

**Powder-horns, Pump Organs and Pews: Tangible and Intangible Cultural Heritage
in the Preservation of a 19th Century Wooden Church in Newfoundland**

by

Annemarie Christie

A thesis submitted to the
School of Graduate Studies
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the degree of Master of Arts

Department of Folklore
Memorial University of Newfoundland

August 2016

St. John's

Newfoundland

Powder-horns, Pump Organs and Pews: Tangible and Intangible Cultural Heritage in the Preservation of a 19th Century Wooden Church in Newfoundland

Abstract

This thesis examines the oral history and communal heritage connected with a nineteenth-century vernacular wooden church in Twillingate, Newfoundland that was saved from demolition in 1987. The ethnography was created through a series of personal interviews with a small group recorded over a number of years. The study describes the church building, and gathers the most commonly shared memories and stories into sections in order to highlight the connection to the impulse and motivation to preserve the building. The thesis introduces the reader to the history of Twillingate and Methodism in the area and describes the architectural history of the church building. It also describes the informants, their relationship to the old church and their memoryscape connected to the time of attending the church during the forties and fifties. The concepts of material culture, memory, and tangible and intangible heritage are examined within a folkloristic framework. Through the lenses of oral history and memory the thesis looks at calendar customs and life stories around the church, some of the material culture of the church, and finally discusses the importance of the church building as a physical centerpiece or lynchpin that holds the oral history, communal memories and sense of heritage in place for the group. “Heritage” is thus seen, not as the physical remnants of Twillingate’s past, but as a dynamic constellation of a preserved building, expressions of folklore associated with it, and the memories themselves, situated in the lives of the people who care for it.

Acknowledgments

Many people, each in their own way, supported the completion of this thesis. The first thank-you is to my informants. To Kay Boyd, Gordon Burton, Howard Butt, Cyril Dalley, Eleanor Manuel, Alf Manuel, Irene Pardy and Jim Troke a huge thank-you for allowing me to interview you, and for sharing your many, many stories. Thank you for your gracious hospitality. You all fed me and drove me here and there when needed, even driving me up from Gander and down to Clarendville. Thank you for letting me into your life; your memories are forever a part of me. To the Women's Association of Memorial University of Newfoundland and the Institute for Social and Economic Research, which supported me with a scholarship and a grant respectively, thank you. Thank you to my professors in the Folklore Department for their exemplary care in transmitting what it is to be a graduate student in folklore, and always having an open door and willing ear to listen to me. Particular thanks to Cory Thorne as advisor in my first year, and Jerry Pocius, supervisor in my second year, with whom I studied architecture in England. Thank you to Shane O'Dea for sharing his copious knowledge about architecture in Newfoundland with me. A special thank you to Lester Goulding for the gift of his knowledge about pipe organs. Thank you to David King of the Labour and Employment office in Twillingate for the use of the photocopier to copy documents belonging to the Church Museum. Thank you also to Karen Grimes, a Town of Twillingate administrator who allowed me to copy her hand-drawn map of Twillingate. A special thank-you goes to Adrian Morrison for creating a digital version of Alf Manuel's floor plan of the church.

To Tina, Elisabeth and Sylvia Arnold, thank you for being such good friends and never questioning how long it was taking to write this thesis. Thank you to all my other

amazing friends, who have stood by me through the entire process, never judging me, and always applauding any small progress: Julie Brittain, Amanda Ironside, Stuart Mutch, Sachne Kilner, Sandy Hamelman, Kellie Walsh, Andrew Noseworthy, Kristine Feather-Noseworthy and Meghann Jack. They all spent time listening to me ramble about church architecture and complain about such things as the painstaking process of transcribing hours of interview material. A huge thank-you to my friend Kate Scarth for being my personal cheerleader. And to Leila Qashu a particular thank-you, as she took special care one summer to seek me out and meet with me regularly as a fellow thesis writer for critiques and geeky discussions while drinking beer.

To my parents, Audrey and Bob Christie, both of whom have passed away, I will always be grateful. They would have been so proud of me for completing this thesis and its Master's degree. My father, Dr. Robert L. Christie, a field geologist for the Geological Survey of Canada, taught me, by example, the value of going out to the far reaches and procuring samples. For him it was rock samples from the High Arctic. He brought them home every year, analyzed them and wrote about them. I remember in his study in our house he had a note posted above his desk. It said: "Research. Write. Publish." He inspired my interest in collecting; but it is memories and stories I bring home to analyse. My mother, an architect, taught me the value of old buildings. It was she who first opened my eyes to all that humans have built and how to see what is special about the buildings on a street, the space in a room, or the view from window. She gave me the ability to treasure the old Methodist church in Twillingate.

I want to thank my special aunt, Pat Christie, who has also passed away, who took a strong interest in me after my parents had died. She was unfailing in her encouragement

of my return to university to finish my undergraduate degree, and then my decision to pursue a graduate degree. An educator herself, she believed in me and delighted in my excellent grades and various successes. A very special thank-you to my dear Uncle Martin, her husband and my father's brother, who is also incredibly supportive of me, and so proud of my accomplishment in the completion of this thesis.

Thank you to Philip Hiscock, my supervisor to the finish. He was always positive, though capable of a gentle push when needed. He talked and listened; he inspired, taught and guided me. Through him I learned what a story is, and how to truly appreciate what I was doing. I doubt this thesis would have been completed without his guidance, and his caring and warm understanding of the many challenges that I faced.

I want to thank my father-in-law Francis "Fanny" Brennan, and all the Brennan family for their love over the years. To our beloved dog PJ, who passed away, thank you for being my comfort and joy for six years, always lifting my heart. But most especially, and finally, I want to thank my husband Bill Brennan, who has supported me in every way throughout the creation of this thesis. On more than one trip to Twillingate he was driver, cook, dog-walker and dishwasher. He has gracefully tolerated at least two rooms of the house being taken over by books, articles, paper, recording equipment and cameras. He never questioned what I was doing, and always offered an understanding ear when I needed to talk. I think a consideration for sainthood might not be an understatement when acknowledging his patience and unerring confidence in me during the years spent in the process of researching and writing this thesis. I could not have done it without him.

Table of Contents

Abstract	2
Acknowledgments	3
Table of Contents	6
List of Figures	8
Chapter One: Introduction and research methods	11
Concept and origins of the study	16
Research methods	19
Development of fieldwork	21
Direction of the research	26
Chapter Two: The old South Side Church - history and context	31
Twillingate	31
Origins of Methodism and Methodism in Twillingate	40
The church building, its architecture and history	48
Architectural description of the old South Side church	49
The building of the church	65
Connection of the South Side church to traditional Methodist church building	72
Chapter Three: A Group of Eight - the informants	81
Irene Pardy	86
Gordon Burton	95
Kay Boyd	107
Eleanor Manuel	114
Alf Manuel	122
Howard Butt	130
Cyril Dalley	137

Jim Troke	145
Chapter Four: Calendar customs and seasonal stories of the church	155
Thanksgiving and the church	155
The Christmas season	164
The Sunday School Annual Picnic	171
Chapter Five: The pews, the bell and the pipe organ - stories and memories	187
The pews	187
The Memorial Bell	201
The Bevington pipe organ	215
The organ bellows	225
Chapter Six: Conclusion: oral history and communal heritage	237
Appendix A	251
Appendix B	252
Appendix C	260
Bibliography	261

List of Figures

Figure 1. Breeding Areas and Range of the Harp Seal	35
Figure 2. Ashbourne Premises on the South Side	38
Figure 3. The South Side Church, with the original façade	46
Figure 4. The North Side Methodist Church	47
Figure 5. The Little Harbour Methodist Church	47
Figure 6. The Church Museum and town on the South Side	48
Figure 7. The church in October, 1952	49
Figure 8. The Church Museum from the front	51
Figure 9. The Memorial Plaque	52
Figure 10. Alf Manuel's drawing of a floor plan of the old South Side church	53
Figure 11. Interior shot of the west entrance door	54
Figure 12. In Interior shot of the east entrance door	54
Figure 13. West stairwell; note the height of the window	55
Figure 14. East stairwell newel post	56
Figure 15. Entrance hall, top of the stairs	57
Figure 16. Floor plan showing the changes made to the interior of the church	58
Figure 17. South Side Church floor plan of the church circa 2012	59
Figure 18. Interior of the church	60
Figure 19. The pulpit, communion rail, choir loft and pipe organ	61
Figure 20. The pulpit seat, as seen from the organ loft	61
Figure 21. Interior of church, view from the pulpit	62
Figure 22. View from the west aisle	63
Figure 23. Wainscot detail on the interior walls	63
Figure 24. A pew in one of the galleries	65
Figure 25. The South Side Church with the original façade	70
Figure 26. South Side Church decorated with bunting	71
Figure 27. Spire of the Central United Church	72
Figure 28. Green Street English Wesleyan Methodist Chapel	74
Figure 29. Floor plan for the Hayfield Methodist Chapel	77
Figure 30. South Side Church floor plan of the church	78
Figure 31. Reference map of Twillingate	85
Figure 32. Irene Pardy in her kitchen in Little Harbour	86
Figure 33. Irene Pardy's woodstove	87
Figure 34. Gus Young in his Model T Ford	88
Figure 35. Irene Pardy at her pump organ	92
Figure 36. The guns and powder-horns hanging in Irene Pardy's "antique room"	93
Figure 37. Gordon Burton	95
Figure 38. The <i>M.V. Bessie Marie</i> on sealing duty in 1947	98
Figure 39. Ashbourne's Ltd.	100

Figure 40. Framed portrait of Gordon Burton	104
Figure 41. The woodstove in the basement	105
Figure 42. Gun and powder horn in Gordon Burton's house	105
Figure 43. Kay Boyd, at her dining table	107
Figure 44. Kay's Hammond organ	108
Figure 45. The view from the back deck of Eleanor's current home	114
Figure 46. Eleanor Manuel in her kitchen	115
Figure 47. Eleanor, seated at the Bevington organ in the Church Museum	118
Figure 48. The Split Peas performing in the Orange Hall	120
Figure 49. The Split Peas playing in the Church Museum Christmas Concert	122
Figure 50. Alf Manuel's rocking horses in his workshop	123
Figure 51. Alf Manuel in the Church Museum	126
Figure 52. Newel post in the Church Museum	127
Figure 53. One of the two massive entrance doors	130
Figure 54. Howard Butt, in the Church Museum	130
Figure 55. Howard and Dolly Butt in their living room	137
Figure 56. Cyril Dalley, in his kitchen	137
Figure 57. French Beach	138
Figure 58. The Christmas Concert men's choir	144
Figure 59. Jim Troke	145
Figure 60. Nineteenth century pump organ	146
Figure 61. Jim Troke's childhood home in Durrell	148
Figure 62. Powder horn carved by Jim Troke	150
Figure 63. Manuel Troke's powder-horn and shot bag	152
Figure 64. Harvest Table display, South Side United Church	158
Figure 65. Interior of North Side United Church at Thanksgiving	159
Figure 66. Close up of North Side Harvest Table	159
Figure 67. Harvest Table, North Side Church,	160
Figure 68. The Harvest Table, South Side Church	161
Figure 69. Waiting for the Christmas Concert to begin in the church	165
Figure 70. The men's choir singing in the christmas concert	166
Figure 71. The Split Peas performing with the men's choir	167
Figure 72. The Twillingate Sun	172
Figure 73. South Side United Church Sunday School Parade	176
Figure 74. South Side Church	178
Figure 75. Hospital Pond, Twillingate	179
Figure 76. Sea Breeze Park, Sleepy Cove	180
Figure 77. Pews in the gallery showing the Hayward family seat	187
Figure 78. Pews in the east gallery	189
Figure 79. Fieldwork drawing	190

Figure 80. Howard's family pew	191
Figure 81. The Memorial Bell	201
Figure 82. Howard Butt with the Memorial Bell	202
Figure 83. Third and final set of stairs up the bell tower	203
Figure 84. The Memorial Bell	205
Figure 85. The first belfry for the Memorial Bell	208
Figure 86. The belfry in relation to the old church	209
Figure 87. The Bevington pipe organ	215
Figure 88. The first South Side church pump organ	219
Figure 89. The Bevington organ	220
Figure 90. Howard Butt playing the Bevington organ	223
Figure 91. Treading the wedge bellows	226
Figure 92. A twelfth century woodcut of a pipe organ	226
Figure 93. Restored 1885 Felgemaker organ	227
Figure 94. The large holes of the wooden bass pipes	230
Figure 95. Lester Goulding	233
Figure 96. Some of the pipes of the Bevington organ	235
Figure 97. Limefield House, West Calder, Scotland	252
Figure 98. The City Road Chapel, London, England	252
Figure 99. Providence Methodist Chapel, Loveclough, Lancashire, England	253
Figure 100. Green Street Methodist Chapel, Aberdare, Wales	253
Figure 101. South Side United Church	254
Figure 102. Montacute House, Somerset	254
Figure 103. Montacute House, Somerset	255
Figure 104. Old South Side church	255
Figure 105. Stirling Methodist Church, Scotland	256
Figure 106. Ogee arch over a doorway	256
Figure 107. Beighton Methodist Chapel, Beighton, Sheffield, England	257
Figure 108. Old South Side church	257
Figure 109. Cades Cove Methodist Church, Tennessee	258
Figure 110. Beaverdams Methodist Church, Thorold, Ontario	259
Figure 111. Beaverdams Methodist Church	259

Chapter One

Introduction and research methods

In 1987 a group of parishioners banded together to save a 19th century church in Twillingate. It was the former South Side United Church (once the South Side Methodist Church), closed and slated to be demolished. They had attended church in that building for most of their lives, and they succeeded in their efforts to preserve it. Today, several of the original group are core members of the NorthEast Church Heritage Association Inc. (NCHA), which continues to care for and maintain the church. The group called their association NorthEast rather than South Side, as they wished to include all denominations in the area in the displays at the museum; they also put the two words together to indicate unity. The museum is officially titled the NorthEast Church Heritage Museum, but is generally referred to as the Church Museum, or the church. Recently the group has been working to develop the Museum further as a performing arts centre.

This thesis originated in and explores the ethnographic question of why a group of people had a desire to save an old church in Twillingate, Newfoundland.¹ Within the answer to this question is the story of the church itself; the building of the church, its connection to previous architectural patterns the builders drew on, its place within the history of Methodism, the changes to the building over time, the use of the church, the life around the church when it was functioning as a place of worship, the reality of its redundancy, its current use, its value today and its future.

The thesis could have simply been the “biography” of an old church, or an analysis of its architecture, but in the end, the thesis came to encompass far more than

¹ The province is called Newfoundland and Labrador, but I will refer to it as Newfoundland, to denote the island of Newfoundland

that: the intangible found in the tangible preservation of the building. This, being the stories and memories associated with the church, is the reason the group saved the church: they perceive the building as a lynchpin of a complex structure of heritage and memory that they wish to preserve. It is not the object that is the totality of heritage, it is the intangible heritage that is current and important: the building is a physical manifestation. There is a world they can see all around the old South Side church in Twillingate that still exists in their minds. It is a world that includes buildings and wharfs that no longer exist, and memories of the people at church and who lived in the community, which tie in with family memories of learning to play pump organ and then playing it for Sunday School, together with memories of food and home-life, such as being given fish by local fishermen, hunting turrs² with their fathers and enjoying communal dining with church members. In this thesis I shine a light on some of that intangible structure, to make explicit that which is implicit for them.

The group sees this intangible heritage as important to the future. When asked about preserving the church, and what it has meant to them, one person said to me, “It is a part of who I am. It’s history. And I’ve always had this thing, if you forget about where we came from, if you forget about where we were, you’ve got no direction, there’s no path” (Dalley 2011a, 1:00:58). The group has a deep and intimate emic understanding of history, material culture, the past, the present, the future and the interconnectedness of these topics to regional heritage that took me some time to comprehend, and I try to make it clear here in this work.

² Turr is a regional term that my informants used; these birds are also known as the thick-billed murre or the Atlantic common murre (*Dictionary of Newfoundland English* 1990, <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#5220>>. Viewed July 30, 2016)

When the group saved the church they created an artifact and they added it to an existing collection of material history already created; for instance, many still have the guns and powder-horns their fathers and grandfathers hunted with, and some of them still play organ, both at home and at church. They display these tokens of their heritage and use their heritage to support the future of their community. When the question came up of the church building's demise, which would include the demise of the century-old pipe organ contained in it, they felt the urgency of the need for preservation, for their own satisfaction and for the benefit of the community, sharing an understanding with Michael Rowlands when he wrote about material culture: "the question of heritage and the forms by which it is archived and represented is of such timely and critical importance at the moment, [and a] timely reminder that heritage, whilst ostensibly about the past, is always about the future" (2002, 113).

To that end, while they call the church the Church Museum and it exhibits itself as an historic site with displays of various religious artifacts from the local area, the plan was and is for the building to be useful and vital to the community in other ways too. They built a portable stage that fits over the communion rail in front of the pulpit (and goes back into storage after use). For several years, musical plays about local stories were performed, created by a local music teacher, Eleanor Cameron Stockley. One example was the musical "Georgie," about Georgina Stirling (1866-1935), also known as Madame Touliquet, a woman born in Twillingate who became an international opera star in the late 1800s (Virtual Museum 2016). The musical was a huge success, and had a cast of twenty-two adults and thirteen children (Butt 1997).

The association later bought a sound system and now other performances take place there, from choirs to folk musicians. The group is currently working to further develop the Church Museum as a performing arts and cultural centre for the town. With that in mind in 2015 they applied for and received substantial funding from both the federal government of Canada and the provincial government of Newfoundland and Labrador; the funding came through in 2016 and has allowed for much needed repairs to the exterior of the building (new siding and roofing) and the installation of two new furnaces. Performances will now be able to take place comfortably year round (Howard Butt, phone call with author, July 30, 2016).

My informants all discussed with me their awareness of the importance of “heritage,” and how the church plays a part in that. They deeply value the building for what it represents of their past, when people gathered there to hold funerals or attend the Sealers Service before the men went to the ice in the spring, singing, as I was told by one of my informants, hymns such as “Will Your Anchor Hold in the Storms of Life” and “Eternal Father, Strong to Save.” This hymn is also known as the “Mariner’s Hymn” because “This church had such an association with seafaring people” (E. Manuel 2011a, 3:37). They wish for the building to act as a retainer, but to also move forward. For them heritage is a form of tradition and they see it as a living part of their culture; it is the past, the present and the future. As Henry Glassie stated, “tradition is a people’s creation out of their own past, its character, not stasis, but continuity” (2003, 177).

And there lies the folkloristic exploration in this thesis - to understand just what “heritage” is in this case. Is it the physical remnants of a community’s past, or is it the varying and constantly evolving understandings of those remnants, experienced through

stories, comments, pastimes and commitments of people like those I approached for my research? My answer, here in this thesis, is the latter.

When I started the interview process I focused on the church in a broad way. At that time it was unknown to me what the central point of the thesis would be. I cast my net wide in terms of the questions I asked, and gathered many, many stories on topics ranging far beyond the old church. The bulk of the stories are not included, as the scope of this thesis is limited and cannot allow for them. It is my hope to include them in future publications, both popular and scholarly.

It has taken five years to research and write this thesis. In that time I travelled repeatedly to Twillingate, I studied, I wrote, I worked at two museums and I gave talks about the church at conferences and seminars. I also lost friends and family, to death and distance, and struggled to find meaning in what I was striving for while the years passed. When I began the writing process I sometimes felt like I was in a fog, created by the simple fact of an excess of material and experience within the fieldwork, the research and life itself. It took time, but a focus was found and the result is that core of the thesis is not so much a report of the materials, as it is an ethnographic and folkloristic synopsis.

Throughout the writing process the fieldwork notebook I created, as well as general record-keeping were invaluable in reconstructing the path of research. The rest of this chapter (Chapter One) is a record of the inspiration for the research topic, how the research took place, the group I came to know and a description of various aspects of the experience of gathering oral history connected to the saving of an old building.

Concept and origins of the study

I have a background in music; I'm trained as a cellist and a singer. Given my background I might have chosen a research topic aligned more closely with the verbal and musical arts and closer to artistic expression, such as the ballads or folktales, rather than focusing on an old church building. The interest in the church is likely due to my mother's influence, for she was an architect who was also a staunch preservationist; she believed in preserving old buildings of architectural and historical value. I grew up listening to her talk about buildings all the time, the ones she was designing, as well as the ones around us.

Everywhere we went she would comment on the buildings we were passing, and the spaces they were situated in, their function and their form. Preservation was a topic; in 1980 the Burns Building, a large, six-story, early twentieth-century building in Calgary (where I grew up), was threatened with demolition (Alberta Historic Resources 1987). My mother was very involved in the fight to save it. It did get preserved and we, as a family, were very aware of this.

It became second nature for me to be aware of architecture, of all kinds, both vernacular and formal, and the importance of preserving historic structures. Now, having studied folklore and in particular vernacular architecture, I bring this awareness into focus through a lens shaped by my studies in folklore.

Another influence on my choice for a thesis topic, is that my maternal grandmother was born in Greenspond, Newfoundland in 1899. Her name was Annie Lillian Davis. Though we never visited Newfoundland as a family (my first trip to Newfoundland was in 1999), I was very aware of the place, especially Greenspond, for my grandmother told me many stories about her childhood and youth. These stories were

focused on her father, William Davis, who was a sea captain and owned ships. He took his wife and family on some of these trips. Her stories seemed borderline fantasy to me sometimes. For example, she claimed she had sailed to Africa with her father, where she saw her first black man. My parents thought it was more likely she had sailed to Halifax, though in fact the saltfish trade out of Newfoundland had major markets in Brazil, the West Indies, Spain, Portugal, Italy and also Greece (Higgins 2007). In spite of the sense that I was listening to some exaggerated descriptions, I enjoyed her stories and memories and listened to her at great length. My father, who was a research scientist, a geologist with the Geological Survey of Canada, was also a great writer, and he collected some of her stories into a piece called *Lies My Mother-in-law Told Me*, which is in the Centre for Newfoundland Studies at Memorial University (Christie, 1989).

Family narrative was first called “the family saga” by Mody Boatright, “a lore than tends to cluster around families, often the patriarchs or matriarchs of families [. . .] and which is believed to be true” (1958, 1). My grandmother’s stories, and some of those I collected from the group in Twillingate, align with Boatright’s definition in that the lore is not a “type of tale, but [has] clusters of types, not with a motif, but with many motifs” (1958, 1). As a folklorist, and taking into account the work, say, of Richard Dorson (1964; 1971), Mody Boatright (1958) Margaret Yocom (1982), and Steven Zeitlin (1994), I now see the stories within a folkloristic frame. Much of the oral narrative material I collected in Twillingate can be seen as family folklore too.

My husband and I own a Victorian house on Cathedral Street in historic downtown St. John’s; it was built in 1893, just after the Great Fire of 1892 (Prowse 1895, 521). As an undergraduate student I wrote a Folklore research paper about the house,

interviewing three elderly women who had lived in the house in the twentieth century. Two were sisters who had lived in it as children in the 1930s and '40s, and the other woman had co-owned it and lived in it as an adult in the '60s. It was fascinating to gather and record the stories and memories of the house and life in St. John's during two very different times.

Material culture can act as a catalyst for memory; the house as an object prompts not just memories associated with it, but meaning and emotion as well (Valsiner 2014; Csikszentmihalyi 1994). I found myself struck with the sense that the very walls of the house on Cathedral Street are impregnated with memories and stories, holding them to be shared or brought to life when an informant sees, or even just thinks of, those walls and rooms, and the roads and buildings that surround them. When you ask an informant questions about their use of the building, such memories are accessed. This was to become my approach to the topic of this thesis.

The Church Museum

In the summer of 2007, after my husband and I had been living in St. John's for five years, we took a short holiday, driving to Twillingate - we had not visited that part of Newfoundland before. While there, we walked and drove around the town, and visited other communities in the surrounding area. In Twillingate, we saw that there was to be a concert at a place called the Church Museum; the concert was by Stephen Rogers, playing accordion and pipe organ.

I was interested in a music concert of two such contrasting, yet similar instruments, but I was also intrigued to visit a "Church Museum." During our travels to

and around the area I had noticed the large number of churches (United Church, Salvation Army, Pentecostal, Anglican and Roman Catholic for example), and I was interested in the idea that a museum could shed light on the long involvement of churches in that part of the world. I had also noticed that while many churches were still in use, some churches were boarded up and becoming derelict, while others were for sale.

My husband and I went to the concert at the Church Museum and I was quite struck with the interior of the building. The church is entirely made of wood, and the nave, with its high white ceiling, gives the impression of light and air, height and space, and an atmosphere within that is very alive in spite of being, now, one hundred and forty-eight years old. The windows are tall, reaching up into the gallery, which runs around three walls. The century-old Bevington pipe organ has a strong presence (about which see Chapter Five, pages 218 to 228) commanding the room, situated in the center of the second-story choir loft, above and behind the pulpit. The concert by Stephen Rogers was captivating; he played the pipe organ first and then played the accordion. After the concert I walked around the church and appreciated the fine woodwork and beauty of the interior. I spoke with a woman who told me some of the history of the building and how it was saved; this was Kay Boyd who became one of my informants for this thesis, though I did not know her name at that time.

Research methods

The research methods I engaged in to gather the information for this thesis ran along the lines of the traditional form of fieldwork within folklore research. I collected information through primary and secondary resources, including those in the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive (MUNFLA), the Centre for

Newfoundland Studies (CNS), the Memorial University Digital Archives Initiative (DAI), the Memorial University Maritime History Archive (MHA), the United Church of Canada Newfoundland and Labrador Conference Archives, the NorthEast Church Heritage Association archival collection, and the Provincial Archives of Newfoundland and Labrador (PANL at The Rooms). I also included an exhaustive search on the World Wide Web for any information pertaining to Twillingate, historic Methodist churches in Canada, the United States, as well as England, Ireland and Wales, and vernacular churches and church architecture in general.

The most important primary sources for my research were the personal interviews and fieldwork material (photographs and field-notes) I gathered in Twillingate. I made five designated field trips over a span of three and a half years. Nineteen formal interviews took place in Twillingate (with eight informants) and two formal interviews in St. John's (with Lester Goulding). Including the follow-up telephone interviews, there were over forty hours of recorded material. Information was also gained from informal conversations and observations, most of which I recorded in my notebooks. I took hundreds of digital photos of the church, the surrounding town of Twillingate, other churches (both in Twillingate and in towns in the surrounding area) and the landscape of the bays, coves and islands of Notre Dame Bay, as well as photos of my informants and their surroundings.

I have used ellipses in quotes and interview quotes throughout the thesis; these are used to indicate the omission of a portion of the quote, for the sake of flow or to avoid unnecessary repetition. I use italics for words in the interview quotes when the informant uses words with an increased emphasis to them. In some interview quotes I have added

words within square brackets for flow and comprehension. When I insert myself in an interview quote as the interviewer the initials AC are used, and my words are in square brackets.

Development of fieldwork

As a tourist, my first visit in 2007 introduced me to the Church Museum in Twillingate and the built heritage around it, including two other buildings, which are part of the remnants of the old Ashbourne commercial premises. Though not a fieldwork trip, it was an important trip, as my interest was first piqued in the old church, and that experience brought me to suggest it as my research focus when I applied to the graduate program in Folklore in 2008. It was also the research topic I outlined when I applied for the Women's Association of Memorial University of Newfoundland's thesis-route scholarship, which I was later awarded. It is due, in part, to this scholarship that I have remained dedicated to the topic, in spite of the challenges conducting research on an old church in a locale quite far from my home in St. John's.

My second visit, and my first as a graduate student, was in August of 2009 (August 25 and 26). I had spent the summer of 2009 studying in Harlow with Dr. Gerald Pocius in the Cultural Landscapes Program. During this time I gained valuable in-depth knowledge about church architecture, both traditional and modern. Upon my return to Newfoundland I decided to make a brief visit to Twillingate with the main intention of meeting Howard Butt, who I met via Mary Chaulker, a member of the Women's Association of Memorial University. I also hoped that Howard would show me the interior of the church again.

Before this meeting happened I had an interesting experience. My husband, Bill Brennan, and I had travelled together again on this trip to Twillingate, and on the first day, even before I met Howard, Bill and I decided to drop by the church, with the intention only to take some photographs of the exterior. While we were there, an older gentleman came across the road and approached us. It turned out to be Gordon Burton, who later became one of my informants. He lived directly across from the church at that time (he has since moved to the North Side to a condominium). Gordon opened up the church for us, as he had a key and would keep an eye out for people coming to see the Church Museum after-hours or during the offseason. The Church Museum was closed for the year at this point; the opening hours of the Church Museum are reliant on the government-funded student hired to work for the museum as a summer job. Gordon happily let us in and showed us around, and I took some interior photos, as well as exterior photos.

Later I met Howard at the church. We went into the church, and Howard and I discussed my ideas for the thesis, that is, to focus on the old church and the group who had saved it. His response was very friendly and he was open to the idea. It left me with a confidence that when it would come to my return to Twillingate I would be able to interview people in the group who had saved the church from demolition.

It was to be a year and a half before I would return. I had carried out substantial amounts of secondary research, submitted my thesis proposal, as well as my research proposal to the Interdisciplinary Committee on Ethics in Human Research (Approval # 2010/11-160-AR, August 15, 2011). It was in June of 2011 (June 20th and 21st) that I again made the six-hour drive to Twillingate with my husband. As I was still waiting for

approval of my ethics proposal from ICEHR the visit did not contain any interviews. It did, however, contain a wonderful, informal meeting with several members of the NorthEast Church Heritage Association.

Howard Butt had called everyone and arranged the gathering, which I appreciated hugely. It occurred in the small inner room which one passes through to enter the nave of the church; we sat around a wooden table set up in the middle. It was very cozy as the heat was turned on, and I was struck with how animated and energetic they all were, and how interested they were in what I was planning to do.

I showed everyone samples of the type of questions I would ask, and explained the concept I had at that time for the thesis. They were all interested and agreed to get involved on the condition that they could have a copy of the thesis when it was done. I agreed to this. In this meeting I also discovered the names of all the people in the original committee that saved the church. The group at that time consisted of Kathleen (Kay) Boyd, Howard Butt, Alfred Manuel, Irene Pardy, Eleanor Manuel, George Troake, John Lane, Eric Horwood, James (Jim) Troke, Gordon Burton, Cyril Dalley, Patsy Jenkins, Kathleen Waterman, John Hamlyn, William Cooper, Lloyd White, Lloyd Bulgen and Mac Anstey. William Cooper had passed away, and John Lane, Lloyd White and Lloyd Bulgen had resigned; I made note of that. Herbert Gillett was also a part of the original group; in fact he purchased the church for five hundred and one dollars and donated the building to the Association. He died soon afterwards however. During the writing of this thesis Alf Manuel also resigned from the group due to other commitments.

Six people at the meeting eventually became my informants: Howard Butt, Eleanor Manuel, Alf Manuel, Kay Boyd, Irene Pardy and Cyril Dalley. Gordon Burton

was not in attendance at the meeting, but he later agreed to be interviewed. Jim Troke was also not at the meeting; I met him for the first time later, when I interviewed him in August of 2011.

The next day the weather was even worse, still very cold, with strong winds and driving rain. I remember opening the car door and having it whipped out of my hands by the wind. For an indoor activity Bill and I decided to attend a performance by a local music group, the Split Peas (which one of my informants is a member of). It took place on the main level of the old Orangemen's Hall on the North Side of Twillingate. Perhaps thanks in part to the terrible weather the place was completely full of tourists, who sat at long tables, waiting for the show to begin on the simple stage at the end of the room. It was rustic, as was the room. The main floor is not the primary meeting hall of the Orangemen (which is upstairs), but is an open, unfinished space, very large, with a high ceiling. The beams are exposed and the walls are plain wood. Most of us kept our hats and coats on throughout the performance, and I was very thankful for the hot tea and toutons served after it was over. A touton, also spelled toutin, consists of a piece of white bread dough, which is fried, and often served with molasses; it is popular in Newfoundland (Story, Kirwin and Widdowson 1990).

In spite of the cold, wet, hurricane-like weather and the long drive, I was glad I made this first thesis-oriented trip in June. It was important to connect with the members of the group. I wanted to discuss the thesis topic with them and show them sample questions. I also wanted to meet with them and get to know them a bit. Other than Gordon Burton and Howard Butt, I had not met any of them before and, as I was

planning to return in late August to interview them, it felt vital to me to have been introduced.

Later that summer (2011) I returned, making my first major field trip, staying August 15 to 21. I took the DRL bus (the only provincial bus service) to Gander, holding my precious recording equipment and cameras on my lap for the six-hour trip. Howard Butt and his wife Dolly very kindly picked me up in Gander and then dropped me at the Crewe's Bed and Breakfast once we got to Twillingate. There is no bus service that goes to Twillingate.

I would have liked to spend more time on this trip, but I was working in a paid internship doing research for the Provincial Museum at The Rooms, and could not take more time. As a result, I packed in what I could in those seven days, and I returned twice more to carry out further interviews and fieldwork in April of 2012 and then again in December of the same year.

I had prepared for the initial research trip by sending out information packages to all the people in the list of names that had been gathered at my first meeting with the group. By telephone, I then contacted everyone I had sent an information package to. I did this both before I went to Twillingate, and when I arrived. A few people on this initial list had not responded to my phone messages, and I took this to mean they were not interested, or not comfortable with being interviewed, or were not available. I made a decision to adopt the tactic of pursuing only those people who responded to me (having given them enough time to do so, and having left follow-up messages).

Direction of the research

I committed myself to a thesis on the Church Museum in Twillingate with absolutely no idea as to how difficult it was going to be to research and write it. I was full of confidence from previous folklore research I had done, which involved a limited number of informants, and all of them living in St. John's. My father-in-law, a great singer, was a wonderful informant for papers on folk songs and the Boy Scouts' Spring, Smiles and Whistles annual show. The three elderly ladies who had lived in our old house in St. John's were equally easy to interview and had provided a great number of stories about living at Number Twelve Cathedral Street. Another informant (for a different paper) was a charming textile expert and knitter of hats who taught at the Anna Templeton Centre where I was taking a course, and allowed me to interview her. None of these experiences prepared me for the difficulties involved in reaching out to a group of strangers who live in a distant community. Nor did they prepare me for the huge difference in gathering folkloric material about a church, in contrast to other types of material culture, such as a house or a knitted hat.

Besides my assumptions about the ease of fieldwork, I had assumed I could carry out a similar type of interview, with similar questions. I had thought there would be more than enough memories and stories associated with being inside the church building and experiencing weddings, funerals and other life events. This, combined with the secondary research I had carried out on vernacular architecture (Glassie 1982; 2000; Williams 1991, Pocius 1991) had led me to assume that the memories and oral history I collected and which were associated directly within the Church Museum would be ample and varied, and more than enough to form a basis for a thesis.

This did not prove to be the case. I felt that something was missing and half way through the first major field trip in late August 2011 when a bulk of interviewing had already taken place, I realized that I had to create new questions and re-interview people. I wanted the fuller context for the story of the church; I wanted to gather stories and get a picture of their lives around the church. This fits in with folklife studies, as Warren Roberts developed it, which is “the consideration of crafts, architecture, custom, and lore in a total culture, rather than the life history of the item under scrutiny” (Bronner 1989, 285). I made two further fieldtrips to fulfill this. In the end, I found I collected far more material than I needed for a Master’s thesis.

In the interviews that had already occurred there were glimpses of the wonderful stories and memories more fully associated with the lives my informants had lived around the church in the mid-20th century when they were young. They had mentioned where they used to work, and told me memories of childhood games, memories of buildings and places that used to exist, as well as memories of how people travelled on and off the island of Twillingate. Almost all of their memories of growing up around the church were located within the approximate time frame of the late 1940s to the 1960s. Stephen Zeitlin found this tendency for memories to be narrowed to a certain time frame in connection with a building in his research on the “Endangered Spaces” work done in New York: “Oftentimes, local establishments and cultural sites play a role in sustaining a memory culture for those who frequented them during a particular era of their lives” (1994, 217).

I started to perceive that the thesis was going to need to expand beyond the idea of a vernacular church and the experiences within it, to the idea of the church building as

a hub within a memoryscape; a memoryscape, which exists in the minds of my informants. Memoryscape is a term in use today by a variety of disciplines, such as folklorists and ethnologists, cultural anthropologists and oral historians, encapsulating what can come to light through various forms of ethnography involving place (Norkunas 2000; Slyomovics 1998; Bartie and McIvor 2013, Sather-Wagstaff 2011; High 2011; Hyllén-Cavallius 2012). Earlier researchers used different terms; the Smithsonian Institute researched family folklore in the 70s, stating that “each individual has his cognitive map of their past” and a “mental landscape” that “might stretch from the beaches [of] childhood to a retirement home” (Smithsonian Institution 1976, 7). I find memoryscape a useful term to describe what I discovered in my research.

Ultimately I would realize that the primary thesis material I had collected was most appropriate for an oral history thesis, rather than a vernacular architecture thesis.

This leads me to outline an aspect experienced in the research and writing of this thesis. There were two routes taken to where the thesis finally arrived. I was going to write a folklore thesis on a vernacular church building. I spent a summer in England in the Cultural Landscape program in Harlow with this in mind, studying architecture through the ages, which involved a great focus on cathedrals and parish churches. I wrote a paper on two sepulchral monuments in a parish church located near Harlow. But, as this thesis indicates, architectural history is only a part of what the Twillingate Church Museum represents. The reality is that there is a paucity of secondary material by folklorists, or architectural historians and writers, on vernacular churches. Materials abound regarding the vernacular house, but not so on vernacular churches (Glassie 1982; 2000; Williams 1991, Pocius 1991, May 2010; Carter and Cromley 2005). One might

suggest that I could have simply drawn parallels and created an analysis based on those parallels, and in fact, I myself thought this is what I might be able to do. But the use of a church, and the spaces and structure of a church is so radically different from that of a house, and the experiences and memories so different, that this concept proved to be untenable.

However, I wrote a detailed description and architectural historical analysis of the church and its attendant Methodist architecture. Some of this material was not needed in the body of the thesis, though the thesis still contains a full description of the building and a basic analysis of the architectural history. The full description of the building is in the thesis because of the connection it has to the oral history of the informants. I have included the extra architectural analysis material in Appendix B. I created the appendix in order that any future research that takes place on the architectural history of Newfoundland and Labrador will have available to it the full description of the church and its historical architectural context within Methodist chapel building.

A history of the building, as well as the history of Twillingate, is included in this thesis due to the importance of such histories to the context of the thesis, as well as to my group of informants. The addition of the oral history, or folklore, in the following three chapters adds, as Barre Toelken calls it, “the innards of history” (1996, 402).

What I began to find as I searched for related material was an interesting variety of disciplines besides folklore, that explore ideas connected to my thesis topic. I found inspiration in the writings of various scholars, such as scholars of religion (Sheldrake 2001; MacDonald 2003), oral history (Thompson 2006), philosophy (Tuan 1977), material culture (Glassie 1989; Korkiakangas, Lappi and Niskanen 2008), heritage and

conservation (Falkner 1977; Downer et al. 1994), anthropology (Williksen and Rapport 2010), architectural history (Erder 1986; Cunningham 1999) and more. At times I felt very confused, and overwhelmed as to what exactly my thesis was about.

However, the more I read, and the more I listened to what my informants were telling me, I began to comprehend the direction the thesis should take. I realized a parallel in my research to what Michael Ann Williams noted in her research on vernacular homes in Southwestern North Carolina, that the narratives are an important part of the story of a building, and that “by focusing on the intangible as well as tangible aspects . . . oral testimony allows us to examine the complex relationship between people and their dwellings” (1991, 1). In my research it is a church, not a house, but I see my informants as connected to the church and to the South Side of Twillingate where they moved from home to school to church: it is entire place they lived in, and their stories are about the entire place.

This thesis, then, is an examination of all these aspects. It starts with an outline of the building - its form, history etc. - and then moves along to what is perhaps more important, the notions, stories, opinions and other expressions of local heritage in the town of Twillingate, as expressed to me primarily by the eight informants central to my work.

Chapter Two

The old South Side Church: history and context

Twillingate

Twillingate today would appear to a visitor as a quiet, historic town made up of white salt-box homes, fishing stages and tidy bungalows, along with Victorian style houses and old buildings such as the Masonic Temple. One of the reasons I have enjoyed going there repeatedly, and always like to return, is because of the quiet and peacefulness that pervades the place.

It was not always so quiet. At one time Twillingate was one of the busiest seaports in Newfoundland; at its peak the generous harbour, formed by the North Twillingate Island and the South Twillingate Island, used to be filled with fishing schooners, dories, shipping vessels and then steamships and longliners. One of my informants, Kay Boyd, told me a story told to her by her Uncle Albert. Albert Hayward was born in the late 1800s, and he told Kay “about the schooners coming into Twillingate; there were enough foreign-going schooners that you could walk across the harbour on the decks of the schooners” (Boyd 2015b, 16:40).

Horses and carts, bicycles and then later cars and trucks were once very active in transporting people and goods around the town of Twillingate. People also traveled on foot everywhere, from one island and back to the other. They often gathered at the government wharf on the North Island when a coastal boat came in with mail and news of the outside world (Clarke 2012, 14). The two islands are separated by a stretch of water called “The Tickle” (Mercer 1932, 100). North and South Twillingate Islands

became connected by Tickle Bridge circa 1845 (Clarke 2012, 49) and today there is a causeway between the two islands, built in 1973 (Clarke 2012, 89).

For almost two centuries, the town was an important “mercantile and service centre for western Notre Dame Bay” serving those who were capitalizing on the excellent fishing grounds nearby and the successful land-based sealing operations (Cuff 1994, 441-444). By the early 1800s it had earned the title of “The Capital of the North” (Mercer 1932, 97; Cuff 1994, 445).

The Twillingate Islands, New World Island and Notre Dame Bay area appear to have always been hospitable to the survival of humankind. A burial site of the Maritime Archaic people was discovered in Back Harbour, Twillingate, in 1966 (Cuff 1994, 444). The Maritime Archaic inhabited areas of Newfoundland and Labrador for thousands of years, and the artifacts unearthed in Back Harbour suggest people were living there approximately three thousand years ago (Clarke 2012, 21). The more recent aboriginal inhabitants were the Beothuk (Pastore 1999).

Considered to be extinct today, the Beothuk once had permanent settlements in at least twelve locations (Pastore 1999). One of these locations has become a provincial historic site. The site, in Boyd’s Cove, is not far from Twillingate by water, on the mainland of Newfoundland, where a small river meets the sea. I have been to the site, and the footprints of the Beothuk dwellings are obvious. They are not far from the beach, and are surrounded by leafy, deciduous trees.

According to archaeological research, food in the area was plentiful: the site revealed bones from “harp seals, harbour seals, polar bears, beaver, caribou, sculpin, flounder, geese, cormorants and many other animals (Pastore 1999). The site indicates

a Beothuk presence there until approximately 1730 (Clarke 2012, 201), a date which coincides with an increase in English settlers moving north from Bonavista to the Twillingate Islands (Prowse 1895, 279). The wealth of timber, and the “accessible resource” of seals, river salmon and other animals allowed for survival through the harsh winters (Cuff 1994, 442). The Twillingate Islands are also known for an abundance of sea birds (Cuff 1994, 444). By 1738, a survey conducted by a Captain Vanbrugh, on behalf of the English government, showed there were sixteen families with servants living in Twillingate, making up/creating a population of 184, “of which 152 wintered there” (Prowse 1895, 280). A year later the population had more than doubled, with a “winter population” of approximately 386 (Cuff 1994, 441).

Previous to the settlement of the English however, the French are considered to have fished in the Notre Dame Bay area for close to a hundred years (Prowse 1895; Clarke 2012; Cuff 1994). It is theorized that they conducted a shore fishery, wherein they caught the plentiful fish, and did not process it on land, but rather salted it heavily and returned to Europe on a seasonal basis (Clarke 2012, 22). At some point the French named the harbour Toulinguet, which the English spelled as Twillingate. The French name can be found on an historic map drawn of the area in 1720 (Prowse 1895, 279).

The English who settled in places up and down the eastern side of the island of Newfoundland, such as Bonavista, Greenspond and Twillingate, were mainly from the West Country of England; “more than three quarters of the settlers in this region originated in the counties of Dorset, Southern Somerset and Southwestern Hampshire” (Clarke 2010, 13; Paddock 1981, 620). One of my informants, Cyril Dalley, often drops and adds an H at the beginnings of his words when he speaks. He told me this

habit is particular to the Twillingate area (Dalley 2011a). This further illustrates the connection to England, for “the English . . . dropped and added H quite regularly . . .” (Paddock 1981, 620).

Twillingate had a particular connection to the English harbour town of Poole (Cuff 1994; Clarke 2012). In fact, in 1750, one of the first “major merchants” to build, capitalize and expand operations in Twillingate was John Slade of Poole (Cuff 1994, 441). By 1777 he was extremely successful, even conducting business as far north as Battle Harbour, Labrador (Cuff 1994, 441).

John Slade, and other merchants after him were no doubt drawn to Twillingate by reports of the profits not just from catching fish but from harvesting seals as well. The town is “directly in the path of Arctic ice floes” (Clarke 2012, 27); a successful land-based seal hunt had been taking place since the English settlement period of the 1730s. Note the proximity of the harp seal breeding site to the Notre Dame Bay area in Figure 1 below. The seal hunt contributed to the human population in the area growing exponentially every year, with an improved quality of life as well (Mercer 1932, 98; Cuff 1994, 441).

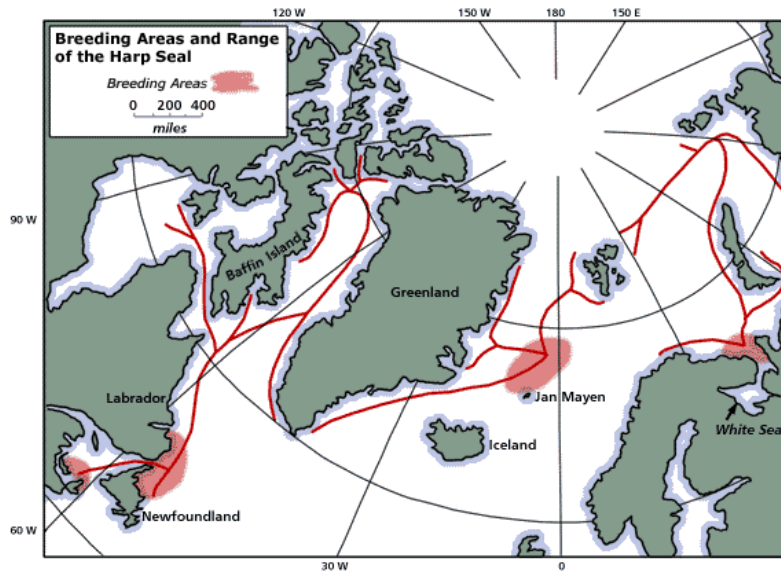


Figure 1. "Breeding Areas and Range of the Harp Seal" (Sanger 1998). This image illustrates how Twillingate, in northeast Newfoundland was, and still is, ideally situated for a seal fishery.

In 1742 Twillingate and Fogo combined earned 2550 pounds sterling worth of seal oil (Cuff 1994, 441). I used a historic currency converter online to translate the currency. If the amount is converted to a present-day currency (2016 Canadian dollar) the value is almost seven hundred thousand dollars (Eliassen 2013), a healthy sum of money in an annual profit for the eighteenth-century merchants.

The year of 1862 brought record numbers of seals to the breeding area. This “most unusual and exciting event,” in Twillingate, in which “thousands and thousands of seals were brought to land by wind and ice” (Manuel 1970, 15-16), resulted in more than 30,000 seals being “landed on the island” (Mosdell 1923, 133). Seals were also harvested all along the coast. Huge numbers were killed slightly further north, in Green Bay on the Baie Verte Peninsula; by March 31st up to 150,000 seals were gathered and it came to be known as the “Green Bay Spring” (Mosdell 1923, 113).

Besides its proximity to seals every year, Twillingate, along with other outports of the eastern coast of Newfoundland, was also well situated to send ships out to prosecute the fishery in Labrador every summer. Men from Twillingate were to be found among the “bulk of Newfoundland fishermen on the Labrador coast “ (Prowse 1895, 602). This also contributed to the rapid growth of the settlement (Cuff 1994, 441).

By the mid-1800s the population of Twillingate had grown to almost two thousand residents (Cuff 1994, 442). As it grew Slade and Co.’s near monopoly had diminished, with other merchants operating and buying them out; the large buildings on the Southside were also “sold out of the Slade family,” bought by Edwin Duder and then by William Ashbourne (Cuff 1994, 442). Cuff suggests the date of purchase by Ashbourne was 1895 (1994, 442-43), but later publications state the purchase as occurring in 1897 (Wegenast 1980; Butt 2008; Clarke 2012). Two of the original Ashbourne buildings (see Figure 2) still stand by the shore, not far from the Church Museum. All of my informants remember going to shop in the dry goods store when they were young.

Other prominent merchants with establishments across the harbour on the North Island were William Waterman, the Hodge Brothers, the Linfield family, Arthur Manuel, and farther afield, Gillett’s premises in Jenkins Cove and Durrell, all of which operated into the mid-20th century (Cuff 1994, 442). Besides Twillingate, other outports up and down the east coast of Newfoundland were profiting from the seal fishery, with “resident merchants” in places such as Trinity, Greenspond, Fogo,

Bonavista, King's Cove, Harbour Grace, and Brigus (Cuff 1994, 451). Prosperity also occurred thanks to local manufacturing and hiring. As Prowse describes it:

Nearly every vessel in the seal fishery was native built; the crews belonged to the place; in many cases the seals were also manufactured into oil in the same harbour - Twillingate, Fogo, Greenspond, Trinity, besides the Conception Bay ports, had [rendering] vats. (1895, 451)

Ashbourne Premises was one of the sites in Twillingate where seal products were processed (Clarke 2012, 66). Ashbourne's would purchase the seal pelts in the spring, remove the fat from the skins and then after "rendering it out" in the vats, would have seal oil to sell (Sharpe 2005, 18). The oil was sold on a world market, though primarily exported to Britain, where it was valuable for lamp and cooking oil, as well as for use in soap production and leather treatment (Seal Fishery 2011). I elaborate on the history of the Ashbourne Premises here as they figure prominently in the oral history to be presented later, particularly in the interview material gathered from Gordon Burton, who worked as a clerk for Ashbourne's for his entire working life.

As stated, William Ashbourne first expanded his business in 1895 or 1897 when he bought property from Edwin J. Duder. In the purchase was included the Georgian-style Longhouse, built between 1790 and 1820 (Clarke 2012, 61), and the two afore-mentioned buildings: the large shop, as well as the office, both of which were built circa 1850 (Butt 2008). Ashbourne's business expanded again in 1915 when he bought Slade's "big rooms" from Owen and Earle, among other assets, such as "land, dwelling house, out houses, shop, stage, store and wharves," located near where the present-day fish plant stands (Clarke 2012, 62-63). Of these many assets brought

into the Ashbourne premises, the Longhouse, shop and office buildings have survived and are still owned by the Ashbourne family today (Clarke 2012, 62).



Figure 2. Ashbourne Premises on the South Side: the retail shop is on the right and the office building is on the left. Note the flagstaff. “Whenever a death occurred in the community, the public would be made aware by the flag flying half-mast from the pole that is still attached to the gable end of the shop” (Butt 2008). August 14, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

The Ashbourne firm was mainly in the business of salt-fish: they also owned and chartered schooners to go to Labrador’s fishing grounds. Besides this they shipped freight, bringing coal and various retail goods from Sydney, Nova Scotia (Clarke 2012, 66; Sharpe 2005, 18). While they had several ships, the *Bessie Marie* was one of their most successful schooners in this trade, built in 1929 in Burlington, Green Bay, specifically for the Ashbournes (Figure 38). She is said to have been the last three-masted schooner to be built in Newfoundland, and spent thirty-three years on the ocean (Clarke 2012, 66). Besides shipping, she served during the sealing season as well, returning to port where the seal hauls were processed and refined on site at the Ashbourne Premises (Clarke 2012, 67).

The firm was very successful, and as the *Twillingate Sun* reported ninety years ago, it once “did business on North Side and at Herring Neck. Two branches are

running at present at Twillingate, one at the Arm and one at the upper part of the Harbor...with the headquarters on South Side” (1923). Carl Sharpe, in his memoir about his life in Crow Head (on the North Twillingate Island) maintains that Ashbourne’s Limited was “the largest fish merchant on Twillingate Island in the buying and exporting of salt fish [and] also in the retail business having grocery and dry good stores, which sold just about anything a person would need” (2005, 17). The firm’s operations in Durrell’s Arm were known as “The Lower Trade” and operations on the South Side were called “The Upper Trade” (Sharpe 2005, 17).

William Ashbourne passed away in 1922. It should be noted that besides navigating a “critical period . . . during the latter part of the war and afterwards” in the early 1900s (*Twillingate Sun* 1923), William Ashbourne and his business had also survived the Bank Crash of 1894 in Newfoundland, and even capitalized on it, buying out Edwin Duder’s assets after Duder’s business suffered “financial collapse” (Clarke 2012, 62). He was a Methodist, as was his family, and “in his capacity as Trustee Steward, rendered valuable help to the Church for a number of years, and was one of its large financial supporters” (Mercer 1932, 49). His funeral took place at the old South Side Church (*Twillingate Sun* 1923).

His son, Thomas G. W. Ashbourne, inherited a “major stake” in Ashbourne’s Limited, and he became the managing director of the firm (Clarke 2012: 64). Born in 1894, he was the eldest of William’s six sons and was brother to four sisters (*Twillingate Sun* 1923). Thomas was very accomplished; he studied at both the Methodist College in St. John’s and at University of Toronto, and he served in the front lines in France during World War I (Horan 1981). He also became a politician, serving

as an MHA, representing Twillingate in Newfoundland (1924 - 1928), and then as an MP after Confederation, representing Grand Falls-White Bay-Labrador (1949, 1953 and 1957) in Ottawa (Horan 1981; Clarke 2012).

Other family members ran the business as well. William Ashbourne's brother Arthur had been his "right-hand man" (*Twillingate Sun* 1923), and a combination of both their offspring worked for the firm, being Thomas along with William's other sons: Harry Ashbourne, Ernest Ashbourne, and Arthur's sons: Bill Ashbourne and George Ashbourne (Sharpe 2005, *Twillingate Sun* 1923). My informant Gordon Burton worked for the Ashbourne's from the mid 1940's onwards and mentioned Bill in an interview (Burton 2011c, 34:59). The Ashbournes finally closed shop in the early 1980's, having run it for more than a century (Clarke 2012, 65).

Origins of Methodism and Methodism in Twillingate

Methodism had its beginnings in England in the eighteenth century. John Wesley, born in 1703, is considered to be the founder of Methodism. His younger brother Charles is considered to be as important to Methodism as John; he first started the alternative religious study group at Oxford University in 1727, members of which came to be called Methodists (Cracknell and White 2005, 9-10). He also wrote many of the hymns that formed the backbone of Methodist spiritual practice (Cracknell and White 2005). John had studied at Oxford before Charles, and became an ordained deacon in 1725 in the Church of England. When he returned to the university in 1729 as a Fellow he joined Charles's meetings which were designed to revive Christian practices such as regularly singing and praying together, doing good works and

avoiding over-indulgence (Winsor 1982). Outsiders named the group the “Methodists” due to the strictness of their devotional practices or methods (Wakefield 1999; Winsor 1982).

John Wesley, in particular, was seeking to live an honest spiritual life. He desired a personal experience in a connection with God; he did eventually have that experience, describing it with the now well-known words, “my heart was strangely warmed” (Wakefield 1999, 9; Hollett 2010, 22). Soon John’s natural leadership skills and passion were the attributes that, in time, raised their small Holy Club to the status of an alternative Christian organization (Cracknell and White 2005).

John and Charles were born in rural Lincolnshire, two siblings in a family of ten children. Their childhood influenced their future: their father was a clergyman, their mother a “resourceful wife” who would hold evening meetings in her kitchen that “rivalled the services in the church” (Cracknell and White 2005, 7). Johnson referred to her as “remarkable” (1926, 7). It is logical then that the “intellect and spirituality of women” was much appreciated by the Wesley brothers (Cracknell and White 2005, 217), and women in Britain and North America came to participate as lay preachers and organizers in the growth of Methodism. This was true in Newfoundland as well, where women had a “large presence” (Hollett 2010, 96).

Methodism arrived in Newfoundland as early as the mid-1760s when the Irish-born former Roman Catholic, Laurence Coughlan began preaching in Harbour Grace. Coughlan was an Anglican cleric who had been tutored by John Wesley and was a self-professed Methodist (Johnson 1926). He left Newfoundland in 1773, but Methodism also grew through the efforts of the Methodist laymen and laywomen he had taught

and inspired (Johnson 1926; Pitt 1994; Hollett 2010). Methodist practices spread easily in Newfoundland due, as Hollett suggests, to its natural fit with an oral culture and the migratory nature of the population (Hollett 2010). It is said to have arrived in Twillingate in 1831, but very likely arrived earlier than this date (Mercer 1932; Manuel 1970; Hollett 2010).

There are various explanations as to why Methodism was popular and expanded quickly in Newfoundland. Methodism placed great importance on a personal spiritual or religious experience; on what is called “the inner experience of God’s grace” (Pitt 1994, 519), or an experience of joy and ecstasy (Hollett 2010; Cracknell and White 2005; Wakefield 1999). The inner strength derived from a sense of a direct connection to God is powerful, and surely advantageous for a people who faced death alone on the ocean, or on the ice more often than not. The following story is a perfect example of this. It is about a well-known Methodist and layman minister in Little Harbour (Twillingate) in the late 1800s named Jasper Dowland, who would travel on foot around the area to preach, including in the wintertime, when he would walk “in the snow all the distance” (Reay 1898, 135). Returning from Crow Head one night Jasper lost his way, “but he said he just trod a path for himself, and walked back and forth praying and singing hymns, and repeating portions of God’s Word till the morning” (Reay 1898, 135).

Ecstasy and joy was both created and expressed in singing; John Wesley himself believed strongly in congregational singing (Winsor 1982; Wakefield 1999). My informants reference singing in the old church; many of them sang in the church choir. Providentially Charles Wesley was prolific in his hymn writing, and as early as

1739 the Wesleys published *Hymns and Sacred Poems*. Charles' hymns, with their "simple but effective tunes" were very popular and "hundreds of hearers who cared not for the preaching were charmed to the Methodist assemblies by their music" (Stevens 1858, 277). Later in 1780 a volume of hymns was published for use in worship and at home: *The Collection of Hymns for the Use of the People called Methodists*. Singing was not limited to a church service, but could take place anywhere (Hollett 2010, 167).

Besides this core practice of accessing the spirit through prayer and song at any time, it is clear how Methodism would appeal to and be useful to the fishing communities of Newfoundland through the ministrations of laymen and laywomen. Throughout the island, tiny populations existed in small outports that could not support a church or a minister and, though Anglican or Roman Catholic ministers would make an effort to visit, such a dependency on a fully ordained priest did not work very well. The Methodist Church allowed people to have services and meetings, and to worship and pray without an ordained member of the church being present (Pitt 1994; Cracknell and White 2005; Hollett 2010). This gave voice and power to an independent-minded people, in terms of expressing their spirituality. Spirituality was a necessity for families to survive and carry on in the face of the hardships endured in the early history of Newfoundland. The danger of making a living on the ocean, the challenges of travelling from island to island by boat, and the constant threat of disease and illness taking your loved ones from you was a stark reality. As Hollett describes it, "Methodism was particularly suited to a victorious life in desperate times . . . the very worst that life could bring became a catalyst for a more vibrant faith rather than a doorway to despair" (2010, 87).

The strong support for lay practice is also one of the underpinnings of Methodism's success. Hollett calls Methodism a vernacular religion, in that literacy was not necessary to be a leader: "Methodists had lay readers who were not lay 'readers' except in name but were powerful preachers, not dependent on books and other written material" (Hollett 2010, 183). Besides preaching, men and woman were class-leaders and Sunday School teachers, "veritable pastors of the flock" as Johnson put it (1926, 249). It is interesting to note that in 1881 in Twillingate fourteen out of the thirty-two class-leaders were women (Mercer 1932, 64).³

Testimonial was important, the sharing of one's personal experience of their faith. Testimonials were shared in after-services or prayer meetings held in the evenings on Sunday at the old South Side Church; traditionally testimony "might include public sharing of private religious experience and overt physical displays of powerful emotional release" (Cracknell and White 2005, 49). One of my informants remembered prayer meetings at the old South Side church as a "sharing time" for members to "give a testimony," to talk about "something that happened in the week" or express a "demonstration of their faith," and they would sing hymns that were more like "the gospel songs" (Boyd 2011b, 1:13:10). Another remembered that many times the fishermen would tell a story of a "near-death experience" when they were "saved by the grace of God" from death while out fishing or sealing or were caught in a snow-storm (Butt 2011b, 33:45).

The practice of lay preachers means Methodist meetings were taking place in Twillingate long before any Methodist officials arrived; Mercer recognizes Methodism

³ By 1931, after the Newfoundland Methodists joined the United Church, class-leaders were only men (Mercer 1932, 65).

as starting there a full decade before an ordained minister visited: “In the year 1831 a few Wesleyans met in the home of a Bro. Moores, Back Harbour; Bro. Roberts, Bluff Head; Bro. S. Wheeler, Twillingate Harbour; and Bro. Dowland, Little Hr., and held cottage or class meetings . . . banded themselves together as a Society and were ministered to by local (lay) preachers and class leaders” (1932, 7). In 1841 Rev. John S. Addy visited the Notre Dame Bay area and organized the mission, with the congregation having grown so large “it was found necessary to secure a Minister and a Chapel, as the early Wesleyan churches were called” (Mercer 1932, 7). This congregation built the first Methodist chapel during 1842-43 on the present-day site of the old South Side church (see Figure 3), which was built in 1868 after the first chapel burned down. This thesis is centred around the second chapel that was built. It became known as the “Mother Church of Notre Dame Bay” because it was still the first one in the area (Mercer 1932, 154). It was a large building; Figure 8 shows the door into the west side of the entrance hall (there is another door on the east side), which indicates the height of the church.



Figure 3. The South Side Church, with the original façade. Photo by H. M. Dawe, pre- 1950. Memorial University Digital Archives Collection. Online photograph. <<http://collections.mun.ca/cdm/singleitme/collection/hmdawe/id2981>> [Viewed August 11, 2015].

By the mid-1800s there were more than twenty-one thousand Methodist adherents in Newfoundland (Piper 2000, n.p), and by 1923 Methodists constituted almost one-third of the church-going population; the Newfoundland census recorded 74,152 Methodists (Johnson 1926; Pitt 1994). Within this growth Hollett found that the expansion of Methodism in the Notre Dame Bay area was “unparalleled in the rest of the island” (Hollett 2010, 181). The growth was such that in 1881 and 1885, on the North Island of Twillingate and in Little Harbour (Figures 4 and 5 respectively), two more Methodist churches were built to accommodate those congregations (Mercer 1932).



Figure 4. The North Side Methodist Church, known as the Church on the Hill. Image courtesy of Jim Smith, 2008, *Old Twillingate Snaps Facebook Group*.
 <<http://tinyurl.com/Jimsmithnorthsidechurchphoto>> [viewed January 10, 2012].



Figure 5. The Little Harbour Methodist Church (Used with permission - Jim Troke Collection).

Wesley wanted to re-invigorate the Anglican Church; he did not set out to create a new sect. But eventually Methodism was named and rejected by the Church of England; ministers who preached as Methodists were no longer allowed in the Anglican churches (Wakefield 1999). The strong and independently minded Methodists forged on and flourished, building chapels all throughout Great Britain and abroad, Twillingate being just one of many communities that benefited from the movement.

The church building, its architecture and history

“A preaching-house can’t be too light or too airy. Therefore your windows must be large... And see that whatever is done be done neat and strong.”

John Wesley, 1769

The old church building is off Main Street, on Church Lane, on the south side of Twillingate. It is surrounded by a small cemetery, which is still consecrated ground, and owned by the United Church. The very first Methodist minister appointed to the area, who was held in very high regard, was Reverend William Marshall. He was buried in the cemetery by the church after his untimely death at the age of thirty-three in 1846 (Hollett 2010, 163). The old church, now called the Church Museum, was built in 1868, and was formerly called the South Side Methodist Church. In 1925 it became the South Side United Church, after the Methodists joined with the Congregationalists and the Presbyterians to form the United Church of Canada (Johnson 1925, 402).



Figure 6. The Church Museum and town on the South Side. The large brown building in the right side of the photo was Marshall Hall, where Sunday School was held. It is now an apartment building. Photo courtesy of Twillingate Harbour Authority, 2014. Online photograph. <<http://townoftwillingate.ca/attractions/museums-culture/>> [viewed July 5, 2014].

Architectural description of the old South Side church

The church building is plain and does not demand attention for any elaborate architectural detail, but rather, it stands out by virtue of its size and its simple elegance, along with a dignity of form and place, in its position among the houses nestled around it on the shoreline.

In terms of architectural style, the old South Side Church building today defies a straightforward description. It has a three-bay façade, and a four-bay length (the architectural term “bay” is used to indicate sections created by doors and windows). It is a gable-roofed (or pitched-roof) wooden frame building clad in clapboard and painted white.



Figure 7. The church in October, 1952. The addition for the organ loft can be seen on the back of the building. The pipes for the pot-bellied stoves can be seen in the roofline. The small white building on the hill behind the church was the base for the old belfry, built in 1931. Photo by Dr. Walter Wingate Nichol⁴ (Used with permission - Don Nichol Collection).

⁴ Dr. Walter Wingate Nichol, Don Nichol’s father, had just finished his MD at McGill & went to Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital to intern with Dr. Olds for approximately two years. (Don Nichol, email to author, February 2, 2015).

The majority of the wood used throughout the building is pine, and the frame was likely built of spruce, both of which would have been obtained locally (A. Manuel 2012, 23:42). The fenestration consists of very tall, rectangular, multi-paned windows, slightly arched at the top (segmental arches). This is a Georgian style, popular when construction of Methodist buildings began in the 1700s (Cranfield 1997), and also popular in the late 1800s when there was a Georgian Revival in Britain and North America (Girouard 1977). The South Side church was built during this time.

There are two entrance doors, on the east and west sides of the front section of the building. Affixed to the clapboard beside the west door is a large, framed brass Memorial plaque, which commemorates members of the congregation who died in World War One (see Figure 9). Rising from the roof of the front section of the building is a square bell tower. The bell tower has two tall, rectangular multi-paned windows set into the east and west sides. There is a small round window, known as an ocular window or oculus, on the front just below one of the four shuttered openings at the top of the tower (Figure 8). This is the oculus that was in the original façade of the building as it was built in 1868, before the addition of the bell tower. The bell tower was added in 1950 (Clarke 2012, 42). The top of the tower is crenellated with small finials on each corner.



Figure 8. The Church Museum from the front. Note the oculus.
August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

The main section of the building has a rectangular footprint, measuring seventy feet and four inches in length and forty-six feet and ten inches in width. Situated on the back of the building is an additional section, also with windows, measuring twenty-three feet and ten inches wide, with a depth of thirteen feet and three inches. This section was built circa 1906, in order to house the Bevington organ, built in London in 1903, and installed in 1906 (Clarke 2012, 397; Mercer 1932, 33). The large entrance hall (I call it thus as it is too big to be a porch and contains two large stairwells) juts out from the front of the main building seventeen feet and two inches, and is twenty-four feet and four inches wide.

In Figure 8 there can be seen a plaque on the wall of the church beside the main entrance door. The plaque was made in 1931 of bronze and inscribed with the names of the young men of the church who died in the First World War: “To the glory of God and in grateful memory of the men of the United Church who fell in the World War

1914-1918” (see Appendix A for the list of names on the plaque). Underneath the names of the fallen soldiers of the congregation are the following words: “Also to commemorate the centenary of the Twillingate Methodism 1831 - 1931 and the Jubilee of the North Side Church 1881 - 1931” (Figure 9).



Figure 9. The Memorial Plaque. December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Two of my informants are the granddaughters of Frederick White, whose name can be seen at the bottom of the list. He died in “the drive at Beaumont-Hamel” on July 1, 1916 (Boyd 2012b, 12:01).

The plaque was moved to its current location by the door after 1950, when the original belfry on the hill was replaced with a bell tower on the church. When the bell was originally purchased and hung in an external belfry, the Memorial Bell Committee decided that the bell was to be hung thus only until it was possible to gather the funds to build a “modern tower” (Mercer 1932, 56). It took almost twenty years but a bell

tower was added to the church, and the bell moved into it. The new tower was dedicated on December 3rd, 1950 (Pardy n.d).

Figure 10 is a photo of a drawing by Alf Manuel. It contains the measurements and general floor plan of the church, though it is not drawn to scale.

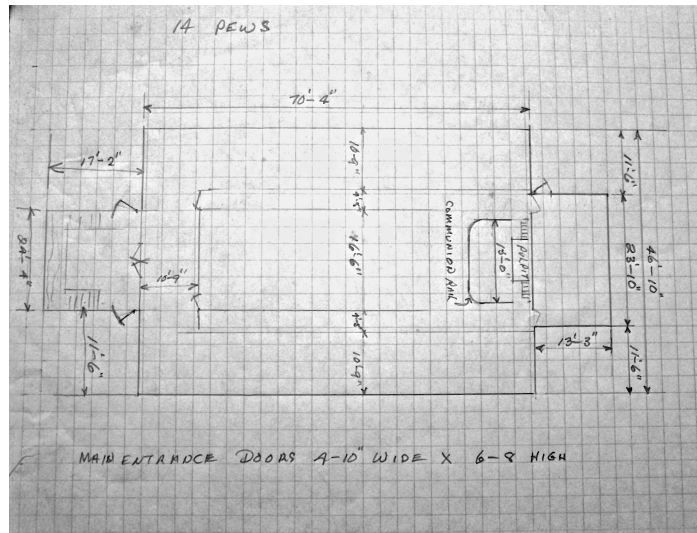


Figure 10. Alf Manuel's drawing of a floor plan of the old South Side church. Note the entrance hall on the left side of the drawing, with the two doors. Photo by A. Christie. December 14, 2012.

The entrance hall (also called a vestibule) is distinctive not just for its generous size, but also for its two doors, one set in the west side and one in the east side. The west-side door (seen in Figure 8) is the door generally in use today.



Figure 11. Interior shot of the west entrance door. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

The entrance doors are very large, measuring four feet and ten inches wide by six feet and eight inches high.



Figure 12. In Interior shot of the east entrance door. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

Each door has a segmental arch at the top, being the same as the windows' arch. The doors are also very heavy and thick, made from timber and planks. The interior timbers

are nicely detailed by being carved with a beveled edge. The interior moldings in the doorframes are also decorative, edged with half-rounds.

The entrance hall is spacious and lofty. As you enter the west door (the one in general use), you will see to your left a short, wide set of stairs, centrally located. Above them is a very tall window, which lights the entire hall. To either side are the stairwells, with elegant newel posts.



Figure 13. West stairwell; note the height of the window. August 20, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

The workmanship on the stairwells is of a high quality; they are precisely symmetrical, and the stairs and bannisters lead upwards with the elegance of a fine home.

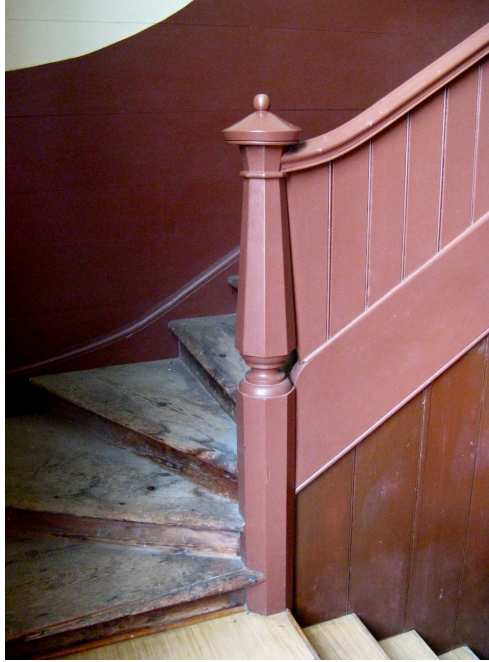


Figure 14. East stairwell newel post. August 17, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

On the main entrance level, there are two doors either side, underneath the stairwells, belonging to storage space. Gordon Burton told me that this is where coal was stored in the days when the church was heated with wood and coal burning stoves (2011b, 45:57).

A small wooden enclosure is at the top of the stairs (Figure 15). A narrow door in it leads to a ladder up to the first level of the tower. Opposite this door are the central double doors that lead into the gallery.



Figure 15. Entrance hall, at the top of the stairs: showing the enclosure for the entrance to the bell tower. December 6, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

The chandelier in Figure 15 is not original to the South Side church. It is a donation to the Church Museum by St. Andrew's Anglican Church in nearby Durrell, after it was closed in 2008 (Kay Boyd, email to author, August 7, 2016).

Inside the main door into the church (the west door), to the right is a wide double door, which leads into a large interior room. This room is original to the church, though changes took place in the late 1950 when some modernization of the interior took place (Jim Troke, email to author, February 3, 2016). Figure 16 illustrates these changes. Today the room acts as an office, meeting room and display area for the Church Museum. The annual summer employee who greets and guides visitors uses this room, and it houses the Museum's computer, some documents and books, and various religious artifacts that have been donated, such as hymn books and Sunday School books. To the right are two small bathrooms and to the left is a door to a storage area. There are two doors, one to the left and one to the right, straight ahead after you enter, that lead to the nave of the church (Figure 16).

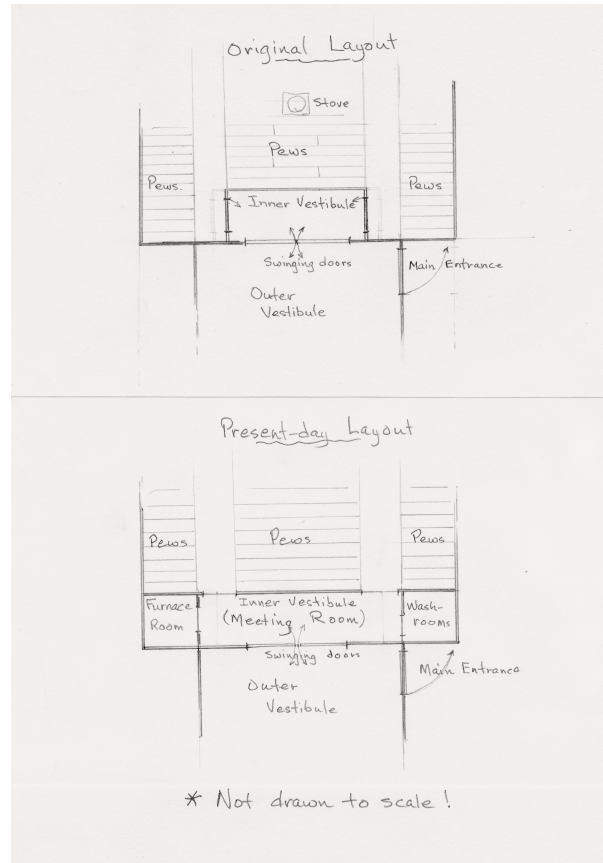


Figure 16. Floor plan showing the changes made to the interior of the church, post-1958. Drawing and photo by Jim Troke, February 3, 2016.

Entering the nave via one of the two doors, one can choose to go down either of the two aisles on the main floor. The two aisles create three sections of pews, and lead down to the pulpit. The interior design of the church is typical of the classic style of auditory churches that were built by Nonconformists in the 18th and 19th century throughout Great Britain. The “auditory plan,” like Wesley’s City Road Chapel in London, England, built in 1778, consists of a central pulpit (quite high) and a second-floor gallery on three sides (Dolbey 1964, 127). On the main floor in the South Side church there are fourteen pews in the center, and fifteen pews in the side sections; the side section pews are slightly angled, presumably to allow for a better sight line to the pulpit. Up in the galleries the rows of pews are three deep. At one time there were

more pews on the main floor but modernizations required the removal of several from both the north and south ends of the nave. Removal of pews at the north end (back of the church) allowed for the bathrooms and the furnace room to be put in, and removal at the south end, at the front near the pulpit, allowed for two storage rooms (see comparative drawing, Figure 16). Note that originally there were dividers, or “separating walls” among all the pews, as different families had their own pews (Troke 2015, 21:08).

The following illustration was based on Alf Manuel’s drawing, and shows detailed aspects of the church’s floor plan, as it is today (Figure 17). The legend is below.

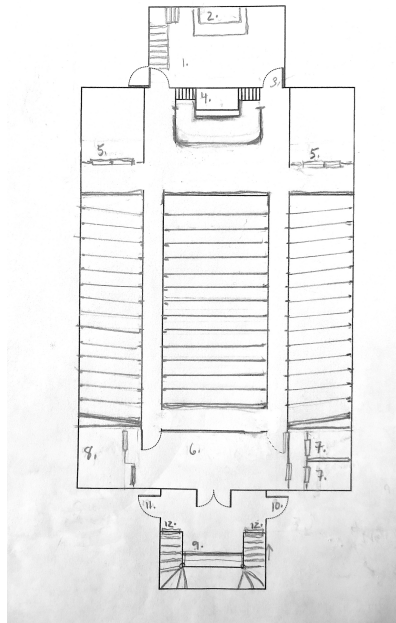


Figure 17. South Side Church floor plan of the church circa 2012. Note the angled side pews. It is not a scale drawing (original by Alf Manuel, digital drawing by Adrian Morrison; this version is mixed media with additions by A. Christie).

1. Choir loft - with vestry beneath
2. Pipe organ (in the loft)

3. Door to vestry (main floor)
4. Pulpit
5. Storage
6. Museum office
7. Toilets
8. Furnace room
9. Main stairs to the galleries
10. Main entrance door today
11. Second entrance door
12. Doors to storage under the stairs



Figure 18. Interior of the church. August 25, 2009. Photo A. Christie.

Above and behind the pulpit is situated the choir loft and the Bevington organ. The Bevington organ was installed there in 1906 (Clarke 2012, 397). The door and stairs up to the choir loft can be seen on the left in Figure 18, as well as the door to the vestry (on the right). At the base of the stairs to the choir loft is an exterior door out of the vestry (see floor plan, Figure 17). Kay Boyd said that choir members sometimes

entered the church through that door, to go straight up to the choir loft; it also acts as a fire escape (Kay Boyd phone interview note, January 15, 2015).



Figure 19. The pulpit, communion rail, choir loft and pipe organ. Note the two sets of steps up to the pulpit. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

The pulpit design obeys one of Wesley's Eight Principles, in that he stated there should be "no tub-pulpit, but a square projection, with a long seat behind" (Myles 1813, 426). The pulpit in the old South Side church still has the original seat, and it is indeed long. Traditionally a Communion table was placed in front of the pulpit. This table is now in the vestry (Jim Troke, email to author, February 3, 2016).



Figure 20. The pulpit seat, as seen from the organ loft. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

In 1932, Mercer commented on the pulpit in his book *A Century of Methodism in Twillingate*, that “the height of the pulpit is a remarkable feature” (1932, 22). The double and triple-decker pulpit was popular in the larger Methodist chapels in the 1700s; the City Road Chapel, built by John Wesley in 1778, had a triple or “three-decker pulpit,” fifteen feet high, which was then lowered to ten feet in 1864 (Dolbey 1964, 47).

Both the nave and the organ loft have coved ceilings. The coved ceiling in this church is particularly well built, resulting in a sense of beauty.



Figure 21. Interior of church, view from the pulpit, showing the two interior entry doors, galleries and coved ceiling. December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

The front of the galleries are dark brown and have a blind arcade of Gothic arches. The square pillars on the galleries and the moldings on the doors and windows are of a deeper, richer brown. On the main floor there is brown wainscoting around the walls, decorated with trefoils cut into the wood along the top. The varying hues succeed in highlighting the details of the interior.



Figure 22. View from the west aisle. Note the coved ceiling. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.



Figure 23. Wainscot detail on the interior walls. December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

The comb-grained finish on the trim of the wainscoting seen in Figure 23 (and on a pew in Figure 24) was done to create the look of oak, rather than pine. “Comb-graining” is the term my informants used when referencing this finish (A. Manuel 2015, 26:30; Troke 2011b, 59:57). It is also referred to simply as “graining” and was a common technique; often used in finishing vernacular furniture in Newfoundland at one time (Peddle 1983, 31).

Also known as *faux bois*, this technique for painting wood has been in use for centuries (Marx 1991, 175). The particular pattern on the wainscot (Figure 23) and on the pews (Figure 24) is called “heart-grain” or “cathedral grain” (Marx 1991, 205). The faux wood graining in this church is particularly fine.

The pews are a honey-gold colour in general and finished with shellac. The pulpit and communion rail are also a honey-gold hue, but of a darker and warmer tint. The front of the pulpit is highly carved with two levels of Gothic blind arches; the height of the pulpit is enhanced via tall lancet arches in the top half. Trefoils are carved between the arches in the lower portion. The communion rail is very ornate with open lancet arches and columns around the entirety (Figure 19).

The “old-fashioned” straight-backed pews, as Mercer refers to them in his book, *A Century of Methodism in Twillingate* (1932, 22), are moderately ornate. He calls them “old-fashioned” because by the mid-1800s it had become more common for churches and chapels to be built with “more agreeable sloping low-backed ones” (Stevenson 1872, 232). Each pew end is carved, and the wood has been finished with comb-graining. The seats are plain and painted.



Figure 24. A pew in one of the galleries (note the inset step on the pew end). December 9, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Most chapels were built with pews, in spite of Wesley's instruction against them in number six of his Eight Principles: "Let there be no pews, and no backs to the seats..." (Myles 1813, 426). In spite of his own instructions, the first chapel Wesley built himself, The City Road Chapel in London, England, was built "high-backed pews" in 1777 (Stevenson 1872, 232) so when the Methodists in Twillingate built their chapel, they were following suit.

The building of the church

Mercer indicates that the very first Methodist church in Twillingate was built in 1842; he is not very specific, however, for he only mentions that in that year Reverend William Marshall was appointed and was responsible for the "raising of a church" (1932, 8). Hollett's reference is also somewhat vague, and states, "upon the arrival of Marshall . . . the Methodists attending St. Peter's church departed to found their own chapel" (Boone 1846).

As mentioned earlier the old South Side church was built in 1868, on the same site as the earlier chapel. A new building was required after a devastating fire burned the original chapel down to the ground on a freezing cold February night in 1868 (Mercer 1932, 20). Unfortunately, it being the dead of winter, there was no water to combat the conflagration. The parsonage nearby caught fire and burned as well, and I hate to think what the minister at the time thought as his belongings burned. He and his family were to have to lodge elsewhere. Apparently “in a very short time nothing remained of Church, or House, but a lot of ashes” (Mercer 1932, 20).

The pastor at the time was Reverend John Goodison, who oversaw the initial stage of the building of the new church on the same site as the original. Goodison, originally from England, had arrived in Twillingate in 1866 for a three-year term. He was known as a “splendid singer and musician,” who “introduced into his Churches a viol, a violin and a fife, to be played at the services” (Mercer 1932, 20). He contributed some of his own money towards the payment for the frame of the building, which cost fifty-two pounds sterling. He also went to Canada for three months, and managed to raise two hundred pounds among Methodism’s “Canadian friends,” which went towards the building of the new church (Mercer 1932, 21).

Things moved quickly after the fire, men were dispatched “at once into the Bay to endeavor to get some timber for the frame,” and thus a frame was “brought out in May by Messrs. Roberts of Bluff Head” (Mercer 1932, 21). The building committee consisted of these same Robertses, being Samuel and James, as well as the following:

George Philips, South Side
Jacob Wheeler, South Side
Andrew Roberts, North Side

Peter Samways, North Side
George Minty, Arm
Thomas Linfield, Jenkins Cove
Isaac Moors, Back Harbour
Francis Roberts, Wild Cove. (Mercer 1932, 21)

I quote these names because I would like to suggest that some of the men who had a direct hand in the building of the church were on that committee, and their names should be mentioned.

I feel confident in suggesting that the Robertses, especially, may have been the main builders of the South Side Church, in spite of there being no record of this. Not only did they bring in the frame, five of the Roberts family contributed money towards it: Samuel, Elias, Stephen, James and Andrew Roberts (Mercer 1932, 21). The Roberts name appears repeatedly when it comes to the finest buildings in the town. Clarke states, “the Roberts men were known as top-notch carpenters” and that they may have built the Orange Lodge: “a tribute to their craftsmanship” (2012, 57). The Orange Lodge was built in 1907 (Clarke 2012, 76) and, like the South Side Church, it has a beautiful coved ceiling. A man named Josiah Roberts built the Masonic Lodge (another prominent building) in 1906 (Clarke 2012, 75). He had been appointed as the builder of the North Side Methodist Church in 1881, along with Samuel Manuel (Mercer 1932, 60; Clarke 2012, 41). In January of 1904 it is entered in the *North Side Sabbath School Building Accounts Book* that various Robertses were paid to build the North Side Sabbath School: Andrew Roberts built twenty seats, James Roberts put the clapboard on and Josiah, Thomas, John, Benjamin and George Roberts were also involved, along with ten other men (1903, 4).

John Hamlyn, a life-long resident of Crow Head who is still mayor of that town, used to attend the North Side Church. He was interviewed in 1999, and his words confirm the above information: “The Crow Head Sunday School was built under the direction of the Guys and Robertses and I think the North Side Church was built the same way. They were great builders in those days, those people” (Hamlyn 1999).

The Roberts family were among the earliest to embrace Methodism in Twillingate; “Wesleyans met in the home of . . . Bro. Roberts, [of] Bluff Head” (Mercer 1932, 7) and “Robert Roberts of Bluff Head Cove was the first to open his house to Marshall for preaching” (Mercer 1932, 9). The Roberts had already been having “Wesleyan meetings” in their home for ten years (Mercer 1932, 7). Thus my confidence when I name them as the possible builders of the church. Howard Butt also mentioned a man by the name of Skinner as possibly being involved; he was a carpenter known to have done a lot of work on the South Side island (Butt 2011b, 26:15). It is otherwise unknown as to who actually built the church, which is typical of vernacular buildings.

Much of the church would likely have been built on a volunteer basis, which is to say there was no payment for the labour. There are no records that I know of but, as this is how communal buildings were built in other outports, the same method likely occurred in Twillingate.

For example, when the Anglican church on Poole’s Island needed to be lengthened by eighteen feet in 1896 volunteers did the heavy lifting. The gathering of the wood for the work was described in the *Diocesan Magazine* as follows:

On the day appointed . . . we joined one hundred and twelve men under the captaincy of our church-wardens, Elijah Spurrell and

Benjamin Kean, and invaded the woods for a supply of timber. It was a dashing crusade, for in the course of two days all the lumber we required was deposited at the door of the church. (Diocesan Magazine 1897)

Later, in 1900, when the chancel of this same church needed to be enlarged, the work was also done by volunteers, and in the middle of winter at that:

On February 4th, under the superintendency of the Church-wardens, a goodly number of men assembled, and having sawn the end out, moved it back eight feet and inserted a new piece. It was very unpleasant weather, but the men worked with a will and soon finished it. (Diocesan Magazine 1901)

Methodist chapels were built in the same way in rural England, in terms of volunteer labour. John Wesley wrote in his journal about a chapel being built in Sheerness in Kent, in the late 1700s:

The building was undertaken a few months since by a little handful of men, without any probable means of finishing it; but God so moved the hearts of the people in the Dock, that even those who did not pretend to any religion, carpenters, shipwrights, labourers, ran up at all their vacant hours, and worked with all their might, without any pay. (1786, 65)

These quotes illustrate the ability of men in these communities to come together and work to accomplish the building of, or renovation of a church when it was necessary.

The minister of the South Side Church, Reverend Goodison, departed at the end of his term and thus the church and the parsonage were completed during a new pastorate, that of Reverend Henry L. Cranford, who “entered upon his duties in 1869” (Mercer 1932, 21). Mercer ascertains that “Mr. Cranford is chiefly responsible for the completion and character of the present building” (1932, 22). The “present building” at that time had a unique façade, the gables’ facades each having a striking resemblance

to an ogee arch. I have not found the likes of this built in wood anywhere else in Newfoundland (or in North America for that matter).



Figure 25. The South Side Church with the original façade. Photo by Frank Hayward, pre-1950. (Used with permission - Kay Boyd collection).

As was described earlier, the windows are clear-glazed and small-paned, a typical Georgian style (Figure 25). The window frames in the building today are the same, with the segmental arch, however, new windows with slightly larger panes were put in when work was done on the church in 1955 (Kay Boyd, email to author, June 17, 2016). In Figure 25 the ocular window can be seen; it was later moved to the front of the current bell tower. Note the two spires, one on the top of the front entrance hall, and one on the top of the gable of the main part of the building. Each spire had a carved hand at the top, index finger pointing upwards, carved by Jacob Wheeler (Mercer 1932, 22). A hand with fingers pointing upwards is a symbol of God the Father (Needham 1948, 68). I have not seen this hand on any other Methodist church, in Newfoundland or elsewhere, in the research I carried out. Mercer was quite enthusiastic when he wrote of these spires:

A Church spire is the most spiritual thing man has contrived...Nothing is so engaging and captivating as the sight of that index-finger spire pointing upwards. Folks may never notice a church, but a spire of this nature cannot go unnoticed. This modest white spire so ministrant, so silent, and yet singingly vocal in its evangel, says – “We point mortal folks to trust in God for salvation, and make a sure way to the Better Land on high.” (1932, 22)

One of these spires was attached to the top of the new bell tower when it was built; a new hand was carved and covered with protective fibreglass, replacing the old one (see Figure 26).



Figure 26. South Side Church decorated with bunting, with a crowd entering. Circa 1950s. Photo by H. M. Dawe. Memorial University Digital Archive Collection. Online photograph. <<http://collections.mun.ca/cdm/singleitem/collection/hmdawe/id/2981>> [Viewed August 11, 2016].

That hand has since been moved to the new Central United Church, and is now on top of the spire on that church (see Figure 27).

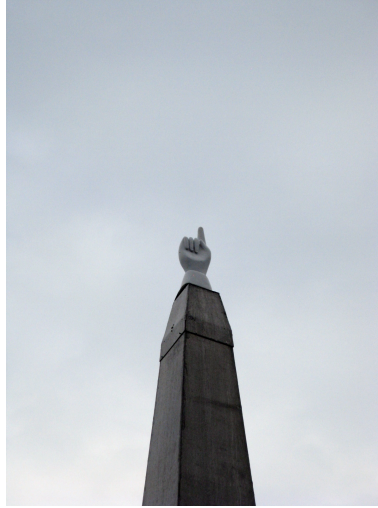


Figure 27. Spire of the Central United Church, Twillingate, August 19, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

Connection of the South Side church to traditional Methodist church and chapel building

The design of the church is based on concepts and forms that were developed in the late eighteenth-century in England, where the tradition of Methodist chapel building first began (Dolbey 1964; Brooks & Saint 1995; Munson 1991). At that time ‘The People called Methodists’ began building their own places to meet in. John Wesley, their leader, had developed very specific ideas as to the ideal “preaching-house” (Dolbey 1964, 67). The effect of Wesley’s evangelical ideals can be seen in the old South Side Methodist Church building, known as the “Mother House” of the Green Bay Circuit (Mercer 1931, 154). This will be outlined in this section.

The earliest Methodist church in Twillingate was called a chapel. When Methodists were no longer welcome to worship or preach in the Anglican Church, Wesley first referred to the places Methodists gathered as “preaching-houses,” because at this point he had to “step by step...provide for his people the very facilities for worship he was advising them to accept at the parish church” (Dolbey 1964, 53).

Wesley did not like the word “meeting house,” for he did not want to associate with other Nonconformists who were breaking away from the Church of England (Dolbey 1964, 53). He then decided that the buildings should be called “chapels” – this being because of his long-time wish that Methodists should remain in the Church and attend an Anglican church for Communion (Dolbey 1964, 52). Binfield suggests that this is an introduction of a “fresh building type,” and the term “chapel” was actually adopted by several other Nonconformist groups in Great Britain for their places of worship (2013, 258).

In time Wesley and the Methodists, along with many other Nonconformists in the eighteenth century adopted the Neo-Classical style, with a touch of Italian Renaissance for their chapel designs (Norman 1990, 242; Dolbey 1964, 121; Lake 2008, 15). The rise of Methodism coincided with the Georgian period in England, considered to have its beginnings in 1714 with King George I, and ending between 1830 and 1837 (Cranfield 1997, 15). The Georgian architectural style is exemplified by symmetry, along with the classical pediment or gable, and rounded or segmental arches over the windows (Cranfield 1997). Kieckhefer suggests the style suited the desire for a space built for “edification” and enlightenment; the simplicity, “clear glass and plain light” a rejection of the “mystical half-darkness” of the Roman Catholic churches (2004, 121).

The old South Side church was built to be similar to many of the Methodist chapels built in Great Britain in the last half of the nineteenth century, the Georgian Revival period. The noticeable features are the rectangular footprint, the symmetrical, gable-ended pedimented façade, and the tall, rounded, multi-paned windows of clear

glass (Dolbey 1964, 134; Needham 1992, 242). Figure 28 shows the Green Street English Wesleyan Methodist Chapel in Aberdare, Wales, built in 1859. Note the similarity in these elements to the old South Side church's original façade (see Figures 3 and 25).



Figure 28. Green Street English Wesleyan Methodist Chapel. 2010. Image courtesy of *Geograph Britain and Ireland*. Online photograph. <<http://www.geograph.org.uk/photo/1830686>> [viewed August 10, 2013]

The architecture of the old South Side church fits in with the other rural Methodist chapels of Great Britain, which have their own beauty, for “beauty, in architecture as well as in other realms, is not synonymous with size nor determined by wealth” (Dolbey 1964, 16).

Previous to the organized building of chapels, the early Methodists would gather anywhere that might function as a meeting hall. They first met in houses, sometimes in a converted barn or a town hall (Dolbey 1964, 28), and sometimes in renovated cottages (Dolbey 1964, 17). On occasion they would buy two cottages and simply take down the walls between to create a meeting space (Dolbey 1964, 26). This also suited Wesley's advice to separate men and women, as spelled out in his “Eight Principles” (Dolbey 1964, 67), as there were already two entry doors to the street. The old South Side church was also built with two entrance doors.

By 1739 Wesley was preaching in The Foundry in London. This was a building previously used by the King's army to make cannons. It was no longer in use however, so Wesley bought the building, renovated it, and used it for preaching, as well as holding classes and prayer meetings (Sheldon 1895, n.p.). He did not stay in The Foundry for long, for also in 1739 The New Room was built in Bristol. The New Room was the "first completely new building of Methodism" to be built by Wesley, and it still exists today (Dolbey 1964, 41). It was built in what was the typical "auditory plan" of the time, that is, "focused on the preacher, and with galleries to one of several sides" (Lake 2008, 13).

The Wesleyan Methodists were not the first to instigate change in the churches of Great Britain of course. The Reformation and the rise of Protestantism in Europe and Great Britain early in the sixteenth century, with the eventual creation of the Church of England, had a huge influence and effect on how churches were designed and used (Kieckhefer 2004, 46). After the Reformation simplicity in the interior of the church was emphasized. In most churches the rood screen (which effectively hid the sanctuary) was removed, and religious icons and wall paintings were destroyed or painted over with white wash (Cunningham 1999, 182; Kieckhefer 2004, 121).

The changes by the Church of England included an increased focus on the congregation. Bibles were published in English (Cunningham 1999, 180). Services were to take place in English as decreed by the crown (Burton 1912, n.p). Consequently there was a reversion to an "earlier conception of the place of worship as being a hall to house the whole local congregation when it assembled at one time"

(Minchin 1961, 161) and “it became more important for the way that the congregation as a whole could see what was going on.” (Cunningham 1999, 33).

Consequently one very important element in the changes to the interior of many churches was the increased importance of the pulpit. Minchin describes it perfectly:

The great positive contribution which the reformers had to make was the restoration of the Word of God to a central place. In making the pulpit . . . the most important piece of furniture in the place of worship, the protestants were only expressing their theology in architecture. The high pulpit was not only functional, because it enabled the minister to make himself heard with ease, but it expressed the importance of the Word. (1961, 162)

Wesleyan chapels and church design went a step further. There was no emphasis on a sanctuary, and the pulpit was placed right in the middle of the wall in front of the congregation, whereby the preacher or minister could have the most direct impact on those listening. This design falls in the category of what Kieckhefer refers to as the “classic evangelical church” (2004, 119).

Another interior design element specific to Methodism is the seating arrangement. The seating for the congregation generally consisted of three sections of pews, or benches in the earliest days, with two aisles, in contrast to the central aisle common in most traditional churches. Jobson mentions in his book on Methodist chapel building, published in 1850, that the Model Plan Committee of the Methodist Conference had agreed upon particular arrangements, one of them being “there should be no aisle down the middle of the chapel, but seats: it being better for the preacher to look directly upon his hearers, than upon an open space” (77). Building chapels with two aisles, and a central pulpit, became a rule in Methodist chapel building (Jobson 1850; Dolbey 1964, 57).

There was no set rule regarding galleries, but in order to seat more people, some chapels were designed with galleries at the back or around three sides. Also, inserting galleries was not a Methodist innovation, for galleries were being built into Calvinist buildings in France in the late sixteenth century (Kieckhefer 2008, 49). Jeremy Lake, in his 2008 report on Methodist chapels in Jersey, England, offers an excellent summation of what became a norm in chapel building:

The rectangular plan, with a main entrance in one gable and an end gallery, became the preferred model for the great majority of middle-sized chapels. Horseshoe-shaped galleries are most usually found in medium- to large- scale chapel interiors. Seating was usually provided on three sides: a fourth side could be added, and is usually associated with the provision of choir pews and an organ. (13)

The South Side church in Twillingate falls into the category of the “medium-to large-scale” chapel interior, and fits the above description precisely.

The following comparison of floor plans illustrates the similarity of the floor plan and interior of the old South Side church to the earliest prototypes built in England:

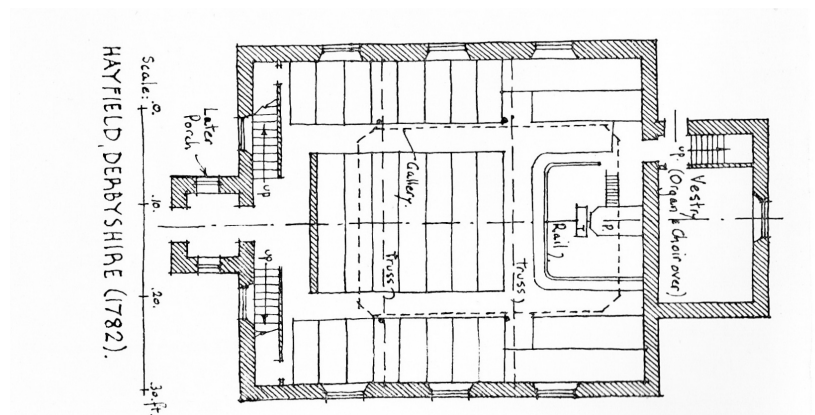


Figure 29. Floor plan for the Hayfield Methodist Chapel in Derbyshire, England. Built in 1782 (Dolbey 1964, 187).

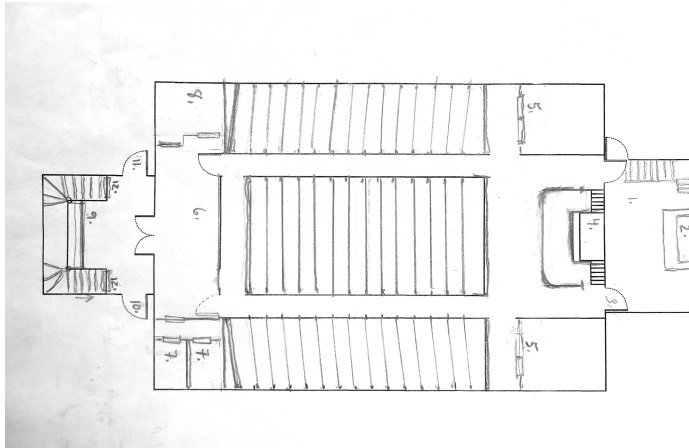


Figure 30. South Side Church floor plan of the church circa 2012. Photo of a mixed media drawing by Adrian Morrison and Annemarie Christie (not to scale). Note the angled side pews.

The Hayfield Church is smaller, with only a three-bay length, but the plan shows how the interior of the old South Side Church was built on the same plan as a Methodist chapel that was built almost one hundred years earlier.

This focus on the preacher and ability for the congregation to hear the preacher speak was particularly important to Wesley, for he was an ardent evangelical (as described earlier in this chapter). Congregational singing was also vital to the Methodists (Brooks 1994, 28), and this added to the desire to build chapels in which sound could resonate. Plain walls, hard surfaces, and high ceilings all lend themselves to the ability of a built space to “reflect sound” and to be conducive to a “long reverberation time” resulting in a heightened auditory experience (Kieckhefer 2004, 110). In this, the interior of the old South Side church, with its exquisite acoustics, has a direct connection to Wesley, in spite of having been built more than one hundred years after he built his first space for worship.

As mentioned earlier, the church was built under the authority of Reverend Goodison and Reverend Cranford, the pastors in Twillingate in 1868 and 1869

respectively. They were required to build in line with English designs and patterns for Methodist chapel building at that time. Books such as that of Methodist minister and architect, Frederick Jobson's *Chapel and School Architecture as Appropriate to Buildings Of Nonconformists Particularly to those of the Wesleyan Methodists* published in 1850, and *Practical Hints on Chapel Building* published by the English Congregational Chapel-building Society (1853) offered drawings, plans and guidance.

There can be no doubt such books or plans were accessed for a design for the South Side Church, as the church is so similar to hundreds of the early Methodist chapels that were built in England. Methodist chapels proliferated, particularly in the first half of the nineteenth century, in fact, so much so that ultimately the Methodists had "built chapels in almost every town in England" (Brooks & Saints 1995, 27).

The first chapels built by congregations were modest, vernacular buildings, as built in Great Britain and elsewhere; the "plainness" of what the people were able to build being a "reflection of both their financial state and spiritual need" (Dolbey 1964, 68). The chapels are defined as vernacular buildings for they were built out of local materials, and often "constructed by the community" (May 2010, 8). They fall under Carter and Cromley's definition of vernacular architecture, borrowed from Eric Mercer, in that the buildings are "pervasive" and "commonly encountered" (2005, 8). Dolbey, many years before these definitions were formed, observed that there are "three main architectural characteristics" to be seen in the Methodist chapels, that is, "simplicity of form and plan, neatness of appearance, and the use of local materials" (1964, 68).

Figure 25 (earlier in this section) shows the original façade of the South Side Church. It also shows the two spires, the original small panes of glass in the windows and the original cemetery fence. The church was built in what became the classic chapel style, and it was built “neat and strong,” just as Wesley desired his chapels to be (Wesley 1769). Today the current exterior of the Church Museum is still simple, elegant and symmetrical and the building’s connection to Georgian Revival architecture in Great Britain is apparent.

Chapter Three

A Group of Eight: the informants

Irene Pardy, Gordon Burton, Kay Boyd, Eleanor Manuel, Alf Manuel, Howard Butt, Cyril Dalley and Jim Troke make up my “Group of Eight”, the people I interviewed for this thesis, and this chapter is about them. The format here is a brief biography, and a few of their personal stories, and thereafter inserting their words into various sections of communal memories in other chapters. I hope their words will speak for them.

Each person in the group is, of course, unique, and certain aspects of their character stood out for me. Irene has a love for archiving and cares for the documents, ephemera and artifacts of the church; she is the curator in the group. Howard showed much strength of character in his humour, storytelling and love and support for his family. I was impressed with Jim’s crafted powder horns and scrimshaw work, his writing and his deep interest in local history. Gordon’s love and long-time interest in the church was clear to me, and I was struck with his stories about the Ashbourne premises as well. Kay’s keen intelligence is obvious, and she applied it, along with passion and diligence, to the endless hours of work she invested in saving the church and the organ. Eleanor showed me her joy in life, and her musical gift with a connection to the legacy of playing the organ that her mother gave her. Alf has a quiet wisdom, along with a deep, inherited knowledge of wood and woodworking. Cyril’s hard-working and affectionate nature was very apparent, along with his deeply ethical and caring support of his community and family.

The group is aware of the durability of material culture; they show this in the possession of family artefacts or heirlooms, such as powder-horns, passed to them by previous generations, and which they display in their homes. They understand the role these objects play in cultural presentation, that is, in the presentation of their heritage. Andrew Jones points out, “as physical materials, artefacts provide an authentic link to the past and as such can be re-experienced” (2007, 3). The “authentic link” in the case of my informants consists of their own memories and history, both personal and communal, connected with these objects. This, together with preserving the church, means they are presenting the past in the present. And just as they received their powder-horns and pump organs, which they will likely bequeath to their children, they have the hope that the old church will also be passed on to future generations.

The group told stories of themselves that link their lives together, often in small details, sometimes in large events. There are common threads in the stories that connect the old church with their homes and the shops and the harbour, creating a memory-scape of the world that they lived in once in Twillingate. These stories are linked to the history of the wider community. By linking to the town’s heritage, they are reinforcing and reproducing their own heritage.

As I described in Chapter One, the first time I met some of them was in a group meeting Howard arranged for me in June of 2011. This meeting was an opportunity for me to introduce myself, and explain what I was hoping to accomplish in my thesis research. They were very supportive of what I wanted to do. They immediately told me many things, like how the church tower used to be used in coordinates by fishermen (using points and triangulation) to locate or “mark” a known and good fishing ground;

the tower can be seen from a far distance out on the water.⁵ They also talked about the late Eli Reid, who had been a sexton for the old church at one time, and who had many stories about the church. Sadly he had passed away a year or two before, an experience in folklore work many folklorists have had.

I met with most of them again as a group in December of 2012 when Kay arranged a get-together at her house. This meeting was so I could show them the slide show and talk on the thesis work that I had presented at the 2013 Museum Association of Newfoundland and Labrador Conference (and which I went on to present at the Canadian Museum Association Annual Conference in April of 2014). Several of the group had also come to a slide show and presentation about my thesis work earlier in the year, at the Anchor Inn Hotel in Twillingate in April. The presentation was to show my work to them and their spouses, as well as others in the NorthEast Church Heritage Association who had declined to be interviewed.

Everyone in my group of informants struck me as a confident and established person, and all of them have the ability to tell stories. They all have varied interests and activities, much of which we did not talk about in any great depth, for different reasons. Even though I collected over thirty hours of interview material, there is much that is “missing.” My informants never felt the need to tell me “all” about themselves; I asked them about certain things, and that is what they answered to. For example, I found out only in general conversation long after first interviewing him, that Gordon Burton was a volunteer fire fighter in Twillingate. Then I found out that so was Alf,

⁵ A mark means “one of two (or more) land features or objects lined up by a fisherman in order to locate the position of a fishing ground” (*Dictionary of Newfoundland English* 1990, <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#2843>>).

and also Howard, and Kay's husband Ted (Kay Boyd, phone conversation, October 7, 2015). I also found out that Eleanor was in The Firettes (a group who volunteered and helped with the Fire Hall activities), as was her sister Kay. The Firettes helped to create the Fire Hall's Christmas float in the local Santa Claus parade, for example, and Alf helped to build the float. As Eleanor said, "we did everything" (A. Christie field notebook, page 115, December 12, 2012). In spite of the myriad of activities my informants engaged in (and still do), they did not tell me everything.

Most of the time I interviewed them in their kitchens or living rooms, and without fail I found their homes to be beautifully maintained and artfully decorated, often with the aforementioned heirlooms in sight, an item that links them to their family's or their town's past. Every house was also filled with a sense of something that many would call "homey", each was a place well lived in, comfortable, safe, clean, full of light and expressing the personalities of those who dwell there.

The following descriptions are biographical in nature. The sections include some stories connected to their life and experiences around the old church. I include these stories because they speak to the memory-scape that they see when they think of the church. Many remember their parents or the family home, others remember their work life. Their lives took place in the vicinity of the church. Figure 31 is a reference map I drew based on a map I procured from the Twillingate Town Hall. My map shows the location of the old South Side Church (the circled x on the right side of the map), and the locations of my informants' childhood homes (each marked with a small x) during an approximate time frame between 1940 and 1960. I also marked where the

North Side United Church used to be, as well as St. Peter's Anglican Church (the circled x marks on the left side).

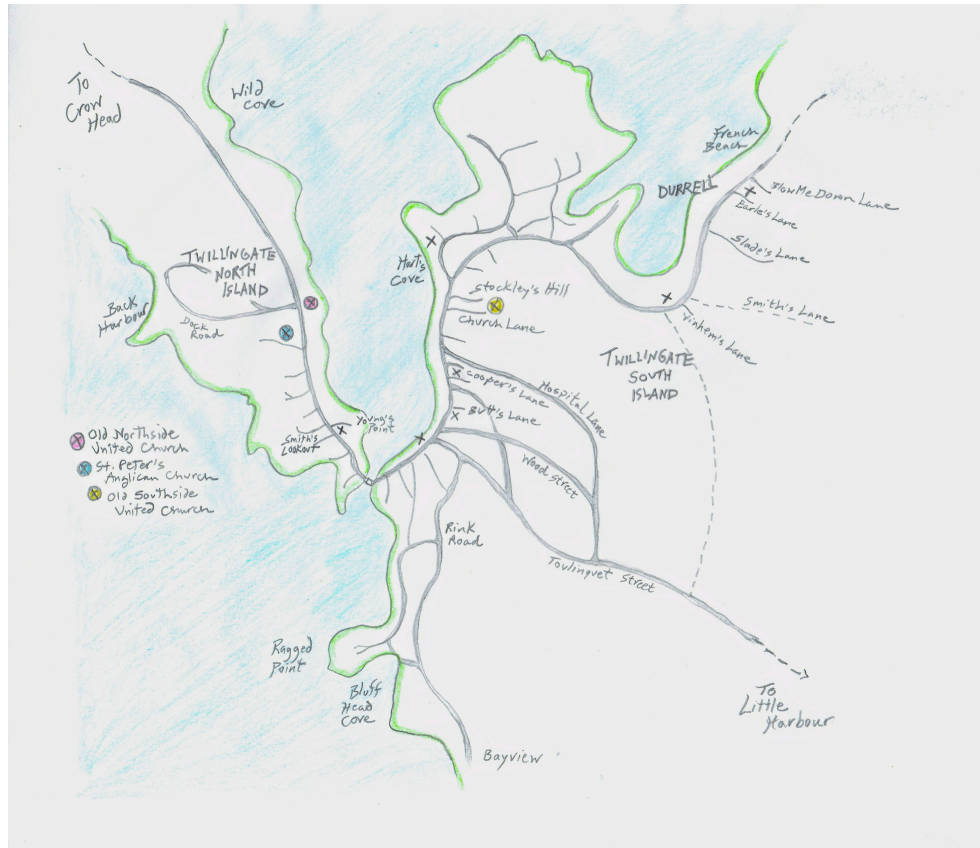


Figure 31. Reference map of Twillingate showing locations of the churches and the informants' homes. Drawing by A. Christie, based on a map of Twillingate created by Karen Grimes, administrator, Town Hall, Twillingate, 2012 (Used with permission).

Alf Manuel was the only one of my informants who grew up on the North Island: his home can be seen near the bottom of Smith's Lookout, down the road from St. Peter's Church, which he has attended since he was a child. Eleanor and Kay grew up across the harbour from Alf, near where Toulinguet Street meets the main road on the South Island. Howard Butt's childhood home is near Butt's Lane. Irene grew up nearby, beside Cooper's Lane. Gordon's home was in Hart's Cove. Jim Troke and

Cyril both grew up farther away; the x for Jim's childhood home can be seen near Vinhem's Lane, and Cyril's between Earle's Lane and Blow Me Down Lane.⁶

Irene Pardy: retired nurse, organist, archivist, volunteer, historian and preservationist



Figure 32. Irene Pardy in her kitchen in Little Harbour, August 16, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

Irene Pardy is an excellent example of the modesty of my informants, and their habit of not telling me everything about themselves. She told me she was a nurse, but it was years before she told me that she was a “District Nurse” on the “hospital boat” (Pardy 2012a, 8:43). This boat was the *Bonnie Nell II*, and it travelled from outport to outport providing health care and medical attention; the service first started in 1936, on the first *Bonnie Nell*, outfitted for examinations, dental work and X-rays, the first of its kind in the area (Clarke 2012). Nor did Irene tell me how many babies she delivered over the years. Someone else told me that. Modest is the word. When I had my visits

⁶ Thank you to Jim Troke and Howard Butt, who provided some corrections to my original map, regarding the exact location of the old North Side Church on my original map and the route to Little Harbour. I created a new map in February of 2016.

with Irene to interview her, our focus was on the church and on me, and the specific questions I had for her. She did not focus on herself.

When I entered Irene's kitchen for the first time I was immediately struck with how cozy and warm it was. This was because of the old wood-burning kitchen stove to the immediate left as I entered the kitchen. There is no warmth in a room quite like that supplied by a wood-burning stove, and Irene had stoked up the stove before my arrival. Irene immediately told me the story of 'her stove' and 'his stove', for the kitchen has the wood-burning stove and an electric stove besides (which is over to the right, inset in the kitchen counter). Her husband wanted the electric stove and she wanted to keep the wood-burning stove (which can also burn coal), so they kept both. I found this a sensible compromise, as each stove comes with its own attributes, which cannot be supplied by the other.



Figure 33. Irene Pardy's woodstove in her kitchen in Little Harbour, August 16, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

Irene Edith Pardy was born Irene Edith Young in Twillingate on January 29th, 1934. She was born in Captain John Butcher's house, on the South Side. She told me that she thinks that she was named after Captain Butcher's wife. This house has become Crewe's Bed and Breakfast, which, coincidentally, was the establishment on the South Side I was staying in at the time I interviewed Irene. Her father's name was Augustus Blandford Young. Irene said, "Everyone knew him as Gus, or Gussie" (Pardy 2015b, 16:54). A carpenter, he did regular work for Ashbourne's and also built a number of houses in Twillingate. He showed ingenuity in that not only was he one of the first to drive a Model T Ford around the town (in 1945); he also put a car engine in his basement to provide power to his house. Irene said, "He used the engine of a Model T Ford as a lighting plant. He'd charge up the batteries and use it. That was before electricity was in Twillingate" (Pardy 2015b, 17:50).



Figure 34. Gus Young in his Model T Ford, Twillingate. Photo courtesy of Randy Jenkins, Old Twillingate Snaps Facebook group 2008. Online photograph. <<http://tinyurl.com/Randy-Jenkins-photo>>[viewed December 5, 2015].

Figure 34, of Gus with his Model T, was accessed via the Facebook group, Old Twillingate Snaps. It looks like he has driven the car onto the harbour ice. A comment underneath the photo, by Jim Smith, said, “He used to take one wheel off his car, hook it up to a belt and run his sawmill!” (2008).

Irene’s mother’s name before she was married was “Nellie” Inder. Irene told me that Nellie was short for Ethel (Pardy 2015, 28:50). Nellie had been the telegraph operator at the “Post and Telegraph” (a branch of the Newfoundland Posts and Telegraphs Department) in Springdale before she married Irene’s father (2011a, 4:34).

Irene’s father was raised by his aunt, Irene’s Great-Aunt Dorcas. Great-Aunt Dorcas was her father’s mother’s half-sister. Irene described how his upbringing came about, and her story gives an indication of how difficult life was for her forbears in the early 1900s in outport Newfoundland:

Grandmother Young died age thirty-nine, of tuberculosis. She left five children when she died in '99 [1899], her last one was born March 7th in 1899, she died that September. That was 1899 and in 1902 Grandfather died. And they had left five children. And already when she died in September of 1899 she had three children deceased. Two of them died of diphtheria; don’t know what the other died of. I don’t know if Dad ever knew. But [of the two deceased] when they got back from the funeral of one, the other one was dead. And that was pre-schoolers eh? Prior to 1899. Dorcas Clarke, her half sister, raised the children; except one went over by the Orange Hall and lived with a relative. And she [the child] died in her early twenties, again, of tuberculosis. She had been teaching in the Green Bay area somewhere or other and then got a chill and then I suppose tuberculosis. The other four lived to a ripe old age, because Dad was ninety-eight years and five months [when he passed away]. (Pardy 2015b, 10:01)

Irene spent three years away from Twillingate when she went to St. John’s in 1952 to study nursing. She returned to Twillingate in 1955 and started working as a

nurse. When I phoned her in September of 2015 she told me that her graduating class of nurses would be having their annual Alumni dinner in St. John's on October 1st and celebrating their 60th anniversary. She had a nursing career that was "split up," as she put it, with "three kids thrown in between it" (Pardy 2015b, 2:55). She worked at the hospital, and then on the hospital boat for two years in 1957 and '58. During this time she lived with her family, until she married Harry Pardy, a carpenter from Little Harbour. They were married in a United Church ceremony in Lewisporte, on December 10th in 1960, in the parsonage. She told me it was a small wedding: that they "kind of sneaked away" (Pardy 2011a, 2:21). They celebrated their 55th wedding anniversary on December 10, 2015.

After her marriage she went to live in Little Harbour with her husband and she attended the Little Harbour United Church (see Figure 5 in Chapter Two). When the children were old enough she returned to work as a Public Health nurse, first part-time and then full.

In her childhood Irene lived just down the road from the South Side church, and attended the church regularly. She also played the organ for church services now and then. When she moved to Little Harbour in 1960 she played the pump organ that was in that church, as well as attending that church with her family. She alternated playing with her husband's mother, Ira Pardy. Today she plays the electric organ in the new Central United Church occasionally, to fill in for someone when needed (Pardy 2011b, 42:56).

She learned to play the organ from Howard Butt's mother, "at their house" she said, "but then when I got advanced enough at the music to be able to learn, then you

had to do down [to the church] and practice on the organ . . . we had to, to get to know the foot notes eh?” (Pardy 2015b, 29:53). She laughed as she said, “as soon as you learned a few notes then you were learning to play hymns; nothing by Beethoven or anything you know” (Pardy 2015b, 6:06). She added:

There’s about four of us who do play using the foot pedals . . . there are a lot can play an organ but they’re not used to foot pedals. Kay can. And Eleanor as you know. And Howard does. Won’t play that much but he’s good too. As well as Howard Loveridge who plays in our church [Central United], and his brother, Joe Loveridge, who was the undertaker. (Pardy 2015b, 5:28)

Irene went on to say:

I had a pump organ myself. The pump organ belonged to my dad’s sister. The one who lived over by the Orange Hall with relatives, that was hers. Aunt Olive. She died, and Mom made enquiries when items were being sold. It had just been sold to a teacher, Mr. Horwood, and Mom said to him, ‘If you ever leave Twillingate and don’t want to take the organ, give us first chance because of whose it was’. And then I got it. They got it for me. I was probably in my mid-teens, I think. I still have it. (Pardy 2015b, 30:39)

Her childhood home was very near Howard’s childhood home. The house is on Blandford’s Lane, “in between Cooper’s Lane and Young’s Lane” (Pardy 2012b, 16:58). The old house is still in the family, and is rented out to tourists in the summertime. Irene also still has her old pump organ, as she said, and plays it often.



Figure 35. Irene Pardy at her pump organ, August 16, 2011.
Photo by A. Christie.

The organ is in a room that Irene calls the “antique room” (Pardy 2015b, 30:39); the organ sits inside a cupboard with the doors removed (Figure 35). This room looks like a small museum: it has various artifacts and photographs everywhere, and impressively, there are a number of guns and two powder horns and some shot bags hanging on the wall.



Figure 36. The guns and powder-horns hanging in Irene Pardy's "antique room." June 20, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

The guns belong to her husband, Harry. Irene told me that one of the powder-horns belonged to her grandfather's grandfather and that the scrimshaw on this horn says Stephen Young, Twillingate, Newfoundland, November 5, 1824 (Pardy phone interview notes, December 9, 2015). The craft of scrimshaw is often primarily associated with sailors and whalers, understood to be an art form developed in the 19th century when it was popular to etch and carve on a large extracted tooth of a sperm whale (Glassie 1969, 182). However, during the 17th and 18th centuries, during the "colonial period," it is considered that this technique was learned from the traditional carving on powder-horns done in Europe and in America: "long before the whaleman started scrimshawing, powder-horns engraved with nautical motifs were being made and used on board British and American ships" (Glassie 1968, 183-84). Irene's family powder-horns carry on this tradition.

Irene's great-great-grandfather's powder-horn also has a sentence with some words missing, as follows: "From crooked guns and . . . good Lord deliver us." She

told me she does not know what the words were. Besides this there are carved images of “a walrus, a fish and a bare-breasted lady” (Pardy phone interview notes, December 9, 2015).

I think of Irene’s “antique room” displays as a domestic heritage exhibition. Diane Tye called personal collections on display “folk history,” in that it “represents a component of an individual or community’s world-view that is expressed outside of the confines of formally organized institutions such as museums and art galleries” (1989, 1).

Irene is the Secretary for the NorthEast Church Heritage Association, and has organized all the records and information for the church. She co-wrote various documents for the Church Museum. She also created several binders of information on the church. These binders are available in the Church Museum for the public to peruse when they visit the site in the summer tourist season. She is considered by others in the group to be the archivist for the museum.

On a visit in December, 2012 I met Irene’s husband Harry; I went down to the basement to visit Harry in his workshop. There I entered a wonderland of a basement, filled with tools and wood, taking up the full length of the house. Irene told me he spends hours and hours there, and is very content to do so. I asked Irene what he makes down there, and she said: “Harry builds boats, model boats. Years ago it was bigger boats, but now it’s model ones” (Pardy 2015b, 29:20). Afterwards the three of us had lunch. Irene had cooked homemade macaroni and cheese and along with this, as a condiment, we had some of their homemade partridgeberry jam. It was a delicious combination.

Gordon Burton: retired retail clerk, museum guide, volunteer, and preservationist

As mentioned in Chapter One, I first met Gordon Burton in the summer of 2009 when I was at the Church Museum with my husband taking some exterior photos. The church was locked, so I started taking photos of the exterior. From across the road a dignified, grey-haired man approached, introduced himself, and opened the door to the church.

Gordon explained that he had seen my husband and me from his house across the road, and that when he is able he comes over to take people inside the church after museum hours, or in the off-season. He said he had let many people into the church who might otherwise have not been able to go inside. He told us stories and showed us around; he was an all-round excellent guide.



Figure 37. Gordon Burton, on the road by the church. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

Gordon showed me the church again in August of 2011. Once more, it was because he saw us stopping at the church to take photos, and he came out of his house and up the lane to see us. My notes from that day read:

He showed me where the coal used to go, under the stairs, in two cupboards either side. And he showed us the communion rail, where he thought for a moment and said, “How beautiful it is.” He pointed out an old Sunday School document with his forbear’s name on it, and outside he showed me the headstone for his Uncle Mark, who died at sea in 1918; he [Uncle Mark] got on a schooner loaded with salt fish for Spain, and was never seen again. Aged twenty-two years old. (A. Christie field notebook, page 93, August 20, 2011)

The name of Mark has been kept in the family, passed along in the generations that followed the young fisherman. I have some excellent photos of the church from that day, and the lovely memory the “Keeper of the Key,” as I like to think of him at that time. In November of 2012 he moved, with his wife Ruby, into a retirement condominium on the North Side. He can still see the church from where he lives, but he no longer has the all-day, every-day contact with the building that he once had.

Gordon was born in Hart’s Cove, near the town of Twillingate, on April 7th, 1932, and this is where he grew up. He told me he went to school at the Arm Academy (Durrell’s Arm). He said it was a beautiful building, “built in nineteen hundred and eight”, but it was eventually torn down (Burton 2011b, 1:24:24). His father’s name was John Burton, and his mother was a Barrett, named Lucinda. His father was a carpenter and worked for Ashbourne’s Ltd. in Twillingate, doing maintenance and outdoor work. Gordon said:

He worked on Ashbourne’s rooms all his life, for years and years, yes. He used to repair the cod traps for the fishermen you know? When they were tore up in the storm, they’d take them up and bring them ashore, my father was good at that eh? He used to go down to the beaches in different coves and repair those nets you know, for the fishermen. Did that for years, eh? (Burton 2011c, 2:55)

In 1946, at the age of fourteen, Gordon also began to work for Ashbourne's Ltd. He began by delivering messages, such as telegrams, and picking up and delivering mail and packages from the CN boat that would come into the coastal wharf on the North Side of Twillingate.

I was carrying telegrams, messages for the store, over to the office on the North Side, I'd walk over there, but then I got a bike. I'd bike over to the Sun office, The *Twillingate Sun* was published over on the other side. I'd deliver to the office [and they would be sent out]. I'd be back and forth all day. (Burton 2011b, 1:33:11)

Gordon advanced from delivery to become a retail clerk; he worked both in the office and in the retail store. Today, still standing on the shore, these are the two remaining buildings of Ashbourne's Ltd. (see Figure 2 in Chapter Two).

I worked in the shop, in the general store. There were eight clerks there, used to work in the store there. The main floor was groceries and on the left hand side, on the other side, was what they called the 'ladies' side', boots and fur tops [collars], materials and wool . . . things would come in on the boat. Everything came by boat. One-hundred-pound sacks of flour. Beans, loose beans in one-hundred-pound bags too. We used to have a place, where [there were] beans and a big [bin] for tea and sugar, loose sugar, with a big scoop for bringing it up you know? Sell it by weight. Paper bags on the scale and weigh it up you know. Beans and split peas. All that. All the different things. (Burton 2011c, 20:15)

"The second floor," he said, "was all full of clothing, [a] big rack with women's clothing, and boots, jeans and men's big overalls you know?" (Burton 2011b, 1:32:27). He told me they "sold everything there, they sold everything from a needle to an anchor. They sold everything: groceries and hardware . . . pieces of plywood . . . everything. You name it" (Burton 2011b, 7:40).

Ashbourne's owned a schooner named the *Bessie Marie*. As mentioned in Chapter Two, this three-masted schooner was built in Burlington in Notre Dame Bay in 1929 (Clarke 2012, 66). The *Bessie Marie* carried freight and went sealing in the spring as well.



Figure 38. The *M.V. Bessie Marie* on sealing duty in 1947. Photo courtesy of Judy Cooper-Kennell, "The First Trip the *Bessie Marie* made to the Ice Fields under Capt. Saul White," Old Twillingate Snaps Facebook group, 2013. Online photograph. <<http://tinyurl.com/judykennellphoto>> [viewed February 15, 2014].

Gordon told me about a photo he has of the *Bessie Marie* being pulled ashore for repairs. He said he was there when it happened:

There's four or five hundred men there all together. That was a large schooner you know, 152 tonnes and they pulled her out of the water by manpower, by hand. I was nineteen years old. I was there when they pulled it up . . . They had three huge anchors and three toggles [tackle] on each anchor, block and toggle, and they had a hundred men on each line I think, and they pulled her right up out of the water. (Burton 2012, 23:10).

He also told me how the men sang a song to coordinate the pulling of the boat (or the hauling of a house): “Johnny Poker was the song they used to sing . . . I can’t remember it all now, but ‘Johnny Poker PULL!’ was the last words you know, then everybody would pull at one time” (Burton 2012, 24:39).

Fruit was shipped in eight or ten times a year, Gordon told me during a phone interview. Apples came from Sydney, Nova Scotia, and bananas, oranges, lemons and grapes from elsewhere all came in on the *Bessie Marie*. “Most would go to the hospital, mostly for staff,” he said, “They would come and pick it up themselves” (Burton phone interview notes, November 27, 2013). This was the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital in Twillingate, on the South Side. Ashbourne’s Ltd. would store a hundred boxes in the root cellar at the back of the premises; it was said to be the biggest root cellar in Twillingate. There were barrels and barrels of apples (from Nova Scotia) and vegetables from local farms that local people would buy. Soft drinks, like Suncrest and Orange Crush, were stored in the root cellar as well. Storing them in the root cellar kept the soft drinks from freezing in the winter (Burton phone interview notes, November 27, 2013).

In the same interview Gordon told me about a butcher who worked for Ashbourne’s Ltd., named Stanley Young. At the end of the week a farmer from New World Island would bring one of their cows to Twillingate in their own boat. The slaughterhouse was in a store on the wharf. The cow was killed, and people would buy the meat. Some people would only buy on the first day, but it was kept in a meat building on the wharf and roasts were sold over in the store for three days. This was

before refrigeration was available in Twillingate (Burton phone interview notes, November 27, 2013).

The following photo is of Ashbourne's Premises, as it looked in its heyday. A copy of this photo was displayed in Gordon's house in the basement. Gordon had explained to me what the buildings were used for when he worked there.



Figure 39. Ashbourne's Ltd. Courtesy Ross Ashbourne, "Ashbourne's main operations, before the 1940s when all the buildings were white," 2016, Twillingate and the Isles History Facebook group. Online photograph. <<http://tinyurl.com/rossashbournephoto>> [viewed June 21, 2016].

The two buildings that still exist, the office and the general store (with the tall flagstaff), can be seen behind all the others in Figure 39. Gordon said that the building, "this big one out front", was a "seal factory", to "render out the seal oil" (Burton 2011b, 7:40). The smaller one that looks like a barn with the hipped roof was a "retail store outside, selling molasses; molasses in puncheons" (Burton 2011b, 7:40). All the rest of the buildings were fish stores, for salt fish, and to the far left of the photo there were "great big fish flakes" (Burton 2011b, 7:40). The large, uneven pile to the left of the wharf in the photo is a woodpile; "they used to sell firewood too, eh? They'd go out in the bay in the boats, and sell firewood," Gordon said (Burton 2011b, 8:45).

Gordon told me many stories from the years he worked at Ashbourne's. I think they could make up a small book, and most cannot be included here, but a few of them really stand out for me, like the following story:

The first Christmas I worked there, the guy there, Bill Ashbourne, he was part of the business. He wasn't the owner but part of the business. When he locked up the store door, he said, "Come here, come over here Gordon," I didn't know what he wanted, he was over where the chocolate bars were you know? And he filled all my pockets full of chocolate bars, every pocket I had full of chocolate bars. I said, "Bill, I got to go home and tell my mother, she's going to think I took those bars eh?" [Gordon chuckles]. And he said, "Don't tell anyone, but tell your mother that I gave them to you. Tell your mother I gave you all these bars, enough bars for all of Christmas, over the holidays. He filled my pockets full of chocolate bars. I was fourteen years old. I had bars all Christmas. (Burton 2011c, 34:59)

The following story is especially good. Gordon told it to me after I showed him a photo I had taken of the two remaining Ashbourne buildings, the ones that he worked in. We laughed and laughed after he told me this story:

We used to have block and tackle in the store, to hoist up freight from the first floor, brought it to the third floor . . . when the freights unloaded from the boats, hoist it up there. In the store upstairs, a big block and tackle you know? Inside the building, attached to floor [on the second floor], and you'd pull it up. And one day, me and Max Stuckless were upstairs, Max Stuckless worked with me right? We were about twenty or eighteen years old I suppose. We were hoisting up freight and there was this man upstairs, and he'd say "Go up", we'd come take the rope when he'd say and come on [and do it]. "Go up" that means we'd hoist up the freight eh? So this big man come in the shop to get served, before he'd go home, to get a few things, a few groceries, and he had a big, heavy coat on eh? A big, heavy coat, what they called a mackinaw coat, used to call it years ago. Someone hooked the hook in his big coat, and called "Go up!" [he laughs]. Yes, me and Max were strong, and come on [we pulled], and "What have we got here?" we said! Hooked into this big man and hauled him off the floor . . . [His] coat went over his head. He was mad at us [and] it wasn't our fault! It was a great big hook on the rope. One of the men took the hook and

put it in the big coat and said, “Go up!” and when he said “Go up” we didn’t look down we just took the rope, and come on. And I said, “What have we go on [here] Max?” Looked down, this old man was hauling off the floor, he was two hundred pounds, right off the floor you know. He was mad. Oh, I tell you, the stories. I could tell you some stories from over the years, the things that happened. (Burton 2011b, 1:30:09)

Another favourite, which I call the “Molasses in a Bag” story, was when a customer insisted on buying some molasses, in spite of having nothing to take it home in:

And I knows a man carried two pails of molasses in two paper bags, on a bitter cold day. Two paper bags – one in the other – and bitter cold, and he just put his hand underneath the bag . . . He didn’t have a can with him eh? No can with him? He came up the road with no can. So he told the storekeeper, “Mr. Harold, you put the molasses in a paper bag.” And he [Mr. Harold] says, “You can’t do that, ye’re going to lose it.” And he [the man] said, “If I lose it, that’s my own fault.” So he says, “Get two paper bags” – you know the shop’s old-fashioned paper bags – “and put one down in the other and pour the molasses in the two bags.” Cause it was a bitter cold winter day eh? And molasses was so thick you know? And he poured half a gallon in the paper bag and put his hand on the bottom like this and walked right down to Hart’s Cove – almost a mile he walked eh? Didn’t lose a spoonful. Only lost what soaked in the paper. It was really cold. He did that. I remember that. (Burton 2012, 35:58)

All of these stories about Ashbourne’s are a part of Gordon’s particular memoryscape of Twillingate. For Gordon as an adult, and especially after he moved from Hart’s Cove to live across the street from the church, his home life, church life and work life existed within a triangle, formed by his house, the church and the Ashbourne premises, just down the street. That “place” is “a special kind of object,” as Tuan describes it, “It is a concretion of value, though not a valued thing that can be handled or carried about easily; it is an object in which one can dwell” (1977, 12). The buildings cannot be separated from Gordon’s life; he still dwells in that place in his memories.

Gordon volunteered in various ways throughout his life. When he was a youth he helped with the ringing of the bell at the church now and then, or with pumping the manual pump for the pipe organ. In his adult life he used to sing in the church choir, going for choir practice on Friday nights. He was also a volunteer fireman.

In 1952 Gordon married Ruby Jenkins in the South Side Church, and they had two children together. Gordon worked for Ashbourne's for thirty-three years, until 1979 when the store closed. He was forty-seven years old when Ashbourne's shut down. After this he did some fishing and lobster catching until the fishery closed in 1992.

My first interview with Gordon took place in the kitchen of the house he lived in, across the road from the church. It is a small house, with a surprisingly large basement. Gordon and Ruby lived together in Hart's Cove, in a house that was built by his uncle. In 1961 Gordon took it down and used the wood to have it rebuilt in the location across from the church. He bought the land from the Ashbourne family (Burton 2012, 29:40). It was very cosy and it was, like all the other informants' homes, well furnished, clean and attractively decorated. Gordon was proud to show me around after the interview.

He showed me the various pieces of artwork on the walls, as well as framed photographs. Each piece had a story to go with it. He showed me a charming watercolour painting by Doris McCarthy (b. 1910, d. 2010), who was recognized to be one of "this century's most influential and celebrated Canadian artists" (McCarthy 2004, 111), who was well known for painting icebergs. Gordon told me she was painting in the area and came in for tea. She did a quick painting of Gordon's mother

knitting in a rocking chair, and gave it to the family. He showed me another framed piece of art on the wall, a portrait of him by Grant Boland, a Newfoundland artist. The title is “Portrait of a Fisherman” and Gordon found that funny, as he does not consider himself to have been a full-time fisherman. I think it is an excellent portrait of Gordon.



Figure 40. Framed portrait of Gordon Burton by Grant Boland.
Photo by A. Christie, August 17, 2011.

He also showed me a large, framed black-and-white photo of his son at around the age of three or four, next to a huge lobster. His son did not look impressed with the creature, but Gordon appeared to still take great delight in it.

After the interview was over, we went down into Gordon’s basement. It was like a small museum down there, full of antique furniture and memorabilia, including an old wood-burning cook stove, the classic white wood stove of so many Newfoundland kitchens. Similar to Irene Pardy, he still had it working and he said it could warm up the whole house and dry out the basement. He would “keep it going in

the wintertime” (Burton 2011b, 10:55); it was “cosy and warm on a cold winter’s day” (Burton 2011b, 1:23: 25).



Figure 41. The woodstove in the basement, August 17, 2011.
Photo by A. Christie.

Also similar to Irene he had a gun rack with two guns and a powder horn hung on the wall. These belonged to his father.



Figure 42. Gun and powder horn in Gordon Burton’s basement of his old house on the South Side, August 17, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

When Gordon was a small boy, he and his father were out in the boat hunting for sea birds for their supper:

He loaded the gun a second time you know? Put powder and shot in the gun. And he didn't know he put it into her see, and he put some more in on top of what was there. After he fired it, that's what you call a 'double loading' eh? Out in the boat, yes, and he fell backwards, knocked him right backwards in the boat, legs up, and the gun cut his face open there, his nose and that. And he said, 'Gordon, I'm beat to pieces' . . . I had to row the boat in, a small boy, ten years old eh? [If] he fired over the side of her he would have gone overboard you know, but he fired over the heel of her, so he came back, fair back in the boat eh? That was the only time it happened you know. (Burton 2011c, 1:33)

The furniture down in the basement consisted of lovely, vernacular pieces,⁷ in particular a dining table and a sofa. Gordon told me the table was “built by hand . . . all hand carved”, made by his Uncle Arthur Burton (Burton 2011b, 10:59). The sofa had belonged to his mother he said it was also hand carved, and “over one hundred years old” (Burton 2011b, 10:59).

Before I left he gave me a cod jigger⁸ he had made, but he did not tell me he had made it in his workshop, which had been located in a shed at the back of his old house on the South Side. So I never saw his workshop, not knowing about it. I wish I had seen it; others have told me it was an impressive place.

⁷ The term “vernacular” is a contested term in folklore studies, here I’m using it in reference to vernacular furniture, the meaning as described and used by folklorists such as Henry Glassie and Gerald Pocius (Glassie 2000; Pocius 1991).

⁸ The cod jigger Gordon gave me is made of metal, with two hooks. They can have a single hook also. A jigger is an “unbaited, weighted hook(s) used with a line to catch cod (or squid) by giving a sharp, upward jerk.” *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*. < <http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#2416> > [viewed August 14, 2016].

Kay Boyd: retired teacher, volunteer, grant writer, and preservationist



Figure 43. Kay Boyd, at her dining table, August 15, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

I went to Kay's house for my first interview with her in August of 2011. She welcomed me into her home and gave me tea and homemade chocolate cake. She was easy to talk with, displaying a sharp intellect and a wry sense of humour. Her living room is filled with books, and her mother's old Hammond organ is against the stairs. Kay said she likes to play it now and then. Her mother, who was one of the organists for the old South Side Church, had owned an old pump organ, which wore out and became too difficult to play in her elder years, so her family got her this organ. A token of her preservation of the important parts of the past, her mother's Hammond organ allows her to continue her connection to the community and her family's past.



Figure 44. Kay's Hammond organ. This organ was bought for Kay's mother when her old pump organ wore out and was too hard for her to play anymore. December 8, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Kay is a reflective person, and a person who does the unexpected at times. For example, she volunteered for the long-term Alzheimer's patients' ward at the Notre Dame Bay Hospital for several years, taking the midnight to eight a.m. shifts. She said she likes that shift, and she still goes in to help with palliative care when needed (2012b, 1:09:04). Saving an old church is unexpected too, but she saw the need for it to happen and she answered the call to do so.

She knows the intrinsic, irreplaceable value of the historic building and the antique pipe organ within it. She will never stop arguing for the wisdom of preserving the building; she spoke emphatically about it, saying:

My ancestors went there, and I firmly believe that you need to know where you came from in order to know where you're going. And if you concentrate on saving some of those old buildings, which I think is important historically, then somebody needs to do the research, and when you do the research *then* the research is preserved, and people *know* how this [or that] happened; there is preservation of your *heritage*. (Boyd 2011b, 11:11)

Her dedication to the old church, and to its Bevington organ in particular, is so strong that much that happened in the years since the church closed in 1987 may not have happened without Kay's efforts. Others have confirmed this (E. Manuel 2015b, 26:45). Kay has been indefatigable in pursuing knowledgeable people who could help advise on saving the church and restoring the organ, and she wrote grant application after grant application to procure funds to make the preservation a reality.

For example, the procuring of an ACOA (Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency) grant in 2006 to restore the Bevington organ was an impressive achievement. The Association hired a consultant to help with the process, but Kay was the primary researcher and author of the grant proposal (Boyd phone interview notes, October 7, 2015). Her attachment to the Bevington is powerful, even though she herself did not play the organ for church, and she even avoided going to services on occasion as a child. She said she often preferred to stay in with her father when he was home from sea, learning about navigation and practicing tying knots with him. But her mother was organist for the church and some of Kay's earliest memories of the church are of sitting in the choir loft near her mother while she played for a service. Kay described herself as a "little girl with my feet dangling" (Boyd 2015a, 19:05). She told me that she and her two siblings had to sit in the choir quite often:

We had no choice. My Dad was away most of the time, and she [mother] played in the church, so there was nobody to look after us. So we toddled on and we sat in the choir and sat between the people in the choir and sat very patiently while the service went on. (Boyd 2015a, 19:05)

Kay was born on May 15th, in 1941. She is sister to another of my informants, Eleanor Manuel. Their childhood home still stands, located "between Youngs' Lane

and Butt's Lane" (Boyd 2012d, 18:24). Their parents were Eleanor and Harvey White (they also have a brother, Jerry). Their mother was born a Hayward. Kay told me that her great-great-grandfather was Matthias Hayward from Torquay, England (a seaside town in Devon), and was settled in Twillingate by the 1850s (Boyd 2011a, 1:08). One of his sons is buried in the old cemetery at the Church Museum. Another of his sons, Kay and Eleanor's great-grandfather Robert Hayward, became a lay reader at the old South Side Church. His wife, Jane, Kay's great-grandmother, played the organ (Boyd 2011a, 2:50). Thus the church and its musical activities are part of her family's sense of heritage in the community. Though the Hayward family were traditionally coopers and carpenters, Robert's son, Kay and Eleanor's maternal grandfather Edwin Hayward, became a bookkeeper and storekeeper. He managed the Union store in Twillingate for a while, and then owned a small general store on the South Side, "just down the street" from Kay and Eleanor's childhood home and very close to the water (Boyd 2015c, 16:50).

As far as Kay knows, her father's family, the Whites, "came from Wales" (Boyd 2011a, 1:53). She also said, "My father's father was killed during the drive at Beaumont-Hamel [in 1916], so he never knew his father. And his grandparents raised him . . . He was a special grandchild" (Boyd 2012b, 12:01). He wanted for nothing, she said, for though not rich, his grandfather Frederick White was comfortable financially due to the fact he owned and was skipper of his own fishing schooner. He fished Grand Banks in the winter, and Labrador in the summer (Boyd phone interview notes, October 7, 2015).

Kay's father eventually had his own passenger boat. With this boat he ran a service from Twillingate to Lewisporte and back for many years when Kay was young. He was a skipper on other boats after this, involved in the fishery, and then worked for Canadian National Railways on their coastal boats as a mate or a bosun until he retired in 1980. He was away a lot. Kay told me this story:

He would be away for work, and you know, he went to the seal fishery, yes he did, and that was an interesting time in our life because he would be gone four to six weeks in April. And always, when we were very little, my mother bought a jig-saw puzzle, and she would buy one that had about fifteen hundred pieces or so. And after our lessons were done at night, we would sit, and we would do the jig-saw puzzle. We'd start it when Dad left, and by the time he came back, we had this to show him. (Boyd 2012b, 12:01)

Kay said he loved being on the sea, that he was "a restless sailor" (Boyd phone interview notes, October 7, 2015).

Education was always important in their family. Kay mentioned that both her parents finished Grade Eleven, which was not that common for young people in the outports in the 1930s. She also said "we were all readers" (Boyd 2012b, 14:07); Kay and her father would often read the same book together from the library (Boyd phone interview notes, October 7, 2015). Kay described how other children would come by their house, "Oh yes, and borrow books, you know, like the encyclopedia and things like that, I mean we always had magazines . . . and mom would welcome them" (Boyd 2012b, 13:35). Kay does not remember ever learning to read though she remembers her grandfather, Edwin Hayward, reciting poetry to them in his general store, with titles such as "Horatio at the Bridge" and "John Gilpin", and pointing out letters on the boxes in the store to Kay. He passed away when she was only six or seven. Her father

remembered poems and would recite poetry as well (Boyd phone interview notes, October 7, 2015).

Kay and Eleanor's mother taught them both to play the pump organ. Kay used to play for Sunday School in Marshall Hall sometimes. She emphasized though, that unlike Eleanor, who can play by ear, "I *have* to have the book to play" (Boyd 2011b, 1:03:29). She remembers the family would make music together on occasion:

Sometimes on a Sunday afternoon, perhaps Eleanor would play, I might be playing, maybe Mom would be, but nine chances out of ten there would be the five of us, sometimes, singing together. Yes, we did that. And my father had a good voice. (Boyd 2011b, 1:05:30)

Kay also told me about her mother's brother, Fred Hayward, who played the piano, and taught himself to play the violin. He taught himself to be a good amateur photographer as well (Boyd 2015b, 8:45). Three of his photographs are used in this thesis (Figures 25, 86 and 89).

It is perhaps no surprise, with her background and intelligence, that Kay only spent two months in Kindergarten, skipped Grade Eight, and eventually became a teacher. She said that she always enjoyed schoolwork, and in fact, was initially interested in studying nursing at university. But she had graduated from high school at the age of fifteen:

I couldn't even get to MUN [Memorial University of Newfoundland], because I had to be sixteen . . . I got in there at sixteen. I'd already spent a year teaching because with all the little one- and two-room schools, obviously it was very difficult [to get teachers] and I had graduated with honours, so they just approached me and said, 'Would you like to do this? Because we are not going to get a teacher'. And they obviously must have had confidence in me. I mean, I taught Kindergarten to Grade Four. And four Grade Nine French students! At fifteen, barely fifteen at that. (Boyd 2012b, 1:04:06).

That was in 1956. After this she still wanted to go into nursing, but once again age was an issue. One had to be nineteen to enter the program. Kay indicated she was perhaps not “mature enough” to realize what she really wanted to do (Boyd 2012b, 1:06:20). In 1957 Kay went to Memorial University to study to be a teacher. As was the norm, she returned to Twillingate to teach after this, and she taught for two years. But in 1960, to use her words, she said, “This is enough of this, I don’t want to stay here, I’m going to do something different. I took off to Toronto!” (Boyd 2012b, 1:06:20).

In Toronto she worked with group medical claims for Manulife Insurance and Crown Life Insurance. She met her soon-to-be husband, Ted Boyd, who was originally from Tizzard’s Harbour (on New World Island, about forty kilometres by road from her home). Ted worked as an accountant in a bank in Toronto. In 1961, on November 16th, they got married, and returned to Twillingate to have the wedding in the old South Side church. They went back to Toronto after this. However, in 1964 they made the decision to return to Twillingate and stay there on the condition that they find work. Kay was offered work teaching the first Grade Eight class in the high school, and Ted found work at the Notre Dame Hospital. So they stayed. Kay stopped working for a few years when she had their two children, but returned to teaching in 1970. And that’s when she went the “Winston Churchill route” she said laughing, “Blood, sweat, toil and tears, what I always refer to as the Winston Churchill route. I did off-campus summer school and I got my degree: Bachelor of Arts in Education” (Boyd 2012b, 1:08:40). She continued teaching in Twillingate until she retired in 1995.

Eleanor Manuel: retired Canada Post clerk, volunteer, organist, pianist, and preservationist

For my first interview with Eleanor Manuel, on August 18 of 2011, I visited her in the house that her husband Alf built on the North Side of Twillingate. From the back deck of the house you can see the South Side, with the Church Museum's bell tower as a focal point. Eleanor can still see her childhood home on the South Side from her back deck.



Figure 45. The view from the back deck of Eleanor's current home on the North Side, April 24, 2012. The Church Museum, Marshall Hall, Ashbourne's old house (painted pink) and the remaining two buildings of the Ashbourne premises can be seen on the lower right. Photo by A. Christie.

We sat in the kitchen for the interview, and it was bright and breezy, very much like Eleanor herself. She was born Eleanor White, on December 23rd, 1942, named after her mother (Eleanor White née Hayward). Eleanor seems almost Scandinavian to me, with her blue eyes, high cheekbones and light-coloured hair.



Figure 46. Eleanor Manuel in her kitchen, April 24, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Eleanor has always lived in Twillingate, with the exception of a four-year period spent in St. John's just after she turned sixteen. She had finished Grade Eleven and she decided to travel to St. John's to go to secretarial school at the Prince of Wales College, located on Lemarchant Road at that time. She told me she found the city to be "intimidating and exciting" (E. Manuel 2011i, 7:58). She lived at the one-time United Church residence on Long's Hill, and attended church every Sunday at Gower St. United Church. After she finished a year of study at the College she was awarded a diploma called a Grade Eleven Commercial with Honours. She stayed in St. John's after this and worked for the Red Cross and the Bank of Montreal doing clerical work.

On November 16th of 1962 she married Alf Manuel at St. James' United Church in St. John's. Eleanor told me she and Alf "sort of" eloped; "we didn't make a big to-do about it" (E. Manuel 2015b, 19:17). She and Alf grew up together in Twillingate.

We went to different schools. He went to Anglican school and I went to United Church school. And we just knew each other, all the kids knew each other. I think it probably started [when] he was in the Sea Cadets and I was in the Girl Guides, and of course they had the meetings on the same night, so the Girl Guides and the Sea Cadets managed to meet somewhere, away, after the meeting was over [Eleanor laughs]. (E. Manuel 2015b, 19:29)

They married in St. John's as Eleanor was working there. Eleanor said, "Alf was working in Labrador at the time, but he was finished, because his work was seasonal" (E. Manuel 2015b, 10:33). They then returned to Twillingate:

We came home then; we came back home and started to build our house. But we lived with my mom for a year and then we rented a place, 'til we got our house finished enough to move in. Because we had very little money at the time, like most people starting out I suppose, back in the day. (Manuel E. 2015b, 10:38)

Alf was twenty-two years old when he started to build their house: "all his family were woodworkers" (E. Manuel 2011i, 00:29). In 1970 Eleanor was hired as a clerical worker for Canada Post in Twillingate. She worked there until she retired in 1999. She and Alf had three children together, and raised them in the house that Alf built.

Previous to moving to St. John's to attend college, she had only left Twillingate twice. Eleanor went to Corner Brook in 1954 with her friend, Inez White, when she was fourteen.

I came back on the railway. [But] I went with my friend, whose uncle was visiting from Corner Brook, whose car was in Lewisporte. Because we were an island then . . . we had to get on the little boat here in Twillingate and travel four hours to Lewisporte. And then we drove with the uncle on the Trans Canada [Highway], it was only a dirt road then, to Corner Brook . . . I took the train back. To Notre Dame Junction, which is where the train was, it was just a few miles outside of Lewisporte. (E. Manuel 2015a, 12:59)

She also went on a day-trip out of town with a group, as a member of the Twillingate Girl Guides. Queen Elizabeth II was on a tour of Canada, and made a quick stop in Gander (National Archives 1959). The Girl Guides travelled to see her, “It [was] like going to London to see the Queen!” Eleanor said, laughing (E. Manuel 2015b, 1:42). She said they lined up and waved their flags as the Queen drove by. The flag was still the British flag: “it wasn’t that long since we had become part of Canada, you know, it was less than ten years, [since] we were still part of the British Empire, so we all carried our little Union Jacks” (E. Manuel 2015b, 2:15).

When Eleanor went to St. John’s in 1958 the trip involved a four-hour ride in a boat to Lewisporte, and then a long train journey to the city. The trip generally took two days, involving an overnight stay in Lewisporte. Nowadays she travels more frequently and easily of course, driving to St. John’s by car on well-paved roads and highways.

Music is a huge part of Eleanor’s life and always has been. She learned to play the organ from her mother, who was one of the organists for the old South Side Church. As mentioned in Kay’s section, their Uncle Fred was also very musical. Eleanor remembers that he used to tune his own piano; he had a “marvelous ear,” Eleanor said, “he played a lot by ear and a lot by memory” (E. Manuel 2011a, 1:37). Eleanor can also play by ear. She inherited his Hymnary (the Methodist and United Church hymn book), and this is the book she played from the day I first met her in the Church Museum where I recorded her playing the Bevington organ.



Figure 47. Eleanor, seated at the Bevington organ in the Church Museum, August 18, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

I wrote the following in my field notes about recording Eleanor's performance:

When I first stood below to record, the sound of the organ filled the space and I could feel the vibration under my feet and I looked at Eleanor playing the organ her mother played. I got tears in my eyes. (A. Christie field notebook, page 87, August 19th 2011 entry)

I remember that moment very well. The hymn she played was The Eternal Father, Strong to Save, "but it's known as The Mariner's Hymn," Eleanor said. When I listen to the recordings of the organ that I made that day on my small Marantz digital recorder I am impressed at how beautiful the organ sounds, even in a comparatively low-tech recording. Eleanor's phrasing is very musical, the quality of the timbre of the pipes is impressive, and the overtones are rich and sonorous. Some of the other hymns she played that day had titles such as Will Your Anchor Hold in the Storms of Life, Nearer My God to Thee, and What a Friend We Have in Jesus, which Eleanor said "is an old hymn, which we sang here quite a lot" (E. Manuel 2011f, 0:08).

Eleanor shared a lot of memories with me about learning to play the organ:

The earliest memory I have of church is of going with my mother, and if it was her turn to play the organ she took me and my sister and sat us with some choir member up near where the organ is, and we had to be on our best behaviour there. I was always interested in the organ, and sometimes I'd perch on the bench with her, while she was playing, you know. She taught me to play the organ, we had a pump organ, one of the old-fashioned pump organs at home, and I think I could always make a tune, I think before I could talk, I would sit, and as soon as I knew little nursery rhymes and stuff, singing [them], I could pick them out and I'd play. (E. Manuel 2011i, 9:15)

"I sat on that revolving organ stool [at home] from almost before I could walk" (E.

Manuel 2012b, 31:15). Eleanor also told me how her mother taught them to read music (as opposed to playing by ear):

Mom taught us to sight read music, because [there were] lots of dark winter evenings and we were home . . . she'd plunk us down like this [at the keyboard and motion of opening book] and she'd cover the words. She'd open it up to a familiar hymn, some of the children's hymns or something . . . and then she'd make us try to figure out which hymn she had covered up, so [she sings out some notes and motions playing a keyboard] and then we figured "Oh, that's Jesus Bids Us Shine!" . . . that's the way we passed away the time. (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:02:44)

Eleanor could always play by ear:

I'm reading the music but if they took the music away from me I could still do it, I know all the chords. I've got that, whatever that is. If I hear a song, then I can go and sit and play it. We learned notes, which notes make a chord. We learned from an old instruction book called *The Pleasant Hour*, we all learned from it. And we learned scales and all that . . . my mother couldn't play without the notes [sheet music], she couldn't even memorize stuff. If the lights went out in church she wouldn't be able to finish the hymn, even though she played them for years. I learned from my Mom but if the lights went out I could play the whole hymn, I wouldn't care if the lights were on or not! (E. Manuel 2012b, 29:27)

Besides being the organist for St. Peter's, the Anglican church, Eleanor long belonged to a regionally famous music group called The Split Peas (Randell 2010). The Split Peas is made up of seven local women of Twillingate. They perform traditional songs, as well as songs composed by members of the group.



Figure 48. The Split Peas performing in the Orange Hall, June 21, 2011. Eleanor is at the piano and is hidden by the pole to the right. Photo by A. Christie.

As mentioned in Chapter One, on a cold day in June in 2011, the group entertained us mightily with one of their performances in the Orange Hall. The hall was filled with tourists sitting at long tables, many wearing jackets and hats due to the chilly temperature. The Split Peas were a joy to listen to, singing in harmony and singing solos, playing accordion, guitars, bodhran, piano and the ugly stick.

The ugly stick is an iconic Newfoundland percussion instrument, most often used to accompany traditional music; it is hand-made, usually from a mop or a broom handle with pieces of metal loosely affixed to it, such as bottle caps, tin cans or small bells (Maynard, 2001). An old boot is typically attached at the bottom, and various and imaginative bits of decorations (cloth, wool etc.) finish it. To play the ugly stick one rhythmically pounds it on the ground, and runs a stick up and down the noisemakers.

All members of The Split Peas can play the ugly stick; one can be seen playing it in Figure 49.

Between sets of performing on the stage the women offered up a taste of traditional Christmas mummering: they appeared in masks and disguises after the intermission and managed to get quite a few people up to dance with them. It was a lot of fun.

The Split Peas perform twice a week during the summer, have produced several recordings which they sell, and are a mainstay of the tourist season in Twillingate. They have been featured in a *Land and Sea* episode on CBC, and are described there as “Newfoundland’s seven-woman musical sensation” (December 13, 2009). They usually travel to St. John’s once a year and do a concert in the Gower St. United Church. They also perform a benefit concert for the Church Museum once a year during the Fish, Fun and Folk Festival in Twillingate. They do it at the Church Museum, besides performing in the annual Christmas Concert held there.



Figure 49. The Split Peas playing in the Church Museum Christmas Concert; Eleanor is playing a keyboard on the far right. December 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Alf Manuel: journeyman carpenter, craftsman, wooden boat builder, volunteer, heritage advocate, and preservationist

When I think of Alf Manuel I see him smiling, in his quiet way, with the corners of his eyes crinkling up. I also think of him in his workshop out back of his house. It is a building his grandfather built, and Alf moved it from its previous location to its present site in his own yard. He said he thinks his great-grandfather did work in it for a little while, “that would mean it’s at least one hundred years old, because he died in 1915” (A. Manuel 2015, 21:24). I finally went in the workshop during the April 2012 visit to Twillingate. His workshop was full (I think there was at least one wooden boat in there), tidy and bright with natural light. He showed me the two rocking horses he built; one was for a grand-daughter. The rocking horses are big enough for a little child to ride, and are beautifully crafted.

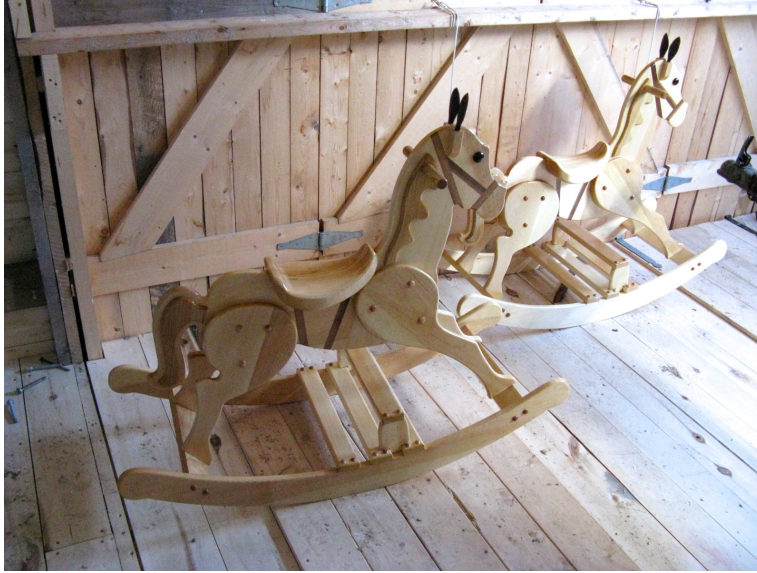


Figure 50. Alf Manuel's rocking horses in his workshop, April 26, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

I remember Alf telling me, the first time I interviewed him in 2011, how he had cut off the end of his right thumb with an electric saw a long time ago. It was sewn back on and is quite usable. And then, on a later visit in 2012, I stood in Alf and Eleanor's kitchen and listened with amazement while Eleanor laughingly told me about Alf more recently cutting off the end of his *other* thumb (the left one). It happened sometime in the autumn of 2011 (after my visit there). Both Eleanor and Alf laughed while it was being said that they had to cancel the dinner party they were about to have, and rush Alf and his thumb tip to the local hospital and then to Gander, where "some young doctor" sewed it back on. So the thumb was saved. I'm sure it was awful at the time, but now it seems they find it funny, the fact that Alf has managed to cut off the ends of both thumbs (and both were sewn back on). We were all laughing by the time they finished telling the story.

There is much more to know about Alf Manuel. I barely scratched the surface. He is involved with the Wooden Boat Museum in Winterton. He has given

presentations on traditional boat building. He is a third or fourth generation carpenter and builder. He volunteered for the Twillingate Fire Department for years.

He trained for and achieved a Journeyman Carpenter Certificate at the Vocation Training Institute in St. John's, starting there in 1957. It was located on South Side Road and he had room and board in a house nearby with four other students. The program took four years; after the first year he got into the apprenticeship program and he said, "we had to work so many hours every year, I think it was 1700 hours a year" (A. Manuel 2015, 4:07). After he finished that program he also studied architectural drafting for a year, and achieved an Architectural Draftsman Certificate; he had completed both certificates by spring of 1962 (A. Manuel 2015, 6:39).

He would go home for Christmas, and he told me that in January of 1958 on the way back to St. John's on the train, he and the others "got caught in a snow storm; [it took] sixty-four hours to go from Lewisporte to St. John's. It's normally eight hours - we survived [he laughs]. We didn't look real good at the end of it, but we survived" (A. Manuel, 4:07).

Alf worked in various places to fill his apprenticeship hours. In 1959 he was in Schefferville, Labrador, "making the fabulous sum of a dollar ninety-two an hour," he said. He added:

It was the first and only time that I saw the Queen, because that was the same year that Eleanor was telling you about, that they went to Gander to see the Queen. I was in Schefferville, and she [the Queen] came to Schefferville . . . It is on the borderline of Quebec and Labrador. (A. Manuel 2015, 12:41)

He also apprenticed in the carpenter shop in Twillingate with his father one winter. Alf was allowed to do this because, he said:

He had a lifetime, from when he was a boy up to that time, working as a carpenter, so he was recognized by the trade school as a carpenter and he was qualified to sign my time book for to certify my hours for my apprenticeship. I worked with him in wintertime making everything from window sashes to caskets to God-knows-what-else. If it was made of wood we tried it! (A. Manuel 2015, 14:55)

In another interview Alf had told me he is a fourth generation carpenter. On his father's side of the family were carpenters, and on his mother's side of the family were fishermen, "and boat builders, in the sense that they built the boat when they needed a boat" (A. Manuel 2011, 5:03). He went on:

I mean, some people built boats because they had the skills and other people wanted boats, wanted them to build boats, but my family, they built as they needed, they built their own. My great-grandfather built boats, on Dad's side of the family, and yes, my other great-grandfather on that side of the family [his mother's] was a boat builder. So I suppose this is where I got it too, because Dad couldn't build a boat, or *didn't*, I shouldn't say *couldn't*. (A. Manuel 2011, 5:03)

Recently, in August of 2015 Alf launched a traditional-style wooden motorboat that he had built in his workshop over the two winters before. He said, "That's probably the sixth or seventh one I've built entirely on my own over the years, I mean, I've worked on boats with other crews and built new boats you know. I built the first one at nineteen" (A. Manuel 2015, 19:37). That was in his father's workshop, the same workshop he has today.

He has always attended St. Peter's Anglican Church on the North Side. Both his grandfather (Alfred Manuel) and his great-grandfather (Titus Manuel) helped to build the chancel on that church (A. Manuel 2015, 1:10). He said, "I grew up within three hundred yards of where I'm living now" (A. Manuel 2011, 1:44). He added that his family always were Anglican, "back for a good many generations . . . my great-

great-great grandparents are buried in one or the other of the Anglican cemeteries” (A. Manuel 2011, 1:44).

His wife Eleanor plays organ at St. Peter’s, as she has for many years. Alf helps to maintain the building, which was built in the late 1800s, as well as the Church Museum, at least as much as he is able to. He was involved with the old Church Museum committee because it was Eleanor’s old church (he has resigned due to other volunteer commitments).



Figure 51. Alf Manuel in the Church Museum, December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

In December of 2012 I met Alf in the old church he and I looked at how it was built. When we admired the hand-carved communion rail and pulpit, I remember the way he touched the wood, running his hand over it, the way a wood-worker would, checking for rough edges. I think that is how they “see” it. We admired the pews, each held together by mortice and tenon and each end with hand-carved curves. We admired

the “comb-graining” that is most apparent on the pew ends. As explained in Chapter Two, comb-graining is a common term for a type of finish on wood, and called that due to the small metal combs used to create the effect. Alf had told me earlier that he was asked to do some work on the pulpit of St. Peter’s Anglican church (his church) about ten years ago. He said:

I got out my father’s equipment that he had for graining. I got some paint chips and went into the paint shop and they put it in the computer and matched up the paint and mixed the paints for me, and I did the four little panels that’s around the pulpit, you know [. . .]. It was very insignificant compared to the work that my father did on the other [areas] of the church, because this was just a matter of putting on the paint, letting it dry, putting on the other then combing it with the combs. Whereas my father would draw out all the heavier grains and all that; he was more artistic than me [Alf chuckles]. (A. Manuel 2015, 29:03)

In the hallway, where the stairs are, we gazed at the huge planks used for the interior wall. Alf and I both commented on how you can’t get planks that big today



Figure 52. Newel post in the Church Museum, December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

We marveled over the newel posts, each created on a manual lathe. Alf spent plenty of time turning a lathe by hand for his father, as he had told me on an earlier visit to Twillingate:

I know all about that because I've spent hours turning this great big wheel – I have one out there now [in his shed]... Dad had that one rigged, that could work with your foot, with a treadle, but was like, for small things, fine for small things, table legs [etc.]...guess who provided the muscle power while Dad held the chisel? So...I know what that's all about. (A. Manuel 2011, 16:32)

Alf was very kind to me while I was in Twillingate on my last field trip in December of 2012. I woke up quite ill with flu-like symptoms the day after I arrived. Alf had offered, on a previous trip, to help me create a floor plan. Due to being trained in junior draftsmanship he said he could likely create a drawing. So on this trip I asked him about it again, and he said yes, we could go over to the church and measure it out together. But being sick, I fell behind in my schedule. So one day while I was interviewing other people he went over to the church by himself and measured the exterior walls and drew up a floor plan. I asked him how he did it by himself, and he said "I just hooked the end of the measuring tape on the wood" and then he motioned pulling the length of the tape out. If anyone has handled measuring tape, you know what a pain it is when the tape has been pulled out very far to measure a long area. I am very grateful to Alf for going to the trouble he did to draw up a floor plan.

We referred to his drawing when we went into the church together, and I interviewed him as we walked around. We talked about the state of the building. It was disconcerting to hear how badly in need of repairs it is. He said it needs about one hundred thousand dollars worth of work. My jaw dropped. I asked him how much he thought it would take just to fix the leak (water comes in when it rains, from under the

church tower, and dripping into the main hall). He thought that would cost around twenty thousand dollars. He said that today you have to get scaffolding and so on and it is expensive. He said in the old days you would just climb up there with a ladder, but people don't work that way today. Alf often talks this way, framing the present within the past, which shows me his extensive knowledge and awareness of the context of the building and its history.

He told me the old foundations need work. They are created from rock and stone. But the large beams of wood on top are starting to rot, and need to be replaced. Some work has been done, but this is a big job. I had always marveled at how well the church has stood for 144 years, on a very basic looking foundation, which I thought looked pretty good when I had taken a photo or two of it, which just shows that I don't know much about century-old foundations.

Later we looked at the massive old main door, and Alf complained about how badly some of the repair work is that was done on it. New hinges had been put in and new bolts to hold the hinges on. He indicated that the workers installed them on a short-term works project program, and had essentially butchered the door (and this was obvious, on close inspection). He said he would like to take the door off and restore it properly. He is a craftsman, and it pained him to see the crass workmanship in the repairs on the old door.



Figure 53. One of the two massive entrance doors: this one is used as the main entrance. This photo shows the damage created by the new hinges. December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

I can plainly see the love that Alf has for wood, and for the handcrafted work that went into the old church. In 2006 Alf aided Lester Goulding with some of the woodwork carried out in the restoration of the Bevington organ.

Howard Butt: retired teacher, teacher Master of Ceremonies, family man, raconteur, volunteer, and preservationist



Figure 54. Howard Butt, in the Church Museum, August 16, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

Howard was the first of the Twillingate informants that I met and the first informant I contacted, as I mentioned earlier. I had been in touch with him after I got his phone number from Mary Chaulker in the summer of 2009. I met Mary Chaulker, who knows Twillingate well, at a meeting of the Women's Association of Memorial University of Newfoundland, when they presented me with a scholarship for my thesis research. When it came to calling Howard, I confess I was quite nervous about contacting a complete stranger with the request to come and meet him, and eventually interview him.

My husband and I made an early exploratory field trip (no interviews took place) to Twillingate in 2009. Howard agreed to meet me at the church. He was kind to me, and respectful of my interest in the church, though I sensed a guarded curiosity as to what I thought I was doing. He made me laugh and feel at ease however, as is his way, and left me with the feeling that people would be open to meeting with me and discussing my plan of interviewing them and writing about them and the church.

Our first interview took place in the church anteroom, which is the museum office (seen behind Howard in Figure 54). We sat at a table there, and he talked animatedly with me, telling me story after story about the church, and about the elders who attended the church when he was young.

Howard was born October 31st, 1938. He joked with me that he was a "Halloween baby", and added, "I was one of the ones who started the Second World War" (Butt 2011b, 2:02). He has lived his entire life in Twillingate, with time spent in St. John's where he studied at Memorial University to be a teacher. He went to St. John's in 1956, studied for two years, then returned to Twillingate where he taught at a two-

room school in Bluff Head Cove for two years (1958-1960), before returning to St. John's for further study. He was given a grant from Memorial University to take the post in Bluff Head Cove; such grants encouraged young teachers to go to smaller outposts. It was difficult to get teachers in the Twillingate area at that time. Howard said, "It was completely isolated. The only way out of Twillingate was by boat, four and a half hours to Lewisporte" (Butt 2011b, 2:25).

It was a common thing in Newfoundland in the 1950s to achieve the Education degree in two time periods, and this is why Howard went back to University in St. John's again from after teaching in Bluff Head Cove. When he returned again to Twillingate he taught in the high school, Central High School, just down the road from his house, from 1961 until he retired in 1992.

Howard and his wife Dolly got married in Lewisporte, on September 16th, 1961, in "the manse". Howard said, "We eloped . . . we got married on the way to St. John's" (Butt 2011b, 1:37:40). While Howard finished his teacher training they lived together in St. John's (in an apartment on the corner of Queen's Road and Cathedral Street, just up the road from my own house on Cathedral Street). Howard and Dolly have four children.

Both of Howard's parents were teachers. His father, Bertram Butt (known to all as Bert Butt), had come from Musgrave Harbour in 1925 to be a teacher, and taught for eleven years, but he found the salary was so low he could not support a family after he married. Howard said he "should have remained teaching, but there was no money then; teachers made nothing at all" (Butt 2012, 1:22:52). His mother, Muriel (Young) was born in Twillingate, and was also a teacher for eleven years. They met when

Bertram came to Twillingate to teach, because “she was teaching in the other room, and they got to know each other as two teachers” (Butt 2012, 1:23:50). They got married in the old South Side church, in the 1930s. Muriel gave up teaching after they were married, as “she was expected to give up teaching; it was frowned on if a married woman continued to teach” (Butt 2015, 29:05).

Howard told me that when his father stopped teaching he worked with the hospital for a while:

He was the one went around Green Bay for a while introducing what was called ‘The Blanket Contract’, and the Blanket Contract was an early form of the MCP [Medical Care Plan]. [It was] health insurance; as long as a certain number of people signed up, you could get the hospital services for next to nothing. (Butt 2012, 1:01:06)

This health insurance system was created and introduced by Dr. Olds (chief doctor and surgeon at the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital in Twillingate), and it provided guaranteed healthcare for people in communities that signed up for it. It was first implemented in 1934; Dr. Old’s “Blanket Contract” or “Twillingate Plan” as it was known, was one of the first “true medical insurance” plans in North America (Saunders 1994, 102).

Later Howard’s father ran his own business for a time, but this suffered “during the war years” and it “folded around 1946 . . . Then he went to work for Ashbourne’s as a clerk”; after a number of years he got a position with more office work involved, with Gillett’s store “down in the Arm” and “that’s where he worked until he died” (Butt 2012, 1:01:58). That was in 1974. Howard added, “My father was one of the lucky ones in that he had a monthly income” (Butt 2012, 1:15:25).

Howard's mother was a Young, and it is through this family background that Howard is related to Irene Pardy, who was born a Young. Howard told me the Youngs are an old family in Twillingate (Butt 2011b, 23:56). The traditional occupation of his mother's father was that of a fisherman.

Most of the fishermen were carpenter-fishermen, because they had to be; [there were] very few who were just carpenters. Irene's dad was a carpenter, my grandfather Andrew [Young] was a skilled carpenter as well. He had a sawmill and a lathe, a wood lathe, operated by foot power . . . Both my grandfathers were fishermen-carpenters, and good carpenters. (Butt 2011b, 24:43)

Howard told me stories about his grandfather on his dad's side: "Uncle Mosie, he was called, Uncle Mosie Butt" (Butt 2015, 33:17). Howard continued, "He was a carpenter and a fisherman from Musgrave Harbour" though he was born in Flat Islands in Bonavista Bay. When Howard's father settled in Twillingate, he "was left back in Musgrave Harbour with no close relatives. He had two sons who had come home from the army and were in Botwood. And he had a choice of going to Botwood, or coming here" (Butt 2012, 1:23: 50).

Sometime in the late 1940s, "in '47 or '48" Howard said, Mose decided to come to Twillingate, as there was a hospital that he was familiar with, and the town was a fishing community.

In the summer he would go fishing, and he went fishing by schooner. He didn't have a boat here . . . he would go aboard of a boat with Skipper Saul White, who was Dolly's grandfather . . . so, there was a connection back then. (Butt 2012, 1:34:27)

He used to go down on the Labrador with the schooner's crew, and so it was more in his line of work. He came here and built a house just across the garden, over here, and settled down. But he wasn't here very long. He died in '53. (Butt 2012, 1:24:41)

It was a pleasure to listen to Howard talking about his grandfather, ‘Uncle’ Mose.

When Howard told me that Mosie used to tell tall tales, it helped me to understand why Howard is such a good storyteller. I asked him if he remembered any of Uncle Mosie’s stories:

I can’t remember too many, but you know, he told the one about the fact that he had a pig who used to help him build boats [we laugh], and the explanation of it, the fact was that you put on the planks along the sides, a single person doing that is not easy, so he used to have the pig trained to get to the other end of the boat, and lean up against the board, and keep the plank on the boat ‘til he fastened the plank, up there, so the pig used to stay around and help him build the boat. And then there’s the house he built when he came here. He told some he built the house and had it well insulated, really well-insulated, and he couldn’t light the lamp in the kitchen and he couldn’t close all the doors, there were four doors into the kitchen and he couldn’t close all the doors because the lamp would go out, because it was so insulated! It was too. I lived in it afterwards [he laughs]. (Butt 2012, 1:25:24)

Uncle Mose’s tall tales are classic examples of the traditional form of the tall tale, in that they are “based on the humour of lies and exaggerations,” and equally important, are by “necessity of first person narration” (Thomas 1970, 12). They are often told in a very matter-of-fact and logical way, as if it really might be a true story. The following tall tale collected in Alberta is a perfect example:

A man told a story about how he went through a farmer’s field to go fishing on this river. He said, “You talk about catching big fish, my tackle was the finest money could buy. I’d only been fishin’ a few minutes when I hooked on to a big one. I battled with it for two hours. When I finally got it out on the shore, while I was admiring it, it revived and chased me across the plowed field. That was my last fishing trip.” (Halpert 1945, 45)

Mose had a workshop in Twillingate, which sounds like it was a place people liked to visit, and Howard said Uncle Mose would tell stories in there:

Father had this little store down here . . . down on the main street, where Toulinguet Inn is [and] just this side there's his little store . . . father built on the side, running the length of the place, which is not very long, a workshop area for grandfather, and he'd [Mosie] get in there you know, and had a little stove in the back, and there was fellas would go in there, and watch him work you know, and grandfather would stop and they'd get him to tell a story you know . . . and always that drop on the end of his nose [Howard laughs][we laugh] . . . yes. But he loved it. (Butt 2012, 1:33:13)

I can see him now [makes a sound of sniffing], wiping it off and down his pants [he laughs], and *always* had his pipe eh? And when he'd be telling a story, he had his pipe, and he'd take out his matches, fill his pipe and he'd light the match, and have the match up, and still be telling the story, and eventually the match would go out and he'd have to shake it, put what was left in the match box and take out another one, and continue with the story and probably have to light two or three, three or four matches before he'd get it up to his pipe. And then he'd stop [Howard makes sucking sound][imitating the inhale on a pipe], and this would help, you know. To set the scene, and what he had *said* would be sinking *in*, kind of. He was a fantastic storyteller. (Butt 2012, 1:27:54)

The building where Uncle Mose used to tell his stories still exists on the South Side, near the main road, between the old church and Howard's childhood home. It is very much a part of Howard's memory-scape of the South Side, and in Howard's performances of his grandfather's stories he is presenting his own living heritage.

Howard sang in the church choir as a teenager, and earlier had started doing the manual pumping of the air for the church pipe-organ on an occasional Sunday: when he pumped the organ he would “ . . . get twenty-five cents a Sunday,” which he told me was the cost of attending a movie in Twillingate around 1950 (Butt 2012, 25:09). He also had learned to play the organ from his mother, and would play for the church on occasion (Butt 2012, 24:52).

Howard and his wife, Dolly welcomed me into their home and fed me dinner more than once. In the summertime we had fresh strawberries from their garden, which is just behind their house, and overlooks the harbour on the South Side. Dolly is a phenomenal baker, and every time I was there I was served homemade bread, buns and cookies.



Figure 55. Howard and Dolly Butt in their living room, South Side, Twillingate. April 25, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Cyril Dalley: mason and bricklayer, fisherman, FFAW science technician, family man, Deputy Mayor, community volunteer, and preservationist



Figure 56. Cyril Dalley, in his kitchen August 15, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

I interviewed Cyril Dalley twice in person, in August of 2011, and again in December of 2012, and then again on the phone in September of 2015. I was lucky to arrange those times with Cyril, as his work with the Fishermen's Union would often take him on the road. He was unfailingly thoughtful regarding my attempts to arrange a time, and both times I was in Twillingate he came to pick me up in his truck, and took me to his home, which is situated near Twillingate on the way to Durrell.

Cyril and his wife, Vivian, have a cozy house across the road from the shore. I took the opportunity to take a few photos nearby, where the scenery is particularly beautiful.



Figure 57. French Beach, not far from Cyril Dalley's house, August 15, 2011. Cyril's father grew up near here. Photo by A. Christie.

Cyril struck me as a kind, forthright and trustworthy person. His devotion to his wife, and his elderly dog, Abby (who has since passed away), was very obvious to me, and I liked him for it. I also had an elderly dog, and dog lovers recognize each other. Cyril is the type of person I felt instantly comfortable with, as if I had known him for a long time already, and that he is an old friend.

Cyril was born on November 6th, 1949 at the Notre Dame Bay Memorial Hospital in Twillingate. He has lived all of his life on Twillingate Island, with sojourns in Toronto and St. John's for work. He grew up near his current house, "down the road a little ways, just a few feet away" he told me, in an area that was "always referred to as Blow Me Down" when he was growing up (Dalley 2015, 5:42). As a child he went to school in Lower Jenkins Cove and then to the high school in Twillingate. Howard Butt was once his teacher. He considers Twillingate his home, living on land that once belonged to his father (Dalley 2015, 15:02).

He told me he is a mason or bricklayer by trade. "My brickwork took me all over the province; I did from Stephenville to St. Lawrence, Clarenville, Gander etc. and the new hospital in Twillingate" he said, adding that he also worked in Toronto, "mainly in construction, and in a foundry" doing metalwork (Dalley 2015, 16:21). Cyril went back to fishing after he met his wife in 1975, but since 1990 he has been working with the Fisherman's Union (FFAW) doing contract work as a science technician, working with the fishery science programs. He is on call to provide a delivery and collection aspect of the program. He described one job for me in an interview in 2011:

This week we're getting ready for a crab survey program. It's a post-season crab survey, and I need to deliver small, mesh crab pots. So I'm waiting to get a call on that. It goes all over the province; there's maybe two or three of us will be criss-crossing the province, delivering the pots . . . because the survey starts [the] 29th of August. And so many fish harvesters, not everyone, that's participating in the program, they're asked to do a small mix, so that means everything in the post needs to be brought to shore, hopefully kept alive, and whatever's there, from mud on the bottom and whatever. When the boat lands, we've got to be there to pick it up and get it to the science center . . . I have to be ready to not just pick it up, but deliver it now. (Dalley 2011a, 7:33)

He officially retired when he turned 65 in 2014, however he still does some short-term work for the Union.

Cyril started fishing with his father when he was twelve years old; “I’ve got a long history attached with that,” he said (Dalley 2011a, 6:54). He added:

We were working together, we were fishing together right up to [when his father passed away]. Dad had a boat partly built . . . [we fished] out of here, just ‘round that way . . . Our stage is still right there now, we fished down there but we kept our boats up where, you know, where that big sharp turn is, that’s where we kept our boats at night. We used the “make ‘n break” motors back then, yes. Make ‘n break. We had an Atlantic, very similar to the Acadian. Our first motor was a 3-Atlantic. Three-horse-power, yes. I have a lot of memories about that, and mostly good memories. (Dalley 2011a, 36:25)

Cyril believes in the fishery and always has. The following story indicates his awareness of the value of it from a young age:

I’ve been asked over the years why I got involved in fishing. And not so much [only] fishing, but why get involved with the Union. When I was twelve years old and went fishing with Dad, I enjoyed it. And there’s no doubt there were some early mornings I preferred to stay in bed. Stay and go play with my friends or whatever. My uncle, who was a schoolteacher, a principal of a school, came visiting. Took me for a walk this particular day, you know, and I was a child. And well, he really tried to convince me, you know. I didn’t get mad at him. I wouldn’t because you had respect for an elder. And he said, “Cyril, look, it’s not a life for you. Don’t go fishing, don’t be like your Dad,” right? And he was trying to encourage me not to at it. But even as a little twelve-year old boy, I wanted to scream at him and say, “But if it wasn’t for my Dad and others, there’ be no schools, there’d be no churches, there wouldn’t be any business. Even as a child [I understood]. Because you grew up fast when you were a kid back then, especially if you went fishing. Because Twillingate doesn’t exist because of gold or forestry, as you can tell. It’s because of what’s harvested, and the resource [of the fishery]. And I’ve been involved ever since. Whatever’s been harvested, that’s our economy. That’s our base. (Dalley 2011a, 37:33)

Fishing was the traditional occupation of his family. They were also builders; his father was a bricklayer besides a fisherman, just like Cyril. Cyril called his father a “Jack of all trades” (Dalley 2011a, 30:27). He said his father “was always into construction after the fishing season” (Dalley 2011a, 10:31). “We did everything” he said, “what you see, is what we did” (Dalley 2011a, 10:31). He pointed out to me that 95% of the homes in Twillingate are owned and have no mortgages, due to the fact the owners built their homes by themselves (Dalley 2011a, 12:17).

Cyril built his house in 1978. “I put the foundation down in ’77,” he said, “built it in ’78, we moved in in ’79” (Dalley 2011a, 11:40). He married Vivian (née Reddick) in 1979 at the South Side United Church. He mentioned this when I asked him what the old church means to him:

We got married there. Double wedding as a matter of fact . . . what we call a double wedding, with my wife’s sister. My sister-in-law; we got married together at the same time. December 1st, 1979. (Dalley 2011a, 34:26)

Cyril also said that his father’s funeral was in the old church in 1985.

“My father was buried there and that is the biggest, tragic event probably, in our [life]. I was thirty-five years old. My dad died suddenly at fifty-seven. (Dalley 2011a, 34:16)

His last words were ‘call Cyril’. Last words he said. About 1:30 in the morning. And that day, it was a Sunday, and I had not [had] a good feeling all day. And before I went to bed that night [at] 10:30-11:00 o’clock, I said, “I’ve got to call down”, so I called down. Mom answered the phone [and said], “oh yes, everything is all right.” They went to the Salvation Army that night, and they attended a relative’s funeral earlier in the day, so, I was all right. But 1:30 the phone rang. I had a feeling something was not right that day. (Dalley 2011a, 34:55)

His father was Martin Dalley, he is buried in the United Church cemetery in Durrell, as is Cyril’s mother, Edna Joy (who was born a Rideout) (Dalley 2011a, 34:55). Cyril’s

paternal grandfather is also buried there. These are tangible markers and connections to family history, but also to communal heritage through the church.

When I asked Cyril about going to church as a child he told me he was “half Salvation Army and half United Church” (Dalley 2011a, 0:20). Cyril went to some of the United Church services, and regularly went to Sunday School in Marshall Hall. This was because his father had gone to that church and “gave money to the United Church”, though Cyril said his father did not attend there much while Cyril was growing up. His father went to evening Salvation Army services with his wife more often (Dalley 2011a, 4:12). Cyril went regularly with his mother. She was born and grew up in a different area of Twillingate than his father (Dalley 2012, 00:58). At that time the Salvation Army Corps building was located across the street from where Twillingate’s high school is situated now, not far from the main road into town. That building no longer exists (Dalley 2015, 4:05).

My earliest memories of the church, I guess, in going there, is the long, dusty walk, from down here where we lived . . . A long walk for a kid, and we went there, as kids, without our parents back then. Because my dad didn’t attend church there, and I can’t really recall Mom attending church there much either. First when they were married, we were all kids and very seldom did she go to church, but the then when she did she used to with friends of her and walk to the Salvation Army. So we walked there as kids and my recollection more than anything used to be the hot summer days, very dusty. And not wanting to go, because we’d go there in the morning and then come right back and Sunday School used to be around two or three o’clock in the afternoon and we’d have to walk back again. I remember that. (Dalley 2012, 1:31)

Going to church and being around the elders influenced Cyril:

There’s one thing that really stood out, when I went there, as a young boy, as a matter of fact, was one man in particular, yes. You know, he could *sing* and *pray*, and you could hear it *all* over

the congregation. He had a great singing voice . . . It was a Troke, I think it was Peter Troke. Now there's two Peters in my understanding. Two Peter Trokes. Mr. Troke. A big, booming voice. And I can recall another, who eventually became a good friend, he's no longer with us, a blind man. He was blind . . . Frank Stockley was his name, was Frank, yes. He knew most of the hymns, but if he didn't he would hum it and you could hear him humming among the crowd. He had a beautiful voice, yes. And always *happy*. He was an example of what church should be *about*. Really. (Dalley 2011a, 18:11)

I've always been inspired by the Church. It's a topic I spend a lot of time discussing. In the world that we live [in], I've always felt that those who take church very serious, very serious now, they have a better quality of life. They are more content with life. And I guess that's what I got from my mother, and from this fellow Mr. Stockley, and his wife in particular. And my grandmother with the Salvation Army background, you know, they *always* had a smile. Never saw them getting mad. Just content. Accepted what life had to offer, that kind of a thing. They were an example. I guess the teachings that I received, or the message I received as a kid, I still try to [live by]. Take the politics out of religion. I'm a firm believer it's better to be in church and try to listen to what's being preached, than be out in the world and not happy. I find a lot of people are searching or not content, mad at everything. Mad at politics, mad at their neighbours. Church always gave me some stability. That's why I'm involved in church now, and always attended church. Because if it was good for my great-great grandparents, or my grandparents, I mean, why should it not be good for us? (Dalley 2011a, 20:20)

Cyril enjoys singing. His favourite hymn is How Great Thou Art. He remembers the acoustics of the old church, the great sound and the singers; "I always remember that," he told me (Dalley 2011a, 1:12:56). At one time Cyril was in what Cyril called a "short-lived" all-region men's choir, the Folk of the Sea (Dalley 2011a, 1:13:53). This "fisher choir" existed for six years and was formed after the cod moratorium in 1992 in Newfoundland and Labrador, in part to support the many fishermen who found themselves suddenly unemployed (McEwen 2011, 7). There

were over one hundred men in the choir; they toured the province and went to the mainland where they “sold out in Roy Thomson Hall in Toronto!” (Dalley 2011a, 12:36).



Figure 58. The Christmas Concert men's choir in the Church Museum, December 12, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

He sings with the Central United Church choir now, and he volunteers to sing in the men's choir for the Christmas Concert held annually at the Church Museum, which unites singers from three denominations in Twillingate. Figure 58 shows Cyril in the front row at the far right in the Christmas Concert of December, 2012. I was at that concert, and the men's choir was amazing when they sang *Go Tell It On the Mountain*; the sound rolled around that old wooden church and sounded richer and fuller the more they sang, as the overtones built up and joined their voices.

Cyril is also very involved with the town of Twillingate and various volunteer activities. When I interviewed him in 2011 he was Deputy Mayor of Twillingate and still is today (2016). He volunteers for the Central United Church, and he is a Director representing Twillingate for the Twillingate and New World Island Development

Association. He also still belongs to the NorthEast Heritage Church Museum Association, and is one of the original members who saved the church in 1987. Being busy seems to be not just his trademark characteristic, but that of all my informants.

Jim Troke: retired teacher, writer, craftsman, historian, volunteer, heritage activist, and preservationist



Figure 59. Jim Troke, in his dining room, August 20, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

I first met Jim at his house on the South Side of Twillingate on August 29th of 2011 to interview him. He had just been out on a fishing trip with his friend Eric Horwood.⁹ In spite of having been outdoors for many, many hours he changed his clothes and presented himself to me fresh as a daisy and full of energy for the task at hand. We sat at his dining room table. I immediately noticed the old pump organ in the front living room; Jim told me the pump organ had belonged to his wife's mother, Ivy Dove (née Young). "It had been given to her by her father when she was a young

⁹ Eric Horwood was on the original committee that saved the church, but did not wish to be interviewed for the thesis.

woman. It was in my wife's childhood home and later became a fixture in our home after her parents died" (Jim Troke email to author, October 14, 2015).



Figure 60. Nineteenth century pump organ in the Troke family front living room, August 20, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

One of the first things we discussed in the interview was the spelling of his last name, Troke. He told me that his Uncle Wilf (his father's brother) introduced the letter A "back" into the name after being overseas during World War Two, spelling it as Troake. His Uncle Wilf had been injured in Germany, with "shrapnel to his back" and while he was convalescing in England he met some English Troakes who told him about a family burial vault that had both spellings of the name on it (Troke 2015, 3:49). They also corresponded with Jim's grandmother and aunt with further information about the Troakes in that part of England (Troke 2015, 4:46). Jim said that the result of this information is that now some in the "broader family" use the spelling with the A in it. Making changes to the family name in 20th century Newfoundland was not an

uncommon practice (Hiscock 2013, 19). Jim prefers to spell the name “Troke” without the A, though he remembers using “Troake” as a child when he started school (Troke 2015, 2:50). The Troke name is an old one in Twillingate. Jim told me that records of the Troke family there can be traced back to 1822 (Troke 2011b, 2:17).

Jim’s full name is Hayward James Troke, and he was born March 12th, 1943. He was born in Twillingate in the original Notre Dame Memorial Hospital. He told me there had been a fire in the month before which destroyed the top story of the building. I told him he was “born in the ruins” and we both laughed.

His childhood home was in Durrell, and he has lived most of his life in the Twillingate area, except for a period between the ages of six and nine, when he and his family moved to Toronto for three years. His father’s name was Manuel Troke; he was known as “Man Troke”. Jim’s mother, Amy, was a Barnes from Ragged Point (Troke 2011b, 6:08). His parents married in 1942, and Jim was born a year later. He was baptized in the old South Side church (Troke 2011b, 45:04). Jim told me that his father fished until he got married, and then focused on carpentry work and lumber work. When the family went to Toronto, Manuel worked with metal at a factory, but upon their return to Twillingate he worked again in carpentry, as well as at the lumber camps (Troke 2011b, 4:35). Jim remembers that most of the camps were on the West Coast of Newfoundland at “River Brook near St. David’s or St. Fintan’s” (Jim Troke, email to author, June 22, 2016).



Figure 61. Jim Troke's childhood home in Durrell in 1951, photographer unknown. (Used with permission - Jim Troke Collection)

Jim has fond memories of his childhood in Durrell. He collected some of his memories into a small, unpublished book he wrote, titled, "Growing Up By Troke's Brook," which describes childhood games and activities he and his friends engaged in. He said that as children, they had "lots of things" to entertain them: "I can tell you, we were never bored . . . We made our own fun . . . The beach was our playground, [and] the hills" (Troke 2011b, 35:06).

One memory of his home that he shared with me I found very striking. We were discussing what form of heat was used in his house growing up:

In my growing up, all while I was at home, we had a woodstove in the kitchen [and] that was our only source of heat in the winter when I was growing up. And one interesting thing is that if there was any fire left in the stove when you went to bed, it was doused. Just put out. For safety reasons. So when you went upstairs, in the winter, [on] a real frosty night, I remember getting in bed with that many quilts and blankets and so on, that you [could only] just turn over. I remember on really frosty nights Mother taking the hooked mats off the floor and throwing [them] over me as well [he laughs]. You would have a half-inch of frost on the windowpanes and frost on the blankets near your mouth when you woke up in the morning. (Troke 2011b, 11:24)

Another lovely memory associated with that house is the following:

Earlier on it was cast iron, you know, woodstoves with the open grate, I remember. And I remember Sunday evenings, in the fall of the year particularly, Dad would probably be gone and a rocking chair was such that it would sort-of face the stove, and look out the windows. And I remember sitting on the arm of the rocking chair with my mother. She would be singing and watch the people going up to church [for an evening service]. . . this would be late in the fall so it would be kind of dark. And the light from the stove, coming out through the grate, [would be] flickering on the patterns on the canvas on the kitchen floor. I have fond memories of that. (Troke 2011b, 12:28)

Jim married his wife, Doreen (née Dove) in 1966 in the old South Side church, and their daughter was baptized there (Troke 2011c, 0:05). He and his wife also had a son, who was baptized at the Little Harbour United Church, which had been the church Doreen attended while she was growing up (Troke 2015, 6:02). Doreen passed away in the spring of 2014.

Like Howard Butt and Kay Boyd, Jim went away to university in St. John's to study to be a teacher. He was sixteen years old. He attended Memorial from 1959 to 1961. He then returned to teach, teaching in Twillingate for one year, and then in Glovertown for a year, before returning to university in the fall of 1963. He finished his degree in 1965. In the last two years of his degree he worked during the summer months as a labourer in Grand Falls in construction. He worked digging ditches, helping to pour cement, driving a truck and hauling sand and stone. He laughed when he said, "in those days we mixed our own cement, we didn't have ready mix" (Troke 2015, 12:00). Aside from the one year of teaching in Glovertown, his entire teaching career was in Twillingate, teaching at the high school, Central High (it is now called the J.M. Olds Collegiate). He taught for thirty years before retiring in 1993.

Typical of my experience with my informants and their slow disclosure of their many activities and talents, it was not until October of 2015 that I found out about another occupation of Jim's: his long experience as an expert craftsman of scrimshaw. I knew he had created the powder-horn pictured in Figure 62, for we discussed it briefly when I interviewed him in 2011, but I did not know the extent of the carving he did over the years.



Figure 62. Powder horn carved by Jim Troke. August 20, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

The powder-horn with his name on it is one of a few that he made “purely for decorative purposes” he told me; the JAS carved on the horn is a common abbreviation for James (Jim Troke, email to author, Oct 14, 2015). Jim said that making powder-horns was not his “main endeavor”, though he made the one for himself and “did a couple for friends” (Troke 2015, 15:57). The engraving of the whale and his own name that Jim carved on his powder-horn is scrimshaw. As mentioned in Irene’s section, the craft of scrimshaw developed on powder-horns and is often associated with sailors and whalers, who would carve on whale teeth, however, they also made “ingenious use of whale ivory, tortoise and sea shell as inlay for wood” (Stackpole 1958, 1).

The main type of carving Jim did was scrimshaw on pendants and brooches, as well as wooden bookmarks and letter openers with inlaid ivory. He also did some antler and soapstone carving. For almost twenty years he sold his craftwork every year at the Newfoundland and Labrador Craft Council Christmas Fair (Troke 2015, 13:45). The Fair is a juried exhibition that features “professional craft makers” (Craft Council of Newfoundland and Labrador 2010).

Jim has his personal powder-horn displayed above the large stone fireplace in his living room at the back of the house. The horn is hung near several antique powder-horns that have been passed down through the family. Two powder-horns are hung together in his house: Jim told me that they “belonged to members of my wife’s family. The smaller horn has the initials ‘Jo D’ carved on it, and the larger one has the letters of the alphabet inscribed on the wooden base. The ‘Jo D’ one belonged to her uncle, Jonathan Dove, and the other one to her father, Edgar Dove” (Jim Troke, email to author, October 14, 2015). Displayed nearby is Jim’s father’s powder-horn, along with his shot bag (see Figure 63).

I think of the powder-horns above the mantel as a domestic heritage display. It is a collection, and Jim is expressing his own heritage by displaying the collection. It is a collection that not only exhibits a connection to the traditions of his past, but displays his own expression of tradition, repeating the form (the powder-horn) in a “recent folk creation” of material culture (Brunvand 1998, 520). As Mary Hufford describes it, people recreate “natural and historic resources” into “touchstones for stories about the region” in a “continual reweaving of the past into the present” (1986, 74).



Figure 63. Manuel Troke's powder-horn and shot bag, hanging above Jim's fireplace. August 20, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

In addition to the intrinsic beauty of the natural horn, its transformation into a powder-horn is additionally beautiful with the crafting of wood, ivory and leather. The combination of the fulfillment of a practical need (to keep gun powder dry), with the use of the natural horn of an ox, cow or buffalo (naturally waterproof and hollow) is a perfect marriage of the natural, cultural and economic worlds. Just above the horns Jim has displayed an antique double-barreled shotgun, with a fine hand carved stock. It belonged to his maternal grandfather, Ira E. Barnes, who had brought it from Labrador after he had been working in Port Hope Simpson logging and doing dog sled repairs (A. Christie field notes, page 78, August 20, 2011).

Jim told me some memories of the South Side church funerals and funeral practices earlier in his life. The casket was taken up to the front of the church for the service, laid on "two stools or something, and then it would be carried out" (Troke 2011b, 1:50:20).

I remember funerals very well. I remember going to my great-grandfather's funeral. He lived down at Jenkins Cove, down in Durrell. And they would walk to the cemetery, which is there near the Durrell Museum, that cemetery, that's where he is buried, there. So they walked . . . behind the hearse, and it was a horse-drawn hearse at that time, an open hearse. I remember one of my great-aunts then was crippled, she had one leg shorter than the other, so it was difficult for her to walk, so she hired a taxi, and along with my grandmother, and I rode with them, in the car, and they went just ahead of it [the hearse]. (Troke 2011b, 1:48:48)

The wake occurred in the home. That was the common thing then, to wake in the home and then take them to the church for the service. Of course they had to bring it up here to the church from Durrell [great-grandfather's casket]. Then back down to the Durrell cemetery . . . The Sunday *before* he died, he died on a Wednesday, the Sunday before that, he had *walked* from his home [in Durrell] up to the church and back. (Troke 2011b, 1:51:05)

His great-grandfather died in '53 or '54. Later, pickup trucks were used and he remembered driving a pickup truck for a funeral once, after he got his driving license sometime in 1965 (Troke 2011b, 1:53:18). He added:

With regards to the funerals, some of the traditions, when someone died, particularly in the area, in the Cove, a part of the community, the window blinds would be pulled down, and on the day, or at least half-way down during the day, and on the day of the funeral, if the funeral procession was going to pass your house, they were pulled right down. And you tried to avoid being on the road when the funeral procession came along . . . And if you happened to be on the road, a man, for example, and [he] wasn't aware the funeral procession was coming, he would stand to the side and if it was in the summer he would take off his cap. If it was in the winter, and it was really cold, he would just sort of tip it, just put his hand to the cape of his cap, as a sign of respect. (Troke 2011b, 1:52:43)

Jim cares deeply about the history and heritage of Twillingate. He has volunteered extensively in support of the work of preservation, and continues to do so. He has served on the Twillingate Museum Committee as well as on the Wooden Boat Building Committee. The Boat Building Committee was a sub-group of the Twillgate

Historic Fishing Village Cooperative. The concept for the Fishing Village was to recreate traditional dwellings, along with gardens, as well as rooms and fishing stages etc. by the harbour on the South Side, near the old Ashbourne premises, which still stand. The goal was to have “people to actually live in the houses, in summer and winter conditions of the turn of the century” (Troke 2011b, 2:06:30). The group worked on this idea for at least ten years but in the end could not procure funding, and it did not come to fruition.

Besides all of the above, Jim was involved with the Museum Association of Newfoundland and Labrador, sitting as a Board Member representing the Central Region, as well as being on the Training Committee (Troke 2015, 15:47; Troke 2011b, 6:00).

All of these individuals present their life stories with attention to the historical context of their lives, and the heritage-related relevancies within their lives today. Thus they shape their histories in conformance with their attention and their duties of attention to history and heritage in their community. They also understand folklore, in the deepest sense of how Glassie describes it:

All of us are individuals, alone, and all of us are members of social groups, families, teams, professions, clubs, clans, communities, nations, and folklore is the expression of that duality - a simultaneous unfolding of ourselves and our memberships, an expression of the individual and the collective, the personal and the traditional. (1989, 12)

Chapter Four

Calendar customs and seasonal stories of the church

Calendar customs belong in the realm of tradition; tradition being considered a “dynamic interaction” within a group (Toelken 1996, 79). Tradition also includes the “concept of continuity” or repetition, but this does not mean every tradition comes from generations past (Sims and Stephens 2005, 65). I have used the term calendar custom for the content in this chapter because the traditions described are connected to the seasons of autumn, winter and summer.

Each custom in this chapter appears celebratory in nature, or connected with a holiday, in which case they fall into Brunwand’s definition of calendar custom, which is a traditional practice “associated” with holidays (1998, 406). My informants today both tell stories about the customs (by sharing their personal narratives) and continue to enact them in a dynamic and evolving way, so that the customs are a living part of their heritage and folklife (as described in Chapter One).

Thanksgiving and the church

I have already mentioned that I did not attend church at any point in my upbringing. For instance, Thanksgiving was an entirely secular affair in my youth and childhood. My family honored it in what has become the traditional North American way, with a turkey baked in the oven, and served with roasted vegetables and potatoes, followed by a pumpkin pie. I still feel the urge to celebrate the harvest in the fall but, without children nor parents, I do not create a large meal. I decorate the front of the

house with a few pumpkins and a wreath with some autumn leaves in it. And I buy a pumpkin pie.

The childhood memories the group of informants has of Thanksgiving in Twillingate are very different from mine. The memories they have shared with me are focused entirely on the special activities at the church, specifically the decorating of the altar area for Thanksgiving Sunday, and the communal Harvest Supper a few days after that. The Thanksgiving weekend holiday that exists today did not exist in Twillingate in the nineteen-fifties and sixties. Howard told me that, “At Thanksgiving, one Sunday would be put aside, as Harvest Sunday, and Harvest Sunday is when you give thanks for the season” (Butt 2011b, 1:36:08). A general timeline for the tradition in that era was described by Eleanor:

On the Saturday, before Thanksgiving Sunday, people would bring produce from their gardens, and fish and bread . . . and they’d decorate a table inside the altar . . . and then there was Thanksgiving church service on Sunday and the next day on Monday they’d probably auction the food, and they always had a harvest dinner, for the church, and you paid money to go and have the big Thanksgiving dinner . . . It would probably be on the Wednesday, that week, because back at that time, the stores, the shops were open [all week], but Wednesday was always a half-holiday, and the stores would close for half a day on Wednesday. (E. Manuel 2012e, 4:11)

The images in the memories of the Harvest display in the church are vivid. Jim said it was called “the Harvest Table” (Troke 2011b, 1:16:43). Photographs I’ve seen show that a large table or two was put inside the communion rail, and covered with a white cloth, upon which everything was displayed.

Everybody brought the biggest and best from their gardens and decorated the altar rail, put big salt fish up on the pulpit, and dogberries across the front of the choir [and] there was always bread. There was always bread because that, of course, symbolized

the bread and the wine, the sacrament. There was always bread and water: a jug of water and a loaf of bread there. And then all these lovely vegetables and everything. (E. Manuel 2011i, 24:07)

Cyril's description is also very fulsome in describing what was in the display:

All kinds of vegetables, vegetables and branches of any tree that may be around, and flowers. And the local crop, from a salt cod, you name it, to berries and turnips. If anyone happened to grow pumpkins, anything that could be grown, it would be laid around. Most of it would be. The windows would be decorated with dogberries . . . Most of the vegetables used to be right up at the front of the church there, on big tables. (Dalley 2011a, 47:05)

Jim's description adds,

They'd bring potatoes, turnips and carrots, whatever they grow and there was always usually a loaf of bread and berries, because at that time of year the partridgeberries would be ripe, and jams, bottles of jam. (Troke 2011b, 1:16:43)

And if it seems the vegetables are predominant in the memories, it is because they were plentiful, as Howard describes it:

Vegetables, everybody had vegetables years ago, so, you'd always have your *best* vegetables, you know, you'd bring in a sampling of your best vegetables, and [with] everybody growing vegetables, you'd have the whole table filled. (Butt 2011b, 1:28:56)



Figure 64. Harvest Table display, South Side United Church, perhaps in the 1970s. This is the only colour photo I have seen of the South Side Church display, and though of poor quality in terms of image clarity, it shows the vibrant, festive nature of the display (Used with permission - Church Museum collection).

United Churches all over Newfoundland had similar displays for Thanksgiving. Lind Barbour, who was raised in Newtown, described his memory of the display. He called the table the “Thanksgiving table”:

In front of the communion rails, there would be several piles of salt cod; a bucket of coal; small piles of firewood; vegetables of all types grown in local gardens; and in the centre, a 98 pound sack of flour. Beautifully arranged on the table were just about every grocery item, - sugar, butter, tea, oranges, and apples, etc. - then a second level where bread, cakes, cookies and preserves would be displayed. (Barbour 2002, 68)

Figure 65 is a photo of a display in the old North Side Church, which was very similar to the South Side showing the vibrant colours of the autumn season, and the care and artistry that can go into one of these displays.



Figure 65. Interior of North Side United Church at Thanksgiving (Used with permission - Jim Troke Collection).

Figure 66 (below) is a blow-up of the centre of this display in which you can make out the jug of water to the right of the loaves, and to the right of that a bottle of milk. The dried cod are hung symmetrically, from the apex of the Gothic arches on the pulpit. The turnips and cabbage are prominently displayed.



Figure 66. Close up of North Side Harvest Table photo, n.d. (Used with permission - Jim Troke Collection).

It is possible to make out the jug of water to the right of the loaves of bread in the centre, and to the right of that is a bottle of milk. The dried cod are hung symmetrically, from the apex of the Gothic arches on the pulpit. The turnips and cabbage are prominent. It is a very attractive sight, with the addition of fall foliage and flowers thoughtfully assembled in a balanced way around the pulpit (Figure 66).



Figure 67. Harvest Table, North Side Church, n.d. (Used with permission - Jim Troke collection).

Figure 67 (above) is a charming photo of an earlier display in the same church, pre-electricity (note the oil lamps on the pulpit). The size of the squashes is impressive, and the item in the centre appears as if it could be a large, tiered cake. The communion rail is also artfully decorated.

Eleanor offered the idea that the display was “a thank offering for all the different fruits of their labours . . . for the bounty” (E. Manuel 2012e, 4:11). An offering of “the harvest from the land and sea” as Kay said, with the dried cod hung on the pulpit because it was the only seafood that was preserved, besides which, “cod was obviously the most important of the species” (Boyd 2012b, 3:04). Kay also suggested “they always had the dried cod in the display, because it was symbolic of the life of most of

the people in the congregation at that time” (Boyd 2012b, 3:04). Barbour concurs that the display is connected to the local community’s life, and that the Harvest Table was a symbol of an overall gratitude:

This included all the vegetables stored in the family cellars, and all the harvest of the ocean . . . it also included thanksgiving for the safety of all who were fishermen, and all the people whose work meant that they were exposed to the perils of the sea. (2002, 68)



Figure 68. The Harvest Table, South Side Church, n.d. (Used with permission - Jim Troke collection). This photo shows the dried cod being displayed quite enthusiastically on the pulpit in the South Side Church, with the abundance of vegetables on the table below it.

As might be expected, the experience for the senses was not only a visual one but an olfactory one as well. Cyril remembers experiencing this at the old South Side church:

When you open the door and go in the vestibule, or the porch or whatever you want to call it, no trouble at all, you can smell the vegetables and you can smell the cod. The whole *building* smells, as soon as you open the doors. I can remember that, years ago [too].

Oh yes, as soon as you opened the doors . . . and the smells stayed around for a fair bit of time, yes, the smell used to stay there even after they removed it. (Dalley 2012, 29:03)

Jim also remembered it similarly:

The people would bring in their produce, including dried fish, you know, and when you'd come in Church Sunday morning when you'd open the door you'd smell the salt fish [we laugh]. (Troke 2011b, 1:16:43)

It is not entirely clear, according to the oral history, what would be done with the goods in the Harvest Table display from the old church. The stories about the food donated indicate that the food and produce were either directly donated in a charitable way, or sold and then the proceeds donated. It seems possible that various practices were adopted at different times. Eleanor said, “they auctioned off the vegetables at Sunday School, which was next door” (E. Manuel 2011i, 24:07). Sunday School was what everyone called the Marshall Hall; it was not referred to as a parish hall (Boyd 2012b, 4:06). Howard remembered it with some detail:

There was a time they'd take the vegetables and take them to the hospital . . . And then in later years, they'd sell it, and the money they'd send to the orphanage in St. John's or something like this. (Butt 2011b, 1:36:08)

Jim expanded on it as well:

Originally, if I remember correctly, the produce would be boxed and would be sent to St. John's to the orphanage, to the United Church orphanage . . . But I think in later years . . . the produce would be sold and I think perhaps the money might be sent to an orphanage or MNS, the Missionary Service fund, so money would be put into that . . . we still have it, in the new church, nowadays though, it's sold on the Monday following Thanksgiving Sunday, and it just goes into the general revenue. (Troke 2011b, 1:16:43)

As mentioned earlier, Eleanor described how, “in that week [following], they'd have the Harvest supper” (E. Manuel 2011i, 24:07). She added to that, saying that

everyone “paid two dollars or whatever, and all the ladies cooked big pots of vegetables and served the supper” (E. Manuel 2011i, 24:07). The Harvest Supper was, and still is, a communal affair in which the congregation gathers to eat together. It “was a community event: the community attended, but it was always organized by the ladies, the Ladies Association, it was called then” (Butt 2011b, 1:28:56). The way Eleanor described it to me indicates that the Harvest Supper at the old South Side Church is a fond memory for her:

That was an exciting time, because the children always got to go, and everybody got together. That was the social *life*. *Then*. That was in Marshall Hall. They always lit a big fire outside, and boiled a big cauldron of water, for the ladies, for their kettles, and the “sanitation department” . . . you’d have a fit now [she laughs], to make their tea and to wash the dishes and all that. (E. Manuel 2011i, 24:07)

Eleanor was impressed by the women who created the supper, telling me “the ladies” would cook those “big pots of vegetables in their homes and bring it to the church hall. [They would] carry them in the road. They used to bring them right from Durrell” (E. Manuel 2012e, 4:11). When I asked in some wonderment how they could do that, Eleanor said, admiringly, “They *walked* everywhere. They walked everywhere” (E. Manuel 2012e, 4:11).

Kay told me, “I remember the long tables and the women serving all this . . . it would be a meal, probably fresh beef” (Boyd 2011b, 57:09). Jim also remembers the suppers clearly:

Tables would be set up and there would be bake sales, bake sales would be a part of that, and also, the way the meal was prepared, each family would – well, sometimes it was Jigg’s Dinner, salt beef . . . That would be cooked at home; people would bring their own, bring a pot of vegetables, and usually, say, cook enough for ten people. (Troke 2011b, 1:43:07)

Howard's version concurs:

Thanksgiving supper would usually be a salt meat dinner, a Jigg's Dinner, or it would be fresh meat, fresh beef. When we say meat we mean beef. When we say fish we mean cod [he laughs].
[AC: And that was special to have some beef, like a special meal?]
Oh yes, it was special. (Butt 2011b, 1:36:08)

The congregation still meets for a Harvest Supper at the new church, which Jim mentioned to me, "We still do it, [though] now the meal is cooked at the church kitchen . . . we go in the Christian Education Hall" (Troke 2011b, 1:43:07).

The Christmas season

In early December of 2012, while on my last field trip to Twillingate, I had the good luck to attend the annual Christmas concert held at the Church Museum. It was in the afternoon on a Sunday, the ninth day of the month. I entered the church and climbed the stairs to the gallery. It was lovely to see the church with all the lights on and people in the pews anticipating a concert. The stage was set up in front of the pulpit with a decorated Christmas tree. Also on the stage sat a keyboard, and guitars and several microphones; the Church Museum has its own sound system for concerts that need to be amplified. The stage is very cleverly constructed to cover the communion rail in front of the pulpit, and has two sturdy sets of stairs leading up on either side of it, which complements the symmetrical nature of the church.



Figure 69. Waiting for the Christmas Concert to begin in the church. December 9, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

By the time I had arrived, quite a number of men had gathered in the choir loft, each wearing a white shirt and a tie for the occasion. Howard had told me the choir is a “combined men’s choir” made up of men from different churches in the area, including the United Church and the Salvation Army (Butt 2011d, 21:00).

The church felt cosy and was fairly warm, which was amazing considering the weather outside, which was windy, rainy and very cold. Still, I kept my coat on as I sat in the hard, wooden pew to take in the concert. I had an excellent view of the stage from the gallery. It was very touching to see all the men in the choir loft and to hear the organ, which was being played as people settled in (A. Christie field notes, page 112, December 9, 2012).

The concert lasted approximately an hour, with various musical items in the program, including “O Holy Night” sung by a young woman, a country music duet, a young boy playing guitar, and quite a number of Christmas carols and hymns, led by the choir, and which many of the audience joined in singing. I particularly remember the

sound when the chorus of “Go Tell It On The Mountain” was being sung. It was as if the sound of all the voices in the church, along with the beauty of the men’s voices, melted into waves that surrounded me. It is a striking sonic memory.



Figure 70. The men’s choir singing in the Christmas Concert. December 12, 2012.
Photo by A. Christie.

Kay Boyd mentioned this experience of sound produced by the acoustics in the old South Side church when she attended services there and heard the organ and the hymns. She said the sound “just enveloped you, it wasn’t just coming from way over there somewhere: because of the way the building is made, you were enveloped in the sound” (2012c, 51:35).

The concert finished with several rousing songs from the Split Peas, with the accordionist leading the tunes, and guitars, keyboard and ugly stick accompanying.



Figure 71. The Split Peas performing with the men's choir at the 2012 Christmas Concert at the Church Museum, December 9. Eleanor is second from the right. Photo by A. Christie.

They concluded the concert by climbing up to the choir loft and playing and singing “Jingle Bells” with the choir and the organ. It was fantastic.

I knew about the Christmas Concerts previously. I had interviewed Howard Butt in August of 2011, and he had told me about the Christmas Concert, and that they started to hold it annually at the Church Museum:

Eleanor Manuel usually organizes that concert, and it's a fundraiser—and it's a good time. One of the best times, one year, we had [it] on Old Christmas Night . . . usually we like to have it [just] before Christmas, but now because Eleanor goes away to be with her grandchildren, we have it a couple of weeks before Christmas—hasn't got the same atmosphere . . . but, we have some items from each church—children singing, music and so on. It's quite nice. (Butt 2011d, 21:50)

He said they usually sing hymns and “Christmas-type songs” and have a “reading of the Christmas Story.” He also said, “a lot of people who have an attachment to the church—they love to come back [for the concert]” (Butt 2011d, 21:50).

In my interviews with my informants I made a point of asking about Christmas, and the memories they have of church activities at that time. The bulk of their memories center around one thing, and that is the “old” Christmas concert, the “Christmas concert in Marshall Hall – that was always on Christmas night . . . the night of Christmas Day” (E. Manuel 2011i, 26:18). The congregation would gather in Marshall Hall to watch a concert put on by the children of the Sunday School. There was a Christmas tree in the hall, and Santa would arrive to hand out the gifts. I will call it the “old” Christmas concert for now, to differentiate it from the current Christmas concert in the Church Museum.

Some of my informants have stronger memories of the old Christmas concert than others. The Christmas tree was clearly enjoyed and much anticipated by the children. Kay Boyd said that “it was kind of exciting to walk there . . . [at] 7, 8, 9 years old, to walk through the snow and go to the Christmas concert after all the excitement of Christmas Day . . . and see this big tree again” (2011b, 54:42). Eleanor Manuel said there was “always a big tree” and there were “always presents for every child” (2011i, 31:05). It was “decorated, and there’d be gifts placed in the tree, [and] under the tree, that our parents would bring, unbeknown to us, [although], we knew there’d be something there, or at least we *hoped* [so]” (Troke 2011, 1:40:49).

Before any gifts were given, however, the “concert” would take place.

The Sunday School children would have parts, some little dialogues, perhaps, mostly singing, group singing, some individual singing, recitations, what we call exercises, group recitation, probably like they have the letters of “Christmas” and C is for such and such, you know . . . That one, there might be an opening line that everybody would say together, and a closing line, and each one would step forward with “C is for – C is for whatever,” this sort of thing. (Troke 2011b, 1:40:49)

The singing was accompanied not by a pipe organ, as in the church, but with “just a regular, use-your-feet pump organ” (Boyd 2011b, 53:12).

Jim Troke particularly remembers the antics of Santa Claus when he would arrive, and the “gag gift”:

So then, after the concert part was over, then Santa Claus would show up with his bells on, he’d be jumping around, it would usually be a lively person; [and] usually [he] had to be stuffed with a pillow or two to make him look like Santa [he laughs], and then, of course, falsifying his voice. He’d call out the names on the gifts and distribute the gifts . . . and usually though, don’t know if it was a tradition or not, sometimes there would be a gag gift that would be put on [the tree], just to a friend, if someone wanted to just play a practical joke, a bit of a gag, rather than something sensible. [he laughs] There was nearly always a couple of those, just for the fun of it [laughs]. (Troke 2011b, 1:40:49)

Kay Boyd also remembered the fun of playing a trick on someone with a gag gift:

I remember as teenagers we would find some quirky little thing or other, to put on the tree with somebody’s name on it, maybe some boy’s name on it or something, you know, and they would be forever looking [trying to find the person who put it there and saying], “*You* did that – didn’t you?!” [that] kind of thing [we laugh]. So we created some fun that way. (Boyd 2011b, 53:12)

As mentioned earlier, there was a gift for every child. The gift giving, however, was not necessarily egalitarian. Eleanor told me that all the presents “would have been wrapped” but:

There were always a few . . . affluent people that had big dolls And the people that had the big dolls always had them tied right up on top of the tree, and some of the rest of the kids were a little bit envious, all night, because sometimes you got a colouring book and pack of crayons or something. And [we were all] waiting to see who owned the big dolls – up on top – and it was always the same people. (E. Manuel 2011i, 31:05)

She laughed at the memory. Her sister Kay shares the same childhood memory, that “certain families always had the biggest doll on there, on top of the tree” (Boyd 2011b, 53:12).

In general, the sense I have been given about the Christmas Concert evening in Marshall Hall is that it was a time of fun and good cheer. As Kay said, it was a pleasure, even as a child, to “watch some of the Sunday School people, who were kind of stuffy on Sunday, but all of a sudden, a little bit more relaxed on Christmas Night you know [laughs]” (Boyd 2011b, 53:12).

Interestingly, no one mentioned or remembers a church service on Christmas Eve in the old South Side United Church, “although they do now, and they do in the Anglican Church because they always had midnight service on Christmas Eve” (E. Manuel 2011i, 31:05). Services were held Christmas morning at the old South Side United Church. And “they always had a church service on New Year’s Eve” (E. Manuel 2012e, 50:30). Eleanor remembers,

They always rang the bell New Year’s . . . , it would ring when the year [turned], at 12:00 o’clock, the bell would ring. Watch Night service it was called.

[AC: Watch Night?]

Watch Night . . . you watched the old year go, and the new year arrive in church . . . you weren’t down on the waterfront having fireworks, you were in church! (E. Manuel 2012e, 50:30)

The origin of the Watch Night can be traced to 1742, when Wesley re-introduced the practice of night vigil; it was held monthly, but eventually only on New Year’s Eve (Winsor 1982). Eleanor is sure that “St. Peter’s bell rang as well” on New Year’s Eve (E. Manuel 2012e, 50:30). This is the bell of the Anglican Church referenced in the history section, which the community of Twillingate commissioned.

Apparently the sound of the Memorial Bell (of the Church Museum) is much loved by people returning to the church for the concert. Before I attended the Christmas Concert in 2012, Kay told me:

And what they *especially* like, with that Christmas concert tomorrow afternoon [she imitates a slightly excited and anticipatory tone of voice], “Are ye going to ring the bell?” (Boyd 2012c, 45:40)

She was not sure if anyone would be ringing the bell that year, although she hoped so.

As it turned out, the bell did not get rung. I wish that it had been, as I have never heard it, and I would like to have heard it.

The Sunday School Annual Picnic

“Of course we had a picnic, in the summer: a picnic and a big parade.”¹⁰
Howard Butt, 2011b

Sunday School picnics are a tradition in Twillingate; both Methodist and Anglican congregations used to hold one every year. The United Church still holds it, but the Anglican Church no longer has an annual Sunday School picnic, nor a Sunday School (Eleanor Manuel, email to author, June 14, 2016). I spent some time reading *The Twillingate Sun* at the Provincial Archives, and found more than one story about Sunday School picnics, showing that Methodist annual Sunday School picnics have been taking place in Twillingate for more than a century.

¹⁰ Howard Butt, quote from an interview (2011b, 1:29:29).

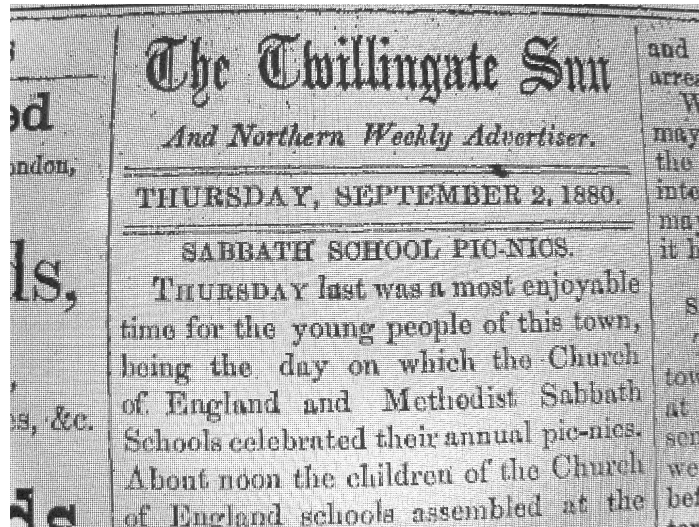


Figure 72. *The Twillingate Sun*, September 2, 1880. Online screen shot. Maritime History Archives, Memorial University of Newfoundland. <<http://tinyurl.com/twillingatesun1880september2>> [viewed August 10, 2013].

In 1878, the *Wesleyan* reported that the Sunday School parade in Twillingate was substantial: “three hundred students, singing hymns and with banners flying, marched about the town” (Swann, n.p).

According to Harvey, the Methodist Sunday School event originated in England, where “nonconformist tea treats and parades were first established in the eighteenth century” (Harvey 2007, 2). This is exactly as in Twillingate, where “parades followed by tea treats were typically scheduled during the summer months” (Harvey 2007, 2). The term “treat” was also used in Newfoundland at one time; *The Twillingate Sun* reported on a Sunday School “Treat” in Eploits, in an article in their September 14th edition. The event took place on Wednesday, August 14th, 1889; the article states that the “place was gay with flags” and “the children assembled at the church at 1:30 pm and at 2 o’clock were ready for the usual line of march - singing and cheering at several stages along the road enlivened this part of the proceedings” (1889, 2). Using the term “treat” for the

Sunday School picnic, however, appears to have fallen out of use over time, for my informants only used the word “picnic” to describe the event.

One of the earliest references to something resembling a Methodist Sunday School parade and picnic in Newfoundland was written by John Pickavant in his annual report to the District meeting, dated May 20, 1829. He had returned to St. John’s from England for his third pastorate:

The [Sunday] school is in a most excellent and improving state . . . A few days [ago] they were all walked out of town in regular procession attended by attached teachers and a number of respectable friends to a farm house where they sat down to a cup of tea – 130 [sic] in number. The evening was spent comfortably. The children then sang a hymn and were marched through the town and coming to a fine open place I gave an address when they returned home highly gratified . (Pickavant 1829)

Here is an even more elaborate description of an early Sunday School parade and picnic in St. John’s, written by Superintendent Arthur Martin of the Alexander Street Methodist Church (which became the Wesley United Church) in 1894:

Alexander Street Sunday School Pic-Nic. On July 25th Aurora looked propitious, and soon Sol appeared with bright beams. There was no suspense or foreboding fears for the little ones, who wake with the larks on treat days. At 11 o’clock a happy party started from Alexander Street Church, about 100 [sic] riding in express wagons, & c., kindly loaned by some of our business people and victuallers, and one hundred and fifty walking. The procession of excited faces, white dresses, and cheering boys, soon reached our extensive Orphanage property, two miles from town, and having received a currant bun each, they dispersed over the field to enjoy various games, as cricket, football, rings and races. The swift young Atalantas secured many prizes; there were skipping ropes, boxes of paints, money boxes, &c., for the girls; balls, books and knives for the boys. At a particular place in the field the youngsters were like flies around a sugar basin; it was a cask of sweetened lime-juice to slake their thirst and keep them cool. The tug-of-war afforded the pullers and the on-lookers much sport. Rev. J.J. Blythe’s team of bachelors had the victory over Superintendent Martin’s seven married men. The supply of tea was abundant, and of good quality;

the good bread and delicious butter was in great demand. The lady teachers were all so nice. The guests were handsomely treated, from our esteemed Dr. Dove and lady down to the humblest child's mother. The school left for home at 7:30. So ended a most enjoyable day. (Martin 1894, n.p)

The mention of prizes is something I have not seen nor heard of in many published descriptions of Methodist or United Church Sunday School parades and picnics. Carl Sharpe does mention it in his autobiography, *Memories in the Life of a Twillingate Man*, that at the annual Sunday School picnic in Crow Head (very near Twillingate), there were “games played for fun with prizes given out to the winners” (2005, 10). One of my informants, Eleanor Manuel describes her memory of a candy toss later in this section.

Harvey wrote that in the United Kingdom “tea treats remain one of the most commonly invoked memories associated with the Methodist Church today” (2007, 2). I had a similar finding among my informants for among the strongest and most vivid of the shared memories was that of the Sunday School picnic and parade. It was held during the week, not on a Sunday. Similar to the Annual Harvest Supper it would occur on a Wednesday afternoon, as Eleanor reminded me,” because all the shops had half days. When I was a child, the shops were closed on a Wednesday afternoon: a half-holiday” (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35).

As I've mentioned before, I did not attend church as a child, and so, of course, I never went to Sunday School. When the Sunday School picnic and parade event was first mentioned to me, I assumed, logically (and ignorantly), that it was held on a Sunday, as it was a Sunday School event. But Eleanor responded to that by saying “No, no picnics on Sunday, not allowed to do that, not on a Sunday,” and added, laughing,

“That was too much frivolity on a Sunday” (E. Manuel 2012b, 33:27). The Methodists, traditionally, were famously strict regarding what you could or could not do on a Sunday, or at any time, for that matter. As Harvey describes it, “Methodism was deeply influenced by pietism, a religious reform movement within the German Lutheran Church, which emphasised the personal religious experience of God, the search for moral perfection in everyday social relations, the authority of the bible, and the priesthood of all believers” (2007, 11). Methodists were known for “virtues of temperance and thrift” (Wakefield 1999, xvi). There was no alcohol or card-playing in their homes when my informants were growing up, not on any day of the week, and Jim Troke stated that until he was about sixteen he was not allowed to ride a bicycle on a Sunday (Troke 2006).

The annual outing would begin by the children gathering together; they would “all meet at the Sunday School” Eleanor said. This was at the Marshall Hall, very near the church. It was “in the summertime [on] a designated day . . . probably in the middle of July, because that was always the warmest time then, in July” (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13). All of the Sunday School teachers would accompany the children on the parade (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29).

Howard indicated they would not dress up, but perhaps this only applied to the boys, for Kay said the girls “would be all dressed up, never in our jeans or anything. It was always a little dress” (Boyd 2011b, 57:45). Besides wearing a dress, they would fix their hair, just as they did “regularly for church” as Eleanor put it. She remembers:

We always had hair ribbons. Always had our hair tied up with a bow. . . we just parted our hair on the side, and picked some up like that, and tied the bow. I remember Saturday nights, we always had to have our clothes ready for church the next day, and that was one

of the things we did, was iron our hair ribbons . . . [we] always had everything in order. (E. Manuel 2011i, 39:23)



Figure 73. South Side United Church Sunday School Parade. Eleanor Manuel has been identified as the little girl on the far right wearing a blue skirt with suspenders. Mid 1940s. (Photo used with permission - Jim Smith collection)

Most of the stories about the parade include the memory of carrying flags. “We’d have little flags, back then, the Union Jack, the British flag,” Howard told me, “Because back then we were a British colony you know” (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29). Kay also said, “We would carry our little flags and have a parade” (Boyd 2011b, 57:45). Eleanor elaborated, “We’d go on a parade, and I remember carrying little Union Jacks, parading up [and down] . . . in our Sunday best” (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35). On another occasion she had told me that on the parade:

We always took a [flag on the parade], oh, everywhere we went when we were kids we carried Union Jacks. We were very patriotic [she laughs]. It was great to see. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13).

The flag carrying in the parade was not particular to Twillingate. Joseph Burke wrote, in a description of the annual Methodist Church parade and picnic in Greenspond (circa 1910), that:

The parades were colourful in Newfoundland terms. There were no floats in those days, in fact there were no cars or trucks. The people made up the parade. Boys carried flags and girls bunches of flowers. There was singing and happy laughter as the whole procession headed for the picnic grounds. (Burke 2000, 46)

Howard joked with me when I asked him where the parade in Twillingate would go, “All according to each year,” he said, “One year you’d go up the road, one year you’d go down the road [laughs]” (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29). Kay told me they would “usually walk somewhere, not too far away, and then parade back to the church again” (Boyd 2011b, 57:45). And, as Howard said, “We’d parade, and very often, we’d go to the home of someone who was sick, someone who belonged to the Sunday School” (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29). Eleanor described her memory of doing this:

One parade I remember in particular, we walked from the Sunday School up to just beyond the Fire Hall now, and up a lane, because one of the older Sunday School teachers was sick, so I think we walked up there one time, carrying our little flags, and stood outside her house, and sang. Probably sang “Jesus Loves Me”. I don’t know . . . And walked back. (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35)

For Howard this practice resulted in a very personal memory:

I remember one year, I was in Grade Eight, I was sick all that summer, and they came, the picnic must have been in August, because I had a condition, and I’d been in a body cast. I didn’t get out of the body cast until the very early part of August, and I was out on my platform sitting down. I couldn’t go beyond there, and they came up and congregated at the foot of the hill and sang a hymn to me . . . They came and sang, and went on back again. (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29)

Then, after the parade, came the main event: the picnic. All the memories are imbued with the sense of how fond my informants were of the picnic, and what a good time it was for them. It was held after the children had walked back to the church:

And usually what they'd do, out there is a parking lot now [by the Church Museum], but there was a field there, and we'd spread out there, and they would have their eats: consisted of luncheon sandwiches, and cookies and things . . . adults took care of that, not only the teachers there, the Sunday School teachers, but a lot of the parents would come and help out, and it was a fun day. (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29)



Figure 74. South Side Church, Marshall Hall and Manse in the 1940s. Marshall Hall is on the far left, the church is in the middle and the old parsonage is on the right. This photo shows the church before the bell tower was added in 1950. The two white spires can be seen on two roofs at the front of the entrance hall and the main building. Photo by John (Jack) Loveridge (Used with permission - Dave Clarke collection).

Kay Boyd also remembered that the Church picnics were held there: “That would be on the field, next to the Hall, across the road from the church. At Marshall Hall. There was a big field there, at that time” (Boyd 2011b, 57:45). Marshall Hall was built in 1903 for

Sunday School, and is named for the first Reverend, William Marshall, who died in 1846 (Mercer 1932, 32).

As mentioned earlier, the Sunday School picnic still takes place. It does not take place near their church anymore. Howard said, “It’s different, they get a school bus and take them . . . usually this Sunday School here [the Central United Church] has been going to the Hospital Pond, and there’s a meadow up there, and a swim area and so on” (Butt 2011d, 27:12).



Figure 75. Hospital Pond, Twillingate, August 21, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

Jim Troke mentioned that today they go to “various places, somewhere outside, like Sea Breeze Park, down there at Sleepy Cove” (Troke 2011b, 1:44:16). Sleepy Cove, which is en route to Crow Head, is the location of a one-time mine (Martin 1983). Figure 76 (taken in late fall) shows a door in the hillside. The remnants of the mine have been painted red and yellow, and the area is a small park now, overlooking the cove.



Figure 76. Sea Breeze Park, Sleepy Cove, December 7, 2012.
Photo by A. Christie.

As stated earlier, the picnic portion of the annual event in their childhood and youth is remembered with fondness by my informants; this is my impression when I listen to them talk about it. I can hear the smile in their voices as they reminisce about this childhood memory, when it felt special to gather together in a field and sit in the grass and eat “cookies and sandwiches” before playing games (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35). “Peanut butter sandwiches, or potted meat sandwiches,” Eleanor remembered, “potted meat; it was like paté [she laughs]” (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13). Howard described how when they got back to the field:

We’d spread out there, and they would have their eats: consisted of luncheon sandwiches, and cookies and things and syrup, Purity Syrup, the sweet syrup you mixed with water, and there was always that old shout that we used to have, “Syrup this way!” you know [we laugh]. Somebody would be going around with a big container and a ladle or something or other, and sing out. Very often we’d take it and put it away [he mimes hiding his cup] - “Syrup this way!” - just so you could sing it out, and they’d come and fill it up “Syrup this way! . . . and people would be coming around with the cake and the cookies and so forth. (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29)

What the group would have to drink was mentioned by more than one person. Eleanor remembered that they had “Purity syrup or lemonade” (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35). When I asked her how that drink was made with syrup (for I was unfamiliar with Purity syrup), she answered, “The Purity syrup? Oh, you’d just pour a bit in, and then added water. That was in big jugs” (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35). The lemonade was made in a similar way:

You used to be able to buy [a mix], we called it “lemon crystals”, little granules of lemon, and you’d mix it with water and add some sugar. And it was very good [she chuckles] . . . No ice though. No ice in it at that time. Because nobody had a fridge, or anything then. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13)

Jim Troke has a very specific memory of drinking Purity syrup; his memories of attending the annual picnic are singular:

There’s only one that I remember, if I remember and far as I know, this was in about 1945 I guess. Before we went to Toronto. At that time the American Coast Guard had a base up here behind the hospital, in [that] area. Have you been up to the walking trail by Hospital Pond? [ac nods yes] So where that gazebo is, back of the helicopter pad there, that’s where they had a number of Quonset huts there, that’s where they were. I remember being there to a picnic once, because I remember going into one of the Quonset huts where they had this big galvanized bucket of syrup mix. [I was] going to get my glass of syrup with my mother [he laughs] . . . Purity syrup. And mixed in the galvanized bucket, that are used for water, for bringing water: they had a bucketful there of the mix . . . [I was] four or five years old. (Troke 2011b, 1:44:16)

Almost everyone mentioned “the fountain” when they talked about the picnic, and that the fountain was for making tea. Kay said:

They would [do] what they call “boil a fountain” which was a huge container, and they would boil the water in that, it was almost like a bonfire, they would boil the water in that, outside. (Boyd 2011b, 57:45)

I asked more questions about the “fountain”, because it was unclear what it was exactly, or how it was set up. Howard said:

The fountain was a big container, because it was too much to expect from kettles on a stove, and so they had an open fire, and they’d have a big fountain, yea big around [opens arms wide to show the size of it] . . . It was a big pot, and put on top of the fire and boiled [the water] . . . [it was made of steel or iron] and they would ladle out the hot water and put it in the kettles you see [for making tea]. They get the hot water, and probably take the kettle and put it on the stove and the stove would bring it to a boil quickly. They’d always have the fountain set up for a supper or a dinner, like the Thanksgiving dinner. (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29)

He told me it was a wood fire, and “that would be the job of a certain individual, [who] would be the fountain guy, responsible for the fountain . . . that was a common thing . . . always referred to as the fountain” (Butt 2011b, 1:29:29).

Jim Troke remembers the fountain also being used for “tea for the Harvest Suppers” and he described the fountain:

I think they used a tripod sort of arrangement. And that was hung, it was a copper boiler, they call it a boiler. Or *fountain*. We used to call it. Somebody was always put in charge of “boiling the fountain” That is, tending the fire and boiling this big copper kettle, or, can’t call it a kettle, but . . . It was [a pot], probably that high and that big around [he motions how high and round]. (Troke 2011b, 1:44:16)

When I asked how they got the water out, he said:

I think they would dip it out, and into kettles then, you know, dip in with a big ladle. If I remember correctly, it had a wooden handle, they had, probably like a big can, or some kind of metal, and if you dip it out and pour it into the kettle to be taken into the hall [for the Harvest Supper]. That was done in the parsonage, in behind there. Someone would be put in charge of boiling the fountain, they called it: that was tending the fire and boiling the water . . . It was suspended by a chain, or a wire from the tripod, over the fire. (Troke 2011b, 1:44:16)

Eleanor painted quite an image of the fountain and the serving of the tea with the following description:

They used to serve tea to the adults too. And they'd boil up tea, and the ladies would come out with these big kettles of boiling water, and if somebody wanted tea, they'd yell out "Tea this way, tea this way!" and [the ladies] they'd trot over with the tea, and they'd be shooing the kids out of the way because they had the boiling water [she laughs]. But I don't think anybody ever got hurt. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13)

At this point I talked with Eleanor about this, about the fact that in all those years of the use of the fountain, this big kettle of boiling water, and "all that time," not one child or person was ever hurt. I mention that I had found a reference at the United Church Archives to someone being paid or hired to take care of the fountain for the Little Harbour United Church.¹¹ Eleanor responded with a memory about the South Side Church's supper:

Oh yes. I remember Mr. Blake, Mr. Fraser Blake. They wouldn't let the kids get anywhere near it. And we always respected that too, because they had a fire lit underneath it. And this big *cauldron* . . . [over a] wood fire. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13)

I asked her how they got the water out:

They might have had a big, well, they probably did, I think I remember, there used to be a, something called a *spudgel* – it was a bucket, or like a gallon thing on a long handle, and people used to have them in their wells sometimes too, for dipping small amounts of water. It was a bucket, attached to a long [handle] . . . and you just put it down, so you wouldn't have to be right down in the water, and I think that's what they used to use, to take the water up. Spudgel. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13)

¹¹ United Church Archives, St. John's. Twillingate Fonds: Series 5-Box 3. I found a small book titled "Twillingate", Little Harbour- Minutes (about the "Annual Harvest Supper") pages 18-19, October 20, 1936 entry. It describes who would provide what, for example cups and saucers, bought; persons to "boil the kettle", being chosen and paid "60 cents plus supper," and persons to "collect vegetables" etc.

When I ask her how it is spelled Eleanor disappeared into her living room (I was interviewing her in her kitchen); she came back with a big book; it was *The Dictionary of Newfoundland English*:

Yes . . . they'd use a long stick, like a sapling: Spudgel. S-p-u-d-g-e-l [reads letters out][then reads from book]: a small wooden bucket with a long handle used to bail water from a deep-keeled boat . . . there, but . . . "or metal or wooden container with a long handle, often larger than a boat bailer, used to dip water from a well,[or] hot bark in the tanning of nets and for other purposes. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13)

"So," she said, "They used them for bailing any kind of water" (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13).

Besides enjoying cookies and sandwiches, cold drinks and tea, the children would partake of some physical activity and fun. Kay told me they would "play games" (Boyd 2011b, 57:45), and Eleanor said they had "three-legged races and sack races and played games: "Rings", like "Ring Around the Rosie" and all that sort of stuff" (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35). I asked her if there were any songs that they used sing at the Sunday School picnic, and she said that "there were games we used to play, that had singing" (E. Manuel 2012b, 33:27). She told me:

There was one we sang . . . "Farmer in the Dell" for one, that was a singing game. And "Little Sally Saucer" was a game we played . . . Everybody held hands, in a ring, and you sang: "Little Sally Saucer, Sitting on the water" . . . [That] was "Rise up Sally, Dry away your tears"- there's a little girl would be in the middle and she would do all the actions, and then when the actions were over, somebody else had a turn in the middle. "Little Sally Saucer."

[Eleanor sings]:

Little Sally Saucer

Sitting on the water

Rise up Sally, dry away your tears

Turn to the east Sally

Turn to the west Sally

Turn to the very one that you love best.

[Eleanor speaks]:
And so, who-ever she pointed at got in the ring next time!
And then you'd do it all over again. (E. Manuel 2012b, 33:27)

Eleanor has vivid memories of the picnic as it was when they had it in the field next to the church. She remembers:

We all sat around and had cookies and sandwiches, and three-legged races and sack races and played games. "Rings", like "Ring Around the Rosie" and all that sort of stuff. And they always had a candy toss. Someone had a big bag of candy, and they'd throw them up in the air and we'd all scramble . . . (E. Manuel 2011i, 36:35)

Eleanor is the only informant to mention a "candy toss", which appears to have taken place after the main food had been eaten. She describes it in more detail in a later interview, when I asked her about it again:

Oh somebody, one of the big shops, one of the merchants would probably donate a big bucket of candy and . . . we'd probably be in a circle and somebody would stand in the circle and take a big handful of candy and throw, and then everybody would rush [we laugh] and then they'd throw another one, everybody would rush to grab the candy [she laughs]. (E. Manuel 2012e, 14:13)

I found several references to a candy toss or "scramble", as well as races and games, in other accounts of past Methodist Sunday School picnics around Newfoundland. Carl Sharpe of Crow Head (not far from Twillingate), for example, wrote that, "the Sunday School superintendent Uncle Adolphus Sharpe would throw candies up in the air, and whoever could run the fastest, got the most candy" (2005, 10). Winnifred Sweetapple contributed her childhood memories of the Glovertown Methodist Church in the early 1900s in a booklet published by the Glovertown United Church, to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the congregation in 1983:

We always had a Sunday School picnic in June. We marched from the Church down to Uncle Bob Saunders' meadow, using

homemade banners. “Uncle” Ned Hawkins would light our fire on the beach to boil water for tea. Candy was tossed and happy children scrambled. We played “King William Was King George’s Son” and “Sailing in the Boat When the Tide Runs High.” (Centennial Review 1983, 28)

The memories about the calendar customs in this chapter share some common threads: the focus is on the communal meals and shared food, the heightened sense of awareness of a special occasion and the sense of fun or enjoyment of the annual event. Within each person’s memoryscape there are stories shared by others in the group, and the main settings or places for the memories consist of the old church, Marshall Hall and the one-time field beside it.

Similar to family folklore, with shared meals around the same table for example, it is a shared past in a specific place. And as the events are customs, a “repeated habitual action,” with “patterned, repeated behavior,” the group’s individual participation over the years has compounded their sense of membership, along with a heightened sense of their own heritage (Sims and Stephens 2005, 16).

The customs have survived, though not enacted in exactly the same way as they were sixty years ago. The Harvest Supper is cooked in the church kitchen now, the children are taken by bus to a picnic area, and the Christmas Concert is produced by the Church Museum group, rather than the United Church. Despite these changes there is still a sense of continuity from generations past. For the Christmas Concert of 2014 the group arranged it as an “old-fashioned” Christmas, telling some of their stories to the audience, and putting dolls and gifts on the Christmas tree on stage, just as was done in Marshall Hall when they were children (Eleanor Manuel, phone call notes, January 11, 2015).

Chapter Five

The pews, the bell and the pipe organ: stories and memories

The pews

“So we always had a place to sit that we could call our own. You see, those were the days of the family pew.” (A. Butt 1990, 40)

An important part of the contemporary oral history of Twillingate is the family pew in the old South Side church. All of my informants commented on where their family would sit or not sit. The fact they sat in the same place in church for most of their lives and continue today to talk about their family pew shows an aspect of their attachment to the church building.



Figure 77. Pews in the gallery showing the Hayward family seat, a short pew in the front row at the far end, facing to the front of the church. August 17, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

There has been much written on the English practice of pew renting, including a doctoral dissertation by John Bennett on the Anglican practice of pew renting in England from 1800 to 1960 (2011). Many authors have pointed out that it became a practice among the English Methodists and other Nonconformists to rent assigned pews, and this practice extended to Newfoundland and North America in general (Johnson 1926;

Mallary 1985; Story 1973; Lyon 2014). The old South Side Methodist Church rented pews to its congregation, which resulted in what local people call the family pew. This section of my thesis begins with context and goes on to examine some of the memories and thoughts of my informants.

Permanent seating in the churches of England did not exist until the thirteenth century, beginning with “a few benches and stalls” on the interior wall of the nave for those who had need of a seat, such as the elderly or infirm, or those who could not bring their own stool (Bennett 2011, 24; Needham 1948, 47). By the late fifteenth century pews in churches were fairly common in wealthier parishes; a pew at that time could be a simple bench, or expanded to a boxed pew (Bennett 2011, 25). By the time of the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, in 1558, “pew rents were a steady source of revenue to the church” (Tindal Hart 1966, 69). Previously revenue was collected for the church during the Middle Ages via the practice of tithing, which was the collection of goods by the Church, of anything, such as “garden crops . . . timber cut in the woodlands, and the products of the fisheries” (Pounds 1989, 107).

There is an indication in some writings that pew rental was not popular. For example, the history of one Anglican church in England speaks of a beloved minister who “finally abolished pew rents” (Holy Trinity Southwell 2014). A book, published in 1861, is entirely devoted to arguing against pew rental in England, titled: *The Pew System: and the injuries it inflicts on the Church of England* (Holden 1861). And indeed, in Twillingate, when St. Peter’s Anglican Church was consecrated in 1845, the practice of pew rental was discontinued. The congregation “made over the Church by a proper deed to the Bishop in trust for the perpetual use of all the inhabitants,” due to “the

anxious desire of the inhabitants, many of whom had possessed pews in their former Church, to prevent such an acquisition of property in the new one” (Manuel 1970, 14).

I did not come across any such rhetoric against pew rentals in the interviews with my informants. Well into the 20th century, annual collection of pew rental was generally accepted as an “important source of income” for the Methodist church (Story 1973, 28). The designated rental of pews became an accepted practice in Methodism, but it is interesting to note that this was not the intention of the founder, John Wesley. From the mid to late 1700s, “all the pews and seats were open; and although large numbers paid for seats, yet none was permitted to claim a pew or a sitting as his own in Mr. Wesley’s days” (Stevenson 1872, 77). By the early 1800s however, after Wesley’s death, designated pew rental became typical, just as it was in Anglican churches (Dolbey 1964; Johnson 1926; Jobson 1850).



Figure 78. Pews in the east gallery. August 17, 2007. Photo by A. Christie.

As described in Chapter Three, the pews in the church are bench pews built in the old-fashioned straight-backed style. This was contrary to the popular late Victorian style when the church was built, which consisted of “more agreeable sloping low-backed”

pews (Stevenson 1872, 232). The pews were not built with comfort in mind and one of my informants, Cyril Dalley, confirmed this when he told me, “I also recall fondly, as everybody can recall now, that attended there, the very hard seats, and it was hard to keep quiet and stay still (he laughs)” (Dalley 2012, 2:57)

Figure 79 is a rough field drawing, in which I jotted down where some of my informants used to sit, while I interviewed them.

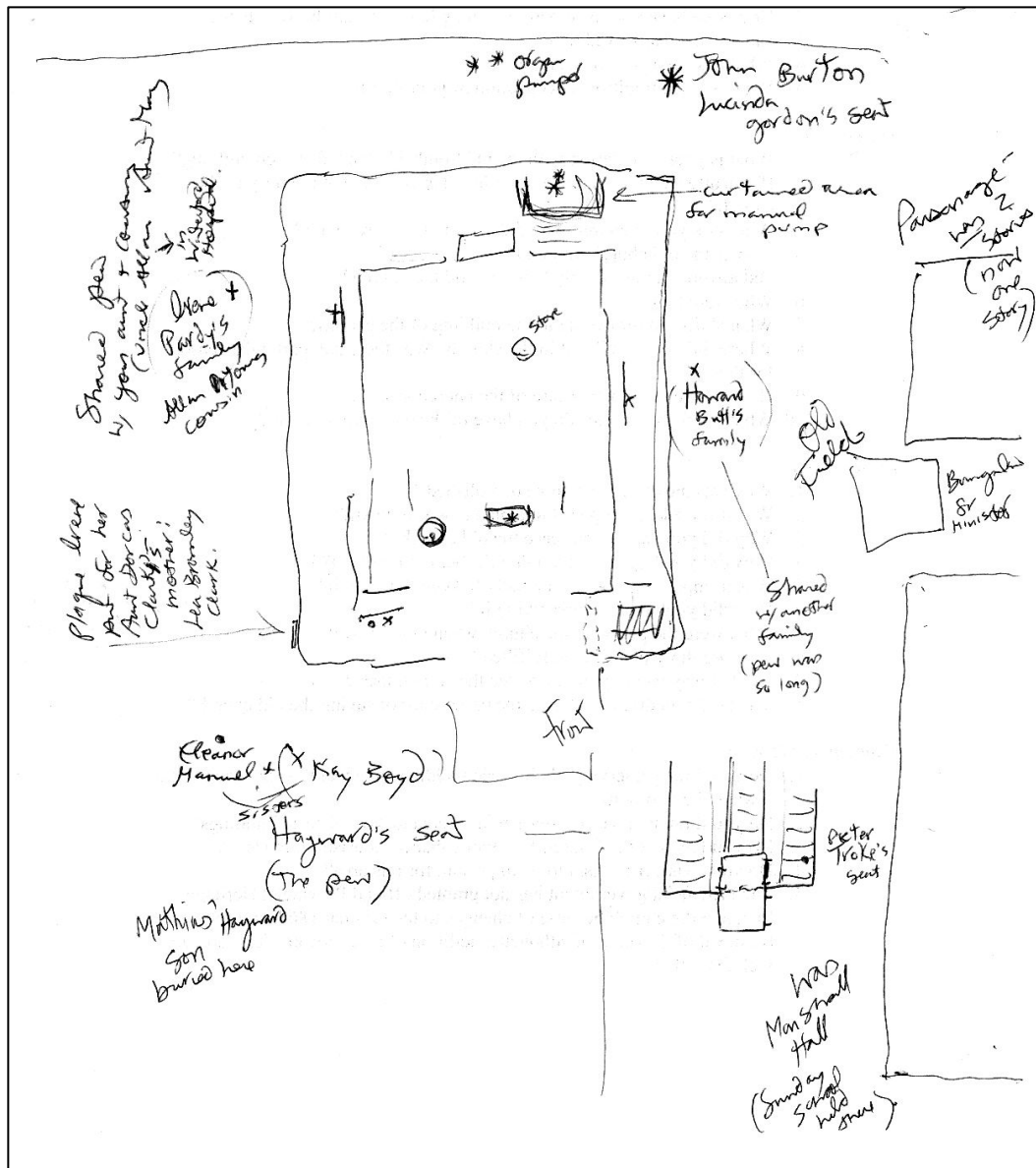


Figure 79. Fieldwork drawing by A. Christie showing where various family pews existed, August 2011.

Most of my informants who grew up attending the old South Side church sat consistently in the same pew for every service. Howard Butt said his family pew was “up in the gallery, the front seat of the gallery” and that his “first memories” are of attending church with his family and sitting in that pew (Butt 2011b, 8:03). His family pew was a “shared seat [because] unless you had a really big family you couldn’t get a full seat [for only your family]” (Butt 2011b, 8:03). Howard was one of three children, a small family at that time.



Figure 80. Howard’s family pew can be seen in right side of the photo in the front row at the far end of the gallery. Irene Pardy’s family pew is also in a front row in the gallery, across the nave, opposite from Howard’s. Photo by A. Christie. August 17, 2011.

The church was very well attended in the childhood days of my informants. More than one of them remembers that the galleries and “some of the longer seats that were totally filled with family members” (Boyd 2011a, 20:44).

Inter-related families would also sit together in a pew. Howard remembers that Kay Boyd’s old family pew, known as Haywards’ Seat (see Figure 77), belonged to “two families, because of the White family also” (Butt 2011b, 8:03). Kay’s mother was a

Hayward, and she married into the White family. It is not a long pew; Kay Boyd and Eleanor Manuel were two of the three children of the family. By the time Kay was a teenager she was singing in the choir (as did Eleanor), and sat in the pews in the organ loft. Kay and Eleanor's mother was one of the regular organists for the church.

We went straight up the stairs, from the front door, and when we came through the doors at the back of the gallery we turned left, there were three rows, and our seat was a little short seat at the front of the gallery. We were facing the organ loft and the pulpit and stuff . . . and that was Hayward's Seat. (Boyd 2011a, 18:22)

Irene Pardy showed me where her family, including her cousins, used to sit. She told me you get to their pew by going to the left when you get upstairs, then go "all the way" to the "last aisle down" and then to the "very front seat" (Pardy 2012a, 10:08). Her main childhood memory is of "seeing Howard Butt and his two brothers across, on the other side of the church" (Pardy 2012c, 4:22). I asked her, "Did they get up to anything?" She said, "Well, not in that church, they didn't get up and run around like they do in our church now I can tell you! You sat in your seat, and you stayed there until you went out" (Pardy 2012c, 4:22).

The families paid a fee for the pew, which was paid yearly (Boyd 2011a, 18:22). My informants did not say how much was paid in rent. Kay remembered reading an old document that stated widows only had to pay half (Boyd 2011a, 18:22). Irene remembers the payment for her family pew was shared, because her aunt and two cousins sat with them. She told me the story of why the pew was shared:

I guess Dad and Aunt Mary [each] paid for half of it because [my cousin Alan's] father, he had been in the First World War, and he was shell-shocked. He had an injury to his knee on the first of July. He was hit. And years after that, he was what they called shell-shocked. Today they call it post-traumatic stress disorder. Alan Young, he was my uncle. And he was in the Waterford, as we call it

now [then the Hospital for Mental and Nervous Disorders]. Twenty-four and one half years. He came out. Yes. When he went in, Alan [Irene's cousin] was a six-week old baby. When he came out Alan was a married man with a child. (Pardy 2011b, 2:57)

Howard said that by the time he was an adult, rents were no longer collected (Butt 2011b, 8:03).

The accounts for the old South Side Methodist Church in 1868 indicate what a basic pew cost at that time. In the book rent is referred to as “subscriptions,” paid in pounds sterling. The entries in the accounts book are hand-written with beautiful penmanship, and there is one subscription entry for “Fall/Spring” of 1868 that stands out from the others, with a note inserted in tiny cursive script: “James Troke, Forgot to send.....£9” (*Twillingate Circuit Book* 1868). This James Troke was Jim Troke's great-great-uncle.

Other churches refer to the practice as a rental or purchase. The 1874 records for pew rental in St. John's at the George St. United Church (then Methodist), are included in George Story's book about the church; the record is titled, “Purchasers and lessees of pews, 1874” (1973, 48). Purchasers of pews paid an average of twenty-one dollars; a merchant paid as much as two hundred dollars (Story 1973, 48). This indicates that the rate was not fixed, nor equal. Rental of a pew was usually nine dollars, and it is recorded that some people would pay rent to another person who had paid for a purchase (Story 1973). Nine dollars in rent at that time would equal approximately two hundred dollars in modern currency (Dave Manuel 2016). In 1926 at a Methodist church in the small town of Winterton, Newfoundland, the pew rent is noted as allowing for a non-cash payment:

The yearly rental of pews for church expenses was two shillings per pew, one shilling for half pew, which was paid in fish, 10 lbs. of fish for a pew and 5 lbs. for half. The minister's salary was paid in the

same way – from 30 to 75 lbs. of fish from each pew-holder.
(Johnson 1926, 290)

Two shillings was worth approximately fifty cents, or half a Canadian dollar in pre-Confederation Newfoundland (Browne 1872, 37; Berteau 1981, 577); this is approximately seven dollars in today's currency (Dave Manuel 2016).

According to most of my informants the family pew was inherited; Howard told me, “some families had seats just passed down to them” (Butt 2011b, 22:21). While interviewing Jim Troke he showed me, in my rough drawing, where his family pew used to be, and said, “That was grandfather's seat, so that's where we sat . . . [in] Peter Troke's Seat” (Troke 2011b, 50:30) (see Figure 79, lower right hand corner). His family pew was in a section of pews at the very back of the church, which are no longer there. At a certain point, many pews in the corners were removed when renovations were done and a furnace and bathrooms put in (see Figure 16 in Chapter Two).

Eleanor Manuel mentioned that she was not sure of any particular reason for which pew a family sat in. She pointed out that “of course, the larger families had the larger pews,” and then added, “I've always remembered that the more affluent people in the community seemed to sit closer to the front of the church, like the fish merchants and that sort of thing” (E. Manuel 2011i, 16:26). When I asked her if they paid more, or gave more to the church, she said, “I'm sure they did donate more, I'm sure they did” (E. Manuel 2011i, 16:26).

Howard also indicated a connection between income and seating:

All I do know is that people with money, with noted money, they had the choice of seats eh? The choice seats were the seats that were close to the stove . . . to the heat . . . that was not by chance. That was by choice. (Butt 2012, 1:19:14)

The discriminatory practice of where people were to sit in a church is rooted in centuries-old history in England. Bennett indicates “that even by the late thirteenth century churches had long obeyed the general principle that the greatest local family had special rights in the church” (2011, 31).

Not everybody had a family pew. This did not mean they had nowhere to sit. Cyril told me, “I always had a place I used to sit”, and that although his dad grew up going to that church, and it was his dad’s church, he doesn’t recall a Dalley Seat (Dalley 2011a, 1:03:13). His family didn’t “own a seat,” he said, nonetheless, “For the most part sitting in the same seat, I can remember that. But I can’t recollect that Dad paid for it” (Dalley 2012, 22:05).

This seemed to allow Cyril some freedom. He said that when he attended the evening service he would sit in the gallery, at the back on the left hand side, but that for the morning service he would sit on the main floor, also at the back (Dalley 2011a, 1:03:13). Cyril had an interesting upbringing as his mother was Salvation Army and his father was United Church. Cyril attended Salvation Army services with his mother as a child (as his father did not attend church regularly) but when he reached his teens he began to attend the old South Side United Church. When I asked him who he went to church with, he said, “Friends of mine, buddies of mine” (Dalley 2011a, 1:04:37). When I said that where he sat at the back was a nice spot to sit he agreed, and said, “No-one’s looking at you [we laugh]. I could see what’s going on, and I could move around and squirm a little” (Dalley 2011a, 1:04:37).

In another interview, Howard told me that he heard about the merchant class being allowed a “choice” seating allocation from Eli Reid, a long-time sexton of the

church, who has since passed away. Howard told me Eli was also “on the Board of Session, and he was a Member of our church” (Butt 2011d, 0:03). Howard described those with money as “business people” and “top echelon” (Butt 2011b, 17:58). When I asked if they paid more for their seats, he said he did not think so, but that they had “more influence” (Butt 2011b, 17:58). There is a long history of seats at the front being more valuable. In his book on the church attendance in Medieval England, Tindal Hart states that pews were “rented on a graduated scale, and people were seated according to their sex and social status” (1966, 69).

When the informants made mention of merchants, or business people, and the fact they seemed to have the best seats in the house the comments were not negative in tone, but rather humorous. Howard relayed a story to me that had been told to him by Eli, the “janitor” in the story (Eli, as sexton, looked after the church, and filled and stoked the coals in the two woodstoves in the church). In it he uses the word “businessman” where other informants have used the word, “merchant”:

So, this individual, a businessman, complained to the janitor that it was cold this morning, “you weren’t tending to the fire the way you should have been”- so this fellow [Eli] said to himself, “Well, if that’s what you want”, so that’s when he stoked the fire up, and he drove this man out of his pew. He had to go to another empty pew [Howard laughs] (Butt 2011b, 17:58).

I laughed at that story, and at the following one, told to me by Eleanor:

Some of the merchants, [they] always came late, and we always said they came [late] to show off their clothes. Just before the service started they’d all troop in and sit up in the front seat (E. Manuel 2012e, 45:25)

We both laughed, and I said that I remembered that Kay had told me something similar: if you had a new coat you came late (E. Manuel 2012e, 46:20).

The wry sentiment expressed by the informants towards the merchant class and how they behaved can be found elsewhere in Newfoundland folklore, though perhaps not always with such a light-hearted approach. The observation of the merchants trooping up to the front of the church is mentioned in the following verse from the song, “Bonavista Merchants” collected in Placentia Bay by Wilf Wareham. It was likely written in the 1930s, and depicts the merchants of Newfoundland as corrupt, uncaring robbers who would over-price the goods in their stores, such that the fishermen could ill afford basic food items, and struggled to pay their bills (Wareham 1969). But yet, after such behaviour, as the following excerpts from the song states, they would sit at the front of the church:

Verse 1:

Come all ye Newfoundlanders, and listen to my song.
I hope you pay attention, I won’t delay you long.
‘Tis all about the merchants from Bonavista Bay,
They way they treats their fishermen, the price they got to pay.

Verse 3:

It’s for your Sunday dinner, if you wants a pound of beef.
The merchants they are worried they can’t give no relief.
You ask them for a pound of pork, they’ll look cold as ice.
They’ll tell you it can’t be opened for they haven’t got the price.

Verse 7:

And after all then all the week, sure Sunday, just look out.
The merchants they are marching so meek and so devout.
They’ll march up to the chapel, and march up to the church,
They’ll march up to the altar, up there they are the first.
(Wareham 1969)

It is worth noting that none of the informants ever made a comment in their interviews about any unfair pricing of goods by the merchants in Twillingate.

Many in the group have vivid memories of the people who attended church with them, and these memories have stayed with them. Howard told me how he remembers where everyone used to sit, and one man in particular:

I remember this old fellow . . . he and his wife used to come in, on that side . . . and he'd come in and he'd sit down, and the whole service, he'd have his hands on his stomach, an old fisherman he was [shows me, lacing the fingers together and twirling of the thumbs] . . . And then he'd reverse and go back this way [twirling of thumbs. And how many times did I look right down at him from the gallery, and see him over there, and how many times have I done it [myself][twirl my thumbs] and every time I do it, I think of Uncle Edgar Hawkins, exactly like that, the whole time, the whole service. (Butt 2011b, 55:53)

Eleanor also mentioned an awareness of where everyone sat:

We went to church so much, it was almost like you were coming home when you went in there, and especially after you'd been away for a while, and came back. And you know, you always knew where everybody [was]. I knew which pew my girlfriend sat in. I knew which pew some old man with bushy eyebrows sat in, and somebody else we knew. (Manuel 2012e, 45:26)

Part of the mandate of the group, when they preserved the church, was to maintain the integrity of the original interior. Some changes were made over the years, but it is still more or less the same interior that was built in 1868. In choosing to preserve the original pews, it also preserves their family seats: the pew where their own family always sat, some for generations. As children they were very aware that they were sitting in a seat that “would have been [their] grandparents” (Butt 2011b, 8:03). Or as Gordon Burton put it, the pew belonged to his “father’s father” before him (Burton 2011b, 24:26). They went on to sit in these seats as adults, and brought their own children to the very pew that they had sat in as children. The attachment to their family pews is part of their attachment to the church building.

The memories that the individuals in the group have of the people attending the church are part of the inter-connected web of memories of the church building and the wider area of the South Side Island where they grew up. The memoryscape of each of their lives has the church situated in it, and within that, the memories and stories of people in their life. Much as in family folklore, my informants have shared memories and “portions of a person’s mental landscape . . . [which] may be on the cognitive map of two or more family members” (Smithsonian Institute 1976, 7).

Jim Troke, besides his memories of his family pew, has a very personal connection to the pews, and the interior in general; this connection is to the skilled comb-graining on the pews and other wood that was mentioned in Chapter Three (Figures 23 and 24). Some of this comb-graining was “original work” by his Uncle Hardy, likely sometime in the “early ‘40s” (Troke 2011b, 1:02:35). Hardy Troke was the youngest brother to Jim’s father. His uncle did “some of the comb-graining on the seats . . . the wainscoting, on the sides, the paneling at the ends on the walls, that was done as well. And the pulpit” (Troke 2011b, 59:31). This type of finish can “flake off” as Jim described it, and needs to be refinished occasionally, and this was the work his uncle did (Troke 2011b, 59:31). His uncle passed away in 1955, seven months after a tragic accident. Jim told me the story:

He died [when] he was only thirty-three years old. He died of a broken neck. In an accident that occurred in a restaurant, a café here; he and a friend of his, who was there, they used to go to the swimming holes, that are a reservoir now, at Wildcove Pond. And there’s a little bit of a beach there on one side of the pond . . . and, in there, they would do what is called “Weighing the Butter”. They’d lock arms, stand back to back and lock your arms. And they’d teeter back and forth. They’d do that in the water. Probably up to their waist or deeper, up to their chest, this high. Then one would throw the other over, into the water. Anyway, this particular night, when

Hardy was there [at the café] and this friend of his came in [who] used to go there as well . . . And one of them, I don't know which one, said, "Let's do that trick." So they locked arms there, and the other guy, I think, had a few beers in, and he threw my uncle over his head. And he . . . broke his neck. So, that was in June and he died in January, the next year . . . [in] '55 . . . he was paralyzed from the neck down. (Troke 2011b, 1:02:35)

His Uncle Hardy also used to attend the church, and "he sang in the choir there" (Troke 2011b, 1:02:35). Jim had mentioned earlier "the Trokes in general were known for their singing abilities, in the choir. Grandfather was a good singer too and so were his brothers" (Troke 2011b, 50:30). Kay Boyd mentioned that she remembered "some families, that had beautiful singing voices. You know, the Trokes especially, they really sang well" (2011a, 20:44).

It appears that attachment to the family pew is not an uncommon occurrence. Stories were told to me of people in the congregation who had strong feelings, and did not take kindly to a need to move or give up their seats. They had a sense of ownership of their pew. Kay described how "someone was quite alarmed if somebody, that was not of the church, came in and sat in their seat" (Boyd 2011a, 18:22). And Howard told me of a time when people were requested to sit in a different location:

It came to a point, where the congregation started to drop off, meaning decreased, and it was decided we wouldn't use the galleries anymore. Everybody would go downstairs. That way, it would be more of a unified congregation. And there were some people didn't like that; some people quit church because of that. (Butt 2011b, 58:33)

There are some entertaining stories recorded in history about the personal attachment to pews. Dolbey, in his book, *Architectural Expression of Methodism*, quotes a story about the St. John's Methodist Chapel in Hayfield, Great Britain, a small church built in 1782, with seating for just over two hundred and fifty people (1964, 70). In 1838:

‘When . . . alterations were being made there was a dispute in regard to the pews in the body of the Chapel, as they were private property, having been handed down from parents by wills, etc. . . . One old member, Mr. John Hirst, would not give up his pew to the Society, but carried it home to Little Hayfield, where it has stood in an outhouse until quite recently’. (*Wesleyan Methodist Church* 1908, 13)

At this point no informants have reported any stories of such an extreme nature.

The Memorial Bell

When I began my research in Twillingate I did not give a lot of thought to the bell, which I knew to be up in the tower. I assumed I would see it at some point, and that it would be included in the writing in the thesis. But as time passed, I did not see the bell. During each field trip I found my days extremely busy with interviewing, and when I did visit the church to take photographs, which I did repeatedly, I was usually alone, and I respected the note on the door to the tower, which stated that visitors were not to venture up the tower.



Figure 81. The Memorial Bell, cast by Mears and Stainbank.
Photo by A. Christie, December 12, 2012.

Luckily for me, on the final day of my final field trip, December 12th of 2012 , Howard Butt accompanied me up into the tower to see the bell. I'm glad he did, for my fieldwork on the church would not have been complete without seeing the bell.



Figure 82. Howard Butt with the Memorial Bell. December 12, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Howard was a wonderful guide, managing to make me laugh almost the entire time. As I wrote in my field notes, “We had so much fun while climbing those treacherous stairs. Steep! Three flights!” (A. Christie field notebook, page 117, December 12, 2012 entry). Having fun while in a treacherous situation does not seem to go together, but Howard made it so.



Figure 83. Third and final set of stairs up the bell tower. Note the ocular window of the tower, visible in exterior photos of the front of the church (Figures 8 and 26). December 12, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Howard had the fore-knowledge to bring a flashlight, without which I would not have been able to take any photos of the bell, nor of the top room of the tower, as it was very dark up there due the shutters all being closed. It was a very windy and rainy day, and opening any of the shutters was not a wise idea.

When we reached the top floor, I was impressed with the size of the bell. It would not have been proper to ring the bell, but Howard pulled on the outer hammer, and allowed it to hit the bell a couple of times, and this allowed for me to hear the beautiful and sonorous sound of that big bell.

In Chapter Two, there is a description of the church as it was built in 1868; there was no bell or bell tower in the original exterior. The early traditional Methodist chapels were not built with bells or bell towers. However, in 1931, the congregation of the South

Side United Church (Methodism having become a part of the United Church of Canada in 1925) wanted to acknowledge the sacrifice of those of their church who had died in the First World War, and they bought a bell to commemorate them. As Mercer describes it, “we thought the time had arrived for us to have a Memorial to our Boys in connection with our Church and this historic Circuit . . . a Bell which will ring at every Church service, and will certainly perpetuate in no ‘uncertain sound’ the memory of our fallen heroes” (Mercer 1932, 55).

The raised inscription on the bell reads, in large case: “Twillingate Circuit Memorial Bell Erected, A.D. 1931.” Another church in Newfoundland that hung bells as a memorial after the Great War was the St. Thomas Anglican Church in St. John’s: when, “following the 1914-18 war, a set of 16 tubular bells was placed in the tower . . . in memory of the men of the Parish who fell in the Great War” (LeMessurier et al. 1962, 26).

By 1931 it was not unusual for churches to purchase bells for commemorative, secular reasons rather than strictly religious purposes. Sheila Mackenzie Brown, in her thesis on the church bell tradition in Newfoundland, states that in more recent centuries there was “a change in the inscriptions on the bells; a move away from the praise of God towards the recognition and commemoration of man” (1981, 166). The South Side bell served both, for besides being a tribute to the fallen soldiers of the church, the bell was to commemorate the “centenary of Methodism in Twillingate, being from 1831 to 1931, and to honour the Jubilee of the North Side Church, 1881 to 1931” (Mercer 1932, 55).

The bell is of a substantial size, as I mentioned earlier. Alf Manuel very kindly measured the bell; the measurement across the bottom (or the “lip”) is 36 inches, and the

height of the bell is 28 inches (E. Manuel, email to author, April 11, 2015). The Whitechapel Bell Foundry website page, listing their standard tower bells, states that a bell with a 36 inch lip would weigh 980 pounds. This is almost half a ton. In Figure 82, where Howard is standing next to it, you can see the large size of the iron yoke that holds the bell. The giant wheel, which is turned to ring the bell, is higher than most people's heads.



Figure 84. The Memorial Bell. December 12, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

A commemorative bell had already been purchased at an earlier time in Twillingate, with the communal procurement of a bell to commemorate the blessing of the thousands of seals that came near to shore in the spring of 1862 and were easily harvested. Eleanor Manuel told me it was “supposed to be a community bell . . . but they decided to put it in St. Peter’s Church; [it was] a bell that was purchased as a thank-offering for a big seal harvest one year” (2012e, 39:37).

This harvest was known in the seal fishery as the “Spring of the Great Haul” (Manuel 1970, 16), the people of Twillingate wanted to commemorate the event and chose to do so by commissioning a large bell to be made in England and hung in the tower of St. Peter’s Anglican Church (Wendergast 1980, 5; Manuel 1970, 16). People of all religious denominations in the area contributed to the cost, and inscribed on the bell is the caption “In Memory of the Great Haul, 1862” (Manuel 1970, 16). It rang for the first time on Christmas Day in 1863, and still rings to this day (Manuel 1970, 16).

On the opposing side of the inscription on the Memorial Bell in the Church Museum one can read the name and location of the foundry that cast the bell: “Mears & Stainbank, Founders, London.” This can be seen in Figure 81. The company name is also inscribed on the heavy iron yoke that the bell hangs from. The Mears & Stainbank Foundry is still operating today, now known as the Whitechapel Bell Foundry (located on Whitechapel Road, London, England). Traditionally a foundry was known by the Master Founder’s name, and that name was inscribed on the bell, thus Whitechapel bells have had different names inscribed on them through the centuries. It was known as Mears and Stainbank from 1865 to 1968; consequently these names are on the Memorial Bell.

The history of the Whitechapel foundry goes back to the year 1420, and it is considered to be the oldest bell manufacturer in Great Britain, and of high renown. Over the centuries the foundry has cast some of the most famous bells in the world. One example is the bell known as Big Ben at the Palace of Westminster in London, “cast in 1858 and at 13 ½ tons is the largest bell ever cast at the foundry” and Westminster Abbey has two very old Whitechapel bells dated 1583 and 1598 (Whitechapel Bell Foundry 2013).

As mentioned earlier commemorative bells are not uncommon in Christian churches (Mackenzie Brown 1981, 166). For example, the Whitechapel 1920 catalogue states the following:

It is interesting to note that we have recently rehung the Abbey Bells in a new iron frame, and completed the octave by the addition of two treble bells, which were placed there as a Thank-offering for the conclusion of Peace. (Whitechapel Bell Foundry 2013)

The new Westminster Abbey bells were hung in 1919 after the First World War. Similar to the South Side church, Westminster Abbey chose to commemorate the war with the casting of a bell (two in their case). Eleanor Manuel also used the same term “thank-offering” when she referred to the bell in St. Peter’s church (2012e, 39:37). I have never heard the term otherwise.

The purchase of the Memorial Bell for the South Side Church was possible through communal donations (Mercer 1932, 55). This was no small accomplishment by the congregation of the United Church of the Twillingate Circuit at that time, for the bell would have been a costly purchase, even then. According to the Whitechapel Bell Foundry website, if one were to commission a bell of the same size to be cast at Whitechapel today the cost could be as high as twenty thousand dollars. Mackenzie Brown found that the purchasing of bells in Newfoundland coincided with success in the fishery; she noted that there was at times even a cessation in the purchase of bells in Newfoundland when the economy was depressed, such as between the years 1831 to 1844 (1981, 83). The Memorial Bell purchased by the South Side Church was during the period of 1896 to 1931; when “the economy of Newfoundland became stable again and with it came bells in torrents” (Mackenzie Brown 1981, 85).

The Memorial Bell was first housed in a large wooden belfry on the hill behind the church. In the last months of 1931, members of the South Side Church congregation volunteered their time and skills, and under the direction of Fred Phillips, built the belfry (Mercer 1932, 55). The sod was turned for the foundation on November 11th (the anniversary of Armistice Day), the corner-stone laid on December 4th, and a “dedication” took place at the Commemoration service Sunday, December 27th in the South Side Church” (Mercer 1932, 56). The belfry was a small but substantial structure. Eleanor Manuel remembers it as “almost like a little lighthouse building on the side” (2012e, 39:37).



Figure 85. The first belfry for the Memorial Bell. Note the Memorial plaque between the two small windows. Photographer unknown. (Used with permission - James Troke collection, n.d.)

Gordon Burton told me,

That was where the bell was to first, when I was a boy, up on a rock in the back . . . the first time it was rung was in 1932. It was rung for

Claude Colbourne's wedding, Claude Colbourne and Lillian Troke.
New Year's Day, 1932 . . . the same year I was born. Same year the
bell rang for the first time, in 1932. (2011b, 15:35)

Gordon's story recounts the first time the bell rang out for a wedding. The bell had
also been rung for worship for the first time "on the last Sunday of the year 1931"
(Mercer 1932, 56).



Figure 86. This photo shows the belfry in relation to the old church. Photo by
Fred Hayward, circa 1940s (Used with permission - Kay Boyd collection).

In the photo of the belfry (Figure 85) it can be seen that there is something on the
wall between the windows on the building. This is the World War I commemorative
plaque described in Chapter Two; these plaques were generally called Memorial Tablets
in the early 20th century (LeMessurier 1928, 25). Mercer describes it as a "valuable Brass
Tablet" (1932, 57). The tablet was ordered from the engravers Maile and Son in London,
England (Mercer 1932, 57). It was affixed to the belfry in association with the Memorial
Bell, and a special service for the unveiling of the tablet took place on Sunday, August
14th 1932. The plaque is now on the wall of the old church, beside the main entry door
(see Figure 26). The NorthEast Church Heritage Association had the plaque refurbished
and reframed in 2013 (Kay Boyd, email to author, June 13, 2016).

Church bells, traditionally, have multiple functions. They commemorate special events (as outlined in the above sections), they act as timekeepers when they call the congregation to a service, they ring to celebrate special occasions, and they toll for funerals. They have been used to summon people for secular activities, ringing out if there is a fire or simply to bring people out to clean the church (Mackenzie Brown 1981, 207). Bells are communicators. As Mauk states, bells “summon to worship, ring out in jubilation, [and] mourn the dead. It is not an exaggeration to say bells speak” (1990, 35).

Recently an event called the Bells of Commemoration took place in Newfoundland and Labrador. It was to commemorate the one hundredth anniversary of the battle at Beaumont Hamel during the First World War, which occurred on July 1, 1916. There were a drastic number of casualties in the Newfoundland Regiment that day. A century later, at 8:45 am on July 1, 2016, exactly at the time the order to advance was given to the troops, upwards of sixty-five church bells rang out across the entire province. They rang out to “loudly tell the world we have not forgotten,” stated Retired General Rick Hillier of the Canadian Armed Forces, himself a Newfoundlander, and who is credited with creating the idea (Power 2016). The Memorial Bell of the Twillingate Church Museum did not take part due to repair work on the building that was taking place at the time (Kay Boyd, email to author, August 7, 2016).

Sound is an important aspect of an experience of place; a “soundscape” or “sonic impact” as Tulk describes it in her research on the mill whistle in Corner Brook, Newfoundland (2013, 14). I live in downtown St. John’s, in the Ecclesiastical District, registered as such in 2005 (Canada’s Historic Places 2005). I can hear the bells of the Roman Catholic Basilica, the Anglican Cathedral and the Kirk (St. Andrew’s

Presbyterian Church). The sound of a large tower bell or multiple bells ringing fills the air; the sound completely dominates the old section of St. John's, and the hills near the harbour. You cannot get away from it, and nor would you want to, for the old bells sound beautiful. I do not attend church, but when a bell rings, I am immediately aware that a service will be taking place soon. I am immediately reminded that it is Sunday, and people are going to church. It is a communal experience for me, even though I do not answer the call of the bell.

Similarly, and not surprisingly, within the stories and memories about the Memorial Bell can be found a connection that people have to the sound of it; there is clearly a sonic nature to the memories that belong to the bell, and to the other aural aspects of the church. This is a thread that runs through the narratives about the bell. Sound can be a powerful stimulant of the memory of a place and a time, and thus there can be a great attachment to the instruments and situation where the sound was, and is created, such as in the case of the Church Museum.

I have described how the Memorial Bell in the Church Museum was commissioned and installed to commemorate. The following sections are based on the oral history connected to the bell. The stories describe how the bell fulfilled various functions regularly for over half a century, up until the church was closed in 1987. The bell remains in use today; it still rings out for special occasions, such as the Christmas Concert or a secular wedding ceremony in the Church Museum.

The Memorial Bell was rung before every service: "morning and evening" (E. Manuel, email to author, June 12, 2016). It would ring at two different times before the service would start. Eleanor told me she remembers the sound of the bell very well; on

Sunday morning it would ring at “10:30 am for ten minutes” and then at “ten minutes to the hour” (E. Manuel 2012e, 39:37).

I remember walking to church, we always walked to church, and hearing the bell as you were walking . . . and saying, “Hurry, because that’s the second bell, we’ll be late” [we both laugh] . . . if church is at 11:00 and we’re still walking at ten minutes to, we have got to hurry. (E. Manuel 2012e, 42:24)

Jim Troke and his family lived too far away to hear the bell. They lived in Durrell, and Jim would usually walk to church with his father. The following story illustrates how flags were used as timekeepers when a church has no bell, or in Jim’s case, they were too far away to hear the bell:

I remember that to know when it was time to leave the house to get to church in time: the Anglicans’ had a church on – what was called Tom Tumbler, [the church] was called St. Andrew’s . . . and they had a flagstaff, on the top, and it was on a high prominent hill which you could see from our place, and from most of that area, and they had a flagstaff up there, and if there was going to be a service that morning, because St. Peter’s, over on the North Side over there was served by the same office [meaning the two churches shared a minister, who would be at one church one week and go to the other the next week etc.], [so] if there was going to be a service, then they’d fly a flag. And usually it would be put up at a certain time, at a particular time. And so, when the flag went up on that mast, it was time for us to leave, to walk up to the church in time [he laughs]. (Troke 2011b, 45:57)

Jim and his father would hear the South Side Church bell eventually because he said, “it was ringing while we were walking up, once we got up to what was called Yates’s Hill, and we tipped down and onto the level where the church is” (Troke 2011b, 47:30)). He has distinctive memories of the sound of the bell:

I remember of course, the difference in the way it was rung when there was a funeral . . . the regular ringing was – the bell would swing back and it would hit, and then hit the other side as it swung back again, so it was a more joyous type of ringing. But for funerals – there was the – you just hit the side – it would be like a ‘clang’ . . .

‘clang’ . . . ‘clang’ . . . ‘clang’ . . . like that (he imitated the slow, ponderous clang of the bell when it is being tolled]. (Troke 2011b, 47:30)

Kay also remembers the different sounds of the bell. She said, “When there were funerals, they would toll the bell . . . it was a slower rhythm. I remember that” (Boyd 2012c, 32:32). But, at “the end of weddings . . . the bell would be making this joyful sound, you know” (Boyd 2012c, 32:32). As mentioned in Chapter Four, another occasion the bell would ring out was after the “Watch Night” service on New Year’s Eve (E. Manuel 2012e, 50:30). It was held at midnight in the church.

Gordon Burton has a particular relationship with the bell, as he used to ring it for a number of years, when he was younger, in his teenaged years (Burton 2012, 7:38). Gordon described to me very clearly how one should properly ring the bell. Gordon told me in another interview the reason he could never use the rope. It appears he was so strong that he “used to pull it too hard and turn the bell right over” (Burton 2012, 4:37). He spoke of it like an artist speaks of playing an instrument:

There was a rope – ran through two, three stories you know? [They] bore a hole in the floor – and dumped it three stories, for the bell. [AC: And you would do that from the main floor?] Yes, but I couldn’t get used to the rope – so I’d put my ear things on and I’d go up – and by hand, with the big wheel [he motions turning action]. Just do it with the big wheel – not easy, not easy you know? Because when you just swing slow, like up so far, it’s no good eh? Almost upright [is better.] Turn the big wheel eh? The big wheel – and with one hand, just like that [motions with hand], and this would be easy after a while – once you got it going, it’s easy. I did that for a long time – a lot of weddings then. (Burton 2011b, 0:54)

He perfected his hand-turning technique to ring the bell:

You want it to go right upright to make a good sound you know? No use to rock it back and forth you know. I used to get it right up straight – clang it and let it come right back up again – I could watch

it then – with the spokes. Easy to do, after you get it going. (Burton 2012, 4:37)

He described how he “used to open the four shutters, so the sound would travel all around the town ”(Burton 2012, 7:38). These were the “four shutters . . . on each side [of the tower]” (Burton 2011b, 42:27).

He indicated there were others who could not ring the bell so well, “I could tell if someone was ringing it just one clang, clang you know – [swinging it just] little ways up. That’s no good” (Burton 2012, 7:38). He laughed after he said that.

Gordon also described to me how to create the different sound for the tolling of the bell, “for a death” (Burton 2011b, 41:59):

For a funeral . . . used to toll it. It had a big, long arm with a big knob on it – you just pull that up – strike a clang and then you wait for it, half a minute, then you pull it up again. I didn’t move the big bell at all – the big bell just stood there – long arm and just a big round iron ball on the end – pull it up and hit the bell – and then wait about a minute and then bang again, you know. Always for a death you know – [you would toll the bell] - wouldn’t ring [it]. Not used anymore . . . It’s still there. Used to call it ‘toll the bell’. (Burton 2012, 10:54)

As mentioned earlier bells have an evocative sound; a sound that can affect people deeply. In one of my field notes I wrote that Kay had “become emotional when she told the story of an old lady who came in to one of the concerts. When the Memorial Bell was rung, Kay noticed the old woman wiping away tears” (A. Christie field notes, page 159, August 15, 2011).

The bell still rings out. In 2007 it rang out for a wedding for the first time in twenty years; the wedding was all the more special as the groom was the grandson of the late Theodore Jenkins. Theodore Jenkins was not only a layreader in the old South Side

church for many years, but was also a member of the original Memorial Bell Committee, which had procured the bell three quarters of a century ago (Butt 2007).

The Bevington pipe organ



Figure 87. The Bevington pipe organ. December 11, 2012. Photo by A. Christie.

Music has long been important to Christian worship, and pipe organs became an increasingly important instrument to accompany the activities in the Church by the fifteenth century (Williams 1980, 47). The early Methodist chapels did not have organs, though singing was always a vital practice in Methodism (Dolbey 1964; Wakefield 1999; Winsor 1990). By the time the Victorian period arrived, more elaborate churches, as well as pipe organs, were desired by the Methodist congregations, for “the organ was the English instrument for church music” (Munson 1991, 135). The late Victorian congregation of the South Side Methodist Church in Twillingate was no exception in this trend and the beautiful Bevington organ was procured in 1903. It resides like a queen at the front of the church in the choir loft; fully restored in 2006 after three decades of silence, it is taking part in making music once more in concerts and special events (Butt 2009).

For many in the group the saving of the church building is intimately tied with saving the organ within it. Several of them have particularly strong associations with the Bevington, and were quite motivated to preserve not just the building, but the organ as well. They had all witnessed what had happened to the organ in the North Side Church when it was sold. Irene said, “that church, which is now the efficiency units for the Anchor Inn . . . that had an organ similar to [the Bevington]. But that was just destroyed” (Pardy 2011b, 47:40). Kay spoke to me passionately about saving the building and the organ, as did Eleanor:

It was such a fine building [the old South Side church], and it had that pipe organ there, and I thought it was awful the church was going to sell the building and have someone demolish it and probably take the pipe organ to the dump. Yes, [the North Side] was tossed! . . . [the church] got sold and someone bought it and made it into hospitality units and all the beautiful woodwork and everything was all demolished. The pipe organ was beaten up and taken to the dump, and I think that was the thing alone, that made me want to get involved. I said, “That’s NOT going to happen to the pipe organ, because it’s too important!” . . . I mean, the one in the St. Peter’s was installed in 1897 and we’re still using it! And if someone came in there now and said they were going to demolish that pipe organ and put it in the dump, I’d probably chain myself on it! And say, “you gotta take me too!” [we laugh]. And I felt the same way about what was going to happen to that [South Side organ], because we had such connections to it with our mother. It was almost part of the family. (E. Manuel 2011i, 45:40)

And we just said, “Well that’s not going to happen. That’s not going to happen to our church” (E. Manuel 2011i, 45:40).

The Bevington organ figures prominently in the oral history that is associated with the church. The following section includes a history of the Bevington organ, and explores the stories told to me. There are stories about singing in the choir, about learning

to play the organ, about pumping the manual bellows on the organ and finally, about repairing the much loved organ so it could be played again.

The earliest known pipe organs were built in early Greece and Rome; for more than two thousand years instruments defined as an organ have existed (Williams 1980, 23). The definition is as follows:

An instrument with four basic components: a wind-raising mechanism worked by lever or pulley, sending air under pressure to a 'chest' storing that wind until it is admitted by a mechanism worked by some kind of 'keyboard' to one or more rows or 'ranks' of pipes. (Williams 1980, 23)

The use of organs in churches in Europe dates from approximately 900 AD (Williams 1980, 34; Thistlethwaite 1998, 4). Medieval churches saw an increase in the use of organs (Williams 1980, 47), and by the late nineteenth century the technology had advanced; they were very popular, and the “organ-builder had a vast array of chest types, action, bellows, pipework, case designs and gadgets to choose from” (Williams 1980, 159). At this time England had “emerged as perhaps the preeminent organ building nation in the world” (Bicknell 1996, 257).

It was in England that the Church Museum's organ was built in 1903 by the organ builders Bevington & Sons and installed in the church in 1906 (Clarke 2012, 397). The firm was a very well known company, still considered today to have been among the “London builders of note” (Bicknell 1996, 275). The company was founded in 1794 by Henry Bevington and worked out of the Rose Yard in Soho, London (Bevington 2013, 50). By the mid-1800s the company was exporting organs around the world (Bevington 2013, 79).

They exported more than one organ to Newfoundland. In 1894 a Bevington organ was installed at the Alexander Street Methodist Church in St. John's, now the Wesley United Church (Pitt and Pitt 1984, 8). This organ was later relocated to the United Church in Winterton (Goulding and Vineer 2013, 23). George Street United Church had one at one time; it was replaced in 1954 with an electric organ and no longer exists (Story 1973, 14). Today there are five Bevington organs in Newfoundland including the Bevington in the Church Museum. The other four were imported and installed between the years of 1874 and 1911, and are located in the United Church in Brigus, the St. Paul's Anglican Church in Trinity, the Zion United Church in Collin's Cove, Burin and the Trinity United Church in Winterton, as mentioned earlier (Goulding and Vineer 2013, 25). Bevington and Sons was bombed in 1941 during the Blitz in the Second World War, and never recovered; shortly after the war the company was "bought out by the firm of Hill, Norman and Beard" (Clarke 2012, 397).

When the first South Side church was built it did not have a pipe organ. There was plenty of music however, as Mercer points out, for John Goodison began his term as minister in 1866, and "he was a splendid singer and musician and introduced into his Churches a viol, a violin and a fife, to be played at the services" (1932, 20). Apparently he was known to the "old Methodists" as "the Singing Minister" and attracted "large congregations" (Mercer 1932, 20).

By 1902, after the new church was built in 1868, Rev. Charles Howse was in charge, and "the time had come when a modern organ was thought desirable . . . the fife, etc., of Mr. Goodison's time had seen service and had been succeeded by a small organ (which) was now out of date" (Mercer 1932, 32-33). By 1903 the Organ Committee had

raised the money necessary and bought the Bevington pipe organ. Sometime after this it was installed in the newly-built choir loft (Mercer 1932, 32-33). It is worth noting that this “small organ” mentioned above, which is a pump organ with a lid that closes over the keys, is on display in the Church Museum (Figure 88).



Figure 88. The first South Side church pump organ with the lid closed. This protects the keyboard. Photo by A. Christie, December 11, 2011.

Irene Pardy told me that it had been stored at Howard Butt’s uncle’s house “for years” but now it resides again at the church, “downstairs on the left hand side” (Pardy 2012c, 5:39).

In Figure 89 it is interesting to see the oil lamp attached to the pipe organ still in use at that time, circa 1940s. It is also possible to see a curtain hanging from halfway down on the right side of the organ. This is the curtain mentioned in the oral history later in this section. It was behind this curtain that the organ-pumper would stand. Gordon Burton remembers that it was “a little red curtain . . . a burgundy curtain, on a rod” (Burton 2011b, 27:47). He said he used to “get behind the curtain and pump the organ” (Burton 2011b, 11:58), which supplied the air to the pipes. Jim Troke and Irene Pardy

also remembered the curtain as being burgundy or “wine coloured” (Troke 2011b, 1:21:10).



Figure 89. The Bevington organ, circa 1945. Note the oil or kerosene lamp. Photo by Fred Hayward. (Used with permission - Kay Boyd Collection).

The Bevington pipe organ is described as a one-manual organ with six stops (Goulding and Vineer 2013, 24). It has five ranks, being the following: Open Diapason, Clarabel, Gamba, Principal and Flute. The pedal has thirty keys and one stop, the Bourdon.¹² These are the bass pipes; they are wooden and there are twelve of them in total on the organ. The Bourdon is “the basic pedal 16-foot rank in English organs since about 1820” (Williams 1980, 89). The above photo shows the large wooden pipes on the side; there are six pipes each side. They are not sixteen feet high, in spite of how they are named in

¹² For the full specifications of this organ, please see Appendix C, supplied by Lester Goulding.

the organ world. Lester Goulding told me they are “eight feet long with a stopper at the top” (Goulding 2015, 25:50).

Lester Goulding knew the organ well; he not only fully restored the organ in 2006, he had serviced it “way back in the ‘fifties or ‘sixties” (Goulding 2015, 18:35). Between 1954 and 1955 Lester was trained to install, service and restore organs by the organ builders Casavant Frères in St. Hyacinthe, Quebec; thereafter he was Casavant’s sales and service representative in Newfoundland and Labrador (Goulding 2013, 25). He told me that this Bevington has 280 pipes in total, and “when you consider the Basilica has four thousand . . . it is a small organ” (Goulding 2015, 5:29). Of course, size is a relative perception. Gordon Burton, who used to pump the organ, told me, “the organ was a big organ; there wasn’t much room, just room enough to walk between the organ and the wall at the back” (Burton 2011b, 26:50).

Lester added this detail about the organ:

The interesting thing is that these English organs, not only that one but other English organs [in Newfoundland], they are tracker organs, the same type as Bach used, all manually played, all mechanical . . . you can go inside of a tracker organ and see everything [that] is happening. (Goulding 2015, 5:50)

Such pipe organs can last very well, if properly maintained; it is a fact that “the oldest church organ in use is over eight hundred years old and still going strong” (White and White 1988, 115). The Bevington organ in the Church Museum is over one hundred years old, and yet the painted pipes still look beautiful and the sound is rich and tuneful.

The oral history about the church contains many stories and memories about the organ and people hearing it in attending services. As mentioned earlier, singing and music was intensely important for Methodists and it was still important in the South Side

United Church in Twillingate in the 1950s, as indicated by my informants. Eleanor told me that:

As soon as we got to be eight or nine or ten years old we sang in the choir. Some of us *sat* there, and some of us sang there [she laughs]. All of the young people then, soon as they were old enough they were part of the church choir. (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:01:05)

The organ is for accompanying the singing of hymns. Jim Troke said that the children started by singing hymns in Sunday School in Marshall Hall on Sunday afternoons (Troke 2011b, 1:15:21). Eleanor Manuel remembered, “We sang ‘Jesus Loves Me’ and ‘God Sees the Little Sparrow Fall’ and ‘Jesus Bids Us Shine’ and all those children’s hymns” (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:03:50). Other hymns mentioned that were favourites, and that were often sung in church, include “How Great Thou Art” (Dalley 2011a, 12:36) “Sweet Hour of Prayer”, or “The Old Rugged Cross” (Troke 2011b, 1:18:25).

The organ plays a part in the memories of every person in the group of informants, but some have very particular and personal memories about it. Eleanor Manuel, Kay Boyd, Howard Butt and Irene Pardy all learned to play the organ and they still play today. Eleanor has been the organist for St. Peter’s Anglican Church in Twillingate for forty years (E. Manuel 2011i, 14:05). Irene still plays for the Central United Church on occasion and plays her pump organ at home. Kay plays her mother’s electric Hammond organ that she inherited.

In August of 2011 I was able to hear Howard play the Bevington organ when a visitor came into the church and showed a particular interest in the organ, and Howard offered to play for them.



Figure 90. Howard Butt playing the Bevington organ, August 16, 2011. Photo by A. Christie.

Howard joined the South Side United Church choir when he was a teenager. As mentioned in Chapter Three, he started pumping the organ bellows when he was twelve. He first played the organ for church when he was “about fourteen” (Butt 2012, 24:52).

He learned to play the organ from his mother, Muriel Butt (née Young), who played organ for the old South Side church for many years; Miss Muriel Young is mentioned as one of the organists in the Mercer book on the history of Methodism in Twillingate (1932, 70). Howard said, “My mom learned to play organ from her aunt” (Butt 2012, 27:08). He called her “Aunt Annie” and she was his maternal grandfather’s sister (Butt 2011b, 43:00). He added that she used to play for the church as well; “she was a good organist, and she taught my mother, and my mother’s two sisters” (Butt 2012, 27:08). “They shared,” Howard said, “Sunday for Sunday” (Butt 2011b, 44:30). Howard took over playing the organ for the church for a short time after his mother stopped in her

older years. However, he gave up playing organ for the church sometime after he returned from university (Butt 2011b, 44:30).

As mentioned in Chapter Three, Eleanor and Kay also learned to play from their mother, Eleanor Hayward.

My Mom taught us to read music and she taught us to play organ for the sole purpose to be able to play in Sunday School, because we always had hymns in Sunday School and that's where we started to play . . . the first thing when we were ready to play with two hands, the first thing we learned were the hymns. And after we knew the Sunday School hymns of course, we played for the singing in the Sunday School and then I went on . . . to play in the church. (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:02:10)

Eleanor was particularly interested in learning to play:

I probably played in Sunday School when I was eight years old. I think I was twelve the first time I played the pipe organ in church because Momw was sick one day and she couldn't go, and I said "I'll go! (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:04:20)

Kay told me that her first memories of the church are of her mother, music and the organ: "My mother played the organ, and also sang. She sang solos. The amazing thing was my mother stuttered, but she never, ever did when she sang" (Boyd 2011a, 7:25). In another interview Kay told me:

She played in Marshall Hall. She probably played in every church in town for funerals if they didn't have an organist, Mom would be called and she would often go. She wasn't the only one, but there were years she *was* the only one. (Boyd 2011b, 1:06:32)

This is the Marshall Hall as seen in Figure 6, in which Sunday School, Bible classes and other gatherings took place. It had a pump organ to accompany hymns.

Eleanor (Kay's sister) told me that their mother had learned to play from "Dr. Wood's wife, Mrs. Wood", who "played for the Anglican church" (E. Manuel 2012b, 27:28). The Woods lived near Eleanor and Kay on the South Side:

They lived in the house that's now the Applewood Inn, the big green house right up the lane from our [childhood] house over there. She was a very accomplished pianist and she taught the music lessons. (E. Manuel 2012b, 27:28).

Though both Kay and Eleanor learned to play, Eleanor continued, playing for the South Side Church before she was married, and then, as already mentioned, she became the organist for St. Peter's.

The organ bellows

"I pumped the old organ for a nice while, I pumped the old organ . . ."

(Gordon Burton 2012, 1:50)

The stories I have been told from Twillingate underscore that without the bellows there will be no music out of that organ. As Williams states, you have to "start with the lungs of the organ - its winding system. An organ requires a copious supply of air at a pressure only a little higher than that of the atmosphere" (1980, 18). For many centuries, before the advent of gas or electric pumps, playing the organ was always a job for two or more people: one person played the keyboard and pedals and another pumped the bellows. In the case of the larger organs, it required more than one person to pump the large bellows needed to supply all the air.

Early church organs used foot pumps or "wedge bellows" (Williams 1980, 89)(see Figure 91). This is a similar mechanism to the foot pedals on the pump organs which became so popular in the Victorian era, and which can be seen on the small organ on display in the Church Museum (see Figure 88). These small organs are more properly known as reed organs; they have no pipes, but metal reeds that vibrate to create sound.

The origin of the first reed organ is unknown, but could have been as early as the 8th or 9th century (Williams 1980, 31).

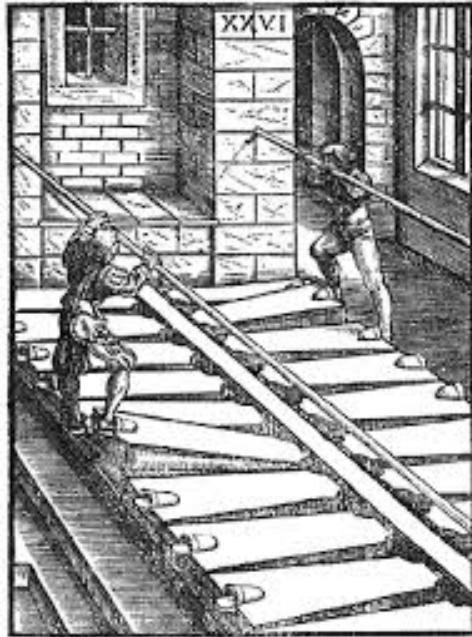


Figure 91. Treading the wedge bellows. Image courtesy of Friedrich Jacob, 1984, *Die Orgel*. Online photograph.
<http://www.die-orgelseite.de/funktionsweise_e.htm> [viewed April 28, 2015]

Pumps with handles have existed for many centuries as well, as is seen in Figure 92.

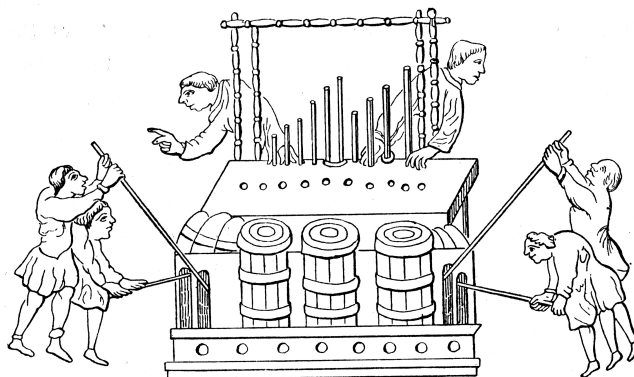


Figure 92. A twelfth century woodcut of a pipe organ. Image courtesy of Sacred Music at St. Mary's, 2009. Online photograph.
<<http://www.stmarynorwalk.net/musicpages/2009/10/>> [viewed April 10, 2015]

The bellows belonging to the Bevington organ in the Church Museum are called “horizontal or compound bellows” (Audsley 1905, 698). This was confirmed for me by Lester Goulding (2015, 12:28). The goal of organ builders was to provide steady air pressure for the pipes and they succeeded with the addition of a reservoir, supplied by feeder bellows; “for stability, reservoirs, which look like square bellows, often had ‘inverted ribs’, i.e. lower ribs closing inwards, upper ribs closing outwards. In England, this idea is said to date from 1762 and to be the invention of one Cummings” (Williams 1980, 164). By 1825 horizontal bellows were the norm (Williams 1980). Figure 93 shows the side of an organ with the casing removed, so that the horizontal bellows can be seen, with a short handle for pumping on the right side.



Figure 93. Restored 1885 Felgemaker organ. Photo courtesy of Joseph Rulli, 2015, *Joseph Rulli Pipe Organ Building*. Online photograph. <<http://www.jrorganbuilding.com/restoration.html>> [viewed April 10, 2015]

Gordon Burton has strong memories about pumping the Bevington organ in the old South Side church:

I pumped organ for a good many years, for the organist you know, [pumped with] the wooden handle at the back of the organ, pumped organ all the time. You keep pumping the organ like this . . . with a long wooden handle, about eight foot long, the size of my hand, long wooden handle, stand up like and this and just pump [he shows up and down action] (Burton 2011b, 11:58)

He said he did this when he was “14, 15, 16, 17, 18 years old, every Sunday, every Sunday and Sunday night - two services a day” (Burton 2011b, 13:10). As mentioned earlier, Howard Butt also used to pump the organ when he was a young. He told me:

It wasn't hard . . . There was a long handle, about 10-12 feet long, so all you did was pump the bellows, and while the organ was playing like, for a hymn, you knew they had most the stops out, you had to continually pump, but if not with all the stops out, just voluntary organ, then pump and keep your weight up, there was a little lead weight, that you'd watch eh? And stay within the maximum and minimum, and as long as it stayed within there, and you didn't jerk the thing too much, because, if you jerked [then] the organ would sound this way [he imitates sound] “r-uh-r-uh-r-uhuhuh . . .”. You wouldn't *dare* do that [we laugh]. (Butt 2012, 24:52)

Gordon talked about this as well:

On the wall was a piece of lead, a small piece of lead about an inch and a half, on a line, that was coming down so it was hanging down on the line. You've got to keep that lead above this mark here, the mark on the side here, make sure to keep this lead above this line, otherwise the organist would lose the air. (Burton 2011b, 11:58)

When I asked Lester Goulding about this piece of lead he said it was called a “wind regulator” and was on a pulley, attached to the reservoir of the bellows (2015, 16:37). I found no reference to a wind regulator in any of the books I read about on the mechanics of an organ, but it was clearly a vital item in the world of pumping organs!

Gordon told me the following story:

Lot of times, when they're playing for a hymn [for] a long time, a couple of times I wasn't paying attention to it, the lead eh? And the lead went down and the organ went, ‘Woo-oo-oo-oo’ [his voice slows and lowers in pitch]. It just died out you know? [we both laugh]. Then they thought it was the organist's fault, after church though she says, [she] came to me, “You keep that lead up above that line, make sure you keep that lead above that white spot; I lost the air this morning, I couldn't play you know?” [we laugh again] (Burton 2011b, 13:10)

The organ pumper and the bellows do not figure large in books describing the history of organs as an instrument (Bicknell 1996; Thistlethwaite 1998; Williams 1980)), though certainly their importance is acknowledged. Audsley sums it up perfectly in his treatise on building organs, published in 1905:

The Bellows have not inaptly been called the lungs of the Organ; and as in the human body it is essential for health that the lungs be in perfect condition, so in the Organ it is necessary for its efficiency that its lungs be capacious, sound, and otherwise in good working order. (675)

The importance of the organ pumper was made more obvious to me in some of the oral history I collected. Stories about when the bellows stopped or slowed down, such as the ones by Howard Butt and Gordon Burton, are shared with laughter though likely not funny at the time, especially for the organist.

Pumping-the-organ stories are not the only humorous memories. When Jim Troke reminisced about the organ, he remembered this story:

I remember Howard Butt used to do it (pump the handle) . . . when they were sitting in the choir [he and other children], the bass pipes, which are the wooden ones, are right on the side [of the organ] on the side where they would sit, where the back row of the choir would sit, and what he, and some of his buddies, who would be sitting in the choir, they would take little pieces of paper and . . . because the hole is open there, for those bass pipes, they put, each one of them put a piece of paper on one of the pipes, and they'd make bets as to which of them [the papers] would blow up first [he laughs]. It would just flutter up, and when the organist would hit a particular note, for that pipe, it would blow off [we laugh]. That's how we used to fool around with the pipes, the bass pipes on the organ. (Troke 2011b, 1:22:14)



Figure 94. The large holes of the wooden bass pipes, mentioned in Jim Troke's story about the paper prank. August 25, 2009. Photo by A. Christie.

The story of the paper in the pipes is an example of the informal play that took place among the children of the old South Side church within the formal setting of the church service. It is similar to collected childhood stories about play in the classroom that other folklorists have collected, which show that “the lure of forbidden play is a strong element in children’s folklore” (Mergen 1999, 249).

The Bevington organ in the Church Museum no longer uses its manual bellows, though it is still inside, at the back of the organ. Today the air is supplied by an electric pump, which was installed at some point in the 1960s (Kay Boyd, email to author, June 13, 2016). Alf Manuel said that it is located under the floor, below the organ in the vestry (E. Manuel, email to author, May 17, 2015). There is also a three-foot-long metal “heat-bar” inside the back of the organ now, powered by electricity, which prevents condensation or damp when the temperature fluctuates in the Church Museum; Dolly Butt (Howard Butt’s wife) recalls that it was installed by Lester Goulding when the organ

was restored (Howard Butt, phone call with author, June 21, 2016). A heat-bar is also known as a “damp chaser.”¹³

A major event was the restoration of the organ ten years ago; the topic was brought up repeatedly in interviews. As mentioned earlier, the work of restoring the organ was carried out by Lester Goulding, with assistance from Alf Manuel. Goulding came from St. John’s to do the work. The restoration is something that the group worked very hard towards; they raised money over a period of years, obtained substantial funding and they are rightly proud of what they accomplished. In honour of the restoration they held a celebratory ceremony and concert on September 30th, 2006, complete with a ceremonial cutting of a ribbon before the organ was played (Butt 2006).

One might ask how it came about that the organ was left in the building in the first place, given its value. The fact was it had not been playable for many years. Howard mentioned the poor state of the organ when he last played it:

The pipe organ, [it] had a wooden wind chamber, and it had cracked, so it had leaks coming from it, so when you pulled out the stops, especially after damp, cold weather you know, and there was no heat in the church, and you go and you pull out the stops, and you are not supposed to hear anything, and all you’d hear is escaping air, and you would hear ‘wheeee’ and pull out another and ‘whiiiiir’ and get the two happening together [we laugh and imitate the noises]. (Butt 2011b, 44:30)

In 1972 a Hammond electric organ was donated to the old South Side church (Butt 2006). Irene told me that Burt Pardy donated it, “in memory of his wife and that’s the organ we use in our church now [the new church]” (Pardy 2011b, 46:48). Kay said:

¹³ Institute of British Organ Building. 2003. “Church Heating and the Organ.” Online leaflet. <<http://www.ibo.co.uk/publications/leaflets/churchHeating.pdf>> Viewed June 25, 2016.

When they moved they did not take the organ. The organ hadn't been used for a number of years, and my mother nearly had a *fit* when they decided that . . . and of course at the time they felt that the cost of restoring it [would be too high], but there were not enough people who realized the importance of the pipe organ. I mean, pipe organs, there's nothing *like* pipe organs . . . (Boyd 2011b, 17:08)

It is very true that the sound of a pipe organ cannot be replaced. As mentioned, Irene still plays organ on occasion at the new church; she will fill in when the regular organist is away for example. She plays the electric organ there and she never complained to me directly about it, but did tell me the following story about when the congregation returned to the old church for two weeks in 2010.

Last year there were two Sundays I played in the Church Museum. They were laying carpet in the new church and we used the old church. And that was *good*, I enjoyed that, *and* the acoustics, [it was] last year in July, and you'd never believe it, I almost felt like getting off the organ stool and [she gets up and dances a bit], it was good, yes. (Pardy 2011b, 42:18)

Eleanor agrees that pipe organs have a superior sound to an electric organ. She said, "There's no comparison in this world!" (E. Manuel 2011i, 52:50). As a trained musician myself I can say that this is not unusual when it comes to considering acoustic instruments and electronic ones; they are so very different that they cannot be compared.

Lester Goulding told me the Bevington pipe organ was in very poor shape before restoration. He went to examine the organ in 2004, to make note of its condition and what would need to be repaired. It made a long list. He told me he "did an awful lot of work on that organ" (Goulding 2015, 19:20).



Figure 95. Lester Goulding and some of the pipes of the Bevington during restoration, 2006. (Used with permission - Lester Goulding Collection)

The work was carried out in the summer of 2006, but it was many years of planning that took place previous to that. A committee was organized and the following people contributed in various ways: Kay Boyd, Howard Butt, Alfred Manuel, Irene Pardy, Eleanor Manuel, George Troake, John Lane, Eric Horwood, Jim Troke, Gordon Burton, Cyril Dalley, Patsy Jenkins, Kay Waterman, John Hamlyn and Mac Anstey. Eleanor told me that her sister Kay, who had already done a lot of work in the original movement to save the building, also “spearheaded” the restoration of the organ (E. Manuel 2011i, 45:40). She added:

It was a lot of work, when you apply for funding there is so much paperwork to do, and yes, it’s a skill. We all supported her, but there were very few of us who would have taken on the role she did. (E. Manuel 2011i, 45:40).

Kay described some of the process of how they achieved the restoration. It was a combination of individuals and groups working together to finally realize the project. More than one person mentioned to me the fact that without ACOA (the Atlantic Canada Opportunities Agency) the costs for the restoration could not have been met. The group

raised money and hired a consultant (Laura Makuska) to help with creating a plan. Other organizations responded to the call for funding, and then ACOA did as well.

It got [funding] in a community-enhancement project for Twillingate and we got the picnic tables by the harbour and some trails were finished. It was part of community enhancement. It fit right in there and we were very fortunate because we had our plans, we knew what we wanted, and we knew how much money we needed, so, right off the bat, we got it, we were organized. (Boyd 2011b, 42:55)

Eleanor told me “we put a plaque up there [by the organ] for all who donated money” (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:08:10). She went on to say that The Split Peas, the singing group she is in, “raised quite a lot of money for that too” (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:10:40). This is the group Eleanor plays with, described in Chapter Three. For a number of summers they donated “all of their proceeds”, because, as Eleanor said, “we are a community group too” (E. Manuel 2011i, 1:10:40).

Lester Goulding was hired to spend much of the summer of 2006 in Twillingate, painstakingly restoring the old organ. Alf Manuel assisted him throughout the work. As described in the informants’ chapter, Alf is an excellent carpenter and woodworker. Lester told me to be sure to mention how much help Alf provided him during the restoration. He said, “Alf is a skilled workman, and he worked with me just about everyday, and we used his workshop . . . I’m indebted to him really” (Goulding 2015, 28:43). When I said that Alf is very humble, Lester agreed, and said, “ Very, yes, that’s what makes him so good” (Goulding 2015, 28:43).¹⁴

When I asked Alf about helping Lester with the restoration, he said emphatically that it was “a fascinating project” and “just as interesting as boat building” (A. Manuel

¹⁴ Lester brought an assistant with him from St. John’s who also helped with the restoration of the organ, but this person wishes to remain anonymous.

2011, 23:15). For example, he spoke reverently about the quality of the joinery work in the organ¹⁵:

I could not get over it, you know, and here's this thing, it's over a hundred years old, and, the *craftsmanship* that went into that is *amazing*, because, you know, some of the pipes are lead, [but] the sound-box was all *wood*, the wind-chest¹⁶ [is wood]. . . some of the pipes are wood and some of them are *lead*, but the wood pipes, you had to look closely, I mean, they're square, put together out of four pieces of wood, [and] you had to look closely to see a joint, [even] after all this time [there is awe in his voice] . . . All the workings, you know, from the key, the stops, and every key . . . everything is *wood*. And the way that all works, and the shape that it's in after a hundred years, I couldn't get over it, really. (A. Manuel 2011, 23:15)

The restoration of the organ is featured in a CBC *Land and Sea* episode, called “The Organ Master” (Land and Sea 2006). Lester Goulding passed away in February of 2016; the Bevington organ in the Church Museum is the last organ he restored.



Figure 96. Some of the pipes of the Bevington organ laid out in the church among the pews, 2006. (Used with permission - Lester Goulding Collection.)

¹⁵ Joinery is the work of joining two pieces of wood together, called a joint. There are a variety of types of joints used in woodworking.

¹⁶ The wind chest is the large wooden box which forms a base for the pipes to sit in, and in which air is collected from the reservoir in the bellows. When a stop is pulled air flows to that area of the wind chest, and when a key on the keyboard is played, a mechanism allows the air to go up the pipe and sound the musical note. (Williams 1980, 24)

The preservation of the church includes the preservation of the material culture within it. I focused on the pews, the bell and the pipe organ and presented a sampling of the many stories associated with these objects. This illustrates the ongoing role of these physical things in the group's shared understanding of heritage, both tangible and intangible, connected to the old South Side church and the town of Twillingate.

Chapter Six

Conclusion: oral history and communal heritage

“The church is just a building, it’s the people in it, who went to it, who matter, who made it what it is, who are part of the history.”

Irene Pardy 2016¹⁷

The title of this chapter includes the phrase “communal heritage.” Others have used different terms. “Cultural heritage” is often used by ethnologists of various disciplines in discussions about shared heritage or knowledge. Downer chose the term “traditional history” referring to the “history that members of an ethnic or other community tell about themselves in their own terms” (Downer et al. 1994, 42). “Folklife” is a term often used. The Heritage Parks Program in Pennsylvania describes folklife as “the traditional expressive culture shared within various groups . . . encompassing a wide range of creative and symbolic forms” (Commonwealth of Pennsylvania 1991, 1). They made a decision that their “heritage resources” should include not only the built heritage of the state but also the “the social history of the communities and the workers . . . and their folklife, the living cultural traditions shared within [various] communities” (1991, 2).

In looking through the Twillingate materials I too found a need for a more all-encompassing term. King-Irani uses the term communal heritage in her article about Palestinians’ connection to the lands of Palestine; when they remember or visit the land it gives them a “realm in which to contemplate their communal heritage and national memory” (2000, 43).

¹⁷ Irene Pardy, phone call notes, February 15, 2016.

“Intangible cultural heritage” is another term, often used, which is described as “living heritage” or “living culture” by Unesco (2016). These terms are used here in this province where the work to preserve living heritage is sponsored by the government through the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador. They recently launched a project to collect oral history and traditional knowledge called “The Collective Memories Project,” with a focus on interviewing seniors (Jarvis 2016).

Like any communal heritage, the heritage of the Twillingate Church Museum is not one communal item but a collection of individual memories related to each other. The definition of heritage evolves and changes within the group dependent on contextual changes. Glassie found that as he “thought about stories, life began to arrange itself around it as context” and that “context is not in the eye of the beholder, but in the mind of the creator” (1982, 33). I found this to be true as I searched through the stories I had collected, and realized their relation to the concepts of heritage.

The Church Museum group is comfortable using the single word “heritage” because for them the word is synonymous with the scholarly understandings of folklife, intangible cultural heritage, traditional history or oral history. The telling of their stories is an emergent form of heritage, based on the past and filtered through me, the ethnographer, in the creation of a thesis. What I have done with this thesis is shine a light on their heritage, present it and, as the Heritage Parks Program did, create a heritage resource for the group by recording their own history. They recorded their heritage and history by preserving the old church, among other items. They express their communal heritage in this way and in the sharing of memories and stories with each other. The building was there when I made my first visit to Twillingate, and the existence of the

building prompted my research and fieldwork, which led to a record of the attendant oral history, some of which is in this thesis, and which I will present to the group to use once my degree is complete.

My informants, the members of the group who saved the old church, know why they saved it and why they continue to work to preserve it. To most outsiders, such as myself, it is a lovely old building; it is a pleasure to visit, to hear a concert in or to simply walk around in and appreciate the beauty of the coved ceiling, the galleries or the Bevington organ. For the insiders' group it is that, but also far more. The old church is a precious cornerstone or centerpiece of an intricate, intangible web of memories and past experiences, of a fishing culture that has disappeared, of long-gone buildings and boats and long-gone family.

"Family," of course, means more than just the group's blood relations; more like "community," it include their friends of childhood and all the elders who they grew up with and who they went to church with. They called their elders Aunt and Uncle, as was customary in many Newfoundland communities.¹⁸ This intangible web of people, place and memory is not separate from the building in my group's perception, and the building is not separate from the group; they are all interconnected, both physically and via their personal memoryscapes set within the landscape of Twillingate. Anthropologist Setha Low describes this as a "concept of place," a place that signifies this embeddedness of person, space and action" (1994, 66). This concept of place is a more recent

¹⁸ "Aunt" (and "Uncle") were titles for elders in the Methodist communities, but these terms were generic throughout Newfoundland, used with the first or full names, and as a term of respect for an older person (*Dictionary of Newfoundland English*. 2016. Eds. G.M Story, W.J Kirwin and J. D. A Widdowson. 2nd edition. < <http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#100>> Viewed July 10, 2016).

understanding of heritage in academic circles, something my group already implicitly understood in 1987 when they began the work of preserving the building.

They understand all aspects of Low's statement; they know the importance of their own culture and history and the sense they are "embedded" in that place, along with all their stories and their own traditional history. Folklorist Jillian Gould, in her article on history, community and memory, uses the term "memory food" for blueberry buns that were particular to some Jewish bakeries in Toronto, in that the buns can trigger memories of the past for people who used to eat them at a certain time in their lives (2003, 31). It can be said that the Church Museum is a "memory building" then, in how it creates associated memories for the community who grew up with it.

The group knows it is a memory building, though they would not use such a term. They display the building and other tokens of heritage with the full knowledge of the associations with these items because it is their own old church building, and it is their own fathers' guns and their mothers' pump organs and so on that exist within the place they live. They talk of and share the memories amongst themselves; as Pocius says, "communities . . . where social networks are still important pass on information about the past verbally among people who know one another" (1991, 52). This emic knowledge is the precious intangible heritage, and I have tried to create an etic framework to hang it upon. Henry Glassie, when he wrote his epic *Spending Time in Balleymenone*, described his efforts to do the same of a community in Ireland, writing that he managed to "drape the net of their social motion over the map of their place" (1982, 13).

Others have found place to be important to oral history. Linda Shopes found in interviews that "memories were rooted in places" with "references to streams, hills,

homes, streets, stores, churches, theaters [and] farms . . . [at times] local history was defined almost entirely by specific places” (2002, 593). This was exactly the case in the interviews with the Church Museum group, the interviews began with questions about the church and then expanded beyond the building, to memories of their homes or the North Side or the hospital or the harbour or any number of places. The places are important, but it is the memories that make them important. Pocius also found this in his research in the Newfoundland town of Calvert, that the past is “intangible” though rooted in place; and there “the past is all around, with memory keeping spaces alive” (1991, 53).

When the New York Center for Urban Folk Culture began their “Endangered Spaces” project in 1988 they defined such spaces as being “local establishments and neighborhood institutions with demonstrable significance in community life” (Zeitlin 1994, 216). Zeitlin referenced an old saxophone repair shop in New York, where famous jazz musicians had gone in and out constantly and which was about to close; he interviewed the owner who said, “What memories - oh, if walls could talk” (Fromkin 1989). Cyril Dalley said the same thing to me, “That church, when I walk into that church, I always make the comment ‘If the walls could only talk, you know’” (2011a, 1:00:58). The comment acknowledges the intangible, and indicates a wish that all the events and people could be recalled, a wish to hear the memories.

The old church building was significant to the community in Twillingate that attended it when it was functioning as a church, and it is still significant. Cyril told me about times they still meet at the church, to prepare for the annual Church Museum Christmas concert for example, and how they remember together:

When I’m up there, [I] was up there the other day, putting up the Christmas tree, and Howard and Kay, they were thinking about and they

mentioned certain individuals' names, [saying] "remember this happening?" - Howard used to tell some stories about [how] he would have to be hid away behind a little curtain, pumping the organ, to get the air for the organ . . . Somebody did this in church and somebody did that, and certain clergy said something. So - so when they get together, they really can talk about the '50s and the late '40s, you know. (2012, 13:58)

I did not gather the stories from the group when they were together, but in individual interviews. As Mody Boatright indicated with family folklore, there are clusters of individual stories and memories (1958, 1). I now think of the old man Kay Boyd could see from her family pew when she was child, and she would watch him eat his molasses buns during the sermons. I think of the elderly gentleman that Eleanor told me would walk from Durrell in the winter with spats on his shoes. I smile when I remember the story of an older man who was always very enthusiastic when giving testimonial at a Sunday evening prayer meeting, breathing heavily inwards before launching into what he wanted to share. And I often think of the two Minty sisters who, in summer, would bring fresh flowers to decorate the front of the church for Sunday service. And this is only to mention a few of the people who are described in the interview material; the stories of each being a part of the larger web of memories. It is not a web of nostalgia however. When the informants tell their stories and memories they are not mourning those who are gone, they are celebrating them.

Among the clusters of family stories there emerge certain types, and Boatright observed that in pioneer families in the United States favourite stories tend to pertain to "the uncommon sagacity of the hunter" or "show human beings in jeopardy" (1958, 7). I noticed this in some stories in the group; Gordon's story in Chapter Three, for example, falls into the latter category. Gordon was out on the ocean with his father, who was hunting turrs, and his father was almost knocked out of the boat after he double-loaded

his gun with powder, and injured his face. Gordon, who was a little boy, had to row the boat all the way back home.

Family stories can reflect social values, or a relation to a social context (Boatright 1958, 2). I think of the stories told to me of women carrying pots of food down the road to the Thanksgiving communal supper, or stories of the elders who always came to church, even when they had to walk a great distance in the heat or through the snow. These stories show the strength of commitment to the church, on the part of the people observed, which made an impression upon the young minds of my informants.

The old church was always a centre, a locator or a lynchpin for the group and the wider community. There is a lifelong intimacy with the building and its place in the neighbourhood. Today we often do not have the same sense of intimacy with a place or a space, with a “locale.” Many of us do not have a long-term relationship such as the group had with their locale; I most certainly never had that experience. And not just one’s own particular relationship, but that of an entire group that relates to the landscape around them, whether urban or rural. A relationship implies intimacy, and intimacy is often created by the act of cohabiting, day in and day out. My Twillingate informants did this; their knowledge of the church was not a drive-by experience. It was an intimate, day-to-day relationship with the church and the buildings around it, their houses and schools. It encompassed their whole life, and still does.

Steve Zeitlin reported that The Endangered Spaces project found that spaces like this are important “because they serve as the locus for a community that gathers and of memories that adhere” (1994, 217). Eleanor said to me:

The church was the anchor, the anchor of the community, in our community. Everything revolved around what was happening, not only on

Sunday, but all through the week. Ladies had their meetings, young people had their youth groups, children had their groups and there was always something. (E. Manuel 2012a, 1:07) . . . “it was the social hub” (E. Manuel 2012b, 2:10).

Cyril told me that in times of tragedy it was “the gathering place” (2012, 6:41):

That church, that *building*, played a major role in this area . . . it was the focal point for many individuals and families and it survived in the most difficult circumstances, when times were really, really tough. The church still survived. You know. And maintained the role that it is supposed to have been. In very *difficult* times . . . And it still *can* play a major role, if people who come to visit, and who want to come, just to look at the history, and look at the importance of what it *did* do, by keeping the community together. (2012, 50:25)

Cyril and the others taught me that the old South Side church points the way to and opens the door to the intangible; it directs us to the community’s view of human heritage and a deeper understanding of what history means.

Zeitlin also discusses the importance of documentation in the Endangered Spaces project, that is, to “assure that a place is photographed and documented in case it does close” (1994, 219). During the time period of writing the thesis the old church did become endangered. The paint was peeling off the exterior, serious leaks had developed in the roof causing damage to the ceiling in one of the galleries and creating puddles in the entry hall. The group was extremely concerned about the future of the building.¹⁹ They did not have the resources to repair the building by themselves. However, the building is no longer endangered at this point; as mentioned in Chapter One, the group obtained government funding for repairs in 2016. Nonetheless there is some reassurance

¹⁹ CBC online news article: “Old church in Twillingate in rough shape, needs repair work.” October 16, 2014. <<http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/newfoundland-labrador/old-church-in-twillingate-in-rough-shape-needs-repair-work-1.2799861>>. Viewed October 16, 2014.

that this thesis has documented the building, and no matter what happens in the future, there is now a complete record.

The group has always been creative in their approach to the work of preserving the building. They have needed to be because the building was not awarded provincial heritage building status, though they applied to the Heritage Foundation for this early on. This meant the group was not eligible to receive funding from the province (via the Heritage Foundation) to aid in the maintenance of the building. The building was denied status due to changes made to the exterior over the years.

This did not deter the group, for they have their own definition of heritage and understand the value of the building. Their definition includes the intangible stories of their communal heritage; the totality of what the building means to them is beyond the tangible. Their understanding aligns with Pocius's definition of intangible heritage, as "complex activities and forms of creative expression," that "draw on past traditions of their community" and are often "of a piece" with a specific space or place (2002, 2). Also, as Rowland's describes heritage, they understand that it is "a way that a group slowly constructs a collective memory for itself by telling stories about itself," which is a tradition "created by an aesthetic relationship between objects, memories and stories which can transmit to future generations sense of dignity, self-respect and a right to have a future" (2002, 108).

To support the building the group keeps it open all summer as a museum, accepting donations. They hold fund-raising concerts and rent out the venue to other performers. It is available for weddings. They sought alternative funding to restore the organ and the building and they succeeded.

Preservation is vital and ongoing, the conservation, protection and maintenance of such a building is a continuing issue; the transience of wood is apparent. Unlike stone churches, which are more capable of withstanding centuries of neglect, damage and deterioration, a building such as the Church Museum needs constant care; any group preserving a wooden building faces many challenges. As mentioned in Chapter One, the Church Museum has recently undergone some much-needed repairs. I spoke to Howard Butt in June of 2016, and the good news was that the Association had managed to get substantial funding from both the provincial and the federal governments. Howard told me it is not “heritage-type” money, but “community development” type money (Howard Butt, phone call notes, June 14, 2016). The Church Museum now has two new oil furnaces. The church will have new white siding that will be stained inside and out. It has a new roof, so there are no more leaks when it rains. Repairs on the interior ceilings damaged by the leaks are already done. The church will be completely “ship shape” (Howard Butt, phone call notes, August 3, 2016), and it will have a new life as “The Twillingate Performing Arts Centre” (CBC 2016²⁰).

The group was extremely astute in their awareness of a more modern value system being accorded to society’s preserved buildings or monuments, and acted in harmony with what architectural historian Cevat Erder has concluded. Erder found that in the last half of the twentieth century “monuments have begun to be considered as environmental complexes, as human creations essential to the security and continuity of life, as opposed to the former concept of protecting them as religious, national, political

²⁰ CBC online news article: “Restoration breathing new life into Twillingate church.” CBC news, Newfoundland and Labrador. < <http://www.cbc.ca/beta/news/canada/newfoundland-labrador/church-restoration-funding-1.3709048>>. Viewed August 8, 2016.

and artistic objects” (1986, 17). So the old church has survived once more, thanks to the ingenuity of the group of people who have been dedicated to it as the Church Museum for almost thirty years. The building is currently seen as important to the town of Twillingate, to the province of Newfoundland and Labrador and to Canada. This acknowledged value creates the sense it will be preserved and continue to be a representative of the group and the town’s communal heritage into the future.

This thesis has focused on a particular aspect of how the group views the preservation of the old church; it represents their heritage. There are pointers in the material to indicate that other discussions could take place. For example, the question of the hegemonic nature of heritage bodies arose, leading me to observe that a definition of heritage by a folk group does not always fit or coincide with institutionalized definitions or criteria of government-sponsored heritage organization. The group was tenacious in finding ways to preserve their heritage via any means available to them; one of them said “we were stubborn” (Boyd 2011b, 1:25:10). They continue to be quietly defiant in preserving their building in spite of what heritage experts in the province decide is heritage. This topic could be further explored.

The recurrent reference to the building as a monument by some members in the group is intriguing. I was told it is a monument to their forebears. It is a monument “to their skill and dedication” (Butt 2011b, 1:21:56) and to the fact these people built the church in “very difficult times” (Dalley 2011a, 33:40). This would be an interesting concept to research, in terms of what this means to the group and to the community, and is something to pursue in the future.

I now see, in my mind's eye, some of what my informants see in their memories when they look around Twillingate today. When I walk past the two remaining Ashbourne buildings I see the wharf and the schooner, the *Bessie Marie*, moored at the end of it. I see the other buildings too, and especially the one with the slide on it (for sliding barrels down) that Kay and the others told me they used to climb up on, and slide down on their way to church. I see the Sunday School picnics that took place at Hospital Pond. I see the many boats in the harbour. I see all the people walking back and forth to church on the South Side, winter and summer. The images from the memories I collected are everywhere, floating in the spaces here and there throughout the town.

I experience the same thing when I return to my childhood home in Ottawa, Ontario. I was born to a house on Oakland Avenue in the Glebe, just beside a pond (one of two) surrounded by trees. We moved away from Ontario when I was six years old, however, and so I have no life-long memories of my street. The area is now one of the most expensive neighbourhoods in Ottawa, an old neighbourhood of large, brick houses with airy porches and balconies, situated near the ponds and parkland. But what I see when I walk there is the memory of us scrappy children playing under a streetlight by the huge oak tree at the turn of the street. Or I see my best friend's father sitting on a summer day in a chair on his front lawn, with his dog beside him, renting out parking spaces on the lawn during the National Exhibition. Though it is now against the law, a lot of the people on the street did that in the 1960s; Oakland Avenue is only a block away from the Exhibition grounds.

These types of memories, the knowledge of what was there in a certain time and place, are not just moments of nostalgia, they are a realization of change, and they are

connected to larger changes and happenings in history. Or, as Christopher Tilley outlined, “landscape and place are often experienced as a structure of feeling” while “passing through and identifying with particular places and particular histories” (2006, 14). In terms of Ottawa, the Canadian economy changed, access to credit increased, lifestyles changed. My old neighbourhood is no longer a comfortable middle-class place but a upper-class area where homes now cost millions of dollars and are manicured to a high degree.

So too an awareness of the intangible in Twillingate exists. The memories and images all around, for those who know them, can speak to the larger changes that took place in Newfoundland and Labrador. The act of Confederation, the transition to a cash economy, the building of roads, the loss of the railway, the increase in cars and the arrival of the cod moratorium. What was tangible and built in the time previous to these changes, but is now gone, exists in an intangible realm of memories and stories: within “envelopes of time” situated in place (High 2011, 219). Likewise, the activities and practices that once existed also exist in that realm like companions, or like neighbouring stars in a complex constellation.

I have concluded that what my informants seek has a deep meaning: to keep a part of something rare and special within a changing world. What drives them is not mundane. Keeping the old building is an act of defiance against the insurmountable reality of the loss of their heritage and for them, a fierce ambition for the future. Yes, it is a symbol of the past - but it represents the future too. Much is lost, but this one thing they can keep: the old church, with its exquisite acoustics and beautiful Bevington organ, and its tall windows, that let the sunlight in. Connected to the old building is a memoryscape

and all the stories of my group's earlier life in Twillingate; this is their own intangible cultural and communal heritage. For all that is and was lost, this small wooden building will stand and quietly contain and express a simplicity of existence, even while pointing the way forward to continued shared experiences within the community.

Appendix A

A full list of names engraved on the Memorial plaque on the Church Museum.

These men were members of the South Side Methodist Church congregation who lost their lives in World War I (Mercer 1932, 57):

Harry H. Bourden

Charles Burton

Mark Cooper

Stewart Hamlyn

George Hawkins

Harvey L. Hodge

Saul Keefe

Pearce King

Edward Moors

Albert J. Mutford

Hiram G. Mutford

Archibald M. Newman

Samuel R. Pearce

Peter Randell

Keywood Rideout

Raymond Roberts

Peter Rose

Hardy F. Snow

Harvey B. Spencer

Gordon Stockley

Frederick White

Appendix B

This appendix contains additional historical architectural analysis of the old South Side Methodist church, which is of value to the architectural history of Newfoundland and Labrador.

The Georgian influence

Wesley's City Road Chapel is remarkably similar to some of the great houses built by the nobility in Great Britain. The following images (Figures 97 and 98) show the similarity. The first is a photo of a Georgian great house in Scotland, the second is a drawing of the City Road Chapel as it looked when it was built in 1778.



Figure 97. Limefield House, West Calder, Scotland. Built in 1805. Photographer unknown. Photo courtesy of blog.zoopla.co.uk.



Figure 98. The City Road Chapel, London, England. Built in 1778. Photo courtesy of Wesley's Chapel website.

The smaller chapels were built along the same lines, and with the same architectural elements:

These classical 'Georgian' features . . . persist into the 1870s, and should be seen as part of the local and regional adaptation of classical styles, executed by local craftsmen in local materials, that

contributes to local distinctiveness. This is a strong characteristic of chapel architecture and one which, combined with the use of local materials and styles, distinguishes it from Anglican and Roman Catholic architecture. (Lake 2008, 17)



Figure 99. Providence Methodist Chapel, Loveclough, Lancashire, England. Built in 1846. Note the two entrance doors, designed so men and women could enter separately. Photo courtesy of Churches of Britain and Ireland website.

The South Side church was built to be similar to many of the Methodist churches built in Great Britain in the last half of the nineteenth century. The noticeable features are the rectangular footprint, the symmetrical, gable-ended pedimented façade, and the tall, rounded, multi-paned windows of clear glass (Dolbey 1964, 134; Needham 1992, 242)). In the photo comparison below (Figures 100 and 101) it is clear how closely related in design the original exterior on the Church Museum was to its relatives across the ocean. The Green Street English Wesleyan Methodist Chapel is in Aberdare, Wales and was built in 1859.



Figure 100. Green Street Methodist Chapel, Aberdare, Wales. Photo courtesy Geography Project Britain and Ireland.



Figure 101. South Side United Church. This photo shows the two spires, the original small panes of glass in the windows and the location of the belfry. The photo was taken some time after 1931, as the Memorial Bell and the belfry were put in place in 1931. Photo by F. R. Hayward, courtesy of the Kay Boyd Collection.

The old South Side church was built in what became the classic chapel style, and it was built “neat and strong”, just as Wesley desired his chapels to be. It fits in with the other rural Methodist chapels of Great Britain, which, though “not ostentatious” have their own beauty, for “beauty, in architecture as well as in other realms, is not synonymous with size nor determined by wealth” (Dolbey 1964, 16).

The distinctive façade of the original exterior

The original façade of the church bears some discussion in the context of the architectural history of this building. As mentioned earlier, the silhouettes of the facades for both the entrance hall and the main building were unusual. Figure 101 shows the S-curved shape, which created a decidedly whimsical effect, almost Eastern in the evocation of an ogee arch. It cannot be properly termed an ogee roof, which is four-sided and was popular in Tudor and Elizabethan architecture, but certainly it evokes such a roof.

The following photo shows an example of an ogee roof on a garden pavilion that belongs to Montacute House in Somerset, England.



Figure 102. One of two garden pavilions, Montacute House, Somerset. Photo by Ian Watt, 2012, courtesy of Botanical Garden Photography, Montacute House and Gardens.

It is worth noting that Montacute House is a late Elizabethan country house built circa 1598, and is considered to be a fine example of the English Renaissance style, with its eclectic mix of Dutch gables, Gothic pinnacles, pediments, ogee roofs and large, mullioned windows (Nicolson 1965, 78). English Renaissance references the Elizabethan style, which “combines the symmetry of facades, as the Renaissance had taught it, and Renaissance details” along with “gables, straight or curved in the manner of the Netherlands” (Pevsner, Fleming and Honour 1975, 151).

It is unknown as to whether the ogee roofline was the desired effect or not; my informants did not have any stories as to why it was built thus. After copious research I have decided on three theories for the origins of the old façade, the order of which is not an indicator of believing in one over the other. One theory is the façade was built to resemble a Dutch gable, but the shape was modified as it was built in wood as opposed to bricks or stone. The second theory is that it was built to look like an ogee arch on purpose, being an element of the Gothic Revival, popular in the 1800s. The third theory is that the builders were aiming for a fanciful pediment with Classical intentions, but did not succeed, although the result is delightful.



Figure 103. Montacute House, Somerset. Photo courtesy of Architecture of England, Wikipedia.



Figure 104. Old South Side church. Photo by F. R. Hayward, (courtesy of the Kay Boyd Collection).

In Figures 103 and 104 (above) it is possible to see the elements that are similar in the facades of Montacute House and the South Side church, that is, the large, rectangular windows and the curvilinear gables “in the manner of the Netherlands” (Pevsner, Fleming and Honour 1975, 152). These gables are referred to as Dutch gables. The façade on the South Side church shows the possibility of the influence of English

Renaissance on traditional Methodist chapel design, for the Dutch gable is seen on some Methodist chapels in Great Britain. The following photo is of a chapel in Stirling, Scotland, built in 1844.



Figure 105. Stirling Methodist Church, Scotland. Photo by Anne Robertson, 2004, courtesy of Anne Robertson Blog Archive, Trip to Scotland.

Another possibility is that the original façade was influenced by the rise of Gothic architectural influences in Methodist and Nonconformist chapels in the middle of the nineteenth century (Munson 1991, 141). The nineteenth century was the heyday of the Gothic Revival in Great Britain. Thus were built as modest chapels, but within the usual Neo-classical style, with the rectangular form and a gabled entrance, were added Gothic details in both the interior and the exterior (Dolbey 1964; Lake 2008; Munson 1991). The ogee arch was Gothic, originating the early English Gothic period called the Decorated style, of the late thirteenth century into the second half of the fourteenth century (Pevsner, Fleming and Honour 1975; Needham 1948).

The ogee arch did make its way into the Gothic Revival in Eastern Canada. It has been observed that gothic designs were the “preferred mid-nineteenth century style of Protestant church builders”; numerous examples of doorways with ogee arches can be found in wooden churches built in Cape Breton in the province of Nova Scotia (Hyde and Bird 1995, 23).



Figure 106. Ogee arch over a doorway, built 1349, in south porch of Cauntton St. Andrew Church, UK. Photo courtesy of the Southwell and Nottingham Church History Project website.

Last, but not least, is the theory that the builders of the South Side church built a façade in the Neo-classical style, with an enhanced and interesting pediment, with upturned corners, as inspired by a English chapel similar to the Beighton Methodist Chapel, built in Sheffield, England (see Figure 107).



Figure 107. Beighton Methodist Chapel, Beighton, Sheffield, England. Built in 1890. Photo courtesy of Chris Rowbotham, Users Breathe.com website.



Figure 108. Old South Side church. Photo by F. R. Hayward, courtesy of the Kay Boyd Collection.

The unusual two-door entrance

Besides the unusual original façade, another unusual aspect of the church building, and one that still exists, is the two-door entrance. This is not the norm among Newfoundland churches. As mentioned earlier, the church has one door on the west side of the church entrance hall, and another on the east side. I had been intrigued by the fact that the church had two doors, for my impression was that churches are traditionally built with one entrance door. The fact there are two doors is not an obvious feature in the church, as they are on either side of the entrance hall; the west door being the one most in use today. When I asked my informants why the church was built with two doors they did not know.

In my early research online I discovered old nineteenth century Methodist churches in the United States built with two doors, such as the Cades Cove Methodist Church, in Tennessee, which was built in 1902.



Figure 109. Cades Cove Methodist Church, Tennessee. Photo by Jess Stryker, courtesy of JessStryker.com, Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Tennessee & North Carolina.

Information about the Cades Cove Church states, “They also had two doors, one for men and one for women. This church didn’t separate the congregation, however the church was built from a set of standardized plans, and the plans called for two doors” (Stryker, 2006). This was the first I had heard of separating men and women at church.

In the early days of Methodism, in the 1700s, men and women were to enter by separate doors, and use separate stairs to the galleries, and sit apart for worship, men on one side and women on the other (Dolbey 1964, 26). This followed one of Wesley’s directives in his Eight Principles, which was that gender segregation take place in the chapel; consequently the seats in the middle of the chapel should “be parted in the middle, by a rail running all along to divide the men from the women...” (Myles 1813, 426). After Wesley’s death in 1790, this rule relaxed, and men and women began to sit together, for it had never been popular with the people (Dolbey 1964, 49). However, it appears that the plans used for many buildings did not change, continuing to be built with two doors (see Figure 109), and that the practice of gender segregation continued into the nineteenth century in some places in North America.

Another Methodist church in the U.S that had a double entrance is the Mahomet Methodist Church in Illinois, built in 1853. It no longer exists, but a book written about the history of the church describes that the church had been built with “two front doors, one on each side, the reason being that in those days women occupied one side of the church, and men the other. The seats were straight and uncomfortable with a railing in the center” (Purnell 1955, 3).

One of the earliest Methodist buildings in Canada, the Beaverdams Methodist Church in Thorold, Ontario, built in 1832, has two doors. The building is still standing, although the original interior no longer exists. It is similar to the old South Side church in being a two and a half story, rectangular building built in the Neo-classical style.



Figure 110. Beaverdams Methodist Church, Thorold, Ontario.
Photo by theNiagara Heritage Alliance, 2011.

The interior was built on the classic Methodist auditory plan, just as the South Side church was, with the three-sided gallery, double aisles, and a high pulpit reached by stairs on either side of it (Friends of Beaverdams Church 2002). It also had a coved ceiling. A model has been built of the original interior (and exterior) and there are plans to restore the church to its original state (Friends of Beaverdams Church 2002). The following photo shows just how similar the interior was to the South Side church; it even had a coved ceiling.



Figure 111. Beaverdams Methodist Church model showing the interior as it would have looked circa 1879. Note the two woodstoves. Model by J. Alan Daniels of Dandesign, Thorold, Ontario 2002. Photo courtesy of Friends of Beaverdams Church.com.

Conclusion

Figure 110 shows the typical architectural style of the early vernacular Methodist buildings in North America. Similar to the South Side church they are wooden, gabled buildings; the Beaverdams Church is very similar in being two-storied and having galleries in the interior. The Beaverdams Church has an impressive pediment, which clearly shows the connection to the Classical building style of the nineteenth century Methodist chapels in Great Britain. The old South Side church also had an impressive pediment, with its curved ogee arch outline (see Figure 108).

Appendix C

The following is information on the Bevington pipe organ in the Church Museum in Twillingate, as supplied by Lester Goulding.

Builder:

Bevington and Sons (1903)
Manette Street
Charing Cross Road
London, England

STOP LIST

<u>Manual</u>	56 keys on each	<u>Pedal</u>	30 keys
Open Diapason	8 (foot)	Bourdon	16 (foot)
Clarabel	8		
Gamba	8 frm. Tenor C		
Principal	4		
Flute	4		
<u>Coupler:</u>	Pedal fixed to Manual	<u>Number of pipes:</u>	280
<u>Action:</u>	Manual	Tracker	
	Pedal	Pneumatic	

Bibliography

- Alberta Historic Resources Management Branch. 1987. Alberta Culture and Community Spirit, (File: Des. 865). Viewed on Alberta Register of Historic Places, the Burns Building page. <<https://hermis.alberta.ca/ARHP/Details.aspx?DeptID=1&ObjectID=4665-0554>>. June 4, 2016.
- Audsley, George Ashdown. 1905. *The Art of Organ-Building: A Comprehensive Historical, Theoretical and Practical Treatise on the Tonal Appointment and Mechanical Construction of Concert-Room, Church, and Chamber Organs*. Volume II. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. Reprinted in 1965 in New York by Dover Publications.
- Baker, Melvin. 1984. "Government." *ENL* 2. St. John's: NBP. 580-661.
- Barbour, C. Lind. 2002. *Coming Home*. Nokomis, Saskatchewan: Last Mountain Times.
- Bartie, Angela and Arthur McIvor. 2013. "Oral History in Scotland." *The Scottish Historical Review*, Volume XCII, Supplement: No. 234 (April): 108-136.
- Bascom, William R. 1954. "Four Functions of Folklore." *The Journal of American Folklore*. Vol. 67, No. 266: 333-349.
- Bay St. George Wesleyan Methodists, *The United Church of Canada: Mission Centennial 1883-1983*. 1983. Stephenville, Newfoundland: The United Church of Canada.
- Bennett, John Charles. 2011. "The English Anglican practice of pew renting, 1800-1960." PhD diss., University of Birmingham. eThesis Repository, <<http://etheses.bham.ac.uk/2864>>. Viewed November 10, 2014.
- Berteau, F. C. 1981. "Currency." *ENL* 1. St. John's: NBP. 575-577.
<collections.mun.ca/cdm/compoundobject/collections/cns_enl/id/1048>. Viewed January 10, 2016.
- Bevington, Tony, Jill Bevington and Romana Bevington. 2013. *Bevington and Sons: Victorian Organ Builders*. Bristol: Preston House.
- Bicknell, Stephen. 1996. *The History of the English Organ*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Binfield, Clyde. 2013. "Nonconformist Architecture: A Representative Focus." In *T & T Clark Companion to Nonconformity*, edited by Robert Pope, 257-284. London: Bloomsbury Publishing.
- Bird, William R. 2014. "History: Pew Rents." *St. Matthew's United Church*. <<http://www.stmatts.ns.ca/history/>>. Viewed November 26, 2014.
- Boatright, Mody C. 1958. "The Family Saga as a Form of Folklore." In *The Family Saga and Other Phases of American Folklore*, edited by Mody Boatright, Robert B. Downs and John T. Flanagan, 14-44. Urbana: University of Illinois Press.
- Boyd, Kay. 2011a. (21:44) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 15.
----- 2011b (1:29:24) Part 2.
----- 2011c (2:47) Part 3.
----- 2011d (3:04) Part 4.
----- 2012a (10:52) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. April 25.
----- 2012b (1:22:43) Part 2.
----- 2012c (58:11) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 8.
----- 2012d (19:22) Interview including Irene Parry. Twillingate, NL. December 10.

- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 17.
- 2015 Phone interviews by author, notes only. January 15 and October 7.
- 2015a (3:04) Part 1. Phone interview by author. January 19.
- 2015b (31:52) Part 2.
- Bronner, Simon J. 1989. "Folklife Starts Here: The Background of Material Culture Scholarship in Pennsylvania." In *The Old Traditional Way of Life: Essays in Honor of Warren E. Roberts*, 283-296. Bloomington: Trickster Press, Indiana University.
- Browne, William Alfred. 1872. *The Merchants' Handbook of Money, Weights and Measures of all nations with their British Equivalents*. 2nd edition. Stanford: London. Viewed February 19, 2016. Google Books.
- Brunvand, Jan Harold. 1998. *The Study of American Folklore*. 4th edition. New York: University of Utah.
- Burke, Joseph C. 2000. *No Ordinary Woman: The Story of Dr. Stella Annie Burry*. Ottawa: Hermitage Publishing.
- Burton, Edwin. 1912. *The Catholic Encyclopedia*. Vol. 15. New York: Robert Appleton Co. <<http://www.newadvent.org/cathen/15127b.htm>> Viewed August 2, 2014.
- Burton, Gordon. 2011a. (1:33) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 17.
- 2011b (1:35:51) Part 2.
- 2011c (38:36) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 19.
- 2011d (7:13) Part 2.
- 2012 (42:05) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 11.
- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 17 and November 27.
- 2015 Phone interview by author, notes only. October 9.
- Butt, Arthur S. 1990. *Telling It As It Was: A Brief History of Flat Islands and an Autobiography*. Glovertown, NL: Glovertown Literary Creations.
- Butt, Howard. 1997. "Musical Play 'GEORGIE' huge success in Twillingate." *The Pilot*. 14 May.
- 2006. "Century-old Bevington pipe organ playing a new tune." *The Pilot*. 18 October.
- 2007. "Wedding bells after a 20-year silence." *The Pilot*. 12 September. <<http://www.lportepilot.ca/News/2007-09-12/article-1423809/Wedding-bells-after-a-20-year-silence/1>>. Viewed September 12, 2013.
- 2008. "Facelift started on former Twillingate general retail store." *The Pilot*. 12 November. <<http://www.lportepilot.ca/News/2008-11-12/article-1422768/Facelift-started-on-former-Twillingate-general-retail-store/1>>. Viewed August 10, 2013.
- 2009. "Musical Matinee awaits music lovers at Twillingate church museum." *The Pilot*. 24 June. <<http://www.lportepilot.ca/Living/2009-06-24/article-1424045/Musical-Matinee-awaits-music-lovers-at-Twillingate-church-museum/1>>. Viewed September 14, 2013.
- Butt, Howard. 2011a. (2:22) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 16.
- 2011b (1:42:02) Part 2.
- 2011c (0:24) Part 1. Second interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 16.

- 2011d (40:29) Part 2.
- 2012 (1:47:08) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. April 25.
- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 10.
- 2015 (38:11) Phone interview by author. September 19.
- 2016 Phone interview by author, notes only. August 2 and August 3.
- Canada's Historic Places. 2005. "St. John's Ecclesiastical District." *The Register*.
<<http://www.historicplaces.ca/en/rep-reg/place-lieu.aspx?id=4039>>. Viewed June 6, 2016.
- Carter, Thomas, and Elizabeth Collins Cromley. 2005. *Invitation to Vernacular Architecture*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press.
- Centennial Review. 1983. *100 Years of Service: Glovertown United Church Congregation, 1883-1983*. St. John's: United Church of Canada.
- Christie, Robert Loring. 1989. *Lies My Mother-in-law Told Me*. Manuscript. Centre for Newfoundland Studies, Memorial University of Newfoundland.
- Clarke, David J. 2012. *A History of the Isles: Twillingate, New World Island, Fogo Island and Change Islands, Newfoundland and Labrador*. 2nd ed. Printed in Charleston, SC: DJC.
- Clarke, Sandra. 2010. *Newfoundland and Labrador English*. Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press (from Hancock 2000c; cf Hancock 1977).
- Committee of the English Congregational Chapel-building Society. 1855. *Practical Hints on Chapel-Building, Volume 2*. London: John Snow, Paternoster Row. Viewed July 10, 2014. Google Books.
- Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. 1991. *Heritage Parks: A Program Manual*. Quoted in Shalom Staub, "Cultural Conservation and Economic Recovery." In *Conserving Culture: A New Discourse on Heritage*, edited by Mary Hufford, 229-244. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.
- Cracknell Kenneth and Susan J. White. 2005. *Introduction to World Methodism*. Cambridge: University Press.
- Craft Council of Newfoundland and Labrador. 2010. "Christmas Craft Fair." *Craft Council.nl.ca*. <<http://www.craftcouncil.nl.ca/events/christmas-craft-fair/>>. Viewed June 27, 2016.
- Cranfield, Ingrid. 1997. *Georgian House Style*. Devon: David & Charles.
- Csikszentmihalyi, Mihaly. 1994. *The Evolving Self: a psychology for the Third Millenium*. New York: Harper Perennial.
- Cuff, Robert H. 1994. "Twillingate." *ENL*, 5. St. John's: NBP. 441-445.
- Cunningham, Colin. 1999. *Stones of Witness: Church Architecture and Function*. Stroud, Great Britain: Sutton Publishing.
- Dalley, Cyril. 2011a. (1:24:42) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 15.
- 2011b (1:32) Part 2.
- 2011c (1:00) Part 3.
- 2012 (57:34) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 11.
- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 13.
- 2015 (28:19) Phone interview by author. September 21.
- Dave Manuel. 2016. "Inflation Calculator." *Dave Manuel.com*. Last modified June 5, 2016. <<http://www.davemanuel.com/inflation-calculator.php?theyear=1870&amountmoney=175>>. Viewed June 5, 2016.

- Dictionary of Newfoundland English. 1990. Eds. G. M. Sotry, W. J Kirwin and J. D. A Widdowson. "Turr." <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#5220>>. Viewed July 30, 2016.
- "Mark." <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#2843>>. Viewed June 3, 2016.
- "Cod jigger." <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#2416>> Viewed August 14, 2016.
- "Aunt." <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#110>>. Viewed July 10, 2016.
- Diocesan Magazine; Anglican. 1897. No article title. May. n.p. Quoted in Naboth Winsor, *The Church Between the Tickles: A History of St. James' Anglican Church* (n.p.1988).
- 1901. No article title. April. n.p. Quoted in Naboth Winsor, *The Church Between the Tickles: A History of St. James' Anglican Church* (n.p. 1988).
- Dolbey, George W. 1964. *The Architectural Expression of Methodism: the First Hundred Years*. London: Epworth Press.
- Dorson, Richard M. 1964. "Oral Tradition and Written History: The Case for the United States." *Journal of the Folklore Institute*. Volume 1, No. 3 (December): 220-234.
- 1971. "Sources for the Traditional History of the Scottish Highlands and Western Highlands." *Journal of the Folklore Institute*. Volume 8, No. 2/3 (August-December): 147-184.
- Downer, Alan S., Alexandra Roberts, Harris Francis, and Klara B. Kelley. 1994. "Traditional History and Alternative Conceptions of the Past." In *Conserving Culture: A New Discourse on Heritage*, edited by Mary Hufford, 39-55. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.
- Eliassen, Alan. "Historical Currency Converter." *Alan Eliassen-Things I Made From Yarn*. <<http://futureboy.us/fsp/dollar.fsp?quantity=2550¤cy=pounds&fromYear=1742>>. Viewed August 24, 2013.
- Erder, Cevat. 1986. *Our Architectural Heritage: From Consciousness to Conservation*. Paris: The United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (Unesco).
- Falkner, Ann. 1977. *Without Our Past? A Handbook for the Preservation of Canada's Architectural Heritage*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press.
- Friends of Beaverdams Church. 2016. "A Model Church." <<http://friendsofbeaverdamschurch.com/a-model-church/>>. Viewed July 10, 2016.
- Fromkin, Saul. 1989. Interview with Steven J. Zeitlin, in "Conserving our Cities' Endangered Spaces." In *Conserving Culture: A New Discourse on Heritage*, edited by Mary Hufford, 215-228. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.
- Girouard, Mark. 1977. *Sweetness and Light: The 'Queen Anne' Movement 1860-1900*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.
- Glassie, Henry. 1982. *Passing the Time in Ballymenone: Culture and History of an Ulster Community*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
- 1989. "Skill." In *The Old Traditional Way of Life: Essays in Honor of Warren E. Roberts*, 11-13. Bloomington: Trickster Press, Indiana University.
- 2000. *Vernacular Architecture*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.

- 2003. "Tradition." In *Eight Words for the Study of Expressive Culture*, edited by Burt Feintuch, 176-197. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.
- Goulding, Lester and William Vineer. 2013. "The British Invasion Lives On! Pipe Organs of Newfoundland and Labrador, Canada." *The Diapason*. No. 7, Whole No. 1244, July. 22-25.
- Goulding, Lester. 2015. (1:14:18) Interview by author. St. John's, NL. June 1.
- 2015 Phone interview by author, notes only. June 7.
- 2016 (1:26:31) Interview by author. St. John's, NL. February 1.
- Halpert, Herbert. 1945. "Tall Tales and Other Yarns from Calgary, Alberta." *California Folklore Quarterly*. Volume 4, No. 1 (January): 29-49.
- Hamlyn, John. 1999. Interview by John Mutford. July 15, Crow Head, Twillingate. Interview transcript, Church Museum Archives, Twillingate, NL.
- Harvey, D. 2007. "Parading the Cornish Subject: Methodist Sunday School Parades and Tea Treats in West Cornwall c. 1830-1930." *Journal of Historical Geography*. Volume 33, Issue 1 (January): 24-44.
- Higgins, Jenny. 2007. "19th Century Trade." *Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage*. <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/articles/economy/fishery-trade.php>>. Viewed July 10, 2016.
- High, Steven. 2011. "Mapping Memories of Displacement: Oral History, Memoryscapes, and Mobile Methodologies." In *Place, Writing, and Voice In Oral History*, edited by Shelley Trower, 217-231. New York: Palgrave Macmillan.
- Hildebrand, Jim. 2011. "Ashbourne Lower Trade on the move." *The Telegram*. 25 June. <<http://www.thetelegram.com/News/Local/2011-06-25/article-2611951/Ashbourne-Lower-Trade-on-the-move/1>>. Viewed September 12, 2013.
- 2013. "Community effort helps preserve Ashbourne Lower Trade." *The Aurora*. 25 September. <<http://www.theaurora.ca/Community/2013-09-25/article-3403631/community-effort-helps-preserve-Ashbourne-Lower-Trade/1>>. Viewed November 20, 2013.
- Hiscock, Philip. 2013. "Remodelling the Family Name in Twentieth Century Newfoundland and Labrador: Identity, contest and humour." *Regional Language Studies - Newfoundland* 24: 17-30.
- Historical Museums Page: "House Haul." 2013. Twillingate.com, Harbour Holdings. <<http://www.twillingate.com/toseedo/museums/househaul>>. Viewed August 14, 2013.
- Holden, A. 1861. *The Pew System: and the injuries it inflicts on the Church of England*. London: Bell and Daldy.
- Hollett, Calvin. 2010. *Shouting, Embracing, and Dancing with Ecstasy: The Growth of Methodism in Newfoundland. 1774-1874*. Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press.
- Holy Trinity Southwell. 2014. "History." *Holy Trinity Southwell*. <<http://holytrinitysouthwell.co.uk/history>>. Viewed November 10, 2014.
- Horan, Catherine F. 1981. "Thomas G. W. Ashbourne." *ENL* 1. St. John's: NBP. 83.
- Hufford, Mary. 1986. *One space, many places: Folklife and land use in New Jersey's Pinelands National Reserve: report and recommendations to the New Jersey*

- Pinelands Commission for cultural conservation in the Pinelands National Reserve*. Washington: American Folklife Center, Library of Congress.
- Hyde, Susan, and Michael S. Bird. 1995. *Hallowed Timbers: the Wooden Churches of Cape Breton*. Toronto: Stoddart Publishing.
- Hyltén-Cavallius, Sverker. 2012. "Memoryscapes and Mediascapes: Musical Formations of 'Pensioners' in Late 20th Century Sweden." *Popular Music* 31, no. 2: 279-295.
- Jarvis, Dale. 2016. "Collective Memories Project." *The ICH Blog*. <<http://doodledaddle.blogspot.ca/p/collective-memories.html>>. Viewed August 10, 2016.
- Jobson, Frederick J. 1850. *Chapel and School Architecture as Appropriate to Buildings Of Nonconformists Particularly to those of the Wesleyan Methodists*. London: Hamilton, Adams & Co. Viewed July 2, 2014. Google Books.
- Johnson, D. W. 1926. *Methodism in Eastern British America: including Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and Bermuda (from the beginning till the consummation of union with the Presbyterian and Congregational Churches in 1925)*. Sackville, NB: Tribune Printing.
- Jones, Andrew. 2007. *Memory and Material Culture*. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Kacirk, J. 1997. *Forgotten English*. New York: Quill/William Morrow. Quoted in John Charles Bennett, "The English Anglican practice of pew renting, 1800-1960." (PhD diss., University of Birmingham, 2011).
- Kieckhefer, Richard. 2004. *Theology in Stone: Church Architecture from Byzantium To Berkely*. Oxford: University Press.
- King-Irani, Laurie. 2000. "Land, Identity and the Limits of Resistance in the Galilee." *Middle East Report*, No. 216 (Autumn): 40-44. <http://www.jstor.org.qe2a-proxy.mun.ca/stable/pdf/1520216.pdf?_=1470853366528>. Viewed August 10, 2016.
- Korkiakangas, Pirjo, Tiina-Riitta Lappi and Heli Niskanen. 2008. *Touching Things: Ethnological Approaches of Modern Material Culture*. Helsinki: Finnish Literature Society.
- Lake, Jeremy. 2008. *Methodist Chapels in Jersey: History and Context. Historic Building Study no. 1*. Jersey: Jersey Heritage Trust.
- Land and Sea. 2006/2007 season, "The Organ Master." Aired November 27, 2006. Viewed on VHS tape. September 2011.
- 2009/2010 season, "The Split Peas." Aired December 13, 2009, on CBC, <<http://www.cbc.ca/landandseanl/2009/12/archival-specialtba-1.html>>, viewed January 12, 2016.
- LeMessurier, H. W., P.B. Rendell, R.G. MacDonald and E.E. Knight. 1962. *History of St. Thomas Church: 1836 – 1961*. 3rd ed. Printed in St. John's: Long's Brothers. n.p.
- Low, Setha M. 1994. "Cultural Conservation of Place." In *Conserving Culture: A New Discourse on Heritage*, edited by Mary Hufford, 66-77. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.
- Lyon, Randy. 2014. "Looking through the rearview mirror." *First Congregational United Church of Christ, Dubuque, Iowa*. <<http://www.1stcongucc.org/about-church-history/175th-anniversary.html>>. Viewed June 10, 2014.
- MacCannell, Dean. 1976. *The Tourist: a new theory of the leisure class*. 2nd ed. Berkely: University of California Press.

- MacDonald, Mary N. 2003. "Place and the Study of Religions." In *Experiences of Place*, edited by Mary N. MacDonald, 1-17. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
- Mackenzie Brown, Sheila. 1981. "The church bell tradition in Newfoundland: a reflection culture change." Master's thesis. Memorial University of Newfoundland.
- Mallory, Peter T. 1985. *New England Churches and Meetinghouses 1680-1830*. New York: Vendome Press.
- Manuel, Edith M. 1970. *St. Peter's Anglican Church, Twillingate: One Hundred and Twenty-five Year History 1845-1970*. St. John's: Creative Printers. 2nd printing 1983.
- Manuel, Alf. 2011. (55:10) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 18.
 ----- 2012 (35:55) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 11.
 ----- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 17.
 ----- 2015 (32:09) Phone interview by author. October 2.
- Manuel, Eleanor. 2011a. (8:18) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 18.
 ----- 2011b (1:19) Part 2. Eleanor playing the pipe organ. August 18.
 ----- 2011c (0:58) Part 3.
 ----- 2011d (0:59) Part 4.
 ----- 2011e (2:07) Part 5. Eleanor talking and playing the pipe organ.
 ----- 2011f (0:37) Part 6. Eleanor playing the pipe organ.
 ----- 2011g (0:55) Part 7.
 ----- 2011h (2:40) Part 8. Eleanor talking in the graveyard.
 ----- 2011i (1:30:29) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 18.
 ----- 2012a (22:38) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. April 24.
 ----- 2012b (1:30:55) Part 2.
 ----- 2012c (3:08) Part 3.
 ----- 2012d (0:29) Part 4.
 ----- 2012e (54:50) Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 11.
 ----- 2015 Phone interview by author, notes only. January 11.
 ----- 2015 Phone interview by author, notes only. August 3.
 ----- 2015a (16:00) Part 1. Phone interview by author. October 2.
 ----- 2015b (33:02) Part 2.
- Martin, A.W. 1894. Document title unknown: n.p. Quoted in David G. Pitt and Marion Pitt, *Goodly Heritage: A Centennial History of the Congregation of Wesley United (formerly Alexander Street Methodist) Church, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1884-1984*. (St. John's: Jespersion Press, 1984).
- Martin, Wendy. 1983. "Once Upon a Mine: Story of Pre-Confederation Mines on the Island of Newfoundland, Special Volume 26." *The Canadian Institute of Mining and Metallurgy*. < <http://www.heritage.nf.ca/articles/environment/once-upon-a-mine.pdf>>. Viewed February 10, 2016. The Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage Web Site Project.
- Marx, Ina Brosseau, Allen Marx and Robert Marx. 1991. *Professional Painted Finishes*. New York: Watson-Guptil Publications.
- Mauk, Marchita. 1990. *Shaping a House for the Church*. Chicago: Liturgy Training Publications.
- May, John. 2010. *Handmade Houses and Other Buildings: The World of Vernacular Architecture*. London: Thames and Hudson.

- Maynard, Lara. 2001. "Traditional Instrumental Music." *Heritage Newfoundland and Labrador*. <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/articles/society/traditional-instrumental-music.php>>. Viewed January 20, 2016.
- McCarthy, Doris. 2004. *Ninety Wise Years*. Toronto: Second Story Press.
- McEwen, Annie R. 2011. "'There was more strength in singing': Community, Identity, and the Performance of Memory in the Folk of the Sea Choir, 1994-2000." Master's thesis. Memorial University of Newfoundland.
- Mercer, W. Edgar. 1932. *The United Church of Canada, Twillingate, Nfld : a century of Methodism in Twillingate and Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., 1831-1931*. Twillingate, NL: Printed at the Twillingate Sun Office.
- Mergen, Bernard. 1999. "Children's Lore in School and Playgrounds." In *Children's Folklore: A Source Book*, edited by Brian Sutton-Smith, Jay Mechling, Thomas W. Johnson and Felicia R. McMahon, 229-249. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Minchin, Basil. 1961. *Outward and Visible*. London: Darton, Longman & Todd.
- Mosdell, H.M. 1923. *When Was That?: A Chronological Dictionary of Important Events in Newfoundland Down to and Including the Year 1922*. St. John's: Trade Printers and Publishers. (Reprinted in St. John's: Robinson-Blackmore, 1974).
- Munson, James. 1991. *The Nonconformists: In Search of a Lost Culture*. London: SPCK Holy Trinity Church.
- Myles, William. 1813. *Chronological History of the People called Methodists*. Quoted in George W. Dolbey, *The Architectural Expression of Methodism: the First Hundred Years* (London: Epworth Press, 1964).
- National Archives. 1959. National Archives of Canada. Gander, NF: Narrative Report. <<http://67.69.104.76:84/Pinetreeline/other/other18/other18y.html>> Viewed January 15, 2016.
- Needham, A. 1948. *How to Study an Old Church*. 3rd ed. London: B.T. Batsford Ltd.
- Nicolson, Nigel. 1965. *Great Houses of Britain*. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson.
- Norkunas, Martha. 2000. Review of *The Object of Memory: Arab and Jew Narrate the Palestinian Village* by Susan Slyomovics. *The Journal of American Folklore* Volume 113, No. 449 (Summer): 331-333. <<http://tinyurl.com/Norkunasreviewonjstor>>. Viewed July 30, 2016.
- Norman, Edward. 1990. *The House of God*. London: Thames and Hudson.
- North Side Building Accounts Book. 1903. Handwritten book. Series 5 Box 3, Twillingate fonds, United Church of Canada Newfoundland and Labrador Conference Archives, St. John's, Canada.
- Paddock, Harold J. 1981. "Dialects." *ENL 1*. St. John's: NBP. 615-621.
- Pardy, Irene. 2011a. (5:06) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 16.
- 2011b (1:17:37) Part 2.
- 2012a (18:50) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 10.
- 2012b (19:22) Interview by author including Kay Boyd. December 10.
- 2012c (28:56) Part 2. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. December 10.
- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 10.
- 2015 (35:25) Phone interview by author. September 11.
- 2015 Phone interview by author, notes only. December 9.
- 2016 Phone interview by author, notes only. February 15.

- Pardy, Irene. n.d. Collected notes and history from bulletins and minutes of the Board, South Side United Church, Twillingate, Newfoundland and Labrador.
- Pastore, Ralph T. 1999. "The Boyd's Cove Beothuk Site." *Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage*. <http://www.heritage.nf.ca/aboriginal/beo_boyds_cove.html>. Viewed August 2013.
- Peddle, Walter. 1983. *The Traditional Furniture of Outport Newfoundland*. St. John's, Newfoundland and Labrador: Harry Cuff Publications.
- Peirce, William. 1854. *The Ecclesiastical Principles and Polity of the Wesleyan Methodists*. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. <<https://archive.org/details/ecclesiasticalpr00pieruoft>>. Viewed June 29, 2014. Internet Archives.
- Pevsner, Nikolaus, John Fleming, and Hugh Honour. 1975. *A Dictionary of Architecture*. 3rd ed. London: Penguin Books.
- Pickavant, John. 1829. *Report to the District Meeting*: n.p. Quoted David Pitt, *Windows of Agates: The Life and Times of Gower Street Church, St. John's, Newfoundland 1815-1990*. 2nd ed. (St. John's: Jespersen Press, 1990).
- Pitt, David G. and Marion Pitt. 1984. *Goodly Heritage: A Centennial History of the Congregation of Wesley United (formerly Alexander Street Methodist) Church, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1884-1984*. St. John's: Jespersen Press.
- Pitt, David G. 1990. *Windows of Agates: The Life and Times of Gower Street Church St. John's, Newfoundland 1815-1990*. 2nd ed. St. John's: Jespersen Press.
- 1991. "Methodism." *ENL* 3. St. John's: NBP. 519-525.
- Pocius, Gerald L. 1991. *A Place to Belong: community order and everyday space in Calvert, Newfoundland*. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press.
- 2002. "Issue Paper on Intangible Heritage." Prepared for the Department of Canadian Heritage, Heritage Policy Branch, February 21, <<http://www.mun.ca/ich/resources/PociusIssuePaper.pdf>>. Viewed August 11, 2016.
- Pounds, Norman J. G. 1989. *Hearth and Home: A History of Material Culture*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- Power, Louis. 2016. "Loudly Tell the World We Have Not Forgotten." *The Telegram*. June 28. <<http://www.thetelegram.com/News/Local/2016-06-28/article-4573774/Births-1847>> Viewed July 30, 2016.
- Purnell, Isabelle S. 1955. *History of the Mahomet Methodist Church 1855-1955*. Mahomet, Illinois: Mahomet Methodist Church.
- Prowse, D.W. 1895. *A History of Newfoundland*. London: Macmillan and Co. (Reprinted in facsimile Portugal Cove-St. Philips, Canada: Boulder Publications, 2002.)
- Randell, Jennifer. 2010. "Appreciating Local Performers." *The Pilot*, 28 April. <<http://tinyurl.com/twillingatelocal-performers>>. Viewed August 12, 2016.
- Reay, John. 1898. "A Short Account of Two Church Members." *Methodist Monthly Greeting* (September): 135. Quoted in Calvin Hollett, *Shouting, Embracing, and Dancing with Ecstasy: The Growth of Methodism in Newfoundland. 1774-1874* (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2010).
- Rowlands, Michael. 2002. "Heritage and Cultural Property." In *The Material Culture Reader*, edited by Victor Buchli, 105-133. New York: Berg.
- Sanger, C. W. 1998. "Seal Fishery." *Newfoundland and Labrador Heritage*. <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/environment/sealing1e.html#breedingharp>>. Viewed

- August 10, 2013.
- Sather-Wagstaff, Joy. 2011. *Heritage that Hurts; Tourists in the Memoryscapes of September 11*. Walnut Creek, California: Left Coast Press. ProQuest ebrary.
- Saunders, Gary L. 1994. *Doctor Olds of Twillingate: Portrait of an American Surgeon in Newfoundland*. St. John's: Breakwater.
- Seal Fishery. 2011. "Sealing History." *The Seal Fishery*. <http://www.thesealfishery.com/seal_hunt_history1.php> Viewed January 10, 2016.
- Sharpe, Carl. 2005. *Memories in the Life of a Twillingate Man*. Twillingate: Sharpe.
- Sheldon, Henry C. 1895. *History of the Christian Church*. New York: Crowell & Co. Via transcription by Sharon Mooney for Edward T. Babinski. 2005. *Blogspot*. John Wesley and Organized Methodism Page. <http://history_christian_church.blogspot.ca>. Viewed July 12, 2014.
- Sheldrake, Philip. 2001. *Spaces for the Sacred: Place, Memory and Identity*. Baltimore: John Hopkins University Press.
- Shopes, Linda. 2002. "Oral History and the Study of Communities: Problems, Paradoxes And Possibilities." *The Journal of American History*, Volume 89, No. 2, History and September 11: A Special Issue (September): 588-598.
- Sims, Martha C. and Martine Stephens. 2005. *Living Folklore: An Introduction to the Study of People and Their Traditions*. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Slyomovics, Susan. 1998. *The Object of Memory: Arab and Jew Narrate the Palestinian Village*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
- Small, Larry. 2007. "The Bay from Long Point." In *Around the Red Land*, 5. St. John's: Breakwater.
- Smith, Jim. 2008. Old Twillingate Snaps Facebook Group. <<http://tinyurl.com/OldTwillingateSnapsGroup>>. Viewed August 10, 2015.
- Smithsonian Institution. 1976. *Family Folklore*. Eds. Holly Cutting-Baker, Sandra Goss, Amy Kotkin and Steven Zeitlin. Washington: Smithsonian Institution-National Park Service.
- Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. 1846. "A194, SPG form, question 21, Thomas Boone" 29 June. Quoted in Calvin Hollett, *Shouting, Embracing, and Dancing with Ecstasy: The Growth of Methodism in Newfoundland. 1774-1874* (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2010).
- Stackpole, Edouard A. 1958. *Scrimshaw at Mystic Seaport*. Mystic, Conn.: Marine Historical Association.
- Stevens, Abel. 1858. *The History of the Religious Movement of the Eighteenth Century called Methodism*. New York: Carlton & Porter. Viewed September 12, 2015. Google Books.
- Stevenson, G. J. 1872. *City Road Chapel, London and its associations, historical, biographical and memorial*. Edinburgh: Stevenson. Quoted in George W. Dolbey, *The Architectural Expression of Methodism: the First Hundred Years* (London: Epworth Press, 1964).
- Story, G. M., 1973. *George Street United Church 1873-1973: One Hundred Years of Service*. St. John's: George Street United Church.
- Story, G. M., W. J Kirwin and J. D. A Widdowson, eds. 1990. "Toutin." *Dictionary of Newfoundland English*, 2nd edition. <<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/a-z-index.php#5109>>. Viewed July 10, 2016.

- Stryker, Jess. 2006. "Great Smoky Mountains National Park, Tennessee & North Carolina." *JessStryker.com*. <<http://www.jessstryker.com/national-parks/great-smoky-mountains-national-park/>>. Viewed August 12, 2014.
- Swann, David. 1878. *Wesleyan*. 19 October. Quoted in Calvin Hollett, *Shouting, Embracing, and Dancing with Ecstasy: The Growth of Methodism in Newfoundland, 1774-1874* (Montreal & Kingston: McGill-Queen's University Press, 2010).
- Tindal Hart, A. 1966. *The Man in the Pew; 1558-1660*. London: John Baker.
- Thistlethwaite, Nicholas. 1998. "Origins and development of the organ."
In *The Cambridge Companion to the Organ*, edited by Nicholas Thistlethwaite and Geoffrey Webber, 1-17. Cambridge: Cambridge University Press.
- Thomas, Gerald. 1970. "An analysis of the tall tale genre with particular reference to Philippe d'Alcriste's *La Nouvelle Fabrique des Excellents Traits de Vérité* (circa 1579), together with an annotated translation of the work." Master's thesis. Memorial University of Newfoundland.
- Thompson, Paul. 2006. "The Voice of the Past: Oral History." In *The Oral History Reader*, 2nd ed. Eds, Robert Perks and Alistair Thomson, 25-31. New York: Routledge.
- Tilley, Christopher. 2006. "Introduction: Identity, Place, Landscape and Heritage."
Journal of Material Culture, Volume 11 (1/2): 7-32.
- Toelken, Barre. 1996. *The Dynamics of Folklore*. 2nd ed. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Troke, Jim. 2006. Growing Up By Troke's Brook. Manuscript. Troke Private Collection. Twillingate, Newfoundland and Labrador.
- Troke, Jim. 2011a. (2:19) Part 1. Interview by author. Twillingate, NL. August 20.
----- 2011b (2:12:00) Part 2.
----- 2011c (2:28) Part 3.
----- 2011d (5:12) Part 4.
----- 2013 Phone interview by author, notes only. September 17.
----- 2014 Phone interview by author, notes only. February 15.
----- 2015 (26:16) Phone interview by author. September 21.
- Tuan, Yi-Fu. 1977. *Space and Place: The Perspective of Experience*. Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press.
- Tulk, Janice Esther. 2013. "When the Whistle Blows: Performing the Paper-Making Process." *Canadian Folk Music*. 47.2 (summer): 14-15.
- Tye, Diane. 1989. "Retrospective Analysis of Folk History: A Nova Scotia Case History." *Material History Bulletin* 30 (Fall): 1-7.
- Twillingate Circuit Book*. 1868. Handwritten accounts book. Twillingate fonds, Series 7 Box 4, United Church of Canada Newfoundland and Labrador Conference Archives, St. John's, Canada.
- Twillingate Sun*. 1889. "Sunday School Treat at Exploits." Maritime History Archives, Memorial University of Newfoundland, Digital Archives Initiative.
<http://collections.mun.ca/cdm/fullbrowser/collection/mha_twill/id/1036/rv/compoundobject/cpd/1100/rec/10>. Viewed August 10, 2013.
- Twillingate Sun and Northern Weekly Advertiser*. 1923. "Death, Parts 1 and 2."
6 January. Transcribed on NF *GenWeb* Newspaper Records.

- <nl.canadagenweb.org/nd_news42.htm>. Viewed September 12, 2013.
- Unesco. 2016. "Safeguarding communities' living heritage." *Culture*.
<<http://www.unesco.org/new/en/culture/resources/in-focus-articles/safeguarding-communities-living-heritage/>>. Viewed August 3, 2016.
- Valsiner, Jaan. 2014. *An Invitation to Cultural Psychology*. Los Angeles: Sage.
- Virtual Museum Canada. 2016. "Nightingale of the North - Georgina Stirling." In *Community Memories*. <<http://tinyurl.com/Nightingale-of-the-North>>. Viewed June 10, 2016.
- Wakefield, Gordon S. 1999. *Methodist Spirituality*. Peterborough: Epworth Press.
- Wareham, Wilf. 1969. "Bonavista Merchants." Transcription by P. Hiscock of audio recording: MUNFLA 71-1/C792. August 2.
- Weganast, David. "Special Section: Twillingate and New World Island play host." *Decks Awash* 9.4. (August 1980): 3-36.
- Wesley, John. 1769. Letter to Edward Bolton, February 12: n.p. Quoted in George W. Dolbey, *The Architectural Expression of Methodism: the First Hundred Years* (London: Epworth Press, 1964).
- 1786. *Journal*. n.p. Quoted in George W. Dolbey, *The Architectural Expression of Methodism: the First Hundred Years* (London: Epworth Press, 1964).
- Wesleyan Methodist Church, Hayfield: Grand Bazaar Souvenir*. 1908. Lancaster: Wesley Methodist Church. Quoted in George W. Dolbey, *The Architectural Expression of Methodism: the First Hundred Years* (London: Epworth Press, 1964).
- Wheeler Wilcox, Ella. 1902. "Christmas Fancies." *Poems of Power*. Chicago: W.B. Conkey. <<http://www.ellashellerwilcox.org/poems/pchrist2.htm>>. Viewed June 26, 2016.
- White, James F. and Susan J. White. 1988. *Church Architecture: Building and Renovating for Christian Worship*. Nashville: Abingdon Press.
- Whitechapel Bell Foundry. *500 Years of History*. Whitechapel Bell Foundry. <<http://www.whitechapelbellfoundry.co.uk/foundry.htm>>. Viewed November 20, 2013.
- Williams, Michael Ann. 1991. *Homeplace: The Social Use and Meaning of the Folk Dwelling in Southwestern North Carolina*. Charlottesville: University of Virginia Press.
- Williams, Peter. 1980. *A New History of the Organ: From the Greeks to the Present Day*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- Williksen, Solrun and Nigel Rapport, eds. 2010. *Reveries of Home: Nostalgia, Authenticity and the Performance of Place*. Newcastle upon Tyne: Cambridge Scholars Publishing.
- Winsor, Naboth. 1982. *Hearts Strangely Warmed, Volume One, A History of Methodism In Newfoundland 1765 - 1925*. Gander, Newfoundland: B.S.C Printers.
- 1988. *The Church Between the Tickles: A History of St. Jame's Anglican Church*. n.p.
- 1990. *Resounding God's Praises on Islands, in Coves*. n.p.
- Yocom, Margaret R. 1982. "Family Folklore and Oral History Interviews: Strategies for Introducing a Project to One's Own Relatives." *Western Folklore*, Volume 41, No.

4 (October): 251-274.

Zeitlin, Steven J. 1994. "Conserving Our Cities Endangered Spaces." In *Conserving Culture: A New Discourse on Heritage*, edited by Mary Hufford, 215-228. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.