not been able to reconstruct fully a custom which began to disappear some twenty-five years ago. But each narrator, in his or her different way, either consciously or unconsciously, has contributed something to my understanding of what storytelling used to be.

Mrs. Barter has evoked the physical setting of the veillée, she has indicated some of the many ways in which tales could be transmitted, and described her personal tastes, which were probably shared by many of her peers. She has made direct statements about public performance styles of the past, and these have enabled me to show how differently contemporary, private narrators perform.

Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont allowed me to examine the question of interaction, where the present family tradition can again be contrasted with the archaic public tradition. Together, they permitted me to show some of the consequences of a mixed linguistic tradition.

"Uncle" Frank Woods, also the product of a mixed tradition, is also essentially a private, family narrator. But of the four, he comes closest to the older tradition, if only because he has performed in a

public context: the logging camps of western Newfoundland. Further, his experience and background combine to point to the logging camps as an important context for cultural exchange.

Each of the seven chapters which follow cast light on one or more aspects of storytelling in Franco-Newfoundland tradition. While they tell us a certain amount about storytelling in a now dead public tradition, we learn a good deal more about the private, family tradition. This tradition cannot be said to be in good health, and may be termed moribund; but storytelling in the family tradition seems to be clinging tenaciously to life, and future collectors may still be able to collect folktales from French Newfoundlanders twenty or more years from now.

Following the discussion of each storyteller, I shall present their respective repertoires in part three of this study. Narratives I have collected from them will be given in the order they were told, rather than in any generic order. In the case of Mrs. Barter and "Uncle" Frank Woods, it will be possible to see how versions of tales become more complete and perhaps more faithful to earlier forms with repeated tellings. Each narrative will be identified where possible according to the various scholarly tools available, and accompanied by a brief English resumé. The notes to each tale will also include comment on noteworthy points of style, content or context.⁵

⁵ Numbers following each quotation or tale text taken from tape recordings are those used by the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive. Original tape-recordings are identified with a number preceded by the letter F; the F number is followed by the collector's accession number. In this study, three collections have been used: my own, accessioned as 74-195; Geraldine Barter's,

As a concluding remark it is interesting to observe that this point of public and private tradition has been recently discussed by another scholar. It was raised by Edward D. Ives in an unpublished paper read at the second annual meeting of the Folklore Studies Association of Canada (Fredericton, 1977). Ives delineates two performance context traditions, similar to those of the Franco-Newfoundland storytelling tradition: the public, dominated by men, and the private, in which women predominate. Ives was discussing, however, the folksong tradition rather than the storytelling tradition, and was developing a point that has already been made by other scholars in relation to singing traditions.⁶

⁶ For a brief bibliographical note on the concept of performance, raised in this chapter and developed in chapters seven, nine and eleven, see Appendix I, p. 804, entitled "A Note on the Literature of Performance."

accessioned as 75-239; and a joint collection made by Miss Barter and myself, accessioned as 77-34. Page references are to the transcription of the respective recordings, e.g., MUNFLA F1789/74-195, p. 6.

In quoted passages of conversation, each speaker is identified by his or her initials.

For a brief and condensed examination of the informants' repertoires, see Appendix II, p. 809.

CHAPTER FIVE

MRS. ELIZABETH BARTER--BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

Mrs. Elizabeth (Lizzie) Barter was born at Mainland (La Grand' Terre) on the 14th of April 1928, one of thirteen children. Today she has her own family of ten, four of whom are married with families of their own. She is known to me as the most prolific of all those tellers of tales from whom I was able to collect; she is also a very close friend. The warmth and openness with which I and my family have always been received at her home remains one of the most treasured souvenirs of my fieldwork among French Newfoundlanders.

I first met Mrs. Barter in November 1973, well after the bulk of my fieldwork on the Port-au-Port peninsula had been completed, as I then thought. But as I have explained before, by a happy coincidence, one of Mrs. Barter's daughters, Geraldine, appeared in my classroom on the first day of the Fall semester for a second year French class.

I had met Geraldine fleetingly in February 1973 and again in June of the same year, and knew her well enough to ask her if she would be willing to try and transcribe some of the tape-recordings I had made at Cape St. George. As a native dialect speaker she naturally possessed a much more acute sense of the language than I, who had learnt it more or less accurately in the course of my eight month stay at the Cape. She agreed to my request, becoming an enthusiastic and conscientious assistant. In addition, she developed, as I have already noted, into a keen and perceptive student of her own traditions.

Geraldine thought her mother knew some stories, some contes. Some of the tales she transcribed for me recalled memories of similar ones her mother had told her as a child. At the mid-term break we drove to Mainland and I began a series of recordings which contain the evidence of a gifted storyteller who has a large repertoire. I was all the more pleased with my discovery because I had hitherto collected little material from Mainland.

Before looking in some detail at Mrs. Barter the storyteller, I shall outline briefly the main events of her life, and suggest some of the influences which seem to have coloured her attitudes towards storytelling. There is, it seems to me, a relationship between her experiences in life and her sense of narrative style, between her beliefs and her stories. Indeed, she is the kind of informant who, by the breadth of her experience and knowledge of things folkloristic, deserves a full scale study in her own right, which is beyond the scope of this thesis.

Mrs. Barter's parents (her father is now deceased) were both French speakers. Her mother Joséphine, née Lainey, had an English mother from Port Saunders; her father, Aimab' (Aimable) Lainey was born in France. In 1906, at the age of fifteen, Joséphine married a twenty-four year old deserter from St. Pierre, Pierre Morazé. He was born in France, but part of his family settled in St. Pierre. It was from this French island that Pierre came to Red Island with his uncle Julien Morazé, in the early 1900's.

There was, until 1904, a French fishing and lobster factory on Red Island, and I must assume that Pierre Morazé came there from St. Pierre

as an employee of the St. Pierre-based company of LeCampion-Théroulde. Details of his desertion from the Red Island fishery are lacking, for after his marriage to Joséphine, he never wished to talk about his early life at all.

He was perhaps afraid to talk about it since he was a deserter, and justifiably feared recapture by French authorities. As I mentioned, there were precedents for this fear. Joséphine remembers that when she was a young girl, French sailors landed at Mainland and asked her where certain Frenchmen were. She was not able or willing to tell them; the fugitives were in fact hiding in the woods behind Mainland. Pierre Morazé never went back to St. Pierre, and was believed lost at sea by members of the family who remained there.¹

Joséphine and Pierre Morazé raised thirteen children, one of the youngest of whom was Elizabeth. When she was nineteen she married, after a three year courtship, Thomas (Damas) Barter. Mr. Barter's family also has interesting origins. His grandfather, Frank Barter, came to Mainland from the Codroy Valley. Despite his name, he was a French speaker and, according to Thomas Barter, a Frenchman. One of his sons, Joseph, married a Joséphine Rioux; they were Thomas Barter's parents.

¹ I was happy in late 1974 to be able to reunite part of the two branches of the family in my home in St. John's, when I brought Mrs. Morazé, Mrs. Barter and Geraldine together with Mrs. Josette Keilley, née Morazé, a St. Pierraise now residing in St. John's, who is the granddaughter of Pierre Morazé's brother. The St. Pierre Morazés had only learnt of kin in Newfoundland in recent years, following a radio broadcast mentioning the rescue of some men off the ice on the west coast of Newfoundland. One of the men rescued was a Morazé.

Thomas and Elizabeth Barter were married on the 22nd of July, 1947. Most of Mrs. Barter's married life has been devoted to raising her ten children--nine girls and a boy--although she lost another five shortly after birth. She had two brief interludes, over fifteen years ago, in which she operated a branch store for the West Coast merchants Abbott and Haliburton. She raised her children during a period marked by change and, for her, eleven visits to hospitals at Stephenville, Stephenville Crossing and Corner Brook. Unhappily these sojourns were for operations not always related to her pregnancies; the last one involved the removal of a kidney.

The only other occasion on which she left the confines of Newfoundland's west coast included a flight to Sudbury, Ontario, in September 1973, to visit a hospitalized daughter, and a visit to St. John's with her mother and Geraldine in December 1974, when they spent a week at my home.

Today, four of her nine daughters are married and have their own families. Geraldine is at University but the next two daughters are at home, having recently finished their schooling. Two younger daughters and a son are still in school. In addition, Mrs. Barter is also raising a foster-child, the son of one of her married daughters. Busy with her six children who are still at home, with her husband Thomas, her housework and the growing families of her married daughters, she has her own private dreams and hopes for them all.

It was in this context that I met Mrs. Barter. Geraldine had warned me that although her mother's appearance--she is a tall, attractive woman, with an ebullient personality--suggested vigorous health, it was misleading. It was with some concern that I began coaxing her to recall

and narrate some of the tales Geraldine thought she knew.

When I first interviewed her, Mrs. Barter had great difficulty recalling tales, because so much time had passed since she had told any or had been at a veillée. In the moments when her memory flagged, therefore, I did not hesitate to ask her about her early life and experiences. Her memories cast considerable light on her attitudes to the supernatural, and its relationship to narrative in general.

I asked her first about Mainland in the old days. Today there are some four hundred and fifty people living there; as one drives along the dirt road from Lourdes, nine miles away, one notices how houses are usually set close to the road, on either side of it but with most on the inland side, facing the sea. It is only when one arrives 'en-haut à la Grand'Terre,' at the nearest point to Red Island and at the end of the community, that one sees buildings together in a semi-circle, giving the impression of a village centre. Today the community is strung out along a now straight, now winding road for almost two miles.

When Mrs. Barter was a child, she remembers only eight houses, belonging to:

...Alphonse Lecointe, défunt grand-père Barter, pis y avait Noël Briand et y avait Son Lainey et Joe Lainey et Emile Cowtret. Y avait six maisons y avait. Pid c'bord ici du rousseau y avait défunt papa et pis défunt Henery Hinks.
(MUNFLA F1781/74-195, p. 1)

The rousseau or brook referred to is Grand Rousseau, Big Brook, and is still considered locally to mark the limits of Mainland proper, although the official community limits now extend well beyond Big Brook.

Although there were only eight houses, the size of families was such that a relatively large population existed. Of the eight families or households, only one was English speaking at the time. The small one room school administered by the Roman Catholic School Board was, of course, English speaking as well. Mrs. Barter only completed nine months in school, where she learnt the rudiments of the three R's, and some English. But most of her English came from contact with the local English family.

Although the community had grown continuously during the early decades of the present century, and although life's little pleasures were shared by most people, there was a great deal of poverty. As Mrs. Barter recalls:

...J'avons ieu des hard-time mais, c'tait beau. J'avons ieu d'la misère vous savez, hein.... Bien souvent pas trop à manger, pas souffri d'faim nous savons d'une manière mais bien souvent pas moyen d'aouère ça qu'tu voulais. Du pain pis du thé, du beurre bien ça j'avions ça pis j'avions, j'gardions des bêtes. Mon défunt père a tout l'temps gardé des bêtes, des vaches i avait cinq vaches et pis des boeufs, i trait ça à l'automne pis des moutons j'avions tout l'temps d'la viande hein, tout l'temps du poisson en masse à manger hein. Mais still c'tait dur pour les hardes et ça hein. La chaussure ej pouvions pas l'aouère hein. Oh, j'ons pâssé des durs de temps mais j'avons ieu du fun dans note temps quand même.

(MUNFLA F1781/74-195, p. 15)

Plenty of fish and meat, but no store shoes; clothes were usually made from flour bags. What passed for shoes came from the leg skin of a family cow, killed, cured and made at home into inelegant but practical footwear. One notes Mrs. Barter's optimism: she remembers the good times as well as the bad; she recalls the pleasures of her childhood and is still optimistic about life--even after eleven operations.

As a child she received a strict upbringing, enforced by the firm discipline of her mother. Mrs. Morazé's children knew their prayers in French well before their first communion. There was no church in those days (the old one room school has only recently been converted into a chapel, served once weekly), and the people received only sporadic visits from the priest resident in Lourdes.

Indeed, before Mrs. Barter's time, the priest might come from as far away as St. George's, once a year only, on horseback or by boat, and stay for two days. Marriages and baptisms would be formally celebrated. Some of the early priests were French speaking but, according to the older informants, they gave no instruction or office in French. On one occasion I asked Mrs. Barter to recite some prayers in French, which she did; but it seems by their rather garbled delivery that many words were not clearly understood. This must reflect the lack of education, both formal and religious, in the mother tongue.

On one occasion she brought up the subject of religion as it was interpreted by the old people in general, and by her mother in particular. She was discussing with her daughter Geraldine the changing practices in the church, and recalled her first communion:

...Quand qu'j'ai té faire ma première communion moi, j'ai mangé à neuf heures du souère et j'tais pas supposée d'manger pas avant l'endemain matin après j'ai commigné. Pas moyen mette arien dans ma bouche, pas moyen d'mette mon doigt dans ma bouche. J'tais pas supposée d'le faire hein....
(MUNFLA F1782/74-195, p. 14)

She was too afraid even to put her finger into her mouth, having been told, as she added later, that she would drop dead. Geraldine found this rather funny, but her mother could not laugh. She recalled:

J'avais té à la grange un coup--j'avais té à confesse au souère
 pis j'avais té à la grange au matin, tirer les vaches avant
 j'aras ieu té à confesse--à commigner. Pis asteure sans penser
 j'prends un morceau d'timothy, j'avais une façon de tout l'temps
 d'chiquer d'quoi hein. J'prends un morceau d'timothy, foin hein
 et pis ej le mets dans ma bouche pis j'chiquais d'sus hein--pis
 j'ai rentré à la maison avec les deux siaux d'laite hein pis
 euh le morceau d'foin dans ma bouche. Pis maman s'a aparçu
 hein pis a s'lève ailloù-c-qu'a tait pis a m'envoye ça en pleine
 dgeule hein. Tout en grand ça ici là c'tait right rouge hein...
 parce qu'ej avais mis un morceau d'foin dans ma bouche hein...
 (MUNFLA F1782/74-195, pp. 15-16)

A slap in the face from one's mother for chewing a piece of straw
 seems a hard punishment, but Mrs. Barter often alluded to such treat-
 ment; once, she roundly condemned old people in general for their
 alleged brutality:

Y a pas oh, pas d'mercy du tout. Y avait pas d'pitché t'sais.
 Le monde d'avant avait pas d'pitché. Pas l'vieux monde d'avant
 ...Il aront dû [savoir la différence]...i tions vieux assez
 saouère. S'i tions vieux assez d'saouère de faire des enfants
 i tions vieux assez d'saouère les l'ver...péché mortel ça...
 servir des enfants comme des bêtes de même...tu sais comme dit
 machine ej la pardonne [her mother]. Faut toujours pardonner
 du monde. Mais j'peux pas oublier quoi-c-qu'a m'a fait hein.
 Pis j'l'oublires jamais. My God, my God, j'as attrapé des
 dures de volées my son...pis aujourd'hui alle a pas pus riche.
 (MUNFLA F1782/74-195, p. 12)

Fear of physical punishment weighed on Mrs. Barter's shoulders as
 a child. But the physical threat was not the only kind of menace to
 which she and her contemporaries were exposed. For bound up with parents'
 desires to raise their children according to the precepts of their reli-
 gion as they understood it, was the vaguer fear of the supernatural, as
 much a part of their spiritual lives as formal doctrine.

Mrs. Barter had been discussing with Geraldine some of the games
 she used to play as a child. Geraldine wondered if he had played
 'Scotch':

Et Scotch, non, pas trop souvent parce maman nous avait appeuré hein. J'avais joué hopscotch un coup pis j'avais attrapé mal de côté hein. Pis là a m'avait dit hein que c'tait ça qu'avait fait ça hein. Pis là j'avons abandonné den hein, j'avions peur hein...si j'jouons aux cartes hein pis si j'jouais la pipi hein bien si j'finissions pas la game hein, le diabe la finissait pour nous autes hein. Pis j'avions peur hein. Comme c'tait minuit du souère qu'ej rentions dans la maison hein, disons j'avons ieu rentré, pas à minuit j'rentions à peu près onze heures, et d'mie dix heures hein, bien j'tions tout l'temps d'hors à carnasser hein. J'tions pas à gaboter à nulle part nous dirons dans les autes maisons hein, ej tions ienque allouée à l'entour du champ hein parce j'tions les moyens enfants. Pis là j'avons té dehors jouer une game pis là j'avons ieu rentré pis j'avons quitté-- j'arons p't-ête tendu dire à iune de ieusses j'avons pas fini la game hein. Bien là a nous ara ieu dit hein, le diabe ara fini ta game hein. Pionque! j'allions dehors pis j'finissions note game...dans la nuit nouère dehors à jouer. Oh ouais.

(MUNFLA F1783/74-195, pp. 11-12)

Told that the devil would finish her game for her, Mrs. Barter would go back to finish it no matter how dark it was. I shall shortly return to the question of belief and the supernatural, because she not only narrates a number of incidents with supernatural overtones, she also talks about the supernatural in the context of the marriageable girl. But before turning to that subject, I shall mention some of the less sombre childhood activities that she recalls.

Children's games were not numerous and were usually quite simple. Girls would play with home-made catins (rag dolls), birch buttons (buttons made of birch bark, threaded on a string and made to spin); they would skip and play hopscotch. Games which were often, but not always, played indoors, included 'Cache le bouton,' a guessing game in which an object such as a button or a piece of rag was passed from hand to hand in a circle, behind the backs of players; a child in the middle

had to guess who was holding it. A still popular game was 'Farmer in the Dell,' played in English and probably learnt in school, taught by the English teacher.

Indeed, there are few games which seem to be peculiarly French, few French language counting-out rhymes. Mrs. Barter used nursery rhymes for this purpose, as many French children still do. A game enjoyed by both boys and girls, and played according to a variety of rules, was pipi or mécanique, a game which involved hitting a can or small, pointed stick with a larger one. Teams played for points. The game is well known in Newfoundland, but I also have reports of it from St. Pierre and the French province of Normandy.

Less formal pleasures included climbing trees, gathering shellfish on the seashore (and thereby contributing to the family larder) and, as the following anecdote illustrates, participating in pranks which might have dangerous consequences:

Un coup quand j'tais p'tite là moi hein mon défunt père i gardait des bêtes hein. Pis asteure tu vas prende d'ici là, du morceau là là aller right en bas là l'aute bord d'chez maman parce c'tait tout à lui la terre là hein. Pis là don faulait qu'ej allions qu'ri les bêtes dans l'automne là. Faulait qu'ej descendions en bas ici là qu'ri les bêtes pour les awoyer à la grange hein. Bien asteure mon frère Hilliard là bien ej tions un an un an et d'mi d'différence hein moi et lui hein. Pis là faulait j'allions qu'ri les bêtes hein. Pis là une soirée i m'a dit, i dit "Asteure" i dit, "m'en vas attraper l'boeuf" i dit "pis" i dit "tu vas t'assire sus son dos pis" i dit "moi j'vas attraper l'aute, m'en assire sus son dos." Mais lui asteure i tait pus capabe de moi, i tait un garçon hein, il attrape le boeuf i l'met au ras l'bouchure, j'embarque sus son dos moi hein, pis quand qu'ej tais assis sus son dos, i prend l'pitchet qu'il avait pis i donne une volée au boeuf hein. Pis là l'boeuf s'a pris au grand galop à travers du champ hein, pis i m'enlève clean de sus son dos hein, i m'a quasiment tué, quasiment câssé l'cou! Diabe murder. J'avons attrapé des volées mais I guess j'avons, j'les méritions.
(MUNFLA F1783/74-195, p. 8)

I imagine Mrs. Barter never tried to ride a steer after that experience, more because of the fright she had than for the punishment she received.

As she entered adolescence, her activities naturally acquired a different orientation. The following account of the way she used to sneak out of the house in order to go dancing also tells us, in passing, how early in life children took adult responsibilities upon their shoulders. It also tells us how she reacted to the treatment she received from her parents:

Ouais my son comme dit machine j'avons ieu du fun...pis ienque my God notes parents taient si mauvais à nous autes hein--my God...c'est ça qui tait l'pire, c'est ça qu'ej trouvions l'pire nous autes hein...j'allions en hors le soir là hein bien faulait qu'ej tions à la maison pour neuf heures hein. Ah, y avait des danses des fois pis j'voulions aller hein...Oh, pis j'trouvions ça dur hein. Hilliard disait, i dit, i dit, "Asteure" i dit, "à souère" i dit, "justement à la brume de nuit" i dit, "ej vas mette l'échelle en haut." Asteure il aviont eune maison, ej restions dans eune maison à deux--d'un étage et d'mi hein. Ej couchions dans l'grinier nous autes hein. I mettait l'échelle en haut hein pis là quand qu'i savait asteure--défunt papa allait s'coucher d'bonne heure tout l'temps hein. I savait défunt papa tait endormi là hein, ej nous greyions là pis j'descendions sus l'échelle hein pis là ej nous lancions à la danse hein. Pis là asteure pour v'nir hein, j'arrivions p't-ête des soirées là eune heure, deux heures hein. Là faulait monter sus l'échelle pas faire de train là hein. Pis aller back s'coucher hein. Pas qu'il auront su, il auront su oh j'aurons ieu attrapé eune volée...mais combien de fois j'avons sneaké d'même oh my God! Combien de fois i nous avont t'nu à la maison. Oh, i nous avont t'nu à la maison my gosh...travailler dur toute la sainte journée en grand et pas moyen d'aller à nulle part. Forcé d'rester à la maison. J'avais onze ané quand j'ai pris l'ouvrage d'eune femme--tirer les vaches pis lever les enfants...mais j'ai toujours dit si j'aras ieu jamais té mariée, j'aras ieu une crowd, il auront ieu jamais--j'aras jamais fait pâsser d'dans quoi j'ai pâssé d'dans moi. J'ai toujours dit ça t'sais.
(MUNFLA F1783/74-195, p. 15)

Earlier I quoted Mrs. Barter on the subject of the devil, in relation to games: if one did not finish a game once started, it was said that the devil would finish it instead. Fear of the devil was vividly impressed on young children, and he was used to coerce them into good behaviour. It is clear from interviews with Mrs. Barter and other informants that many adults today still possess a strong belief in the devil, ghosts and other supernatural phenomena, such as the lutin or little man who knots horses' manes and people's hair in the nights.

The following anecdotes, some humorous, others serious, tell us more about Mrs. Barter's feelings and beliefs, but in addition, they will also cast some light on the art of storytelling. Although storytelling will be the proper subject of the next chapter, one can see from the narratives below that she has a gift for putting quite ordinary events into a narrative form and a narrative style.

The first account tells us something of the preoccupation of a marriageable girl and illustrates, through the custom, the depth of a girl's belief. Mrs. Barter was going to try and identify her future husband:

A minuit, à juste minuit tapant t'aras pris un oeuf pis
t'aras pris un verre d'eau, t'aras pris l'oeuf pis t'aras
câssé l'oeuf dans l'verre d'eau bien l'oeuf ara ieu v'nu
dans l'verre d'eau pis t'aras ieu gardé dans l'mirouère
minuit juste bien t'aras ieu vu ton homme ou mis don t'aras
ieu vu ta châsse pâsser hein. C'est selon, l'homme ou la
châsse--mais j'ai ieu peur, j'ai backé out! J'ai pas voulu,
pas voulu l'faire. J'ai câssé l'oeuf mais j'ai pas voulu
garder--j'avais peur j'aurais vu ma châsse.
(MUNFLA, F1779/74-195, p. 3)

The immediate reason for Mrs. Barter's decision not to look in the mirror was the fear of seeing her coffin, rather than her future husband;

but, as she later explained, it was her parents who had instilled in her such deeply rooted fears:

Ma mère et mon père t'sais hein, i disiont les--comme dit machine des vieux temps d'avant nous dirons hein. Mais nous autes ej croyions dans tout en grand avant parce--pouvait nous faire faire toute hein. Mais asteure c'est différent i y a pas moyen faire croire les enfants arien asteure, i vont t'--i vont rire quand tu vas les dire de quoi asteure, i vont s'enclater, hein.
(MUNFLA F1779/74-195, p. 3)

Her parents evidently managed to terrify her, perhaps to make her behave. But when I later interviewed Mrs. Morazé, Mrs. Barter's mother, she laughed loudly at all such old beliefs and roundly declared she had never believed any of them herself.

Mrs. Barter certainly did believe in what she was told, and often insisted how the old people had consistently frightened the youngsters with their narrations. I questioned her about ghosts at Mainland:

Oh ouais, dis, y avait des esprits i voyiont le monde. Par ici pareil, pas moyen, y avait pas moyen d'sortir dehors. Le--les vieux mondes t'avaient peuré à mort hein? J'arons ieu té à tcheque part pis j'arons ieu té dans eune maison ailloù-c-qu'avait du vieux monde bien première chose qu'i aront commencé avec eune histoire asteure là des, des esprits hein. Bien trop peur de sortir dehors pou' v'nir à la maison.
(MUNFLA F1779/74-195, p. 4)

She repeated much the same story on another occasion, making it quite clear that in her youth she and others like her were often so frightened by the scary tales told by their elders, that they would not leave the house where they were to return home. Hearing so many supernatural tales, and being obviously disposed to believe them, she was apt to account for some of her own experiences in terms of the frightening supernatural:

Eune soir  e, h  ! ej tions chez Gros Mike, chez Mike Barter l  . Pis ej--i tiont    parler toute des esprits tout en grand pis l   moi ej faulais qu'ej venais asteure d'd'l   en bas chez maman et quand j'arrivais    motch   route d'ici y avait des moutons couch  s dans l'ch'min pis i faisait nou  re pis j'me trippe les pieds dans les moutons pis j'tombe. J'ai manqu   d'mourir my son, ej poussais des cris ohhh! Maman a sorti d'hors alle a d'mand   quoi-c-qu'avait d'wrong--croyait qu'i y avait tchequ'un qui m'coursait hein. J'ai dit j'avais tomb   par-d'sus un mouton. A tait pou' m'coincer! Eune p'tite peur j'ai trap  , oh!
(MUNFLA F1779/74-195, pp. 4-5)

In both this case and the following, her imagination got the better of her. But the point to be made, of course, is that she believed so firmly in the supernatural that it was easy for her imagination to run riot:

Eune soir  e j'avais coup   mes ongues d'orteil moi, et mes ongues de doigt hein, j'tais grande den j'tais eune grande fille, j'allais pour les j  nes--coupe les ongues d'orteil pis j'les as ramass   toutes sus la chaise--pis mes ongues de doigt. Pis l   j'avions les vieux fa  ons de po  le l   hein--moi pis la d  funte fille    Tom Jesso, alle est morte asteure--j'appilons   a sus la ta--sus l'po  le comme i faut pis l   j'prendions   a en feu pis i nous aviont dit asteure de faire--note p  re et note m  re nous avont dit d'm  me, que br  ler les ongues pis apr  s les ongues ara t   br  l  s, chercher d'dans j'arons ieu vu un chweu, pis la couleur du chweu bien   a ara t   la couleur du chweu de not-z-hommes nous aurons ieu mari  . Bien eune soir  e nous autes nous nous avons attarqu  , j'tions toute seule d'boute, i tait vers minuit ou eune heure, pis l   j'br  lions les ongues d'orteil, pis justement que les ongues d'orteil taient bien pris    br  ler j'entendons d'quoi    la porte heh! pis l   j'croyions-ti pas que c'tait l'diabe heh! L  , j'quittons toute pis j'allions nous coucher, trop peur, paque la t  te, trop peur, oh, j'arons pas quitt     a br  ler--c'tait p't  te les chats qui faisaient du train d'hors...pis l   j'croyions p't  te c'tait hein....
(MUNFLA F1793/74-195, p. 10)

Mrs. Barter repeated the same anecdote at a subsequent session, but this time insisting it was the devil at the door (MUNFLA F1794/74-195, p. 16). The repetition of such an anecdote suggests it has become part of her narrative repertoire. That there is some variation

in the two versions--notably her suggestion that the cause of the noise was probably the devil (but possibly cats) in the first telling, and her insistence that it was the devil in the second--may be explained by the fact that this is a belief narrative, not a true folktale.

In the true folktale, she is conscious of a 'right way' to tell the story--she often excused herself for her omissions when she forgot part of a tale, or became confused and put motifs in their (to her) wrong order. The belief narrative is much more spontaneous, since in Mrs. Barter's case she effectively believes in what she narrates. As she herself said, affirming her belief:

C'tait pas utile de dire qu'il avait pas d'vieille sorciaise et y avait pas d'diabe et ça, c'tait pas utile nous dire ça à nous autes...j'arons té à tcheque part pis j'arons entendu d'quoi, quand même ç'ara, c'tait ienque note talon a craqué, j'attendions l'diabe pis c'tait fini là, j'allions pus dans la même place là.
(MUNFLA F1793/74-195, p. 10)

In other words, being told there was no devil made no difference to her. She believed, and was predisposed as a consequence to interpret even ordinary phenomena in a supernatural way.

The following account reinforces her belief in the reality of the supernatural. In taking her parents' advice, she could easily believe that her marriage was, one might say, predestined. One may also note that her description of the custom of salt cakes, as she followed it, takes the form of a not insubstantial narrative. Mrs. Barter has the gift of being able to talk of what were quite common practices with dramatic effect--another sign of her storyteller personality:

...Ej mettions de l'eau et pis d'la farine ensemble
pis là ej mettions du sel pis là ej faisons des
p'tites cakes pis là j'les mettions sus l'poêle.

Pis là ej faisions trois pis là j'arons ieu mangé les trois cakes pis quand j'arons ieu té nous coucher j'arons ieu té à backer à backer à note lit, j'arons ieu té à nous coucher pis là faulait pas qu'ej parlions là. Pis là toujours le souère j'--y avait trois jènes taient supposés--ton ami tait supposé d'v'nir t'envoyer un verre d'eau hein, pis là la soif te tapait là vers minuit ou eune heure la soif te tapait là pis là i s en v'nait pis i t'envoyait l'verre d'eau hein heh! Pis là dans ton rêve tu sais tu l'voyais hein. Mais comme dit machine c'tait ienque--bien moi j'ai vu l'mien, mon homme hein--dans mon rêve nous dirons hein. Il a v'nu, il a v'nu à moi m'envoyer l'verre d'eau hein. Pis là j'ai pris l'verre d'lui hein pis là j'ai bu hein. J'avais soif hein et là ej m'ai pas parçu d'arien mais l'endemain matin j'ai pensé à mon rêve hein pis c'tait lui qui m'a envoyé l'verre d'eau hein. (MUNFLA F1779/74-195, p. 1)

Mrs. Barter related her experience with the salt cakes with great sincerity. And even though she paused at one moment, as if to try to explain or justify or even make light of the belief, she immediately asserted the validity of the custom as far as she was concerned.

She asserted her belief in other practices on other occasions, too. Everything she dreamed seemed to come true, and she tried other methods of divination in which dreams had a part to play, such as putting nettles under her pillow at night, a certain method of prompting her to dream of her future husband.

She puts the accounts of her belief and their practice in narrative form. Nowhere is the relationship between belief and narrative made more evident, however, than in the way she talks about the whole episode of her courtship, which she describes in terms of a conte:

Pis toute, toute ça ç'a v'nu hein, c'a toute v'nu hein. Tu sais? A la varité à la fin du conte ç'a toute v'nu à la vérité hein--c'est toute v'nu à la varité à la fin du conte hein. (MUNFLA F1779/74-195, p. 2)

I note in passing that if Mrs. Barter sees her own life in terms of a conte, it reflects to a certain extent the type of folktale she enjoys telling--novella or romantic tales, or ordinary folktales in which the hero eventually weds a princess.

The distance between the hopes of a young girl and the reality of a sometimes harsh and thankless life may be very great. Nevertheless, in this brief and incomplete biography of Mrs. Barter it has been possible, I think, to suggest a real relationship between her experiences as a child and as a young woman, and her sense of narrative style, between her beliefs and her stories.

In the following chapter I shall use her own words to let her speak on the pertinent matters of storytelling, tale transmission and the learning of tales, and the veillée. These two chapters and a final chapter discussing her narrative and performance styles, may be seen as an attempt to put into perspective her long repertoire of narratives which follow later in this thesis.

CHAPTER SIX

MRS. ELIZABETH BARTER--VIEWS ON STORYTELLING

The preceding chapter gave a brief biographical sketch of Mrs. Elizabeth Barter and, through a selection of personal reminiscences, tried to suggest ways in which her experiences may have contributed to her development as a storyteller. I shall now present her experiences of storytelling and her views on it, including her description of the veillée, how tales were passed on, the kinds of tales told, and her views on storytelling as a form of entertainment. Her remarks will add much substance to our appreciation of the meaning of storytelling to the French, to the process of transmission and, perhaps, to our understanding of the formation of narratives.

On a number of occasions I have asked Mrs. Barter to tell me what veillées were like. Her answers were usually brief, but they do tell us clearly something of the atmosphere of the veillée:

[Storytelling began]...Vers dix heures et d'mie. I jouiont aux cartes promier, de sept là allait tu sais à dix heures là i jouiont aux cartes...[Then] Iun ara dit "Bien asteure vous allez conter un conte" hein? Bien là iun ara conté un conte promier, ara commencé, bien là l'aute ara ieu fait sa pârt aussi. Il ara conté un conte aussi après hein. Pis là l'aute so on hein, ça ara, tu sais, tout en grand ieusses ara ieu leu tour à conter un conte hein. S'i n'avait quate ou cinq à la maison bien faulait qu'il arait, chacun contait un conte-- des fois, y avait cinq ou six des fois. Des fois eune pleine maison. Prends le défunt Joe Lainey là des fois, oh, c'tait des pleins maisons là. I s'assisient là pis lui i les contait des contes le vieux là. Oh ouais. Oh, femmes et hommes et pis d'la jeunesse, vous savez là de seize ans à monter là. Bien là i s'aront ieu assis pis conter des contes là bien toute la nuit là. Joe Lainey là bien c'tait son plaisir ça. T'aras isu té là t'aras ieu dit "Bien nonc' Joe, contez-moi un conte," quand même ç'ara ieu té à midi dans la journée, i s'ara ieu assis pis i t'ara ieu conté un conte mon enfant, pareil comme

c'ara té arien du toute.
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, pp. 3-4)

Mrs. Barter's remarks not only tell us that anyone could be present at a veillée from the age of about sixteen and up, that the kitchen might be full or sparsely occupied, and that it was customary to play a game or two of cards before storytelling. She also points to two distinct types of storytelling situations.

Uncle Joe Lainey, mentioned towards the end of her remarks, was a recognized storyteller. If he was present at a veillée, he would probably hold the floor for the whole evening. He represents the now dead public storytelling tradition, where a reknowned narrator provided the entertainment during the veillée.

The second type of storytelling situation is the one in which each member present would take turns in narrating. If Mrs. Barter ever told tales herself in a veillée, it would have been in such a context. This kind of veillée is also dead now, but narrators, such as Mrs. Barter, who might have told tales in turn, are the ones who have kept storytelling alive in the private, family context.

She evoked the second style of storytelling, where everyone told a tale in turn, on another occasion:

Pis là c'tait pas, c'tait pas ienque iun là asteure t'sais hein, c'tait toute, chaque à leu tour hein? Iun contait un conte asteure là pis là il aront ieu fumé leu pipe ou leu cigarette pis là l'aute ara ieu commencé pis là après l'aute ara fini une cigarette encore ou mis don la pipe pis là l'aute heh! Mais c'tait mignon don...c'tait beau don my son, mais asteure y a pus d'ça asteure. Le TV asteure pis les enfants allont à l'école et--mais dans note temps à nous autes y avait pas d'école hein--y avait pas d'école. Tout l'monde pouviont rester comme i vouliont.

(MUNFLA F1788/74-195, p. 9)

Again, in this quote Mrs. Barter emphasizes the more informal style of narration, where everyone took turns telling a tale. One can picture, too, the smoke-filled kitchen with the people sitting around the stove, smoking pipe or cigarette by the light of the oil lamps. She obviously has warm memories of the veillée and points an accusing finger at television as one of the chief causes of the demise of the formal, public veillée.

Another factor she mentioned was school. In her day, children did not have to go to school, and parents did not have to go to bed early to get them off in the morning. That is why they can no longer spend their winter nights telling tales until one and two o'clock in the morning; it also explains in part why children have less opportunity to hear tales.

I asked Mrs. Barter about the presence of children at veillées when she was a child. It largely depended on whether or not there was alcohol in the house:

Bien c'tait selon hein. S'il aront ieu d'la bière asteure, d'la boisson à boire hein pis y en ara ieu qui taient au motché jagués bien i s'aront pas ieu entcheté quoi-c-qu'il aront ieu dit là vous savez hein. Bien là les enfants allaient s'coucher là à neuf heures, là i faulait qu'les enfants allaient au lit hein...Parce y avait joliment des choses tu sais qui taient dit, qu'i voulient pas qu'les enfants acoutaient hein--mais s'i y avait pas d'boisson là asteure qu'il aviont tout en grand là, i aront ieu une game de cartes là--pis il ont commencé à conter des contes, bien les enfants pouvaient rester deboute aussi longtemps comme qu'i voulient là. Quand qu'le monde s'en allait là, la mère faulait qu'a les raveillait de d'sus la place là. Il aviont toutes tombé endormis là. Sus la place. Les enfants acoutaient t'sais les contes.
(MUNFLA F1788/74-195, p. 8).

Alcohol (usually home brewed beer or blueberry wine) tended to provoke the older people into talking about things which were not for children's ears; but if there was no alcohol, children could stay up as long as they

wanted, and often had to be roused from the floor where they had fallen asleep, when the evening came to an end. The evening might go well into the small hours before ending:

Eune heure, deux heures du matin--quand c'tait sus l'fait d'la s'maine là bien eune heure, deux heures du matin. C'tait des veillées des fois jusqu'à trois heures. Ça contait des contes mon pauvre enfant!

(MUNFLA F1795/75-195, p. 24)

Mrs. Barter drew an unfavorable comparison between children today and those of her generation, suggesting that today's youngsters stay up much later in the night than they perhaps should. Her own children today usually go to bed around nine-thirty, but I suspect that as a child she was allowed much liberty in this regard. She surprised me when I asked her how old she was when she first began to learn and tell stories:

A dix ans j'contais des contes. J'avais ienque dix ans. J'contais-mais c'tait ienque ça, c'tait ienque ça qu'y avait ...j'les apprenais pis j'les contais à mes frères et soeurs hein...pis j'les aras ieu conté avec d'outes enfants asteure t'sais.

(MUNFLA F1788/74-195, p. 4)

In order to tell stories at the age of ten, Mrs. Barter must have enjoyed a certain freedom to be able to stay up late in the night and learn them.

Where did she learn them? A variety of answers, at different times, illustrate some of the lines of transmission of folktales:

Combien d'soirées grand'mère nous a reveillé d'sus la place nous autes. Tombés endormis sus la place entende le monde conter des contes--pis l'monde toute parti. Grand'mere nous reveillait pour nous mette au lit. C'tait trop joli les ouère conter des contes j'te dis.

(MUNFLA F1795/74-195, p. 24)

She recalls with great and obvious pleasure listening to tales as a young child, and being roused by her mother after falling asleep on the

floor. Who was it precisely whose tales put her and her brothers and sisters to sleep? "Bien, le vieux monde t'sais hein, ara ieu v'nu chez nous, il aront ieu conté..." (MUNFLA F1788/74-195, p. 4) One precise memory stands out in her mind:

...Ej tais assez p'tite ej pourras pas vous dire--parce il aviont commencé ça j'pense avant qu'ej tais enée hein. Parce quand--danpis qu'ej peus m'rappeler moi, j'ai tendu des contes. J'ai vu là moi, y avait un vieux là, un vieux Lainey là en bas à Black Duck Brook--ej peux pas vous dire son nom--ej l'ai vu v'nir chez nous là, chez défunt papa, pis moi m'assire sus ses g'noux. J'tais toute p'tite t'sais ej peux justement distinguer là asteure hein, m'assire sus ses g'noux pis lui, pour entende lui conter des contes.
(MUNFLA F1788/74-195, pp. 8-9)

One of her earliest memories, then, is of an old Frenchman who used to take her on his knee and tell her stories. Because it happened so long ago, she could not remember the precise date. As a rule, however, Mrs. Barter could not only remember when she had first heard a tale, but also who told it, and where it had been told.

While French Newfoundlanders rarely use dates, they are nonetheless good at expressing time in years by reference points in their past life; if she says she heard such a tale thirty years ago, one can be fairly sure of her accuracy. As an example, she dates the arrival of electricity at Mainland by reference to the birth of her twins Tillie and Tony.

Mrs. Barter recalled in rather more detail one source of stories she told me. She had learnt them not in a veillée, but in an informal, private family context:

La défunte Annie Lainey--mais j'tions des grandes fumelles c'temps-là tu sais hein. A tait veuve ielle pis j'allions en-haut là pis alle avait ienque, alle avait ienque trois filles hein--pis j'allions en-haut là pis des soirées j'couchions avec ieusses hein, pour compagnie, pis là a nous contait des histoires pis des contes hein. Mais j'avions du fun don.
(MUNFLA F1789/74-195, p. 2)

She also evoked her father as a storyteller although, curiously enough, she seems to have learnt fewer stories from him than from others:

I contait pas beaucoup d'contes lui. Y en avait--i nous a conté --me rappelle de iun c'est tout j'me rappelle. Il a conté eune coupelle mais j'me rappelle ienque iun qu'i m'a conté--qu'i nous a conté que j'ai t'nu un peu dans mon idée hein. Parce tu sais parce i, c'tait pas un homme pou'conter des contes beaucoup.
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, p. 12)

Perhaps her most vivid memory of a storyteller from whom she learnt tales concerns a certain Joe Lainey, whom I mentioned earlier as a recognized public narrator:

Oh, le défunt Joe Lainey hein. My God, my God, my God! I tait pourri dans les contes...ah, i s'ara ieu assis là gare à...i s'ara ieu assis dans eune chaise--il avait eune chaise de fait avec des manches--pas eune chaise à barcer don--chez lui là--pis l'jeune monde, c'est là qu'i s'ramassient hein, pis là i s'assient toutes là hein, pis là i s'prennent là--à huit heures du souère là i prennent là hein, à minuit et eune heure là, le défunt vieux Joe Lainey tait still à conter des contes-là là. Ah, c'tait eune grande corporation!
(MUNFLA F1790/74-195, pp. 5-6)

Here then was the case of the reknowned narrator whose talents could keep a youthful crowd spellbound into the small hours of the morning. This was the classic public storytelling context. One other context provided Mrs. Barter with stories--the carding and spinning sessions, confined as a rule to women:

Ça ara ieu cardé là asteure là tu sais hein y avait eune frolique à carder, pis à filer. Pis là après ça là, après l'lunch là bien ça ara p't-ête té à conter des contes ou chanter des chansons. Oh ouais...c'tait ienque des femmes. Hm. Pis des fois à filer, à carder, y en ara iune de ieusses qui s'ara ieu pris à chanter.
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, p. 4)

She did not expand on the spinning and carding frolic as a storytelling context, and it may not have been common to tell tales then, although singing did seem popular. In passing, it is worth noting that Mrs. Barter also sings songs, although given the state of her health--

she lacks a lung--it is not surprising that she now sings with difficulty. And, as with her stories, so it is with her songs. As time has gone by and changes have occurred in her life style, she has forgotten many.

So far I have described mainly where Mrs. Barter learnt tales: in a variety of different contexts, but mostly in veillées; we have also learnt how young she was when she began to learn and tell stories. When I asked her how she learnt them, she gave me two answers.

Firstly, like almost all the tellers of folktales I have interviewed, she claimed that one audition was enough for her to be able to tell a tale herself:

Oh bien nous autes j'arons entendu in conte eune fois ej le savions après hein. Ej tendions in conte eune fois, c'tait fini. Ej pouvions s'devirer d'bord pis conter cte conte-là après juste aussi bien.

(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, p. 5)

But hearing the same tale fairly frequently is also an important element in the learning process:

Parce la manière que c'est nous autes i nous aur--i nous contiont pas les contes là, toutes dans la même maison vous savez, par-d'sus hein. Mais mettons qu'il aront conté c'conte-là chez papa hein bien là p't-ête eune soirée ou deux après ou eune s'maine après j'arons té dans eune aute maison p't-ête cte gars-là tait à conter l'même conte encore hein. C'est comme ça j'ons v'nu pour entende le conte là souvent hein.

(MUNFLA F1781/74-195, p. 14)

We may surmise that during the winter months there was a continual coming and going from house to house to attend veillées. As storytellers would also move from house to house, it would be quite likely that Mrs. Barter would hear the same story several times in a matter of weeks. As she noted on one occasion, storytellers rarely altered the manner of their

narration, so even if one hearing of a tale was enough for her to know it, she would almost certainly hear it more than once--and learn it all the more thoroughly.

I asked Mrs. Barter if it ever happened that two storytellers who told the same tale or tales might appear at the same veillée. Indeed they did, but as she clearly indicates, there were usually differences in the narrations, and certainly no jealousy between storytellers. In fact they were eager to learn the differences:

[Did people ever tell the same stories?] Ouais--souvent ça arrivait ça. Ouais mais y avait joliment des paroles qui taient pas pareilles hein. Il aront pas conté les mêmes contes, non. Oh non non non. Non. I tions trop fiers qu'il étendions tchequ'un conter un conte hein, i voulient, i tions intéressés là pis i voulient saouère hein. Oh, y avait pas d'fidgilulté [-?-] ni arien sus les contes.
(MUNFLA F1781/74-195, p. 14)

Mrs. Barter had mentioned on more than one occasion that it was customary at veillées for people to take turns in telling a story, but she also noted once that she herself preferred not to play the part of the narrator at a veillée if a reknowned conteur was present. This may seem strange in view of her extensive repertoire, but she obviously does not put herself in the same category as Joe Lainey or nonc' Narcisse Chaisson, both of whom she frequently praised as tale tellers.

They and others no doubt possessed a gift for the narrative art which Mrs. Barter feels she lacks. It is a pity it is no longer possible to hear these old storytellers who are now either dead or claim to have forgotten their tales. The comparison would have been interesting, and would have allowed me to examine at first hand the differences and similarities between the public performer such as Joe Lainey, and the

private, family narrator such as Mrs. Barter.

Large repertoires, at any rate, are obviously not the unique hallmark of the recognized narrator. For Mrs. Barter, whose repertoire is large, has never enjoyed the reputation of being a storyteller in her community, at least not according to her daughter Geraldine. Yet it was Geraldine who told me of her mother's ability in the first place. This prompted me to ask Mrs. Barter on a number of occasions about telling stories to children, since it was as a child that Geraldine had heard her mother telling tales.

Her answers prove illuminating both with regard to the transmission of tales and, more significantly, to the question of the survival of a storytelling tradition. I must admit that my questioning about telling stories to children was not at first prompted by a desire to learn about transmission, but as a frustrated response to a frequent and formulaic-like comment she made at almost every recording session.

I often asked her to tell a tale the name of which she had mentioned and just as often she would reply: "J'savais c'conte-là mais j'l'as oublié. J'pourras pas l'mette ensembe hein-j'pourras pas mette cte conte-là ensembe." (MUNFLA F1787/74-195, p. 13) I asked her when it was she had last told whatever conte it was "she could not put together." On two occasions she told me that the last time such and such a tale had been told was to her children, and not the younger ones at that:

...Quais, parce le dernier conte j'ai conté ej contaïs à vous autes hein? Quand vous tiez à la maison hein, quand vous tiez tout p'tits, bien j'les aras conté des contes...ah bien mon mari ara ieu té travailler pis j'aras té tout seul avec ieusses bien j'm'aras ieu assis à brocher là pis j'les aras ieu conté des contes. Pis là tout d'in coup j'm'aras parçu i tiont toutes endormies là--tout sus la place endormies là, t'sais les contes

trantchilles hein. Mais là j'avons abandonné les contes
pis...
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, p. 11)

Mrs. Barter would knit and tell tales until her elder daughters
fell asleep; she repeated much the same thing on another occasion:

Quand i tiont tout p'tits à la maison ieusses--bien j'ai
conté ça pour ieusses quand i tiont tout p'tits hein. Mais
après ça bien...avant qu'il alliont s'coucher. I s'assisient
tout l'tour de moi. Pis là j'les auras conté des contes.
Pis là leu prières après pis il avont té s'coucher.
(MUNFLA F1787/74-195, p. 9)

It seemed to me that if Mrs. Barter used to tell tales to her chil-
dren that some of them should have remembered stories themselves; she
confirmed my view:

Vene et Bern [her eldest daughters Josephine and Bernadette]
asteure là là. I s'rappelont de joliment de contes parce
Bern là ielle hein a conté des contes encore que j'ai conté
moi, à ses enfants--pas asteure parce alle a des lives asteure
a peut lire hein. Mais sus l'commencement qu'alle avait ses
enfants hein bien ses enfants laimaient entende des contes
hein. Bien les contes que j'y contais moi quand qu'a tait à
la maison bien a les r'conte pou' ses enfants hein. Mais
asteure alle a des lives a les lit d'dans les lives des
contes d'dans des lives hein...
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, pp. 11-12)

So storytelling--with a new and young generation of storytellers--
was alive in the last five years, although the temptation of books seems
irresistible. I later asked both Vene and Bern to tell me some tales,
but neither cared to. Then one evening, after Mrs. Barter had been telling
tales in the dining room, where I sometimes recorded her, I continued
recording with her daughters Geraldine, Audrey and Madonna, then aged
nineteen, seventeen and sixteen respectively.

All three remembered elder sisters telling them stories in bed, as
well as hearing their mother tell some. To my astonishment and pleasure,
Audrey proceeded to tell us, in English but with a variety of French words

thrown in, a version of AT 563, The Table, The Ass and The Stick, which she called Tape gaule (Strike, Stick), and part of two other stories I was not able to identify.

She had learnt all three from her mother who, herself, had never mentioned them to me before, nor was she able to tell them when I asked her to. Geraldine, totally unwilling to narrate anything, alluded to several tales she had heard and described one in enough detail for me to identify it as a version of AT 1653A, Guarding the Door.

I had previously had a similar experience at Cape St. George, where an eighteen year old girl had told me the one tale she remembered hearing as a child. I was never able to interview many young people between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five, but cases such as the ones I have just mentioned suggest that there may be many young people who know folktales, and who may go on using them as entertainment for their children in the years to come. In other words, while the public tradition of tale telling is dead, the private, family tradition is not. It is simply harder to find out about it and examine it.

It was the evidence provided by Mrs. Barter and her daughters on the one hand, and discussion with Herbert Halpert on the other, which helped me clarify my conception of the storytelling tradition amongst French Newfoundlanders. My first impressions were that storytelling was dead, with the exception of a handful of narrators. In fact, as I have already noted, it is the public tradition which is dead, and the private tradition which is alive. Twenty-five years hence, collectors may still be able to collect Märchen and other folktales on the Port-au-Port peninsula.

It is time now to turn to another aspect of the storytelling tradition as seen through Mrs. Barter's experience. So far she has been presented as a teller of contes or folktales, but it is also important to learn her views about histoires or legends--not because her repertoire in this domain seems to be particularly large, but because of the way in which she treats the genre.

I noted in the preceding chapter that the illustration of her belief in the supernatural would also shed some light on her as a storyteller. I cannot go into the question in great depth for want of sufficient material, but a few points which seem pertinent may be made.

In the first chapter devoted to Mrs. Barter, there were a number of narratives which illustrated her belief in the supernatural, and this is true for those which now follow. Most of these narratives are personal belief stories or memorats, but when related by her they tend to be told in a style reminiscent of folktales. In some cases, it is not always easy to decide whether the narrator is telling a legend or a folktale; this will be more clearly shown in the study of Mr. Frank Woods which follows the sections on Mrs. Barter.

I shall return to the question of style in a moment, but now wish to dwell on the distinction between folktale and legend. The classic distinction, which maintains that a folktale is a fictitious narrative but a legend is usually believed to be true, is not always valid in my experience with Franco-Newfoundland storytellers. I have heard many statements which suggest that some storytellers tend to believe that the events of some Märchen really occurred.

I shall illustrate this idea with a quotation from a paper prepared for me by Mrs. Barter's daughter Geraldine. She had collected some folktales from "Uncle" Frank Woods and noted that he seemed to believe in the reality of what happened in some of them. She concluded:

I cannot say that Uncle Frank's assertions of the truth of his ordinary folktales is a generally held feeling in my tradition. But in everyday life in my community the world is not seen as the ordinary person might expect it to be seen. While much of what is seen on TV like detective and medical stories and soap-operas is felt to be literally true, although they are only true in part, other things which are literally true are often disbelieved. At the time of man's first landing on the Moon, many of the people both young and old refused to believe after actually seeing it on TV. They thought it was made up, like Star Trek. This attitude is related to religious beliefs. To their minds God made the Moon and no one is able to go there. The Man-in-the-Moon is really (or was) believed to have been put there by God as punishment. To many this is held to be literally true, the legend explains the belief. Another illustration concerns the world of Kings and Queens both in folktale and real life. In folktales Kings and Queens make arbitrary laws, cutting off heads as children decapitate flowers; some people believe it really was like this. As a child, my mother used to tell me when I enquired about the Queen, that the Queen could order anyone's head cut off even if they did no evil deed. If it was her wish, it was done. I believed it was so.¹

If the distinction between tale and legend (as the folklorist sees it) is not always so clearly defined in the mind of the folk narrator, then it should not be surprising that the narration of a legend or legends may sometimes show some of the characteristics of the longer, ostensibly fictitious narrative.

¹ Geraldine Barter, "Some Folktales and Anecdotes told by a French Newfoundlander: Mr. Frank Woods (Francis Dubois) of West Bay, Port-au-Port Peninsula, with an analysis of the Tales, and Notes." Unpublished undergraduate student paper, 27 pp., March 1975.

In the two narratives which follow, one of which is fairly lengthy, one may observe how another person's frightening experience has been elaborated by the addition of explanatory and descriptive details and, in the first case, by the addition of direct speech. If one compares Mrs. Barter's style of delivery in the conte with that of the memorats below, one notices the abundance of conventional linguistic sentence markers (which I illustrate in the next chapter):

...Le défunt vieux Anatole Lainey là lui hein, un coup i faisaient du beurre hein, i avient des vaches en masse pis i faisaient du beurre hein, pis asteure la seule boutique qu'i avient au proche bien c'tait à Lourdes, i--tu sais i alliont vende leu beurre hein pis i faisaient ça dans des p'tites bailles en bois et des p'tites bailles de cinq lives en bois hein. Pis il avient tout ça paqué comme i faut dans la baille hein pis là il allait pis i vendait ça, il avait tant asteure la baille pour hein. Pis là eune matinée il a quitté d'chez ieusses avant l'jour l'matin pis il a descendu asteure pou' iête back encore la même journée parce faulait qu'i marchiont c'tait tout en grand à marcher y avait pas d'ch'min ni arien c'tait ienque des çuts y avait hein. Pis là I guess i a quitté d'chez ieusses de bonne heure avant l'jour l'matin pis il a descendu quand qu'il a arrivé en bas sus Green Head là bien il a vu in--tu sais il a haussé sa tête pis c'tait pareil à lui comme il avait in, in, in homme, in esprit hein, pis il a dit à lui-même, pour sûr ç'in esprit" hein, pis là i marchait avec la baille hein pis heh! heh! les deux yeux formés hein. Quand qu'il arrive à--ailloù-c-que--à peu près l'homme i tape la baille...la baille a té en million morceaux! Il rouve ses yeux, in âbe. In âbe sec--c'tait pareil, c'tait pareil ça parassait comme in homme hein les deux bras et la tête. In âbe qu'avait câssé sa baille de beurre ha! ha! Quais, toute perdu son beurre pis i faisait chaud cte journée-là--il asseyait d'ramansser l'beurre hein mais quand qu'le soleil a fait ouère hein toute le beurre a fondu hein.
(MUNFLA F1779/74-195, pp. 5-6) /Motif J1782, Things thought to be ghosts/.

This humorous account of a tree stump mistaken for a ghost emphasizes how strongly people believed in ghosts. The reaction from the girls listening was predictably uproarious, but their mother chastened them with another, much less humorous account. The contrast in tone

between the two stories serves to underline her storyteller's technique of changing the whole atmosphere by a dramatic movement from the light to the serious:

...Mais in coup i tait arrêté don lui le, le défunt vieux Anatole, sus son choual hein. Sans, sans pou' son chapelet il ara pas pu pâsser hein. Dans quasiment la même place à Green Head aillou-c-qu'il avait vu--i croyait qu'il avait vu l'esprit. Quand qu'il a rivé là au rousseau, in p'tit rousseau le choual a rété, pis i back-out, i voulait pas aller d'l'avant l'choual hein. Pis là il a pensé à son chapelet qu'il avait sus lui hein. Là i débarque d'sus son choual pis i prend son chapelet pis i l'amârre sus la bride d'son choual hein, pis là il a fait son choual aller. Y avait d'quoi là i a dit qu'i y avait d'quoi là hein. C'tait, c'tait sur qu'y avait d'quoi là, parce le choual a rété à nette. Mais c'tait p't-ête des vivants qui taient là hein. (MUNFLA F1779/74-195, p. 6)

One notes in this anecdote the belief in the supernatural, the belief that a religious object, in this case a rosary, has a special power, and the intrusion of a rationalization. The suggestion that it was perhaps a human or humans which caused the horse to stop served, I think, two functions--it preserved the storyteller from being considered naive in my eyes, and it set the audience at ease; Mrs. Barter's three daughters present at the narration all giggled nervously during and after its telling. Despite their protestations to the contrary, I think all three have a healthy respect for anything which might be vaguely supernatural, and therefore frightening.

In the hands of an accomplished storyteller like Mrs. Barter, and before an audience as impressionable as the one present above, I suspect that a simple dite,² in the order of "Anatole Lainey was stopped by a

² The term was coined by C.W. von Sydow, Selected Papers on Folklore (Copenhagen: Rosenkilde and Bagger, 1948), pp. 77-78, 87, and refers to a bare statement such as the one given above.

ghost but used his rosary to escape" may well be formed into a more elaborate narrative. This is what Mrs. Barter seems to have done. I do not know how she first heard the tale; it may have been told by Anatole Lainey himself as a full narrative, or by a non-storyteller as a ditty. What is important is that Mrs. Barter makes it into a dramatic narrative.

There is other evidence of her creativity. While transcribing tapes of her mother, Geraldine occasionally commented "Mommy made that up you know." When I asked her to clarify her remark, she replied that she was sure that some of the stories she had transcribed were not "real stories," because she had never heard them before.

Familiar with folklore terminology, she suggested that her mother, perhaps in order to please me when she could not think of a tale to tell, took different motifs and welded them together as best she could. This may be so; the comment was usually applied to tales which I later had great difficulty in identifying according to the Aarne-Thompson type system. It is certainly possible for a good storyteller to create a new tale using common motifs and traditional tale patterns.³

³ There is now an extensive body of scholarly research available on the subject of oral composition with emphasis on the formulaic aspect of oral literature. Two recent examples of such work, inspired by Albert G. Lord's pioneer study The Singer of Tales (Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1960) are Benjamin A. Stolz and Richard S. Shannon, eds., Oral Literature and the Formula (Ann Arbor: Center for the Coordination of Ancient and Modern Studies, 1976), and Ruth Finnegan, Oral Poetry: Its Nature, Significance and Social Context (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1977). I do not think that Mrs. Barter composes tales along the lines of the oral formulaic school, but suspect rather that she tells some elements of tales, having forgotten others. This produces fragmentary versions which are, of course, hard to identify as tale types.

In concluding this chapter I shall let Mrs. Barter speak about her feelings for the tales and storytelling in general. She is fully aware that stories are part of her cultural heritage:

T'as pas moyen d'aouère ces contes-là dans les lives ces vieux contes-là asteure hein...mais ça c'est les, tu sais, comme dit machine ça a parv'nu hein de leu père hein pis leu grand-père à ieusses hein. C'est comme ça qu'il avont su les contes-là hein. Asteure nous autes j'arons pas ieu su les contes là sans pour le vieux monde hein tu sais. C'est le vieux monde qui nous a appris les contes là hein.
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, p. 12)

She evidently feels the sense of continuity with the past provided by the passing of tales from generation to generation. Despite the negative comments she made earlier about old people and the harsh way in which they treated their children, she has a strong sense of respect for what is old.

She regrets in no uncertain manner the passing of the veillée, although she appreciates modern innovations such as radio, television, the telephone and electricity:

Mais ça c'est des contes du vieux monde ça asteure là, c'est pus bon pour nous autes nous dirons parce--tu sais ej continuons pas à ça du tout hein...

G.B: C'tait vote vie avant.

--Avant, mais tu sais bien. Asteure avant hein nous autes asteure hein bien asteure dame pareil comme vous autes dans vote jeunesse là hein bien asteure vous avez ieu entendu parler d'eune dans bien ça ça meanait joliment à vous autes hein? Bien nous autes asteure là hein ça meanait juste autant à nous autes, in conte comme que ça meanait une danse hein. Ej tions really intéressée là-d'dans hein. Pis j'laimions tu sais, laimions entende tchequ'un conter des contes. J'arons ieu quitté d'chez nous là pis j'arons ieu monté p't-ête in mile et d'mi là p't-ête deux miles pou'entende in conte hein. Ej--tu sais j'tions intéressée là-d'dans ej laimions entende des contes hein...Pis i nous aront conté in conte à souère mais l'endemain au souère j'arons té chez nous et pis j'arons toute conté pareil comme i nous avait conté--trapions d'sus vite hein...Mais asteure y a pus d'ça asteure hein. C'est tout en grand parti mort hein. Pis asteure les TV hein tout-c-qu'tu veux entende asteure t'entends des contes sus l'TV, des histoires.

La dernière fois j'ai conté in conte, mon homme, il est à
l'entour de douze ans pour sûr.
(MUNFLA F1780/74-195, pp. 10-11)

Mrs. Barter identifies storytelling with the old people and times now gone. Her nostalgia for storytelling in the past is heartfelt. On several occasions I saw the excitement of the older girls as they prepared to go to a dance at Lourdes nine miles away; Mrs. Barter's comparison is very appropriate. Storytelling was as important to her generation, as exciting, as dances are to her daughters' generation. That is not to say she did not enjoy dancing; as was noted earlier, she used to sneak out to go dancing. But compared to the present, dances were few. Storytelling was the greatest attraction.

This explains why she listened so intently to tales, so that she was able to repeat it at home to her brothers and sisters on the following night. There was a touch of scorn in her voice as she spoke of the facility of television, with its own brand of stories and tales.

Today, Mrs. Barter has to think long and hard to recall a tale. Although she once said it was enough for her to hear the name of a tale, or a few words from it, in order to remember it and tell it, this is not really so. I named tales to her, sometimes tales her daughter Geraldine had previously mentioned to me as ones she recalled hearing as a child. Usually, Mrs. Barter's response was negative. She remembered, but she "couldn't put it together right," "a pourra pas les mette ensemble comme i faut." How frequently that phrase cropped up during our recording sessions.

Yet she was able to recall several dozen folktales and other narratives. Further, my interest, and later Geraldine's interest,

obviously revived in her the forgotten pleasures of past storytelling. She began trying to remember tales she had forgotten; I remember my excitement when, one day, she rang Geraldine from Mainland to tell her, amongst other things, that she had remembered another conte.

In this and the preceding chapter I have tried to describe Mrs. Barter the person, and Mrs. Barter the storyteller. She has told us about the context of storytelling as she experienced it, about the ways tales were passed on and, most meaningfully, she has told us what stories and storytelling mean and meant to her.

She is representative of the private, family tradition of folktale narrators, rather than the public tradition. In the next chapter, I shall attempt to show, through a study of her performance and narrative styles, how she may be considered representative of her tradition, the family tradition, rather than of the public tradition. It is against the backcloth of these three chapters that her considerable repertoire may be viewed.

CHAPTER SEVEN

MRS. ELIZABETH BARTER--PERFORMANCE AND STYLE

Having learnt in the two preceding chapters something of Mrs. Barter's life and her attitudes towards stories and storytelling, I shall now examine the stories she has told, in order to analyse various aspects of her performance and narrative styles. This should serve to emphasize to the reader of her stories that a written text is to its oral presentation what the script of a play is to its live, dramatic stage performance. That is to say, a printed text alone, taken out of the performer-audience context where the narration belongs, can do little more than suggest the subtle visual and aural devices used by the narrator. The text gives an imperfect and indeed misleading impression of the impact of an orally told tale.

It must be emphasized here, too, that Mrs. Barter the performer represents the private, family storytelling tradition of French Newfoundlanders. She is not typical of the more widely known public storytelling tradition which, on the Port-au-Port peninsula, found its best expression in the now dead veillée. If she had enjoyed a reputation as a widely appreciated storyteller, as a public performer, an analysis of her performance and narrative styles would enable one to reconstruct, in part at least, the characteristics of a public performer in the older, public tradition. This is not possible.

Yet while such an analysis will tell us much about the private performing tradition, it can nonetheless provide an idea of what formerly did constitute a successful public storytelling performance. Mrs. Barter

has already described the public storytelling context, the veillée, in the preceding chapter. She also made occasional comments to me about the style of public narrators, and these will be used in contrast with her own performance.

Further, she shares a common body of narratives with other French Newfoundlanders. We have already discovered that she learnt many tales in the veillées, and many of these were told by renowned public performers. One may confidently assume that her private performance and narrative styles probably have a number of features in common with the public styles which are now all but dead.

It has not been possible to ascertain how far features of her performance are idiosyncratic. A comparison with other narrators is not easy to make; either because of failing memory or a lack of desire to narrate at length, most storytellers I have collected from have not been able to give good, complete versions of tales. I was rarely able to interview a storyteller often enough to establish with them the kind of rapport I achieved with Mrs. Barter. Few were able to tell me stories with the ease that characterized all but the earliest interviews I made with her. She was ill at ease at first, and a little rusty in her storytelling; with other storytellers, I was rarely able to go far beyond this initial situation.

I must repeat again that the analysis of Mrs. Barter's performance and narrative styles is the analysis of a private tradition. While I consider it important to try to reconstruct the public tradition as it existed on the Port-au-Port peninsula, if only to have a partial record of a now moribund style, it is equally or even more important to describe

the private tradition. To the best of my knowledge, the private, family tradition has been studied little, if at all, by students of folk narrative.

There is a further reason it is important to examine the private storytelling tradition. The public tradition is all but dead amongst French Newfoundlanders, as it is in many other parts of the world. It is the private tradition which not only remains alive, but gives reason to believe it may survive for many years to come. It is true that when I began interviewing Mrs. Barter she was rusty, but our interviews seem to have had a revivifying effect upon her. And, as noted earlier, her children, and perhaps those of other narrators in the private tradition, still tell folktales in the family circle.

These general considerations can serve as a frame in which I shall examine her storytelling style. I shall concentrate my attention on two aspects of her storytelling. The first of these is what I have called her performance style.

I use the term 'performance' to describe the manner in which a storyteller narrates a tale. 'Performance' will involve such factors as speed of delivery, emotional involvement, gesticulation, and interplay with the audience. There are, however, certain recurring patterns of behaviour which initiate and conclude a storytelling performance. Because they recur, I include them in my study of performance as a whole.

The events leading to a successful recording session with Mrs. Barter, which I term the 'pre-performance' performance, can be best illustrated by describing a typical day in her home. She is a very busy woman whose housework and maternal duties occupy a great deal of her

waking day.

Cooking, washing, cleaning, mending, tending the wood burning stove are activities which seem to keep her on her feet most of the day. Even during the brief pauses in her work, when she will sit down with a cup of tea and a cigarette, she cannot keep still, but sits rocking in her rocking chair, surveying her domain.

When the younger children are at home and under her feet, she scolds them long and loudly, with upraised fist and a dark scowl on her face. Her elder daughters may be exhorted to busy themselves with the dishes, or to sweep the floor. She dislikes apparent inactivity, being so active herself. To tell the truth, she is known for her quick temper and sharp tongue. But in my experience, that is due more to frayed nerves than to any malicious disposition, and her temper would need considerable provocation before it would be directed at anybody from outside her immediate family. She is a dynamic person, whose occasional irritability is a result of her long ill health.

As an outsider who has been quickly and warmly received into her family, I am treated in much the same way as the others. I am scolded and teased, with perhaps a little more smiling indulgence than if I had really been the 'eldest son' she never raised, for that is how she often speaks of me. In many ways, my relationship to her is that of the eldest son; I receive more consideration than the females, as does her husband, although I do not do the work he does, or an eldest son might do.

When I attempt to inaugurate a storytelling session, the regular functioning of the household, the usual activities, seem to crystallize. A different atmosphere begins to make itself felt. The best time for

bringing up the topic of stories is in the evening, after the children have been put to bed, and when the evening's chores are done.

Everything is calm; the television may be on, Mr. Barter may be having a snooze on the chesterfield in front of it. The elder girls will be quietly talking, and Mrs. Barter will be rolling a cigarette over the kitchen table, a cup of strong tea at her elbow. The moment I ask her if she feels like telling a story, the 'pre-performance' begins.

Whereas during the day questions asked of Mrs. Barter receive direct and forthright answers laced with a little gallic irony, my casual opening gambit in the evening is countered with an evasive gallic shrug of the shoulders. She looks pensively at her tea and replies "I can't remember no contes!" or "I've forgotten all dem ole stories," or words to that effect. She does not give an absolute negative, but speaks with a kind of nostalgic regret, implying that she would dearly love to tell me a tale but, alas, it is no longer possible. She would if she could, but her memory is bare.

Here I am faced with the problem of inducing a reluctant performer to narrate. To do so I have to resort to cajolment of different kinds, or what I call for the sake of brevity, 'coaxing.' Coaxing makes up the best part of the 'pre-performance' performance, a five to ten minute period during which I make a series of encouraging requests prompting Mrs. Barter to tell a tale. She replies with shakes of the head, addressed as much to herself as to me. If others are present, they too may coax and encourage her to tell me a story.

After a few minutes of this apparently fruitless coaxing, one of three things may happen. Firstly, Mrs. Barter may be really unable to

remember a story, in which case she will decisively shake her head and say "No contes tonight my son" or some equally final phrase.

Secondly, she may prolong the period of coaxing, but move from her claims of total ignorance to a claim that she only knows 'bits and pieces' of tales, "ienque des morceaux." This is a cue I readily take, and point out that I would like to record even "the scraps."

Parenthetically, one may note that Mrs. Barter, like other storytellers I have recorded on the peninsula, does not seem to worry too much about telling a story in full. She is willing to tell what she remembers, whereas some narrators would refuse categorically. This is probably because they were public narrators, and no public performer would dream of giving an incomplete performance. But Mrs. Barter belongs to the private storytelling tradition, and does not mind telling an incomplete tale.

The third possibility is that, having mentioned knowing only "scraps" of tales or not, she will sit up, assuming her usual self-assured manner, and ask me if my tape-recorder is ready. She nods her head, and on my cue, launches into her story. This concludes the 'pre-performance' performance.

The bout of coaxing which inevitably precedes a storytelling session with Mrs. Barter seems to be necessary with most French narrators today. In the past, however, this was not usually the case, at least if Mrs. Barter's remarks on the question are any judge. On more than one occasion I asked her if storytellers had to be coaxed to tell stories in the veillée, and she quite emphatically said it was not usual.

Be that as it may, being coaxed today seems to be an integral part of Mrs. Barter's performance. I suspect it not only gives her time to think

of a tale, "to put it together right," but also reflects, perhaps, a certain embarrassment at being asked to do something that is now old-fashioned, that is, to tell tales. It is significant that on the few occasions I asked her to tell a story when outsiders were in the house, I was answered with a black scowl, which made her views perfectly clear. It is obvious she does not consider herself a public performer.

The performance proper begins with Mrs. Barter's "Bien, y await eune fois..." or some other opening formula. Generally, she begins her narratives slowly and carefully, as if, to quote her daughter Geraldine, "...she's trying to speak well"--as if, perhaps, she were consciously modelling her narration along a formal style of delivery, similar to the enunciation of actors on televised soap operas. It is also possible that her initial care betrays a continued attempt to marshal all the elements of her tale. This rather careful delivery does not last more than a minute or so, and is shortly replaced by a more natural and faster speaking style.

Although this is a typical introduction, she will occasionally begin rapidly, as if anxious to 'get into the story,' slowing down somewhat after her introductory sentences. When this occurs, the opening formula or sentence is delivered in a rather flat, rapid monotone, with no attempt to dramatize. The introduction of dialogue into the narration usually accelerates the normally natural speaking style which follows the first sentences.

Once the normal pace is acquired, which is slightly faster than that of ordinary conversation, speed of delivery depends thereafter on dramatic features of the narrative. Confrontations between hero and villain, or

indeed any two principal characters, usually involve a heated dialogue. Mrs. Barter accelerates the pace of delivery and raises the tone of her voice, more than adequately conveying the heightened emotion, though without resorting to theatrical exaggeration of gesture. Neither does she attempt to mimic in order to distinguish between male and female characters.

At the conclusion of a tale, once a dénouement has been achieved, Mrs. Barter again speeds up her delivery, but the final sentence or formula is almost lost as her voice tapers to a whisper. This is an interesting parallel to both the French and English style of singing in Newfoundland, where the last line or last few words of the last line of a song is usually spoken.

The changes of pace and tone do more than mark tense situations in the narratives. They also indicate her own emotional involvement in the adventures of her heroes and heroines. All the basic emotions--joy, anger, fear, love, surprise--are faithfully expressed, not as if they were counterfeited, but as if they come from the heart. She spoke to me on a number of occasions about her taste in tales, and as a cursory glimpse at her repertoire will show, she prefers romantic tales, or at least tales in which a romantic element is important, although tales with elements of bloody violence are in her repertoire.

As a girl, she acquired a taste for tales in which handsome young men meet and fall in love with beautiful young girls, tales in which the love story is seasoned by the hardships both hero and heroine have to endure before they can live happily ever after:

Asteure quand qu'ej tions jène, pus jène hein--bien c'tait
des affaires d'la jènesses asteure, là le conte, d'la fille

d'l'âroi--mets-don Jack ou ça, ça c'tait du monde qui, tu sais, qui s'ârcontraient, bien c'tait les meilleurs contes ça.

(MUNFLA F2020/74-195, p. 6)

Mrs. Barter did not care for tales involving much violence or bloodshed:

Mais des contes asteure qu'y avait des batailles ou s'tuer d'quoi d'même dedans t'sais toute bataille, j'aimions pas ça. Mais des contes qu'y avait des jênes et des filles d'dans là, oh j'tions intarassée là-d'dans hein--heh!
(MUNFLA F2020/74-195, pp. 6-7)

The evident delight she displays in such tales explains why she still tells them with such feeling. Emotional outbursts in tales, while controlled, are nonetheless both sincere and spontaneous. And this personal involvement in the fate of her heroes and heroines also serves to add another dimension to her narration, the basic humanity of her characters.

It is true that heroes and heroines are capable of quite blood-curdling deeds, but Mrs. Barter's sincerity convinces the audience, I think, that despite the gory feats sometimes performed, the heroes deserve the happy ending she usually reserves for them. When she identifies herself with their hopes and fears, the characters come alive, and this helps the audience maintain 'that willing suspension of disbelief.'

Her emotional involvement with her heroes and heroines, made real by the conviction with which she enlivens her dialogues, stands out the more so because of an otherwise economical use of gesture and facial expression. When heroes and heroines are in conflict, gesture and facial expression come to the fore; when they are not, they are much less intrusive.

In general, Mrs. Barter's use of 'body movement' is never exaggerated, unlike descriptions of storytellers in the public tradition I have heard. She never gives the impression that she is 'hamming it up.' If Jack is surprised, she acts out the surprise, but in a way that evokes in the audience that knows her, the feeling of genuine surprise. But if her facial gesture seems always natural, her physical movements seem oddly discordant.

Indeed, the best comparison that springs to mind is that of the television actor or actress in a commercial advertisement. Lacking the space of a theatre's stage, upon which members may be flung about in wild abandon, without too much fear of producing an overly melodramatic effect, the television actor is obliged to produce the effect of vigorous movement in a limited space. This is what causes television's commercial actors to hold the product they are promoting in what is a quite unnatural proximity to their person. Mrs. Barter's gesticulations are reminiscent of this cramped style.

If two characters are fighting in a story--Jack with a seven-headed giant, for example--Mrs. Barter will indicate their blows with clenched fists and swinging arms; but her elbows rarely move more than two or three inches from her sides. This may have been a conventional way of suggesting a combat in the public performance of the veillée, springing from the crowded kitchen and the likelihood of hitting somebody with free swinging arms. It may also be a subtle influence of the soap-opera, in which gesture is usually economical.

As yet, I have insufficient comparative data to make any positive statement on the matter, although I am fairly sure that in the past,

when public storytelling flourished and when French natives were still alive, a more liberal use of gesture was the rule. Mrs. Barter laughingly recalled how, with the old Frenchmen, "...c'tait tout l'temps des magies [gesticulations] t'sais, i s'mettiont, des fois i sautient deboute au milieu d'la place eh, c'tait les magies du conte eh?" Not only would they leap up if the action in the tale required it, but "...faulait qu'les mains taient là," their hands were always moving. She added that she was the same--"Pis moi c'est cte façon-là aussi, hein!"

In my experience, she is not given to magies, and although her hands are certainly expressive, they are restrained. On the other hand, she is self-conscious about her gesticulations, and was smilingly reluctant to tell a tale on one occasion when a student of mine was present. I think she consciously restrains herself today, because she is aware that much gesticulation makes people laugh.

That was her reaction as a child, faced with prancing Frenchmen: "Mais tu sais bien, le monde forcé d'rrire hein, d'les ouère hein. J'avons ieu des bad laughs d'ieusses!" Old Frenchmen were reknowned for their exaggerated gestures and, perhaps influenced by English attitudes towards the French, which made fun of such movement, almost all the storytellers I recorded at Cape St. George and Mainland tended to be restrained in their use of gesture.

If physical movement now seems to be limited, there does not seem to be any parallel restriction on facial expression. Mrs. Barter makes full use of the elastic potential of the face, and the movements and moods of the eyes. A twinkle in the eye, a curve of the lip, can add

much meaning to an otherwise innocuous phrase. When Jack and his princess are alone together, it is sometimes wise, if children are part of the audience, to imply rather than to state bluntly. Mrs. Barter is skilled at the allusive use of her face.

A final aspect of her performance depends in part on such reading of facial gesture--the interplay between her and her audience. Interplay is both gestural, as suggested above, and verbal. It would be difficult to draw any general conclusions about the phenomenon of interplay between audience and narrator today, because the public storytelling context is rarely, if ever encountered. If the comments to be made about Mrs. Barter are to be considered generally true of French storytellers, it must be born in mind that she typifies the private narrator, a tradition which has received little if any attention.

Mrs. Barter prefers to tell me tales when the younger children are in bed, by nine-thirty at night. Elder daughters may be present in the house, though not always in the room. In fact, after my first recording sessions with her, the most frequently present auditor, apart from myself, was her daughter Geraldine.

Occasionally, Mr. Barter might also be present, and on two occasions there were strangers at the recording sessions--Professor Luc Lacourcière once, and Mr. Ronald Labelle, a French-Canadian student of mine, also once. The only other person not a member of the family to have been present at odd times was another gifted storyteller, "Uncle" Frank Woods, who in any case is considered a part of the Barter family by its members. Comments are then usually set in a context including Mrs. Barter, myself, and her daughters Geraldine, Audrey and Madonna.

Gestural interplay is hard to identify, because a significant movement of the face takes place so rapidly. It is harder still to take note of such movements, firstly because they fit into both a verbal and physical context, and secondly, because as interviewer, I feel obliged to pay constant attention to the narrator. If I were constantly taking notes during a narration, I believe it might give rise in the storyteller's mind to doubts about my genuine interest. I have seen that almost all storytellers I interviewed tended to narrate to me directly, since it was I who had prompted them to tell tales in the first place. As a consequence, I must admit to my inability to talk about gestural interplay in all but the most general terms.

Apart from the kind of interplay mentioned above, involving a wink or a smile to convey more than the words themselves, the most frequent kind of interplay involves laughter. By an anticipatory smile, a twinkle in the eye and a glance at the audience, Mrs. Barter will prepare her listeners for an immediately forthcoming humorous motif. The audience takes note of the signal, and responds with anticipatory smiles followed, after the motif, by laughter.

Indeed, laughter is the most common kind of interplay between audience and narrator. A detailed analysis of both the tale motifs and audience reaction in tales which prompt laughter would shed a good deal of light on the sense of humour of French Newfoundlanders. Without entering into detail here as to what amuses Mrs. Barter's audience, I note simply that she may or may not join in the laughter she provokes.

When people do laugh at an amusing motif she may smile, satisfied at her handiwork. She laughs herself especially if she is about to

mention some slightly obscene motif; and she laughs frequently at the end of a narration, when she concludes her closing formula.

Other kinds of interaction include interjections, exclamations and explanations. Interjections and exclamations are made for the most part by her audience, and are usually simple, emotional responses to highly charged scenes in a story. If Mrs. Barter tells how Jack knocks off the giant's head, usually with emphatic gesture and tone of voice, she prompts her audience to make "oohs!" and "aahs!"

Explanations are usually asides she makes to her listeners, sometimes in the form of a direct question, as when she may ask, in the full flow of her story, if the meaning of such-and-such a word is known, or sometimes in the form of an implied question, suggested by the raising of the voice. Such questions usually expect a positive answer, and will be answered with "hm" and "yes."

Although these brief interjections on the part of the audience are a bother to transcribe, as they seem to break up the flow of the story on the printed page, in reality they seem to form an integral part of the performance, if only because they are so numerous. Perhaps they serve to encourage the narrator to continue, implying not only agreement with the question, but also approval of the narration.

There is some interplay between audience and narrator in what I term the 'post-performance' performance. Immediately following the closing formula, which Mrs. Barter may say rapidly and with a laugh, she will add a few words of apology, perhaps of a mock self-derogatory nature. The words are uttered amidst the appreciative comments made by her audience.

The apology often takes the form of statements to the effect that her story was longer than her version of it, that she had not told it for a long time and in consequence, could no longer "put it together" properly. Her audience will deny that the tale was in any way deficient, claiming that it was "un beau conte don" and that any omissions made no difference to the story.

Occasionally, one of the girls might recall laughingly humorous elements in the tale and indeed, I have observed the subsequent, informal use of catchwords taken from a tale in ordinary conversation. For example, a tale told by Audrey which included the phrase, "...there he was, gone," was later used frequently by Geraldine, Madonna and myself, both at Mainland and in St. John's, whenever the context lent itself to its use.

Following the comments made about a tale in our recording sessions, I would usually attempt to elicit information such as the source of the tale, and related questions. Then I would ask Mrs. Barter to tell another tale. It was usually not too hard to get her to tell a second or even a third tale, but it still required a little coaxing.

It is difficult to say to what degree Mrs. Barter's performances for me represent a traditional style. I have never been fortunate enough to record other narrators at such length, although for comparative purposes it would have been eminently desirable. This is because she is the only storyteller I interviewed in the private, family context, and I feel this is a tradition which needs much greater study.

As far as the moribund public storytelling tradition is concerned, I believe that coaxing was not an integral part of it. As Mrs. Barter

suggests, too, there was probably much more movement and gesticulation on the part of the public storyteller than one may expect to find with contemporary private narrators. It is quite likely, too, that there was greater interaction between the public narrator and his audience than in the private context. It is not too late to explore these questions more fully, and to discover whether, as I suspect, there are many more private, family traditions still active, or not.

The second aspect of Mrs. Barter's storytelling tradition I intend to examine is her style. It is of course an oral one. It owes little or nothing to the influence of the written word, for she reads with difficulty. Moreover, in my experience, she rarely, if ever, hears any lengthy prose passages read aloud. The nearest she might come to the influence of a formal speaking style would be in hearing her school-age children reading aloud from their books; but I have not observed it.

While some of the first generation Frenchmen could and did read from books, and may have learnt some of the now current narratives from printed sources, I have no evidence to suggest that Mrs. Barter has been influenced by the printed word, in style or delivery. Her experience is almost wholly oral, with family or friends, with telephone, radio and television. The regional weekly newspaper, The Georgian, is taken in the home, but I doubt that Mrs. Barter gives it more than a cursory glance.

The study of her oral style reveals a number of interesting features. Prominent amongst these is her use of formulas and formulaic expressions. They have an important role to play in folktales, and are recognized as recurrent elements by the audience, which may respond to

their use. The second outstanding feature of her style is her use of language and, touching on such questions as the number and variety of adjectives and verbs used, anglicisms and sentence structure, it is a feature that does not immediately strike the average listener, but can probably be appreciated only upon analysis.

Together, these two features--formulaic speech, lexical and structural peculiarities--may be seen as characteristics of her oral style. How far her style is typical of Franco-Newfoundland narrators in general can only be judged following an intensive study of many narrators. Omitted from these considerations are the topics of rhythm and intonation, which require a special kind of analysis, although they might well give the stamp of individuality to any storyteller's style.

Formulas and formulaic expressions¹ are the most striking stylistic devices in oral narrative. Mrs. Barter uses opening and closing formulas and internal formulas or formulaic expressions. The formula is, I think, a more conscious device than the formulaic expression, which may be no more than a personal linguistic preference or idiosyncrasy.

Opening formulas are used with folktales,² not with legends or anecdotes. The opening formula is an audible sign that a tale is beginning; audience conversation ceases. But the formula itself also

¹ I am not using the terms here in the sense given to them by Albert B. Lord in his The Singer of Tales (Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1960), and since developed by scholars of epic poetry, but in their older, widespread meaning as illustrated in this section.

² Stith Thompson discusses opening and closing formulas in The Folktale (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1946), pp. 457-459.

emphasizes to the listener that what is to follow is not of our dimension. This is as true of romantic novelle as it is of the magical folk-tale. The tone of voice used with the opening formula tends to reinforce this feeling. It is delivered fairly rapidly, in a matter-of-fact manner, and rather flatly, in a word, conventionally. It is a recognizable sign, supported elsewhere in the tale, that the audience must make 'that willing suspension of disbelief.'

The most frequent opening formulas used by Mrs. Barter are "I y avait eune fois" (conventionally translated by 'Once upon a time') and an extended version of this, "I y avait eune fois, par eune bonne fois," literally, 'There was a time, a good time....' When Mrs. Barter narrates in English, she does not always use the conventional English rendering of her French formula, but a more literally translated version, "Once it was." On occasion, she will combine both her own and the conventional opening: "Once upon a time it was..." instead of a more grammatically correct "Once upon a time there was...."

Variants of this basic formula usually include the names or titles of the main characters or of their parents: "Il y avait eune fois in roi pis eune reine..." or "Once it was a ole man an a ole woman, an they ad three sons..." or, more briefly, "Ça c'tait--Jack et Bill et Tom don." This last version is abbreviated because Jack and Bill and Tom are by far the most frequent characters in tales, both English and French, and they are well known to all audiences on the peninsula. To mention their names in this fashion is tantamount to saying "Once upon a time."

The opening formula not only functions as an audible sign that a folktale is beginning, or as a hint to the audience to make 'that willing suspension of disbelief.' It also serves, I suspect, the reinforced group consciousness. I have frequently overheard Geraldine, Audrey and Madonna talking together, and if one of them should say, for example "Once it was....," another might jump in with "...an ole man an a ole woman" or "Tom an Bill an Jack," for humorous purposes to be sure, but which imply an attachment to tales and the traditions they represent.

Occasional versions of tales told by Mrs. Barter lack an opening formula. This is because, I think, she has had difficulty in "putting the story together," and is flustered. She is probably still worrying about getting the tale right, and she forgets to use the formula. The same thing happens occasionally with closing formulas, omitted if the story has been "only bits and pieces." If she cannot complete a tale to her liking, she may cut her narration short and not conclude it with a closing formula.

Opening and closing formulas are the most striking kind of stylistic device to the ear of the listener. They serve clear functions and are perceived as identifiable, recognizable and conventional elements in a tale. Internal formulas are less striking, but equally conventional and functional. They are so recognized, I think, because they appear with some frequency and elicit responses from the audience.

The most common internal formulas seem to be those which indicate a lapse of time. Of these, "Dans in conte ça pâsse vite" or, as Mrs. Barter renders it in English, "In a story it goes quick," is the most common. Its function is to account for the passage of a lengthy period

of time, such as the one between the birth of a child and his or her first adventure, or to gloss over an uneventful part of a journey.

It is also used occasionally, I suspect, to give Mrs. Barter time to remember the next episode in a tale not perfectly recalled, since it may be accompanied by the phrase "...et ça s'oublie aussi," i.e., "In a story it goes fast--and it can be forgotten, too." This addition may be uttered with a wry smile on her face.

The passage of time is also indicated by the triple repetition of a verb, usually but not uniquely the verb marcher: "...il a marché et marché et marché," "he walked an walked an walked." Sometimes the verb is used only twice, but with the same effect. Repetition may be considered a conventional linguistic device, examples of which may become formulas.

A final formulaic expression is sometimes used in tales, although it is an aside rather than an integral part of the tale. This is the phrase "C'est in conte, hein," or "C'est ienque in conte"--"It's a story, eh," "It's only a story." Mrs. Barter uses these phrases when, as sometimes occurs, a rather unlikely action or event in a tale produces laughter from the audience.

She may feel she has to justify or excuse an obviously illogical happening in our modern, technological world; or perhaps she feels defensive, not wishing to be thought of as a person who really believes what she is narrating. I suspect that in the past, audiences were better able to apply 'that willing suspension of disbelief' than their modern counterparts.

There are a variety of phrases which are used in narratives frequently but which are more linguistic markers than formulaic expressions. They tend to be conventional sentence introductions, the most common of which are "Pis," "Pis là," "Là toujours," "Là anyway," "Bien là," "Anyhow," "Ça fait don" and combinations of these. They are not perceived as formulas, if one can judge by the lack of response to them from the audience. True formulas generally elicit some kind of reaction, ranging from laughter at certain closing formulas, to smiles of recognition at some internal formulas.

Opening and internal formulas are not as striking, in Franco-Newfoundland tradition, as closing formulas. The most common closing formula used by Mrs. Barter and other French storytellers is "S'i sont pas morts, i vivont encore," rendered in English as "If they're not dead, they're livin yet." Although the formula's function is evident, audibly marking the end of a tale and permitting a return to reality, it is noticeable that in many cases, it is uttered almost as an afterthought by Mrs. Barter, although it is but rarely omitted.

The formula is spoken quickly and quietly, and reminds the listener of the partly spoken last line of songs sung in both English and French tradition in Newfoundland. In a few cases, she did not even pause between the formula and the apology: "Pis s'i sont pas morts i vivont encore mais j'le sais pus asteure, c'est pus long qu'ça." An apology, on the tail of the story, will invariably set in motion the 'post-performance' performance in which, despite errors and omissions, her narrative will be praised by the audience--encouraging her at the same time to think of another tale.

A more variable formula in form, one somewhat less commonly used by Mrs. Barter, begins with the phrase "Et quand j'ai pâssé par là" It can be translated as "And when I passed by..." and is followed, as a way of dropping into reality, by such expressions as "... i m'avont invité à prende eune tassée d'thé" or "i m'avont donné in coup de thé" or "i courait encore"--"they invited me to have a cup of tea," "they gave me a drop of tea," or "he was still running." Occasionally both types of closing formula may be combined: "Quand j'ai pâssé par là i courait encore, et s'i sont pas morts i vivont encore."

Reaction to the closing formula will involve praise of the tale and its telling: "C'tait beau ça," "C'tait in beau conte don," or some such phrase. If the closing formula is of the "Quand j'ai pâssé par là" type it may also provoke laughter, because the homely consequence seems so out of place after the momentous events of the tale.

There are other opening and closing formulas in Franco-Newfoundland tradition, although these are the only ones Mrs. Barter uses. One may contrast her formulas with those used by her daughter Audrey. When Audrey told some tales, she used formulas almost certainly derived from printed traditon: "Once upon a time..." and "They all lived happily ever after." Modern children have read 'fairy-tales' both at home and in school, and those who have learnt oral tales may well tell them using both literary and traditional formulas.

Formulas such as those described above are examples of stereotyped phrases to be found in the tale tradition of most languages. I shall now turn to two aspects of Mrs. Barter's narrative style which deal not with cliché-like expressions but with general matters of vocabulary and

sentence structure. I will first examine vocabulary, in particular her use of adjectives, verbs and anglicisms, passing on to sentence structure where emphasis will be laid on the essentially oral qualities of phrasing. I am looking here at the language in detail.

It is important to examine Mrs. Barter's use of vocabulary because it helps our understanding of the dynamics of oral narration. Beginning with adjectives, one may make the commonplace observation that they add colour, depth and richness to the nouns they precede and, in French, follow.

The formal study of written literature places considerable emphasis on their use, and their presence or absence may suggest a richness or economy of style. In Mrs. Barter's tales, like most oral narratives, adjectives are conspicuous by their small number and lack of evocative power. The following remarks are based on the analysis of forty-five minutes of taped narrative and conversation. Only the French used by Mrs. Barter was analyzed, although she does narrate in English.

Only twenty-eight different descriptive adjectives were used in the text examined, and they are all so commonly used that they fail to produce any special effect upon the reader or listener. Most are used to refer to people, and are both stereotyped and conventional epithets.

Heroes and heroines are beau (handsome) or belle (beautiful) respectively, giants are gros (big, huge), as are monsters; the wicked are usually laid or vilain (ugly). Parents are almost always vieux (old), often pauve (poor) and heroes, however old, p'tit (small).

The hero or heroine begins life with a series of adventures which are frequently trisse (sad), a consequence of often being seul or tout

seul (alone, all alone). Heroines are also joli (pretty), jène (young) and, at the end of a tale, hèreuse (happy). Jack is often faignant (lazy), although basically bon (good) and aimable (likeable).

Times may be dur (hard) and long. If events take an unusual turn, they may be différent (different) or tchurieux (curious). Other adjectives used with much frequency include the anglicisms wrong, bad (and the curious bad good), basse, meilleur, noir or nouère, pareil, vrai, fou and grand (low, best, black, similar, true, mad and big). Some of these seem to be used in but one context, e.g., "d'quoi d'wrong," something wrong. Adjectives in Mrs. Barter's vocabulary have little but a conventional role to play, and by their limited use, give little individual colour or relief to her narratives.

On the other hand, an abundance of adjectives in a narrative may lead to a fairly heavy and static style. Mrs. Barter's narratives are to be distinguished not by static but by dynamic qualities, imparted by the use of a large number of verbs. In the same text which provided twenty-eight adjectives, there were one hundred and fifty-three basic verbs, excluding idiomatic uses and supplementary meanings.

By far the majority of these verbs state or imply physical movement, emphasizing the dynamic quality of the narrative. Characters in Mrs. Barter's folktales are always doing when they are not actually talking. The effect is to produce a fast flowing narrative, full of action. The absence of all but a few conventional adjectives and an abundance of verbs combine with other features of her storytelling style to create fast paced stories.

The use of anglicisms has been dealt with generally in chapter two, and it is raised here to make but one point. Mrs. Barter's use of anglicisms is average in the Franco-Newfoundland communities. In the sample text studied, two adjectives out of twenty-eight were noted, and five verbs out of one hundred and fifty-three were obvious anglicisms. Adverbs such as anyhow and anyway seem to have acquired droit de cité in most storytellers' vocabularies. What is significant then is not the number or variety of anglicisms found in her speech, but the special use Mrs. Barter makes of them.

Occasionally, English words will be used where French equivalents are available, but the English words are used for some special effect. The usual role of such anglicisms is to raise the tone of the context. English has of necessity been considered the language of the 'superior' ethnic majority in Newfoundland, and its mastery has been considered a highly desirable goal. On more than one occasion, Mrs. Barter's daughters, Geraldine and Audrey, told me of their childhood (aged about eight and six respectively), when they would try to talk English "to act grand." Till that time they spoke little or no English at all, only using English words while at play, "acting grand."

Although such examples are not numerous in her tales, they occur frequently enough in Mrs. Barter's speech to confirm the equation of English with majority superiority. In one case, Jack has been tricked by a king whose daughter is in love with him. Saved from drowning by the spirit of a man he has buried, Jack is able to make his way back to the castle, where he marries the princess and takes his revenge on the king. But before going to the castle, Jack "...s'pointe en ville pis

là i s'achète in suit, i s'habille comme i faut. I s'habille dans in gentleman." (MUNFLA F2020/74-195, p. 4) Here, the words suit and gentleman are associated with Jack's rise in society, to a level where he will be accepted by the king as a fit suitor for his daughter the princess.

The final aspect of Mrs. Barter's style I shall examine concerns the structure of sentences in folktales. In general, the sense of movement imparted to her narratives by the plethora of active verbs she uses is reinforced by the structure of her sentences. Two features call for comment: the first concerns the length and composition of her sentences; the second, the role of dialogue.

Sentences are, on the whole, short and simple. There are rarely any intercalated clauses which might disrupt the smoothly flowing action. A typical example of this direct, oral style is as follows:

Y avait eune fois in homme pis eune femme, i aviont in garçon qui s'app'lait Jack. Eune journée toujours i dit à sa mère, i dit "Moi" i dit, "j'm'en aller ouère" i dit "chercher pou' eune job" i dit "pou' travailler." Là toujours l'end'main matin i paque son sac et s'pointe. I a marché in grand boute, i a pas trouvé d'job anyway, i a pas trouvé d'place pou'. Là i va dans eune maison pou' in logement. Bien i pâsse la soirée là, l'end'main matin i s'pointe encore. Marche et marche et marche.

(MUNFLA F2020/74-195, p. 1)

In seven short sentences, the listener is introduced to the parents; Jack advises his mother of his desire to leave to look for work. He packs his bag and sets off, walks a long way, spends a night in a house, and sets off again. The most frequent addition to the simple subject-verb-object structure, or the subject-verb structure repeated, is that of an adverbial phrase of time. In the above quotation, there are five such phrases: Y avait eune fois; eune journée; l'end'main matin, la

soirée and again l'end'main matin. Phrases which mark the usually rapid passing of time are extremely common in Mrs. Barter's narratives, and she underscores the speed of time's passing with the formulaic expression noted earlier, dans in conte ça pâsse vite.

The sense of rapidity in narratives is increased by the frequent dialogues which are an integral part of all stories. Mrs. Barter never speaks so fast that one has difficulty following her, but one always has the impression of speed. Dialogues foster this feeling because the audience is constantly reminded of the speaker: i dit, a dit. It is rare that a whole sentence in dialogue is spoken without the insertion of a he says or she said, not only after each breath group, but sometimes after each word:

Pis là a dit, a dit, a dit "C'est dur" a dit "trouver" a dit "des jobs" a dit "par ici, parce" a dit "le monde est si pauvre" a dit, a dit, "i ont pas moyen d'enterrer" a dit "leu, leu monde quand qu'i mourissent."
(MUNFLA F2020/74-195, p. 1)

This chopping up of dialogue seems to be a very characteristic feature of oral narrative amongst French Newfoundlanders. While the repetition of the i dit or a dit is certainly hard on the eye, it does not seem to distract at all in oral presentation. Moreover, this dislocation of the dialogue, by parenthetically isolating so many words, tends to give added stress to the words so isolated. The net effect of this kind of dialogue is to stress the rapid pace of Mrs. Barter's delivery.

In conclusion, Mrs. Barter's performance and narrative styles are characterized by pace and economy. Engrossed in her tales, responsive to an appreciative audience, she is more concerned with telling her

story than with paying care and attention to a formal rendering. To this end, she hurries it along with a dynamic vocabulary, an effective though limited use of gesture, and a swift pace set by the simplicity of her speaking style. She uses formulas and formulaic expressions both as verbal navigation lights for her audience and as textual short cuts.

Mrs. Barter's style is different from that of the older, moribund public tradition of narration. While it has not been possible to do more than indicate some of these differences, either by inference or by her own statements about public narrators, it has been possible to examine the performance and narrative styles of a representative of the only living tradition of Märchen telling on the Port-au-Port peninsula.

Mrs. Barter represents the private, family tradition of storytelling, a tradition which, lacking the recognition given to the public performances of the veillée, has remained all but unknown to most scholars of the folktale. It is possible that the private, family tradition may survive, even be revived, and flourish long after the public tradition has disappeared from all but the memory of folklorists.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"UNCLE" FRANK WOODS--BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

In the three preceding chapters I have examined the life of Mrs. Elizabeth Barter of Mainland, explored her views on storytelling and analyzed features of her performance and narrative styles. It was possible to characterize her as a representative of the little known private, family storytelling tradition. This chapter will introduce "Uncle" Frank Woods, the only male narrator to figure in this study. He, too, represents the private storytelling tradition.

I first met "Uncle" Frank Woods on the fourth of January 1974, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Barter. Mrs. Barter's daughter had been responsible, of course, for my discovery of her mother's storytelling talent, and when she invited me to spend the New Year at her home, both to record her mother and experience mummering as it is practiced at Mainland, I was more than delighted.

The reason for my delight lay not only in the prospect of another enjoyable and rewarding stay at Mainland, but also because I knew that "Uncle" Frank would be there. He was, and still is, considered to be one of the family, although there was no actual blood relationship. He often spends short vacations with the Barters.

I had wanted to meet "Uncle" Frank ever since my early days at Cape St. George in October 1972. One of the very first storytellers I recorded, Mr. Norman Young of Marche's Point, had learnt one of the tales he told me from "Uncle" Frank. He had assured me that this "... old Frenchman" was a fund of tales and anecdotes, but at that time there

was little likelihood of me finding my way to West Bay, on the north shore of the peninsula, where "Uncle" Frank lived.

Since January 1974 I have interviewed "Uncle" Frank Woods a good half a dozen times, in each case at the Barter's home in Mainland. In addition to my interviews, "Uncle" Frank was also interviewed and recorded by Geraldine Barter, who has allowed me to make full use of her findings. In the many interviews of "Uncle" Frank made by both Geraldine Barter and myself, he told tales and anecdotes learnt from his father as a child, or in the lumber camps as a young man, or in the army during the First World War. He has spoken long about his life's experiences, many of which will be related here, in his own words, for they illuminate his warm character, his humanity and, what is especially important for this study, his storytelling style.

"Uncle" Frank Woods was born François-Marie Dubois on the French island of St. Pierre, located off Newfoundland's Burin peninsula. His father, Pierre Dubois, was born in the Breton port of St. Malo. Like so many other French Newfoundlanders, fishing on Newfoundland's French Shore had been a prelude to satisfying the demands of French military service. Pierre Dubois probably came to St. Pierre in the late 1870's or early 1880's.

One of the important seasonal camps operated by the French fishing companies based at St. Pierre was on Codroy Island, and it was there, according to "Uncle" Frank, that his father and mother first met. She was a Sophie Strickland, whose father had been born in England and who settled in Port-aux-Basques. After their marriage there, Pierre and Sophie Dubois returned to St. Pierre, where Pierre became a pilot. On

December the sixth 1890 François-Marie was born, the fourth of an eventual thirteen children.

"Uncle" Frank remembers little of St. Pierre. When he was six years old his father, apparently afraid of being sent back to France, decided to leave St. Pierre and settle permanently in Newfoundland.

"Uncle" Frank recalled vividly the dramatic events that surrounded the family's departure. Whether he really remembers the events, or whether they were related to him as part of his family tradition is a question which cannot be answered here.

What is important is that he began this quite long narrative almost as soon as our first interview began, which suggests its drama was of real importance to him. Further, his somewhat disjointed, parenthetical style proved to be characteristic of almost all his narrations:

...But I didn't know much about it when I left but--because we was--we was all young--all young people you know. But my father--e was a pilot there eh? And the way it was in St. Pierre, if you was a pilot, you couldn' leave--till you've got another man--trained to take your place. But my father used to drink hard--eh? An my mother was--she was always uneasy about him, e'd be out in a starm, you know how it was an the pilot looking for a vessel--an we ad a long wait in St. Pierre--cos e was not allowed, allowed--dem times, when you went in Newfoundland waters, the French couldn' touch you--understan'? Well--we went--my father he said to the captain--cos e ad to have a skipper for his pilot boat--that's when ye get aboard a, a pilot--ye ad to ave a man bring back his pilot boat. So e said to is pilot--his skipper of is pilot boat, he said "You can go, go out tonight" e said, "n' ave a drink" e said, "I'm not goin out." But e ad a plan--my poor ole father--to leave that night y'see. So any'ow er--about 'leven o'clock--de man, de skipper of is boat come ome an--door was lock. An my father wrote a note--an left it on the table see--cos we only ad a rented place understan'? Well e says--it was a'right--we left. An when the skipper of de pilot boat come ome e couldn' get in. So the gendarmes they called em--the p'licemen come in--an er--long they broke

the door open--when, when e seen--the note e read it--they got a tug after us--to catch us now an bring em back--but when my--they ad lights on an we ad lights on our pilot boat--but she was only a sailin boat y'know? Well when my father seen the light e was steerin nor'wes'. An when e, when she, when e seen the vessel--the tug come they douse lights--e change south-eas'--an e dout the lights. So we was goin there--they would file--the tug was comin for us this way--and we was goin that way. Right away from er. So they couldn' find us so we left. But dat, dat--mornin bout three o'clock--was under the cliff in Gran' Bank on a bare poles--a starm--an we only ad my brother--e was older--e was fourteen--well now we ad bare poles an when the sea it hit the cliff--the ship bounced off a the cliff--but he figured he couldn' get no, if e could get a sail on to er--well e could save us. An er--we ad a Frenchman on board with us--Duffois is name was--poor father come e said "No" e said, "I'm gonna die in de cabin." E said "We're all los', I'm gonna die in de cabin" e said. Now my mother--she was only two months before my brother was born she was--an she said to im my poor father "I'm goin to take the wheel." E said, "No, you can't cos you've only two months to the baby was born."--"I'm goin" she said, "you don't lash me to the wheel I'll get washed overboard." An my mother went up--an took the wheel for three hours--lashed to the wheel when my poor father got sails on. Well now, then we got under sail an come back--an we er, we landed--in Harbour Breton--Ole Christmas Day. An we got on the boat an come to Port-aux-Basques--that's where my mother belong to--an my poor father an my brother--those feller--e stayed they stayed there--an they left they, they was out--so they was there about four or five days couldn' get out it was fog--an when they left to come out--he struck a starm an broke is main boom an e ad to go into Gaultois--that's where e went to. An e was sixteen days an everyone ad im give up cos them times as you know you couldn' phone like there was nothin, they give im up.
(MUNFLA F1784/74-195, pp. 1-2)

"Uncle" Frank's father and brother finally succeeded in reaching Port-aux-Basques, about the nineteenth or twentieth of January, 1897. Seventy-six years later, almost to the day, "Uncle" Frank relived these events as if they had happened yesterday.

When he was about fourteen, his family moved north from Port-aux-Basques towards the Bay of Islands. His father had been carrying coal from North Sydney in the intervening years, but was presumably tempted to

go back to the fishery, which had brought him to Newfoundland in the first place.

It was during these early years in Port-aux-Basques, in the Bay of Islands and finally, on the Port-au-Port peninsula, that "Uncle" Frank gave up the use of French, his mother tongue, to become an anglo-phone. It was quite literally his mother tongue, for his mother could speak French fluently after living in St. Pierre. It was probably quite early that the family name was anglicized to Woods, not necessarily because most of the family contacts in Newfoundland were with anglo-phones, but possibly because "Uncle" Frank's father felt this was an added insurance against being forcibly returned to St. Pierre.

It will be remembered that the family migrated to Newfoundland when the French Shore was still a political reality. Mrs. Elizabeth Barter's mother, Mrs. Joséphine Morazé, told me she remembered French sailors looking for deserters at Mainland in about 1900. The Dubois family left St. Pierre in 1896.

"Uncle" Frank noted on one occasion that he had had some difficulty with English at first, for his knowledge of it was slight. Although he still understands French, I have only heard him use it once since I first met him. But he still has what he calls his "French tongue":

I'll tell you the reason why I don't like to sing. Cos--I, I still got my French tongue see? You know what I mean? I can't pronounce my words y'know--like youse now see? Now I'll say something it's right cramped to you see--anyone got any learnin on im see, y'know, well learnt--well the stuff I says, y'know, is right queer.

(MUNFLA F1785/74-195, p. 32)

What "Uncle" Frank means is, I think, that unlike many French Newfoundlanders, he uses the so-called French 'r' when he speaks in English.

It is, to my ear at least, charmingly idiosyncratic.

Early life for him in the Bay of Islands was hard. I asked him once about Christmas in the old days. Without the slightest trace of bitterness he first contrasted the past and present, and then became expansive about life in a more general way:

F.W: Oh, t'was not like now!

G.T: No.

F.W: My--listen, there's children--in this 'ouse now, this year--dey got more dan fifty families used to get...We was small, we used to--dem times, 'ang up your stockin y'know? You might get up in the m--a candy, one candy, a little piece of apple or something, that's all--t'was poor times you know.

G.T: Hm.

F.W: When I was very small my father fished to the Bay of Islands--an--to go, now, well, dem times, no horse or anything like dat, you ad to bring out wood y'know--all dem ole fashion stoves--y'know what we used to put on our feet? Well you'd go someone to kill a cattle an de skins down there? Skin that out now--an take the skin an sew it up on your feet to go in the woods. An, an underwear--dey used to ave--you might 'ear talk--patchwork they used to call it--that's 'ow underclothes were made out.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: My mother used to make it for us. Couldn' aff-dem times. Were hard, were hard hard times. My--us there was a big family of us, see? There were big families an we used to--you ad--I'll tell you one thing now, I, I didn', I didn' see all sunshine in my time--we got caught 'ere one year we, we lived in West Bay there--we got caught there--the bay froze over--an we ad to go to St. George's an places--an you know what we lived on for a month? Rabbits.

G.T: Rabbits?

F.W: Biled with salt. An spruce, go an get a spruce, get the tops--an bile tea--that's about, that's what--that's about sixty-five years ago--more n dat--seventy years ago--oh, seventy years ago.

(MUNFLA F1785/74-195, pp. 14-15)

Economic pressures such as these naturally prompted a lad to begin working as soon as he was old enough to help his father. Later, an early economic independence would be encouraged.

By the time he was seventeen, "Uncle" Frank was ready to go to sea. When he was working in a sawmill in the Bay of Islands, a set of circumstances conspired to introduce him to the fishery, first on the Grand Banks and then on the Labrador:

Well I was on, I was workin in the sawmill--an me an the boss--I didn' follow, but he was a hard man to get along with see an I couldn' work with im--I was on'y seventeen. And was a schooner come in--Capt'n's name was John Hackett--he was a Newfoundlander--he belonged, he belonged Fortune Bay--an I was--I was still workin on, but I mean I was workin against my will see? So I come 'ome to dinner--I on'y ad to go about as far as this to Mike's over there [about one hundred yards]--come 'ome from the mill have my dinner. An the capt'n was sat down there--e'd come over--e knowed my father well--an now I knowed that too--an I tried to eat, but you know I never eat, I jus' took a bite, cos I was right discouraged see. I didn' know what to do. So when dey, I was goin, poor father says "That's up to issself." So den--e said "What about comin--fishin--comin on the vessel with us?"
(MUNFLA F2018/74-195, pp. 17-18)

"Uncle" Frank broke his narrative here to digress on the composition of a schooner's crew, the system of fishing "high and low," and the nature of the fisherman's work. He then continued:

So I went with em. The first time I was to a place called--Trout River [about forty miles north of the Bay of Islands]--that's where we got all our bait to--caplin. Then--we went on the Banks. Left an went out--we fished firs' we fished--about forty miles off Cape St. George here. An then we shifted on the Banks. Weather come over an we shifted on the Banks... Well now, first trip we come 'ome, we come in, we come into, when we first trip, when we come off the Cape there--we ad five hundred quintals--we swum the Big Four [obviously a large fishing company of the day]--Wood's Island. We come there, an then we went down the Lab--n from dat den we went on de Banks an wen' late in the Fall we went to Labrador--place called St. Modes'. Now from dat we shifted to a place called--Battle. All French, all, all madern, madern vessel--Big ship--all cod-trappers y'know...I sailed en for two years--an the las'--the las' time I was with en--t'was late in the Fall, they put, puttin up, takin--to the Bay of Islands--salt bulk carriers you know eh? But I didn' go on to it. I made seven trips from--from--one year, from Wood's Island to Boston--with fish y'know, salt bulk fish--Big Four used to buy it then see.
(MUNFLA F2018/74-195, pp. 19-20)

"Uncle" Frank was only too happy to recall memories of nearly seventy years ago, but such is his wealth of knowledge and reminiscence that I always had to be prepared for lengthy detours before he would come to some point I had raised.

On one occasion, recalling Professor Luc Lacourcière's evocation of an old Banks custom, "Bonhomme Terre-Neuve," I asked "Uncle" Frank if he had experienced this professional rite of passage. Before coming to the point, he gave me a detailed account of the drowning of the brother of the captain Hackett who first took him to the Banks. When I was able to steer him back to the custom, he characteristically filled me in with what are to him obviously important explanations:

G.T: Now--when, when, when you went to the Banks the first time, was that when they did the Neptune--?

F.W: Yes, yes, first time.

G.T: An 'ow, 'ow, 'ow did they go about doin that?

F.W: Well, see they, the, the, they got below like if I'd ave went to the Banks before, understand, my first trip they'd--you'll go, you'll go on the bunk tonight--that's where you 'ad your watch to stand see--

G.T: Hm.

F.W: Everyone we'll say now, two, two, one on one--take one o' those. You'd always be anch' on de Banks y'know.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: But ave, say if it was foggy, you ad, you ad--a fog'orn see, them pape [?] fog'orns? Well you'd take now--you'll take the fog'orn in your arms an you'll lug em back--on the port side see eh? An you'll blow dor--two minutes.

G.T: Hm.

F.W: Say for the ships come along eh?

G.T: Hm.

F.W: Y'know. They cut around. And then you'd blow for two minutes an then you'd wait for, for twenty minutes an you'd go to starboard--the fog--you'd lug im back--an that's in your watch. But, but there was another feller on the bow besides see, that was one feller's job now. Well den we're call now--say we was on now from eight to nine--well ten to nine e'd go an call you, you was nex man, you take your dory bein up--all dories' men, all mates see.

G.T: Hm-hm.

F.W: So any'ow, if you never went, dey go to work an they'd tell one o' the fellers there, he made a big rope whisker y'know--

F.W: machine, all rope come down 'ere all--plat y'see--an e'd get an ole splittin knife--y'know--an they'd say well, "They're strippin the Banks ere so I suppose Neptune's gonna come tonight"--an e'd say "Dunno." But if I say I was never there before, I'd get in my bunk I'd fall asleep tired--an e'd come down--but you didn' know what it was see? That's the way it'd--woke me up dere. But he used to shave you, go for your face is what--ha! ha! "Try this!"--E was shavin you. But that, that's all now after that tine there was no more.

G.T: Hm.

F.W: But now if there was two put aboard, you'd need this n tell, the other feller what appened.

G.T: Hm.

F.W: Cos he's gonna come back the nex night. If there was--four or five put aboard e'd come back for the four or five nights. Give the feller is shave--Nip--Ole Niptune they used to call that--that's your firs--trip y'know.¹

(MUNFLA F2019/74-195, pp. 2-3)

"Uncle" Frank was seventeen when he met "Ole Niptune" but his father had told him what to expect many times before he made his first trip. Many a youngster was not forewarned, however, and "Uncle" Frank noted how the old hands would "...make all kinds o' fun at you y'know" when the greenhorn finally realized what was going on.

This was not the only kind of teasing to be met on the fishing vessel. "Uncle" Frank recalled with some pride that he never "got a touch of seasick" in his life, although the old hands might sorely test one's intestinal fortitude:

An sometimes y'know, you, you, when the first trip I went out now, t'were on'y travel round our bay we struck a heavy nord-easter. Heavy nord-easter an we lived--I didn' went--but any'ow, it was my first trip abroad, see. They bring down the

¹ This custom parallels the apparently well known one of "Crossing the Line"--the initiatory rite associated with one's first crossing of the equator. But both this example and the one evoked by Professor Lacourcière seem to represent a private, rather than a public tradition. See the MUN Gazette, Nov. 21, 1975, pp. 6, 11, in which Professor Lacourcière evokes Bonhomme Terre-Neuve, in the text of his Convocation Address, after being awarded a D. Litt. Honoris Causa, by Memorial University of Newfoundland.

bucket with badness y'know an put it against your bunk f'you
to t'row up into, seasick. Heh! heh!
(MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 5)

When the fishing season was over, "Uncle" Frank returned home only to set off almost at once for the woods, where he spent the winter in the lumber camps. I shall return later to this aspect of his life but first, to keep to a proper chronology, I must describe one of the most traumatic experiences in his life.

In 1914 he returned for the first and last time to St. Pierre where, because of some damage to the vessel he was on, he was obliged to spend two weeks. War had been declared, and upon returning to Newfoundland, "Uncle" Frank decided to enlist in the Newfoundland Regiment, which he did in 1915.

In order to enlist, he had to travel to St. John's. I asked him what unit he joined, and his initial response gave no clue to his reaction later when, in quite another context, we came back to the same subject:

Well er, well, I--when we joined, we joined--we was in G Company--understand? We joined G Company. Well when we got us transfer to go across, dey sent us to E Company. Well I got along some--we trained about--somewhere about seven months I guess. An den we shift to France--an from France we shift to Belgium--that's where we shifted to. Well, when, we went to France and then, when the, the big battle was on in Belgium there we went to Belgium.
(MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 5)

"Uncle" Frank added to this brief summary of his wartime service that after the war, he had first gone to Germany, and then returned to St. John's via Halifax. About thirty minutes after this introduction to his career as a soldier, he sang me a Hobo song. He had learnt it, he said, in the woods, but it prompted him to recall another context in

which he had learnt songs:

F.W: Well, my son, one--went to train in St. John's y'know--the mumps was goin aroun'--so any'ow--we was all sick--de hospitals was full an we was boardin up on Feild Street in St. John's, you know where dat's to...

G.T: Hm-hm.

F.W: ...to a ole woman called ole Mrs. Coopers. She was a nurse one time an den she was--dere was twenty-two of us dere. An we was all in bed one night--an something sick--not to bad but the mumps, we ad the mumps. Any'ow we ad an ole feller belongin to St. Mary's--an e was a Collier--so dey got tellin jokes y'know. "Now" e said, "I'm gonna give you de good one. If you can answer me this one" e said, e said, "'ow many feet" e said--now e asked de question--all of us--e said "Ow many sheep--ow many feet have forty sheep, a bulldog and a wowser got?" See?

G.T: Hm! hm! hm!

F.W: So any'ow, b'geeze this feller guessed--no. Couldn' guess. Kept on--no one guessed im. No, we give up. "Well" e said "you know what it is" e said--we said "No"--"A pimple on a black man's bottom." Ha! ha! ha! We used to 'ear some queer stuff dere. [Laughter] Dere was seven 'hundred of us dere. T'ree months in St. John's.
(MUNFLA F1785/74-195, p. 9)

I had earlier suspected that "Uncle" Frank was reluctant to talk about the war because he had said so little about it when I first raised the topic. But seeing him laugh so heartily at this early experience, I felt justified in going a little further. As the narrative reveals, he had been profoundly marked by the war, the tragic memories of which remained not far below the surface of his consciousness over fifty years after the end of the war:

G.T: How much do you remember from when you were in the war there?

F.W: Not too much. I remember a good bit but--you see--but I tell what comes back from it now--I feel--I don't feel y'know, it 'urts me to talk about it see.

G.T: Oh yeah--it wasn't...

F.W: But I'll tell you about the war--you're gonna--if you went to work now and there was a hundred animals dead out there--rotten--an you smell em--it don't smell half so bad as 'uman flesh.

G.T: No.

F.W: Human flesh is the worse thing--you can smell see?

G.T: Did you ever get wounded?

F.W: No.

G.T: No.

F.W: I seen them in Belgium--one part o' Belgium--placed, yes--so far as it is across de Brook dere--bullnosin them in y'know. Coverin, bullnosin--all--bullnosin de trenches, bullnosin the groun on top o' them--alf of them, lots of them was dead--not dead.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: When we got drafted to go across--there was a Methodist minister, a pries'--an a Church of England minister--now they gave em this--now when we was gonna get the boat--get aboard nex mornin see--to go--they gave us an instruction. Them times it was--that's a long time ago--it was them Jib cigarettes packs y'know. Now there was a time for us in the hut, a big place that night--well the girls would come aroun with a carton o' cigarettes probably give each one of us a pack y'know, two pack then the nex crowd o' girls come along wi--matches y'see? Till everything--then we got--we got a lecture given to us y'know--what to do. Captain O'Grady--Captain Tate--there was two. E told us "Now" e said "when you gets on that boat--" e said, "you lights a cigarette--never put the match--eave the match"--how big the crowd--there was seven undred of us--probably we'll say, we light fifty cigarettes eh, talkin--"an eave the match, y'know--overboard." E said "That'll give chances--for a German submarine" y'know.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: The troopship on the way. See?

G.T: Hm.

F.W: An tellin us then e said that to never--to never y'know to spit over if you was on top--they'd never spit over, see? All, all dat, everything, y'know, all the likes o' what to do. An when, when we get in England--he give us all, well, e said "Well now, whatever you does, when youse gets there" e said, "I'll tell you something" e said "an you goes on the battlefield" e said--e said "if you're passin a German" e said--"an e's down"--e said, "if--watch it" e said, "if e doesn' move--you think e's move"--pries' an the officers told us--"drive your bayonets through them an go on. Cos" e said, "e's your enemy"--e said, "you might be ten feet back when--you got a bullet in your back." We was all, everything like that was tole.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: Everything like that y'know. An everything--e said "Always be sure that e's dead before you pass im." But the only feller you got there--like--me an you eh? Well, er, the feller that you drop--well you expect to be the next one. They was on'y men--they'd give you stuff in the mornin y'see--give you stuff in the mornin before you leave--when they ad a chance--give you about--dat much--an not so much as dat--an drink it.

G.T: Of rum it would be.
 F.W: Of rum with something into it.
 G.T: Oh yeah.
 F.W: Then you'd forget everything--not forget everything but you'd forget about dying.
 G.T: Oh yes.
 F.W: That would all go out of your mind.
 G.T: Oh yes.
 F.W: My son I seen one battle there--seen--there was--Newfoundlanders here--now eh? There were trenches here eh, well de English was dere, Newfoundlanders dere--an the French dere. An dey broke out. But dey broke right where de French an English was to. Den we was way up in de--den we would come down to help--my son--that was--fightin man for man. Body for body said in French.
 G.T: Hm.
 F.W: Y'know--man for man--wid de bayonets--so much screechin an then--you'd 'ear em screechin...
 (MUNFLA F1785/74-195, pp. 10-13)

As "Uncle" Frank spoke the tears began pouring from his eyes. It was a deeply moving experience to see how the events of almost sixty years before could so stir the emotions of an old man nearly eighty-five years old. Later on in the recording session, "Uncle" Frank, whom I had tried hard to steer to more cheerful things, got another lump in his throat, and again tears filled his eyes.

His revulsion at the horrors he witnessed, felt so deeply long after its cause, serves to underline his genuine compassion for people. Although he spoke about death--his own and that of friends--on other occasions, he did so without great emotion. Without this highly charged account, one might have gained a false impression of his feelings about death, to see, rather too simply, the callous acceptance of killing which is sometimes attributed to those whose activities require it.

When "Uncle" Frank came back from Europe, his life soon fell into a regular pattern of work: fishing in the summer, working in the lumber woods in the fall and winter. In August 1923 he married Tillie Dennis,

a girl from the Codroy valley whose family had moved to Three Rock Cove, half-way between Mainland and Lourdes (or Clam Bank Cove as Lourdes was then known), to which community his family had moved shortly before. His wife was to give him two sons and a daughter before she died. Today, he lives with a middle aged couple who look after his few needs, in the community of West Bay, a mile or so east of Lourdes.

In the course of our conversations, "Uncle" Frank recalled many of the incidents in his life which left a mark on him. Some are humorous, others tragic. Some are coloured by his deep religious convictions and others by a deep rooted belief in the supernatural. In the next chapter, which will deal with "Uncle" Frank as a storyteller, I shall concentrate on the manner in which he narrates, and related questions, especially the notion of 'truth' and narrative. For the moment, it is fitting that he speak about questions which reveal the spiritual side of his character.

Life in the old days was hard, and "Uncle" Frank was never very slow to point it out to his audience. But there was never any hint of bitterness that life had been so hard then, and was so easy now. When he began working in the woods after the war, in the Deer Lake area, this was his daily reality:

I worked down dat woods dere--go in de mornin--dat's de rule--in de winter--stars in de sky in de mornin--stars in de sky when you'd come out--lunch in the lunch can gone cold--I worked dere for a dollar fifty--fifty cents for my board, dollar a day clear--\$26 a month. Stars in the sky, stars out. Hard work--hard boss--some there--but I worked for some nice men--an I worked for some bad. [..] Was all Canadians in Deer Lake one time--when, when the World War started first...But it was better when our crowd took it over--you get y'know you get good wages wit dem fellers, pretty good wages, you get a good chance. We used to g--I cut in the woods here, wit de wood, ninety cents a cord. Da's some pile. You didn't have much wood you wouldn't make much. The last year I worked in the woods dat was sixty-six.

I worked twenty-seven days, I paid sixty, sixty-three board an-- I cleared three hundred and thirty six wit the buck-saw--we was gettin nine dollars then see. But now is a fartune dere now. Two cords full o' wood on de road--well dat two little fellers was here last night. Dey cut some--y'know holidays dere de summer dere, t'was late, day was long eh--dey had two hundred and eighty bucks come back--dey made. Y'get a hundred an fifteen for six cords.

(MUNFLA F1786/74-195, pp. 3-4)

Two years later, "Uncle" Frank told me much the same story, with only slight changes of detail, but the same clear contrast between conditions in the twenties and conditions in the fifties:

...Well last year that I worked the woods, I on'y worked--I was sixty...sixty-six--I worked twenty days--I paid my board with a buck-saw, paid my board, my board then was sixty-six dollars and I cleared three hundred and thirty-five. But firs', firs' I worked the woods I tell you there, from, from, from, from--September--till April--I cleared two hundred and fifty dollars. (MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 13)

There was plenty of fun in the lumber camps, however, it was not all work. "Uncle" Frank spoke frequently about evening entertainment on week-ends when storytelling and singing would break the routine; but there were less formal moments that gave rise to laughter. He mentioned to me once how the staple diet of beans were usually referred to as "Box-saw" or "buck-saw tablets." I was present with the Barter family when Geraldine was questioning him about tricks which might be played on greenhorns:

F.W: De only t'ing I tell you, if you went in de wood now see, say you went to a camp, you was never in a camp before, well dey'd go to work now an dey'd, dey'd--you'd go in de cookhouse, now you gotta go to de bunkhouse den you gotta go to de cook--to de boss fer de--[equipment] you gotta get yerself see. So anyhow dey'd ask you what you'd want, well some fellers would tell you dat de bunk is on quiver [?] what to ask fer himself see. Now Joe Cloney, he was de devil like dat y'know, an ah, dere was a feller come from de East Coast e wanted to come to Louis White to work see. So e went in, e called, e asked Joe y'know de bunkhouse, so Joe told en. So e went in e got his saw, pulp-hook an his axe an everyt'ing, fer de nex morning now. "Ah" e said--come in--"I got it all now

Joe" e said. Joe said "No" e said, "you aven't got your box-saw tablets" e said. "What!" e said, "you gotta take box-saw--?"--"Yes" e said. Now in the woods every morning got beans y'know--so anyway they mus' wait cos e was cook--he said "What you want now?" E said "I want to get my box-saw tablets."--"No" e said, "I'll give you them tomorrow morning!" [Laughter]

G.B: Bad trick!

F.W: "I'll give you them tomorrow mornin" e said!
(MUNFLA F1839/75-239, pp. 25-26)

On another occasion, Geraldine was talking to her mother and "Uncle" Frank about customs. He recalled an incident which nicely complements one related to me by Mrs. Barter, for whom the practice was intimately bound up with a young woman's search for a husband. To "Uncle" Frank, the custom was more a cause for amusement:

F.W: ...I'll tell you a funny one I ad--now one time that young girl she baked a salt cake you know--

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: You eard that eh?

G.B: Yeah, Mommy told us that.

F.W: An then you, when you, now, so anyhow--Suphie, the one that's married to Louie Young there eh, Suphie--Suphie Benoit there?

G.B: Yes yes.

F.W: She used to come up to Uncle Joe's see--often--see Peter used to go round with er--Peter Benoit see--so this night--that night--the night they make the pancakes now--it was salt, the cake was salt, neat, pure salt y'know--an over where you'll drink the water in the bed, that was gonna be--so any'ow--but you ad to get out a bed an walk out back firs, you know, back firs--

G.B: Yeah. To the bed.

F.W: An walk in back firs n get in the bed see.

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: So any'ow Suphie an, an, an--Bride made the cake--it was, was--bitter. So they got into bed. Now they stay so long, an when they got, get t'irsty, ad to get up see?

G.B: ~~Hm-hm~~.

F.W: They go out--back first--come in back first-- ha! So when they got up n go out well he got up, went out, Peter Benoit jumped out of is bed an jumped into her bed!
[Laughter]

G.B: Bad trick!

F.W: Went up--an Oly God they come in backward, well they...
[sentence hidden by laughter]...They almos' died y'know with the fright! [roars of laughter]
(MUNFLA F1838/75-239, pp. 2-3)

Tragedy and sadness too tend to become linked with the supernatural in "Uncle" Frank's life, not always directly, but by implication. Once he sang a song called "My Mother died when I was young," a sentimental "diddie" in which a boy recalls his mother's love for him now that she has died. By the tone of his voice in the following comment, it was implied that there was more than a fortuitous connection between the song and his mother's death: "The song I heard, dat time, dat little diddie dere, my modder died de same day--[...]-I was workin to Piccadilly, an brother come tole me my mother was dead. Yes." (MUNFLA F1786/74-195, p. 9)

In the following account, which I have shortened somewhat, the comment made at its conclusion by Mrs. Barter clearly implies the workings of supernatural justice:

F.W: ...My poor brother y'know, e used to--e was an awful man for de gun an him an Peter Williams--[...]-Dey was out gunnin one morning an e said to Peter, e ad his double-barrel gun, e ad one in Bay of Islands in dem vessels, lower dem vessels--de best dory de get de most get a prize an da's what de captain give en--a double-barrel gun, for a prize, e was de 'ead bow see. So when e euh, e said "Peter look a de pigeons" but Peter never seen no pigeon and dere was ice in de bottom a de dory, t'was in de fall see so de pigeon dove--e said "Peter e's done" e said. So e rest de gun on de rise a de dory--on de risin inside see--an e rest unto it. An when e went to turn is foot slip an when is foot--is weight come unto it, two holes, took his lungs an everything out y'know. [...] So any'ow, e was in de stern a de dory e shot hissself, se de only place towards a landin was down past, Lon Sheppard's was dere eh? So Alban Benoit used to live de closest one, so Peter hauled de dory in de beach an e runned up for help. An when e got dere Alban Benoit come e was not dead an e was in de bow a de dory den. E crawled up in de bow a de dory. An all of his lungs--was de size of a big saucer, y'know. It never went t'rough im y'know, it scooped.

G.B: Oh my God!

F.W: So euh, dey got en up--now de only t'ing--dey rolled a blanket over de wound to stop de blood. An Alfred now--

F.W: ole Alfred Retieffe, Fred's father, he was called--dey never used to call en Alf, dey used to call en Flunky y'know, a nickname day ad on en. Now when day--e could talk y'know, an euh no one wouldn' touch en cos de blood y'know, come out when e used to breathe. "Come on" e said "Flunky" e said, "catch me holt" e said, "de ole man is as tough as I looks." Said to Alfred, so Alfred lift en up...Den e call Frank, is young feller see-- Frank Woods out to West Bay der. [.] E said "Frank go along de shore now" e said, "wit dat gun" e said, "an beat er up." When Frank went down de gun gone. Cos she was a special gun y'know. [.] We went an hunt everywhere, could find out, never could get no counts a dat gun. Now Edmund Jesso, Sheave's Cove was married to Liz's sister, poor Alex's wife's sister, see brother-in-law. Anyhow not very long ago about, twelve, thirteen years ago-- never, no one never found count a de gun. Edmund went gunnin one mornin. Missed en and went to look for en. Dey found en down to Sheave's Cove over de bank. E went down dere after birds, y'know, an dere was a gulch an dere was ice and e must a slide--low wood, t'rough en dere. An dey ad everyt'ing cut up y'know wit his knife, tryin to get holt, trying to get up t'rough de ice see. Same gun on side of en. Da's who took de gun.

G.B: Yeah. My God.

E.B: E got killed wit dat gun too.
(MUNFLA F1837/75-239, pp. 3-6)

Another time, "Uncle" Frank related a long story in which he had been involved, and which will be told in full later, concerning a hunting accident. In the course of a caribou shoot, a man had been killed by his own gun. Some time later, at the same place, another man fired a gun at a rather unusual white caribou, but when the two hunters went to the spot, there was not a single trace of the animal, not even pug marks in the marshy soil. Again, implied in "Uncle" Frank's narrative was a connection between the accidental death and the appearance of what was interpreted as a ghostly caribou. Such examples related by "Uncle" Frank are numerous and will be included in the body of his narratives.

"Uncle" Frank is a deeply religious practicing Catholic who, like so many French Newfoundlanders, has a firm belief in the supernatural.

The question of belief and truth, especially in relation to folktales and legend, will be treated in the following chapter on "Uncle" Frank. In this memorate, he relates an experience which links a cemetery on Red Island, the death of some fishermen, a supernatural weather sign, and his conviction in its reality:

G.T: People--somebody told me once that euh, around here you could see things sometime in the night--you know, like, like spirits an things, is that right?

F.W: Well boy I can't say but I'll tell you, I'll tell you what I seen, me an my brother--he's dead now--we was fishin to Red Island up dere, but only when--we used to know y'know, we knew one time--when you'd see a light at the point o' the beach. Get your dories up against the back an ballas' them down--Thomas can tell you--you was sure of a hurricane suddenly, cos Red Island dere, there's over fifty people buried there, there's a graveyard there you know.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: French y'know. [..] But euh, I'm ahead o' myself. I was tellin you about this. Me an my brother-in-law was fishin one time an went out on de back o' de island see, and we seen, we seen two of us were dere till ten o'clock in de night--it was one o' dem ugly lookin nights y'know.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: We seen euh, two battleships off the Cape, way off, an da's honest to my God, an dey start firin we thought dey was firin an we start--dey start firin and we used to see like de ball o' fire y'know goin from one to de other--for a long time. By n by, de one inside now we say, dey was in like dis way, de inside one went down an sunk, see de lights goin under water.

G.T: Hm.

F.W: Deer was two more fellers dere from de Cape, poor Joe Kerfont was dere an Adolphe Simon. Dem come ashore, now we was not used to dem. Comes to em "B'ys" deysaid--went up de camp to dem, down de shore, an ballassed our boats--dey said "Look out for the hurricane to strike, we're gonna have a hurricane" an dey was right my son, 'fore daylight you couldn' stan up.
(MUNFLA F1786/74-195, pp. 5-7)

Of a less ominous nature are "Uncle" Frank's experiences with the lutins or fairies, although his belief in them is just as firm as the preceding one about the weather omen. The following conversation makes

this quite clear:

- G.B: What's those stories about the little people there you were tellin Daddy an me?
- F.W: Who?
- G.B: You an Daddy were talkin about--they used to run the 'orses in the night or something?
- F.W: Fairies.
- G.B: Yeah.
- F.W: Oh--den--I don't--tell you much about that but I--a fairy--if--a, a fairy come an an--you can't see a fairy--no--no livin person can see a fairy--but they knows--they--the world from a million years ago. I's happen to figure them out see--because you go in the marnin', probably like you would in the marnin, he's flatten up the horse--you don't see nothing.
- G.B: No?
- F.W: But e rides im all night. Well Geraldine let you tell me say--you're on'y foolish, you're crazy--I'm not goin by other people, I've seen it myself. We had a horse named Doctor--his mane was pack up just as good as you can pack your hair there.
- G.B: Yeah?
- F.W: My God!
- G.B: Ow come they used to plait the hair I wonder?
- F.W: Well they used--to plait up the hair an take em out to ride em.
- G.B: But why would they plait up the hair?
- F.W: Well--that's--way they are see. Some need they ad for that.
- G.B: The horses be too tired in the mornin to ride.
- F.W: The mornin the orses be no good for nothing that day in the woods. All in. An the night their main was all plaited they'd be like the mousse [froth]. No good. Done out, travellin all night.
- (MUNFLA F1838/75-239, pp. 17-18)

Many of "Uncle" Frank's firm convictions are expressed not in conversation, as in the above example, but in quite lengthy narratives. Curiously, his legendary narrations show a mixture of belief and disbelief; two tales about the devil, for example, might produce quite contrary statements from "Uncle" Frank. The first he may claim to be "as true as de sun", the second he may label "only a joke, dat's not true." Throughout his stories, however, these two threads--firm belief and a gentle, humorous scepticism--run consistently.

As has been seen from the various accounts he has given of his life's experiences, he seems to fall naturally into a narrative mode of expression, much like Mrs. Barter. His style may be rather dislocated, for he is given to frequent parenthetical additions, but it does not greatly interfere with the impact of his stories.

"Uncle" Frank's life has been marked by many dramatic moments. Some of these have been evoked in the course of this chapter. Passing reference has been made to fictional narratives, which were part of his childhood and adult entertainment. Some personal experience stories have been told, and these lead naturally to the subject of legendry, and the subject of belief.

"Uncle" Frank's various narratives will be presented in due course, but in the next chapter, I shall first examine the circumstances in which he learnt his tales, to take up thereafter the question of belief, which I have emphasized already as an important factor in his narrative repertoire. I shall attempt to show that scholarly distinctions are not always valid in the light of the folk narrator's statements.

CHAPTER NINE

"UNCLE" FRANK WOODS--TALE TRANSMISSION, BELIEF AND NARRATIVE STYLE

The preceding chapter introduced an eighty-five year old man with a perpetual twinkle in his eye, whose life has been deeply marked by experiences both dramatic and tragic. A man of sincere religious conviction, whose beliefs are however as traditional as they are orthodox, "Uncle" Frank Woods relates his life's adventures in a manner which, as will be seen, is close to his storytelling style. He tells his personal experiences in dramatic fashion.

Before I examine features of his storytelling style in some detail, it is important to observe where and from whom he learnt his tales. It is so since it explains how he has been instrumental (and probably typical of many other narrators) in transmitting tales from one language tradition to another.

Further, given his deep spirituality, "Uncle" Frank's views on tales are of interest, as he attaches great importance to the "truth" of much that he narrates--not only the legendary, but also Märchen, which scholars and many storytellers recognize as fictional narrative. There seems to be, therefore, an intimate relationship between his beliefs and his narratives, between his view of the world and his self-expression in tale and legend.

"Uncle" Frank's earliest memories of storytelling are naturally enough those associated with his home and family. He had been telling Geraldine Barter a version of AT 1091, Who Can Bring an Unheard-of Riding-Horse. At its conclusion, he added:

By gee--poor ole father--poor ole father used to tell us all that y'know. Get in home with him there--get his pipe now an e'd set back an get alongside of him in one chair...

[...] Tell us all them.

(MUNFLA F1838/75-239, p. 6)

Perhaps as many as half the narratives in "Uncle" Frank's repertoire he learnt from his father, in what was apparently another example of the private, family storytelling tradition. Many of his father's tales are supernatural legends, which he seems to believe in firmly.

He also learnt many narratives while still a young man in the Bay of Islands, before he left home permanently. Some would come from visiting travellers or neighbours, others in the course of house visits:

G.T: Who was it who told those stories there? Like that, those lies?

F.W: The ole people--y'know, the ole people--you'd come--one o' them times we used to go round the ouses--young man, go round the house in the night time an they'd sit down y'know an there'd be no such thing as playing cards then...

G.T: No.

F.W: All them ole stories an everything.¹

(MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 24)

As "Uncle" Frank began his career as a fisherman, he found new opportunities to learn certain kinds of tales--not on the Banks, where there was too much work and too little time to spare for storytelling, but on the inshore fishery, during periods of inclement weather:

An we used to go in the Fall we would go fishin to Red Island an places all them stories--blowy days y'know? Would be a big crowd of men come in read em in French, tell em in English.

(MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 20)

¹ "Uncle" Frank's tradition, which predates Mrs. Barter's by some forty years, and is from another area, seems to be at variance with the French tradition I have studied; in his tradition, card playing was not apparently the usual prelude to storytelling, as it was in Mrs. Barter's. Card playing may be a fairly recent tradition.

It was "Uncle" Frank's father who would "read em in French, tell em in English", but sometimes what might be told would come from no book:

...Den, den, I always had my life away fishin y'know like Shoal Point [In Port-au-Port Bay] again a crowd o' men get together have probably a couple cases o' beer my son, some rough stuff said. But dere was--a lot of de stuff told is only--dere's nothing to it.
(MUNFLA F1785/74-195, p. 30)

"Uncle" Frank meant to explain that one should not take too seriously some of the jokes he told, even those which might be conceivably considered a little off-colour. He has always been reluctant to tell a joke of this kind in front of women, and if he did, he would insist that "dere's nothing to it."

When "Uncle" Frank went to war, he spent some time in St. John's, and he has recorded for Geraldine and myself a number of jokes he remembered having learnt there:

G.B: Who told you those jokes? [Pat and Mike tales]
F.W: Oh, I er, all those--you get to work with a crowd.
G.B: Yes, right!
F.W: A, a, all the--now in the h'army there was seven hundred of us y'know all together--
G.B: Tellin stories an stuff.
F.W: All kinds o' stuff dat.
(MUNFLA F1837/75-239, pp. 17-18)

"Uncle" Frank had mentioned to me in our first interview how frequently jokes had been told in the barracks in St. John's, and also when he was hospitalized there with the mumps.

Apart from his family tradition in which his father seems to have been the chief storyteller, the most important storytelling context for "Uncle" Frank seems to have been in the lumber camps. Here, he not only learnt many tales and songs, he also told tales told by his father.

The lumber camp was therefore important not only for the transmission of tales and other folklore, but also for its transmission from French to English and English to French traditions. I asked him what it would be like telling tales in the woods:

F.W: Well after, after supper.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: After supper when all 'ands get in the bunk'ouse. Some feller y'know, 'd know stories, we ad a feller by the name o' Bernie 'Ynes, e knowed all kinds. All kinds, get up in the night--the on'y--pretty well at nine o'clock eh Thomas, lights'd go--pretty well at nine o'clock.

T.B: Nine o'clock.

F.W: Nine o'clock. An some times e'd--e'd 'aul off if it was--now but when e was choppin--but if you didn't 'aul off you could stay up as long as you like. You'd 'ear some queer stuff dere. Oh sure. Hm.

G.T: How would you get started tellin the stories, would somebody ask for a story?

F.W: Oh yes, someone'd say "Come on boys tell us a yarn eh, a story--so--den they'd get round.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: Now dis, dis feller--Bernie 'Ynes there--when e get in, e was all full of it an when e get in the cabin the night time all 'ands on is bunk. He used to look up he'd say "B'ys, train soon be comin in." "Why?" E says, e'd say "You're all in the station!" e'd say, ha! ha! E was an awful feller to tell yarns y'know.
(MUNFLA F2018/74-195, p. 16)

Although there were some camps, according to "Uncle" Frank, where storytelling or singing wasn't allowed--"...You know how a crowd o' men there'd be some fellers contrary y'know--want to go to sleep--" most Saturday nights were given over to self-made entertainment:

F.W: ...I tell a lot a stories in the woods an them places y'know.

G.T: But all the fellers would enjoy listening to stories like that.

F.W: Oh, some would be always round your bunk you couldn' move.

G.T: Yeah?

F.W: All bunks y'know.

G.T: H-hm.

F.W: They mostly be packed in wherever they could get there.

G.T: Yeah.

F.W: Well now probably the next night another fellow'd tell us some y'see.

G.T: So you learnt a lot of stories like that, listening to the other people.

F.W: Oh yes, yeah.

(MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 11)

In "Uncle" Frank's experience, there would be anything from fifty to seventy men to a bunkhouse, and a number of them would have come from as far afield as the East Coast. In consequence, he would have been exposed to tales from all parts of the island and, conversely, would have passed on tales from his own tradition to non-French storytellers.

I have already referred to the first mention I ever heard of "Uncle" Frank, when Mr. Norman Young of Marche's Point told me a tale he had learnt from "Uncle" Frank while working with him in the woods. One can safely point to the lumber camps as an important context for the transmission of tales and songs between French and English in Newfoundland.

Some of "Uncle" Frank's narratives were not learnt from others but are personal experience tales. Those that appear in the body of his repertoire are of interest because they frequently include elements of the supernatural. "Uncle" Frank did not begin telling memorates until he had been talking to me for over two hours, and the majority he did tell were not to me at all, but to Geraldine and her mother, Mrs. Barter. Indeed, it was when Mrs. Barter and "Uncle" Frank were interviewed by Geraldine that he spoke most freely of his often unusual personal experiences. He and Mrs. Barter prompted each other to remember new examples of such tales.

It was in this context that it was possible to elicit from "Uncle" Frank some of his views on stories and storytelling and, eventually, to learn much about his concept of truth in relation to various kinds of

narratives. He greatly enjoys telling tales and stories. As he commented to Geraldine, when she asked him one evening if he was tired of telling tales after a solid hour and a half: "No my dear I don't mind dat. I like stuff like that to have someone to talk to you know--cos home I never sees, I never goes nowhere home. I've been to Jimmy White's once in thirteen years." (MUNFLA F1837/75-239, p. 8)

On several occasions, "Uncle" Frank commented to both Geraldine and myself that he had forgotten many tales:

I knowed some more but they're gone out of my min' now. Never tells a story like dat y'know, never t'inks about dem. [..]
 No home see, dere's not'ing--I don't go anywhere--aroun here da's de only place I comes to is here.
 (MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 8)

Since "Uncle" Frank now has so few opportunities to tell tales, it is natural that they should "go out of his mind."

He is quite sure of the cause of this lack of opportunity for storytelling:

F.W: I'll tell you de reason now dere's not'ing like dat now, i's all television see.
 G.T: Yeah.
 F.W: You go an sit down i's all television--see, y'know. [..]
 They never bothers that [storytelling] now--you go in a house now an--all you 'ears now--sit down--everyone watching T.V.
 (MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 10)

Although I tried to use this opportunity to find out why "Uncle" Frank cared so little for television, he made no further comment on its lack of attraction for him. He did feel, however, that some of the tales he told were not serious:

Well it's I suppose some y'know, some was--the interestin you got to understand, an some more now was on'y just like--like "A Cute Robber like is Father," well that's--that's on'y--child's story in a way see.
 (MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 10)

A version of the cante-fable AT 1735A, The Bribed Boy Sings the Wrong Song was described by "Uncle" Frank as "some silly!"

But when I asked him about his version of AT 401A, Enchanted Princesses in their Castles, he took a different tack:

G.T: But in a story now like about Marlinspike an Serve-a-mallet and er, Spunyard, why do you like that story?

F.W: Oh, well I, I, there's something in that story like, you, you know, you're waiting now what the way--I was tellin so much an now waitin for what one feller tell you never 'eard before you're waitin for the next word to come see, what was gonna happen to that feller see?
(MUNFLA F2019/74-195, p. 10)

While this remark suggests perhaps that the tale has a certain suspense that may be lacking in the other tales referred to, one has to infer that the content is what appeals to "Uncle" Frank. In AT 401A, "Uncle" Frank tells about three French sailors and their adventures. On several occasions he mentioned his admiration for French sailors, and told Geraldine a legend about the French pirate Surcouf, a native of his father's home, St. Malo. He seemed to have much pride in the Frenchman's deeds.

Of more significance, however, is his remark made just before he first told me a version of AT 401A: "Da's when they enchanted t'ree girls off the island--enchanted there by the devil. Now that's some story my son--but they got en." (MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 29) Although I had no reason to suspect it at the time, part of his appreciation of the tale is because it involves the devil. I shall return to this point in a moment.

Other features of storytelling that he appreciates have to be deduced from comments he made at quite infrequent intervals, either

about tales or their tellers. One of the characteristics he admires in people is learning. He often told Geraldine how pleased he was to be able to help her, because he could barely write his name. To him, the ability to read and then report accurately is admirable. He noted, after telling a version of AT 1525A, Theft of Dog, Horse, Sheet or Ring, that:

- F.W: [My father] He tells--he read it in French an tells it in English.
 G.T: He read it out of a book eh?
 F.W: Oh yes, he had all k--my father had five books that height--storybooks.
 G.T: Is that right?
 F.W: An e'd read--he'd read that book--if e--it was two hundred pages.
 G.T: Yeah?
 F.W: An when e'd done readin, e'd put the book up an e'd come an sit aroun de English people an e'd tell it right t'rough--from one end to the other--an tell you every person's name. In that book. By 'eart.
 (MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 11)

It seems likely that "Uncle" Frank admired a storyteller who could relate a tale in much detail, and who could do so at length. He himself places some store on long stories, although nowadays he seems reluctant to tell them:

- F.W: I got--I knows, I knows--I knows lots o' little stories... not, not--there's stories I know that's too long see--y'know it takes too long to tell y'see.
 G.T: They're nice stories those.
 F.W: Oh, I can tell, I can tell you some--I can tell you this one e's--you don't mind ow long it is--I s'pose it takes twenty minutes.
 (MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 11)

I suspect his reluctance to tell long stories now is partly because experience has taught him that they are no longer enjoyed, and partly because he seemed to be worried about the amount of tape I was using.

On at least two occasions he cut short a tale because he noticed the reel was nearly empty. Fortunately, longer versions of both tales were recorded from him on later occasions. A third reason may be simply the failing memory of old age:

...But you know after you, your mind, you forgets a lot. But the stories, the long stories--yeah, me I knew stories like that, take me almos' an hour to tell em...[.]...Oh, I could sit down now, you know--take my time, sit down, that's long stories...
(MUNFLA F1784/74-195, p. 29)

Although he never told a tale of an hour's duration to me, he did tell some lasting well over fifteen minutes.

A final criterion of "Uncle" Frank's appreciation of a tale is its truthfulness. It was suggested earlier that one of the reasons he liked his version of AT 401A, Enchanted Princesses in their Castles was because the tale involved the outwitting of the devil.

The devil figures in many narratives told by "Uncle" Frank, some of which are legends in form, others of which are Märchen. Almost without exception, he claims that both kinds are true stories. He carries this to the point where all Märchen are considered true, though this does not include, of course, many of the other categories of the international tale type index, The Types of the Folktale, such as animal tales, jokes and anecdotes. It is therefore important to discuss his views on truth in stories, as he is so emphatic about the truth of so many of his narratives.

Part of this emphasis on, and belief in the truth of the narratives he relates can be explained by his background. "Uncle" Frank is a deeply religious person. He makes this clear not through any specific statements, but through occasional narratives which reflect his belief.

They take the form of both direct and indirect faith in the power of the priest.

A first hint of this came when he told me in some detail how what he felt must have been a diamond was found at the place where his family had been living in the Bay of Islands. At this location, his mother once found a gold ring near the house, and others uncovered remains which "Uncle" Frank attributed to "the Narwegians." One of his brothers found two old graves, but the priest refused to allow them to dig there.

When the Woods family left the Bay of Islands to move to the Port-au-Port peninsula, the man who took over their land, a certain Jack Clark, broke open a cracked rock. In it he found something. According to "Uncle" Frank, Clark made a suitcase with a false bottom, went away, and became a prosperous hockey stick manufacturer in Kitchener, Ontario.² He believes Clark found a diamond; his own family did not do any treasure hunting because of the priest's injunction against it.

After I had recorded a supernatural experience his mother had had, involving a priest, but which I cannot give here since the storyteller preferred to have it restricted (although it strongly suggested how influential his parents must have been in matters of faith), "Uncle" Frank told another story to Geraldine with similar import:

F.W: But I know my dear one time--that when your aunt Margaret was just about gone there--Phil--the pries' made her talk.
G.B: Yeah?

² It is a widespread pattern in folk tradition that a person who goes away and becomes rich is usually alleged to have found a treasure, hence his departure and subsequent success.

F.W: Well Phil come up, e went down t'try to get the doctor, they wouldn' get 'n, doctor wouldn' allow em to take the phone, he was gonna tear it off the wall. An Father Jones came up there, put the machine on his arm, e called out--de third time she spoke.
(MUNFLA F1838/75-239, pp. 10-11)

Indirect justification of the priest's power is seen in a number of devil legends, claimed by "Uncle" Frank to be true, in which the priest is either the source of advice used to help a person outwit the devil, or is the actual instrument in chasing the devil away. I summarize below two such examples.

In one story, "Uncle" Frank told about the devil as sharesman. On the priest's advice, a fisherman was able to rid himself of the devil by tricking into an impossible situation. He did not claim this narrative to be true, perhaps because he began another one immediately after.

In the second narrative, not only was the story true, but "Uncle" Frank had it on the authority of his father, whose word he respected greatly. The devil was unwittingly asked to play the violin at a dance. Once he began playing, the dancers could not stop until the priest came and forced the devil, "In the Name o' God", to vanish through a crack in the door. According to "Uncle" Frank, his father later went to the house where this happened, and witnessed many unsuccessful attempts to cover with paint and varnish the hole through which the devil had disappeared.

"Uncle" Frank's father was also his authority for two explanations of the Man-in-the-Moon legend:

G.B: Tell me dat t'ing about de Man in the Moon dere, how come de man is in de moon?

F.W: Well, he's a man who was huntin on Sundays, an e went gunnin on a Sundays an dere was--e was watchin fer a flock o' ducks.

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: An dere was a point used to run off from where e was to.

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: An when e, when e--when de, when de--e seen de birds gettin shorter e put up de gun an when e drewed at de birds to fire, de dog jumped an e shot his dog, an e put another shell in his gun an e fired up at de moon.

G.B: Oh yeah.

F.W: An dere, de moon risin in de evenin, eh?

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: E fired at de moon, ever since--an e dropped dead.

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: Dey claims dat e went to is waist--y'know--in de ledge a rock e was standin in.

G.B: Yeah?

F.W: E sunk right down in de rock. An ever since dat de man is dere. A man--you take, now you watch de nex full moon is good an clear watch, you'll see de dog alongside de man an everyt'ing.

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: You never took notice of it.

G.B: I took notice of it but I can't make out any shapes because I never did see it when it was really clear eh?

F.W: Well I went out when it was good n clear--you can see de dog alongside of him.

G.B: Yeah.

F.W: An de man wit de gun. Yeah.
(MUNFLA F1836/75-239, p. 14)

"Uncle" Frank provided a second version of this legend immediately after the first, and justifying it. His father is cited as the authority for the second version, but Mrs. Barter points out that it was God who punished the transgressor. Both versions serve to affirm "Uncle" Frank's belief:

G.B: Now God put him in de sun eh--in de moon?

F.W: God, God sunk en in dat ledge when e fired--dey claim e never--but I eard poor modder--poor fadder say, in St. Pierre, dey all used to go--French--Sundays y'know--dey used to all go gunnin--an dere was a fire went to fire dat an shot his dog, an when e shot de dog e put up de gun, an e fired at de sun an when e fired at de sun his two arms fell off his shoulders on de gun.

G.B: Is dat right?
 F.W: He was left wit no arms or not'ing. Y'know...
 E.B: Yeah.
 F.W: De two arms fell off an de gun an all, fell an--
 E.B: Dat was punishment from God.
 F.W: From his shoulders gone.
 G.B: My God.
 F.W: Mm. Poor fadder seen it--dat was true as de sun dat.
 (MUNFLA F1836/75-239, pp. 14-15)

The influence of the Church, of his father's beliefs, would all have contributed to "Uncle" Frank's belief in and acceptance of supernatural happenings. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should interpret his own and others' unusual experiences in a supernatural light. He described a number of legendary happenings or personal experiences, all of which he claimed to be true.

Some, such as a version of "The Cursed Child,"³ he learnt from a good friend who had actually seen a child with a pig's face, caused by his mother's refusal to buy a holy picture. He affirmed his belief in magical leaves, walking on which causes a person to go astray, and cited the experience of two friends who got lost within half a mile of their home. His experience with 'fairies' who tie knots in horses' manes and ride the horses to exhaustion during the night, he affirmed for having seen the phenomenon so many times himself. The examples can be multiplied.

All of these narratives are either begun or concluded with a statement asserting their truth. "Dat's as true as de sun," "Da's the God's

³ Herbert Halpert has studied this motif in his "Legends of the Cursed Child," New York Folklore Quarterly, XIV, 2 (Fall 1958), 233-241. Full versions of "Uncle" Frank's legends which are summarized here will be given in Part Three of this study, which brings together the repertoires of the four storytellers I have examined.

truth," "That's as true as God in 'eaven" are but three variations of "Uncle" Frank's most common assertion of truth. They are very numerous in his narratives, and stand out because he is not a man given to swearing. Neither I nor Geraldine Barter have ever heard him use a 'four-letter word,' and that is in a region where many men and women have little thought for the delicacy of their language. His strongest expletive is, apart from "the God's truth," a term such as "geez" or "by geez," both very mild terms on the Port-au-Port peninsula.

Now in the context of "Uncle" Frank's upbringing, belief in the supernatural, as expressed in legend or memorat, may seem perfectly understandable. What is less easily accepted is his assertion that a number of Märchen that he tells are also true. The explanation lies in his concept of time.

On a handful of occasions, "Uncle" Frank hinted at an understanding of past time which is different from the scientific notion, which stresses an unbroken continuity from pre-history to the present. The first suggestion of a different notion of time was made when he was telling Geraldine about an old storyteller, a Mr. Jerry Bread of Summer-side, near Corner Brook: "Out to his place y'know we'd come out Saturday, we'd come out to his place Saturday nights y'know, he'd be tellin yarns, he'd be tellin us all dis y'know what happened in de olden--he used to tell us lots a stuff used to happen in de olden times y'know." (MUNFLA F1836/75-239, p. 7)

The implication in this remark is, I think, that in the "olden times" things happened which do not happen now. "Uncle" Frank repeated much the same thing to Geraldine after telling her a devil legend:

"You take in the olden times, years an years ago, they us--they claimed there'd be a lot o' that y'know--the devil go to places an..."

(MUNFLA F1837/75-239, p. 20)

"Uncle" Frank's basic idea is that what happened before living memory is not subject to verification. In the following conversation, he tries to explain time in terms of antiques and money:

- G.B: The story about the devil now an the feathers [AT 1091, Who Can Bring an Unheard-of Riding-Horse], is that true I wonder?
- F.W: What about?
- G.B: About the feathers an the molasses there?
- F.W: Oh da's, da's true.
- G.B: Yeah, it really happened.
- F.W: Dem stories happened in olden times...Dat, we say, a time --same as everything else, now Vivian Cloney, she comes down home eh?
- G.B: Yeah, I know her.
- F.W: She makes a fartune. She buys old kinds--look, ole Paddy Flynn--Paddy from West Bay eh, well, his sister Nora, she picked--she took one t'ing she got seven hundred dollars for it. Ole--Hilary Flynn up in Shoal Point picked up an ole fashion lamp wit a stand but it was all rusted--it might be...
- G.B: It was probably gold.
- F.W: ...Five hundred years old, e give er dat, but dey takes dat to museum y'know.
- G.B: Yeah.
- F.W: An e give it to er, but she got over seven hundred dollars for it. Dat probably was from a t'ousand years back.
- G.B: Yeah, de older it is de more money you get for it.
- F.W: De more money you get see.
- G.B: Yeah.
- F.W: Every time she comes out dey picks up all kinds a stuff, ole ra--now dere's a woman wants ole fashion spinning wheel from olden times like we say, we say, your mother now fifty years ago, she'd give anyt'ing for it if she could get it.
- G.B: Yeah, yeah.
- F.W: But euh, dere's stuff dat up--not in our times, not even my times, before me dere's no one knows what happened in de world it was true as de sun.
- G.B: Yeah. Right.
- F.W: Cos dere was in olden times real ole, ole, ole, olden times people's do anything for money.
- G.B: Yeah.
- F.W: People poor off an families dat--dey'd do anything fer money.

- G.B: Hm. How come there were so many stories about the devil an dat before eh?
- F.W: Well, dat was olden times, da's, da's--now de only ones story--an da's over a hundred years. Dat my poor ole father he was only a real young feller.
- G.B: Yeah.
- F.W: An e's dead now, poor fodder's dead now what about--at least t'irty years an e was eighty-nine when e died an dat was in his young days. E used to be sailin. Dat an dat might a happen, dat might what happen a hundred years before e went dere see?
- G.B: Hm-hm.
- F.W: Da's how dat goes.
- G.B: But like before you'd always hear stories about...
- F.W: You'd always hear--it'll always come you'll hear stories an yarns about stuff dat happen in de world, but I'm tellin you today but dat might be two t'ousand year old.
(MUNFLA F1838/75-239, pp. 8-9)

This lengthy explanation requires further comment. When "Uncle" Frank talks about poor people who would do anything for money, his concrete illustration is of the sale of antiques. But the remarks should also be seen in the context of the devil legend he told. A man will also sell his soul for money. To "Uncle" Frank, who believes implicitly in the devil's existence, such a bargain fits in perfectly with his own experience. A life of hard times has shown him what people will do for money.

"Uncle" Frank's limit of measurable time is something over a hundred years--his own life, and part of his father's. Beyond his furthest memory, it is "the olden times" when things happened which cannot be invalidated today. That people seem to have less to do with the devil today does not invalidate, in his eyes, the reality of events which may have taken place a hundred or two thousand years before.

Having experienced supernatural phenomena himself, and lacking an educated person's concept of history, he sees no contradiction between

scientific reality and supernatural happenings. Further, the authorities to whom he lends weight all assert, or asserted, the truth of the tales he tells.

The varied contexts in which "Uncle" Frank learnt his tales, the different influences exercised upon him, have all combined to produce a storyteller to whom the folklorist's conventional divisions of legend and Märchen have little meaning. He believes the legends and tales he tells are truthful accounts of what happened in time past, the sole authority for which is the word of older people. That is to say, he has faith in the reliability of older people, and trusts in what they say, just as he trusted his father and what his father reported to him.

A NOTE ON "UNCLE" FRANK'S PERFORMANCE AND STORYTELLING STYLES

It is not my intention to examine aspects of "Uncle" Frank's performance and narrative styles in the same detail as I did with Mrs. Elizabeth Barter. Firstly, much less material is available and secondly, "Uncle" Frank narrates in English.

He has been chosen for study because he is French, because he has a large narrative repertoire, and because he has certainly acted as a transmitter of folklore from one language tradition to another. On the other hand, the differences and similarities between his style and that of Mrs. Barter will serve to provide added data towards an eventual complete description of Franco-Newfoundland storytelling styles.

In contrast to Mrs. Barter, "Uncle" Frank requires very little coaxing to tell a tale. At every recording session he was eager to talk,

sing or narrate, and he commented to Geraldine that he was very happy to be able to talk about such things. He mentioned on more than one occasion that he never visited anyone save the Barthers, and one must conclude that part of his pleasure derives from the loneliness of old age. In general, few people seem interested in his conversation, and he has responded all the more positively to Geraldine's interest and mine. One question is sufficient to prompt him to talk. If he knows a tale, he will tell it.

"Uncle" Frank narrates quite rapidly. Indeed, he gives the impression that he has so much to say but so little time in which to say it. The rapid pace of his narrative is compounded by a feature of his speech which I earlier described as 'parenthetical'. This involves the intercalation of phrases in the flow of the narrative proper--either the addition of an explanatory or augmentative note, or a direct question to the audience. This feature is more noticeable in his legendary narrations or personal experience tales, but it is also found in his telling of Marchen. Far from slowing down the narration, these parentheses give it a staccato quality.

This quality is itself increased by his tendency to make incomplete sentences or sentences in which he corrects himself, for example, by beginning with one subject and changing to another. Changes, additions, comments and questions all suggest that "Uncle" Frank is deeply involved at an emotional level both with his story and his audience. He is anxious, I think, both to pass on material which, as was noted earlier, he believes to have really happened, and to convince his audience of this. In a word, "Uncle" Frank's speed of delivery betrays his real

enthusiasm for what he is narrating.

The frequent remarks of the audience require a positive response from it. "Uncle" Frank expects a response, and his "Understand?" and "See?" which appear with great regularity are not rhetorical. He accompanies the question with a quizzical raising of the eyebrows and a penetrating gaze at a member of the audience.

Responses need not be lengthy, and an affirmative nod of the head is sometimes adequate. However, not to make an audible response would give, on a transcript, a false impression of the almost continuous interplay between "Uncle" Frank and his audience. As is to be expected, part of the interplay includes laughter or expressions of surprise prompted by events or remarks in the narrative.

Gesticulation is not an obvious part of "Uncle" Frank's performance. He is considerably more economical in this respect than Mrs. Barter, who today almost certainly controls her gesture for fear of being laughed at. In the case of "Uncle" Frank this economy may be due only to old age. What he loses in gesture, however, he makes up with an elastic use of intonation, indicating, like Mrs. Barter, the emotion of a scene by dramatic raising of the voice and an even faster delivery. His performance style is characterized, therefore, by a strong emotional commitment that is translated in terms of speed and involvement with his audience.

"Uncle" Frank's narrative style, as opposed to his performance style, can be both contrasted and compared with Mrs. Barter's. A major difference between the two is their respective use of formulas and formulaic expressions. Mrs. Barter, it will be recalled, makes

considerable use of both. "Uncle" Frank does not.

He is most consistent in his opening formulas which, however, he uses with legends and Märchen alike. This is because his formula is much less recognizable as such, when compared to the French "Y avait eune fois, par eune bonne fois," as used by Mrs. Barter. "Uncle" Frank limits himself to phrases such as "There was..." or "One time there was..." with occasional variation in the word order. His use of this formula is extended to short, humorous anecdotes and jokes.

Internal formulaic expressions are almost totally lacking in "Uncle" Frank's narratives. On only two occasions did he use a formula similar to Mrs. Barter's triple repetition of a verb to indicate duration of time. This was a dual repetition of the verb to walk: "He walked an walked." On one occasion, while he was telling a Märchen, he used the expression "an like the story goes," unattested in either his narratives or those of Mrs. Barter, but similar to her use of "comme dit machine," as I noted in chapter seven.

"Uncle" Frank does make use of closing formulas, but with much less consistency than Mrs. Barter. In the first place, he does not always use a closing formula. This may be because on a few occasions he concluded a tale fairly rapidly, and added that he had left out large parts of it--which is what Mrs. Barter also did in the same circumstances.

But even when he uses a closing formula, it shows much more variation than one might expect. The classic "S'i sont pas morts, i vivent encore," which Mrs. Barter also uses in its English form, "If they're not dead, they're livin yet," which has assonance if not rhyme, as does the French version, is sometimes garbled by "Uncle" Frank. He used it

only twice, once as "An they're dead if they're not livin yet" and once as "If they're not livin they're dead." This may be because of failing memory, or simply because he has never made great use of it, or for some other reason.

Another kind of closing formula, also used by Mrs. Barter, brings the narrator into contact with the hero and heroine. While there does not seem to be a precise form to such closures, the structure and pattern may be deemed formulaic. Examples noted in "Uncle" Frank's tales include "An when I got dere dey ad two children, and "An e was dere when I left yet."

One tale was concluded with a form reminiscent of the bookish "happily ever after": "An e lived with his first wife for ever an ever after." Another tale concluded thus: "An e came back an e lived with is wife and e's livin with her yet I s'pose." The rigid use of formulas seems to be less important in "Uncle" Frank's narratives than in Mrs. Barter's, but his use of them, especially of closures, indicates that he sees a need for them.

A close comparison may be made, however, between "Uncle" Frank's use of the English language and Mrs. Barter's use of French. Using the criteria of adjectives and verbs, one notes a relative paucity of the former, and an abundance of the latter. As with Mrs. Barter's narratives, this feature contributes to the overall crispness of delivery and rapid pace of narration. If "Uncle" Frank is somewhat less economic in his narrating style, it is because of his considerable interplay with his audience, although in terms of pace, the interplay does not seem to cause any significant slowing down of the narration.

He is of much interest to the student of the folktale. Because of his bi-cultural background, he has, especially in the lumbercamps, acted as a two-way conduit for the transmission of tales and other lore, from French to English and from English to French. At the same time, his spiritual life has imbued him with a deep belief in the supernatural, allied to a deeply rooted catholicism.

His beliefs and experiences have combined to produce a storyteller who seems to believe in the literal truth not only of legends, but of some Märchen, which he justifies by a notion of time that accepts the possibility of the supernatural in a remote past. This in turn justifies his own experiences with the supernatural. His sincerity in the belief of such phenomena appears in his storytelling style, which is marked by an active interplay with his audience, a sign of his strong convictions.

A final point of comparison with Mrs. Barter is to the storytelling context. "Uncle" Frank is the only storyteller studied in this dissertation who has ever performed in a public context. This was when he was in the woods working in the lumber camps. But he was not a reknowned performer. If anything, he is representative of the private storytelling tradition.

At the human level, he possesses much humility and warmth of character. His generosity and kindness make of him a person to whom it is easy to become attached, and a most engaging informant.

CHAPTER TEN

MRS. BLANCHE OZON AND MRS. ANGELA KERFONT--BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES, THE STORYTELLING CONTEXT AND TELEVISION

In the five preceding chapters I examined the life, views on tales and storytelling styles of Mrs. Elizabeth Barter of Mainland and "Uncle" Frank Woods, a native of St. Pierre now living at West Bay. This and the following chapter will focus on the final two narrators to be discussed in this study.

I was not able to spend as much time as I would have liked with Mrs. Blanche Ozon and her friend Mrs. Angela Kerfont. I shall therefore summarize rapidly what little information of a biographical nature I have on the two ladies, before moving to a description of the context in which I collected from them. This description is necessary because I had considerable difficulty inducing Mrs. Kerfont to tell her tales, and it will entail a discussion of the coaxing that was necessary to get her to narrate.

Although I have already discussed this subject in a chapter on Mrs. Barter, I raise it again because it leads to an examination of the reasons for the decline of storytelling on the Port-au-Port peninsula. More clearly than any other informant, Mrs. Kerfont was able to give reasons for not wishing to tell tales nowadays. She points both to the very structure of Märchen and the particular influence of television.

The biographical information I have on both ladies is slight. I give it here, however, because it helps explain the unique context in which I collected tales from them: Mrs. Ozon spoke in French alone, while Mrs. Kerfont preferred to use English, only occasionally lapsing

into French. I shall discuss this "macaronic context" in the following chapter, but now take up their backgrounds.

Mrs. Blanche Ozon, at whose home in Cape St. George both informants were recorded, was born in that community on the thirteenth of October, 1907, one of nine children. Her father Adolphe Simon, was drowned when she was thirteen. He was the son of the first Simon to settle at Cape St. George. Her mother was born Joséphine Renouf, a descendant of one of the earliest, if not the earliest, settlers at Cape St. George.

When Blanche Simon was eighteen she married Jean Ozon, whose father Pierre had come to Newfoundland from St. Malo in Brittany, after a stay in St. Pierre. Part of the Ozon family settled at St. George's, while another branch remained in St. Pierre. Mrs. Ozon had only one child, a daughter, so the family name at Cape St. George will disappear with Mrs. Ozon. She is now a widow.

Mrs. Angela Kerfont was born at Lourdes (then Clam Bank Cove) on the fifth of August 1915. Her mother was a Maggie Chaisson from Cape St. George; a first marriage took her to Lourdes, but on the death of her first husband she remarried. Her second husband, Mrs. Kerfont's father, was English. When she was twenty-two, Mrs. Kerfont settled at Cape St. George after her marriage to Joe Kerfont, a widower. Although in her early years Mrs. Kerfont spoke French with her mother, she seems to have used English most of the time until she married Joe Kerfont, when French again became her everyday language.

Her husband already had seven children by his first wife, and Mrs. Kerfont bore him ten more. Having subsequently had a hand in raising some of her grandchildren, and having assumed some parental responsibilities

as a young girl, she justifiably boasted to me once that "I reared up t'ree families, me--almost four!" She, too, is now a widow.

Mrs. Ozon is a short, almost rotund person. Her hair is black but greying, and her small, piercing eyes betray a quick temper and a sharp tongue, which I observed her putting to good use when she clashed with a nephew of hers. Her voice is somewhat hoarse, and when she laughs, her laughter is mingled with a racking cough. She sometimes gives the impression of being on the verge of sleep, but when her darting eyes catch the observer's, they proclaim an alert wakefulness.

Mrs. Kerfont appears to be even smaller than Mrs. Ozon, not a tiny woman, but barely more than five feet tall. She is a lady who is petite in her size, which emphasizes her impish proclivities. Her malicious eyes and acerbic tongue provoked a constant interplay of teasing between the two ladies, a source of amusement to me, but some aggravation to Mrs. Ozon.

Indeed, they occasionally go too far in their teasing, and refuse to see one another for long periods of time, a fact I had cause to regret, as will be noted shortly. Mrs. Kerfont appears much more dynamic than Mrs. Ozon, and her dynamism is reflected in her speech. It is less measured and more staccato than Mrs. Ozon's; her voice is gravelly and nasal, and surprisingly deep for such a small person.

I first met Mrs. Ozon soon after my arrival at Cape St. George, early in October 1972. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Simon, with whom I boarded, were obliged to visit an ailing relative in Halifax. Mrs. Ozon, an aunt of Mr. Simon, came to stay for a week in order to look after the three boarders and the Simon's youngest son, Henry.

I made one recording with Mrs. Ozon at that time, during which she spoke in the main about her childhood activities. She never hinted for a moment that she knew any tales, and my first impressions were of a friendly and talkative woman whose potential as an informant, however, was slight.

Some two months later, on the ninth of December to be precise, I was chatting in the Simons' kitchen with Robert, a nephew who boarded there. The evening before he had been playing cards at Aunt Blanche's home, about a hundred yards down the road, and in our conversation he alluded to what was obviously a motif from a fool tale.

Intrigued, I pursued the matter and learnt, much to my surprise, that after the card playing was over, Mrs. Ozon and her friend Mrs. Kerfont had told a number of humorous tales. Robert Simon recalled some of the motifs he had heard but, not a storyteller himself, his versions were too garbled to permit a tentative identification of the tales.

Further questioning, however, made it clear that Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont frequently spent evenings together, usually by themselves, when they played cards, sang songs and told tales. This last activity naturally caught my interest, especially as at that time I had not yet succeeded in interviewing a French speaking storyteller. The last time I had was in 1971, when I collected from Cyril Robin.

Robert Simon insisted that if I approached the two ladies, I should not say how I learnt of the storytelling sessions to which he had referred, as both ladies would probably resent his passing on such information to a stranger. He pointed out that both were somewhat

irascible, and derived some amusement from telling me about their occasional tiffs, for which they were noted in the community.

Indeed, it happened frequently that the two were not on speaking terms, on account of some trifling disagreement, although the duration of such silences was never excessive he thought, a few weeks at the most. Unfortunately, one of these disagreements occurred shortly after the third interview I made with them, and by the time they were friends again, I had moved to fresh woods and pastures new. This accounts for the relative lack of biographical details I have on each lady, as I had expected to elicit such information when I knew them better.

In order to convince them to grant me some interview time, I decided to use my acquaintanceship with Mrs. Ozon to good advantage, I knew she used to go to the Salon du Cap on Saturday nights for the regular dance that was held there, and suspected that Mrs. Kerfont would be with her. On the next Saturday night I went with Robert Simon to the dance, paid my dollar entrance fee, and we found a table.

I soon noticed Mrs. Ozon, sitting at a table with another lady, halfway between the entrance and the bar. Mrs. Kerfont, I learnt, was indeed Mrs. Ozon's companion. I went to the bar for a beer, and stopped to greet Mrs. Ozon who warmly returned my greetings. She introduced me to her friend and I offered them both a beer, which is what they were drinking; they accepted.

Later in the evening, when I judged that the beer they were consuming would have begun to have its effect upon them, I went to sit at their table. They were both "feelin good" and said how glad they were to have had a few dances. I said how much I was enjoying the evening,

and from these general remarks I began to guide the conversation towards the subject of stories and storytelling.

When I mentioned the word conte (we were speaking French), they looked at each other and laughed. I mentioned the names of some of the tales heard by Robert Simon, but although they guessed my source, they did not seem to care. It did not require much coaxing on my part for them to agree to an interview, which was set for the afternoon of the twenty-first of December 1972, at Mrs. Ozon's home.

It had seemed to me, while talking to the two ladies in the Salon du Cap, that Mrs. Kerfont did not understand my French as well as Mrs. Ozon, and part of our conversation had been in English. On the other hand, I knew she spoke French, since Mrs. Ozon had used it exclusively, and Mrs. Kerfont sometimes replied to her in French. It was quite clear that like most French Newfoundlanders, Mrs. Kerfont was not at all used to standard French. And although I felt my mastery of the dialect was growing day by day, Mrs. Kerfont's difficulty was further evidence of the linguistic gap between the French of France and that of the Port-au-Port peninsula.

Thus it was that when, on a cold December afternoon, I found myself in Mrs. Ozon's kitchen, and in what I hoped would be a more natural storytelling context than I had hitherto experienced, I also entered the realm of a perculiar but perhaps characteristic linguistic environment. Mrs. Ozon hardly ever uttered a word of English, while Mrs. Kerfont spoke mostly in English and much less frequently in French. Yet both understood each other perfectly. This question of language will be discussed in the next chapter, which will examine the ladies'

performance and narrative styles.

This then was the background which led to my appearance at Mrs. Ozon's home. Now in my discussion of performance in a chapter on Mrs. Barter, I used the term 'coaxing' to serve for the process of inducing a reluctant narrator to tell tales. Logically, I should discuss the topic in relation to the two ladies in the following chapter, but I raise it here because it leads directly to the kinds of pressures which have acted detrimentally upon storytelling in Franco-Newfoundland tradition.

The remainder of this chapter will describe the actual physical context in which the coaxing of Mrs. Kerfont took place, discuss the coaxing itself, and examine its causes. These include characteristics of Märchen which now clash with the storyteller's aesthetic views, and the influence of television.

The three storytelling sessions with Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont were all conducted in the former's kitchen. In describing the room in some detail it is my aim to show what a typical private, intimate storytelling context might be like; I suspect the informal veillée which the two ladies enjoy is much more prevalent than one may think.

As far as I could judge, they always sat in the same place in the kitchen when spending an evening together, and did much the same things. The house itself is a small rectangular structure suitable for the needs of a widow living alone. On entering it, there is a porch where coats are hung and shoes placed, and where the slop-pail is kept, for the house has no bathroom.

Inside the main part of the house one immediately enters the kitchen, with a Waterloo stove on the left, and a day-bed in the corner next to it. Opposite the stove is a small table, one side against the wall, and around which were placed three wooden chairs. One of these, a rocker, faced the entrance. This is where Mrs. Ozon usually sat, so she could immediately identify anyone who came to the door.

Next to her, facing the wall and with her back to the stove, sat Mrs. Kerfont, on a straight backed chair with a cushion on it. As often as not she would kneel on the chair, and normally turned to Mrs. Ozon while she was telling her stories, rather than towards me, sitting at the third side of the table facing both ladies. The tape-recorder would be in front of me and to the side, less conspicuous.

At my back was the entrance to Mrs. Ozon's bedroom, with a curtain serving as a door. Through this I glimpsed a large double bed where, on occasion, both ladies would spend the night. Behind Mrs. Ozon's back was a small pantry with a sink in it.

Various objects adorned the walls of the kitchen, including a cross made out of matchsticks, a portrait of the Madonna in a plastic frame, photos of the Queen and former Premier J.R. Smallwood and, most interestingly, an old, framed photograph of Mrs. Ozon's late parents. The floor was covered with the ubiquitous 'canvas' or linoleum, universal in the houses of French Newfoundlanders. Unfortunately, since I recorded

Mrs. Ozon in 1972-73, her house was burnt down, destroying all her possessions.

The stove, the sole means of heating the house, produced an intense heat. When she was baking bread, as she did on one occasion that I was present, the heat was almost unbearable. It added to the thirsty business of storytelling, and after the first session, when I arrived empty-handed save for my tape-recorder, I always brought a dozen beer, which encouraged conversation and relieved the thirst brought on by the heat.

Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont were recorded on three occasions; on the afteroon of the twenty-first of December 1972, and in the evenings of the third and nineteenth of January 1973. In all, seven hours of tape-recordings were made; the last two sessions began in the evening, shortly after eight o'clock.

It had been my firm intention to continue recording both ladies after the January sessions, upon my return from St. John's where I had gone for a few days. It was with much disappointment that I learnt that they had had one of their not infrequent arguments, and were no longer on speaking terms. By the time they had reconciled their differences, I was in the midst of a series of recordings with other narrators, and never managed thereafeer to interview the two ladies again.

It was in this context then, that the two conteuses told me their tales. I mentioned earlier that the coaxing which was an integral part of Mrs. Barter's performance was also typical of the two ladies' performance. I deal with the subject here because of the significant comments on storytelling my coaxing produced: comments which suggest

further reasons for the decline in the art of storytelling amongst French Newfoundlanders.

The first recording session began in the absence of Mrs. Kerfont. She arrived some five minutes after Mrs. Ozon had begun telling me a fool tale. Mrs. Ozon had not needed any coaxing, but rather seemed shy of the tape-recorder. She was also concerned about the passage of the oil truck, as her heating fuel was running low. She kept glancing out of the window to the road. To elicit her tale I simply asked her its source, and on recalling that it was her late husband, she began her narration, though not without the comment: "M'en vas commencer, bien j'vous dis pas si j'peux finir"--either because she could not remember it all, or because of nervousness at the impending arrival of the oil truck, which she had to flag down in order to be served.

The real coaxing began after the arrival of Mrs. Kerfont and Mrs. Ozon's grand-daughter Monica Chaisson, the latter staying only a few minutes. Mrs. Kerfont was obviously nervous of my presence, since her only previous contact with me had been in the Salon du Cap, after she had drunk three or four beers, and there was no beer available this time. She was reluctant to have anything at all to do with storytelling. The first phase of the coaxing began when Monica Chaisson mentioned the name of a story:

B.O: The Hound Dog.

M.C: It's a real nice story.

A.K: I don't tell stories.

G.T: That's not true now--you say you don't tell stories--I know you do tell stories!

B.O: A sait conter des contes--a veut pas! Alle est génée, hein?

G.T: Tell, tell me the other thing about Jean-le-Sot, the different way that Blanche says it now--you said there's another way to say that now.

A.K: Yes, there's a couple o' ways...now I hear them sayin eh?
 G.T: Which, which...
 B.O: Tu vas n'en conter ton way asteure.
 A.K: I don'--I forgot it!
 M.C: Ha! ha!
 A.K: In aute conte--goes different ways that story, it goes
 three or four ways that story y'know.
 B.O: Alle a son cheque dans la poche, in deblâme [an excuse]
 pour aller à la boutique, mais tu vas pas tu sais.
 A.K: I'm goin to the store, yes!
 B.O: Pas asteure.
 A.K: I'll go to the store by n by!
 B.O: Oh!
 (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, pp. 6-7)

The printed text cannot truly indicate the lively exchange between the two ladies, as Mrs. Ozon teased Mrs. Kerfont about the cheque she had, and intended to use as an excuse to leave. The latter, as it can be seen, begins by claiming not to tell tales, but then admits there are other versions of the Jean-le-Sot tale told by Mrs. Ozon. At the same time she betrays her anxiety by insisting she must go to the store, although she had come to the house for the express purpose of telling tales. This initial skirmish confirmed she knew tales, but indicated she was not yet ready to tell any.

Mrs. Ozon, who had carefully pointed out that her friend was généée, then began reassuring her by telling her about me: about my plans for the future, and about my family, for she had met my wife. It allowed me to produce photographs of my children, and gave Mrs. Kerfont the chance to put herself at ease by cooing over the photos. I was then able to steer the conversation back to the tales, and asked Mrs. Kerfont who had told her the version of the Jean-le-Sot tale she had heard.

Mrs. Kerfont launched into the praise of Mrs. Olive Marche, a storyteller I never met. Obviously, she enjoyed an excellent

reputation in Cape St. George:

- G.T: Where did you hear those stories--about Jean?
 A.K: Adolphe Marche's wife, that's the one!
 B.O: J'ai dit çui-là tantôt là, eh?
 G.T: From Olive?
 B.O: Olive.
 A.K: Oh ouais! I'm tellin you she knows some, she knows some--that's her all that--stories there?
 G.T: Yeah?
 A.K: That's how come I learned that!
 G.T: When did she tell you those stories?
 A.K: When she was stayin up here, eh?
 G.T: Oh yeah? In the veillées?
 A.K: Oh oui! We used to go up there an we used to come home--well--an some nights--almos' daylight there tellin stories!
 B.O: Tiens.
 G.T: Merci Blanche.
 A.K: Tell stories. Moi aussi, tu sais.
 B.O: Tire ta capote, eh?
 A.K: My God, c'est--c'est toi! [sounds of cups and spoons--Blanche is serving tea]
 G.T: Merci.
 B.O: J'devras aller à la boutique.
 A.K: I got...my nails..all browned an I don' like that.
 (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, pp. 9-10)

This time, Mrs. Kerfont twice asserts that she know stories, and implies how much she used to enjoy them. But she is still reluctant to begin narrating, for Mrs. Ozon has to ask her to take her coat off, and Mrs. Kerfont again changes the subject by suddenly commenting on the tobacco stains on her finger nails.

Mrs. Ozon again took up the task of coaxing her friend, by recalling some of the motifs in the fool tale she had told me earlier. She was, I think, quite aware that Mrs. Kerfont was the star performer of the two, and subsequent narrations confirmed this; out of twenty-one tales told, Mrs. Kerfont told fourteen and a half. Mrs. Ozon's initiative introduced the final round of coaxing which culminated in the first tale to be told by her friend. I give the conversation in full, because

it is typical of the general pattern of coaxing involving the two ladies:

- G.T: Blanche said that you, you know some--some fairy stories, is that what you call them?
- A.K: Yeah, but fairy tale, eh?
- G.T: Fairy tale.
- B.O: Des contes que j'avons conte l'autre soir, eh? Tu n'en as conté l'autre souère.
- A.K: Bien, goddam!
- G.T: What one was that?
- A.K: Ah?
- G.T: What one was that that you told the other night? Fairy tale?
- B.O: Ah ha! ha!
- A.K: Le diabe là!
- B.O: Oui, le conte de...
- A.K: That's too long there!
- G.T: No! Do you know what? I have yet to hear somebody tell me a nice, a nice long story, you know?
- B.O: Dis-lui çui-là que tu nous a conté l'autre soir-là pour la--les trois frères, eh? Qu'avont té...pis les deux autres frères qu'étaient--dans la chambre en-haut--c'ta-ti des frères ou des soeurs? Trois soeurs? Çui-là qu'alliont à la fontaine-là--pis qui v'nait back--pis trouva comme in chien...
- A.K: Oh, that's a fox, a fox...
- B.O: In p'tit ernard.
- A.K: Ouais. T'ree sheeps!
- B.O: Three sheep! Oui ça, c'est in beau conte eh? Comment qu'est-ce qu'i va?
- A.K: Oh my geewhiz!
- B.O: Bien oui! My God! T'es pas génée avec Mr. Davies--Davies! Ha! ha!
- G.T: Gerald.
- B.O: T'es pas génée avec Gerald--parce que lui, c'est pareil comme nous autres.
- A.K: Yeah, but--er--it's 'ard, eh, me I don' know--I knows it all right, like me an you...
- B.O: Bien, c'est mignon ça!
- A.K: Yeah, but I can tell it good to you!
- B.O: C'est ça qu'i veut!
- G.T: Why can't you tell it good to me? I'm no different from you!
- B.O: Allons y pâsser in papier pis s'assire à la porte!
- G.T: Just because I come from a different place it doesn't mean it's any different.
- B.O: Viens t'assire ici, tchiens! Sus la grande chaise. Conte-y in conte, pitché!
- A.K: Oh my God, j'ai peur! Ho! ho!
- B.O: Tu sais, oui, tu n'l'as conté l'autre souère! Tu peux l'conter à M--tu peux le conter à Gerald.

A.K: It goes three times over.
 G.T: Eh?
 A.K: It goes three times over for that.
 G.T: That's all right.
 A.K: That's so long!
 (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, pp. 11-12)

This long quotation is important because it as it were encapsulates the process of coaxing. The subject of storytelling is raised almost inadvertently by the interviewer; Mrs. Ozon refers to a specific occasion on which a tale was told, Mrs. Kerfont reacts with an oath (because a secret of sorts had been made known to the interviewer, thereby depriving her of her argument that she knew no tales), and the interviewer immediately siezes the verbal straw.

Mrs. Ozon laughs at her friend's embarrassment and Mrs. Kerfont, realizing her predicament, makes a last assault on the interviewer, calling him a devil; but this she does with a smile on her face. Her defences are crumbling; she has to resort to her final defences, which are the significant ones of length and repetition in tales.

When she fears the tale she has in mind is too long, she is indirectly praised for her coming performance, and Mrs. Ozon clumsily tells some of the motifs in the tale. This of course serves to prompt Mrs. Kerfont to think of the tale in detail, and to feel obliged to tell it properly. She has a sense of what is right and wrong in the telling of a tale, and will be unable to allow Mrs. Ozon's inaccuracies go uncorrected. Mrs. Kerfont's argument that she does not know me is poo-pahed by both Mrs. Ozon and myself, as are her suggestions that the tale is too long and too repetitive.

In different ways, this process of coaxing was to occur before almost all the tales told by both ladies, but especially by Mrs. Kerfont. In order to complete the pre- and post-performance pattern, it must be mentioned here that just as with Mrs. Barter, the conclusion of tales was usually followed by apologies from the narrator and praise from the audience. A few examples follow to illustrate this pattern.

I must point out here that my use of the terms pre- and post-performance is tentative. With rare exceptions, all the narrators I interviewed conformed to it. But I was of course an outsider,¹ trying to record sometimes reluctant strangers. In my experience, however, and with the above qualification, the post-performance performance seems to have two functions. It allows the narrator to excuse such errors of narration as he or she may have recognized, and it permits the audience, through its denial of such errors and by its praise of the narration, to encourage the narrator to begin a new tale.

At the conclusion of the first tale told by Mrs. Kerfont, the following conversation took place:

- A.K: I can't tell it to my likin at all!
 B.O: C'est mignon, ça!
 A.K: I gets confused, eh?
 G.T: C'était bon! J'ai beaucoup aimé ça!
 B.O: Pas d'danger!
 G.T: Eh? Oh oui! J'ai jamais entendu cette histoire-là.
 A.K: Non?
 G.T: Jamais, non. Mais...elle est bonne!
 B.O: C'est eune belle histoire.
 (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, p. 19)

¹ See Firestone, in Halpert and Story, eds., Christmas Mimming in Newfoundland.

This very rapid exchange was followed by a period of inconsequential conversation, which led to yet another pre-performance performance, and the narration of a new tale. Mrs. Kerfont had received here the assurance that she was appreciated, despite her own misgivings.

It is not always necessary for the praise which follows the apology to be direct. In the following quotation, the interviewer made use of the narrator's confusion in the story, not so much to fill in the narrative gaps that had been left but, through the tone of voice, to convince the narrator of the interviewer's enthusiasm:

- A.K: ...so e'd never return eh?--"Mes amis, ej la prends par la friggin du cou et, ej zig! Coupe, coupe d'Dieu prends ça!"
 B.O: Ah ha! ha! ha!
 G.T: What happened when he picked up all the bones then?
 A.K: E pick up all de bones--e knowed it was is sister's own eh? E knowed it was is sister in de pot.
 G.T: Now what was the big white sheet that came down on him?
 A.K: God knows!
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, pp. 2-3)

At this stage of the interview, Mrs. Kerfont was beginning to feel more at ease with me, her responses to my questions coming with as much naturalness as in her conversations with Mrs. Ozon. As a final example of post-performance performance, the following conversation moves from the end of one tale straight to the beginning of another. Praise, excuses or apologies, and a little coaxing again characterize the between-stories period:

- A.K: ...An then--if they're not dead--they might be livin yet.
 G.T: I've never heard that one before!
 A.K: No?
 G.T: (To B.O.) No. You heard that before? No? Never?
 A.K: By gee, I knows some nice ones me, I knowed some nice ones! Tut, tut! So far, so far, so long eh?
 B.O: Oui oui, trop long, t'as oublié.
 A.K: Oublié.

- G.T: What about, er...you said er...The Three Gold Mountains.
 A.K: That's--there's a giant in that too.
 G.T: A giant in that one as well.
 A.K: Hm.
 G.T: Did Olive tell you that one as well?
 A.K: That one there...
 G.T: That one--The Twenty-Four Robbers, yes...Tell the one about the three mountains an the giant, then.
 A.K: By God, that's not short either, that.
 B.O: Ha! ha!
 A.K: I don't forgets any--I forgets some.
 G.T: You remember em--an I'll tell you some--short ones! If I can remember them!
 A.K: Yeah!...I forgets how it goes now...If I can remember..One time there was a man an a woman, an they ad three sons, Jack an Bill an Tom...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, pp. 12-13)

In concluding this discussion of coaxing, it seems likely that it is now part and parcel of the private storytelling tradition on the Port-au-Port peninsula. It is true, as I noted earlier, that coaxing might be due to the fact that I was a stranger, spoke a different kind of French, and carried a tape-recorder about with me. But I stress this point because all reports agree that in the public tradition, a recognized storyteller would perform willingly.

Against this can be set a specific argument supporting my contention, and an argument of a general nature. In conversations with Geraldine Barter, who has begun to make a growing number of recordings herself, in her home community of Mainland, I learnt that even she had to coax potential informants. Even as an accepted member of her community, speaking the same dialect, she usually had to cajole reluctant storytellers to narrate. It is true that as a university student she has moved out of her home context, but she assures me that this does not seem to have had any appreciable influence on her neighbours.

A general argument to support my contention that coaxing is an integral part of the informal, private tradition, can be drawn from almost any context, in town or country alike, where individuals may be expected to perform. In private parties, it is usually difficult to get the first couple on the floor to dance. Couples have to be coaxed and encouraged. The same is true for informal sing-songs; one usually has to encourage singers to begin.

It seems to me that only the out and out extrovert needs no encouragement to sing, dance or tell a story in private parties. In this respect, there is an obvious parallel to the recognized performer in the veillée. He does not need to be coaxed, nor does he expect it. In private parties, the equivalent to the public performer in the veillée is the extrovert, and he too will perform upon request. I would tentatively argue, then, that based on my experience, it seems likely that coaxing is an important and perhaps normal part of informal storytelling sessions. Obviously, this must eventually be confirmed by more extensive, in-depth collecting.

As I noted earlier, the chief reason prompting me to discuss coaxing was that it led, with Mrs. Kerfont, to the causes of the demise of storytelling. Of all the narrators I interviewed, none were so explicit on the subject as she. Although she seemed to be talking about two different things--the length and repetitive nature of folktales on the one hand, and television on the other--both are closely connected. The remainder of this chapter will examine Mrs. Kerfont's views on tales and television.

Time and time again she drew my attention to the (to her) inordinate length of folktales:

G.T: Is it a long story?

A.K: Oh, it's a long story that, mignon...oh, da's a long story dat...[.] Oui, ça c'est trop long qu'ej laime pas.
(MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 1)

Again,

G.T: La Vieille Sorciaise et la Pelote de Laine, that's a right long story, you said?

A.K: Oh my God yes, too long.
(MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 10)

Prior to another tale, she said, with much emphasis: "That one there, I don't think I'm gonna tell it, it's too long." (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 2) Another tale, The Blue Bull, was never told, and a direct question to Mrs. Kerfont about lengthy stories produced a quite unequivocal answer:

A.K: That story was difficult too--I didn't remember who told that story--it was a long story too.

G.T: Don't you like telling long stories?

A.K: Not too much!
(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 9)

Mrs. Kerfont refused categorically to tell one particular tale, concluding her discussion of it with: "Oh, but I'll never tell you dat, me, it's too long!" (MUNFLA 1710/74-195, p. 19) Comments on the length of tales, always with the implicit or explicit expression of her dislike of long tales, were made before or after almost every tale she told.

Mrs. Kerfont's dislike of excessively lengthy tales was matched only by her dislike of the structure of Märchen. The triple repetition of events or sequences in tales was neatly summarized in her expression "everything goes in threes." A few examples illustrate the seriousness of her feeling:

G.T: Is that a long story too?

A.K: Oh yes, I guess--on de first it's not so long as on de last--it goes about t'ree times over eh? It goes t'ree times over again, anyway.

(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 12)

Mrs. Ozon could see no reason why triple repetition should make any difference to a tale, but her question to that effect produced a very strong response from her friend:

A.K: It goes t'ree times over, eh?

B.O: Tchelle différence?

A.K: Moi j'hais ça.

(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 3)

Hate is a strong word to use, perhaps, in talking about long tales, but Mrs. Kerfont said it in English, as well as in French: "Now--I hates goin over an over, me..." (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, p. 15) That length and repetition are the two factors which more than any other cause her to dislike the telling of Märchen was expressed in a single exchange:

A.K: Oh my God, j'ai peur! Ho! ho! [She is being coaxed to narrate]...it goes three times over--it goes three times over for that.

G.T: That's all right.

A.K: That's so long!

(MUNFLA F1707, p. 12)²

I suspect that length pure and simple is in fact less important to Mrs. Kerfont than the repetition in tales. For it is the renewed description of events which creates the impression of excessive length, rather than the actual length of a tale. One or two of the tales she told were no longer and certainly no shorter than any of those in which triple repetition occurred, but were not repetitive. The few tales with

² I occasionally repeat certain quotations for their effectiveness in illustrating more than one point.

a non-repetitive structure were told with apparent pleasure, as the following conversation suggests:

A.K: I'll never forget dat story ["The Woman Who had a Foal"].
 B.O: Oh.
 A.K: No sir. Dat one dere I wouldn't ferget. I like it eh?
 G.T: What do you like about that?
 A.K: I like dat story eh?
 G.T: Yeah.
 A.K: So I wouldn't ferget it.
 G.T: Why is it nice for you?
 A.K: I like it again eh.
 G.T: Yeah.
 A.K: Easy to tell eh.
 G.T: Yeah, oh yeah.
 A.K: Yeah.
 G.T: Hm...It's a long story so when you've got to say things three times, you don't like...
 A.K: I don't like it.
 G.T: Why not?
 A.K: It's too long eh? [..] No, I don't like--t'ree times over I don't like it...
 (MUNFLA F1720/74-195, p. 6)

There was in fact one motif in this tale which was repeated three times, but only one. It obviously did not seem to matter to Mrs. Kerfont, for whom ease, that is to say simplicity, would seem to be an important criterion in her taste in tales.

I noted earlier that a second factor, linked to the questions of length and repetition in tales, had influenced storytelling. This factor is, of course, television. The first time I became aware of television as a possible cause of distaste for Märchen was towards the end of the first recording session with Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont. This session had been conducted in the afternoon, beginning about two-fifteen. I was coaxing the ladies to tell one more tale:

G.T: One more, one more before I go now?
 B.O: Conte-lé.
 A.K: Oh yeah, but de story soon be on too, dere you know [pointing to the television set].
 ALL: [Laughter]

B.O: Coutez-vous ça?
 G.T: Quoi?
 B.O: Le conte de quatre heures là, The Edge of Night là?
 G.T: Non.
 B.O: Coutez pas ça.
 A.K: C'est beau ça.
 G.T: Oh oui, parfois, parfois, oui oui.
 B.O: Belle histoire ça.
 G.T: Oui, c'est à quatre heures.
 B.O: Ouais.
 G.T: Oui. Conte-moi une histoire maintenant pis après vous allez regarder The Edge of Night.
 B.O: Débrouille-toi!
 A.K: I tells you I can't.
 B.O: Conte-le in morceau dans in jusque les quatre heures va v'nir ben tu vas t'couper là. Ha! ha!
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, pp. 20-21)

This conversation needs some commentary, because it has so many implications. Linguistically, one first notes that the television serial referred to, The Edge of Night, is called in French "le conte de quatre heures." The term conte is, of course, the usual one for Märchen in French oral tradition. Secondly, I was asked if I listened to the story, rather than if I watched it. One listens to contes normally.³ There seems to be a close equation, therefore, between the oral folktale and the televised serial. The serial was also referred to as beau, which implies that it has certain aesthetic qualities which appeal to storytellers and audience alike.

What then is the relationship between a folktale and a soap opera, since this is the somewhat pejorative term often used to describe the televised daytime serial melodramas? Superficially, there is very little similarity between the two, but an examination of the differences does

³ The influence of radio was never apparently very great on the Port-au-Port peninsula, as it seems to have been elsewhere in Newfoundland. Both French and English stations were available, but radio lacked the impact of television.

contribute to our understanding of why a televised melodrama can replace the folktale as the chief means of narrative entertainment.

The chief similarity has to be sought in the subject matter of Märchen and soap opera. It will be recalled that Mrs. Barter emphasized that her taste in folktales lay with the romantic tale, in which hero or heroine, against odds, finally wins the hand of the person loved.

Through the content of many of the tales told by Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont, one sees a similar taste for the romantic. While not all soap operas share the same manner of handling romance--The Edge of Night, for example, seemed to have a kind of vaguely supernatural background--most soap operas that I have watched are primarily concerned with the romantic involvements of the characters.

As in novelle or romantic Märchen, any pair of lovers seems to be constantly frustrated by Fate, in the form of jealous rivals or unlikely accidents. The manner of presenting the episodes is heavily melodramatic, and marked by a characteristic slowness of speech, suggesting that every utterance is loaded with great significance, usually of a menacing nature. Even if romances may be usually doomed to failure on the soap opera--a couple joins together after much tribulation, only to break up many episodes later--the basic theme of soap opera and romantic folktale is the same.

What of the differences? The major and obvious distinction has to do with the structure of folktale and soap opera. The evolution of a folktale is highly predictable. In a storytelling tradition, the triple repetition of events is so characteristic, that even if a listener has not heard a particular tale before, he or she knows full well

what to expect: triple repetition of events, with failure for the first two protagonists and success for the third. There is, therefore, very little suspense in folktales.

The soap opera, on the other hand, is loaded with suspense for those whose addiction to serialized melodramas blinds them to the basic pattern common to all. The structure of melodramas is superficially not so obviously repetitive to people whose relationship to the soap opera is more than light fictional entertainment.

In my experience, first amongst French Newfoundlanders and later amongst others who watch soap operas, it is clear that many watchers have a high degree of personal involvement with the stories--they are not just 'light fictional entertainment.' People identify closely with the aspirations of their favorite characters and react passionately towards the villains of the "soaps."

Reactions observed amongst adults are akin to those I experienced as a young boy at the Saturday morning movie matinées, when the children would boo and hiss the villain and cheer the hero. Words of warning were shouted, unheeded by the celluloid cowboy as the 'crook' sneaked up behind him. In other words, there seems to be an unquestioning acceptance of the reality of the soap operas. I recall the startled reaction of one person upon seeing, in another television show, a character who had recently 'died' in a soap opera. She had believed the person had really died in the melodrama.

It seems then that suspense and personal identification are important factors which have contributed to the weaning of many people from the mother's milk of the folktale to the acquisition of an appetite for

the meat and potatoes of television. The daily conversations of most women I knew on the Port-au-Port peninsula were liberally sprinkled with references to the doings of the characters in the 'story,' and anyone who had had the misfortune to miss a daily episode could be assured of a rapid and detailed summary of the day's events. While men tended to scorn this allegedly female concern for the soap operas, many watched them with as much attention as women, though with less outward interest.

Apart from the relationships of length, structure, suspense and personal involvement between folktale and soap opera, there are other factors which contribute to the success of television. The first concerns the notion of time. Soap operas appear on television at predictable times, and are of a predictable duration, usually thirty minutes or an hour.

Whereas with television one can set aside a specific amount of time at a specific moment, the telling of folktales was unpredictable. They would be told at veillées, which, while frequent in the winter, did not necessarily take place every day. In the course of a veillée, no precise time was set aside for stories, which usually began about nine-thirty or ten o'clock; their length would depend on the storyteller, and, as I have noted before, tales could last from thirty minutes to several hours.

Television, apart from providing programmes at predictable hours, also provides new and exciting adventures from day to day. The repetitive nature of Märchen, even with previously unheard tales, rarely offered novelty. Today, time is at a premium; how much more convenient therefore to enjoy novel entertainment at the press of a button.

In the past, one had to rely on the talents of a storyteller to furnish interest and excitement, and before electricity, during the long nights, there was plenty of time to accommodate thrice-repeated events and three hour narrations. Television, more than any of the modern amenities, has contributed to the decline of storytelling.

It is perhaps because television is a recent innovation--dating, on the Port-au-Port peninsula, from the early sixties--that it is still possible to record the fairly extensive repertoires of people of all ages. But in that short period, television has killed the veillée, the public tradition of storytelling, and the recognized public narrator.

To collect folktales today, one has to seek out the less well known storytelling tradition--the family tradition in Mrs. Barter's case, the private, intimate tradition in the case of Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont. Both are, essentially, variations of the same tradition.

This chapter has described the coaxing necessary to induce storytellers in the private tradition to narrate. It has attempted to summarize what seem to be the chief reasons for coaxing: the now inordinate length and repetitive structure of folktales, as opposed to the convenience, suspense and personal involvement of television, and in particular the soap opera.

The following chapter will examine two aspects of the private storytelling tradition. The first is the role of interplay between narrator and audience, at its most natural in my experience with the two ladies. The second aspect to be examined concerns their storytelling style, and will focus on their use of formulaic speech on the one hand, and macaronic language on the other. These various features will serve

to complement those described and discussed in earlier chapters on storytellers.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

MRS. BLANCHE OZON AND MRS. ANGELA KERFONT--ASPECTS OF THEIR PERFORMANCE AND NARRATIVE STYLES

The preceding chapter introduced two ladies, Mrs. Blanche Ozon and her friend Mrs. Angela Kerfont. While both proved to be good storytellers, the latter's reluctance to narrate prompted me to discuss the coaxing necessary to induce her to tell tales. This discussion in turn led to an examination of factors which seem to have influenced significantly the decline in storytelling: the length and structure of Märchen, and the impact of television.

Much of the discussion in the preceding chapter was only possible because of the unique storytelling situation in which I collected from the two ladies. Both met regularly for private veillées, three of which I was able to participate in. I was fortunate to be able to observe, as close as an outsider can without interfering in a private context, the kind of behaviour which is perhaps typical of these intimate storytelling sessions.

As a consequence, while I will give some attention to aspects of the ladies' performance such as speed of delivery, emotional involvement and gesticulation, I shall concentrate on the unique qualities of their performance: the interplay which took place between them, and characteristics of their narrative style. In this latter aspect, emphasis will be given to their use of formulaic speech and, especially, what I term the "macaronic context," in which the one used French almost exclusively, the other English and some French.

Neither Mrs. Ozon nor Mrs. Kerfont are storytellers of the same calibre as Mrs. Barter. Mrs. Ozon's delivery tends to be uniformly rapid, with frequent brief pauses between phrases or sentences. The effect is both jerky and staccato, creating the impression of an overly thoughtful narration--as if Mrs. Ozon was constantly thinking ahead, unsure of her narrative skill.

Indeed, she herself confirmed that she was not a storyteller, never having wished to learn the tales: "J'sais pas les stories là. Non, j'les sais pas. Non, j'sais pas ça, moi. J'ai jamais su cte conte, j'ai jamais voulu apprende des contes." (MUNFLA F1710/74-195, p. 1) Of course, she does tell tales, but lacks the conscious artistic control of a master narrator. She is a private performer, not a public one. At the most emotional moments in a tale, her personal involvement gets the better of her, and the effect of a more natural variation of her intonation patterns is diminished by excessive speed of delivery at crucial moments.

Mrs. Ozon makes it clear that she is, to use Von Sydow's term, a "passive tradition bearer." She does not claim to be a storyteller, and when narrating the tempo of her narration^{is} monotonous, dictated in part by the metronomic accompaniment of her knitting needles, for she knitted assiduously at each session. Knitting also limits the amount of gesture and gesticulation a storyteller can permit herself. Mrs. Ozon always tended to be a rather poker-faced narrator except at moments of hearty laughter. These rather negative features combine to suggest that her narrations were barely more than half-remembered recitations--a passive narrator if ever there was one.

Mrs. Kerfont, while not a narrator in the tradition of the public veillée, is nonetheless an active tradition bearer. She monopolizes their storytelling sessions. The difference, suggested by her comments in the last chapter, is that she has lost her enthusiasm for storytelling.

At the same time, while apparently possessing a much larger repertoire than Mrs. Ozon, she shares most of her performance characteristics. She speaks rapidly, with relatively little variation in her intonation, and her voice does not reflect the emotion of some narrative episodes; this she sometimes successfully portrays, however, by purely stylistic devices. Like Mrs. Ozon, her narratives tend to be staccato, because of the frequent short pauses with which she punctuates them. These characteristics were more evident in our first recording session, however, and as time progressed, she overcame the anxiety which probably contributed to her nervous delivery. She then allowed herself a more generous elasticity of speed and intonation.

Like Mrs. Ozon, on the other hand, she never allowed herself any freedom of gesture and gesticulation. The reasons for this lie, I suspect, partly in her nervousness before me, and partly because of her fear of embarrassment. Like Mrs. Barter, she was probably aware, as I have heard many times on the peninsula, that spectacular gesticulation was a characteristic of the old, public French storyteller. Perhaps she assumed that I knew this, and reacted like any French Newfoundlander would today. She curbed her instinct to gesture for fear of being mocked.

While it is possible that I never saw the real Mrs. Kerfont performing, because I was an outsider, one may suspect that the outline of her style noted above is fairly accurate. This is because Mrs. Kerfont was always recorded with Mrs. Ozon, and always spoke to her, rather than to me. This unique opportunity for me to observe two storytellers working together allowed me to see the kind of interplay which could occur in an almost natural context. When the two ladies were enthusiastic about their storytelling, they seemed able almost to forget me, or at least not to think of me as a stranger, a fact which Mrs. Kerfont recognized as an inhibiting agent as far as she was concerned.

Because of this almost natural context, I shall dwell at some length on the question of interplay. When I examined Mrs. Barter's performance, I noted that there were two main types of interplay between audience and narrator: gestural and verbal. I could not evaluate the significance of such interplay, as Mrs. Barter always told her tales directly to me, and I felt obliged to give her my full attention. I suggested that in the past, there was probably more interplay between narrator and audience than at present, and that it would not have been confined to exclamations, interjections and explanations.

My interviews with Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont allowed me to observe interplay between two narrators who, because of their age--both were well over fifty--would have had the opportunity to model their private performance style on that of the public tradition. I cannot go so far as to say that their style reflects the public style, or even assert that it is idiosyncratic; the private tradition has not been studied

sufficiently, and the public style, being moribund, cannot be examined. I suspect their style to be personal, but am unable to go beyond this.

There are a variety of types of interplay. The simplest form is exclamatory. Both Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont punctuate one another's narratives at moments of tension, excitement, pathos or humour with a range of exclamations and interjections: Oh my God! Oh non! Phew! Oui! Oui dame! and combinations of these and others are scattered throughout the text of every narrative.

With laughter, they are the most common form of interplay. They are spontaneous, and do not interfere with the progress of the narrator. They are numerous and therefore characteristic. A similar pattern was noticed with Mrs. Barter and her audiences, and was apparently acceptable behaviour in the public veillée.

Other forms of interplay involve cooperation, explanation, justification and interjected teasing reprimands. Cooperation takes the form of one or the other of the ladies helping the other over a detail in a story, or recalling the next event in a tale, or helping solve a linguistic problem or, as in one case, actually taking over the narration of the tale.

The following extract has Mrs. Kerfont recall to Mrs. Ozon's memory the name of a villain:

- B.O: Pis asteure il ava dit, hein, quand qu'il alliont la tuer d'y arracher les deux yeux d'la tête pis y apporter pour, pour proof hein?
 A.K: P'tit Golo.
 B.O: C'est Golo qu'était son nom hein?
 A.K: Oh ouais, ça tait son nom.
 B.O: Cte gars-lâ.
 A.K: Golo, Golo, ouais.
 B.O: Quand qu'il arriviont pour tuer la femme...
 (MUNFLA F1710/74-195, p. 24)

In the next quotation, Mrs. Ozon brings a motif into focus for Mrs. Kerfont:

- A.K: So anyhow--wait now, I kinda fergets there...Ah yes--no, I fergets there, look!
 B.O: Elle a-ti pas été dans la chambre qu'i ava trouvé cte beau prince?
 A.K: Ah oui! She went in--it was a castle then.
 B.O: Oui.
 (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, pp. 18-19)

Linguistic confusion was cleared up in the following context by a general appeal on the part of the storyteller, Mrs. Kerfont, to both Mrs. Ozon and myself:

- A.K: ...He says, "In de bottom a de, de, i's--dey had a big, big well dere, y'know--used to support all de town eh? An in dat well e--was a, a, ah, comment ça?
 B.O: Garnouille?
 A.K: Oh no no no, no...in crapaud?
 G.T: Crapaud?
 A.K: In crapaud...
 G.T: Eh? A toad.
 A.K: Yeah, I s'pose.
 G.T: Toad, yeah, un crapaud.
 A.K. & B.O: Ouais.
 A.K: Well da's it. Dat, dat now used to suck all de water. An de, de wheat dere I guess was de, de, a souris blanche fer to eat de, de, de--machine là.
 G.T: Hm?
 A.K: Des racines là.
 B.O: Oh! oh!
 A.K: De roots.
 G.T: The roots?
 A.K: Yeah, Uh well now, he had it all een...knowed it all...
 (MUNFLA F1719/74-195, p. 6)

Similar examples are to be found in many of the tales told by Mrs. Kerfont, although Mrs. Ozon, who narrated only in her mother tongue, was rarely at a loss for the appropriate word.

A final example of cooperation can be seen in this exchange, where Mrs. Ozon's inability to remember the next part of the tale is solved by Mrs. Kerfont assuming the role of the narrator and concluding the tale:

- B.O: Ça fa s'couche avec eune jambe en bas du lit hein. A dit, "Quoi-c-qu'est la cause de ça" a dit, "t'es pas capable de t'coucher dans l'lit?"--"Bien" i dit, "c'est d'même qu'ej couche."
- A.K: Poor way!
- G.O: "Troisième soirée à souère" a dit--
- A.K: Ah ha! ha! ha!
- B.O: "Tu t'couches avec eune jambe en bas du du lit." Ça fa i dit, "C'est okay" i dit, "dors." Quand qu'alle était endormie, il ertourne encore don hein. Ça fait il a pas erv'nu. Mais asteure moi ej sais pas là là. Ej sais pas ça hein.
- A.K: Il a erv'nu lui.
- B.O: Mais anyway l'end'main, le l'end'main matin don quand son père se lève il a té en jardin...
- A.K: No no, wait now. It was an ole witch in dere y'know. Er...
- B.O: Ej sais pas.
- A.K: Well yes now, when--de two o' dem when dey went wit deir dogs eh? So anyhow when ah, when ah...when she come she said, "Oh my God, I'm frighten your dog" she said, "tie your dog!"--"My dog is not cross," he said...
- (MUNFLA F1719/74-195, p. 13)

Mrs. Kerfont continued the tale to its conclusion, after correcting Mrs. Ozon whose memory had made her make a mistake in her narration, and prompted her to say twice that she did not know the tale. It must be emphasized, at the same time, that if both ladies are able to help each other in tale narration, it is because they have both heard the tales told and retold, and know them reasonably well.

Explanations are frequently of a linguistic nature, a feature already noted in Mrs. Barter's narratives:

- B.O: Pis a y donne trois noix--vous saves quoi-c-que c'est eune noix, hein?
- G.T: Hm.
- B.O: Noisette.
- (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 8)

Mrs. Ozon did not know whether I knew the word noix, which she glossed with the term noisette.

In the following example, Mrs. Kerfont uses an expression I did not know while narrating a tale and, as the conversation illustrates, seemed

to be not in the least bit disconcerted by my interruption:

- A.K: ...Ah! well her, she couldn' eat! Alle a trapé eune venette!
 B.O: Phew!
 G.T: Tch'est-ce qu'ell a attrapé?
 A.K: Eune venette.
 G.T: Qu'est-ce que c'est ça?
 B.O: Eune peur.
 A.K: She was frightened, eh?
 G.T: Yeah--ah oui!
 A.K: An'...ha! ha! eune venette!
 G.T: Je connaissais pas ça!
 B.O: J'appelons ça eune venette, nous autes!
 G.T: Oui.
 A.K: So she passed it to her girl, but she know she'd faint right there--she'd do that--she hadn't to pass it to her. So anyway...
 B.O: Ah! Quoi-c-qu'i a marqué sus la note?
 A.K: Well, he had told you eh? I told you, I said that already there.
 B.O: Oh.
 A.K: So he comes out, him. He says, "Nine o'clock," he says, "all hands to bed."...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 11)

I was not the only person who needed an explanation, and after both ladies had explained the meaning, one in English, the other in French, of the word venette, Mrs. Kerfont had to give a further clarification to Mrs. Ozon, who had temporarily forgotten the thread of the tale.

In another, similar context, and in the same tale, Mrs. Ozon was obliged to ask Mrs. Kerfont for a further explanation, provided with barely a break in the flow of the narrative, although Mrs. Kerfont was in a linguistic pickle for a moment; telling her story in English, she begins to answer the question posed in French in that language--though reverting quickly to English:

- A.K: ...When her head was clear of the door, he gives her one--down she comes!
 B.O: Tchi-c-qu'i faisait?
 A.K: I l'a--he killed the old woman. That's the mother there.

B.O: La vieille marabaisse!
 A.K: When the queen...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 12)

Justification in folktales tends to take the form of a formulaic statement, uttered when some unlikely or implausible motif appears which draws mocking laughter from the audience:

B.O: "Comment qu'tu d'mandes pour ta vache?"--"Ben" i dit, "ej la vends cinq sous l'poil."
 A.K: Ha! ha! ha!
 B.O: C'est in conte! "Ben" i dit...
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 22)

In this case it was Mrs. Kerfont's laughter which drew forth the justificatory phrase c'est in conte, but Mrs. Kerfont, too, was able to use it, in French, although her narration was in English:

A.K: "Well" she said, "get in that an I'll put you under my tongue. There...
 B.O: Haaa! ha! ha!
 A.K: C'est in conte! She says, "There, she wouldn' find you eh? Okay...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 7)

This phrase, c'est in conte, was used frequently by Mrs. Barter in exactly the same kind of narrative context. It is perhaps of recent vintage, if 'that willing suspension of disbelief' which listeners to folktales are alleged to adopt was generally held; for the sceptic laughter which draws it forth seems to deny that present day audiences share any suspension of disbelief at all. It may well be a sign of a dying Märchen tradition that narrators have to justify magical motifs.

Perhaps the most common kind of interplay to occur between Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont is what I term the teasing reprimand. I cannot say how typical this is of the narrative tradition in general on the Port-au-Port peninsula, but it is certainly characteristic of the two ladies.

It might be added that Mrs. Kerfont usually gave the reprimand, and on two occasions I was the victim. The reprimands were prompted by my not drinking my beer as fast as Mrs. Kerfont would have liked. They can be termed teasing because she was not genuinely angry; because the infraction was trifling in all cases; and because they were associated with a good deal of laughter.

A.K: ...So she passed him the note. Drink! Oh nom de Dieu drink!
 G.T: Mais je bois dans la bouteille!
 A.K: Eune pile! Look at mine, almost all gone!
 G.T: Ah!
 A.K: Ah!...Then he passed him the note...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 12)

My second reprimand came following an interruption I made after incorrectly assuming that a tale had ended:

A.K: ...That's the witch she made into her.
 B.O: Oh my God!
 A.K: Now...
 G.T: That's the end of the story?
 A.K: It's not the end of the story.
 G.T: It's not?
 A.K: No.
 G.T: No.
 A.K: No.
 G.T: What happened then?
 A.K: Tiens, maudit gars, he winks!
 B.O: Ah ha! ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!
 A.K: I boit pas là.
 G.T: Si si, je bois.
 A.K: Ah, gardez, i boit pas, vous autes! Look at me! I'm almost two bottles gone! J'vais m'jaguer!
 G.T: What's the end of the story?
 A.K: Anyway, well, the old woman...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, pp. 15-16)

As this exchange indicates, I had entered into the spirit of the moment by winking at Mrs. Ozon, a conspiratorial wink appreciated by her since she knew, as did Mrs. Kerfont, that I was teasing the latter into finishing her narration.

On another occasion, Mrs. Kerfont interrupted Mrs. Ozon in the middle of a tale, to reproach her for speaking with her hand in front of her mouth:

- B.O: ...Tire sa calotte, i fait bien noir--
 A.K: Tire tes doigts d'ta dgeule! Tire tes doigts d'ta dgeule!
 B.O: Oh toi, t'es folle!
 A.K: Ha! ha!
 B.O: Là anyway, la troisième soirée...
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 6)

Mrs. Kerfont succeeded in provoking a response to her reprimand, as Mrs. Ozon tells her she is folle. Mrs. Kerfont's reaction to that is to laugh, and the tale continues as if nothing had happened.

Another reprimand was leveled at Mrs. Ozon who was smiling at her friend's use of macaronic speech:

- G.T: Well, how does it go on from there?
 A.K: Well yes. They was jealous of the other--she was so pretty her, eh? She was pretty, her. An she as, three an they were ugly as the devils. An now they used to put her... all..cendres, eh? A la place eh? Assez, tu sais!
 B.O: Ah ha! ha!
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 13)

On one occasion, Mrs. Ozon inserted a comment, in French, to describe a character in a tale being told by Mrs. Kerfont; but it was spoken with a malicious gleam in her eye, as she caught Mrs. Kerfont using French in her narration once more:

- A.K: An her, she wasn' dancin at all, the ugly one! Blank!
 B.O: Trop vilaine!
 A.K: Trop vilaine!...Gardez-la! After, anyhow...
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 17)

Mrs. Kerfont's gardez-la was aimed at Mrs. Ozon, and indicated that she knew she was being teased.

A final quotation, to illustrate how this constant teasing could lead to a squabble, and perhaps a quarrel, is taken not from a tale but

from an ordinary conversation. Mrs. Kerfont's voice had a malicious ring to it, as she was marking a point of revenge in her favour, following some earlier ~~disagreement~~ ~~they had had~~:

- G.T: Hein? Autrement je peux boire, mais lentement.
 A.K: Ouais ouais. Ton tour...T'es folle!...Merci...hein?
 Dormouse!
 B.O: J'sais pas quoi-c-qu'est la cause. Je m'endors tout l'temps, j'm'endors.
 A.K: Tu smoques de moi hein? Ej t'ai pas dit...
 B.O: Ej m'ai pas...
 A.K: A y a dit...I tole you every time it happens dat now, you, every time. Da's every time dat dere. You know you made fun a me a spell ago.
 B.O: Ah moi, j'm'endors des fois mais toi aussitôt qu'tu bois tu dors à tous les coups, hein? Mais moi c'est ienque à souère qu'ça m'tape là, hein?
 A.K: Ah, c'est pareil comme moi, ça m'tape des fois.
 B.O: Pas ienque des fois. T'es tout l'temps d'même.
 A.K: Uh dame non. Pas...
 B.O: Tu t'assis pour cinq minutes pis tu joues pas aux cartes, tu dors.
 A.K: Uh non, c'est pas vrai ça.
 B.O: C'est vrai ouais.
 A.K: Now now, don't tell lies, don't tell lies my dear. Tell de truth.
 B.O: C'est pas des menteries, ça.
 A.K: But now you're gettin it. Me I'm all right now, me.
 B.O: Ej m'entchête pas.
 A.K: I'm all right now, me. It's gone from me. But you're gettin it, you. An you're gonna get it as long as I get it...
 B.O: [Some words mumbled]...Moi j'peux rien, tu t'moques de moi...
 A.K: Ej moque pas d'toi moi. Ej moque pas moi. Tu moques toi...
 B.O: J'ai pas fini s'i faut qu'ej...
 A.K: Well da's it! Makin fun a me eh? I tole you for all. You shouldn' talk about me when I was...
 B.O: Ej t'ai pas dit--ej t'ai pas moqué.
 A.K: Ouais!
 B.O: Ej dis ej pouvais pas ouère.
 A.K: A dit--well da's it. It's hard eh? You knows yourself eh?
 B.O: Ej sais que c'est vrai.
 A.K: Well now you knows i's, you knows i's true eh?
 B.O: J'ai attrapé cte maladie-là déjà.
 A.K: Oui--eune maladie--sleeping sickness dey call dat...
 (MUNFLA F1710/74-195, pp. 6-7)

This rapid and fiery exchange came and went like a spring shower.

The cause of the ~~dispute~~ was the sleepiness with which Mrs. Ozon was

temporarily afflicted; Mrs. Kerfont's argument was that when she herself had had it, Mrs. Ozon had made fun of her. Now she was able to say "I told you so." At one point the exchange became quite heated, and it is easy to see how such aggressive teasing, which took place in all the interviews, might lead to the two ladies not being on speaking terms from time to time.

The most striking form of interplay between the two ladies, both in conversation and in narration, was their use of slight sexual allusions. Now their language was never scatological or obscene; it was more a matter of attitude or tone. None of the stories they told were bawdy. It is interesting to observe that while folklore scholars are interested in bawdy material, to the best of my knowledge they have neglected to study the use made of allusion and euphemism in the storytelling situation. Yet the slight sexual allusion in the tales, no matter how disguised, frequently produces an interesting tension and very often provokes laughter amongst many tellers and their audiences.

Laughter, of course, is one of the chief means of putting a person at ease. One allusion was used specifically to make Mrs. Kerfont less reluctant to begin telling stories to me. The allusion hints at but never specifies, and it succeeded in relaxing Mrs. Kerfont, as we all joined in the laughter!

G.T: Well when you tell me some more times, I mean you'll get used and you won't bother about me then.

B.O: Non!

G.T: Right?

A.K: Right.

B.O: C'est l'premier coup qu'est l'pire! Oh ho! ho! ho!

(MUNFLA F1707/74-195, p. 20)

The second such allusion was also made by Mrs. Ozon and it was again in order to encourage Mrs. Kerfont, this time to tell a tale:

G.T: Come on now, tell that story!
 B.O: Bien, tu sais...
 A.K: It's not long, it's only a small piece.
 G.T: Okay, that's all right.
 B.O: C'est meilleur qu'--in p'tit morceau c'est meilleur qu'arien!
 Ha! ha!
 (MUNFLA F1707/74-195, p. 26)

Mrs. Ozon did not have a monopoly of allusive remarks or comments:

B.O: "Ah" i dit, "moi j'as rien vu." Là anyway i s'faisont
 l'amour...
 A.K: Uh dame, c'est bon ça!
 B.O: Ouais, faisont l'amour...
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 7)

An element in a tale narrated by Mrs. Kerfont, in which a young man, despite his fatigue, jumps out of bed to make love to a woman who has mysteriously appeared in his bedroom, prompts Mrs. Ozon to laughingly condone his deed:

A.K: The room come full o' lights--an he look in the corner--
 beautiful lady! "Tom" she says, "come on, we'll have a good
 time tonight, me n you" she says. Well My God! He was
 tired, mais i l'a garâché tout en grand!
 B.O: Ha! ha! ha! ha! I guess!
 A.K: He t'row the blanket over him an he took her! An he was
 jus' gonna give her a kiss, alle a rentré d'dans ielle, la
 vieille là.
 B.O: Oh!
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 4)

Mrs. Ozon's disappointment at the thwarting of Tom's desire was neatly expressed in her Oh!.

Sometimes the allusion is made by the narrator herself, with no more than a pause and a mild comment:

A.K: When she got a-ways down the yard, the ball o' wool come
 out of her arms, et? An it fell, an it started to roll eh?
 An it fell in a hole, eh?...That's a thought!
 B.O: Ah ha! ha! ha!
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 14)

In the following example, it was the chuckle in Mrs. Kerfont's voice which made the phrase "man in de night" take on added significance:

A.K: "Now" he says, "what do you want me to be" he says, "dog in de day or man in de day, or man in de day an dog in de night?"--"Oh" she says, "I radder for you to be dog in de day" she says, "man in de night."

B.O: Ha! ha! ha!
(MUNFLA F1710/74-195, p. 19)

Intonation was also the means of insinuating a double-entendre into the flow of narrative, as in the following brief extract:

A.K: "She wants you to sleep wit her foal."--"Well me, I likes foals so much" she says, "I'll like it."

B.O: Ha! ha! ha!
(MUNFLA F1720/74-195, p. 4)

Mrs. Ozon alertly picked up the significance of the "I'll like it."

A final example of such allusion, from the same narrative as the preceding one, has Mrs. Ozon twice commenting overtly about her expectations, as projected through the heroine of the tale:

A.K: Oh! She got in de bed a nice bed an eh, gosh, by an by she look is a young prince comin den, murder!

B.O: [Whistles] Woh, what a night! Ha!

A.K: He jumped in dere wit her too y'know!

B.O: Ha! ha! I guess!
(MUNFLA F1720/74-195, pp. 4-5)

It is difficult to say whether the various kinds of interplay described were characteristic of public or private storytelling performances in the past, when the narrative tradition was well and truly alive. Remarks made by Mrs. Barter suggest that interplay of this kind certainly went on, but perhaps to a more limited extent. More evidence is required than is presently available before one can make any kind of categorical statement.

The fact remains, however, that the varied kinds of interplay observed between the two ladies all tend to break the flow of the narrative. I suspect that interplay was less frequent than today, and that it may be taken as a sign of an eroded tradition. But again, this

is an assumption, perhaps a rash one. Further evidence may change my tentative assessment of interplay. But so far as I know this aspect of narrative tradition has not been studied, and my assumptions need to be made if only to provoke further research on the subject for purposes of clarification.

Thus far in this chapter attention has been focussed on aspects of the performance style of the two ladies, with emphasis on interplay in its varied forms. I shall now move to aspects of the ladies' narrative style. In this concluding section I shall dwell on their use of formulaic speech on the one hand, and what I termed earlier the "macaronic context." The omission of any discussion of stylistic features such as adjective and verb use or sentence structure is because these features vary little from those observed with Mrs. Barter. On the other hand, their use of formulaic and macaronic speech is significantly different.

Unlike Mrs. Barter, neither Mrs. Ozon nor Mrs. Kerfont make great use of formulas or formulaic expressions. Although both tell stories, neither would lay claim, I think, to a reputation as a storyteller of the public tradition. Apart from the one occasion mentioned in the preceding chapter, which led me to discover them, I never once heard reference to them as known narrators.

Perhaps because of failing memory, or because of the rarity of storytelling situations, the ladies do not seem to see themselves as conscious bearers of a tradition, in the way Mrs. Barter sees herself. For this reason, the ladies may have unwittingly strayed from a conventional style of narration. This would be quite natural, since they

tell stories to pass the time together, in their own intimate, private tradition; they are not storytellers in the public tradition.

Formulas are used by both ladies either infrequently or in their simplest forms. Mrs. Ozon begins almost every narrative with a variation of the pattern "C'ta in homme et eune femme," or "Bien, ça c'ta in homme et eune femme" or "Bien, y avait in homme et eune femme." To this introductory phrase is usually added the number of children the parents have: "Il aviont in garçon," "Il aviont c'p'tit-là hein," "Il aviont in p,tit garçon," or, in one case, "I viviont tout seuls eh, tous les deux."

Mrs. Kerfont does not stray from this opening formula, save that in her case the language is English: "One time dere was a man an a woman, dey ad t'ree sons--Jack an Bill an Tom"; "One time there was a king an a queen"; "Well one time it was a man an a woman, they ad--t'ree daughters." Almost every tale begins according to one of these similar formulas, and variation may be no more than the addition of a "Well" before "one time," for example.

There are few internal formulas in the ladies' narratives. In the discussion of Mrs. Barter's style, I noted her frequent use of the triple repetition of verbs, especially of the verb marcher. Mrs. Ozon made use of this device only three times in seven tales. Two examples were almost exactly the same: "Anyway, i marchont, pis i marchont, i marchont anyway," while the third varied by the addition of an augmentative temporal phrase: "Ça fa anyway, i marche anyway, i marche et i marche pour des jours et des nuits."

More often the repetition is double, not triple, and this is especially the case for Mrs. Kerfont: "So he travelled an travelled"; "So she travelled an travelled"; "They travelled les gars, they travelled a long while." Once, Mrs. Kerfont made use of the formulaic "three days and three nights": "Anyhow he travelled three days an three nights too."

Other expressions, formulaic in nature but not strictly of the tale, include the justificatory "C'est in conte, hein" and "C'est d'même qu'i conte eh?" Both ladies used the former, "C'est in conte," Mrs. Kerfont using it even in her English narrations.

Closing formulas have not been well maintained by either lady. Mrs. Ozon never used the widespread "S'i sont pas morts, i vivont encore," and the nearest she came to any kind of closing formula at all was a phrase in the order of "Pis c'est ça! C'est fini"; "Pis ça a fini là" or "Tout fini--c'est tout qu'ej sais." Most of her narratives had no closing formula at all.

These flat conclusions may well be due to her failing grip on oral narrative style and the narratives themselves. She often added as a post script to a tale a phrase such as "C'est pas l'p'tit quart," 'It's not the quarter of it,' or "C'est pas l'p'tit quart d'la motché," 'It's not the quarter of the half of it.' These phrases would indicate that the tale she had concluded was incomplete. Mrs. Barter also used this expression, but more sparingly.

Mrs. Kerfont made use of a closing formula on one occasion which echoed those used by Mrs. Ozon: "So c'est fini, c'est fini là." However, a somewhat more accomplished storyteller than Mrs. Ozon, she did use the

English equivalent of "S'i sont pas morts, i vivont encore," "If they're not dead, they're livin yet." It will be noted, on the other hand, that the form of her closing formula varied from example to example: "An then--if they're not dead--they might be livin yet"; "So dey're not dead, dey're livin"; "An dame, dey're livin yet"; "An if they're not dead, dey're livin"; and finally "An dey're not livin." Occasionally, she omits the closing formula altogether.

Compared to Mrs. Barter, Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont not only make a much smaller use of formulaic expressions, they also stray from the most commonly used forms. While it would be unfair to push a comparison between Mrs. Barter and the ladies too far, for they are not narrators of the former's calibre, their treatment of formulas and formulaic expressions can be viewed as another sign of the general erosion of the narrative tradition amongst French Newfoundlanders.

Moving from formulaic to macaronic speech, a few general comments are first in order. After the initial awkwardness of the very first recording session, it was possible to observe the two ladies interacting free of embarrassment or constraint. This allowed me to record local bilingualism in its most natural expression. It is a mark of the influence of English on the Port-au-Port peninsula that almost all French speakers are capable of expressing themselves in English, with greater or lesser fluency.

Generally, the older people will use French whenever possible, while younger ones, though often able and willing to use their mother tongue, will generally opt for English when faced with the choice. This is probably due to the influence of the school, where English has always

been the usual medium of communication. There are, of course, many exceptions to this generalization, to be accounted for by the peculiarities of some people's background.

Mrs. Ozon, for example, hardly ever uses English unless she is obliged to, that is to say when speaking to somebody who knows no French. Mrs. Kerfont, on the other hand, the product of a mixed Franco-English union, spoke little French until her marriage, when it became the normal, everyday medium. It was noted earlier that she tells all her stories in English, despite having learnt them in French; but she is fluently bilingual, merely preferring apparently to use English most of the time.

The consequence of an almost universal bilingualism amongst French Newfoundlanders is a natural penetration of one language by the other. This question has been dealt with in general elsewhere in this study; here I propose to examine the way linguistic interference appears in narratives.

I use the term 'macaronic speech' to cover a wide range of phenomena but basically, it includes the following features. In the first instance, it involves the use, in one language or the other, of words borrowed from the second language. It includes also the intercalation of phrases and even whole sentences from one language in the body of a narrative told in the other; and finally, macaronic speech occurs in what I term a 'macaronic context' which presents the curious and somewhat disconcerting sight of two people carrying on a conversation in two different languages, with perfect comprehension on both sides.

Both Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont use isolated English or French words in their speech. Mrs. Ozon uses rather more anglicisms in her

French than Mrs. Kerfont uses gallicisms in her English. Most anglicisms mused by the former are those which have been generally adopted by the majority of French speakers.

They include a number of gallicised verbs such as to mind (i mindiont), to wonder (i wonderiont), to drive (i driviont back), to feed (feedait), to feel (J'feelee pas), to suit (suitier), to banish (banishé) and to stand (stan'er). To the English pronunciation is simply added the appropriate verb ending.

Borrowings of nouns are usually to express objects or concepts which the earliest settlers from France could not or did not know: le truck à huile (the oil truck); le power (electricity), le mail, le mailman, le bus. Other words, not technical in nature, have also been appropriated by French speakers. Some, like in puttin (a pudding) may have a French equivalent, but have been adopted because they reflect a particularly local dish; others reflect the superior social status of English: one talks about l'alphabet (with English pronunciation), une job or un visitor (rather than un visiteur). A visitor, it may be implied, is an English speaking outsider, for whom one must be on one's best behaviour, if not actually acting "grand."

In addition to such isolated words, a variety of expletives drawn from English are to be found scattered throughout French speech, such as By geewhiz Chris', Goddam! Oh my God! While this list is not exhaustive, it may be noted that Mrs. Ozon did not use, in the recordings I made of her, many more than those given above.

Mrs. Kerfont's English is even freer of purely lexical gallicisms. I noted less than half a dozen isolated French words in her narratives.

On the other hand, all her tales were liberally sprinkled with whole phrases and even whole sentences in French. These seem to be of three chief kinds: those where she cannot remember the English words or phrases; those used when, carried away by the excitement of her narrative, she lapses into her mother tongue; and finally, those where she recalls, consciously or unconsciously, the words of the tale as she first learnt it.

Simple lexical lacunae often prompt the use of French in Mrs. Kerfont's narrations:

A.K: She made the soup herself eh? She knowed what she put in, eh? But after the soup was cooked, well, des garnouilles an all kinds o' beasts to be seen eh?
(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 14)

Failing to remember the English word frog, Mrs. Kerfont used the dialectal garnouilles. Occasionally, it is hard to judge whether the word is lacking, or whether the motif has been incompletely recalled:

A.K: So anyhow, the girl takes the stick an she strucked on the rock, oh my God! She got a suit the colour o' the sun! An a--what she had? A--a little waggon--by God!-- c'est pas des chwals, c'est pas des chwals. My gosh, j'sais pas ça. Well I put it for a horse anyhow, I forgets it.
(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 16)

This kind of problem encountered by the narrator can lead to interaction between storyteller and audience, as I mentioned earlier. In the following extract, first Mrs. Ozon and then I help Mrs. Kerfont find the words she needs (some of the following quotations have been used earlier to illustrate other points):

A.K: He says, "In de bottom a de, de, i's"--dey had a big, big well, dere, y'know--used to support all de town eh? An in dat well e--was a, a, ah, comment ça?
B.O: Garnouille?

A.K: Oh non non non...in crapaud?
 G.T: Crapaud?
 A.K: In crapaud...
 G.T: Eh? A toad.
 A.K: Yeah, I s'pose.
 G.T: Toad, yeah, un crapaud.
 A.K. & B.O: Ouais.
 A.K: Well da's it. Dat, dat now used to suck all de water.
 An de, de, de wheat dere I guess was de, de, a souris
 blanche fer to eat de, de, de...machine là.
 G.T: Hm?
 A.K: Des racines là.
 B.O: Oh oh!
 A.K: De roots.
 G.T: The roots?
 A.K: Yeah.
 (MUNFLA F1719/74-195, p. 6)

When Mrs. Kerfont becomes confused in this way, she usually lapses into French and, moreover, she does so consciously:

A.K: "Yes" he said, "you got horses an ploughs, plough up your wheat good" he said, "c'est eune souris blanche hein?"
 I've got to French it. "I's eune souris blanche" he said...
 (MUNFLA F1719/74-195, p. 7)

Mrs. Kerfont is well aware of the humour inherent in such linguistic confusion, as the following exchange betrays; but she also justifies herself, a point which will be taken up shortly:

G.T: Well how does it go from there?
 A.K: Well yes, They was jealous of the other--she was so pretty her. An she ad three an they was ugly as the devils. An now they used to put her...all...cendres, eh?
A la place, eh? /to B.O., who is grinning/ Assez, tu sais!
 B.O: Ah ha! ha!
 A.K: In French it goes better eh? It goes--it's a French story.
 B.O: Moi j'sais pas ça mignonne!
 A.K: Ah! Tu sais!
 (MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 13)

The second kind of macaronic intrusion involves the use of French when Mrs. Kerfont becomes excited at the events in her narrative, and slips into her mother tongue:

A.K: When the dog her he made a spring at her, she says, alle a garâché tout en grand là! I'm French an English to it, me y'know.
(MUNFLA F1707/74-195, p. 13)

The apologetic explanation was addressed to me rather than to Mrs. Ozon, who would have had no trouble following such macaronic speech. The excitement that one hears in Mrs. Kerfont's voice occasionally appears in the written word, with its oath and onomatopoeia:

A.K: "What!" e said, "you cooked de little girl for me for my dinner?" She said "Yes, to ave peace wit you" she said. [..] "I sent de boy wit it to bring it to you, fer you to eat so e'd never return eh?"--"Mes amis, ej la prends par la friggin du cou et, ej zig! Coupe, coupe d'Dieu prends ça! Pis c'est tout. Da's all it is là."
(MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 2)

Of course, the use of French, of the mother tongue, is a reflection of Mrs. Kerfont's heightened emotions at the climax of the narration. Here are three further examples which illustrate the same feature, the use of French at moments of tension:

A.K: ...They'd be around you, but they wouldn't hurt you.
C'tait ielle, la vache! I should tell it just the same...
(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 5)

La vache (the cow) in this context refers to the old witch who is the villain of the tale. In the next example, a note containing evidence of treachery prompts Mrs. Kerfont to use the phrase "attraper eune venette," meaning to be frightened:

A.K: Okay. They was at the table, so Jack hauled his plate, eh? It fell on his lap. Il a r'gardé. There was him, then the queen, then her daughter, eh? He read it--he passed it to the queen. Ah! well her, she couldn't eat! Alle a attrapé eune venette!
(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 11)

The final example sees one of the three brothers falling all over a beautiful girl in his bedroom, and being surprised there by the old

witch. The two most tense moments are expressed in French:

A.K: Well my God! He was tired, mais i l'a garâche tout en grand!

B.O: Ha! ha! ha! ha! I guess!

A.K: He t'row the blankets over him an he took her! An he was jus' gonna give her a kiss, alle a rentré d'dans ielle, la vieille là.

(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 4)

It may be suggested here that the lapsing into French, the language of the original narrations (as will become clear shortly), is a sign that English is an overlaid language. Not only does French reappear at moments of tension, as described above, but certain key phrases in tales are often put into French:

A.K: Jack set out. He was only small him--tout p'tit, tout p'tit. Well, he told his mother an father...

(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 5)

Jack, the usual hero of tales told by French Newfoundlanders, whether in French or English, is almost always described as being small or, in French, tout p'tit.

The old witch, the most common villain in Franco-Newfoundland folk-tales, is rendered by la vieille sorciaise (the appellation, I note in passing, of local midwives). In this extract, Mrs. Kerfont uses the French term, translating either for me or because she was trying to stick to the same language:

A.K: She looked in the hole an saw a vieille sorciaise là. Ha! ha! ha! An ole witch there...

(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 14)

A characteristic phrase in one tale is almost untranslatable, involving an onomatopoeia:

A.K: ... "An when you talk, you'll say 'prout-prout ma mère!'"

B.O: [Claps her hands] Ha! ha! ha!

A.K: An er...dat's de way we heard it now--don't come tell me that!

(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 15)

Mrs. Kerfont pertinently notes that "dat's de way we heard it now," that is to say, she heard the tale in French, and remembers the striking and important phrase from the French narration.

Such phrases are almost formulaic, with a repetitive pattern, as in the following example:

A.K: "You're gonna drive de fire an me I'll be gone to de store." Okay. Now e was, im, e was makin fire in. A dit "Ti-Frère, Ti-Frère" a dit, "tu m'brûles, tu m'brûles!" Da's from de story, eh? E look aroun', e couldn't see er eh? A dit "Ti-Frère" a dit, "tu m'brûles!" E heist up de cover to see what was in dere--all cooked.
(MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 2)

Mrs. Kerfont again explains that the reason she uses French is because "Da's from de story, eh?"

One final example, in the shape of a proverbial comparison, serves to underline the tenacity of the mother tongue:

A.K: He wouldn't look at the other one at all. The other one was vilaine comme in diabe!
(MUNFLA F1709/74-195, p. 16)

In the following passage, not only does Mrs. Kerfont speak clearly about the cause of her use of French, but she illustrates, through the conversation with Mrs. Ozon, the third kind of macaronic form, what I have termed the "macaronic context." Here, both speakers use a different language from the other, with perfect comprehension:

A.K: Oh gosh, go on! Tell a few words to it dere Saint Zenevieve dere. Come on. C'est beau ça, me, I likes French stories.
My gosh!

G.T: Hm.

A.K: I likes dat me--come on!

G.T: But you heard all those stories in French, that you told me?

A.K: I's all French stories I knows eh?

G.T: But they were told to you in French.

A.K: Told to me in French, I larn quicker French stories dan I larns English.

G.T: But you tell them in English.
 A.K: I tells them in English eh? It goes good in French though.
 Come on!
 B.O: T'es folle!
 A.K: My God, a hard tête! Here, come on.
 B.O: J'feelee pas, j'feelee pas pour conter in conte.
 A.K: Feel, feel, tu feeles, feelee un conte.
 B.O: J'feelee à dormir.
 A.K: Well yeah, you talk see. Like dat you, you, you'd be all
 right eh? Come on mignonne, chante, chante, chante! Ha!
 ha! ha! Come on?
 B.O: Ej sais pas ça moi.
 (MUNFLA F1710/74-195, pp. 9-10)

Mrs. Kerfont repeated on other occasions that although she narrated in English, she found it much easier to learn the tales from French versions:

A.K: I can't larn English stories eh?
 B.O: Non.
 A.K: No sir, I larn quicker French stories.
 G.T: Yeah?
 A.K: Dan I larn...
 B.O: Que des contes anglais.
 A.K: I, I talk, tell em in English, eh?
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 13)

Mrs. Kerfont explained why she narrated in English:

A.K: If I could talk good French, it'd be some nice. But me,
 French stories, sometimes I don't tell it in English.
 B.O: C'est funny.
 A.K: Oh, I can tell it in French too, eh?
 B.O: Mais oui.
 A.K: Some words I can't pronounce in English, I says it in
 French.
 (MUNFLA F1708/74-195, p. 18)

Like many French Newfoundlanders, Mrs. Kerfont feels her kind of French is not "good" and indeed, compared to Mrs. Ozon's, it may well be less fluent. The degree of fluency in French does vary considerably among French Newfoundlanders, and this is probably one of the contributing factors to the prevalence of macaronic contexts.

Macaronic speech can be seen to be widespread in its different forms amongst French Newfoundlanders. It is symptomatic of a culture which has been under considerable pressure, linguistic and other.¹ Its presence may be taken as a further sign of the erosion of linguistic integrity, and in folktales, its presence can be seen as a disrupting agent in the smooth flow of a narration. It is disrupting in that it can be confusing for the audience; because it sometimes provokes interruptions for the purpose of explanations of words, and justification for the use of the second language.

Combined with the other pressures which have been exerted on the storytelling tradition of the Port-au-Port peninsula, macaronic speech can be seen as a small but significant contributor to the loss of an older tradition. Yet there is still something heartening in this apparent list of woes. Macaronic speech could well be taken as a sign of strength, as a form of adaptation to an ever-changing world. The public storytelling tradition has gone; the private remains. French has suffered the impact of English; but tales are still told.

In this light, Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont can be seen in a less than pessimistic light. While they seem to have lost their enthusiasm for tale telling, under the influence of television and other social changes, while their storytelling style may be divorced from the now dead public tradition, they still tell tales. Despite the soap opera, despite the length and repetitiveness of tales, despite the need to

¹ For general discussion of these pressures, see my "A Tradition Under Pressure: Folk Narratives of the French Minority of the Port-au-Port Peninsula, Newfoundland (Canada)." Studia Fennica 20: Folk Narrative Research, Helsinki, 1976, 192-201.

cajole them into telling tales, despite the influence of English, despite all the negative factors one may perceive, they still narrate.

It is perhaps optimistic to set these negative features aside, but I would argue that the two ladies do not represent the tail end of a storytelling tradition; rather, I would see in them an isolated example of the private, intimate storytelling tradition, a tradition that has been little explored. It is easy to see the two ladies, now well into middle age, as the last exponents of Märchen narration; is it too bold to see in them the tip of an iceberg, the body of which may only be brought to the surface by a much more intensive in-depth collecting?

CHAPTER TWELVE

CONCLUSION

This study has examined the storytelling art of four French Newfoundlanders. The lengthy discussion of each storyteller was put in focus by an outline of the history of the French in Newfoundland, a summary description of the French dialect spoken on the Port-au-Port peninsula, and by an account of my collecting experiences there.

I would suggest that the four storytellers are typical of French narrators on the peninsula today, if not of those of former times. The differences between the older tradition and the contemporary one will be outlined shortly, but they derive in part from the contexts in which tales were told.

It will be recalled that this study was initiated to prove that folktales could be collected from French Newfoundlanders. The late J.T. Stoker had concluded, after a short visit to Cape St. George in the early sixties, that there was no trace of folktales to be found there.

He had probably expected to hear folktales in a veillée, the classic context for tale narration in French tradition. But he visited the area at a time when the custom of the veillée had very nearly ceased to exist, and even if the custom had existed, it would not have been practiced in the summer, the time at which he was there. But although the days of the veillée in which recognized performers told tales to eager audiences for hours at a time have passed, not all the great public performers have gone. They are, however, hard to find and often reluctant to perform.

Storytelling does continue, but no longer in an easily accessible public context. It survives in the private or family tradition. Here, storytellers who do not think of themselves as public performers confine their narrations to the intimacy of the home, in which a mother narrates to her children, or where two old friends while away the time reminiscing and telling stories.

Thus it is only the fortunate collector who gains access to this intimate tradition. And once there, and accepted, he is beset by the problem of inducing reluctant storytellers to perform. This they are reluctant to do because they do not feel as qualified to tell stories as did the great public performers they themselves heard.

Even this family and private tradition, so far as I can determine, was beginning to weaken at the time my collecting began. My interest seemed, however, to have had the beneficial effect of convincing at least a few informants that their traditions were worth holding on to, and several of them began consciously trying to recall tales which had started to fade from their memory. Discussion with folklore collectors from other areas makes me feel that this may often be the effect of the visits of enthusiastic collectors to areas where interest in the old tradition had been weakened by external modern pressures.

I shall recall briefly the chief factors which apparently contributed to the demise of the public storytelling tradition, and the weakening of the private tradition. These factors are all signs of social change, and have been equally influential in eroding tradition not merely on the Port-au-Port peninsula, but elsewhere in Newfoundland and indeed in the world at large.

The isolation in which Franco-Newfoundland communities grew began to lessen towards the end of the nineteenth century as the Catholic Church brought schools and education to the French enclave. In the early years of this century, the advent of the railway and the opening up of lumber camps on the west coast stimulated seasonal movement of the men who sought additional sources of income off the peninsula.

This movement grew significantly after the creation of the American Air Force Base at Stephenville in 1941. Both men and women were attracted to the job opportunities provided there, and new forms of entertainment such as movies, juke boxes and public games were made available to the French. Storytelling began to decline because of the absence of many narrators during the winter months, the season for the veillée.

In the minds of most of my informants, the greatest single factor in the decline of storytelling was the coming of electricity and television to the area in the early sixties. Television was novel, convenient, regularly scheduled, and did not need the stimulation of a large group. The storytelling tradition had been none of these.

Private storytelling continued after the advent of television. It is probable, however, that such differences as had hitherto existed between the public and private performance styles became accentuated after the demise of the veillée. Private storytellers could no longer add to their repertoires by listening to public narrators in the veillée. Nor could they model their private performance on that of the recognized storyteller, or borrow such stylistic devices as caught their attention.

Many informants have described the characteristic performance behaviour of public storytellers. I have been fortunate to have seen at least

one such performer narrating a few tales, though only to a small group. I have, of course, been able to observe a number of private/family narrators.

One readily observable difference between the public and private storytelling context is that in the former, the narrator did not have to be coaxed to tell tales. In my experience, almost all private narrators require a certain amount of cajolement. Although this may be in part due to my being an outsider, I have the distinct impression that it is now an integral part of the private storytelling performance.

An important difference between the two traditions is that private storytellers can be coaxed to relate incomplete versions of tales. It is doubtful that any respected public performer of the old days would have begun to tell a story unless he was sure that he knew it completely.

There are more precise differences between the two traditions. As far as I can tell, there was a good deal less interplay between narrator and audience in the public tradition than one can now find in the private performance. In the former, storytellers expected to have the complete and undivided attention of a serious audience; interplay was limited to appropriate emotional responses to dramatic or humorous statements made by the narrator. In the private performance, emotional reactions by the audience are also expected, but in addition there are interruptions, asides, comments and questions made by both narrator and audience.

Public narrators made great use of gesture and gesticulation. They would exploit the dramatic possibilities of any episode in a tale. Mrs. Barter told me of one of the old narrators who, when telling how a "little red man" spoilt Jack's soup by putting ashes from the stove into

the boiling pot, jumped to his feet, snatched an empty pot, placed it on the stove and threw a handful of ashes into it. The actor's dramatic fervour was so great, the audience had to be careful not to be stepped on, when the narrator was carried away by his performance.

Today, this exaggerated dramatic style is considered old-fashioned. Anybody given to much gesticulation, not only in storytelling but in everyday life, is mocked and compared to "the old Frenchmen." This rejection of an old-fashioned style reflects a general change in western behaviour, a change which has influenced people on the Port-au-Port peninsula.

The contemporary private narrator does not regard himself as a performing artist, and although he enjoys the stories, he has probably not devoted as much attention to them as did the public performer. As a consequence, less importance seems to be attached to fidelity to the formal devices and details of narration as were retained by the older school of narrators. Formulas and formulaic expressions are neglected or garbled. The feeling of the limitlessness of time implied by the triple repetition of events is no longer appreciated, probably influenced by the crisper pace of television and movies. Many other narrative details that would have been considered important by the older narrative performer, such as the names of characters, animals or objects, are omitted. These details have been forgotten by most private narrators, and they express no regret for it.

I have mentioned that I recorded one of the old-fashioned storytellers. As far as I can tell, from what other people have told me, he epitomized the old time public narrator. He needed no cajolment, told

full and long versions of tales wherever he could (he had stopped performing with the demise of the veillée, and his memory had suffered in the intervening years), and brought to his narrations considerable physical vigour in gesture and action, a delight in the repetition of events, and great attention to the minor details of the narrative. It is unlikely, I think, that such performers and the tradition they represent will be seen again. The public context is dead, and without a public stage, the public performer no longer has a place in which to perform.

The private, family tradition does seem more vital. Folktales are still being told in the home and amongst small groups of friends. With the growing awareness on the Port-au-Port peninsula that the old-fashioned traditions once scorned by the young people may have some prestige among outsiders, the French storytelling tradition, in its private, family manifestation on the peninsula, may even prosper.

PART III--THE TALES AND NOTES TO THE TALES

PART THREE

THE TALES AND NOTES TO THE TALES

This section presents the recorded repertoires of the four storytellers studied in Part Two. Rather than grouping the tales according to the divisions in Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson's The Types of the Folktale (Helsinki: FF Communications No. 184, 1961), I have followed the chronology of the recordings by informant. In this way, the reader will first find Mrs. Barter's repertoire, then "Uncle" Frank Woods', and finally the tales told by Mrs. Ozon and Mrs. Kerfont. In the case of the two ladies, I have not separated their repertoires since they were always recorded together.

The notes to each tale do not provide an extensive comparative coverage. This is because I have been concerned with internal study of a tradition. The few comparative notes included draw the reader's attention to little known variants of tales, to some important works or articles of recent vintage, and to versions of tales told by two or more of the four storytellers.

The notes are in general limited to identifying international tale types according the The Types of the Folktale, and to providing a list of the chief motifs in each narrative. For motifs I have used Stith Thompson's Motif-Index of Folk-Literature (Bloomington and London: Indiana University Press, 1955-58). This six volume work has been supplemented by Ernest W. Baughman's Type and Motif Index of the Folktales of England and North America (The Hague: Mouton, 1966). In a few cases, I have suggested tentative new type numbers, and rather more frequently, new motif numbers. Where new numbers are proposed, they are

identified by a following asterisk and the letters CEFT (Centre d'Etudes Franco-Terreneuviennes).

The notes are sometimes supplemented by comments of a general nature on the tale in question and, where possible, the narrator's source for a tale is given. If the narrator has been able to recall the approximate date at which a tale was learnt, it too is provided.

Where the storyteller has given a title to a story, it has been placed above the text, in inverted commas. If the title is in French, an English equivalent follows it. Where no title was given, I have used a brief English title of my own. All tales told in French are followed immediately by an English summary.

The texts of tales have been taken from tape recordings catalogued according to the system used by the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive. As was noted earlier, number refer to the collector's accession number, tape number and page(s) from the transcription of each tape. Three collections have been used in this study: my own (accession number 74-195); Geraldine Barter's (75-239); and the joint collection made by Miss Barter and myself (77-34). A sample reference is as follows: F1783/74-195, 3-5. This indicates a) the tape number; b) the collector's accession number; and c) the page references for the transcription of tape F1783. The date of each tale narration is also provided.

Following the tale corpus, I have provided a list of tale types and motifs. References are provided for the tale types but not for the motifs, many of which recur frequently in the different tales.

REPertoire OF MRS. ELIZABETH BARTER

1. "Les gateaux d'sel" (The salt cakes)

See chapter five, p.131 for the text of this personal experience story.
F1779/74-195, p. 1. Narrated on November 10, 1973.

2. Predicting one's future husband or one's death.

See chapter five, p.128 for the text of this narration. F1779/74-195,
pp. 4-5.

3. Sheep taken for ghosts.

This account of a personal experience also appears in chapter five, p. 130.
F1779/74-195, p. 5. The narrative can be classified under AT1318, Objects
Thought to be Ghosts (motif J1782, Things thought to be ghosts). One
may object that this account is not strictly speaking a tale type but
a memorat. It does however fit the pattern as outlined in The Types of
the Folktale.

4. Tree thought to be a ghost.

This account is also a memorat and can be given the same classification
as in the preceding narration. It also appears in chapter six, p. 147.
F1779/74-195, pp. 5-6. The remarkable feature of these first four
narratives is the way Mrs. Barter has dramatized the events she
describes. It was following the four memorats that Mrs. Barter began
her first actual tale.

5. "Le conte de Jack et la baleine" (The tale of Jack and the whale)

...Jack avait pris sa vache et pis allé en ville la vende. Pis il a pas pu vende la vache anyway, il a envoyé back la vache à la maison hein. Sa mère y a dit--i a dit à sa mère pouvait pas vende la vache hein. Pis là sa mère a dit, "Bien" a dit, "ej sras forcée aller travailler moi" a dit, "pour assayer d'aouère d'l'argent" a dit "pour nous autes aouère de quoi à manger." Et toujours lui il a, il a fait--son garçon a resté à la maison pis ielle alle a parti, travailler, l'endmain matin. Pis avant qu'alle a parti, i l'a dit, "Asteure" a dit, "tu vas prende la vache et tu vas y donner son diner pis" a dit, "tirer la vache" a dit "si j'sus pas ici bonne heure assez" a dit, "tu vas tirer la vache." Pis là sa mère a parti pis lui il a resté à la maison anyway. Prend la vache, i, i--par l'amârre, la hâle en haut sus la maison i l'amârre sus la chuinée, pis i y donne eune brassée d'foin à manger. La vache tombe en bas d'dsus la maison a s'câsse le cou. La vieille arrive à la maison au souère, "Bien" a dit, a dit "Jack" a dit, "as-tu donné à manger à la vache?"--"Oui" i dit, "j'ai donné à manger à la vache" i dit "mais alle a tombé pis" i dit, "a s'a câssé l'cou:" Vlà la vieille en colère. A dit "Gare!" a dit, "c'est ienque ça j'avions" a dit, "asteure pour nous donner du laite" a dit, "pis" a dit, "t'as tué, t'as té" a dit "tuer la vache."--"Non, j'l'ai pas tuée" i dit. "C'est ielle-même qui s'a tuée." (laughter) "Mais" a dit, "ailloù-c-que t'as mis la vache?" I dit, "Ej l'ai mis en haut sus la maison" i dit, "comme tu m'as dit" i dit "à manger. J'l'ai donné eune brassée d'foin pis ielle, alle a tombé en bas" i dit, "a s'a câssé l'cou." (laughter) Bien a dit "Jack" a dit, "ej peux pas t'comprende."

A dit "Non, ej peux pas t'comprende du tout" a dit. "Pis asteure" a dit, euh, "dmain matin" a dit, a dit "moi m'en vas rester à la maison" a dit, "faut j'fais tchuire du pain, pis toi" a dit, "tu vas aller qu'ri du bois." Là don, l'endmain matin a vnu, ielle a restait à la maison. Jack faulait qu'i s'greyait pour aller qu'ri du bois. Pis i tait faignant...(laughter) Toujours i va à la côte. I ramasse in beau fagot d'bois, i s'assit sus l'fagot d'bois--fatigué qu'i tait--pis i garde, "Non mais" i dit, "asteure si mon fagot d'bois s'en ira chez nous pis" i dit, "moi assis d'sus" hein. I tait bien assis sus l'fagot d'bois. Bientôt i voit eune baleine, à la côte pis alle assyait d'aller à l'eau, assyait d'se pousser à l'eau mais alle avait pas moyen. Pis là a crie, "Ah don mon ptit garçon!" a dit. I garde, la baleine qui parlait--i trouvait ça tchurieux. A dit "Viens-t-en don m'donner la main!" a dit. A dit "J'ai pas moyen d'me mette à l'eau" a dit--a dit "i y a pas assez d'eau" a dit, "pou moi" a dit, "me mette à l'eau." Bien i tait faignant i voulait pas--t'sais. (laughter). Bien il a pris courage. Prend la baleine pis i la pousse. Ohh! la baleine a parti à l'eau. Ouais mais quand la baleine a parti à l'eau, alle a sordu pis là a dit, a dit, "Mon ptit garçon" a dit, a dit, "tout-c-que tu vas dmander pour" a dit, "ça va arriver." Il a pas maillné ça lui. S'assit sus son fagot d'bois encore pis, "Ahh!" i dit, "mon fagot d'bois" i dit, "si tu pourras don aller chez nous avec moi dsus." Toute d'in coup le vlà parti, son fagot d'bois, lui sus l'fagot d'bois. Faulait qu'i pæssait en ras le château d'l'âroi. Bientôt la fille d'l'âroi tait dans le châssis. "Toi" i dit, "j'te souhaite pas grand'chose" i dit, "mais" i dit, "ej souhaite" i dit "t'as in ptit garçon eune coupelle

de moi d'ici." Pâssait d'même. Arrive chez ieusses ac le fagot d'bois. Met dârrière l'poêle, oh, i tait fier. Sa mère a dit, "T'as ieu du bois?"--"Ouais" i dit. Ouais mais dans in conte ça pâsse vite. Toute d'in coup les neuf mois avont pâssé, vlà la fille d'l'âroi avec in ptit garçon. L'âroi a trouvé ça tchurieux--(laughter)--sa fille tout l'temps à la maison pis la vlà là avec in ptit garçon. Là c'tait pour trouver l'père de ct' enfant-là, qui tait l'père. Là l'âroi a fait des party, des, des grands time anyway, chez ieusses pou assayer d'aouère asteure... pis là il a donné eune pomme au ptit garçon pis là i dit, i dit "Asteure" i dit, "ptit garçon est supposé d'awoyer la pomme à son père." Là toujours les party allaient bien anyway, tout en grand allait bien. Le ptit garçon i tait à carnasser avec sa pomme, bientôt i mange la pomme! Pis l'âroi a pas trouvé ça bien--"Quoi d'wrong ac ça?" i dit. L'endmain au souère, in grand break-down encore. Ptit garçon--pis asteure il avait pas dmandé au--à la femme pis l'ptit garçon là, à Jack pis à sa mère hein. L'endmain au souère in grand party encore. Ptit garçon, carnasse avec la pomme in boute pis là i mange la pomme. Ah ouais mais le vieux âroi; le vieux âroi l'aimait pas ça hein. Bien il aura ieu invité tout en grand dans l'village, tout en grand pauve et riche et tout en grand il a tout en grand invité, le village. Là toujours l'endmain au souère in grand break-down chez l'âroi encore pis il invite don Jack et pis, sa mère. Toujours il arrivont chez l'âroi, ça allait bien anyway. Toute d'in coup i donne eune pomme au ptit garçon encore. Ptit garçon s'amusait avec la pomme anyway, pis Jack était fourré dârrière sa mère lui, ptit garçon s'en vient, "Tchiens" i dit "papa" i dit--donne la pomme à Jack, oh! le vieux âroi a vnu fou!

(laughter) "Là" i dit, "tu sais, tu ownes ct'enfant-là mais" i dit, "tu vas la marier." Pis là Jack voulait démentère qu'c'tait pas lui mais l'ptit garçon a woyé la pomme à lui, ha! S'i sont pas morts i vivont encore.

/English summary: Jack lives alone with his mother. She asks him to feed the cow, which he hauls up on to the roof of the house. The cow falls and is killed. On her return, Jack's mother berates him roundly, and tells him to go and fetch a faggot of wood. Jack muses, wishing the wood could go home by itself, with him sitting on it. Then he sees a stranded whale which, much to his surprise, calls to Jack for help. Although he is lazy, Jack pushes the whale out to sea. The whale surfaces and tells Jack that anything he wishes will come true. He wishes his faggot of wood will carry him home, which it does. On his way, he passes the king's castle, where the princess sees Jack. He wishes her to have a baby, which she does. The king decides to find out the father, and has a series of parties. At each one, the child is given an apple, which he will himself give to his father. It is not until Jack appears at a party that the boy gives the apple to Jack, at which point the king tells Jack he must marry the princess, mother of Jack's child.]

Narrated by Mrs. Barter on the night of the 10th November 1973. F1779/74-195, pp. 10-12. Mrs. Barter learnt the tale from "le défunt Anatole Lainey" of Mainland, whose grandfather was apparently a native of France.

This story combines versions of AT 1210, The Cow is Taken to the Roof to Graze and AT 675, The Lazy Boy. Motifs include J1904.1, Cow

(Hog) taken to roof to graze; L114.1, Lazy hero; B375.1, Fish returned to water--grateful; B500, Magic power from animals; F1761.0.1, Wishes granted without limit; T513, Conception from wish; T513.1, Conception through another's wish; and H481, Infant picks out his unknown father. Mrs. Barter noted that the tale was longer than her version of it, and was prompted to recall that there were several tales involving whales. It led her to recall the following fragment.

6. "Le conte d'la baleine" (The tale of the whale)

Y avait iune aussitte euh, il, alle--ah, alle avait pris eune princesse--c'tait eune femme hein, c'tait eune baleine aussi hein--y avait eune femme pis a, a s'bagnait à toutes les matins alle allait--c'tait eune princesse alle allait s'bagner hein--pis a tait mariée avec in prince nous dirons hein. Pis là lui il a--la baleine là alle a pris, alle a pris la princesse hein pis alle a, alle l'a pris dans in aute, nous dirons dans in aute pays hein pis là après a tait partie pour si longtemps bien alle a ieu in ptit partenant à la baleine là mais le--la baleine là tait enchantée nous dirons hein pis là c'est l'ptit c'tait in ptit en--in ptit garçon poulu hein. Tu sais, i avait pas besoin de--user d'hardes hein parce i tait--i faisoient même la baleine nous dirons--pis là ç'a devnu qu'alle a--qu'le ptit garçon là a ervnu envoyer sa mère back, à son homme hein. Ça c'est l'dârnier du conte nous dirons mais j'me rappelle pas d'ça. Mais y en en masse des contes avec des baleines dedans.

/English summary: a princess is carried off by a whale and bears the whale a child which is covered in hair. The child eventually sends his

mother home to her real husband. The whale was enchanted, presumably transformed from man to whale.]

This fragment was told as a kind of sequel to the preceding tale, the link being provided by the common element of the whale. F1779/74-195, p. 13.

Motifs include B631, Human offspring from marriage to animal and B635.1, The Bear's Son. Human son of woman who marries bear acquires bear characteristics. This motif is only indirectly present in the fragment, and is suggested by the description of the child as poulou. Together, the motifs vaguely suggest a connection with AT 301, The Three Stolen Princesses, but this can be no more than a suggestion.

7. "Jack et Bill et Tom"

Ça commence par Bill et Jack et Tom...pis là toujours il allont parti travailler les trois d'ieusses hein. Là Jack a pris in chat--Tom a pris in chat et Bill a pris in coq mais Jack a pas pris arien...ha! ha!

G.T: Jack a pas pris rien?

A.B: Ha! ha!

E.B: C'est pas utile ej peux pas l'conter.

G.B: Oui!

G.T: Oui! Mais oui!

G.B: Non tu vas pus rire. Conte-lé (bursts out laughing)...Non, j'me rappelle asteure.

Il avont parti Bill et Jack et Tom anyway pis il avont té--i avont marché in bon boute. Bientôt il ont rivé dans eune ville. Quand qu'il avont arrivé dans la ville bien l'âroi, i tait mangé avec les rats. Quand qu'i greyait la tabe, bien les rats s'mettiont toutes à la tabe

pis i mangiont toute le manger d'l'âroi hein. Y avait arien pou détruire les rats nous dirons hein. Pis là don i contont ça à Tom-- pour l'âroi hein, y avait tant d'rats là hein. Bien Tom qui dit, i dit, "Moi" i dit, "ej pourras" i dit "clarcir ces rats-là" i dit, i dit, "dans cinq minutes." Bien là ça tait aux oreilles d'l'âroi hein. Ouais mais l'âroi enoueyé qu'ri Bill hein. Right off. I dit "C'est-i toi" i dit, "tu peux--qu'as, qu'as--t'as vanté" i dit "qu'tu pouvais détruire les rats" i dit "dans cinq minutes?"--"Ouais" i dit. "Bien" i dit, "si tu peux détruire les rats" i dit, "dans cinq minutes" i dit, "ej te donne" i dit "la plus jeune de mes filles à mariage--la plus vieille de mes filles à mariage." Là Jack y dit "Okay."--Bill, quitte pis i s'en va, pis là don au souère justement le temps de souper, il arrive chez l'âroi. Ouais mais quand qu'il arrive chez l'âroi, pis la tabe s'a greyé pis l'manger s'a mis sus la tabe, bien les rats, les rats avont commencé. Bien lui il avait l'chat en-dsus du bras,

G.B: Oh!

Les rats mon pauvre enfant bien j'te dis c'tait partout, il--tu voyais les rats vnir hein, pou l'manger hein. Ouais mais i quitte le chat aller, bien là cinq minutes y avait pus d'rats y avait pus arien à ouère hein. Le, le chat les avait toutes banishés hein. Bien le vlà qui a marié la fille d'l'âroi hein. Don y avait Tom et Jack qui restaient hëin. Pis là toujours anyway, Jack--Tom a dit--Jack et Bill, c'tait Tom ça qu'avait l'chat--bien c'tait Bill et Jack. Bien Jack a dit à Bill, i dit, i dit, "Tom est marié asteure," i dit, "bien" i dit, c'est aussi bien pour nous autes" i dit "nous dehaler" i dit "pour assayer" i dit, "trouver eune femme aussi." Là toujours les vlà partis. L'endmain matin i s'greyont pis i s'lançont et là Bill avait son coq lui.

Il arrivont à la--village anyway. Pis là il allont dans eune bâtisse, pis là don i commençont à parler entre d'ieusses les gars y avait là et tout en grand pis là i avont dit à Bill et à Jack, il avont dit à toutes les matins faut qu'i allont qu'ri l'jour. Pis là les sarvants d'l'âroi s'greyaient en, en bârouette tu sais en ouature et pis i s'en alliont en--qu'ri l'jour là asteure là--y avait arien qu'i venait l'jour clair qu' faulait qu'i alliont l'qu'ri l'jour là. Pis là Bill a dit euh, Ja-- Bill a dit "Mais" i dit, "j'ai pas besoin d'aller qu'ri l'jour" i dit, "ej l'as d'quoi ici moi" i dit, "qui m'dit l'jour" i dit. Ouais mais dans in conte ça pâsse vite. Dans arien d'temps ça arrive aux oreilles d'l'âroi. L'âroi enoueye qu'ri Bill. Là Bill arrive chez l'âroi et l'âroi a dit, i dit, "C'tait toi" i dit "que t'as vanté" i dit "qu'tu pouvais" i dit "enoueyer l'jour" i dit "clair d'aller l'qu'ri?" Bill dit "Oui." Good enough. L'endmain matin--la soirée là l'âroi fait Bill coucher là. Pis là i dit, "Tu sais" i dit, "si tu enoueyes le jour" i dit, "ma fille à mariage mais si tu t'enoueyes pas l'jour le cou coupé." Good enough. Jack reste là toute la soirée, Prend son coq, Met son coq en haut sus--chez l'âroi dit don c'tait toute bien installé là hein pis l'coq dè-z-en temps, frouutch! frouutch! c'tait tout en grand impesté! hein. (laughter) Pis i maillne pas, i spèriont. Oui mais justement à la comme dix ou tchinze minutes avant l'jour le coq a chanté. Bill qui dit, "Veille" i dit, "ça fait iune ça." Là justement qu'el jour s'câssait là, le coq chante encore. Bill qui dit au âroi, i dit "Viens ouère," i dit, "le jour se fait." L'âroi a gardé. Oh, l'âroi tait trop fier. Le troisième cri d'coq, le grand jour. Oh, l'âroi tait fier. Là Bill marie sa fille, right off. Là y avait ienque restait Jack. Pis là Jack i avait arien mais comme dit machine c'tait in dépendant--i tait

vouyou lui. Toujours quand que son frère était marié encore il a pensé à lui-même, "Ej reste pas ici, moi, ej me pousse." Là toujours i s'pousse anyway. Bientôt il arrive eune place, ici y avait in gârs qui s'bâtissait eune maison, eune grande maison. Qu'ess--l'paque-sac qu'il avait sus l'dos. I arrive là pis, i gardait tout l'tour. "Ah" i dit, "tu dois bien" i dit "m'donner eune job" i dit, "travailler."--"Non" i dit, "j'ai pas moyen" i dit "d'prendre des charpentchers." I dit "Comment ça?"--"Bien" i dit, "ej travaille moi-même" i dit, "pis j'ai pas moyen d'prendre des charpentchers."--"Ah" Jack y dit, i dit, "ej pourras bâtir ça moi gâre" i dit, "dans eune journée cte bâtisse-là." Gee, il a gardé Jack. I dit "Bâtir" i dit "moi, ça va prendre" i dit "six mois" i dit "à bâtir ça!" Jack y dit "Dans eune journée" i dit, "ej pourras bâtir ça moi." Et là vlà l'astinement qui s'a prend. Et ça astine et astine, oui mais ça vient à la bataille. Vlà Jack don qui y bat. I prend sa bourse, met dans sa poche, i prend son patchet met sus son dos et là i s'pousse. Pis là i--le vieux lui quand qu'il a rvnu à son bon sang, Jack tait parti. Là i, i met tchequ'in à sa course, pis i a dit comme qu'i tait habillé et tout en grand. Pis là Jack don i s'poussait tout l'temps. Bientôt il erconte, il erconte in, in gârs avec in, in pontchon d'melasse sus sa barouette. Pis là i, i voulait s'débrouiller mais i s'trippe dans, dans, dans le choual du, du--il a fait esprés--i s'trippe dedans hein toujours pis il arrête le, le, le...le gârs pis là i saute sus la bârouette mais en sautant sus la bârouette i pousse le, le--la barrique de melasses en bas. Pis là l'aute i tait trop bon pou lui i l'fout en bas dsus sa bârouette pis là i, i chauffe son choual, pis là Jack a resté là, assis don dans l'milieu du chmin. Ouais mais i a pensé--i vont m'attraper c'est pou sûr. Bientôt i voit eune vieille vnir, ooh!

a tait right vieille, toute blanche qu'elle tait. "Ah," i dit, "grand'-mère" i dit, "vous pourrez-ti don faire in sarvice pour moi?"--"Bien" a dit, "quoi c'est mon garçon?" /change of tape causes a break in the narrative/...Là toujours il a dit à la, à la...vieille, i dit "Grand'mère" i dit, "vous pourras-ti don m'faire in sarvice"--"Bien" a dit, "mon garçon" a dit, "ça qu'ej pourras faire pou toi" a dit "ej le fras" a dit. "Bien" i dit, "ej voudras bien" i dit, "gäre" i dit, "vous pourras mette vote doigt" i dit, "dans l'trou d'melasse--dans la barrique de mlasse là" i dit, "pis tchinde" i dit "cte melasse-là" i dit, "d'dans." Mais ça c'est pas comme ça asteure, y a eune bêtise là. Hé! hé! Ej dis pas. Là toujours la vieille don a resté là pis lui i s'pousse, il a marché et marché, quand qu'il a arrivé dans eune aute ville, quand qu'il a arrivé dans eune aute ville anyway, l'âroi tait là pis à tout...Quand il a arrivé dans la ville là y avait in roi pis eune reine, pis là don à toutes les fois que l'âroi sortait dhors y avait eune crowd de corbeaux qui vnait à l'entour d'l'âroi pis là cran! cran! cran! l'âroi avait pas d'erpos, i pouvait pas aller dhors du tout, aussitôt qu'il allait dhors ça vnait nouère, le village vnait nouère. Pis là don il a commencé, i commencient à dire ça à Jack dans l'village. Pis là Jack a dit "C'est pas malaisé" i dit "d'installer ça." Bien i disont à Jack, "Asteure ceuses-là qui peut installer ça bien vont 'ouère sa plus jeune de ses filles en mariage." Bien là dans arien d'temps ça a pâssé anyway que l'âroi l'a su. Là, enoueye qu'ri Jack, Jack arrive. "Bien" i dit, "c'est toi" i dit "qui t'as vanté" i dit "que t'aras pu" i dit "clarcir les corbeaux d'moi," Jack y dit "Oui."--"Bien" i dit, "dmain matin" i dit, "tu vas rester ici à souère pis dmain matin" i dit "tu vas vnir avec moi" i dit, i dit, "dehors." L'endmain matin toujours--la soirée

là i blaguiont anyway pis là l'endmain matin a arrivé, justement l'heure pour aller dhors vers dix heures pour aller dhors. L'âroï a dit, i dit, "C'est ton temps."--"Bien" i dit, "gäre, m'en vas vous dire" i dit, "asteure quand vous allez dhors" i dit, "pis" i dit, "qu'les corbeaux" i dit "vont toute vnir bien là" i dit, "les corbeaux vont commencer à crier bien" i dit, "i vont vous dmander là ouère tchi-c-qui owne les corbeaux. Le mâle a pas donné la main à supporter /English/ les corbeaux pis tu sais ielle là a tait forcée d'aller qu'ri son manger ielle-même pis chauffer ses oeufs, couver ses oeufs pis le mâle voulait clâmer la motché des corbeaux. Bien tu vas y dire de même que c'est la grâle qui owne les corbeaux." Ah, l'âroï sort dehors. Bientôt les corbeaux avont vnu tout en grand a vnu nouère, nouère, nouère ac les corbeaux. Et là toujours les corbeaux criaient pis là l'âroï a dit, "Bien" i dit, "moi" i dit, "à mon idée à moi" i dit, "c'est la grâle" i dit "qui owne toutes les corbeaux, parce" i dit, "c'est ielle qu'a couvé les oeufs." Pis là toutes les corbeaux avont parti tout en grand c'tait clair. I saviont, la parole d'l'âroï c'tait ça. Pis s'i sont pas morts, i vivent encore. C'est là qu'i s'a marié avec la plus jène des filles du roi pis ça finit là.

/English summary: Tom and Bill and Jack leave to look for work. Tom takes a cat, Bill a rooster, but Jack has nothing. They come to a village infested with rats, and at the demand of the king, Tom is able to rid the castle of cats. He marries the king's daughter. Bill and Jack continue on their way until they come to another village where people have to go and fetch daylight. Bill is able to use his rooster to bring daylight, and for this he wins the king's daughter's hand in marriage. Jack sets off alone and meets a man building a house. Jack

boasts he could build it in a day. They quarrel and fight, and Jack takes to his heels, pursued by the man. Jack encounters a man in a waggon and manages to knock over a barrel of molasses. Meeting an old woman he asks her to put her finger in the bung-hole of the barrel, and again sets off. He comes to a village where the king cannot go out without swarms of crows surrounding him. Jack explains to the king that he must answer a question to be relieved of the crows: who owns the crows, the males or the females? Jack tells the king it is the female, because she does all the work. At the appropriate time the king gives the answer and the crows go away. Jack is rewarded with the hand of the princess.⁷

Told on the 11th of November 1973. F1780/74-195, 15-18, and F1781/74-195, 1-2. The tale is a version of AT 1650, The Three Lucky Brothers, and includes the motifs P251.6.1, Three brothers; N411.1.1, Cat as sole inheritance; N411.1, Whittington's cat. A cat in a mouse infested land without cats sold for a fortune; B755, Animal calls the dawn; F708, Countries with one conspicuous lack; F708.1, Country without cats; a proposed new number, F708.1.1* (CEFT), Country without roosters; H508.2, Bride offered to man who can find answer to question; and T68, Princess offered as prize.

I have not been able to identify the final element of the tale, with the crows. Mrs. Barter was covering up a slightly obscene motif in the episode with the barrel of molasses. According to Professor Luc Lacourcière, it usually appears in AT 1540, The Student from Paradise, in Quebec versions. A second version of the tale was told to Geraldine Barter by her mother at a later date, and will appear in its appropriate chronological slot.

8. "Le conte de Cendrillouse"

Bien ça c'tait, c'tait l'âroi i tait marié deux fois hein. Le premier coup qu'i s'a marié bien il a ieu eune fille hein, pis le deuxième coup qu'i s'a marié il a ieu trois filles hein. Il a ieu trois filles avec l'aute femme ej dirons hein. Bien la première fille hein, bien a tait belle ielle hein mais l'aute--les trois autes tu sais euh, j'pense i tiont pas vilaines mais i tiont pas belles hein. Pis là toujours ça qu'a faisait ielle la plus vieille des filles là, la première des filles hein, bien a sarvait les moutons pour son père hein, en haut sus eune montagne hein. A tait in shepherd nous dirons, a sarvait les moutons hein. Pis là a toutes les jours alle allait en haut là avec sa brochure pis sa plote de laine pis a brochait hein. Pis là toujours eune journée a brochait pis là toute d'in coup alle a halé sus sa laine a s'a aparçu sa plote de laine tait partie hein, pis a prend la laine pis a suit la laine hein. Pis là a la suit, a la suit, bientôt alle a descendu en bas d'in gulch hein pis il avait eune ptite bâtisse là in ptit château hein. Pis là a rouve la porte y avait parsonne mais c'tait mignon en-d'dans, c'tait bien installé hein pis a rente en-d'dans pis a prend la place et la vaisselle tout en grand, a lave toute ça a dettoye toute ça hein pis là a s'assit pis a brochait. Pis là toujours quand qu'alle a vu tu sais l'heure virer là a quitte pis a s'en va encore chez ieusses hein. Oui mais quand qu'alle a arrivé chez ieusses hein cte souèrée-là a tait eune aute fois plus belle hein qu'elle tait hein. Oh, a tait trop belle. Pis là don les ptits fairy avont don arrivé hein. C'tait eune crowd de ptits fairy qui restait là hein. Il avont arrivé chez ieusses hein tout en grand tait bien installé hein. Pis là i-- c'est ça qu'il avont souhaité, il avont souhaité qu'alle ara té belle

hein pis vaillante hein. L'endmain matin, a s'pointe encore sus la montagne encore hein. Sarvir ses moutons mais sa dmi-mère tait mauvaise à ielle hein, a la treatait tu sais, a la treatait pas bien hein, pis là ses trois filles ieusses il aviont toutes sortes, toutes sortes de belles hardes tout en grand hein pis là ielle tu sais faulait qu'a usait tout l'temps les mêmes hardes hein. La deuxième journée a va encore sus la montagne pis a tait assis pis a brochait pis là a garde /lowers voice/ sa plote de laine partie hein, mais a suit sa plote de laine encore, a va back dans la même place encore hein. Bien c'est--tout en grand tait--la vaisselle tait tout sale, la place tout sale. Alle a lavé ça t'sais, alle a dettoyé tout en grand ça tidy-up hein. Pis là toujours l'heure vnait pour ielle aller chez ieusses pis là a s'en va chez ieusses. Pis là a tait encore bien eune aute fois pus belle hein. A vnait pus belle en pus belle tout l'temps hein. Pis là ses soeurs tiont--t'sais, i l'aimiont pas parce qu'elle tait si belle hein. Pis là ses soeurs y a dmandé don tu sais, quoi-c-qui la faisait si belle hein. "Bien faisez comme moi" a dit "pis" a dit, "vous sras belles." A dit "Moi" a dit, "ej vas sus la montagne pis j'broche pis" a dit, "tout d'in coup" a dit "ej manque ma plote de laine pis" a dit, "ej vas qu'ri ma plote de laine, pis quand j'arrive là" a dit, a dit, "y a in ptit château" a dit, pis j'rente pis" a dit "ej m'assis pis j'broche. Bien" a dit, "faisez comme moi." Mais ieusses i tiont faignants, pis i vouliont pas. L'endmain ielle a va encore, sarvir ses moutons encore pis, tout d'in coup, sa plote de laine partie encore. S'en va back encore. Pis là a débarasse toute la maison encore hein. Oui mais avant qu'a quitte pour s'en aller, les ptits fairy avont arrivé. "Oh" il avont dit, "c'est toi qu'es vaillante" hein. Pis là i l'avont mercié tout en grand pis

là ielle a s'en va chez ieusses, pis i la souhaitont encore eune aute fois pus jolie. Ouais mais quand elle a arrivé chez ieusses hein, a tait si belle hein, ohh! pis ses soeurs taient fâchées après ielle. Là iune de ieusses qui dit, "Ej m'en vas moi, dmain matin" a dit, "sarvir les moutons." A s'pointe. A s'assit ac sa brochure pis a brochait. Pis là tout d'in coup sa plote de laine est partie. Prend sa plote de laine pis a suit la laine hein. Alle arrive au ptit château. A rente, tout en grand tait embarrassé hein. Mais a s'assit ielle, mais là, a broche pas ni arien, a s'assit c'est toute, toute d'in coup a tombe endormie. Oui mais les ptits fairy avont arrivé. I l'avont ravaillé pis i l'avont enoueyé hein. Y avait arien d'fait hein. Pis i dit, "Ej souhaite pas grand'chose" i dit, "mais j'souhaite" i dit "tu viens pus vilaine qu't'es." Alle arrive /laughter in voice/ chez ieusses a tait encore eune aute fois pus vilaine qu'alle tait. Sa mère a trouvé ça tchurieux hein--l'endmain l'aute a dit, a dit "Moi, j'm'en vas aller, dmain matin" a dit. A s'en va sus la montagne sarvir les moutons anyway, tout d'in coup a s'assit brocher, a perd sa plote de laine. Suit sa plote de laine. A s'en va en bas au ptit château encore. A rente, garâche la brochure en bas, a s'assit, in--c'tait in beau lit qu'alle avait. A tombe endormie. Bientôt les fairons a arrivé--les ptits fairies a arrivé. I la prennent pis i la piquont dboute pis i la plantont back à la porte, "Va-t-en!" i dit, "ej te souhaite eune aute fois pus vilaine que t'es." Ah, alle a parti. Ouais mais quand alle a arrivé chez ieusses, a tait encore eune aute fois pus vilaine de sa soeur. Sa mère a dit y avait d'quoi d'tchurieux hein. L'endmain matin l'aute la troisième, a s'en va. A s'assit sus la montagne my son pis a

brochait. A sert pas les moutons don ielle, là, trop faignante pour sarvir les moutons. A broche. Temps en temps a faisait in point. Bientôt a manque sa plote de laine. A suit la plote de laine. Alle arrive en bâs, in ptit château. Rouve la porte, a rentait--Oh my God, quand qu'alle a vu la place si jolie t'sais, les lits si beaux. S'couche, tombe endormie. Bientôt les ptits fairy arrivont. Ah, i la prendont par les choux et i la foutont eune volée pis i l'enoueyont. "Toi" i dit, "ej te souhaite trois fois pus vilaine" i dit "que l'aute." Alle arrive chez ieusses sa mère l'a pas connue a tait si vilaine. All laugh/ Tout d'in coup, chez l'âroi y avait in party cte souèrée-là, y avait in grand time chez l'âroi. Là l'âroi a invité toute ieusses. Là toujours là jolie fille là, alle avait pas d'belles hardes hein. Mais ielles--les autes il aviont des belles hardes. Mais a tire sa robe ielle, a lave sa robe pour dettoyer sa robe comme i faut, dettoyer ses hardes t'sais pis ses souliers--alle avait des souliers en bois là, des sabots--comme des souliers faits en bois. Pis là a dettoye ça anyway, pis là i s'greyont i s'pointont à la danse. Mais ses trois soeurs taient greyées comme i faut pis in veil par-dsus leu fidgure et tout en grand hein. Mais les ptits fairy-là il aviont, il aviont souhaité là asteure. I saviont qu'y avait in time qu'ara vnu chez l'âroi là. Pis il aviont souhaité asteure quand qu'le garçon d'l'âroi ara dansé avec ielle que c'est toute qu'alle ara ieu fait c'est peter, peter, peter tout l'temps. All right, tout en grand l'party--oui mais là le prince les a vus si bien habillées hein, t'sais pis des veils par-dsus la fidgure, pis il a pas fait attention à la fidgure, il avait des veils par-dsus hein. Toujours i n'en prend ieune pis i danse ac ielle mais toute le temps

qu'a dansait c'tait tout en grand des pètements c'est toute. Ouais mais il a pas laimé ça. Prend eune aute pour danser, c'tait la même affaire, prend l'aute pour danser c'tait encore la même affaire hein. Oui mais i les a toutes abandonnées, les trois d'ieusses hein. Là toujours i va à l'aute et i dmande à l'aute pou danser. A va danser. Pis là l'temps qu'i dansiont don i s'embrassiont mais il avait jamais embrassé des babines si jolies hein, t'sais. Pis là toujours don i tombe en amour avec ielle hein. Là toujours ça a pâssé d'même pour in boute. Dans in conte ça pâsse vite anyway. Là, vlà l'prince en amour avec ielle là pis faulait qu'i l'marie hein. Ouais mais là la vieille a voulait pas d'ça hein. A voulait qu'le prince ara ieu marié ieune d'ses filles hein. A prend la fille, a la fourre en-dsus d'eune bâille la jolie fille a l'a fourrée en-dsus d'la bâille. Pis là le prince a vnu asteure i dmandait cte souèrée-là pou s'marier hein. Pis là la vieille greye ieune d'ses fille comme i faut là pis a l'avait assis dans la place ailloù-c-qu'i faisiont l'amour là, ielle--lui pis la belle fille. Pis là toujours il a commencé à la caresser anyway. Oui mais a parlait pas, a voulait pas parler hein. Pis là tout d'in coup anyway il a tant fait i l'a ieu à parler. Pis quand qu'alle a commencé à parler, put! put! put! put! c'est ienque ça qu'a pouvait dire, a pouvait pas dire d'aute chose. I dit "Ça" i dit, "c'est pas ma femme" i dit, "cette-là" i dit, le prince a dit. I dit "Ailloù-c-que tu l'as là?" i dit. Pis là ieune des filles qu'a crié "Alle est en-dsus d'eune bâille dehors!" Là i va ouère comme de faite. A l'avait fourrée en-dsus d'eune bâille. Oui mais i l'arrache de d'là là pis i la quitte pas là là. I s'en va chez ieusses l'enoueyer dans son château là pis tout d'in coup là bien i s'avont

marié. S'i viv--s'i sont pas morts i vivent encore. Heh! heh!

/English summary: A king has a daughter by his first marriage and three by his second. The first is beautiful, the three others are ugly. The eldest looks after the sheep on a mountain, where she spends her time knitting. One day her ball of wool rolls away and she finds it in a gulch, in which there is a little castle. She cleans the castle, knits, and leaves. But fairies lived there, and they wished that she be more beautiful than before for having cleaned their home. She does the same thing on the next two days, and on the third day, the fairies see her. Each time she becomes more beautiful. The other sisters are jealous, and one by one they follow the example of their sister, failing, however, to clean the castle. They are punished by being made even more ugly than before. The king invites everybody to a dance, and while the eldest daughter has only old clothes, the other three are dressed beautifully, but with a veil to hide their ugliness. The prince dances with each, but is disgusted by the first three. He falls in love with the eldest daughter and comes to her home to propose marriage. The stepmother substitutes one of her daughters, shutting the eldest in a barrel. The prince discovers the deception, rescues the eldest, and marries her.7

Narrated 11-XI-73. F1780/74-195, 6-10. The tale is a composite of AT 480, The Spinning Women by the Spring and AT 510, Cinderella and Cap o' Rushes, although it differs in many details from the Aarne-Thompson analyses. Motifs in this tale, which is a common combination on the Port-au-Port peninsula, include L55.1, Abused Stepdaughter; S31, Cruel Stepmother; L55, Stepdaughter heroine; H1226.4, Pursuit of rolling ball of wool leads to quest; F721.5, Subterranean castle; F222, Fairy

castle; N810, Supernatural helpers; D1862, Magic beauty bestowed; D1871, Girl magically made hideous; D2079.1, Magic compulsion to break wind under certain conditions; N711.6, Prince sees heroine at ball and is enamoured; H151.6.2, Recognition through imperfect disguise, and L162, Lowly heroine marries prince.

Mrs. Barter learnt this tale from the late Julien Chaisson, a native of Mainland, nicknamed "Bi-iun."

9. The Cannibals

I nous contait asteure, asteure son--pas son grand--pas son père ni son grand-père mais son grand grand-père hein, bien dans son temps à lui mais ça c'est in grand, grand boute hein, c'est in bon boute là en arrière hein. Pis i nous a conté ça pour la pure varité, que c'tait qu'i l'aviont dit pour la pure varité que c'tait la varité hein, le conte tait la varité. Mais asteure lui i nous contait ça mais i nous contait pas ça pour la varité nous dirons parce il avait ienque entendu hein. Mais c'tait pour in homme et eune femme nous dirons hein, c'tait in homme et eune femme pis i tiont tout seuls hein pis il aviont eune maison asteure avec des roues en-dsus pis i pouviont bouger sa maison n'importe ioù-c-qu'il aront ieu voulu la bouger hein. Pis là il avont ieu tué du monde, des enfants hein pis il avont ieu mangé pis là i mangiont les enfants pareil j'arons ieu mangé la viande de mouton nous autes ou mis don la viande de boeuf de quoi d'même hein. Pis là les enfants, les saliont mis don tu sais i les mangiont frais d'même hein. Tuiont les enfants hein. Pis là il avont apporté cte nigoce-là pour j'sais pas comment longtemps anyway. Pis là in coup il aviont attrapé

eune fille pis in, in jène homme hein, i tiont tu sais dans leu jeunesse nous dirons hein. Pis là lui i pouvait jouer l'guitar comme i faut hein. I jouait bien hein. Pis ielle a pouvait chanter la fille hein, comme i faut. Pis là il avont gardé ieusses là il avont pas tué ieusses i les avont gardé pour, nous dirons faire de l'argent sus ieusses hein. Mais là cte jeunesse-là asteure i trouvent ça dur parce i tuiont les enfants hein pis là faulait qu'i mangiont don la viande, la même viande à ieusses hein. I trouvent ça dur. Il avont resté là j'sais pas comment longtemps. Pis il avont essayé d'aouère in way pour s'sauver hein. Pis là toute--il aviont deux chiens hein pis i les aviont amârrés à la chaîne pis i les donniont tant à manger tu sais, parce quand i les aront ieu quitté aller il aront pu dévorer. C'est comme ça qu'il aviont ça t'sais asteure t'sais aux chiens. Pis là toujours eune journée le garçon a dit à la fille, i dit "Tu sais" i dit, "moi" i dit, i dit "j'peux pas" i dit "rester dans eune place de même" i dit. "J'peux pas manger" i dit "ma own, ma own viande" i dit "parce" i dit "ça que nous mangeons" i dit, "c'est ienque nous autes mêmes parce" i dit "i tuont les enfants" i dit. Pis là toujours eune journée le garçon a dit, i dit, "Y a, y a eune place" i dit "là" i dit, "tu peux pâsser" i dit, "en-dsous d'la terre" i dit, "pis" i dit "cte place-là" i dit, "ça sort" i dit, "ça sort dans in aute endroit" i dit. I dit "Si j'pourrons escaper" i dit "asteure" i dit, "pis aller dans cte machine-là pis" i dit "suive le chmin" i dit, "ej pourrons pt-ête" i dit "nous sauver." Pis là toujours eune journée il avont parti lui pis ielle il avont parti à tcheque part en ville pis là il avont mis--i s'avont mis ensembe toutes les deux pis là il avont pris en masse du fromage pis en masse du pain pis ielle alle a rempli sa robe plein d'pain pis lui il a pris j'sais pas combien d'stuff hein,

pour les chiens, si les chiens aront vnu les courser hein. Pis là toujours quand qu'il avont arrivé--i tions partis hein--mais là il avont quitté les deux chiens aller loose hein, le chien pour les suivre, bien là il avont passé dans cte machine--là hein en-dsous d'la terre hein. Pis là quand qu'il avont vu qu'le chien vnait proche de ieusses bien il avont commencé à garâcher des affaires aux chiens, mais l'temps que les chiens mangeaient ça bien i couraient ieusses hein. Pis là toujours quand qu'il avont ieu fini don de donner l'restant aux chiens, il avont sorti dans l'autre tunnel hein, il avont tu sais sorti. Pis quand qu'il avont sorti y avait in gârs qui passait avec in choual, pis là il avont arrêté l'gârs pis il avont dit au gârs, "Pour la mort de Dieu, enoueyez-nous à la police." Pis là le gârs c'tait in mailman lui hein. Là don i les prend pis i les enoueye à la police les deux d'ieusses, la fille pis l'garçon hein pis là don i s'avont confessé asteure là la police quoi-c' tu sais--leu-z-histouère hein. Pis là i s'avont mis don à la course de ieusses hein. Pis i les attrapont. Quand qu'i les avont attrapés il avont in ptit garçon pis eune ptite fille pendus hein, c'tait pareil comme des bêtes t'sais, i les avont tout dettoyés et tout en grand, hein. Pis là il avont commencé à checker hein. Pis il avont trois barils d'salé pis il avont in ptit garçon pis eune ptite fille d'pendus. I avont t'sais pendu ça pour leu-z-hiver, i avont salé ça pou leu-z-hiver hein. C'est d'même asteure qu'il avont té attrapé là. Bien i nous a conté ça, défunt papa nous a conté ça pour la pure varité, dans les temps d'avant...C'tait la vraie varité hein.

/English summary: A man and woman travelling in a caravan catch, kill and eat children. They take a boy and his sister, but because the one

can play the guitar and the other can sing, they are spared. The children are unhappy with their cannibal existence, and when the boy finds a tunnel, they plan their escape. They take plenty of food with them, much of which is used to delay the dogs sent after them by the two cannibals. They reach safety, expose everything to the police, who are able to capture the cannibals and uncover the corpses of several children.]

Told by Mrs. Barter 11-X1-73. F1780/74-195, 13-15. Although the tale is told as "la pure varité," as a legend, it does have a number of traditional motifs. The tale may well derive from a printed source, but because of the motifs and related themes in folktales, I have suggested a tentative new tale type number to cover it: AT 955C* (CEFT), The Cannibals. Motifs include G11.19, Cannibal husband and wife; R211.3, Escape through underground passage; G96* (CEFT), Cannibals apprehended; and G691.4.1* (CEFT), Bodies of victims found at cannibals' house.

Mrs. Barter attributed the tale to her father Pierre Morazé who had himself attributed it to his great-great-grandfather, in whose day the events of the tale allegedly occurred.

10. The Wreckers

Ouais défunt grand-père--i nous a conté--combien d'fois qu'i nous a conté ça, pour la pure varité. I dit c'est d'même que c'tait dans les vieux temps d'avant. I tuient l'monde i mangiont l'monde pareil comme des bêtes...du monde crédule, y avait du monde crédule dans l'monde hein. Parce gâre avant le vieux C***** là hein pis le vieux R***** là hein, bien ieusses hein i tiont crédule, i tiont vrai crédule ieusses tû sais.

Parce qu'y avait des bateaux, des bateaux qui s'en vnaient pour enoueyer du manger au monde hein, parce tout en grand avant le manger c'tait toute vnu par sus les bateaux hein. Pis y avait in bateau tait supposé de vnir à Picc'dilly de--plein d'-z-affaires pour le monde hein, j'sais pas combien d'tonnes de-z-affaires qu'avait à bord hein, pis là asteure il aviont enoueyé in message d'l'avant pour ieusses mette in fanal à la côte pour saouère ailloù mouiller hein, le bateau hein. Pis quoi qu'il avont fait il avont té mette le fanal en arrière dans l'bois hein, pis là quand qu'le bateau a vnu à la terre bien i croyait tu sais que tu pouvais vnir pus proche que ça hein. Quand qu'il a vnu à terre hein bien le bateau a vnu à la côte hein, bien le fanal tait en arrière hein, i saviont pas la clarté, la clarté tait supposée d'tère à la côte hein. Pis là i suisiont la clarté ieusses hein pis l'bateau a vnu à terre hein, quand qu'el bateau a vnu à terre il avont tué les gârs du bateau hein. I les avont tué, il avont fait dire que le monde s'avont noyé hein. Mais i les avont tués.

/English summary: In the old days some men put a light up in the trees to mislead one of the boats that used to bring supplies. Instead of coming safely to shore, the boat was wrecked and the crew killed. It was said they had been drowned.]

Narrated 11-X1-73. F1780/74-195, p. 15. Mrs. Barter told this historical legend to justify the story told a few moments before--in the old days, people were far more cruel than they are today. I have proposed a new motif number to accomodate the tale: K1888.1* (CEFT), Deceptive light causes shipwreck.

11. "Morgan"

Y avait eune fois y avait in homme, i avait in garçon. Son nom tait Morgan. Là toujours cte garçon-là a grandi et i voulait s'en aller. Son père a dit "Dame" i dit, "c'est up à toi" i dit, "si tu veux aller" i dit, "good enough." Là toujours il a parti, çu-là lui-même. Il a travellé in beau bote. Et don il a arrivé dans in village. Pis là il a dmandé don s'il ara pu 'ouère eune job. Il avait dit "Non, pas d'ouvrage." Là i quitte d'd'là, i s'en va dans in aute village, traveller, traveller in beau bote. Là toujours i s'a marié dans c'village-là pis il a ieu in enfant, in ptit garçon pis il a applé l'ptit garçon comme lui--Morgan. Là toujours ct enfant-là a grandi. Dans in conte ça pässe vite ça a grandi, ça a grandi. Bientôt le garçon a arrivé grand assez pou s'en aller lui-même. Il a parti lui-même. Et là toujours il a travellé comme son père a travellé pis là toute dans in coup anyway, i trouve d'l'ouvrage. Et là i s'a marié pis là don il a commencé à travailler pour lui-même. Mais tant qu'i travellait son père avait joiné sus in bateau, in grand bateau, son père avait pris eune job, captain sus in bateau. Pis là don à toutes les six mois i tait supposé d'changer d'place, toutes les places il allait. Et il a té dans in village pis le gârs a dit, i dit "Y a pas grand'chose" i dit "à faire asteure" i dit "parce" i dit "les bateaux" i dit "va tère" i dit "en haut" i dit, "aller" i dit "en haut au dock." Bien le gârs a dit, i dit "Moi" i dit, "J'arai voulu" i dit "mon argent parce" i dit, "j'as eune femme pis" i dit "j'as eune maison pis" i dit, "j'veux ertnir" i dit "mon chez nous." Pis là le gârs a dit, i dit "Y a pas, y a pas d'argent dans la banque" i dit, "j'sons pas moyen aouère dans la banque" i dit, "y a pâssé" i dit "six mois." Bien Margan a dit, i dit, "C'est dur" i dit "m'en aller back

chez nous" i dit "avec pas d'argent." Là toujours il avont vnu sus l'tapis anyway i s'avont battu pis là i gagne Morgan pis i tue Margan. Pis là don i dit au gârs, i dit, "Asteure tu vas l'prendre pis" i dit, "tu vas l'enterrer" i dit, "il est dans l'jardin." I dit "Pas" i dit "que parsonne sait." Ça fait i prend Morgan pis il enterre Morgan dans l'jardin pis là tout en grand a bien té anyway pt-ête pour in an au plus. Pis là toujours son garçon lui bien il a fait la même affaire comme son père nous dirons i s'avait mis son garçon pis là il avait joiné in bateau aussi pis c'tait sus la même route comme son père tait joiné dsus. Pis là don faulait qu'il allait à les mêmes gârs encore comme qu'i avait--son père avait té mais i savait pas ça lui. Pis là il a travaillé sus l'bateau anyway pour in an ou deux. Ça a arrivé la même affaire ça a arrivé il avait parti pour six mois pis il avait arrivé au même monde encore pis, il a dit au gârs i dit--le gârs a dit, i dit, "Y a pas grand'chose à faire asteure" i dit, "j'sais pas" i dit "quoi j'allons faire. Pis y a pas" i dit, "dans la banque pis il est pas dans la banque." Bien Morgan a dit, "S'i y a pas d'argent dans la banque" i dit, "ej peux pas spèrer" i dit, "m'en va aller back chez nous pis" i dit "à bout de six mois anyway" i dit "faut qu'ej viens back." Pis là don Morgan a parti...Pis il a retourné back chez ieusses et quand qu'il a arrivé chez ieusses sa femme avait in garçon. Pis là sa femme a dit, a dit, "Comment" a dit "j'allons appler le garçon?" Bien i dit, i dit "C'est pas--" i dit, "j'ons pas moyen d'l'appler Morgan." I dit "Mon père" i dit "tait Morgan, moi" i dit "j'sus Morgan." --"Bien" a dit, "ton père est mort, sra pas mal" a dit, "d'l'appler Morgan."--"Bien" i dit, "si tu veux l'appler ça tu peux l'appler ça."

Pis là don dans in conte ça pässe vite. Là foulait qu'il allait sus les bateaux encore. Il a té back dans la même endroit encore aillouè-c-que les gârs taient pis là, il a dit, i dit, "Boy" i dit, "j'avons pas d'argent" i dit, "j'avons pas moyen d'payer tes gages." Et là Margan dit, i dit, "Si t'as pas moyen d'payer mes gages bien" i dit, "donne-moi eune job ici" i dit, "m'en vas travailler à l'entour ici" i dit, "jusqu'à temps" i dit "que vous pouvez payer mes gages."--"Oh bien" i dit, "si tu veux ça" i dit, "tu peux aouère ça" i dit. "Ej peux t'donner eune job" i dit "à l'entour à travailler." Là don Margan pris à travailler anyway. Mais le gârs qu'avait enterré son père hein, i s'ensembeliont, Margan pis son père s'ensembliont comme deux gouttes d'eau. Eune journée i va dans l'jardin Margan pis là le gârs là le voit...pis là l'gârs a dit, i dit "My God" i dit, "pourtant" i dit "ej t'enterré là" i dit. I dit, "Ej t'ai mis là" i dit. Pis là Margan trouvait ça si tchurieux, i disait ça. I dit "Ej t'ai mis là" i dit pis là Margan y donne, "Quoi-c-qu'a d'wrong?" i dit, "Quoi-c' t'as mis là?" i dit. Ĩ dit "J'l'ai mis là" i dit. Margan a vnu, qu'i voulait saouère anyway pis là i va trouver l'gârs, le boss, pis i dit au boss, i dit, i dit "Quoi-c-que ce gârs-là dit" i dit "qu'il a mis là?" i dit. Pis là le gârs voulait l'ercouvert tu sais pis l'gârs, Margan a dit, i dit "Ej veux saouère" i dit. Pis là Margan va dans le jardin pis i voit eune mangière de fosse creusée pis là i dit, i dit, "Y a tchequ'in d'mis là" i dit. Pis là le gârs a dit, i dit, "Oui" i dit "j'enterré Margan" i dit, "mais" i dit "toi" i dit, "t'es Margan." I dit "Pourtant" i dit, "ej t'as enterré." I dit "T'as pt-ête enterré in homme" i dit, "pt-ête enterré mon père mais t'as pas enterré moi" i dit à l'gârs. Pis là i l'en déterre là hein pis toute d'in coup c'tait son père hein. I dit "J'croyais qu'mon père tait noyé

sus les bateaux mais" i dit, "ej vois que mon père est pas noyé sus les bateaux" i dit, "mon père a été tué." Pis là don toujours i va en loi pis là i gagne la case /English case/, i a toute gagné quoi-c-que l'gârs avait, toute gâgné les bateaux, pis il a foutu lui en prison. Pis s'i sont pas morts i vivent encore. Mais il est plus long d'ça mais j'ai commencé ienque à la motché hein...

/English summary: A man has a son named Margan. Margan goes looking for work, settles down, marries, and has a son whom he calls Margan. The son grows up, sets off for work elsewhere. His father, the first Margan, goes to sea, and when the ship owner refuses to pay him, they fight. Margan is killed and buried in the garden. His son finds work at sea, eventually with the same people as his father. He too is told there is no money, but Margan leaves, returning later. He gets a job working with his father's murderer. One day, the man who buried his father sees Margan, and is so struck by the resemblance between father and son he thinks he is talking to the father he buried. Margan discovers what has happened, takes his father's murderer to law, and wins all his ships, money and possessions. The murderer is jailed.]

Narrated 11-XI-73. F1781/74-195, 11-13. I have not been able to identify this tale, other versions of which have been collected on the Port-au-Port peninsula. It includes motifs J1766, One person mistaken for another; and Q433, Punishment: imprisonment. Mrs. Barter, who learnt the tale from the late Anatole Lainey, commented at her conclusion that "C'est ienque la motché du conte ça hein--il est beaucoup plus long que ça."

12. Paramour poses as doctor

Y avait eune fois y avait in homme pis eune femme asteure pis son mari tait un captain pis là il a parti sus l'bateau lui. Pis il aviont in ptit garçon. Pis là toujours eune journée alle a dit, alle a dit "Asteure" a dit, "le docteur" a dit, a dit, "va rentrer" hein. A dit à son ptit garçon. Pis là don le docteur i croyait comme qu'i croyait que c'tait l'docteur, l'ptit garçon lui bien l'homme a rentré là hein, pis il ont té dans la chambre lui et ielle hein pis il avont, j'sais pas combien longtemps qu'il avont resté là anyway. Pis là don tout d'in coup i sort pis i s'en va lui. Pis là ç'a pâssé d'même pour in boutte. Coupelle d'soirées d'même pis là son mari a arrivé. Pis là son mari a dit au ptit garçon i dit "Combien d'monde a vnu ici" i dit "quand j'tais parti?"-- "Bien" i dit "papa" i dit, "pas beaucoup" i dit, i dit "l'docteur a vnu ici l'plus souvent" i dit, "le plus souvent d'toute" i dit, "qu'a vnu ici" i dit, i dit "allait dans la chambre ac maman" i dit, "pis i restait" i dit "in heure dans la chambre ac maman" i dit, "moi, j'tais dans la maison tout seul" i dit. Pis là l'bonhomme a attrapé dsus right off hein. Pis là c'est là qu'il avont ieu la chamaille hein, entre lui et sa femme asteure là, le docteur hein, c'tait pas in docteur du tout c'tait iun d'ses maris hein...

G.T. and G.B: Hm!

Mais l'aute asteure là hein, bien l'aute c'tait in captain aussi hein, i avait quitté chez ieusses mais avant i a quitté chez ieusses, i avait pris eune bowl hein pis là i va en-dsous du lit, sus l'spring du lit pis il amârre in morceau d'bois sus l'spring du lit pis là i pend la bowl en-dsous du lit là la bowl de crame en-dsous du lit, ailloù-c-que

l'ptit morceau d'bois, justement l'ptit morceau d'bois apportait sus la bowl de crame hein. Ouais là il a parti anyway, mais a savait pas là ielle hein. Là toujours au souère là buddy arrive hein pis là i s'avont té dans l'lit ielle et buddy hein pis là le pauvre son-of-a-gun lui a travaillé, travaillé mais i savait pas que l'beurre--la crame s'en vnait en beurre là. Quand qu'son mari a arrivé l'endmain au souère i va endsous du lit pis i garde, la crame tait toute tournée en beurre heh! heh! /laughter/ J'pense tu crois il a pas travaillé.

/English summary: A captain goes to sea and during his absence his wife entertains a "doctor." On the captain's return he asks his young son if there were many visitors and he is told the "doctor" came often and spent time in the bedroom with his mother. The parents fight, but before he goes back to sea, the husband attaches a bowl of cream under the bed. On his return it has been turned to butter.]

Narrated 11-XI-1973. F1782/74-195, p. 1. I suggest for this tale a new type, AT 1359D* (CEFT), Husband Proves Wife's Infidelity. A bowl of cream suspended from the bed is turned to butter. Motifs include K1550.1, Husband discovers wife's adultery; K1517.2, Paramour poses as doctor and K1559* (Baughman), The crock of cream under the bed turns to butter; husband discovers adultery.

13. The Entrapped Suitors

...Pis y avait in aute. Y avait in homme pis eune femme aussitte hein. Pis ielle c'tait eune belle femme hein, a tait jolie pis t'sais, partout-c-qu'elle allait t'sais i la laimiont hein. Les hommes disaient qu'il aront bien voulu t'sais aouère in date ac ielle hèn t'sais. Pis

là ielle alle a commencé éte fatiguée d'ça hein. Toujours eune journée alle a té à la boutique et pis alle a arrivé chez ieusses a tait déconfortée, pis là son homme a dit, i dit, "Quoi-c-qu'a d'wrong?" i dit, "t'es pus pareille aujourd'hui" i dit "comme tu es les autes journées." A dit "Non" a dit "moi" a dit, a dit, "j'sais pas" a dit, "j'sus fatiguée d'entende dire" a dit "j'sus belle et tout en grand" a dit, "i voudront" a dit, "pâsser eune soirée ac moi" a dit "et tout en grand." --"Bien" i dit "ma pauvre enfant" i dit "seye pas" i dit "découragée pour ça" i dit, i dit "moi" i dit "ej vas faire d'l'argent" i dit "d'même" i dit. "C'est ienque ça" i dit "qu'ej te dmande" i dit. "Là asteure" i dit, "moi" i dit, i dit "ej vas sus les bateaux" i dit, "bien" i dit, "dmain tu vas aller en ville pis" i dit, "si y a des hommes qui t'parlent" i dit, "bien" i dit, "fais bonne mine" pis i dit, "dis-les" i dit "qu'ej quitte" i dit "pou aller sus l'bateau pis" i dit "qu'y dire" i dit "de vnir la soirée là le temps que tu vas éte partie toi" i dit, "ej m'en vas installer moi" i dit "eune belle bâille" i dit "sus in balant" i dit "qui hale en haut." I dit "Le promier qui va vnir" i dit, "bien" i dit, "tu l'tchins" i dit "à barr--tu sais à barrasser, à blaguer, pis" i dit, "là" i dit "tu vas" i dit "dans la chambre. Mais dame" i dit "m'en vas t'dire" i dit, "quand qu'i va aller dans la chambre" i dit, "tu vas mette tes hardes de nuit sus toi" i dit, "bien" i dit "tu vas l'dire de vnir dans la chambre bien" i dit "dis-y" i dit "que tu couches pas avec in homme toi avec des hardes sus l'corps, tu couches avec in homme avec pas d'hardes sus l'corps." Good enough. L'endmain lui i s'cache à tcheque part pis là ielle a va aux boutiques s'promener à l'entour, pis là tout l'monde disait "My God" i dit, "t'es belle, comment ça sra"

i dit, "si j'passras eune soirée ac toi?"--"Bien" a dit, "à souère c'est ta chance" a dit, "mon mari est parti" a dit "sus les bateaux." Ah, trop fier qu'il tait. I dit "Combien?" i dit. A dit "Pas moins d'cinq cents." Bien là i tait trop fier lui. "A souère" i dit, "m'en vas aller." Là toujours in ptit boutte après a marche plus loin encore alle erconte in aute encore t'sais. "By geez ej voudras bien pâsser eune soirée ac toi" i dit. "Bien" a dit, "à souère c'est ta chance" a dit, "mon mari" a dit "s'en va sus les bateaux, parti sus les bateaux à matin" a dit, "pis à souère j'sus tout seule." Bien i dit "Combien ça va éte le prix?"-- "Bien" a dit, "in mille pièces" a dit, "pas moins parce" a dit "si y a d'quoi ça arrive faut qu'ej paye l'hôpital."--"Oh bien" i dit, "ej maillne pas in mille pièces" i dit, "ej te donnras bien in mille pièces."-- "Bien" a dit, "le bargain est là." A marche encore in aute plus loin, in aute. Ah i tait fi--i tait parti i tait mort lui, i voulait tu sais, i tait pire qu'les autes. Bien a dit "Ta chance à souère" a dit, "mon mari est parti sus les bateaux c'est ta chance."--"Bien" i dit, "Combien?" --"Ah bien" a dit, "in mille cinq cents" a dit. "My God" i dit, "c'est trop" i dit. "Bien" a dit, "si c'est trop reste aillou-c-que t'es"--a dit "c'est ienque ça t'as à faire" a dit, a dit, "si ça vient arriver d'quoi" a dit, "faut qu'ej vas à l'hôpital, faut qu'ej paye l'hôpital moi" a dit, "pis" a dit, "l'enfant là" a dit, "faut qu'il a d'quoi" a dit "à s'mette sus l'corps."--"All right" i dit, "m'en vas tère là à souère" i dit. Pis a n'avait trois là. Là a s'en va chez ieusses. Pis là toujours vers, justement à la brume de nuit, i faisait nouère, in tapement à la porte. Va ouvrir la porte. Y avait iun d'ieusses. Bien ça s'a parlé pis tu sais comme dit machine, i jasiont tout en grand pis ça a arrivé vers huit heures bien a dit, "Moi" a dit, "j'm'endors, j'sus

fatiguée" a dit, "allons nous coucher. Mais dame" a dit, "l'argent premier." I y pässe les cinq cents pièces. Bien là i allont dans la chambre. Pis là a dit "Dame" a dit, "moi, j'couche pas avec in homme avec des hardes sus l'corps" a dit, "ej veux in homme tout nu" a dit, "dans l'lit ac moi." Lui i s'met tout nu, tout en grand, parti dsus lui. Bientôt pique-poque! à la porte. A dit "Paraît c'est mon homme qu'a oublié d'quoi" a dit "pis il est vnu back pou d'quoi d'aute." A dit "Gâre!" a dit, "jumpe dans la bâille" a dit, "ej m'en vas t'haler au grenier" a dit, "ma bâille" a dit "qu'ej mets mes hardes dedans. M'en vas t'haler au grenier" a dit, "pis" a dit "tu vas rester là. Quand qu'i va tère parti m'en vas t'descende encore." Good enough. Va à la porte, l'aute gârs. Ah, commence à blaguer anyway tout en grand. "Bien" a dit, "c'est temps d'aller nous coucher...coucher. Dame" a dit, "ej couche pas avec in homme avec des hardes sus l'corps moi" a dit, "ej veux qu'il est tout nu." Commence à dishabiller, flambant nu. Pique-poque! à la porte. A dit "Mon mari, mon mari a oublié d'quoi" a dit, a dit, "c'est lui là qu'est vnu là."--"Bien là" i dit, "Quoi qu'm'en vas faire, moi?" i dit, "tout nu?"--"Bien" a dit, "jumpe dans la bâille" a dit, "m'en vas descende la bâille" a dit, "jumpe dans la bâille pis j'm'en vas haler." Il a pas gardé quoi-c-qu'il avait dans la bâille, i saute dans la bâille. A hale la bâille en haut. Bien là toujours a va à la porte, l'aute arrive. Oh pis i tait wild. I rente, i saute et travers et tout en grand. Bien là a dit "I commence à éte tard" a dit, "c'est temps pour nous autes aller nous coucher. Dame" a dit, "m'en vas t'dire" a dit, "ej couche pas ac in homme ac des hardes sus l'corps" a dit. A dit "Moi" a dit, "les hommes" a dit "c'est tout nu." I s'dishabille tout nu. Bientôt son mari tape à la porte. A dit "Gâre!" a dit, "j'sus sûre"

a dit "c'est mon mari là" a dit, "il a oublié d'quoi" a dit, a dit "faut qu'ej me lève" a dit "ouère." Pis i voulait pas qu'a s'lève. Il essayait d'la tñir dans l'lit. "Oh!" a dit, "faut qu'ej vas à la porte" a dit "parce si c'est mon mari" a dit, "i va défoncer la porte pou sûr."-- "Mais" i dit, "ailloù-c-qu'ej m'en vas aller moi tout nu moi?" J'peux pas m'fourrer en-dsous du lit." A dit "Gare!" a dit, "y a eune bâille en haut là" a dit "qu'ej tchins mes hardes dedans" a dit, "m'en vas la descende" a dit, "asteure" a dit, "maillne pas quoi-c-qu'a d'dans" a dit, "m'en vas t'haler en haut." Quand qu'la bâille a descendu il a pas spèré que la bâille tait en bas i saute dans la bâille /laughing/. Deux autes. Hale la bâille là-haut, pis là a l'amârre tight. Va ouvrir la porte, son mari. I rente. Pis là alle avait l'argent alle a tout pâssé l'argent avant qu'il avont té s'coucher là. Pis là i dit, i dit, "Comment t'as fait?"--"Oh" a dit, "j'ai bien fait" a dit. "Bien" i dit, "good enough." Là ç'a blagué anyway lui et sa femme. "Là asteure" i dit, il a nommé les noms des trois hommes hein, "m'en vas les enoueyer qu'ri asteure" i dit, "lui et leus femmes" i dit, "j'allons 'ouère" i dit "in ptit party" i dit "entre nous autes." Enoueye qu'ri ieusses mais les femmes taient là mais les hommes taient pas là hein. Les femmes arrivont, les trois femmes arrivont. Pis là dmandait ioù-c-que leus maris taient, y avait ieune qui disait que l'aute tait là, il est ci et là hein? Pis là, i dit, "Bien là" i dit, "moi" i dit, "j'crois, j'sais ailloù-c-qu'est vote mari" i dit. I dit "Pt-ête, ej me trompe mais..." i dit. Tout d'in coup i s'en va pis i descend la bâille. Vlâ les trois d'ieusses flambant nus dans la bâille! /laughter/ Pis alle avait l'argent ielle hein.

/English summary: A woman is tired of being importuned by men, and tells

her husband. Together, they plan to make fools of the men who are bothering her. The next time she goes out, a man asks her if he can spend the night with her. She agrees, telling him it will cost \$500. A second man is asked \$1,000, and he agrees, and is followed by a third who is willing to pay \$1,500 to spend the night with her. The first arrives, and is told by the wife that he must take all his clothes off as she does not like men in bed with their clothes on. No sooner is he naked than a knock comes to the door. She hides him in her clothes basket, which she hauls up to the attic. The second and the third would-be lovers are each tricked, naked, into the clothes basket. Her husband, the last arrival, invites the men's wives to a party, and when they say they do not know where their husbands are, he reveals their presence in the basket.]

Narrated 11-X1-73. F1782/74-195, 2-5. The tale is a version of AT 1730, The Entrapped Suitors, motifs K1218.1, The entrapped suitors; K1218.1.1, The entrapped suitors: the chaste wife tricks them into casks; K443.2, Clever wife gets money from those who attempt to seduce her. This and the preceding tale, "ienque des histouères" or 'only jokes' following Mrs. Barter's description, were told to her many years ago by the late Battis Cornect (Cornac), "in cruel homme pour dire des histouères vilaines."

14. Chewing straw

For the text of this memorat, see chapter five, p. 124.. F1782/74-195, 15-16.

15. "L'âroi pis la reine"

...Y avait eune fois y avait l'âroi pis la reine hein. I aviont trois filles et...à toutes les jours, i tait forcé d'acheter chacune eune paire de souliers hein. Pis là i savait pas quoi-c-qu'avait d'wrong, à toutes les jours, à toutes les matins allait dans leu chambre, la smelle des souliers tait usée. Pis là il a mis eune parole en hors assayer d'saouère tchi-c-qu'ara pu saouère ailloù-c-que ses filles allaient l'souère. Parce à toutes les souères avant qu'il alliont s'coucher à neuf heures et pis les filles taient tout l'temps dans la chambre, tout l'temps dans leu chambre. Pis là il a assayé d'aouère tchequ'in pis il a dit ceuses-là qu'ara trouvé ailloù-c-que ses filles taient parties, il ara ieu donné la plus jène de ses filles en mariage. Pis là toujours y avait eune coupelle qu'avait vnu là pis, vnu coucher là. Mais les filles allaient pis l'endmain matin, i s'leviont, pas d'smelles en-dsous leu souliers. Il aviont in latch dans eune chambre, i leviont l'latch pis il alliont en-dsus d'la terre pis i alliont chez in aute âroi hein ailloù-c-qu'il aviont des danses et pis i dansiont toute la nuit pis i usiont toute leu souliers. Mais là l'âroi savait pas ça pis là i pouvait pas trouver ailloù-c-que ses filles allaient l'souère. Là toujours il avont mis in homme--in homme qu'avait vnu là chez l'âroi pis il avait dit à l'âroi--i dit "Moi" i dit, "ej pourras trouver" i dit, "ioù-c-que tes filles va" i dit "l'souère" i dit. Bien l'âroi a dit, i dit, "Si tu peux trouver" i dit "ailloù-c-qu'il allont l'souère" i dit, "ej te donne ieune de mes filles en mariage pis à motché d'mon bien." Pis là toujours la soirée-là il a couché là. Pis là il a pas dormi anyway, il a resté d'boute toute la nuit pis là i s'levont, i s'greyont, i levont l'latch pis i descendent en bâs sus eune échelle pis là i s'en allont chez l'âroi

pis i dansont toute la nuit pis là pas d'smelle dans leu souliers. Toute usée la smelle en-dsous d'leu souliers. L'endmain matin il arrivont, lui i faisait mine de dormir hein. Il avait vu ça asteure, dans sa chambre à lui foulait qu'i pæssiont hein. Il avait vu ça lui hein. Toujours l'endmain matin i s'lève l'âroi pis là, la smelle des souliers encore. Toute usée hein. Pis là i va à la chambre pis i va pis i tape à la porte d'la chambre. I dit euh, "J'pense" i dit "tu dors" i dit. "J'dormais mais" i dit "j'sus, vous m'avez ravaillé quand vous avez tapé à la porte." Pis i dit "Tu sais-ti" i dit "ailloù-c-que mes filles va" i dit "l'souère?"--"Ouais" i dit, "j'sais" i dit. Et là i s'lève de dans le lit pis i lève le latch hein, pis i dit "Gâre, i descendent en-bâs là" i dit, "il allont dans in aute village" i dit "danser". Pis là l'âroi a su don ailloù-c-qu'il alliont hein tout en grand pis là il a dit, i dit, "Asteure ej t'ai promis ieune de mes filles en mariage" i dit, "la plus jène" i dit "ou mis don" i dit "cette-là que tu vas tchuire--tu veux choisir." Pis là l'gârs a dit, i dit, "J'sus pas capabe d'la marier" i dit "parce" i dit "j'sus marié asteure" i dit. I dit "euh, "J'peux pas m'marier encore mais" i dit, "iun d'mes garçons" i dit "pt-ête" i dit "marirà" i dit eune princése" hein. Parce il avait des garçons hein. Pis là ieune des princéses a dit qu'a l'ara pas ieu marié...asteure j'oublie asteure j'sais pas hein. Y a d'quoi là asteure hein--a l'ara pas ieu marié parce y avait d'quoi, j'sais pas quoi-c-que c'est...J'me rappelle pus. C'est ienque dans l'milieu du conte ça,

/English summary: A king finds his daughters' shoes worn out each morning, and offers the hand of one of them to anyone who can discover how they do it. A man comes, pretends to sleep, and sees the three girls slipping out through a tunnel which leads to another kingdom, where they

spend the night dancing. The man exposes their secret to the king, who offers him one in marriage. He says he is already married, but thinks one of his sons might accept.7

Narrated 11-X1-73. F1783/74-195, 1-3. This is a much abbreviated version of AT 306, The Danced-Out Shoes. Motifs include F1015.1.1, The danced-out shoes, P252.2, Three sisters, T68, Princess offered as prize, and H508.2, Bride offered to man who can find answer to question. Mrs. Barter had had some difficulty in recalling a tale to tell at this point in the recording session, and commented that "Tu oublies hein--si long-temps tu contes pas d'contes." Two and a half years later, she told a much fuller version of the tale (No. 56 following).

16. The man who saved his son's marriage

As-tu tendu pou l'homme et la femme pis y avait in garçon qui s'avait marié? Son père et sa mère avait ieu quatorze enfants entre ieusses hein, lui et sa femme t'sais hein. Bien ielle les a ieu hein mais il ont ieu quatorze enfants. Pis là la fille qu'il a marié lui hein, bien sa mère a ieu tchinze. Pis là i s'ont marié ieusses hein, i tiont cinq ans mariés hein, pas ieu d'enfant hein. Son darnier garçon au gârs là hein au vieux là hein bien il a ieu treize enfants lui, son père à lui hein, sa mère hein, bien là c'tait son darnier lui. Le darnier des garçons hein. Bien ça mettait son père à quater-vingt--quater-vingt-quatre ans. Le vieux hein tait quater-vingt-quate. Pis là i tiont mariés, son garçon pis sa femme tiont mariés pour cinq ans pis il ont pas ieu d'enfants hein. Bien là il a dit à sa femme que si, tu sais y avait pas d'changement, bien là il avont, il ara ieu quitté hein. Parce i voulait aouère des enfants, c'tait pas lui c'tait ielle

hein, assyait d'mette la blâme sus ielle hein. Pis là toujours il a dit que c'tait la darnière soirée qu'i couchait avec ielle hein. Pis là si t'aras pas ieu t'sais nous dirons bien il ara pas ieu couché avec ielle davantage parce il avont ieu parté hein parce i voulait des enfants lui, i voulait really 'ouère des enfants. Pis toujours a tait en bäs ielle, a tait right desolée nous dirons hein. Pis là toujours le lendemain matin, il a parti à l'ouvrage lui, le vieux a arrivé là hein, son père à lui asteure hein. Il avait quater-vingt-quate hein. Pis là tu sais, il aimait ielle parce c'tait eune bonne parsonne nous dirons hein tu sais, a tait really eune bonne parsonne. Pis là il a dmandé quoi-c-qu'il avait d'wrong hein, pis i dit, i dit, "Tu peux m'dire" i dit, "tu sais" i dit, "si tu maillnes pas parce" i dit, "ej diras pas à parsonne" i dit "quoi-c-que c'est parce" i dit, "j'sais" i dit, "des fois" i dit, "t'as tu sais, du...manage hein." Pis il a parlé comme i faut en tout en grand pis là a y dit hein. A dit "Oui" a dit, "mon homme" a dit "a couché ac moi, a ieu affaire avec moi hier soir" a dit, "pis" a dit, "i m'a dit" a dit "si tu sais i ava pas ieu in enfant bien i tait pou quitter hein" et pis i s'laiment--i l'aimait ielle hein. Pis là toujours a parle au vieux hein. Pis là l'vieux a dit, i dit, i dit "C'est dur" i dit "à dire ça" i dit, "j'sais bien j'pense" i dit, "bien" i dit "ça pourra s'faire que c'est lui" i dit "qu'est pas capabe d'aouère d'enfant hein." Pis là i parlait avec ielle pis là i dit, i dit, i dit "Comme dit machine bien" i dit, "si tu veux" i dit--alle a dit ielle, alle a dit au vieux, alle a dit, "Gare" a dit, "j'iras avec n'importe tchi asteure" a dit, "j'sus découragée hein." Pis là le vieux a dit, i dit "Bien" i dit, "si tu veux" i dit, i dit, "j'allons assayer. C'est pas mal d'assayer hein" le vieux a dit hein. I avait quater-vingt-quate.

Pis là toujours comme dit machine il ont fait leu-z-affaire hein. Pis juste exactly à bouté les neuf mois hein, il a ieu in ptit garçon hein. Pis là i croyait sûr c'ta à lui, lui hein, pis t'sais, comme dit machine i faisait sûr que c'tait à lui parce il avait té avec ielle cte soirée-là hein. Mais c'tait lui qui pouvait pas aouère d'enfant hein. Pis il avont ieu cte ptit garçon-là hein, pis il avait cinq, il avait deux ans et dmi hein bien là son grand-père a mouri hein. Pis là avant son grand-père a mouri, i tait in catholique hein pis i s'a confessé au prêtre hein, pis il a dit au prêtre quoi-c-qu'il avait fait asteure pour sauver l'mariage d'son garçon hein. Pis c'est comme ça qu'il avont su asteure que c'est lui qui ownait l'ptit hein. Il avait quater-vingt-quate. Mais il a sauvé son mariage de son garçon hein.

G.B: C'est-i in conte ça?

Non non. Ca c'tait vrai ça. C'est la varité hein.

G.B: Les vieux temps.

Oui c'tait real la varité hein. Parce il a dit au prêtre qu'il a fait ça pou sauver l'mariage de son garçon hein. I dit qu'il avait pas bien fait dans eune mangnière mais still il avait sauvé t'sais, pis i dit qu'il avait--son garçon croyait sûr que c'tait lui hein. Il ont pas ieu d'enfant après hein. Le prêtre a préché sus l'autel hein. Mais il a pas nommé d'nom.

G.B: Non.

Il a justement préché sus l'autel hein quoi-c-qu'avait happené parce i tait supposé d'faire ça hein. Pis c'est comme ça, ça a perdu vnu qu'alle a ieu in ptit garçon hein pis alle a sauvé son mariage. Tu vois des fois la blâme pässe sus tchequ'in hein, c'est tu sais--parce c'tait pas sa faute à ielle hein, c'tait lui hein. Mais i voulait pas ouère, i

voulait pas 'ouère à dire hein. Pis cte vieux-là gare il a fait son ouvrage (laughter). I tait vieux mais i tait capabe.

G.T: I tait pas mauvais.

Ej te garantis qu'i pouvait faire son ouvrage hein.

/English summary: A man and wife cannot have any children. The husband blames the wife and threatens to leave her if, after one last try, she fails to become pregnant. His eighty-four year old father notices that the wife is unhappy and they discuss the matter. When she says in desperation that she would go with anyone provided she could have a child, the old man offers his help. Nine months later she has a son. When the old man is dying he confesses to the priest, pointing out that his action was prompted by a desire to save his son's marriage, which it did. The priest later spoke of the incident in church, without naming names.]

I have not attempted an identification of this story, which Mrs. Barter claims to be true. I think Mrs. Barter uses this tale to impress upon her children that in life one sometimes has to do a bad thing to achieve a good end, and that one should be fair in judging others.

Narrated 11-X1-73. F1783/74-195, 4-5.

17. Riding steers

For the text of this childhood escapade, see chapter five, p. 126.

F1783/74-195, p. 11.

18. "Le ptit masse nouère" (The little black mask)

Y avait eune fois in, in, in village. Pis dans l'village y restait le roi pis la reine. Pis y avait eune tapée d'monde dans, y avait eune tapée d'monde dans la ville là. Pis là l'âroi a dit, la première fumelle

qu'ara ieu in enfant, bien faulait qu'alle ara té tuée, alle té pendue. Pis là toujours dans in conte ça pässe vite, il aviont eune sarvante là tout l'temps, tout d'in coup la sarvante s'aparçoit qué alle apportait in enfant. Alle a pensé à ielle-même bien "Si j'reste ici pour sûr qu'l'âroi va m'tuer." Là quoi qu'a fait a quitte. A quitte d'chez l'âroi pis a s'en va dans la forêt, pis là a marche, pis a marche. Alle a marché pou trois jours. Et là toujours la troisième jorn--la troisième journée quand ça a arrivé sus l'souère, alle embarque dans in âbe pis alle ergarde tout l'tour pis là a voit eune ptite clarté en bas dans l', en bas d'la montagne. Pis là alle a dit à ielle-même "Bien c'est là faut qu'ej vas à souère si j'peux reacher. Là j'm'en vas aller là." Là a s'pointe aillou-c-qu'elle avait vu la ptite clerté anyway. Quand qu'alle arrive là, tape à la porte, eune vieille vient ouvrir la porte. "Bien" a dit, "mon enfant" a dit, "ailloù-c-que don" a dit "qu'tu vas" a dit "à souère" a dit, a dit "dans cte mauvais temps-là?" Pis i mouillait pis i ventait--"Bien" a dit "grand'mère" a dit "j'ai pas d'place aller" a dit. "J'sus engaré" a dit, "pis j'ai pas d'place aller" a dit. Pis là toujours la vieille dit, "Rente"--là a rente pis a s'assit. Pis la vieille y donne à manger. Le temps qu'a tait à manger a mangeait pas beaucoup. La vieille a commencé à y parler pis a s'pâme à pleurer, oh, a s'a pâmé à pleurer. Bien la vieille a dit, a dit euh, a dit "C'est pas utile que tu pleures" a dit "si aussi bien" a dit "qu'tu manges" a dit, "c'est pas suffi" a dit "qu'tu vas souère in enfant" a dit, "que faut qu'tu déconfortes pou ça" a dit. Pis là a garde la vieille, "Mais" a dit, "comment que vous savez ça?" a dit. "Mais" a dit, "j'le sais parce" a dit, "moi j'sus eune vieille sorciaise. Mais" a dit, "m'en vas t'dire" a dit, "si tu veux m'promette" a dit "de m'donner cte bibi-là" a

dit, a dit "quand qu'tu vas l'aouère bien" a dit, "ej m'en vas t'garder ici" a dit, "jusqu'à temps tu as l'bibì mais dame" a dit, "faut qu'tu m'promets" a dit "que tu vas m'donner ton bibì" a dit "sauve quoi ça va iête" a dit. "Ouais." Là toujours c'tait rangé anyway qué faulait qu'a donnait sòn bibì à la vieille si alle ara ieu resté là. Alle a resté là. Alle a resté avec la vieille in grand boutte anyway pis là, dans in conte ça pâsse vite. Toute d'in coup vlà le bébi qui vient au monde, c'tait eune ptite fille. Pis là toujours vlà la vieille qui la soigne pour in mois jusqu'à temps qu'a tait bien smarte. Pis là toujours, quand qu'a tait bien smarte la vieille a dit "Bien asteure" a dit, "si tu veux quitter c'est all right pis si tu veux pas quitter t'es bienvnuë à rester ac nous autes." La vieille a dit "Non"--la fille a dit "Non" a dit, "ej m'en vas aller back au village" a dit, "si j'peux trouver l'village."-- "Oh oui" a dit, "tu vas trouver l'village." Pis là a dit "bien" a dit "ton bibì c'est l'mien."--"Ouais"--le bébi c'tait l'sien à la vieille, pis a tait vieille. Bien là toujours j'allons quitter la mère pis j'allons prende dessus l'bébi. Dans in conte ça pâsse vite et toute d'in coup bien vlà l'bébi eune grande fumelle. Pis là la vieille ielle bien a commençait pas mal à vnir sus l', sus la vieillesse. Pis là eune journée alle a tombé malade. Pis là don alle appelle la fille à son lit. Mais asteure la fille l'applait sa mère parce que c'tait ielle qui l'avait lvée, la vieille-là qui l'avait lvée. A dit "Gãre" a dit "ma fille" a dit, a dit "j'ai d'quoi à te dmander."--"Bien" a dit "maman" a dit "sauf" a dit "quoi-c-que vous m'dmandras" a dit, a dit "j'le fras" a dit, a dit, "si j'sus capabe" a dit, "j'le fras." A dit "Oui" a dit, "tu sras capabe de faire ça pis" a dit, "tu vas m'promette" a dit "que tu vas pas tuer--tu tiras pas ça" a dit, "de dsus toi" a dit, "pas avant la

soirée d'tes nocés."--"Bien" a dit, "ej peux vous promette." A dit "Gâre" a dit, "y a in ptit masse ici" a dit, "in ptit masse noir" a dit, "pis" a dit, "j'veux" a dit "qu'tu mets c'ptit masse-là" a dit "sus ta fidgure" a dit "pis" a dit "pas l'tirer dsus ta fidgure" a dit "pas avant" a dit "la soirée d'tes nocés." Bien là la fille prend l'masse anyway pis a met l'masse sus sa fidgure, pis ça fittait si bien sa fidgure. Pis là don la vieille a moure là ielle là. Pis don vlà la fille don, dans la forêt toute seule. Pis là toujours, alle a resté là eune coupelle de jours anyway, enterré sa mère et resté là eune coupelle de jours pis là a pense à ielle-même bien, "C'est pas utile pou moi rester ici tout seule, c'est jusqu'au si bien qu'ej fais d'quoi." Là toujours a s'pointe, a marche, paque in ptit patchet pis a marche et marche et marche. Alle a marché pou trois et quate jours anyway pis a tait fatigué pis alle a pensé à ielle-même, "Bien faut croire y a pas d'way de trouver arien hein, j'sus dans l'bois." Ouais mais quand qu'ça a arrivé à la nuit, a tait fatiguée, a tait assis, a prendait in spell. Alle a rgardé pis alle a vu eune mangnière de clerté à travers des bois hein? A s'lève de d'là mon homme pis a s'pousse, pis alle a marché j'pense comme in dmi-mille. Alle arrive au chmin, à la rue. Quand qu'alle arrive à la rue anyway then a savait ioù-c-qu'a tait. A savait qu'a tait...Bien là a couche là au bord d'la rue la soirée là. In abri, a s'a fait in abri pis là a s'couche--a couche là. L'endmain matin au soleil levé, a saute sus ses pieds pis là a s'pousse. Pis là a voit eune porte, a tape à la porte, y avait eune vieille qu'a vnu rouvrir la porte. "Bien" a dit, "quôî-c-que tu charches?" A dit, "Ma ptite négresse, quoi-c-que tu charches?" "Bien" a dit "moi" a dit, "ej charche pou eune job" a dit, "j'voudras" a dit "aouère eune job" a dit "parce" a dit "j'ai pas d'ouvrage pis" a dit

"j'ai pas d'place aller."--"Oh bien" a dit, "j'avons besoin d'tchequ'in" a dit "pour laver la vaisselle et ça" a dit, "pour faire l'ouvrage." Pis là toujours a prend la fille pis...là, l'endmain matin, bien faulait qu'a prendait son ouvrage. Pis là pas d'manger dans la tchuisine avec ieusses, cte vieille-là alle avait in garçon pis y avait pas d'manger avec ieusses et faulait pas qu'le garçon gardait la fille, qu'y avait autchune affaire avec ielle du tout. Pis là ielle a mangeait son déjeuner dana la tchuisine et ieusses i mangiont dans la grande soleil. Et la toujours eune journée son garçon s'a lvé, pour aller à la chasse, matinée. Pis là ielle a s'lève avant pis là a greye son déjeuner, greye son déjeuner et tout en grand. Pis là i a dit, i dit à la fille, "Mais mange ton déjeuner avec moi."--"Non" a dit, a dit "j'ai ieu les ordes" a dit "de pas manger mon déjeuner" a dit "avec vous autes bien" a dit, "ej mangeras pas." Là toujours a man--a quitte pis i s'en va manger son déjeuner. Mais il a trouvé ça tchurieux lui, les mains si blancs et la fidgure si nouère. Pensait à lui-même, "Y a d'quoi là-d'dans." Et là toujours il a parti à la chasse anyway. Là au souère il a arrivé à la maison. Mais à toutes les matins a quittait vers dix heures, a quittait pis alle allait en bas au rousseau--à la rivière. Alle allait s'laver asteure pis s'installer, pis là don a fourrait cte ptit masse-là sus sa fidgure encore. Toute d'in coup eune matinée alle a fait don ouvrage pis là a quitte pour aller à la rivière. Oui mais i la course. Pis il arrive dans les bois pis i s'cache là lui là, Pis là a tire--a garde tout l'tour, tire le mask de dsus sa fidgure pis a s'lave pis a s'peigne comme i faut, a s'installe. Pis là lui i tait dârrière les brousses et pis i daltait là a tait si belle hein pis sa mère voula pas qu'il avait à faire avec ielle. Là toujours met son masse pis i s'pointe pour chez

ieusses. Là eune soirée--dans in conte ça pässe vite, ça a té d'même pour eune coupelle de smaines anyway pis là i dit à sa mère qu'il ara ieu voulu don marier la f--la sarvante. Oh la vieille a vnu folle en grand. A dit, "Pas d'ça, pas ça du tout" a dit. A dit "Paque tes hardes" a dit, a l'appelle pis là a paque ses hardes pis là faulait qu'a s'en allait toute force. Bien toujours a vient bien trisse, la vlà sus l'chmin encore. Là toujours alle a marché et marché in grand boute, alle arrive eune maison. A tape à la porte pis là la vieille dit pareil encore. A dit "ailloù-c-que tu vas ma ptite négresse?"--"Bien" a dit, "moi" a dit, "j'sus en charche d'eune job" a dit, "j'ai pas d'job" a dit, "j'peux pas" a dit "aouère--trouver eune place à rester parce" a dit, "j'sus dhors."--"Ah bien" la vieille a dit, "tu peux rentrer" a dit. A dit "J'vons t'garder ici" a dit, "anyway pour in boute anyway." Pis là don a rente chez la vieille, oh! a tait eune aute fois pus mauvaise ielle. Pis là a travaillait à londgeur de jour à travailler comme in chien pis la vieille toujours à grummer sus ielle tout en grand pis euh...là eune matinée le garçon encore s'levait pis i s'greye pour aller à la chasse. Là "Demain matin" a dit, "faut tu t'lèves" a dit "faire son déjeuner." Right mauvaise. A dit, "I s'en va à la chasse" a dit "pis" a dit, "faut qu'il a" a dit "son déjeuner." L'endmain matin, a s'lève, a lave--a va au bathroom, a lave ses mains, greye son déjeuner. Mais là i dit, "Mais" i dit, "mange ton déjeuner avec moi." I dit "Maman est couchée."--"Non" a dit, "j'ai ieu" a dit--"j'tais draillvée dhors" a dit, "déjà" a dit, "ej voudras pas perde ma job encore." Pis là i la veillait. Pis lui i s'pointe à la chasse. Pis là ielle a fait son ouvrage pis alle avait pas son ouvrage de fait a s'en va encore au lac encore pour s'laver. Pis là don a vient--ertourne back travailler. Ouais mais il a trouvé ça

tchurieux lui, les mains si blanches pis la fidgure si nouère. Pense à lui-même "Y a d'quoi là-d'dans. Eune matinée toujours, Nom de Diousse i reste à la maison. Pis là i la veille, et quand qu'alle a quitté pour aller à la rivière alle avait toute son ouvrage de fait, i la course. Pis là don i courait plus vite que ielle, bien sûr, i s'arrive à la rivière pis là i s'cache. A vient pis a tire le masse, pis a prend sa cake de savon pis son peigne pis là--son torchon pis là a s'lave comme i faut, oooh! pis lui tait dârière les brousses là pis i savait pas quoi faire, a tait si belle pis i s'tordait toutes sortes de mangnières hein. Pense à lui-même, "Asteure si j'pourras don l'auère pour ma femme" hein. Là toujours a prend l'ptit masse encore pis a met l'ptit masse par-dsus sa fidgure encore, pis là don a s'pousse pour la maison. Pis là lui aussi i s'pousse pour la maison. Quand qu'il arrive à la maison i tait assis la tête en bas bien trisse. Sa mère a dit, a dit "Quoi-c-que t'as aujourd'hui" a dit, "t'es trisse?"--"Oh" i dit, "arien" i dit. "Mais" i dit, "croyez-vous asteure" i dit, i dit, "que si j'me mariras" i dit, "qu'ej feras pas bien" i dit, "vous commencez à vnir vieille asteure" i dit, "ej pourras" i dit "me marier" i dit--non, a voulait pas d'ça. A dit, "T'as pas trouvé ta femme encore" a dit. "Bien" i dit, "j'aras bien voulu marier" i dit "la ptite saravante" i dit "qu'ej avons ici." A dit "Quoi!" a dit, "toi" a dit "marier" a dit "eune ptite, ptite noirette de même, non non non!" a dit. Là alle appelle la fille. A dit, "Asteure" a dit "j'vas t'payer pis" a dit, a dit "faut tu quittes" a dit. A dit "J'veux pas toi" a dit, "faut tu quittes." Là toujours, a paque encore pis là la vlà dhors encore, pousse, marche encore, marche, pour si loin encore. Arrive eune aute maison, tape à la porte, quand qu'alle arrive là, la femme a rouvri la porte. "Bien" a dit, "mon cher

enfant" a dit, a dit, "quoi don tu charches?" A dit "Moi" a dit,
 "j'charche eune place" a dit, "pou rester" a dit, "ej voudras" a dit, a
 dit "eune place à rester parce" a dit, "j'ai pas d'chez nous, j'sus
 dhors" a dit, pis a dit "j'peux travailler" a dit "in peu" a dit. Pis
 là quand qu'alle a vu que la vieille avait pas--l'avait pas applé la
 ptite noirette, alle a trouvé ça tchurieux, alle a pensé à ielle-même,
 "Bien, c'est diffarent."--"Bien" a dit "rente" a dit "ma ptite fille"
 a dit. Pis là toujours a rente, pis là a dit, a dit, "Y a pas grand
 ouvrage à faire" a dit, "t'aras ienque la peine" a dit "d'laver la
 vaisselle" a dit, "c'est toute" a dit, "pis balayer la place."--"Oh," a
 dit, "j'peux faire plus que ça."--"Non non," a dit, "c'est ienque ça" a
 dit, "t'aras à faire" a dit, a dit "j'sons tout seul moi et mon garçon"
 a dit. "Bien" a dit, "tu pourras" a dit "laver la vaisselle et balayer
 la place" a dit, "c'est ienque ça" a dit "qu'ej voudras que tu fais" a
 dit. A rente pis là a y donne in lunch, pis là a s'a pris à carnasser
 avec ielle. Alle a pensé à ielle-même "Bien, j'les as de fait." Pis là
 ça a carnassé toujours pour in boute pis là le garçon arrive, anyway d'la
 chasse. Pis quand qu'il arrive d'la chasse, i l'ergarde--eune ptite
 fille. Pensait à lui-même "C'est tchurieux," eune fille tu sais, i
 trouvait ça tchurieux asteure, ouère des fumelles, pis là toujours i
 rente, pis là, la vieille y donne son souper, i mange et ielle pareil,
 pis là ielle a va s'assire dans la tchuisine manger. A dit "Pas d'ça du
 tout" a dit, a dit "y a pas d'tchuisine" a dit "à manger icitte" a dit,
 "tu vas manger dans la salle" a dit "avec nous autes pis" a dit "c'est
 ça" a dit, "viens-t-en manger ac nous autes." Bien là àlle a pensé à
 ielle-même, "Ça va pas durer comme--ça va pas durer d'même tout l'temps
 pour sûr parce j'sus trop hèreuse." Et là toujours dans in conte ça

pâsse vite. Là asteure la première maison qu'alle avait resté, c'tait la soeur d'la dârnière maison qu'alle tait, i tiont trois soeurs là asteure, ça c'tait les trois, les trois garçons ça c'tait trois cousins. Bien là toujours ça a té d'même pour in boute pis là eune matinée i s'lève pis a s'lève aussitte. "Mais" i dit, "tu dois pas t'lever" i dit "si bonne heure que ça" i dit, i dit "maman" i dit "s'lève pas" i dit "ielle" i dit "pas avant neuf heures" i dit, "dix heures, pis" i dit "toi, t'as pas besoin d'et lever non plus parce" i dit, "moi, j'peux faire mon déjeuner."--"Oh non!" a dit, "ej vas t'faire ton déjeuner." Là a fait son déjeuner. Mais a va au bathroom pis a lave ses mains mais a lave pas sa fidgure. Là lui là, i trouvait ça tchurieux aussitte. Pis là i greye son déjeuner pis là a s'en allait dans la tchuisine manger. "Non non!" i dit, "viens-t-en manger ton déjeuner avec moi à la tabe." Là pour le plaire anyway a s'assit à la tabe pis là a mange in déjeuner avec lui. Pis là lui i s'greye, prend l'--son lunch pis i s'pointe à la chasse. I s'promnait dans l'bois pis i pensait quoi-c--comment ça pourra s'faire aouère les mains si blancs pis la fidgure si nouère. Bien toujours il a chassé in boute anyway pis là i s'en, s'en vient. Il arrive chez ieusses et quand qu'il a arrivé il a entendu l'carillon mais quand qu'i rente c'tait la mère pis la fille qui taient pris à carnasser. Pis ça carnassait. Pis ielle tait si heureuse. Pis là toujours au souère, bien il appelle sa mère don pis i dit à sa mère. I dit "J'ai d'quoi à vous dmander" i dit. "Bien" a dit, "si j'peux l'faire" a dit, "comme j'l'ai déjà fait" a dit, "ej le fras" a dit, "j'as toujours--tout quoi tu m'as dmandé" a dit, "qu'ej ai pu l'faire" a dit, "ej l'ai fait."--"Bien" i dit, "j'auras ieu voulu" i dit "marier" i dit "note sarvante" i dit. "Bien" a dit, "c'est bien." Là a crie à la fille. Là

la fille a pensé, "Bien c'est ça" a dit, "faut qu'ej décolle encore dmain matin" a dit "pour sûr." Quand qu'la fille a rentré, a croche la fille pis là a caresse la fille pis a dit, a dit "Asteure" a dit, "mon garçon" a dit "veut" a dit "qu'i t'marie." Bien là c'tait oh! c'tait tout en grand mignon. Là toujours les grandes noces, ça a commencé à préparer pour les noces anyway. Pis là les deux autes garçons don qui savient comment belle qu'alle tait, quand qu'il avont ieu la parole pour dire que son cousin s'mariait, bien là tu sais i trouvent ça dur là. Là toujours il avont té à l'église, s'avont marié pis là au souère don c'tait la grande noce. Pis là i s'avont mis sus la place pour 'ouère la première danse anyway, pis là avant qu'il avont tiré les canons, tiré les coups d'canon, bien là la fille a dit, a dit, "Moi" a dit, "j'aras voulu dire" a dit "eune parole" a dit, "avant qu'ej commence à danser." Bien comme de faite. C'tait sa parole hein, a voulait dire de quoi. "Asteure" a dit, "ej voudras tirer mon masse" a dit "qu'ej l'as sus ma fidgure" a dit, "que j'ai usé" a dit "pour toute le temps d'ma vie." Là a tire le masse, quand qu'a tire le masse il ont tiré les canons hein. Pis là les deux autes les pauvres son-of-a-gun, qui daltiont pour l'aouère mais c'tait pas ieusses qui l'avaient asteure c'tait leu cosuin, nous dirons hein. Pis là toujours il avont vi comme i faut après. Quand j'ai pâssé par là i m'ont invité pour eune tassée d'thé. S'i sont pas morts i vivent encore. Heh!

/English summary: A king orders that any unmarried girl who becomes pregnant will be hanged. A servant, finding herself pregnant, runs away. She eventually comes to a house in the woods in which there lives an old woman. The woman takes her in, and promises to look after her on condition that she keep the baby for herself. The girl agrees, and

when she is well she goes away, leaving her baby daughter with the old woman. She raises the child as her own, and when she is nearing death, she asks the young girl to wear a little black mask until such time as she gets married. After the old woman's death, the girl leaves to look for work. Another old woman takes her in, treating her badly. She has a son who is struck by the girl's black face and white hands. One day when she goes to the river to wash her face, he follows her, spies on her, and falls in love with her. But when he tells his mother he wants to marry her, she chases the girl away. The girl comes to another house where another old woman lives with her son. Again the girl is treated badly, and again, when the son falls in love with her, the old woman chases her away. She comes to a third house, and here she is treated with kindness. The son again falls in love with her, though not having seen her face, and this time the old woman, far from being angry, is delighted at the prospect of her son's marriage with the black-faced girl. The wedding takes place, to which are invited the two old women and their sons, who are relations of the groom and his mother. The two lads are jealous but can do nothing. After the wedding, the girl takes off her mask, having kept her promise to her stepmother.]

Narrated 6-I-74. F1787/74-195, 2-8. This romantic tale, a type much enjoyed by Mrs. Barter, does not seem to be included in The Types of the Folktale. This simple plot, which has been developed into a lengthy narrative, does have a number of traditional motifs. They include: Q254, Girl punished for becoming pregnant; S351.1, Abandoned child cared for by grandmother (aunt, foster mother); M251, Dying man's promise will be kept; K1821.3, Disguise by veiling face; K1815.2, Ugly disguise; T131, Marriage restrictions, and P252.2, Three sisters. Mrs.

Barter first heard the story from the late Joe Lainey, in about 1950.

When she told it to me, she claimed that the last time she had told the tale was when her daughters Geraldine and Audrey were very small children, and she had used it as a bedtime story.

20. The farmer and the wolf

...Le vieux qu'avait eune femme pis il avait té sus la ferme travailler sus la ferme. Pis là le temps qu'i tait à travailler sus la ferme, y a in loup qu'a vnu à lui. Et pis i tait maige, oh, le loup, c'tait ienque des os. Pis là le vieux a débarqué d'sus son choual, pis il a dit au loup--i dit, "Euh" i dit, "t'es maige" i dit, "quoi-c-qu'a d'wrong?" i dit, "avec toi" i dit. Pis là le loup a dit, i dit, "J'sais pas" i dit "mais" i dit "j'peux pas" i dit "grâssir" i dit, "Bien" i dit, i dit, "quitte-moi t'installer" i dit, "pis" i dit, "eune coupelle de smaines d'ici" i dit "tu sras bien" i dit "et gros." Bien comme de faite. I quitte le farmier faire la job pis là le loup s'en va pis lui, i s'prend sus l'ouvrage pis i fait son ouvrage dans la ferme. Oui mais après eune coupelle de smaines ou in mois, dans in conte ça pâsse vite. Eune journée i tait sus sa ferme encore, vlà le loup qu'arrive encore. Pis l'loup avait la misère à marcher i tait assez gras. "Bien" i dit "gâre" i dit, i dit, "tu m'as dgéri" i dit "mais" i dit "asteure c'est mon tour" i dit. I dit "Demain" i dit, "ej m'en vas installer toi" i dit, "comme que t'as fait à moi." Bien le vieux i a pas dit arien hein du coup mais l'ernard, i--tu sais, le loup a dit, i dit, i dit, "C'est ça" i dit, i dit, "tu l'as fait à moi" i dit, "j'le fais à toi." Bien c'est bien. Bien quand l'vieux arrive chez ieusses, avec ses deux chouals anyway et sa plough. Pis i rente i s'assit à son souper. Mais

i tait assis à son souper pis sa vieille l'a gardé, a dit, a dit "Tu parais trisse aujourd'hui." A dit "Y a d'quoi" a dit, "faut croire qu'as pas bien té."--"Non" i dit, "ça a toute bien té" i dit, "mais" i dit, "tu sais bien le loup" i dit "qu'ej t'ai dit, que j'avais installé" i dit, "qui tait si maige" i dit, "mais" i dit "aujourd'hui" i dit, "il a vnu" i dit "encore à moi" i dit. "Pis" i dit, "il a la misère à marcher" i dit, "il est assez gras, pis asteure demain" i dit, "il est forcé" i dit "de faire la job" i dit "sus moi" i dit, "c'tait in bargain que j'avions fait."--"Bien" a dit, "demain matin" a dit, "ej vas m'en aller moi" a dit "à ta place moi." Là toujours l'endmain matin arrive, a prend ses deux chouals pis là, la plough pis a s'pointe. Alle arrive sus la ferme, a tait à travailler sus la ferme anyway, le loup arrive. "Bien" i dit, "j'sus arrivé asteure" i dit "pou faire la job sus toi." Bien, débarque de dsus l'choual ielle pis a s'deshabille. Pis là i l'ergarde. "Ohhh! mon pauve malheureux" i dit, "il avont fait la job sus toi mais" i dit, "il avont fait eune vilaine job, bien" i dit, "la coupure" i dit, "la coupure dgérit pas" i dit, "la mangnière qu'il avont fait ça." Bientôt i garde, i voit in ptit lapin. "Ah!" i dit "mon ptit lapin" i dit, "viens ici." Ptit lapin arrive. "Là" i dit, "gäre" i dit, "m'en vas t'dire" i dit, "tu vas mette ton doigt sus cte coupure-là, ta patte" i dit, "sus cte coupure-là pis" i dit, "tu vas tchinde" i dit "cte coupure-là fermée" i dit, "jusqu'à temps qu'ej erviens back." I dit "Moi" i dit, "ej m'en vas m'en aller pou d'la gomme." Bien là l'ptit lapin avec la patte sus la coupure pis lui i s'pointe pour d'la gomme. Pis là la vieille a tait couchée là pis a spérait, y avait in maudit boute qu'a spérait. Tout d'in coup alle a largué in gros pette heh! et pis l'ptit lapin, vlà l'ptit lapin qui

prend l'bois pis ielle a saute deboute pis alle embarque sus ses chouals
 pis a s'en va chez ieusses heh! heh! heh! S'i sont pas morts i vivent
 encore. C'est ienque in ptit conte court.

/English summary: A farmer in his field meets a wolf which is so thin
 it can hardly walk. The farmer tells the wolf he can help the wolf
 become fat, and the wolf agrees. The farmer fixes the wolf and goes
 home. Some time later the wolf reappears, so fat it can barely walk,
 and says he has come to hold the farmer to his promise, to have done to
 him what he did to the wolf. That night, the farmer's wife learns of
 her husband's problem, and offers to take his place. When the wolf
 appears, it examines the wife, and exclaims that the job has already
 been done, but badly, because there is a cut which has not healed. He
 calls a rabbit to put its paw over the wound while the wolf goes for
 some gum to heal it; the farmer's wife farts and frightens the rabbit
 away, and if they're not dead, they're livin yet.]

Narrated 6-I-74. F1787/74-195, 11-12. This short tale is a version
 of AT 153, The Gelding of the Bear and the Fetching of the Salve. Motifs
 include K1012.1, Making the dupe strong--by castration; K241, The
castration bargain--wife sent; and K1840, Deception by substitution.
 Mrs. Barter learnt this tale from Mrs. Olive Marche, a famous local
 storyteller now living at Cape St. George. The tale is one of only
 three animal tales collected so far from French Newfoundlanders.

21. The abandoned children

Y avait eune fois in homme pis eune femme pis il aviont eune fille.
 Pis là don la mère de cte fille--là a mouri alle avait--cinq ans la ptite
 fille, pis là don son père s'en marie encore. Pis là ielle là quand qu'a

s'a marié ac son père alle a ieu deux filles,...Pis là ielle c'tait eune jolie fille, en grande, en grandissant c'tait eune jolie fille, pis là ses deux filles à ielle, i tiont tu sais, i tiont pas trop belles. Pis là toujours toute d'in coup--dans in conte ça pässe vite--il ont comme--il avont grandi anyway pis là a marie le garçon d'l'âroi, a marie in prince anyway l'garçon d'l'âroi. Pis là toujours i restiont chez sa dmi-mère. Pis là le garçon d'l'âroi lui, il avait té en dgerre. Faulait qu'il allait sarvir la dgerre. Pis là le temps qu'i tait parti à la dgerre, comme dit machine dans in conte ça pässe vite. Bien là ielle, alle a eune ptite fille, la vieille sorciaise l'enoueye eune ptite fille. Pis là don sa dmi-mère quoi-c-qu'a fait, aprend la ptite fille-- a tait eune chaze-femme ielle, alle a ené la ptite fille, a prend la ptite fille a l'met dans euen boîte à souliers, comme i faut pis a l'installe comme i faut dans eune boîte. Pis là a s'en va à la rivière pis a la fout dans la rivière. Pis là don a met in ptit chat à la place de l'enfant. Bien là toujours alle enoueye eune lette--l'âroi enoueye eune lette à son garçon pis là i dit à son garçon de quoi-c-qu'avait ahppené, que sa femme avait ieu in ptit chat. Bien là en bas qui--en bas dans la rivière, i restait in pêcheur, y avait in vieux, i tait in pêcheur. Eune matinée i va à la côte pis i garde au ras la rivière, i voit eune ptite boîte. Et pis envant qu'il arrive à la boîte il entend in bébé pleurer. Bien i a pensé à lui-même--"Faut croire qu'il a in bébé là-d'dans." I ramasse la boîte et pis là, le vlà qui s'pousse pour chez ieusses avec. Quand qu'il arrive chez ieusses, i rouve la boîte--eune ptite fille, Mais la vieille a dit "Mais" a dit, "ça" a dit "c'est eune parmission de Dieu" a dit, "nous autes" a dit, "ej voulions 'ouère tant d-z-enfants pis" a dit "asteure" a dit, "j'arons eune ptite fille." Bien i tait

trop--a tait trop fière.../break, change of tape/...et là toujours le vieux pis la vieille il avont pris la ptite anyway pis là, i l'avont pris comme ieune de leurs. Pis là dans in conte ça pässe vite. Toute d'in coup eune journée vlà la fille, la femme, la femme d'l'âroi, la princése, alle a encore in aute enfant. Ouais mais cte coup-là c'tait in ptit garçon. Sa dmi-mère prend l'ptit garçon, a, a, a l'met dans eune boête pis là a s'en va à la rivière encore pis a l'fout dans la rivière. Pis là a prend in ptit chien pis a coupe la tête de dsus pis a l'met dans l'lit avec sa bru anyway. Oui mais là toute d'in coup le vieux tait encore à long d'la côte cte matinée-là, i voit cte ptite boête-là pis il entend les cris. Le vlà qui s'prend à courir pour attraper la boête, et pis toute d'in coup i rouve la boête--in ptit garçon: Pis là i s'en va chez ieusses tout en sueur pis là i dit à sa vieille "Bien" i dit, "j'avons la paire asteure" i dit, "j'avons l'ptit garçon pis la ptite fille." Là don le vieux âroi lui--j'allons ça là pis j'allons vnir sus l'vieux âroi. Il enoueye eune lette à son garçon pis là i dit à son garçon, que sa femme avait ieu in aute enfant, pis que c'tait don, in ptit garçon, ahhh--in ptit chien qu'alle avait ieu. Ah, bien trisse. Là lui asteure là il avait--j'sus d'l'avant mon histouère hein.

G.T: Hm?

J'sus d'l'avant mon, j'sus d'l'avant mon...

G.T: Ouais.

Quand qu'alle avait ieu la ptite fille là bien il avont rvnu back là lui hein. C'est pour ça asteure là qu'alle avait ieu in ptit garçon après qu'il avait parti don. Bien j'vons commencer encore--j'vons commencer ailloù-c-qu' j'sons arrêté là. Pis là don il enoueye eune lette à son père pis là i dit à son père, i dit "Papa" i dit, "vous allez la prendre"

i dit, "vous allez faire eune bâtisse" i dit, "pis" i dit "quitter in ptit châssis d'dans" i dit "la grandeur d'sa fidgure" i dit. "Pis" i dit "tout l'monde" i dit--"vous allez marquer" i dit "en haut" i dit, "tout l'monde qui va pâsser" i dit "au ras ielle" i dit, "y cracher dans la fidgure." Là toujours c'est bien. Dans in conte ça pâsse vite. Bien vlà l'vieux pis la vieille avec deux enfants. Pis là la vieille, a les donnait--quand qu'il ont commencé à grandir a les donnait in bath, à toutes les, toutes les smaines. Mais le nom d'leu père et l'nom d'la mère taient marqués dans leu-z-estomac. Pis là a trouvait ça tchurieux hein. Alle a dit au vieux, a dit, "C'est tchurieux" a dit, a dit, "les deux enfants là" a dit "avont chaque in nom" a dit "marqué" a dit "dans leu-z-estomac." Pis là le vieux dit, i dit, "Dis pas arien" i dit, "parlons pas arien" i dit, "arien. Tu sais" i dit, "c'est à nous autes" i dit "les -eux enfants là." Bien là toujours ça a pâssé d'même pour in boutte. Là il aviont, ielle eune bâtisse de fait pis sa fidgure droite in ptit latch la grandeur d'sa fidgure pis tout l'monde qui pâsse y crachiont dans la fdigure. Bien là ça a té d'même pour in boutte anyway. Là lui il a vnu d'la dgerre, dgerre avait fini, il avait vnu chez ieusses anyway. Pis i s'promnait partout. Pis là toute d'in coup, cte journée--là i prend son choual pis i s'en va en bâs ailloù-c-qu'le vieux tait asteure, i pêchait pis i faisait la chasse comme nous dirons. Pis i pâssait dans l'bois eune journée, le vieux tait dans l'bois avec deux ptits--iun de cinq ans, la ptite fille avait sept. Là toujours il a pas maillné. Pis les ptits enfants dmandent au vieux tchi que c'tait et tout en grand pis là l'vieux a dit que c'tait in prince. Pis là toujours, il aviont pas--il aviont jamais té au village, pis là toujours le vieux a dit, "Asteure" i dit, "demain" i dit, i dit, "j'vons aller"

i dit "au village" i dit, "ouère" i dit, i dit "comment" i dit "que ça s'paraît au village." Pis là il avont té back chez ieusses pis il avont ieu in souper et il ont té s'coucher. Là l'endmain matin i s'greyont pis i s'en allont au village, lui pis les deux enfants. Mais quand qu'il ont pâssé au ras c'bâtisse-là, la ptite fille a dit, a dit, a dit, "Quoi qu'il avont marqué" a dit, "en haut là?" Bien le vieux a dit, i dit, "Tous ceuses-là qui pâssent" i dit, i dit "y cracher dans la fdigure." Pis là a dit à son père--a l'applat son père--a dit "J'allons-ti faire ça nous autes?" Le vieux a dit "Non" i dit, "j'allons pas faire ça" i dit "nous autes" i dit. "Parce la mangnière que c'est" i dit, "si alle a fait d'quoi" i dit, "qui tait pas bien" i dit, "c'est l'ergarde à ielle." I fout eune frutte à son choual pis les vlà partis. Mais son nom tait marqué en bâs. Là toujours, là i s'en allont back chez ieusses et pis la ptite fille, a trouvait ça tchurieux ielle, le nom là hein. Au souère allont s'coucher pis i ont té dans la chambe il ont commencé à mette leus hardes de nuit. La ptite fille a gardé son frère. A dit, a dit "Ça c'est tchurieux" a dit, a dit, "alle a l'même nom" a dit "comme nous autes, comme j'avons" a dit "dans l', dans note estomac."-- "Ahh!" i dit, "t'as pas fait bien attention" i dit, ptit garçon dit, Là toujours i s'commençont à carnasser pis i allont s'coucher. Pis là ça tombe endormi. L'endmain matin i s'greyont pis i s'en allont au ptit gibier dans l'bois. Ouais mais l'temps qu'i tiont au ptit gibier dans l'bois, le prince a pâssé. Pis là don le prince débarque de dsus son choual pis i commence à parler don à les deux ptits. Pis la ptite fille ielle bien, a tait mangnière de brazen, brave (English words), Pis là a dit, "J'avons té au village" a dit, "hein" a dit, pis l'prince a dit "Oui?" I dit "Vous avez-ti trouvé le village" i dit "beau?" A

dit "Oui, mais" a dit, "j'avons trouvé ça dur" a dit. A dit "Y a eune femme" a dit, "dans l'châssis là" a dit, "pis" a dit "c'est marqué en haut" a dit, a dit, "Tous ceuses-là qui pâssent" a dit "y cracher dans la fidgure, mais" a dit, "ej l'avons pas fait nous autes" a dit. Pis là le prince a dit "Mais" i dit "quoi faire" i dit "que tu l'aras pas ieu fait?"--"Oh non" a dit, "parce j'avons l'même nom" a dit "nous autes" a dit "dans nos estomacs" a dit "comme" a dit "cte femme-là là" a dit. Pis là lui tu sais i savait qu'il avait de quoi d'wrong à techque part hein. Pis là i dit, i dit "Tu maillneras-ti" i dit "m'faire ouère ton estomac?" A dit "Non." A rouve la blouse et pis toute d'in coup le nom à sa mère pis son nom à lui dans son estomac. Là i les quitte là, pis i s'prend-- il embarque sus sòn chouâl pis là i foute son choul pou l'village.

Quand qu'il arrive au village i va tout droite ailloù-c-que sa dmi-mère tait à ielle hein. Pis là i dit, i dit "Asteure faut tu m'dis la varité" i dit, "si tu m'dis pas la varité" i dit "mon père va t'aouère pendue" i dit "demain" i dit "à dix heures" pis là don i y dit là toute le score là. "Ouais" a dit, "la première qu'alle a ieu" a dit "c'est eune ptite fille, pis" a dit "la deuxième" a dit "alle a ieu" a dit "c'tait in ptit garçon. Mais" a dit, "j'tais jalouse de ielle" a dit, "j'voulais" a dit qu'il ara ieu d'quoi d'fait avec ielle" a dit "parce j'ai toujours té jalouse de ielle" a dit, "c'est pas ma fille" a dit, "c'est la fille d'mon homme" a dit, "c'est pas la mienne, pis" a dit "mes deux filles à moi" a dit, "bien j'tais jalouse" a dit "parce qu'a tait plus belle" a dit "qu'les miennes," A dit "C'est moi" a dit "qu'avais fait ça" a dit, "le premier coup j'ai mis in chat" a dit "dans l'lit avec ielle pis" a dit "l'deuxième coup j'ai mis in chien ac la tête coupée" a dit, "pis j'l'ai fait croire" a dit "que c'tait ielle qu'avait mangé la tête du

chien." Là toujours i va chez--i perd pas d'temps--i va chez ieusses
 pis il enoueye du monde la qu'ri, pis là i la mettont dans eune place
 ailloù-c-que ça ara ieu, tu sais, bien fait attention, pis là bien, il
 allait la ouère temps en temps hein. Pis là eune journée a tait bien
 assez pour vnir chez ieusses anyway, pis là alle a dit, a dit--il a dit,
 i dit "Asteure" i dit, "j'sus vnu t'qu'ri."--"Non" a dit--"t'as vnu
 m'qu'ri mais" a dit, "j'vas pas." I dit "quoi faire pas?"--"Bien" a dit,
 "quand qu'i t'avont enoueyé eune lette" a dit, "qu'i t'aviont dit" a dit
 "j'avais ieu" a dit "des bêtes" a dit, "bien" a dit, "t'aras dû penser"
 a dit "là" a dit, "y avait d'quoi dedans à tcheque part" a dit, "qu'eune
 femme" a dit "ara pas ieu" a dit "à s'rende" a dit "à c'point-là--mais
 asteure" a dit, "ej m'en vas quitter d'ici" a dit "mais" a dit "ej m'en
 vas back" a dit, "ailloù-c-que mes deux--ailloù-c-qu'il ont lvé mes deux
 enfants." Pis là quand qu'alle a quitté de l'hôpital, a s'en va back
 trouver le vieux pis la vieille pis là a les dmande, ouère si alle ara
 ieu pu rester là don pis là l'vieux et la vieille avont dit, oui qu'a
 pouvait rester là aussi longtemps comme qu'a voulait parce que c'tait
 ienque les deux ieusses pis i voulient pas partager avec les deux ptits.
 Pis là lui i va d'son bord et ielle de l'aute et quand j'ai pâssé bien
 i tiont still à brailler--i tait still à brailler pour ielle.

/English summary: A man with one daughter remarries; his second wife has
 two daughters. The first one is beautiful, and marries a prince. One
 day, the prince has to go to war, and his wife gives birth to a daughter.
 However, the midwife is her stepmother, and for the daughter she substi-
 tutes a cat. The prince returns for a while, then leaves again, and his
 wife has another child, this time a son. But the stepmother substitutes
 a dog for the son. Both children are put in boxes and put on a river,

to be found by an old fisherman. He and his wife are happy to raise them, having none of their own. When the prince returns he has his wife put in a cage, with a sign telling all passers-by to spit on her. One day, the fisherman's wife notices the children have a man and a woman's names on their chest. The fisherman takes them to the village, where they see their mother in the cage, but do not spit on her as the sign demands. Later, in the woods, they meet the prince, their father, whom they have met once before. They tell him they have been to the village, and that they found it cruel to see the woman in the cage. When the girl says they did not spit on her, the prince asks them why, and the girl explains that it is because they have the woman's name on their chests. He examines them, and, suspecting the truth, rushes off to question the midwife, his wife's stepmother. She admits everything. He releases his wife, who refuses to go back to him, preferring to live with her children and the old couple in the woods.]

Narrated 6-I-74. F1787/74-195, p. 14, and F1788/74-195, 1-4.

Although it differs in many details, the tale seems to be related to AT 706, The Maiden Without Hands. Motifs in this version include S31, Cruel stepmother; T84, Lovers treacherously separated; S331, Exposure of child in boat (floating chest); S322, Children abandoned (driven forth, exposed) by hostile relative; S322.4, Evil stepmother casts boy forth; L55, Stepdaughter heroine; L55.1, Abused stepdaughter; R131.4, Fisher rescues abandoned child; K2110.1, Calumniated wife; K2115, Animal-birth slander; K2117, Calumniated wife substituted letter (falsified letter); H51.1, Recognition by birthmark; P253, Brother and sister; Q471, Spitting in face as punishment; and S451, Outcast wife at last united with husband and children, although in this tale the husband is

rejected by his wife.

The tale has been given an extensive and thorough examination by H  l  ne Bernier, La Fille aux mains coup  es (conte-type 706) (Qu  bec: Les Presses de l'Universit   Laval, 1971). Mrs. Barter first heard the tale when she was about fifteen years of age, told by the late Julien ("Bi-Iun") Chaisson.

22. "La barrique de miel"

...C'est ienque eune coupelle de paroles j'sais dans c'conte-l   c'est toute.

G.T.: Tchelles paroles?

Y avait in rnard pis in loup hein,

G.T: Oui.

Pis l     a a riv   dans l'automne, i avont ram  ss   in baril d'miel hein, l'ernard avait ram  ss   in baril d'mi  l, pis i l'avait enterr  . I l'avait install   comme i faut hein. Quand   a arrivait dans les temps frettes anyway bien l'ernard s'en marchait avec le loup pis i restiont ensembe lui pis le loup. Pis quand   a arrivait dans mars, le d  rnier, vers l'd  rnier d'fevrier, commencement d'mars bien le loup commen  ait    'ou  re faim hein. Bien i dit au renard, "Bien asteure" i dit, "demain matin m'en vas aller    la chasse, assayer d'nous trouver d'quoi    manger" i dit. Pis l   toute d'in coup i s'pointe, l'endmain matin i s'pointe. Ouais mais i va au baril d'miel hein, pis l   i rouve le baril pis l   i n'liche quasiment la motch  . Pis l   don au sou  re il arrive back chez, chez l'loup. "Bien" i dit, "j'croysais tu m'aras port   d'quoi    manger."--"Bien" i dit "g  re" i dit, "j'tais pour t'apporter d'quoi    manger si j'aras ieu l'temps, mais" i dit, "y a in homme et eune femme"

i dit "qui m'ont rcontré sus l'chmin" i dit, "pis" i dit, "i m'ont dmandé" i dit "pour aller parrain pour leu garçon pis" i dit, "j'ai pas pu dire non" i dit, "j'tais forcé d'aller."--"Bien" i dit, "comment qu'il avont applé leu ptit garçon?"--"Bien Tamé." Mais l'ernard hein, i, heh! heh! il a pas compris ça lui. L'endmain, le vlà parti encore lui le loup--oh non, c'tait l'ernard hein, le loup a resté à la maison pis l'ernard--c'tait le loup qu'avait l'baril d'miel. L'ernard parti. Là i va au baril d'miel encore--pis i commence à licher, licher et licher, mais i met l'baril d'miel à motché. Là toujours, i s'en va chez ieusses, au souère, il arrive au souère, il avait pas faim il avait l'corps plein. Pis là i dmande i dit "Gãre" i dit, "j'encore contré in homme et eune femme aujourd'hui pis" i dit "i m'avont dmandé pour aller parrain pis" i dit "j'tais forcé d'aller parrain encore."--"Bien" i dit, "comment qu'il avont applé" i dit, "leu, leu, leu ptit?" i dit. "Bien" i dit, "Edmi Vide." Bien là le loup i croyait, toute hein, c'tait vrai. L'endmain matin i s'greye pis i dit, i dit, "Ajourd'hui j'm'en vas t'enoueyer d'quoi" i dit. Pis là i s'pointe. Ouais mais quand qu'il arrive au baril d'miel, il avait faim pis c'tait si bon, i commence à licher, toute d'in coup il avait pus d'miel dans l'baril du tout. Tout en grand tait liché. Ouais mais quand qu'il arrive au souère, i dmande encore, i dit, "Tu m'as pas enoueyé arien à manger."--"Mais" i dit "gãre" i dit, "i m'avont en--carneré encore aujourd'hui" i dit, "fállait j'allais parrain encore aujourd'hui."--"Bien" i dit "comment" i dit "qu'il avont applé leu ptit?" i dit. "Bien" i dit "ajourd'hui" i dit "i l'avont applé Tchul Fripé!" Heh! Pis là i jure. I dit "C'est toi" i dit "hein" i dit, "j'sais aillouè-c-que tu tais" i dit "asteure" i dit, I dit "Tu tais dans mon baril d'miel." I va ouère son baril d'miel bien liché.

Heh! heh! heh! C'tait Bien Tamé, Tchul Fripé heh!

[English summary: A fox and a wolf are living together. The wolf has put away a barrel of honey for the winter, and towards the beginning of Spring, both are feeling hungry. The fox offers to go and find some food for them both. Instead, he goes to the barrel and eats some of the honey. He explains to the wolf that he has brought back nothing as he met a man and a woman who wanted him to be their godfather. On being asked the child's name, the fox replies "Well Begun." The same thing happens on the following day, and the fox gives the same explanation, naming his godson "Half-Empty." The third time this happens, he names the child "Licked Clean." The wolf finally understands what has been happening, and goes to find his barrel of honey completely empty.]

Narrated 6-I-74. F1788/74-195, 12-13. The third of the animal tales so far recorded amongst French Newfoundlanders, this is a version of AT 15, The Theft of Butter (Honey) by Playing Godfather, motif K372, Playing godfather. This version lacks the motif of the blame fastened on the dupe (K401.1). Most of the laughter which accompanied this tale came with the clever names used by the fox. The tale was learnt from Mrs. Olive Marche.

23. Hiding the lover

G.T: Est-ce qu'on contait des contes d'la Sainte Vierge? Disons l'conte qu'elle était sus terre, tcheque chose de même?

--M'en t'conter iun...Y avait eune fois y avait in homme pis eune femme. M'en aller d'même anyway. Y avait eune fois y avait in homme pis eune femme pis i aviont in garçon...(long silence)...Y avait eune fois y avait in homme pis i tait, i tait in navigateur dessus les bateaux, pis là don

il avait--i tait marié, eune femme i aviont pas d'enfants. Pis là don y a in aute gârs qu'a vnu travailler sus les bateaux aussi. Pis là toujours eune soirée le captain--asteure lui le gârs là, le gârs qui ownait l'bateau pis i restait à bord du bateau asteure ienque à toutes les smaines les venderdi qu'il ara vnu chez ieusses. Pis là toujours y avait in gârs à bord du bateau pis là ça arrivait le lundi matin i mettait à parler avec le captain pis i disait au captain "Bien" i dit "hier souère" i dit, "j'ai pâssé eune belle soirée." Pis là l'captain y dit, i dit, i dit, "Tchi" i dit "qui tait" i dit "ta bien-aimée?" Pis là i dit au captain don tchi-c-que c'tait, pis toute en grand tout c'temps là c'tait sa femme. Pis là don i--le captain voulait pas croire ça du tout hein. Là toujours ça a té d'même pour eune coupelle de smaines anyway. Pis là toujours eune soirée il arrive chez ieusses pis là i dit à sa femme, i dit euh, i dit "A toutes les souères" i dit, i dit, "t'as in homme" i dit "qui reste ac toi" i dit, "qui couche ac toi."--"Mais" a dit "my God" a dit, "tu sais" a dit, "toi" a dit, "t'es fou" a dit, "y a parsonne" a dit "qui reste ac moi." Bien ça a pâssé d'même pour c'soirée--là anyway. Il a charché partout, pour lui, pas pu l'trouver mais là i dit--i fourre en-dsus du lit, i s'cache en-dsous du lit. Là toujours i quitte pis i s'en va encore au bateau. L'endmain au souère, L'endmain encore i parle au captain encore pis i dit au captain, i dit au captain encore, "Ahh!" i dit, "j'ai pâssé eune belle souèrée hier souère."--"Mais" i dit, "avec tchi don?" Pis là i dit au captain que c'tait avec sa femme. Bien là vlà l'captain fâché. C'soirée--là i va back. Bien là a l'prend pis a l'met--a l'fait sortir à travers du châssis pis a dit, "Embarque sus la couverture d'la maison." Pis là son homme rente et pis là i charche pis i fouille i charche mais il avait parsonne. Pis là

à souère pis" i dit, "j'le brûle" i dit, "j'le brûle dans la maison à souère." Là toujours i dit "Asteure" i dit--mais asteure quand qu'i l'avont tendu vnir, alle a dit, a dit "A souère" a dit, "i la brûle" a dit "pou sûr" a dit. "Bien" a dit, "gãre" a dit, a dit, "j'ai eune trunk de hardes" a dit "là pou mes soeurs" a dit. Alle avait eune crowd de nuns hein. A dit "Asteure" a dit, "embarque dans la trunk là" a dit "pis" a dit "m'en vas y dire" a dit, a dit "d'pas brûler la trunk de hardes" a dit, "des soeurs." Parce c'tait ielle qui faisait les hardes des soeurs. Il arrive fâché. Là i dit, "va-t-en" i dit, pis i dit "j'brûle la maison" i dit, "j'm'en l'brûler d'dans" i dit, "si... (break, change of tape)...Pis là toujours il arrive pis là vlà ielle en brâille hein. A dit "Sûrement" a dit, "tu vas pas beûler" a dit "la trunk qu'ej l'as là" a dit, "partena" a dit "à mes soeurs" a dit, "la trunk de hardes" a dit. Bien là i croche la trunk de hardes pis i la fout dhors, pis là don i brûla en--i brûle la maison en bâs. Pis là l'endmain matin toujours a prend la trunk de hardes pis a la pose--ça là d'les soeurs hein. Pis lui dans la trunk, i s'prend pis i s'greye en nun hein. Ouais mais quand qu'il arrive la-bas i rouvront la trunk pis les soeurs a gardé, il avont vu que leu soeur avait enoueyé eune nun il avont manqué d'vnir hors d'leu tête bien là il avont commencé à s'quareller là tchi-c-qu'ara couché avec la nun promier--avec ieune des soeurs parce il avont ienque treize chambres pis y avait quatorze de ieusses. Bien là bien la vieille, vieille bonne femme a dit, la plus vieille a dit, la plus vieille a dit, "Bien vous allez aouère chaque eune soirée." Pis là toujours eune soirée i couche ac ieune et pis l'endmain au souère c'tait la qurelle encore pour s'coucher encore avec

toujours i quitte pis i s'en va encore au bateau. Là lui i descend de dsus la couvarture d'la maison pis là i saute dans l'lit avec ielle et pis ça carassait toute la nuit anyway. Pis là dans in conte ça pâsse vite. L'endmain matin i va à bord du bateau encore pis i commence à conter encore de quoi-c-qu'i faisait avec sa femme et tout en grand. Oui mais là au souère i s'fâche, i s'en va chez ieusses. "Bien" i dit, "à souère" i dit, i dit, "j'la brûle" i dit "à souère." Bien là quoi-c-qu'a fait ielle, alle avait--i y avait eune grande estâture, statue là tu sais hein, a l'prend pis a l'met dans l'estâture asteure. Pis là il avont commencé in row anyway lui pis ielle, in row hein, pis là toute d'in coup l'envie d'pisser y prend lui hein, pis là i pisse dans les yeux d'la Sainte Viarge nous dirons hein, dans l'estâture hein. Pis là a dit, a dit "Gâre tchel grand péché mortel pour toi" a dit, "toi" a dit "qu'tu m'blâmes" a dit "pour d'quoi qu'j'ai pas fait" a dit "et pis" a dit "gâre" a dit, "cte stâture-là" a dit, "qui pleure là" a dit, "apporte-toi d'me dgeuler" a dit. Bien il avait trouvé ça dur. Bien toute d'in coup anyway quitte tranchille et i s'en va à bord du bateau encore. Ouais mais l'endmain matin arrive à bord du bateau encore pis là i s'prend à y conter hein, quoi-c-qu'il avait fait ac la femme et tout en grand. Pis i y dit, i dit, "T'es pas fin" i dit, "moi" i dit, "qui tais caché" i dit, "dans l'estâture pis" i dit, "j'ai commencé à pisser" i dit, "pis" i dit, "i croyait que c'tait l'estâture qui pleurait." Bien ça, ça l'a mis fou en grand. Pis là i savait pas, le gârs là i savait pas que c'tait sa femme dans eune mangnière mais i y disait là. Il a pas arien dit anyway. L'endmain au souère il arrive chez ieusses, i tait fâché. I dit, A souère" i dit, i dit, "j'm'en vas saouère--m'en vas l'trouver

encore. Ouais mais c'tait pas ça, c'tait chaque à leu tour à coucher avec ielle. Pis là quand--dans in conte ça pässe vite. Ça arrivait dans l'temps anyway, là les, les treize nuns sus leu côté. Pis là toute d'in coup, là la vieille est fâchée, ohh! a tait fâchée. Pis là a dit "Asteure" a dit "faut qu'ej les amène" a dit "tout en grand" a dit "vous autes" a dit "de saouère" a dit, a dit "tchi-c-qu'a fait ct'affaire-là." Là toujours quand l'temps a vnu toujours pour, pour ielle l'examiner, a tait vieille pis a voyait pas clair, alle avait des lunettes sus les yeux. I l'prend lui pis i l'amârre comme i faut sus leu côté d'sa jambe--right tight--ailloù-c-que ç'ara pas ieu parçu, alle ara pt-ête cru c'tait eune fumelle. Pis là toujours pis alle ergardait pis alle l'examinait pis là toute d'in coup l'amârre câsse pis la tape dans les lunettes pis les lunettes qui volont pis là la vieille a su don que c'tait lui. A l'prend pis a l'amârre sus in, in poteau, pis là à toutes les jours a l'enoueyait in morceau d'pain dur pis in verré d'eau, pis alle avait eune fouette avec des noeuds--eune fouette à wire avec des noeuds pis là a l'fouettait sept fois là. Pis là toujours toute d'in coup, eune journée y avait in gârs qui pâssait pis, i y a dmandé--i dit "Quoi-qu'tu fais là toi?"--"Bien" i dit, "moi" i dit, i dit, "i veulent qu'ej couche ac des nuns pis" i dit, "tu sais" i dit "moi, J'couche pas avec des nuns" i dit, "pas moi."--"Bien" i dit, "donne-moi ta place" i dit, "m'en vas coucher avec ieusses moi." Là il demârre l'homme au plus vite pis l'aute l'amârre sus l'âbe pis là lui là i s'pousse. I savait quoi qui s'ervenait. Vlâ la vieille qu'arrive avec sa fouette et son morceau d'pain pis sa tâssée d'eau. Pis là a y donne ça pis quand qu'il a ieu fini son manger a l'prend. "Mais" i dit, "m'en vas coucher avec

tes nuns" i dit, "ej m'en vas coucher avec tes nuns." A dit "Ej m'en vas t'coucher" a dit "avec mes nuns, tu n'as fait assez" a dit "comme que c'est asteure" a dit, "tu n'en treize" a dit "asteure" a dit "d'ptits qui s'en vient" a dit "bien assez." Bien là i tait forcé d'dire à la vieille quoi-c-qu'avait happené hein. Mais lui i tait parti. Pis quand, quand j'ai pâssé par là i courait encore ha! ha! ha!

/English summary: A captain only visits his wife on weekends, but one of his crew goes ashore every night. Each morning he tells the captain about the good times he has been having. The captain recognizes his wife by the account. He rushes home but can never find his wife's lover. Once, he is hidden on the roof of the house. On another occasion, he hides in the statue of the Virgin. As husband and wife quarrel, the lover has to pass water, which he does through the eyes of the statue. The wife capitalizes on this miracle, saying the statue is weeping because he is unjustly accusing her. However, on the following morning the lover tells the captain how the husband was fooled when he was in the statue, and he becomes so angry he decides to burn down his house, hoping the lover will be in it. The wife hides him in a trunk of clothes she has made for some nuns, and begs the husband not to burn the trunk. He takes it out of the house before setting fire to it. The lover is taken to the convent where he dresses as a nun. There are thirteen nuns there and a Superior, an old, short-sighted nun. Each of the thirteen takes turns in sleeping with the new nun because there is a shortage of beds, and after nine months, each becomes the mother of a child. The old nun is furious and decides to examine each in turn to find the impostor. Despite taping himself down, the man is discovered, and tied

to a post where he is fed bread and water and whipped with a wire whip. A man passes and asks him what he is doing there. He replies that he is being punished because he refused to sleep with the nuns, and the dupe takes his place, anxious to perform with the nuns. He too is punished, and finally explains to the Superior what has happened. When I passed by, the other one was still running.]

Narrated 6-I-74. F1788/74-195, 15-16 and F1789/74-195, 1-2.

This tale is the amalgamation of a version of AT 1359A, Hiding the Lover, and an unclassified anecdote in the manner of the Italian novella. Motifs include K1521, Paramour successfully hidden from husband; K1555.0.2, Chest containing paramour unwittingly taken away by husband; K1554, The husband sets house afire and ousts paramour; K1310, Seduction by disguise or substitution; K1321.4, Men disguised as women enter convent and seduce impious nuns; K842, Dupe persuaded to take prisoner's place in a sack: killed. Under K1321.4 Stith Thompson refers to K1698, Disguised man in convent fails sex inspection test, but the number does not appear in the index. The motif is, of course, appropriate for this tale.

Mrs. Barter learnt this tale from the late Mrs. Annie Lainey, a family storyteller with whose daughters she used to spend occasional evenings. There she heard many tales usually told in an all-female context. One notes how Mrs. Barter has used a kind of closing formula with this anecdote which she usually reserves for Märchen.

24. "Le souffleur" (The blower)

Bien ouais ça c'tait Tom et Jack ça. Pis Jack i tait pauve, et pis

Tom il avait in peu il avait eune boutique et pis il avait in marché nous dirons hein. Pis Jack il avait arien lui. Il avait ienque eune coupelle de bêtes à cornes. Pis là toujours, Jack a dit à sa femme eune journée, i dit "Asteure" i dit, "faut j'assaye" i dit "d'trouver d'l' argent" i dit "à tcheque part," Pis là don vlà Jack parti en ville. Il a marché, il a marché toute la journée anyway, i cherchait trouver eune job mais il a pas pu n'en trouver. Toujours i vient chez ieusses au souère. Quand qu'il a arrivé chez ieusses au souère son frère Tom tait là. Là i s'prend, dans in row, lui pis Tom. Pis là tou--lui pis sa femme--pis là Tom tait là. Pis là toujours l'endmain, Tom y a parlé. I dit--Tom qui dit, "Mais" i dit, i dit "Jack" i dit, i dit "tu rows (English row, quarrel) ac ta femme" i dit "toi" i dit, "mais" i dit, "a dit arien."--"Tu vas ouère moi" i dit, "tchequ'in d'ces jours" i dit, "m'en pas ienque rower" i dit, i dit, "j'm'en prende le couteau" i dit, "veille" i dit. Tom qui dit "Jack" i dit, "tu vas pas faire ça." I dit "Moi" i dit "c'est arien" i dit "pou moi" i dit "faire ça" i dit. Pis là toujours eune journée, là Jack parti en ville...vende son boeuf. Le boeuf à l'amârre. Arrive en ville anyway, i vend son boeuf--non, il a té en ville ac son boeuf, pis avant qu'il arrive en ville, i prend l'boeuf pis i l'tue...pis i s'paque dans la peau du, du, du boeuf, pis i s'couche au soleil. Ouais mais les corbeaux quand il avont vu la peau du boeuf, la graisse, il avont commencé à vnir picocher sus la, sus la peau du boeuf. Ouais mais Jack en faisant mine d'arien, i croche in corbeau, quitte la peau là pis prend l'corbeau, met en-dsous d'son bras pis i s'en va chez ieusses. Pis là faulait qu'i pàssait au ras d'la maison à Tom. Quand il a pàssé au ras la maison à Tom i souque le corbeau, le corbeau a crié. Oh, Tom sort. "Mais" i dit, "Jack" i dit,

"d'aillou-c'" i dit "que t'as pris ça?" i dit. "Mais" i dit "moi" i dit, "mon corbeau me dit là" i dit, "que ma femme va tère fâchée après moi" i dit "quand j'vas arriver" i dit. "Veille" i dit. Mais le temps qu'i tait parti en ville--avant qu'il a té en ville il avait dit à sa femme de prendre la vessie du boeuf pis la remplir plein d'sang, pis la mette don en bâs dans son estomac là pour quand qu'il ara ieu vnu, pou 'ouère in row. Quand qu'il arrive chez ieusses anyway, Tom pouvait pas résister, i s'en va aussitte, chez Jack. Pis là quand qu'il a rentré avec le corbeau, la vieille a commencé à dgeuler. "Ah!" i dit "te vlà encore qu'tu dgeules" i dit, "oh ouais" i dit, "j'savais" i dit "encore" i dit "qu't'aras ieu dgeulé" i dit, "siffit" i dit, "j'as porté c'corbeau-là avec moi" i dit. Pis là il ont commencé à grummer et grummer pis i s'--s'astinait pis ça s'rowait anyway. Pis là Jack toute d'in coup prend l'couteau d'dsus la table pis i l'atape dans l'estomac, le sang a commencé à voler partout. Ielle a tombe sus la place. "Bien" i dit, "Jack" i dit "gäre" i dit, i dit, "t'as tué ta femme."--"Ah!" i dit, "j'l'as pas tuée" i dit. Prend son soufflet pis i lève sa robe pis i siffe my son. Toute d'in coup, la vieille jumpe. "Bien Jack" i dit, "tu dois m'vende ton soufflet" i dit, "vends-moi don ton soufflet" i dit. Pis là il a coaxé Jack assez anyway, Jack a vendu son soufflet. Arrive, heh, chez ieusses anyway, sa femme a commencé à grummer, pis le vlà lui pris en row, lui et sa femme, i prend heh! le couteau pis i draillve le couteau dans sa femme, i tue sa femme comme eune--bien là i la tue comme eune mitten. Pis là i prend l'soufflet pis i commence à siffler et siffler et siffler mais a vnait pas en vie. Toute d'in coup, i court chez Jack. I dit à Jack, "Bien Jack" i dit, i dit, "J'ai tapé ma femme

à coup d'couteau" i dit, "mais" i dit, "a vient pas en vie." Jack court là. "Mais" i dit "Tom" i dit, "tu tais fou" i dit, "tu l'as tapée trop bās" i dit, "si tu l'aras tapée ptit peu plus haut" i dit, "ç'ara pas té si pire mais" i dit, "tu l'as tapée right dans l'tchoeur" i dit. "Mais" i dit, "Jack, quoi m'en vas faire asteure?" i dit. I dit "I vont faire de quoi ac moi" i dit. "Na!" i dit. "Bien" i dit, "Jack" i dit, Tom--"Jack" i dit, "si tu veux l'enterrer" i dit "pis" i dit "pas dire arien" i dit, "j'te donnras" i dit "trois sacs d'argent." Jack prend les trois sacs d'argent pis i s'en va avec la vieille, la femme à Tom, pis là don i l'enterre--comme i faut--i l'installe comme i faut, pis là don i s'en va chez ieusses. Pis là Jack i commençait à monter tout l'temps lui...Oui mais là au souère, i s'en va à la cimtchère qu'ri la femme à Tom, pis i l'a mis dans l'magasin, i l'a assis dans l'magasin avec la, la, la crèche de crame entre ses deux jambes pis la main sus la machine. Tom l'endmain matin i s'lève pou aller au magasin qu'ri du beurre, quand i rouve la porte la première chose qu'i voit--sa femme. Bien là i perd pas d'temps, i quitte tout aller pis là pour chez Jack. I dit à Jack, "Jack, Jack!" i dit. I dit, "Quoi" i dit "qu't'as" i dit "Tom? Viens-tu fou?"--"Non" i dit, "ma femme" i dit, "dans l'magasin en tra d'faire du beurre." Jack i dit "Ta femme!" I dit "Oui" i dit, "viens ouère." Pis là Jack qui s'pointe. "Bien oui" i dit, "là" i dit, "là alle est malheureuse là" i dit. "Là" i dit "a voudra" i dit "qu'tu donnras d'l'argent à tchequ'in" i dit "pou aller faire dire des messes." --"Bien" i dit "Jack" i dit, "va-t-en" i dit. I dit "J'vas t'donner trois sacs d'argent--quate sacs d'argent" i dit, "va-t-en" i dit, i dit "faire dire des messes." Jack prend les quate sacs d'argent pis i s'en va chez ieusses avec. Mais Jack a jamais fait dire des messes. Pis s'i

sont pas morts i vivont encore, mais j'le sais pus asteure, c'est pus long qu'ça mais...ej le sais pus hein.

/English summary: Jack and Tom are brothers, the former is rich while the latter is poor. Jack seems always to be fighting with his wife and Tom comments on this to his brother. Jack warns Tom that one day he will take a knife to his wife. Later, he kills a steer, and after skinning it, hides in the skin, where he is able to catch a crow which comes pecking. Passing Tom's house, he squeezes the crow which squawks, and when Tom comes out, Jack tells him the crow can talk and has just told him his wife is in a mood to row with him. Tom decides to accompany Jack home. In the meantime, Jack has told his wife to fill the steer's bladder with blood and put it inside her clothes. When Tom and Jack reach home, Jack and his wife begin fighting. Jack takes a knife and sticks it in his wife, causing the blood to pour out. She falls to the ground. Tom wonders what Jack is going to do, but Jack says it happens all the time, and taking a bellows, puts it under his wife's clothes and begins to blow. Very soon she jumps up, full of life. Tom begs Jack to sell him the bellows, which he does for three bags of money. Tom tries the same trick on his wife, but of course the bellows does not work. Jack explains that Tom should not have struck her in the heart. Tom offers Jack money to bury his wife. Jack takes it, but instead of burying the corpse, he sits it up in the storehouse with a bowl of cream in its lap. The next morning Tom goes for some butter and is badly frightened. He begs Jack to take the corpse away, which Jack has explained is there because it is unhappy and wants someone to pay for some masses to be said. Tom gives Jack more money, which he keeps. He prospers.]

Narrated 6-I-74. F1789/74-195, 3-6. The tale is an amalgamation of versions of AT 1535, The Rich and the Poor Peasant and AT 1536A, The Woman in the Chest. Motifs include K113, Pseudo-magic resuscitating object sold; K1875, Deception by sham blood; J2401, Fatal imitation; J2411.1, Imitation of magic rejuvenation unsuccessful; K113.2, Alleged resuscitating whistle sold; K2321, Corpse set up to frighten people, and K2152, Unresponsive corpse.

Mrs. Barter attributed this tale to "Nonc' Narcisse Chaisson", a well known storyteller from Mainland. She added that she had known the tale for a long time, and that other people knew it as well. She later told another, fuller version of the same tale (see tale 27).

25. The surprised paramour

Y avait eune fois y avait in homme i tait parti--i avait--i allait à la chasse. Pis là toujours, eune journée il a dit à sa femme--et pis ielle asteure a faisait l'amour avec in aute gârs hein--pis là toujours il avait parti lui à la chasse pou eune coupelle de jours dans la forêt. Pis là i dit, i dit "Ej vas pt-ête pas" i dit "ervnir" i dit, i dit "pt-ête pas" i dit "avant dmain au souère" i dit. Ouais mais là ielle alle avait son oeil sus in aute hein. Là toute d'in coup lui i pert pis quand i arrive au souère bien a spérait son l'aute gârs hein. Mais il avait in pauvre son-of-a-gun i travellait t'sais, faulait qu'il allait dans in aute place hein, pis i mouillait pis i tonnait, i a té à la porte, i tape à la porte pis là i y dmande pou in logement hein, pis a dit "Non" a dit, "mon mari" a dit "est parti" a dit "à souère" a dit "pis" a dit, "j'sus pas supposé" a dit "d'aoueyer tchequ'in" a dit,

a dit, "en, en"--a dit "à mancher tchequ'in" a dit "quand i sort." Là toujours comme dit machine, i avait pas d'place aller, bien fallait qu'i s'en allait back. Ouais mais toute d'in coup i quitte mais, i va pas loin i fait l'tour d'la maison pis quand qu'i fait l'tour d'la maison y avait eune échelle. Il embarque sus l'échelle pis y avait in latchet sus la couvarture d'la maison, dans l'pignon d'la maison. I rouve le, le, le, le latchet pis là i pâsse en travers du trou pis là i s'en vient pis i s'met à l'abri d'la chuinée ailloù-c-qu'a l'ara pas ieu vu. Pis là y avait in grand trou coupé ailloù-c-qu'est la chuinée. Pis là toute d'in coup là i veillait-z-en bâs hein, veillait ielle à trapigner. Bientôt in ptit coup qu'a vnu à la porte. Pis là don a va à la porte, ah! pis c'tait lui asteure hein. A l'croche par le cou là pis a y dit de rentrer pis a l'tire le paletot pis là toute d'in coup i, i va s'coucher pis--toujours a tait s'coucher pis l'aute tait en haut du grenier pis i veillait lui. Oui mais le temps a vnu mauvais, le chasseur a vnu back chez ieusses--t'as tendu çu-là hein? (G.T. shakes head negatively) Là toujours--oui mais quand qu'il a tendu le tapement sus la porte ielle, alle a ieu peur hein. "Gâre bien" a dit, "gâre" a dit, "fourre-toi en-dsous du lit." Là toujours i s'fourre en-dsous du lit lui pis a va ouvrir la porte--là c'tait son mari. Ça commençait à blaguer anyway pis--ouais mais, lui, quand qu'il a vu qu'le mari avait rentré là i s'en va back, dans, dans l'trou pis i descend sus l'échelle pis là i va à la porte pis i tape à la porte. Le monsieur va rouvrir la porte, ah mais i dit, "Mon pauve malheureux" i dit, "ailloù-c-que tu vas à souère" i dit, i dit, "dans cte temps-là?" i dit. "Bien" i dit, "moi" i dit, "j'm'en vas" i dit "dans telle ville là asteure."--"Mais"

i dit, "rente don" i dit. Pis là i rente i tire son paletot pis là i y donne eune tassée d'thé et, pis ça mangeait. Pis là, l'temps qu'i mangeait bien là il a dit, i dit, "J'avais vnu ici" i dit, "promier" i dit, "mais" i dit, "ta femme" i dit, i dit, "m'a dit" i dit "qu'ej pouvais pas" i dit, i dit "coucher ici à souère" i dit "parce" i dit "tu tais pas ici."--"Bien" i dit "ça" i dit, "c'est tchurieux" i dit. I dit "L'monde, les autes mondes" i dit "couchent ici" i dit, "comment" i dit "qu't'aras pas couché?"--"Mais" i dit, "y en a iun dans la chambre" i dit, "là" i dit "qu'est couché" i dit. I va dans la chambre, pis là i l', i l'voit en-dsous du lit. "Là" i dit "gäre" i dit, i dit "prends l'tique d'l'eau chaude là" i dit, i dit, "prends-lé pis" i dit, "va-t-en dans la chambre pis" i dit, "asteure" i dit, i dit, "coule ça" i dit, i dit, "coule ça sus l'bord du lit" i dit, i dit, "si tu l'coules pas" i dit, i dit, "ej m'en vas t'couler avec mon poing moi." Bien là lui pou sauver sa vie il était forcé d'prendre la tique et pis, pis là i s'sauve, pis en sortant i l'crapigne, pis là i l'erfout ieune là, pis là avec son pied et sa botte là. Heh! heh! heh! Pis s'i sont pas morts i vivront encore.

/English summary: A man leaves his wife to go hunting. That evening, she expects her lover to visit her. It begins to rain and thunder, and when a knock comes on the door, it is a traveller seeking shelter. She refuses, saying her husband is away, and she cannot take people in the house. The traveller sees a ladder outside, and climbs up on to the roof, where a little window allows him into the house, and he is able to see what goes on inside. Soon, the woman's lover comes. They have not been long in bed than another knock comes on the door. It is the

husband, deterred from hunting by the bad weather. The wife tells her lover to hide under the bed. Once the husband is in the house, the man hiding in the attic goes out the way he came and knocks at the door again. The husband lets him in, and learns that the traveller had been before, but that the wife had refused him shelter. The husband finds this unusual, saying that they usually take in travellers. The man says it is because there is already someone in the bedroom. The husband, furious, confirms this, and orders the traveller to pour a kettle of hot water over his wife's lover, and then kicks him out of the house.]

Narrated 6/7-I-74. F1790/74-195, 3-5. Here is a version of AT 1360, The Man Hidden in the Roof. Motifs include K1271, Amorous intrigue observed and exposed; K1521.4.1, Wife hides lover under the bed; and K1271.1.1.4.4* (CEFT), Man hidden in roof sees wife and paramour; tells husband, and paramour is found under the bed. Mrs. Barter attributed this tale to Battis Cornect, who had told it on himself as a true story. Mr. Cornect had a taste for such tales, "C'tait ses histouères à lui ça hein, toutes des mauvaises histouères hein--c'tait jamais eune bonne histouère avec lui."

26. "Tom Pouce" (Tom Thumb)

Y avait eune fois y avait in homme pis eune femme. Pis à toutes les jours sa femme disait à son homme, i dit "Moi" i dit "j'voudras bien 'ouère" a dit, "in ptit." Mais i dit "Sacré bon sang" i dit "la vieille" i dit, "j'vois pas moyen d'aouère ton ptit" i dit. "Quoi c'est que t'es tout l'temps à parler d'ça?" i dit. "Tu sais que j'as pas moyen d'aouère in enfant."--"Mais" a dit, "moi" a dit "j'voudras bien aouère iun" a dit,

"in ptit garçon" a dit, "sortout in ptit garçon" a dit. Bien et là toujours eune bonne journée i tait parti à l'ouvrage lui--a s'en va d'l'ouvrage, i marchait sus l'bord du chmin pis i--i a pas, i pensait aux--à les enfants--toute d'in coup il attend tchequ'in pleurer, attendait in pleurement--i garde, i gardait partout mais i pouvait pas, i pouvait pas s--distinguer où-c-que l'enfant tait--et c'tait in enfant, i brâillait. I garde, lève in faillache pis i garde--in ptit garçon. In enfant la grosseur d'son pouce. I l'ermonte, i la fourre dans sa poche pis--s'en va chez ieusses. "Bien" i dit, "la vieille" i dit, "j'ai trouvé eune trouvaille" i dit "aujourd'hui." A dit "T'as trouvé eune trouvaille!" A dit "Si t'aras trouvé in enfant encore" a dit, "ç'aura pas té si pire."--"Bien" i dit "c'est ça j'ai trouvé." A dit "Ah, ah, tu m'contes des menteries encore" a dit. "Ailloù-c-que tu l'as quitté?" --"Bien" i dit, "j'l'ai icitte" i dit. I l'arrache dans sa poche pis i l'met sus la tabe. "T'as dit ça" a dit, "c'est pas in enfant!"--"Mais" i dit, "oui!" i dit, "i parle!" Toute d'in coup Tom Pouce a parlé! I dit "Oui" i dit, "moi" i dit "j'parle" i dit. "Mais" i dit, "j'sus pas gros." Pis là la vieille a dit, a dit--a dit "I faut qu'ej le nommons in nom." Pis a y dit "Dis maman" i dit "qu'il est si ptit, bien" i dit "applons-lé Tom Pouce." Là toujours son nom tait Tom Pouce anyway. Pis il aviont des vaches et des moutons ça--pis dans l'automne i plantait des jarnées...et là toujours--les jardins avaient vnu gros à l'automne--il a commencé à tomber d'la grêle sus les choux. Bien la vieille alle a dit à Tom Pouce a dit "Tom Pouce" a dit, a dit, "cours don dans l'jardin" a dit "draillver la vache" a dit "dans les choux" a dit, "la vache" a dit "va manger des choux." Vlâ Tom Pouce i s'attaque dans l'jardin--i

court dans l'champ pis--dans l'jarnée i draillve la vache. Mais la grêle tombait pis ça faisait mal sus lui! Fourre dans eune feuille de choux! Pis il entendait la grêle tomber, c'tait si joli sus les feuilles de choux! Bientôt la vache pâsse pis a croche la--le choux--a mange Tom Pouce! Vlâ Tom Pouce parti. Aspère la vieille. A spère. Pas d'Tom Pouce. Le vieux arrive à la maison à souère pis là--i dmande où-c-que son garçon tait. "Mais" a dit, "j'l'as enoueyé dans l'champ" a dit "draillver la vache dans les choux" a dit. "Mais" a dit, "Tom Pouce a pas vnu back--ej tais forcée à draillver la vache moi-même" a dit. "Mais" a dit "Tom Pouce" a dit, "a pas rvnu du tout." Bien les vlâ bien en peine. Vlâ Tom Pouce parti. Quand que ça arrive à l'heure de tirer la vache a prend le siau pis a s'en va tirer la vache. Pis alle avait sa tête sus la vache pis a tire hein? Pis toute d'in coup i, i, i criait, i dit "J'sus dans l'vente d'la vache! J'sus dans l'vente d'la vache!" Mais a dit "C'est-i possibe" i dit "qu'mon enfant" i dit "est dans l'vente d'la vache?" A quitte le siau pis a s'pointe chez ieusses pis a dit à son vieux a dit "Asteure" a dit "i faut qu'tu tues la vache." --"Mais" i dit, "tu deviens folle!" i y dit. A dit "Non!" a dit, "Tom Pouce" a dit "est dans l'vente d'la vache." A dit "J'l'ai tendu crier." Va à la grange, i s'colle l'oraille sus la vache--"Ouais" i dit, "c'est vrai" i dit, "j'sus dans l'vente d'la vache." Le vieux pard pas d'temps i prend la hâche pis i y donne ça à la vache, i tue la vache pis i rippe la vache en deux, ptit Tom Pouce saute de d'dans la vache. Là toujours ptit Tom Pouce, il a ieu ptit Tom Pouce encore. Eune journée toujours--la vieille tait à la maison--bientôt a dit à Tom Pouce--"Asteure" a dit "Tom Pouce" a dit "j'voudras" a dit "tu iras m'qu'ri du bois."--"Oui" i

dit. "T'es pas gros mais t'es vaillant." Prend la calotte met sus la tête pis i s'pousse--qu'ri du bois. Quand qu'il arrive au bord d'la rivière--i a té au ras eune rivière qu'ri du bois hein, arrive là-bàs au bord d'la rivière--tait à ramâsser son bois--toute d'in coup y a in, i a vu in lion--le lion va--pis i, i, i donne eune dgeulée à l'herbage, i, i mange Tom Pouce. Vlâ Tom Pouce parti encore. Vlâ la vieille encore bien en peine--Tom Pouce parti. Pis là i s'perd Tom Pouce, pas d'Tom Pouce, le--le vieux arrive là à la maison--la vieille a dit "C'coup-ici" a dit "Tom Pouce a parti. Dans les champs"--i dit, "i a pas vnu, j'l'ai enoueyé qu'ri du bois."--"Mais" i dit "ma sacrée vieille garche--vieille garce" i dit, "t'es" i dit "allée enoueyer ct enfant" i dit "si ptit qu'ça" i dit "dans l'bois" i dit "qu'ri du bois" i dit. "Bien" i dit "j'm'en ouas ouère pou" i dit--prend son fusil pis--s'en va ouère--pou--ptit Tom Pouce. Il a marché et marché, marché jusqu'à temps la nuit arrivait, quand qu'la nuit a arrivé bien là i s'a couché à ras l'bord d'la rivière pis i a resté là. L'endmain matin i prend ses troussees encore. Mais l'endmain matin quand qu'i s'a ravallé--il a couté, i a entendu, a entendu d'quoi s'lament, gronder! (Whispering) Pense à lui-même y a d'quoi en arrière ici! Bientôt i ergarde i voit in, in loup. I tait couché pis le loup s'tordait d'toutes sortes de mangnières! "Bien" i dit "ce sra pas toi" i dit "qu'aras mon ptit garçon?" i dit. Là avec ça i i pointe le fusil pis i tue, i tue le loup. Quand qu'i arrive en ras l'loup, i dit "J'sus dans l'vente du loup! J'sus dans l'vente du loup!" Là l'vieux prend pis i rippe le, le loup pis--le ptit garçon sort de d'dans pis les vlâ partis chez ieusses avec son père encore. Mais don ça tait son père anyway. Quand qu'il arrive chez ieusses i dit à la vieille. I dit "Asteure" i dit "tu sais" i dit "ma

vieille." I dit "Enoueye pus ct enfant-là nulle part." Pis i dit "Garde-lé à la maison" i dit, "il est si ptit" i dit, "tu sais il est pas pus gros que note pouce." Pis a dit "Tu sais" i dit, "i peut pas" i dit "aller loin avant qu'il est perdu." Là toujours, alle le garde à la maison pou trois jours--troisième journée--Tom Pouce tait fatigué d'éte à la maison pis s'pousse dehors. I s'pointe dehors. Pis là--pou la rivière! Pis i laimait l'eau! S'amusait d'la rivière, tout l'tour d'la rivière. Bientôt i voit eune grosse baleine sauter dans l'eau. Ça l'a appeuré en promier--pis il a pensé à lui-même, "Faut qu'ej vas" i dit "m'bagner aussitte." I s'pointe--dans l'eau--pou s'bagner. Ah! la baleine vient pis a l'envale, pis s'i sont pas morts i vivent encore. Heh! heh!

/English summary: An old childless couple are quarrelling because they cannot have a child. One day the old man goes out and hears a baby crying. At first, he sees nothing, but eventually finds a child no bigger than his thumb under some leaves. He takes him home, where the old woman is overjoyed. They learn he can talk, and baptize him Tom Thumb. One day the old woman sends Tom Thumb into the field to drive the cow out of the garden. It begins to hail and Tom Thumb hides under some cabbage leaves. The cow passes and takes the cabbage and Tom in one mouthful. His parents lament his disappearance. When she goes to milk the cow, she hears a voice saying "I'm in the cow's stomach." Her husband cuts open the cow and finds Tom. Another time, Tom is out fetching wood and is eaten by a wolf. The old man finds and shoots the wolf, and releases Tom. He tells his wife never to let Tom out again, but after three days in the house Tom is bored, and wanders off to the river to

play. He sees a big whale jumping out of the river and approaches to swim himself. But the whale swallows him.7

Narrated 20-VIII-74. F1792/74-195, 1-4. The tale is a version of AT 700, Tom Thumb, and includes the motifs F535.1.1, Adventures of Thumbling; F535.1.1.13, Thumbling carried in pocket; F535.1, Thumbling. Person the size of a thumb; F535.1.7 and F911.3.1, Thumbling swallowed by animals, and F913, Victims rescued from swallower's belly.

Mrs. Barter learnt the tale from her late father, Pierre Morazé, when she was about eight years old.

27. "Le Souffleur" (The blower)

Ça c'tait euh--c'tait Bill et Tom--uh, Jack et Tom--Jack et Bill don. I restait--son défunt père avait mouré pis c'tait lui à qu'il avait donné la motché d'la ferme. Motché d'la ferme à Tom et motché d'la ferme à Jack. Pis y a Tom euh J--Tom i, c'tait in homme qui s'dehalait bien--oh, i s'dehalait bien! I avait des bêtes, des chouals oh il avait eune ferme lui, eune ferme! Pis euh Jack i s'dehalait pas si bien lui--pauve Jack! Toujours eune journée--i ah, i va chez Tom--pis i dit à Tom--i dit "C'est tchurieux" i dit "Tom" i dit, "toi" i dit "tu t'dehales si bien--pis" i dit "moi" i dit, "j'ai pas moyen d'me dehaler du tout" i dit. "J'ai ienque" i dit "in boeuf--pis eune vache" i dit--"pis" i dit "deux ou trois moutons mais" i dit "garde toi" i dit, "la ferme" i dit "que t'as." Bien, Tom qui dit "Dame" i dit, "j'sais pas Jack" i dit, "pour moi" i dit, "ça va mais" i dit "moi" i dit, "ej commence à vnir bien en pieds" i dit. "Oui" i dit. "Mais" i dit "Tom, m'en vas t'dire eune chose" i dit. I dit "Moi" i dit "la mangnière" i dit "qu'ej--qu'ej me dehale pas" i dit "ej crois" i dit "que c'est ma femme. Mais" i dit,

"tu vas ouère tchequ'in d'ces détours" i dit--"M'en prende le couteau pis" i dit, "j'm'en vas la tuer" i dit. "Mais" Tom qui dit, "mais" i dit "si tu tues ta femme" i dit, "tu sais qu'tu vas tère tué après."-- "Non!" i dit--"j'ai in soufflet" i y dit. "Si j'm'en vas la tuer" i dit "m'en vas la souffler dans l'dârrière pis dame a va vnir en vie encore." Ah! Tom i croyait tout lui. Toujours Jack i va chez ieusses--pis dans-- dans la soirée To--Tom va chez--Bill va chez Jack. Vlâ Jack qui s'met en qurelle! Non--j'sus en avant d'mon conte. Quand qu'il arrive chez ieusses Jack i dit à sa femme--i dit "Asteure" i dit "j'ai tué in mouton-- pis j'vas prende la vessie du mouton--pis tu m'en la remplir plein d'sang--pis" i dit "j'vas l'mette dans ta falle." Pis i dit "Quand qu' Tom va vnir ici à souère" i dit, "j'lui prends à nous qureller"--pis i dit "là" i dit "j'vas prende in couteau pis" i dit "j'te tape--ac le couteau" i dit, "dans la, dans la vessie, dans la vessie de la--borbis" pis i dit--"tu vas tomber. Ouais" i dit, complot d'fait. Aright, Tom toujours la soirée Tom arrive là. Vlâ i s'prend en qurelle! Jack avec sa femme. Pis ça s'qurellait! "Eh!" i dit "oui" i dit "là" i dit "tu vas mourir" i y dit--"c'est ça qu'tu veux" i dit. Jack crampagne le couteau pis i s'en va pis i tape sa femme droite dans l'estomac, vlâ sa femme qui tombe. Bientôt Tom a vu l'sang. "Mon Dieu Jack!" i dit-- "t'as tué ta femme."--"Ah" i dit "bien" i dit, "elle a pas à faire" i dit "d'dgeuler tout l'temps" i dit, "a dgeule" i dit, "bien" i dit, "si alle ara pas tant dgeulé" i dit "ça l'ara pas ieu attrapé ça."--"Mais" i dit "Jack" i dit, "tu vas tère tué!" i dit, "t'as tué ta femme!"-- "Mais" i dit "Bill" i dit, "t'es fou!" i dit, "veille." S'en va sus l'armouère crocher le soufflet. S'en va à sa femme--lève sa robe-- pis

colle le soufflet dans l'tchul pis souffle, i souffle! Toute d'in coup la vieille saute deboute smarte comme toute. "Bien Jack" i dit, "ça" i dit "c'est eune belle idée." I dit "Vends à moi" i dit "ce soufflet."-- "Non." Jack dit "Y a pas, y a pas assez d'argent" i dit "pour aouère mon soufflet."--"Ah!" i dit "Jack" i dit, "vends-moi ton soufflet." Pis i dit "Combien tu croirais que tu m'donnras pou mon soufflet?"--"Bien" i dit, "j'vas t'donner in plein, plein baril d' plein baril d'or."--"By Jaze" i dit, "c'est pas beaucoup" i dit "pour in soufflet d'même" i dit, "pour ardvnr le monde en vie--ça coûte d'l'argent" i dit. "Bien" i dit, "j'te donnrai deux barils d'or" i dit, "pis" i dit, "donne-moi le soufflet." Jack dit "Good enough." Donne deux barils d'or à Jack pis--prend l'soufflet. Là toujours Tom tait--Bill tait chez ieusses pis Jack --pis ça travaillait pis Jack et ça avançait tout l'temps lui--avait d'l'argent en masse--ça vanaçait. Mais Bill lui--i descendait tout l'temps. Eune journée i s'prend en qurelle ac sa femme--Bill. Pis toute d'in coup i croche le couteau pis i tape sa femme, i tape sa femme, y a pas d'vessie d'sang là--ça fait i tape sa femme dans l'estomac pis a tombe bien sûr a tombe morte--prend l'soufflet--pis i siffe, pis i siffe (laughter), pis i siffe, pis i siffe pis i siffe assez que sa femme a dvnu toute gonflée, ha! ha! ha! Là toujours--sa femme a pas vnu en vie--i va chez Jack. "Bien" i dit "Jack" i dit, "t'es in beau toi" i dit. I dit "J'sus--tu m'as fait tuer ma femme" i dit. Jack i dit, i dit "Moi je t'as pas fait tuer ta femme." I dit "Moi" i dit "j'ai tué la mienne mais" i dit "j'l'ai fait vnir en vie encore."--"Mais" i dit "moi" i dit "j'ai pas moyen à faire revnir" i dit "en vie" i dit "par c'soufflet-là."--"Bien" i dit "Bill" i dit, "t'es bien. Asteure" i dit,

"t-ête demain ou après-dmain i vont vnir t'qu'ri" i dit "pou t'pende."--
 "Oh Jack" i dit, i dit "acoute" i dit, "ej m'en vas te donner" i dit
 "toute l'argent qu'tu veux" i dit--"pis" i dit "gäre" i dit, "t'aras la
 motché" i dit "d'mon bien" i dit--"j'l'ai icitte. Si tu veux prende ma
 femme" i dit "à l'enterrer" i dit "pis pas dire arien." Bien Jack i dit,
 i dit "Comme ça" i dit "j'iras." Là toujours Jack prend la femme à Tom,
 à Bill, pis i s'en va l'enterrer. Bien là toujours tout en grand bien a
 té anyway, la femme à Bill ta partie techeque part--pis...ça s'dehalait
 bien anyway mais now Jack lui--i s'dehalait meilleur que Bill--parce Bill
 allait en bâs tout l'temps. Là toujours Jack eune soirée i dit à sa
 femme--i dit "Ja--" i dit "Tom"--i dit "Bill" i dit "il a encore deux
 autes sacs" i dit "de, d'or" i dit "tcheque part." I dit "J'sus sûr" i
 dit "qu'il a deux sacs d'or." I dit "Asteure" i dit, "m'en faut iun" i
 dit--"si j'as pas les deux."--"Mais" a dit (whispered) "tu sais Jack" a
 dit, "t'as pas moyen d'faire d'quoi d'même." (Whispered) I dit "J'm'en
 vas" i dit--i dit "à souère" i dit "qu'ri sa femme pis" i dit "là" i dit
 "faut qu'j'la colle dans l'magasin" i dit "avec sa barate entor ses deux
 jambes. (laughter) Pis" i dit "avec les deux mains" i dit "sus la
 barate." Vlà Jack qui s'pointe dans la cimtchère qu'ri sa vièille--la
 femme à, à Tom--à Bill. Assit comme i faut sus la chaise--prend la
 touque, met la touque entre ses deux jambes, mes ses deux mains sus la,
 sus la machine. Tom s'lève le matin s'en va au magasin pou du beurre.
 Mon Dieu! I voit sa femme assise sus la chaise en tra d'barater du
 beurre. (laughter) I quitte la porte ouverte, i s'pointe chez Jack.
 "Bien" i dit "Jack" i dit, "ma femme a rvnu back hier au soir" i dit,
 "Oh!" Jack i dit, "tu viens fou" i dit "mon homme, c'est pas d'ta faute"

i dit, "toi" i dit "tu vas vnir hors d'ta tête" i dit, "pou sûr."--
 "Bien" i dit, "viens-t-en ouère" i dit. Jack faisait mine d'arien i
 s'pointe avec, avec Bill--quand qu'il arrive là la femme ava--en trā d'
 ...Bien Jack i dit "Oui dame." Là i dit "A savait" i dit "qu'tu avais
 pas d'beurre" i dit "j'pense" i dit, "a voulait faire du beurre" i dit.
 "Non" i dit, "j'avais ienque in morceau d'beurre de reste!"--"Bien" i
 dit "là" i dit "alle a té dans la cimtchére" i dit "gäre" i dit "barater
 ton beurre."--"My God, my God!" i dit "Jack" i dit, "Quoi m'en vas faire?"
 --"Bien" i dit "moi" i dit--i dit "j'sais pas quoi tu vas faire--mais"
 i dit, "si tu veux m'payer" i dit "m'en vas l'enterrer encore."--"Bien"
 i dit "m'en vas" i dit "m'en va t'donner in sac d'or--si tu veux l'enter-
 rer encore." Jack prend la vieille lui sus sa barouette et pis--
 s'pointe encore enterrer la vieille à, la, la, la, femme à Bill encore.
 I l'avait bien terrée--pis là toute d'in coup--Bill euh, Tom, euh, Jack
 tait chez ieusses--Tom i euh, Bill y a dmandé i dit "Quoi t'as fait ac?"
 --"Mais" i dit "j'l'ai enterrée!" Mais Jack le maudit menteur i l'avait
 pas enterrée lui! I l'avait mis dans son magasin. Là toujours--Jack a
 dit "J'as enterré ta femme." Toute d'in coup Jack au soir i dit à sa
 femme i dit "Asteure i faut j'vas en ville." A dit "T'en vas en ville!"
 I dit "Oui, faut qu'ej vas en ville." I dit "Faut qu'ej vas ouère
 l'âroi." (Whispers) Et là a dit "T'as d'quoi dans l'idée encore là."--
 "Oh non" i dit, "faut qu'ej vas ouère l'âroi, j'as d'quoi dmander à l'âroi"
 i dit. I prend la femme à Jack sus sa, sus son, son waggon, pis son
 choual--pis s'pointe en ville. Pis là femme à Jack assis, la femme à
 Bill assis au ras lui comme i faut--quand qu'il arrive enfin chez l'âroi
 --"Whoa!" arrête le choual là, amârre le choual. Rente chez l'âroi. Oh!

i tait tout en sueur, i faisait mine qu'il avait travaillé dur. Bien là la sarvante d'l'âroi dit, i dit, "Rente."--"Non" i dit, "j'vas pas rentrer" i dit, "j'voudrais bien aouère in coup d'eau."--"Bien" i dit "gãre" i dit "j'ai pas d'eau dans la maison."--"Bien" i dit "tu peux aller" i dit "qu'ri" i dit, i dit "d'l'eau" i dit, "m'en vas spérer." Pis i dit "Et d'moment qu't'es parti à la fontaine" i dit, "c'est pas loin" i dit, "va-t-en don" i dit "enoueyer in quart d'eau à, à, à ma mère" i dit "qui raillde" i dit "dans, dans la barouette." I dit "A voudra" i dit "aouère in coup d'eau." S'en va lui au choual--shake la vieille mais--pas d'raponse. I la shake encore toute d'in coup a tombe en bâs du truck. Le vlà le, le, le sarvant d'l'âroi qu'arrive chez ieusses tout assifflé. I dit "J'ai shaké ta mère" i dit, "alle a tombé en bâs du truck" i dit--"a bouge pas!"--"Mon malheureux!" i dit, "t'as tué ma mère!" i dit. I commence à brâiller pis s'arracher les choux--(laughter)--"Ssshhh!" i dit, "m'en vas dire à l'âroi." Ça--s'en va à l'âroi pou s'trouver l'âroi--pis là i conte son histouère à l'âroi--quoi-c-qu'il avait fait. "Mais" i dit "mon malheureux" i dit, "t'as tué c'femme-là?" I dit "Quoi" i dit "qui va happener asteure?" Pis i dit "Pou sûr" i dit "j'm'en vas iête" i dit "tué" i dit. "Non!" i dit, "vas faire mieux qu'ça moi." Va trouver Jack, l'âroi va trouver Jack. "Bien" i dit "Jack" i dit "gãre" i dit, "j'vons prende ta mère et j'vas l'enterrer" i dit, "j'vas tout stanner" i dit "pou son enterrement." Pis i dit "J'allons donner" i dit "in peu d'argent" i dit--"pas pou toi dire arien."--"By Jaze" i dit, "tu sais" i dit, "ma mère c'est eune grande chose à part"--i dit à l'âroi. L'âroi y dit "Oui mais" i dit, "j'te donnras in sac d'argent pis" i dit "in sac d'or" i dit--"t'aras

d'quoi" i dit "pour aller" i dit "sus in boutte" i dit "anyway." Jack prend l'argent pis l'or pis i s'pousse pour chez ieusses. Quand qu'il arrive chez ieusses--sa femme a dit "J'savais" a dit "qu'i y avait d'quoi" a dit "d'wrong" a dit "encore avec Jack" a dit. "Là" a dit "t'encore conté eune menterie" i dit--"Eh non!" i dit--i dit "Va-t-en don de chez Bill dmande à Bill i prête sa mesure"--mesure combien d'argent. Va chez Bill--prend l'--prêtait la mesure à Bill. Mais Bill quoi-c-qu'i fait i graisse le fond d'la, d'la mesure--pis quand qu'Jack comptait son argent ça restait collé en-dsus d--quand qu'a enoueyait back la mesure à Jack--à Bill--y avait d'l'or pis d'l'argent en-dsus. Bill a pensé à lui-même --i dit "Jack" i dit " a trouvé d'l'argent à tcheque part encore pou sûr." Là i va chez Jack. I dit à Jack "Mais" i dit, i dit "Quoi faire" i dit "t'avais ma mesure" i dit "pou mesurer de l'argent?" Mais Jack i dit "Oui"--i dit "J'tais en ville" i dit "l'autre jour" i dit "pis" i dit "j'tais chez l'âroi"--pis i dit "pis" i dit--là tu sais j'me rappelle pus là asteure--c'est pus long qu'ça mais...non, il est pus long qu'ça mais j'peux pus l'mette ensembe--j'l'ai oublié--j'sais qu'il avait fait d'quoi encore hein...

/English summary: This is the same tale as No. 24, and although it is incomplete, it is a fuller version than the earlier one; there are more details in the narrative, such as the borrowing of the measuring rod.7

Narrated 20-VIII-74. F1792/74-195, 4-9. With the addition of motif K2151, The corpse handed round, this tale is another example of AT 1535, The Rich and the Poor Peasant combined with AT 1536A, The Woman in the Chest. After this narration of the tale, Mrs. Barter attributed the tale to the late Anatole Lainey of Mainland, rather than to Narcisse Chaisson.

28. The deceived brothers

Was Bill an Jack an Tom one time eh? So now dey went lookin for work--Bill an Jack an Tom--t'ree o' dem...so eh, dey was gone to look dey went to a--town we'll say--il ont té dans--m'en vas l'conter en français--il ont té dans eune ville pis là don--il avaient resté la soirée là--pis là asteure il ont été dans eune place aillou-c-qu'il avait d'autes gârs à boire et ça--taient à faire du foin. Pis là toujours les autes gârs i avont dit--"Y a eune femme qui reste tout seule là pis euh, à toutes les souères--bien y a in homme qui va coucher avec ielle." Pis là toujours, Jack et Tom et Bill ieusses il avont, il acoutient ça. Quand qu'il arrivent à le boardin 'ouse c'soirée-là--bien Jack--Tom qui dit--i dit "J'm'en vas aller ouère"--i dit "chez la femme là (whispered)." Pas loin d'le boardin 'ouse. Là toujours Tom arrive là--tape à la porte--a vient rouve la porte. Pis a dit "Bonsoir" i dit "Bonsoir" i dit "Bonsoir. Tout seule?"--"Oui" a dit, "j'reste tout seule." A dit "Rente" a dit, "assis-toi." I rente, i s'assit (whispering). Bien i commençont à blaguer anyway--"Bien" i dit, "j'voudras bien s'passer eune soirée avec toi."--"T'es bienvnue" a dit, "Bien reste là à souère." Bien quand ça a bavassé in boutte pis quand qu'ça arrive à l'heure à aller s'coucher--ça s'pointe s'coucher. Quand qu'il arrivont dans la chambe, commençont à s'deshabiller--bien a dit, a dit, "Moi, tu sais j'couche pas ac in homme avec des hardes sus l'corps." A dit "Faut qu'mon homme est flambant nu (chuckles)." Lui avec ça--tire les hardes pis i saute dans l'lit. "Oh" bien a dit "gâre" a dit, "j'ai oublié ma cake dans l'four" a dit "dans l'four" a dit, "tut-ttt."--"Bien, bien bien" i dit, "oh" i dit, "bouge pas" i dit, "m'en vas aller gâre arracher ta cake dans le four." I s'lève flambant nu pis s'en va au

four pis c'tait des vieux fours d'avant là, la vieille façon. Pis il y rouve la porte du four pis il arrache la, il assaye d'arracher la cake mais la porte vnait back encore pis ça y brûlait les mains. Il assaye encore pou prende la cake pis ça battait toute la nuit jusqu'au grand jour le matin--forcé d'prendre ses hardes et mette ses hardes sus lui--pis s'en aller--toute la nuit à s'batte ac eune cake--pis ielle a dormait. Là toujours vlà Bill parti. I pässe à l'boardin 'ouse, Tom et Jack y dit "Tchelle sorte de soirée t'as passé hier au soir?" (whispered dramatically)--"Oh!" i dit, "j'ai passé eune belle soirée hier au soir! Oh!" i dit, i dit, "j'm'en vas aller" i dit "encore à souère j'crois." Tom qui dit, i dit, "Tu vas pas à souère" i dit--"c'est mon tour" i dit, pis i dit "j'm'en vas" i dit "moi." Là toujours la souèrée-là, Tom se greye oh! i, c'tait comme i faut pis i s'pointe chez la vieille, chez la fille, chez la femme là. Tape à la porte. La femme rouve la porte (whispered). "Bien" a dit, "bonsoir."--"Bonsouère" i dit. A dit "Rente!" --"Oh!" i dit, "tu restes tout seule."--"Oui" a dit, "j'reste tout seule."--"T'as, t'as eune belle maison" i dit, "t'as in beau chez vous." --"Oui" a dit. Pis là toujours ça parlait et pis, ça s'carassait, toute d'in coup i dmande, i dit "J'voudras bien" i dit "pâsser eune soirée ac toi."--"T'es bienvnue" a y dit, "Oui--pâsse la soirée ac moi, tu peux rester ici à souère" a dit. Ah, toujours que ça arrive à l'heure à s'coucher--c'tait la même affaire, i s'pointe dans la chambre--il a commencé à s'deshabiller, tire ses tchulottes, tire sa chmise--i s'paque --"Non non" a dit, "moi" a dit "j'couche pas ac in homme" a dit--"pas de hardes sus l'corps." Tire les hardes de dsus lui pis là jumpe en-dsous les couvartes. "Oh bien" a dit "gâre" a dit, "j'as oublié mon pain, mon dârnier pain dans l'four. Bien" a dit "faut qu'ej vas

tirer d'..."--"Mais" i dit "bouge pas" i dit, "m'en vas l'tirer de d'dans moi!" Pointe à la porte du four, rouve la porte la porte du four, justement qu'i s'en allait pour grabber le pain la porte du four vnait pis a bangait ses mains encore--i s'a battu jusqu'au grand jour ac la porte du four. Quand qu'le jour a vnu i ta forcé iête chez ieusses à l'boardin house! Jack i dit "Tchelle sorte d'soirée t'as pâssé hier au soir." i dit, i dit à Tom. "Bien" i dit, "j'ai pâssé eune belle soirée hier au soir. Bien" i dit "je m'en vas encore à souère."--"Eh!" Jack i dit "non" i dit, "tu vas pas à souère" i dit, "c'est mon tour à souère." Là toujours--vlà Jack parti--d'la maison pou la soirée i s'greye pis i s'pointe--chez la femme pis i tape à la porte. "Bonsoir" a dit. "Bonsoir" i dit. A dit "Rente!" Rente, i s'assit. "Gee, t'as in beau chez vous. Tu restes tout seule?" A dit "Oui" a dit, "j'reste tout seule."--"Bien" i dit, 'près in boutte--i parl--i blaguiont, i dit "J'voudras bien pâsser eune soirée ac toi."--"Bien" a dit "ta chance est là" a dit, "tu vas rester ici à souère" a dit, "j'sus tout seule." Là toujours quand l'heure a vnu pour aller s'coucher--pointe s'coucher. Pis ah, ça s'deshabillait--là lui i s'fonce sous les couvartes ac les hardes endsus le corps, "Oh non!" a dit, "j'couche pas ac in homme ac des hardes sus l'corps" a dit, "j'peux ienque coucher ac in homme" a dit "flambant nu." Tire les hardes s'fonce sous les couvartes--"Bien" a dit "gâre" a dit "j'ai fait in pâté aujourd'hui pis j'ai dû l'oublier dans l'four." A dit "Faut qu'ej vas l'tirer de d'dans."--"Oh non non!" i dit, "degreye-toi" i dit, "moi j'vas tirer le--pâté d'dans l'four." I s'pointe dans le four qu'ri le pâté mais toute la nuit en grand i s'a battu avec le pâté pis l'four il a brisé l'four il a fait tout en grand. Quand que le jour a vnu Jack tait forcé en aller, s'en aller--i va à sa boardin

'ouse. "Bien" i dit "Tom et Bill" i dit--"vous êtes maudits!" I dit "Quoi faire?" I dit "A m'conter" i dit "eune pareille menterie d'même." Pis i dit "J'avons té triqué" i dit, "quoi faire pas" i dit "t'aras pas té triqué?" Pis s'i sont pas morts i vivent encore! (laughter)

/English summary: Tom and Bill and Jack come to a town to work. They are told by some men that there is a beautiful woman who lives alone and who sees a different man each night. Tom goes to see her and he is allowed to stay the night. When he gets into bed the woman makes him get out and undress, saying she likes only naked men. Then she tells him she has left a cake in the oven and he goes downstairs to take it out. But every time he opens the oven door it bangs shut, and he spends the whole night fighting with the door. On returning to the boarding house, he tells his brothers he has had a good time and induces Bill to go the next evening. Bill is asked to take bread from the oven, and he too spends the night, naked, trying to get the bread out of the oven. Jack decides to try his luck, and like his brothers, spends the whole night trying to take a pie out of the oven.7

Narrated 20-VIII-74. F1792/74-195, 14-16. Mrs. Barter described this tale as "...only a kind of a riddle, eh?" meaning a joke, which she attributed to the late Battis Cornect. It is probably part V of AT 313, The Girl as Helper in the Hero's Flight, and has been collected from other Franco-Newfoundland informants in that context. Motifs include: K1210, Humiliated or baffled lovers; H1010, Impossible tasks; K1227.4* (CEFT) Respite from wooers while they try to open magic self-closing door; compare D1413.16, Magic door holds person fast, D1601.37, Self-opening door and D2006.1.1, Forgotten fiancée reawakens husband's memory by detaining lovers. This motif is not explicit in the tale, but is

almost certainly its source. It will be recalled that in tale 13, The entrapped suitors, Mrs. Barter also uses the device whereby the woman demands that her would-be paramours be naked.

29. The surprised paramour

...Il avait conté eune histouère in coup--i les avait dit d'même qué--y avait in homme--il a dit qu'c'tait lui--y avait--s'en allait à Halifax in coup--pis i dit--dans ces temps-là bien faulait qu'i marchont eune tapée hein, pis i dit "I marchiont" pis i dit "eune soirée il a commencé à mouiller pis" i dit "i mouillait pis i tonnait." Pis i dit y avait pas d'place tu sais à s'loger parce i connaissait pas d'monde par là, i dit il a pâssé i dit au ras eune maison i dit, i rente là. Tape à la porte. Pis là i dmande à la femme ouère si alle ara pu l'loger pou c'soirée-là. Non, a pouvait pas l'loger--son mari tait parti--à la chasse--pis i ara pt-ête vnu à la m--bientôt arrivé--pis a pouvait pas l'garder. Bien quoi faire, mais i pouva pas rester là c'tait ienque in étranger. Don i quitte encore--pis i faisait nouère i dit--c'tait la nuit--la nuit tait tombée. Quoi qu'i fait i dit i va dârrière la maison pis i dit i prend eune échelle--y avait eune échelle là i dit--prend eune échelle va en haut sus la maison. Pis i dit en haut y avait in hatch--c'tait eune vieille maison i dit, y avait in hatch. Pis i rouve la hatch pis i monte en haut dans l'grinier. Pis quand qu'il a monté en haut dans l'grinier y avait in trou--fait à l'entour du tiyau--mais i dit c'tait grand assez pour lui ouère quoi-c-qu'avait--quoi-c-qui happenait en bās. I dit in boute i dit qu'i tait là i dit, y a in homme qu'a vnu à la porte. I dit a va pis i dit a rouve la porte. Mais i dit ça i dit, c, c'tait pas son mari mais c'tait iun i dit qu'alle avait--

dans--dété (English, to date) là. Pis i dit--toujours i dit après in
boute i dit ça va s'coucher--pis i dit toute d'in coup i dit in aute
knock à la porte. Oui mais i dit ça c'tait son mari! Son mari rente
et pis i dit a parle à son mari pis quoi faire qu'il avait pas resté
pis il a dit qu'i mouillait trop dur et pis c'tait pas bon pou la chasse
et ci et ça. Pis là i commence à s'dégreyer--oui--mais l'temps qu'i
tiont à blaguer là...(break, change of tape)...Bien ouais mais en
espérant là qu'i tiont à blaguer là lui pis sa femme i descend là lui
dans, dans--en bâs de dsus la maison pis i s'en vient à la porte pis i
tape à la porte. Quand qu'il arrive à la porte le, le vieux va ouvrir
la porte, pis là c'tait lui planté dboute à la porte soakin wet l'eau
pissait sus lui. "Mais" i dit "rente don" i dit "mon pauvre malheureux."
Fait i rente pis i fait sa femme faire in coup de thé et pis ça blaguait
mais là sa femme a savait ielle qu'a l'avait rfusé déjà pis l'aute pauve
maudit dans la chambe lui, quoi qu'i, quoi qu'il ara ieu fait. Oui mais
là le vlà qui y conte l'histouère d'sa femme quoi-c-que sa femme avait
fait à lui. Là i dit, "Good enough." Là i dit "Toi" i dit, "prends le
tique d'eau chaude pis" i dit "moi j'vas rentrer dans la chambe, pis" i
dit "si tu chavires pas l'eau sus lui, l'eau chaude sus lui" i dit, "m'en
vas l'chavirer sus toi moi." Quand qu'il avont rentré dans la chambe i
tait en-dsous du lit. I prend l'tique d'eau chaude pis là faulait qu'i
chavirait l'eau d'arrière le lit partout, l'eau chaude. Pis là lui, i
s'arrache d'en-dsous du lit bien sûr. Pis là en s'arrachant d'en-dsous
du lit le vieux l'tape pis là i, heh! i l'fait pâsser en travers deux
portes, pis là c'est, c'est l'restant ça.

This is another version of tale 25, and so no English summary is given. It is the type AT 1360, The Man Hidden in the Roof. Once again the exploit is attributed to the late Battis Cornect, who claimed it as a personal experience.

30. The fine hearing

Oh, eune j'ornée i tait ici hein pis i nous disait pou sa deuxième femme asteure hein, a tait cranky, a tait ça hein. "Mais" i dit, "a m' parle" i dit, "mais" i dit "ej l'entends" i dit "mais" i dit "a m'fait dire que j'sus sourd" i dit, "mais i dit, "si eune mouche" i dit "qui marchra sus l'chmin" i dit, "ej pourras entende eune mouche marcher" i dit, "d'dans la maison" i dit, "j'sus pas sourd mais" i dit "ienque" i dit, "j'ai pas d'compranour." Heh! heh! I tait pas sourd, tende eune mouche marcher sus l'chmin!

/English summary: A man complains about his wife's nagging, and that she accuses him of being deaf. He is not deaf, he explains, he could hear a fly walking on the road even if he was in the house.7

Narrated 20-VIII-74. F1793/74-195, p. 1. This boast is related to AT 1920E*, Lie: Seeing (Hearing) Enormous Distance, motifs X936, Lie: Person with remarkable hearing, and X936.1* (CEFT), Man in house claims to hear fly walking on road. The tall tale was attributed to Battis Cornect.

31. "La fille avec les deux mains coupées" (The Maiden without hands)

Y avait, eune fois y avait in euh--eune reine pis in âroi hein pis y avait eune femme pis alle avait, alle avait trois filles, pis i restiont au ras eune rivière. Mais la plus vieille des filles c'tait

la fille d'son homme, son homme tait marié à deux fois pis ielle avait deux filles pis ça faisait don ses trois filles parce a les lvait les trois d'ieusses. Pis là toujours le garçon d'l'âroi lui, il a marié la plus vieille de ses filles nous dirons ça c'tait la fille don de l'homme. Pis là après qu'i tait marié in boutte anyway, i tait forcé d'aller en dgerre. Pis là in boutte après qu'i tait parti--dans in conte ça pâsse vite--bien là alle a ieu in ptit. In ptit garçon--alle a ieu in ptit garçon. Pis là don l'âroi lui--sa dmi-mère, sa dmi-mère a ené l'enfant... Pis là toujours a prend l'enfant ielle pis a l'met dans eune boête pis a s'en va pis a l'garâche à la rivière--non c'est pas d'même, j'sus--c'est in aute conte là. Sorry. Oui, alle a ieu in enfant. Pis là don a va chez l'âroi la journée là pis là a dit à l'âroi, a dit "Euh, la femme de ton garçon" a dit, a dit "a ieu--alle a ieu" a dit "in enfant à matin. Mais" a dit, "c'est pas in enfant" a dit, "qu'alle a ieu" a dit, "alle a ieu in ptit chien." (laughter) Pis là toujours, y avait arien, pas grand'chose qu'i pouviont faire. Mais l'âroi a dit, "Que c'est in chien ou pas" i dit, "bien j'allons quitter note garçon saouère." Là toujours il enoueye son garçon, enoueyait eune lette--son sarvant enoueyait eune lette à son garçon, pis il avont dit sus la lette de même que sa femme avait ieu don in ptit chien hein à la place d'in ptit garçon. Oui mais quand que le mail, le ptit garçon a porté l'mail, à travarser in pont y avait des soldats là. Les soldats l'avont fait donner la lette. Fait i rouvront la lette pis là i lisont la lette pis là i disont au garçon d'l'âroi sa femme avait ieu don such-z-affaire. Là toujours i machinont la lette encore pis là il enoueyont la lette. C'tait in ptit garçon là qu'il avont mis sus la lette mais lui i prend la lette pis i mis in ptit chien--m'en vas vnir à trouver. I rouve la lette, à la place de

mette in ptit garçon i met in ptit chien. Oui mais eune coupelle de jours après don, l'âroi--la fille d'l'âroi alle a eune raponse de son homme, mais l'âroi tait supposé d'aouère les lettres. L'âroi a ieu la lette et pis quand que l'âroi a ieu a lette don, i lit la lette pis son garçon dit sus la lette, i dit "Ça fait pas d'diffarence" i dit "Quoi-c-qu'elle a ieu" i dit, "gardez-lé pis" i dit, "fais attention à ma femme." Là toujours, dans in conte ça pässe vite. Oui mais vlà le garçon don--oui dans in conte ça pässe vite anyway. C'est, c'est deux ptits garçons qu'alle a ieu là gâre, j'me trompe--alle a ieu deux ptits garçons là. Pis il a enoueyé la raponse back à son père, pis i a dit à son père ça faisait pas d'diffarence quoi-c-qu'alle avait ieu, que c'est des ptits chiens ou quoi-c-qu'alle avait ieu de garder les enfants pis ielle, faire attention à ielle. Pis là toujours, après in--eune coupelle de j--smaines après il a ieu eune lette de son garçon mais les soldats avont pris la lette encore, pis il avont changé la lette. Il avont dit à l'âroi que quand qu'il aront receivé la lette là de prende sa femme pis la détruire, faire de quoi ac sa femme parce qu'i voulait pas d'sa femme. L'âroi a ieu la lette pis la parole d'l'âroi c'tait ça. Faulait qu'i prendiont la femme de son garçon pis là faire de quoi avec. Là toujours i avait des sarvants à travailler pou lui, là i dit aux sarvants, i dit "Vous allez prende la femme de mon garçon" i dit, "pis" i dit "vous allez aller dans l'bois" i dit "la tuer." Pis là toujours i s'po-ntont dans l'bois avec ielle anyway, avec ses deux ptits. Ouais mais quand qu'il avont arrivé dans l'bois, i vouliont pas la tuer. Il avait pas iun de ieusses qui voulait la tuer. I prendont ses deux mains pis i coupont les deux mains, pis i strapont les deux ptits sus son dos pis i l'enoueyont d'même. C'tait meilleur pour ieusses la tuer que faire ça. Là toujours

alle a marché, alle a marché pour in grand boutte dans l'bois, là alle
 a ieu soif, alle arrive au ras in ptit rousseau, pis là a s'baisse--alle
 avait ses deux ptits sus son dos, a s'baisse pour bouère. Et quand qu'a
 s'a baissé pour bouère ses ptits avont chaviré d'sus son dos pis il ont
 tombé dans l'rousseau. Là a va pour attraper ses deux ptits, en peur,
 alle attrape ses deux ptits pis là a les met erconte de ielle pis là a
 boit. Ouais mais là quand qu'alle a ieu fini d'boire a s'erlève, alle
 avait ses deux mains. "Bien" a dit, "merci l'Bon Dieu" a dit, "j'as mes
 deux mains." A prend ses deux ptits mon homme pis a s'pousse dans
 l'bois. Quand qu'alle a arrivé in bon boutte dans l'bois anyway, alle a
 arrivé eune mangnière d'eune connière dans l'bois, y avait eune mangnière
 d'eune shack de bâtie. A va à la porte pis a garde, i faisait nouère.
 Pis là a rente. "Bien" a dit, "c'est meilleur que dehors." A rente
 ielle et ses deux ptits, et là toujours i faisait chaud, pis eune belle,
 belle ptite cabane que c'tait. Pis là toujours y avait--à toutes les
 souères à toutes les matins y avait eune goat qui vnait pis a s'couchait
 à la porte d'la cabane pis a quittait les deux ptits, têter sus ielle.
 Pis les deux ptits don i s'nourrissent dsus la goat. Pis là ielle
 quoi-c-qu'a pouvait manger à l'entour bien a l'mangeait, ouais mais dans
 in conte ça pâsse vite. Toute d'in coup son homme arrive. Pis là i
 dmnde ailloù-c-qu'est sa femme. Pis là i dit--l'âroi a dit, i dit
 "T'as enoueyé la lette" i dit "de dire" i dit, "de faire de quoi avec ta
 femme, bien" i dit, "j'avons détruit ta femme." Ouais mais vlà lui
 bien en peine. Il avait pas enoueyé eune lette de même. Il avait
 enoueyé eune lette de dire faire attention à sa femme. Là toujours
 l'endmain matin i s'pointe pou l'bois pis là i dit, "Mort ou en vie" i
 dit, "j'm'en vas la trouver." Pis là il appelle des deux gârs qu'avaient

té dans l'bois avec lui. I les avait dmandé quoi-c-qu'il aviont fait avec sa femme, aillou-c-qu'i l'aviont enterrée et tout en grand. Pis là iun d'ieusses qu'a dit, i dit "J'sais bien" i dit, "ej vas pt-ête me faire tuer aussitte mais" i dit, "ej peux pas conter d'menteries." I dit "J'l'avons pas tuée." I dit "J'avons coupé ses deux mains pis" i dit, "ej l'avons quittée dans l'bois" i dit "ac ses deux ptits." I dit "Avec ses deux ptits?" I dit "Oui." I dit "Alle a ieu" i dit "deux ptits garçons pis" i dit, "alle est avec ieusses. Mais" i dit "pour asteure pt-ête" i dit, "i sont morts tous les trois." Bien là toujours i s'pointe, i s'pousse l'endmain amtin sus son choual, dans l'bois, pis il travellait pou trois jours. Pas su, pas su d'nouvelles ni pas tendu arien, pas tendu in son. Là eune journée, la quaterième journée, il a monté en haut sus eune montagne, pis il a arrêté son choual pis il a commencé à garder. Pis quand qu'il a gardé en bās d'la montagne, il a vu d'quoi, mangnière d'eune cabane, c'tait fait comme eune cāve, c'tait assez vieux que c'tait là la mousse tait poussée dsus. Là i descend en bās là lui pis son choual. Là quand qu'il arrive en bās là c'tait in bon bout anyway c'tait aussi bien dire la nuit. Il arrive, il entendait, il entendait d'quoi. Pis là i va à la cabane là, pis là i s'baisse, y avait ienque in trou grand assez pour t'fourrer d'dans. Pis là i rente. Pis là les deux ptits garçons don i s'couriont au ras leu mère--i, i tiont capabe de courir partout den. Pis là i dmandont à leu mēr tchi-c-que c'tait ça. Leu mère a dit "Dame" a dit, "c'est ienque ça j'peux t'dire" a dit, "c'est in étranger." Là i dmande eune place pou rester c'soirée-là. Pis là a dit, "Oui, tu peux rester ici" a dit, "à souère" a dit. Pis là toujours dans la soirée il avont commencé à blaguer et

blaguer. Pis là don i conte, son histouère de quoi-c-qu'avait arrivé.
 "Mais" i dit "ma malheureuse" i dit "c'est toi" i dit "qu'ej charche
 pour" i dit. I dit "T'es ma femme" i dit. "Demain matin" i dit,
 "j'allons nous aller" i dit "en ville."--"Non" a dit, "j'sus pas capabe"
 a dit "d'aller en ville asteure" a dit. "Aprés quoi qu'i m'avont fait"
 a dit, a dit, "j'sus pas capabe."--"Bien" i dit, "j'irons dans in aute
 village." Pis il avont té dans l'village et quand j'ai pâssé par là, i
 m'avont donné in coup d'thé...S'i sont pas morts i vivent encore.

/English summary: A girl marries a prince who has to leave to go to
 war. She has twins during his absence, but a letter sent to him telling
 of the birth is changed by some soldiers. They say she has had dogs.
 He replies saying he does not mind, and that his wife should be taken
 care of, but again the letter is changed, saying that she should be
 killed. The king sends two men with her and the children into the
 woods, but instead of killing her, they cut off her hands. She wanders
 with her children on her back, stopping for water at a stream. After
 she has drunk, her hands are miraculously restored. Then she lives in
 a cave in the woods with her children. Her husband returns from the
 war and learns that his wife has been killed. He finds the two men who
 were supposed to have killed her, and one admits that they only cut off
 her hands. He searches for wife and children and eventually finds them.
 His wife does not wish to return after what has been done to her, but
 agrees to go and live in another village with him and their children.]

Narrated 20-VIII-74. F1793/74-195, 3-6. This is a second and
 much more faithful version of AT 706, The Maiden Without Hands (see tale
 21). The tale begins in fact exactly like Mrs. Barter's earlier version,
 but she corrects herself. Motifs in the tale include S31, Cruel step-

mother; K2117, Calumniated wife: substituted letter (falsified message); K2110.1, Calumniated wife; K2115, Animal-birth slander; T84, Lovers treacherously separated; K512.2.4, Compassionate executioner: mutilation substituted for death; Q451.1, Hands cut off as punishment; E782.1, Hands restored; and S451, Outcast wife at last united with husband and children. Compare also S352, Animal aids abandoned child(ren).

Mrs. Barter attributed her version of the tale to Mr. Narcisse Chaisson, although she admitted to having forgotten parts of it.

32. "Le conte de Roqueloire" (The adventures of Roqueloire)

Y avait, y avait eune fois y avait l'âroi pis y avait in homme qui s'applait Roqueloire. Pis là eune journée i va chez Roqueloire pis là i dit à Roqueloire i dit, i dit, i dit au giant--i dit à l'âroi, "J'voudras bien" i dit "aouère eune job." Bien là l'âroi a dit, i dit, "Si tu veux eune job, j'peux te donner eune job à l'entour" i dit "à travailler" i dit, i dit, "si tu veux." Oh! Roqueloire tait fier. "Bien" i dit "j'm'en mette à travailler dmain" i dit. Ah c'tait bien, Roqueloire travaillait toujours il a travaillé in boutte pis quand qu'i tait fatigué d'travailler eune jor--matinée i s'en vient chez l'âroi pis il attrape le mal dans l'corps pis i fait ça dans l'milieu du chmain anyway pis i prend son chapeau pis i met par-dsus. I court à la maison d'l'âroi. Bien i dit "Aroi, âroi" i dit, "ioù-c-que tes filles" i dit, "ioù-c-que tes filles?" I dit "Mes trois filles sont dans la salle à manger."--"Dis don" i dit "qu'i venont qu'ri le ptit zoiseau qu'ej l'as" i dit "en-dsous d'mon chapeau" i dit, "j'ai pas pu l'attraper" i dit, "j'ai tnu mon chapeau par-dsus." Là les filles de l'âroi s'mettont des gants blanches dans les mains pis là i s'pointont avec Roqueloire pis quand qu'il arrivont

au chapeau, i dit "Asteure fais attention, pis" i dit, "quand qu'ej vas lever le chapeau" i dit, "ça va--i--le gibier--le zoiseau va s'en aller." I prend l'chapeau, lève le chapeau, ieusses les deux mains i s'emplissent les mains pleins de marde jusqu'en haut à les poignées. I tient pour tuer Roqueline. Et l'endmain matin, la parole d'âroi c'tait ça, l'endmain matin il avont mis Roqueline dans l'champ. I tient pour tuer Roqueline avec des roches. Roqueline s'plante deboute dans l'milieu du champ pis les filles d'l'âroi s'avont mis à l'entour de lui avec, in tabelier plein d'roches. Pis là Roqueline tait planté dboute. Pis là il a gardé les filles pis là l'âroi a dit, i dit, "Tchelle fille" i dit "qui va garâcher premier?"--"Ah" i dit "l'âroi, j'ai d'quoi à t'dire" i dit. I dit "Quoi c'est encore" i dit "Roqueline?"--"La première de vote filles" i dit " qui garâche in caillou après moi" i dit, "c'est la plus grosse putain d'dans l'monde" i dit. Les filles avont toutes jté leus câilloux en bâs. Il avont pas ieu garâché après Roqueline. Là Roqueline clair encore. Bien le géant a dit, i dit, "Roqueline, tu sais j'veux pus t'ouère. J'veux pas ouère ta fidgure" i dit, "non jamais davantage!" C'est bien. Roqueline reste pas bien loin d'chez l'âroi. Eune jornee l'âroi pâssait sus l'chmin. Roqueline lève le châssis pis i s'baisse les tchulottes pis i s'assit dans l'châss--l'âroi qui pâsse pis i gardait ça pis i sizait up la tcheue à Roqueline, "Mais" i dit, "Roqueline" i dit, "quoi-c-que tu fais là?" i dit. "Bien" i dit, "tu m'as dit" i dit, "que t'aras pas voulu ouère ma fidgure d'avantage bien" i dit...(break, change side of tape)...

G.T: Quoi-c-qu'i disait d'abord, la dernière, euh les dernières paroles qu'i disait là?

G.B: L'âroi voulait pas voir son--sa fidgure.

I voulait pas--ouais. I dit, i dit "Vous voulez pas ouère ma fidgure bien" i dit, "ej t'ai fait ouère mon dârrière." (laughter) C'tait bien. L'âroi a dit, "Bien" i dit "Roqueline, j'sais pas" i dit, "j'sais pas quoi dvenir de toi" i dit. "Mais" i dit, "viens pus chez nous." Toujours Roqueline eune soirée y avait eune grande danse Roqueline s'greye comme i faut pis i s'met--son suit toute en boutons tout en grand c'tait toute des boutons et des boutonnières. Pis là toujours, arrive chez l'âroi--l'âroi avait in grand party. Là i s'met sus la place pour danser avec ieune des filles d'l'âroi. L'âroi dit, i dit "Roqueline" i dit, "quoi-c-que tu fais" i dit "avec toute que t'as sus toi?" I dit, l'âroi a dit, i dit "Boutons ici" i dit, "boutons là"--"Oui" i dit, "in bouton ici pis in bouton là pis eune boutonnière là" i dit, "pour toi boutonner ton nez!" (laughter) Là le vieux wild, wild, wild, wild en grand. Pis là toujours, eune journée, l'âroi a dit--y avait d'quoi là asteure que l'âroi avait dit t'sais, y avait ieune, il ara ieu ieune de ses filles en mariage anyway. Pis là Roqueline gâgne le battle encore. I tait forcé d'marier la fille d'l'âroi. J'vas quitter ça d'côté vois-tu, j'sais pas hein. Là toujours toute d'in coup eune journée, l'âroi va chez Roqueline. Quand qu'il arrive chez Roqueline, Roqueline avait les berceaux d'fait et tout en grand c'tait tout en grand appare les berceaux dans la maison. "Mais" i dit, "Roqueline" i dit, "quoi-c-que tu fais? Mais" i dit, "c'est pas à aspérer que ça vient" i dit, "pour faire les berceaux." I dit "Faut faire les berceaux" i dit "avant qu'ça vient."--"Bien" i dit, "combien d'enfants tu spères?"--"Bien" i dit "pas moins d'eune dixaine pou sûr" i dit, i dit au--à l'âroi. "Ah non" i dit, "Roqueline" i dit, "non non," i dit. "Moi" i dit "j'sus déconforté d'toi" i dit, i dit "j'sais pas" i dit "quoi-c-qu'" i dit "qui va t'arriver" i

dit. "Bien" i dit, "c'est ça" i dit, "reste chez vous pis moi j'vas rester chez nous." Pis là j'me rappelle pus, j'me rappelle pus, j'peux pus l'mette ensembe là hein. C'est plus long qu'ça.

[English summary: Roqueloire asks the king for a job, which he is given. After a while he tires of work. On his way to see the king, he has a bad stomach ache, and deposits a mess in the road, which he covers with his hat. He asks the king to call his three daughters, saying he has captured a rare bird, but cannot take it by himself. The girls run to the task, putting on white gloves. As Roqueloire lifts the hat, the three of them thrust their hands up to the wrists in shit. For this deed, Roqueloire is to be stoned to death by the girls. But just before they begin throwing stones, Roqueloire has one last word, and he says that the first girl to throw a stone at him is the biggest whore in the world. He gets away. The king tells him he never wants to see his face again. One day, as the king passes Roqueloire's house, Roqueloire pulls down his pants and pokes his backside out of the window. When the king asks him what he is doing, he reminds him of his order, saying that since the king won't see his face, here is his backside. On one occasion, the king has a dance. Roqueloire goes to it wearing a suit full of buttons. When the king asks him what the buttons are for, Roqueloire tells him 'to button his nose'. For some reason Roqueloire marries one of the king's daughters. The king is upset when he sees Roqueloire with many cradles in his house, in anticipation of the many children he intends to sire.]

Narrated at St. John's, 11-XII-74. F1795/74-195, 21-23. This humorous tale probably derives from a late eighteenth century chapbook, according to Ethel LaBorde Smith and Ethelyn Orso ("Roquelaure: An

Acadian Trickster." Louisiana Folklore Miscellany, III, 3 (1973 for 1972), 25-31). The Roquelore theme is also discussed by George F. Reinecke in the same journal ("Louisiana's Roquelaure, the Spanish Soil Trick and le Momus François," LFM, III, 4 (1975 for 1973), 65-69).

Motifs in Mrs. Barter's version of the tale (which are for the most part different from the Louisiana variants) include: J1675, Clever dealing with a king; J2460, Literal obedience; J2460.0.1, Literal misconstruction of an order; Q422, Punishment: stoning to death, and K1252, Holding down the hat.

Mrs. Barter learnt the story from "Pauve défunt Danny Renouf. J'oubliras jamais, jamais la soirée qu'i nous contait ça chez nous." It had obviously caused her great amusement, although she could no longer recall the tale in its entirety.

33. The devil at the dance

J'sais qu'i y avait eune fois y avait in homme pis eune femme hein. Pis sa femme a mourì pis ça ienque restait lui nous dirons asteure hein. Pis à toutes les samedis soir, toutes les samedi soir il aviont eune danse là hein. Pis là don i dansiont jusqu'à deux heures trois heures du matin pis c'est pareil tu sais comme i tchindiont pas leu religion hein. Pis là toujours eune soirée i pouviont pas trouver d'joueur, y a pas d'joueur qu'ara ieu vnu hein. Pis là l'gârs a dit, i dit, "Faut qu'ej trouve in joueur" i dit "à souère" i dit "quand même" i dit "que c'est l'diabe" i dit, "m'en vas aouère in joueur à souère." I marchait sus l'chmin, tout d'in coup i rconte in homme avec in violon. Pis là i y dmande ouère s'il ara pu vnir don jouer pou la danse. Pis là lui il a vnu jouer pou la danse. Mais quand qu'il a commencé à jouer y en avait

qui s'avait aparçu qu'il avait eune patte d'choual et eune main d'choual hein, son--in pied pour eune main. Pis là don toujours il a commencé à jouer du violon pis ça jouait pis ça jouait, ouais mais plus qu'i jouait plus qu'i dansiont. Il aront dansé et dansé jusqu'à temps qu'i s'aront ieu usé jusqu'au fait d'la tête. Ca dansait jusqu'à temps qu'il avait plus arien d'reste. J'me rappelle pus. C'tait plus long qu'ça pourtant.

G.T: On a, on a fait tcheque affaire pour l'faire partir?

--Ouais ouais. Ouais...mais tu sais j'peux pus, j'peux pus l'mette ensembe hein. J'sais qu'il avont té forcé d'aller trouver l'prête, le prête a vnu là anyway. C'est ienque la seule mangnière qu'il avont pu l'arrêter hein.

T(homas) B(arter): Ouais c'est ça l'arrêter, l'prête. Le prête a ren-- i tiont forcé d'aller qu'ri l'prête, et le prête a tentré pis...

--Avec de l'eau bénite hein, il a toute...

T.B: Ienque pou ça il ara pas ieu arrêté d'jouer du tout. Ouais tu sais, pis plus qu'i jouait, plus qu'i dansiont.

--Oh y en avait qui tiont tombés, toute tombés, y en avait qui taient usés...

/English summary: A widower used to go to a dance every Saturday night. One night no musician could be played, and the owner said he would find somebody, if it was the devil himself. He finds a man with a violin, who agrees to play. After he begins playing, people notice he has a hoof for a foot, and the more he played, the more people danced. Before somebody fetched a priest who made the devil go away, a number of dancers had collapsed.]

Narrated 16-XII-74. F1796/74-195, 11-12. I propose a new type number for this tale, several versions of which have been collected on

the Port-au-Port peninsula: AT 813D* (CEFT), The Devil at the Dance. Motifs in the tale are: G303.4.5.3, Devil has horse's foot; G303.6.1.1, Devil appears when called upon; G303.10.4.0.1, Devil haunts dance halls; G303.10.4, Dancers as followers of the devil; G303.16.7, Devil is chased away by holy water, and C12, Devil invoked: appears unexpectedly.

Although Mrs. Barter described the tale as a conte, both she and her husband Thomas spoke of the events with a great deal of conviction. As was noted earlier, Mrs. Barter shares with many of her contemporaries a healthy belief in and fear of the devil.

34. "Le conte de saint Pierre et saint Paul là aussi et pis l'Bon Dieu" (The story of St. Peter, St. Paul and God)

Quand que saint Pierre a té trouver saint Paul il a dit d'même que l'Bon Dieu l'voulait pas parce qu'i tait engagé au diabe.

T.B: Ouais.

--Et là il a té trouver l'Bon Dieu là et il a dit "Non", l'Bon Dieu l'voulait pas. Il a té trouver l'diabe, le diabe l'voulait pas. Fait il avait pas d'place à aller. Pis là eune bonne journée toujours i, i va chez Bon Dieu, chez saint Pierre encore pis i dit--i prend la calotte de dsus sa tête et il l'a mis d'arrière son dos. I dit--i tape à la porte. Quand que Joseph a ouvri la porte, i dit, i dit, "Saint Pierre j't'ai dit d'pas vnir ici" i dit, "parce" i dit "tu t'as gagé avec le diabe." I dit "Bien" i dit "garde" i dit, "saint Joseph--Joseph" i dit, "mon grand-père est mort" i dit "asteure" i dit, "il y a cent ans" i dit, "pis" i dit "il est ici" i dit, "j'arais voulu" i dit "ouère in peep" i dit "ouère" i dit "si j'pouvais l'ouère" i dit. "Ouais, mais" i dit, "mets ienque ta tête en-d'dans" i dit, "c'est tout pis" i dit,

"rgarde." Mais quand qu'il a mis sa tête en-d'dans i prend la calotte pis i garâche la calotte dârrière ailloù-c-que la crowd de monde tait. Pis là saint, saint Pierre, saint Paul a té trouver sa calotte, temps qu'i tait parti qu'ri sa calotte i s'fourre dârrière la porte pis là i ferme la porte. Ouais mais quand saint Paul a vnu pou l'tirer de d'là, i tait dârrière la porte, i voulait pas s'en aller. C'est d'même qu'il a pu sauver son âme. Mais c'tait in conte plus long d'ça aussi.

/English summary: St. Peter had a contract with the devil, and at its expiry, neither God nor the devil wanted anything to do with him. So he tries to get into Heaven by a trick. He goes to the door with his cap behind his back, and when St. Joseph refuses to let him in, he says he only wants to see his grandfather. Joseph allows him to put his head alone through the door, but Peter throws his cap inside. Joseph goes to fetch it, giving Peter the time to slip inside and hide, shutting the door behind him. And that is how he saved his soul.]

Narrated 16-XII-74. F1796/74-195, p. 13. This anecdote, collected elsewhere on the Port-au-Port peninsula as a separate narrative, seems to be part of AT 330, The Smith Outwits the Devil (section IV). Motifs in the tale are M211, Man sells soul to devil; K2371.1, Heaven entered by a trick; and K2371.1.1, Heaven entered by a trick: permission to pick up cap, of which this tale is a variant.

35. "The two works at a time"

One time there was an old woman and an old man an they had three sons and deir name was Bill an Jack an Tom. So de ole king, dey put out, e put out a, a news in de papers dat if a man--if a boy could come

an mow a acre o' land dat e had behind his house dat e would give him his daughter in marriage an she could do two works at a time, work two works we'd say...So Jack an Tom an Bill heared about dat. So one day Tom told his mother, e said "Mom" e said, "I'm gonna go tomorrow" e say "to de ole king an mow" e says "his acre o' land." E says "A acre o' land" e says, "is only about ten hóurs' work."--"Well" she says, "my son, it's up to your self." So anyway, Tom, de nex marnin, he got ready an e went to de ole king, knocked to de door, de sarvant come an open de door. So e said "Now I'd like to see de king." So den de servant went an tole de king. So de king come. "Well" e said "my son, what do you want?" He said "I heared you ad a acre o'land" e said "de mow" e said, "fer your daughter in marriage."--"Yes b'y. Den whoever can mow my acre o' land in one day" e said, "I'm given dem my daughter in marriage."--"Well" e said, "I'm gonna try it." So Tom anyway, nex marnin bright an early e went to de ole king's--so de king said, e said, "Good enough" e said, "you can start to mow whenever you're ready." So e said, "You want a lunch?"--"No" e said, "I'm not hungry." So anyway e went to start to mow. So when--ten o' clock, dey called im for a drink o' tea. So what dey done, dey put his cup half full o' salts, in his tea. So den e start to eat an now God knows de salts e ad in his food, e start to eat anyway. So after e was done eatin, e drink is tea an e took off again mowin. Yes but de cramps took im. So now e ad to run. So e was to come an e was to run, come on de scythe again, e was to mow again but de cramps was to take im too hard again, he was to take off again. Well, e couldn't do it anyway. To put de story shorter... So anyway Tom went ome. Bill asked im e said, "How you got along?"--"Ah" e said, "I couldn' mow dat" e said. But e said "E got another acre

dere" e said, "for another man to try it" e said. "Ah" Bill said, "I'm gonna go tomorrow marnin." Ah Jaze de nex marnin, takes his scyte an goes to de ole king. "Now" e says "I come" e says "an mow."--"Good enough" e says, "you're welcome to it." E says, "You wants a drink o' tea?"--"Yes" e says, "I'll have a drink o' tea" e says "before I starts." E didn' know what was comin up to im. Give im a drink o' tea. Start to eat. He drink half a cup o' tea, e found his tea had a bad taste. Drink it de same. Goes in de field an starts to mow, but de cramps took im again. He had to run again de pants down an my son (laughing)! E couldn do it. So when it come in de evenin never ad a quarter done. So dere's Tom--Bill goes over to is place. Jack says "How you done" e says "today?" --"My son no way" e says, "when I jus started good" e said "to mow" e said, "I got de shittins" e said "an remember" e said, "de good ones" e said, "I ad to run." Jack said "But" e said, "you wasn't wise" e said. "I'm goin tomorrow marnin" e said. Nex marnin Jack takes is scythe an goes to de ole king. Now you knows Jack. So de ole king says "My son, your chance is just as good as de other ones" e said. E said "You can go in de field" e said "an mow" e said, "if you got dat mowed" e said "for six o'clock" e said, "you're gettin my girl in marriage" e said. "She can do two jobs at a time." Jack start. "Wants a cup o' tea?" e said. "No" Jack says, "I don't think" e said, "ten o' clock" e says "I eats." Jack went in de field an start to mow. Ten o' clock de whistle. Jack had to come to eat. Dey done de same thing to Jack now. Jack got in de field start to mow de cramps start to take im. Well Jack e runned a couple a times. E though to isself, "Dis time I'm not runnin." Off wit de pants Jack. Jus de shirt an da's all. Bare buff. An e was mowin an e was shittin an frooch! (laughing) E let it go all

over de field. But when de ole king seen dat Jack was gettin de end of it, e knowed was something up. Dat e ad to give his girl. So anyway Jack was in de field e was comin on de last, de last wall, here come his daughter behind de barn. "Here I am" she said, "knittin an sewin."-- "Yes" e said, "Here I am, mowin an shittin!" (laughter) An if dey're not dead dey're livin yet. (laughter)

Narrated 4-I-75. F1797/74-195, 1-3. I have not been able to identify this tale either according to The Types of the Folktale or the Motif-Index. Since the tale seems to be little known, I give below the unique reference I have found which parallels my version: Pirkko-Liisa Rausmaa, ed., A Catalogue of Anecdotes. Addenda to the Aarne-Thompson catalogue of anecdotes (Turku: Nordic Institute of Folklore, 1973). See p. 31, "Various anecdotes about following orders literally", 2. Bet. The servant was to cut hay from a certain area in a day. The master is afraid of losing; gives laxative with some liquor. Servant removes his trousers and dirties the hay (7 versions).

Motifs in Mrs. Barter's tale include: H335, Tasks assigned suitors; T68, Princess offered as prize; H1242, Youngest brother alone succeeds on quest, and L161, Lowly hero marries princess. I draw attention to Mrs. Barter's statement, "Now you knows Jack," made when it was Jack's turn to mow the field. In Franco-Newfoundland tradition, as elsewhere in North American English tradition, Jack is the quintessential hero and trickster.

Mrs. Barter heard the tale from the late Annie Lainey, who told it in both English and French.

