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"SMALL BOY IN SMALL TOWN":
AN INDIVIDUAL'S RESPONSE TO THE STUDY OF HIS OWN LIFE

by

Monica Morrison, B.A.

A Thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of
the requirements for the degree of
Master of Arts

Department of Folklore
Memorial University of Newfoundland

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ABSTRACT

This study presents the reaction of an individual to the study of his life experience by a student of folklore. It is based on an extended fieldwork project in which my grandfather, A. H. Morrison, presented me with an organized, synthesized collection of material that described the part of his experience he found meaningful and that stands as a representation of his knowledge.

The origin and development of the fieldwork project are described and his life history and sources of his knowledge are examined with emphasis on the influence of the traditions of his home community and family background. A description of the kinds of experience he accepted as part of his significant knowledge and found useful as expressive behavior is included. The influence of his worldview on his understanding of knowledge in general and of the fieldwork project in particular is discussed, and his adoption of an active role in relation to the project is described. My grandfather's self image went through a series of changes during the project and these changes were in themselves an important part of the presentation of his knowledge. Their influence on the final picture of my grandfather the project revealed is discussed.

The methodology of the fieldwork project is examined with reference to other similar studies in folklore scholarship and it is concluded that the motivation of the individual to present his knowledge is more important in studies of this kind than the methodology chosen.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

With all the encouragement, kindness and practical assistance given me during the past two years, I should have been able to produce five theses. Here I would like to thank everyone who helped make this solitary job less lonely.

My grandfather, A. H. Morrison, not only did the work but made me feel part of the tradition. My grandmother, Susie H. Morrison, gave me a second view.

My teachers at Memorial University of Newfoundland provided me with ideas so I could work. Dr. David Hufford, Dr. Richard S. Tallman and Violetta M. Halpert got me started and Dr. N. V. Rosenberg and Lawrence Small were especially helpful near the end of my work. Dr. Herbert Halpert spent hours giving me much more than "transitions".

My fellow students shared their time, references, food and shelter. Martin Lovelace told me that the book was on sale and never said that he regretted it afterward. Amanda Dargan put up with the fussing at home as well as at school. Michael Taft taught me to keypunch and constantly set the work in perspective. Jerry Pocius never allowed his good example to interfere with his ability to make excuses for me. Margaret Yocum of Pennsylvania supplied a needed boost in the form of her family folklore questionnaire.

I wouldn't have even started the programme if it hadn't been for Patty Tramley and Lisa Feldman, and I am grateful to the "new" students who tolerated my reminiscing.

My family and the other people who have had to live with me during the past two years deserve acknowledgment for making the work a part of their lives, too. For waiting and never really questioning whether I would get it finished I want to thank my mother, Janice Morrison, my roomate, Dorothy Westaway and my husband, Harold Gourley.

The staff of Memorial University of Newfoundland assisted me every time I decided to try it a different way. Ben Hanson had my grandfather's photograph album copied. The Academic Computer Services Division of Newfoundland and Labrador Computer Services Ltd. made it possible for me to index my grandfather's collection. The Interlibrary Loans staff of the Henrietta Harvey Library and the Reference staff at the Harriet Irving Library at the University of New Brunswick handled my requests for library material promptly and cheerfully. MUNFLA staff workers Mrs. Cindy Turpin and Mrs. Sharon Cochrane found things for me and didn't forget who I was.

I would like to thank the people in charge of financial assistance at Memorial University of Newfoundland for a university fellowship and archive assistantships that made it possible for me to complete my studies there.

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I

INTRODUCTION

If, when I started my Master's degree program in folklore at Memorial University of Newfoundland, someone had told me that I would be writing my thesis on the traditional knowledge of an individual, I would have been astonished. Although I was familiar with the biographical method in anthropological fieldwork that approach had never appealed to me personally. My interest in folklore stemmed from a tendency to seek out and enjoy universals rather than cultural specifics and I am a cultural determinist at heart. Thus, the idea that I would be studying an individual's reaction to and interpretation of his culture would have seemed improbable. While it is true that some of the graduate students in Memorial's Department of Folklore were working on studies of individuals and while it was known that Dr. Halpert encouraged this kind of study, I never thought that I would be affected by this emphasis.[1] Being a determinist, I should have known better.

[1] See Wilfred Wareham, Social Change and Musical Tradition: the Role of Singing in the Life of a Newfoundland Traditional Singer (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland M.A. Thesis, 1972); Richard Tallman, The Tall Tale Tradition and the Teller: A Biographical-Contextual Study of a Storyteller, Robert Coffil of Blomidon, Nova Scotia (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland Phd. Thesis, 1974); and Martin Lovelace, The Life History of a Dorset Folk Healer: the Influence of Personality on the Modification of a Traditional Role. (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland M.A. Thesis, 1975).
Raymond Cox is working on the study of a marine blacksmith for his M.A. degree and Paul Mercer is writing his M.A. thesis on a St. John's ballad maker, Johnny Burke.

Background of the project

A. H. Morrison, my grandfather, and I started our present relationship in 1969 when I left my home in Woodstock, New Brunswick to attend the University of New Brunswick in Fredericton, sixty miles downriver. My grandfather, whose house my own family had shared up until this time, asked me to write him a letter every week to tell him what I was doing. I did and he wrote back and so a correspondence began that has lasted up until the time of this writing.

It was during my first year at U.N.B. that my grandfather began a series of retirement projects. I had asked him once to write a short family history and now, with the household running smoothly and time on his hands, he produced a typewritten account of the Clan Morrison and his own family. Later, his son Jim Morrison, Managing Editor of The Daily Gleaner in Fredericton, had it printed and my grandfather enjoyed sending copies to members of the family.[2] In 1972 he had a long overdue operation and, after his recovery, was feeling very good. I graduated from university and we took a three week driving tour of Scotland together, visiting the places he had written about in the

[2] A. H. Morrison, The Strangers (Fredericton: The Brunswick Press, 1972).

family history. He became even more enthusiastic about his Scottish background after the trip and he was not back long before he had put together a supplement to the book. When he had written as much as he could about that, he turned to the collection of slides of Scotland he had put together from some I had taken when we were on our trip and some he had bought. He wrote a script and produced a slide show with music and a taped commentary on the scenes. He showed it to family members and had a public showing at the town library. During this time I had started graduate work at Memorial University.

The winter of 1974 I bought a new copy of Séan Ó Súilleabháin's Handbook of Irish Folklore at a sale in the M.U.N. Campus Bookstore.[3] I knew that use of the Handbook's questionnaires had been encouraged by the folklore instructors at M.U.N. but until this time I had never looked closely at the book. Now I was impressed by the breadth and detail of the questionnaires and wondered vaguely if the entire book had ever been covered by an interviewer with a single informant. About this time my grandfather was writing me that he was restless and looking for a new project. I photocopied the first chapter of the Handbook and mailed it to him, suggesting that he answer the questions from his memory of growing up in his home community, Milltown, New Brunswick.

[3]Séan Ó Súilleabháin, A Handbook of Irish Folklore (Detroit: The Singing Tree Press, 1970).

In a few weeks' time I received a sixteen page typewritten booklet, complete with a sketch map, in the mail: my grandfather's answers to the questionnaire. I was impressed by the detail he had remembered from experience sixty years past and, as it was close to the end of winter term, I decided to take the Handbook home to New Brunswick for the three month summer break. My grandfather was surprised that there was so much more to the book when I showed it to him, but he agreed to work on answering the rest of the questions. He spent the rest of the summer doing it, setting aside an hour or two every afternoon to write. When he finished typing a chapter and had made it into a booklet with a coloured construction paper cover and the title of the chapter printed on the front, he would hand it over to me to read. As I visited quite often with him and my grandmother that summer I got regular progress reports. He presented me with the last booklet a few weeks before I had to return to Newfoundland in September. Just before I left I asked him to write me a biographical sketch that would set the questionnaire answers in the context of his life.

In July of that summer my friend Allen Stairs, a philosophy student at the University of Western Ontario, had started a folklore collecting project. He was interested in local proverbial expressions and we made a few field trips together and had discussed his project on the local

radio station open line programme which my grandfather heard.[4] One day when Allen stopped by my grandparents' house to visit my grandfather told him some proverbial expressions that he remembered and Allen wrote them down. After that, whenever I came by to visit my grandfather would have several proverbial expressions, which he called "one liners", written on slips of paper sitting on the table beside his chair. He would read them to me: "About as big as a pint of peanuts", "Odd as the Devil's off-ox", and then pass them over, at first for Allen and then later on for my own collection. After I returned to Newfoundland in the fall he continued to send the "one liners" in the mail.

The fieldwork project I had been working on all summer and had planned to use for my thesis topic was not going too well. I spoke to Dr. Halpert and he approved the material my grandfather had given me for a thesis topic. At this time I thought that I would approach the topic as a methodological problem, for I still was not interested in a mainly biographical study. My grandfather was pleased that his work was considered good enough for use in such a project and happy that he would be helping me to get my university degree. A few weeks after my arrival in St.John's, his typewritten autobiography came, not the one page

[4] "Pot Pourri" has been one of Woodstock Radio Station CJCJ's longest running programmes. This programme was taped; see MUNFLA 75-88, C2488.

chronological outline I had suggested, but twenty-five typewritten pages. After reading it I realized that my grandfather's attitude towards the project had changed and that this could not help but change the emphasis of my study in ways which I will describe later.

I spent the fall semester of that year making a subject index for my grandfather's answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire. I keypunched the subject titles onto computer cards and finally ended up with over 16,000 items on a two hundred sixty-six page computer printout. By the time that was finished I was familiar with the contents of the questionnaire answers and I had noticed the lack of specific examples in what my grandfather had written. I returned to Woodstock for Christmas break with a list of questions based on what he had already given me in his responses to the Handbook, and a tape recorder. Meanwhile my grandfather had not been idle. He had regularly sent me lists of "one liners" and other kinds of material (stories, rhymes, tongue twisters and riddles) on slips of paper, paperclipped to his weekly letters. He called these bits and pieces "squibs" and wrote them down as they came into his head. Because I had mentioned that I was interested in stories he had taken a stenographer's notebook and had alphabetically indexed the pages to hold mnemonic phrases for the stories he had not yet told me.

He had also gone through boxes of snapshots and put together a photo album that described his own life, and sent me his file of newspaper clippings of a column he had written for the Woodstock Bugle.

I had told my grandfather that I wanted to do some more fieldwork with him when I came home that Christmas and he was eager to begin working. He set aside the afternoon of every weekday for the interviews and so I would go to his house every day. For the first interview he read me a list of questions about the nature of a thesis and about this thesis in particular, and had me answer them on tape. Once he learned what my ideas were he made an outline of what he thought we should cover and sought constantly to see that I was organized in my gathering and recording of the material. The questions I had written formed the basis of our tape recorded interviews. Gramp found it easy to digress and concentrate on his own favourite topics but for the tapes we stayed very close to the questionnaire format. When we were not officially recording, but sitting and talking by ourselves or with other family members, I would often take handwritten notes on what he said. He continued to write down items on slips of paper and he would present me with a small pile of these notes each time I came to see him.

A typical interview would find my grandfather and me sitting in easy chairs in the living room, tape recorder between us, Gramp holding the microphone so he could shut it off during interruptions, very much in control. He would change the reel of tape when it came to the end and packed the machine up for me every time I went home. Our tape recorded interviews would usually last one or two hours, then I might spend the rest of the afternoon with him and my grandmother, share a meal and then go home to work on a table of contents for the day's tapes. Although formal in tone, our interviews were always held in a relaxed atmosphere, probably because we had sat and talked that way, without the tape recorder, many times before. My grandfather chose the room, its arrangement and the hours, all of which were the same in his everyday life: an ordinary afternoon would find him sitting in his living room chair, reading and watching selected television programmes.

In January 1975 I returned to Newfoundland with nineteen hours of tape and two books of field notes. That was the end of the formal collecting, but my grandfather continued to send me "squibs" and pieces of information which I filed under "Miscellaneous": a list of nicknames common in the community, an essay about the current state of international affairs, and a list of Scots dialect words he had

heard used in Milltown in his youth, to name a few. It had become clear to me by this time that my informant saw the project as a description of his own personal development for he described the material he sent me in increasingly personal terms. He often wrote to encourage me during this term and after I took a full-time job away from the university. When I returned to New Brunswick on visits I would make more field notes about things we discussed and, as I began to write, sent drafts for his criticism. However, for him the thesis project was over and the rest was up to me.

My grandfather's projects continued after the thesis work was done. He put together another slide show on the famous battles of Scotland. Then one of the librarians at the Woodstock public library asked him to work on a name index for their local history collection. He made the index and it was ready for the next summer's flow of tourists looking for geneological information. In April 1976 he became ill and has not at this time fully recovered, so most of his energy has been directed towards getting better. However, my uncle Jim Morrison brought out from where he had kept them for years a collection of children's stories my grandfather had written for his first grandchild, Lisbeth, and had them published in the fall of 1976 as Foxy Freddy and His Friends.[5]

[5] A. H. and Jim Morrison, Foxy Freddy and His Friends (Fredericton: The Brunswick Press, 1976).

Goals

This work attempts to study an individual from several points of view: a condensed survey of his life based on his written and spoken presentation of it, an examination of his expressive behavior and how it relates to his larger knowledge, a discussion of this knowledge as part of worldview and as an extension of his self image. Through my presentation of these points of view I try to show how people who are literate and articulate can be good folklore informants and how these people, when motivated, can on their own produce written accounts of their life experience that are as informative and as useful to the folklorist as the oral accounts that have been the standard in folklore scholarship.

I try to do this by describing a fieldwork experience with an individual informant, A. H. Morrison, who also happens to be my grandfather. I talk about how my grandfather reacted to the study of himself as a member of a culture and what I learned about the nature of folklore from watching his response.

First I present a description of my grandfather's life, based on information he gave me, dwelling on the formative years spent in his home community and his personal development there. The origin and cultural context of much of his knowledge is described here, preparing the way for a discussion of his attitude towards this knowledge and his expression of it.

In Chapter Three I describe and give examples of his expressive behavior, that part of his knowledge my grandfather originally saw fit to exclude from his presentation of the thesis material. I talk about how his education influenced his attitude towards this particular kind of knowledge and gave him a split view of performance of traditional material. I point out that my grandfather has a well defined aesthetic in relation to expressive behavior and that his adaptation of traditional oral material to the medium of print reflects this aesthetic. I try to show how his split view of expressive behavior, reflected in his transforming oral material into print, is itself part of a long tradition that has rarely been studied. I examine his adaptation of traditional expressive behavior to his own style and purpose as a part of a common folklore process and talk about how it fits into his understanding of the material in relation to his larger knowledge.

Chapter Four considers my grandfather's worldview in terms of the information he chooses to represent his significant knowledge. I describe the limitations of this significant knowledge and his use of a specific narrative form in summarizing his understanding of it. Then I discuss how our shared worldview influenced his presentation of the material. My grandfather adopted the roles of informant, collector and analyst and presented information to me as an

organized whole. He, the individual being studied, became the collector. The last part of this chapter discusses his reaction to the different worldview presented in the Ó Suilleabháin questionnaire and how this led to his clearly defining and talking about his understanding of knowledge and the way it functions in the world.

The emphasis in Chapter Five is on my grandfather's self image and his presentation of it. Here I give his reaction to recording his life history and finding in it patterns that justified past action that he had previously regretted. I describe his use of personal experience narrative forms to summarize his feelings about his life and try to show how his presentation of these led to changing his attitude towards and subsequent representation of his life history.

Chapter Six is a discussion of the methodology used in the project in the light of its possible value to folklore studies. I comment on the lack of interest among folklorists in studying the relation of the ordinary, non-artistic individual to his culture. I try to show how my grandfather was part of a tradition of autobiographical presentation in that he shared the experience that motivates an ordinary person to observe and record the life around him, and I discuss how an understanding of this kind of motivation can be useful to the folklorist. I also examine the use of the

questionnaire method in studies of this kind and briefly consider my grandfather's work from the point of view of its usefulness to the oral historian. Finally, I comment on the influence on methodological effectiveness of the informant/researcher relationship.

Methods of reference

The trouble with having an articulate informant who presents his life and knowledge in written form, then organizes and analyses it, is that the researcher's comments and interpretations look pallid beside what has come from the best authority on the subject. This, however, is not why I have left so much of my grandfather's presentation out of this study. It is simply that there was too much material of consistent quality to justify including any large part of it and leaving the rest out. So, I have used only short quotations from his presentation throughout but the substance of the work is my grandfather's; I have merely put it into different (often less effective) language and added a second point of view, reorganizing and interpreting.

Most of the texts I have used as examples in this study are from my grandfather's written work. Many of them I have heard him tell and some of these are also on the tapes in the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive. I have preferred to use the written versions, not

only because they were already in the same medium I was using but because, for my grandfather, the written tellings were just as valid for presentation in this work, if not more so, than his oral versions. For my grandfather, written versions are always to be preferred. I have used a few quotations from the taperecorded interviews and from my own notes however, because some material was available only in that form. Since these sources are not easily available to the reader I have adopted for use in the annotation the system Edward D. Ives devised for classification of texts at the Northeast Archives of Folklore and Oral History: Texts marked "A" are accurate verbatim transcripts from the tape recorded interviews. Texts marked "B" are not verbatim but still very close to my informant's exact words and phrasing. Those marked "C" are what my informant told me, but in my words. Texts marked "D" are given exactly as they were written down by the informant.[6]

Quotations from either the tapes or by grandfather's written material are also identified my the accession number which describes their location in the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archives, for example, 75-88. Tapes are also identified by their tape number, for

[6] Edward D. Ives, "A Manual for Fieldworkers", Northeast Folklore, 15 (1974), 54. I am convinced that this is a very useful method, especially when it is possible to go back to an informant again and again to get "repeats" and different versions of the same material, but not always in the same medium.

refers to my grandfather's booklets of typewritten responses to the Handbook. "The tape recorded interviews" means the series of interviews based on the questionnaire answers that my grandfather and I recorded between 17 December 1974 and 12 January 1975. "The field notes" refers to the contents of three hardcover surveyors' notebooks I use in fieldwork to record my comments and observations and to record information when not using a tape recorder. These are the sources to which I refer throughout this study.

example, C2494. In the Appendix to this work there is a list of the contents of my grandfather's collection, noting the parts of them that have been placed in the MUNFLA for safekeeping and the use of future researchers.[7] My field notes have not been placed in the archive and I refer to them by notebook and page number, for example, Fieldbook 3, 10. For folktales I have made no attempt to be exhaustive but have referred to the Aarne-Thompson Types of the Folktale, Stith Thompson's Motif Index of Folk Literature, Ernest Baughman's Type and Motif Index of the Folktales of England and North America, Gershon Legman's Rationale of the Dirty Joke and a few published collections, to show their traditional nature.[8]

For the purpose of referring to parts of the collection throughout the study I have given short names to those parts I use most frequently. To begin, "The Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire" or "the Handbook" refers to Séan Ó Súilleabháin's Handbook of Irish Folklore.[9] "The questionnaire answers"

[7] See pages 198-205.

[8] Antti Aarne and Stith Thompson, The Types of the Folktale: A Classification and Bibliography (Helsinki: Suomalainen Tiedakatemia, 1961); Stith Thompson, Motif Index of Folk Literature (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1955-1958); Ernest Baughman, Type and Motif-Index of the Folktales of England and North America (The Hague: Mouton and Co., 1966); Gershon Legman, The Rationale of the Dirty Joke: an Analysis of Sexual Humour (New York: Grove Press, 1971).

[9] Ó Súilleabháin.

II

THE MAN AND HIS LIFE

This chapter is meant to be a highly condensed, fairly objective account of the life of the subject of the study. I have tried to keep analysis of the subject's character separate for treatment in another chapter although I have included some description of the development of his character here. The chapter is presented as a description of the informant in some historical context to enable the reader to examine the evidence before deciding whether or not to agree with my interpretation of it later on.

To construct this chapter I have drawn from the entire collection: the written questionnaire replies and auto-biography, the taped interviews and notes made by me during conversations. I have done this because there is no possible way to make all the raw material available to the reader. His autobiography, for example, alone would fill at least sixty thesis pages. Also I wanted to show his life in the fuller context of the community where he spent his formative years. The picture of Milltown the questionnaire responses give provides this context that his autobiography, which dwells on his adulthood, does not. This "construct" biography consists of descriptions of the community and of his character development in relation to his place in it in the first part of the chapter; and in the second part, a

description of his adult years in chronological order, still with reference to character development but in not as much detail. I have not attempted in this chapter to document from historical sources the information presented, preferring to let the total picture come from what he has given me. However, there are sections where I have been interpretive with information that my informant could not make complete, as I did with the description of his infancy. Also, I have included in a few places, interpretations made by his wife, when I felt they would clarify his own account. I submitted the draft of this chapter to my grandfather for his inspection. He read it and approved of it as an accurate protrayal; any changes he made in content, all of which were additions, I have inserted into the text. They are marked by brackets.

In 1896 the geographically linked international border towns of Milltown, Maine, St. Stephen, N.B., Calais, Maine and Milltown, N.B. were enjoying a moderate prosperity. Like towns of similar size throughout heavily forested northern Maine and New Brunswick, they had suffered from the gradual death of the nineteenth century lumber trade but during the last quarter of the century they had experienced an economic revival in the form of small industry. St. Stephen had gained a candy factory, shoe factory, tool factory and chemical and soap manufacturing plants, Calais two shoe factories and Milltown a textile mill. Farming people of Scots-Irish immigrant stock who used to work part of the year in the lumber woods were gradually moving from the rural areas surrounding the border towns to live close to the factories where they could work all year round for the same firms. Men and women both worked in the factories and their combined incomes could buy a house and a plot of land large enough for a vegetable garden, a few hens and a cow. It was an individualistic, work-centred society; churchgoing was the most important social activity in strongly Protestant communities. Children in the towns' families attended school until they were old enough to work in the factories, usually at age fourteen. Since most immigration into the region had stopped by the mid-nineteenth century, it was a peaceful, homogenous society and there was less of the public

drunkenness and rowdyism that had given the towns a bad reputation in the lumbering days. The U.S.-Canadian border was quiet enough to hardly exist in the minds of the local people; the four towns really made up one community and residents travelled easily from one side of the St. Croix River to the other, to work and to buy and to marry, as they had done for a hundred years.

Stillman and Annie Towers had come to Milltown, New Brunswick as newlyweds in the 1860's. He was an American millwright who had met Annie Cowan while working in her home town of Ship Harbour, Nova Scotia. Work in Milltown's sawmills brought them to live in the border town and they raised a family of three there: daughters Adeline and Emma, and a son Jesse. Emma married a cotton mill worker and stayed in the town, Jesse went to the States and raised a family there and Adeline met Oran Morrison, recently arrived from Little Ridge to learn the weaving trade.

Oran was one of six brothers and sisters born and raised at Little Ridge, a farming community about ten miles from Milltown. His father Peter was a grandson of a Scots Presbyterian minister who had led his flock, a disbanded regiment from Sutherlandshire and their families, to Canada at the beginning of the century. Peter married a Pomeroy girl from the district and they lived at Little Ridge until within a few years of their deaths in Milltown.

Two of their daughters, Adeline and Caroline, married and lived in Maine. Daughter Eveline married a Gleason from Gleason's Point, about twelve miles from Milltown, and lived there. Daughter Ella married and lived in St. Stephen. Their son, Albert, moved to New York and raised a family there, son Will moved to California and eventually became Chief of Police in Oakland, and son Oran married Addie Towers of Milltown.

Oran and Adeline Morrison's first home was a company row house on Queen Street, within walking distance of the cotton mill. They were perhaps more independent and serious minded than the usual young couple: they kept to themselves, not caring much for even family visiting. Oran progressed at his work in the cotton mill, regularly passing over his pay envelope to Adeline, who proved to be an able household manager. Their first son, James, was born in the Queen Street house in 1891 and he was six years old when Albert Herman, my grandfather and the subject of this study, arrived on April 28th, 1897.

Although the baby Herman was sickly and the doctors told his mother it was likely he wouldn't live, a photograph taken the summer of 1897 shows a round faced and contented, if somewhat solemn, baby. Adeline was an able and determined mother and, as she had no other infants to care for

when Herman was born, he thrived. The Queen Street house where he spent his first year was a quiet, secure place. It was warm enough and there was plenty of food and there were no loud noises or sudden moves to startle him: his brother James had learned by this time not to run, jump or shout in the house and there were few visitors to fuss over him. His mother and father did not fuss over him, either; although his mother was constantly available, neither parent was demonstrative and the baby was not handled or cuddled overmuch.

During Herman's first year his father's parents, who had moved from Little Ridge and bought a house on Church Street, died and Herman's family moved into their house. This two storey, wood-frame house was larger than the Company place and it had a barn attached and a long verandah on the side. It was in this house that Herman grew up, two blocks away from the Canada Cottons Mill.

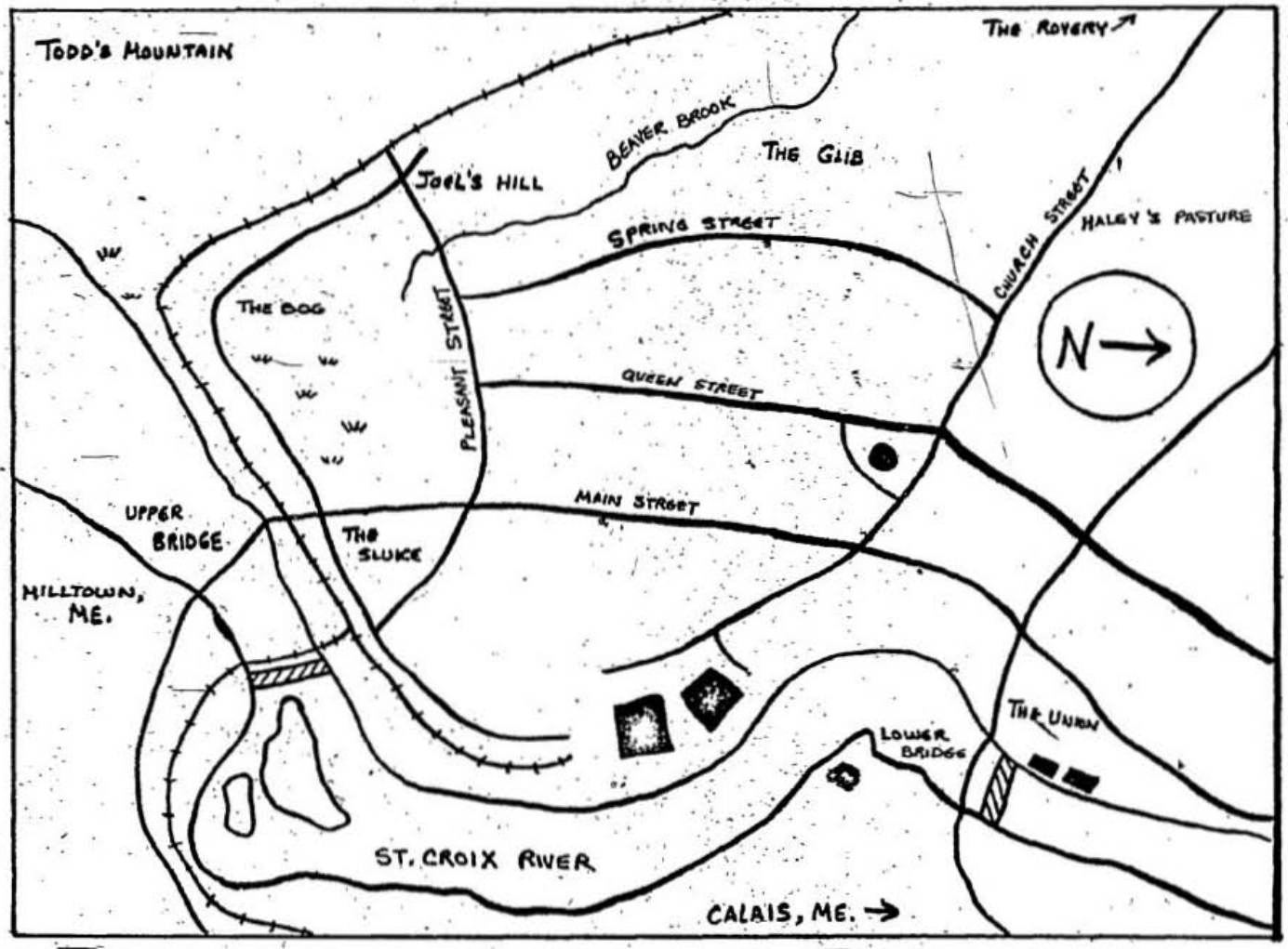
During his first few years Herman seldom left the security of his home and when he did go out it was with his mother. As he grew old enough he was allowed to play outdoors but his parents were careful of him and kept him close to home. They also watched the neighbourhood children he met and if the play became too rough, as it did one time he came home with nose bleeding and clothing torn after a football game, he was told that he could not play that game.

or with those children, again. He began to notice that his parents had different ideas about children than did the parents of other children his age. Other children chose their own friends and, as long as they didn't go too far from home, their parents seemed not to pay much attention to what they did. They did not seem to mind, either, when neighbours' children came to their homes and sometimes they even invited the visitors inside. Herman's parents, on the other hand, did not like him playing with other children for any length of time, told him which games he was allowed and which he was not, and only allowed other children to visit if they were with their parents. Since they rarely had adult visitors, Herman did not often have other children to play with inside.

> In the spring following my school entrance, my birthday arrived. I had been invited to several during the winter and not knowing how these affairs were arranged, came home from school on the big afternoon followed by nearly all my classmates. I had simply invited them without my parents knowledge. I can still see my Mother, standing on the back verandah and looking disturbed. Fortunately, she had a full crock of cookies and plenty of skim milk (we had two cows). So, that was the party. There being nothing organized, the children drifted away one by one. I do not recall that any held this against me. In the years following, I was no more fortunate than at that time. Apparently my Mother did not believe in parties for we had none. Nevertheless, I was invited and did attend several at other homes during the years until that time when some pride entered my consciousness. From that moment, I consistently declined all invitations. Another brick was laid on the foundation of my character.[10]

[10] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.V, 3. D Text.

His parents kept him close to home with chores, too: little household jobs at first, like rug beating or going to "Miz" Lawless up the street for a teacup full of yeast. Then, as he grew older, feeding the cows, keeping the woodbox full and shovelling snow became his chores. Since there weren't many children in the family Herman had more chores than most other boys his age and, as well, the jobs that ordinarily the girls of the family would do.



MILLTOWN, N. B.

Scale: Approx. 1" = 1/8 mile

—FIGURE ONE

This pattern was so well established by the time he started school that even with the day to day contact with children his own age he spent most of his play time alone. Gradually he began to know his neighbourhood and the countryside around. His house was next door to the Anglican Church which was next door to the High School which stood on the corner of Church and Queen Streets. In the other direction, heading away from town, there was "The General" Farnham's house next to his. "The General" and his wife were a retired couple who kept a neat house with a flower garden in front. They didn't have much to do with their neighbours but on occasion "The General" would invite Herman to come in and look at his collection of Civil War photographs. Next to them was John Busby, occasional labourer and small time vegetable farmer, who had a large family. Then there was Mike Purcell, a loom fixer who lived with his wife and daughter Mildred. Next to them was a house rented to different families that came and went, and then there were the two McGarrity men who worked in the cotton mill and their sister who kept house for them. Herman had noticed that one of the men had something wrong with his leg. Then there was Bill Armstrong, who went out of his mind when King Edward died, and paraded up and down the street with a chamberpot on his head, saying he was the King of England. Next to him were the Henrys who worked in the cotton mill, and then

Herman's father's cousin Gleason who also worked there. The CPR railway track crossed the street here and then he was in "The Royery", named for the several families of Roys who lived there. The Roys' property ran back onto the woods and there the street became a road heading for the Four Corner where sometimes gypsies came to camp. Crossing the street and heading back into town, there lived a Danish couple, Peter Anderson and his wife Sophie, who taught weaving at the cotton mill. They lived on poor land: Peter picked rocks most of the time. The railway tracks again and then the Dewars, a family with boys about Herman's age, whose father had a deep voice and sang in the Presbyterian church choir. Then there was a house and store owned by a family named Haley: Herman found twenty-five cents one time and spent it all on penny candy at that store and was punished by his parents for being wasteful. Next to the store lived two older women and their brother who worked in the cotton mill, then an out-of-town family and then "Miz" Lawless, an old woman who lived alone in her unpainted house and sold potato yeast. Next to her were the McCurdys, three spinsters who worked in the cotton mill, and next to them the Loneys, whose daughter Lena was a year younger than Herman. Across the street from Herman's house was the Barter family: an old woman and her two sons who owned the Moosehead Saloon in St. Stephen and a bar down

on "The Sluice". Herman had heard that one of the sons, "Kiddy", had hair grow on his tongue and had to go away every once in awhile to have it taken off. The Barters used their barn to store liquor and one night he watched it burn down from his bedroom window. Next to Barters lived the town policeman and then "Ike" Tar, a cotton mill worker who lived with a maiden sister and had the neatest vegetable garden in town in his backyard. Then on the corner was the Presbyterian Church, where Herman spent every Sunday morning with his parents.

From his backyard, behind the barn, his father's vegetable garden and the raspberry canes, Herman could look over into Louden's field. Leslie Louden, whose uncle was an electrician at the cotton mill, was his age. Leslie was a clever boy who once rigged a dynamo operated by a grindstone. Herman like him but there was something peculiar about his family situation and Herman's parents would not allow them to play together. Leslie lived with his grandmother in a house that faced on Spring Street. Around the corner from the High School lived Herman's first piano teacher, on Queen Street. Next to her was the Grade Two and Three school building, then Bresnahan's and then Annie Black's house. Annie was a friend of Herman's mother and a gossip. Aunt Em and his uncle "Biscuit" Harris lived in the next house to that.

Pleasant Street crossed Queen by the Customs Official's house and ran out to Joel's Hill where there was sliding in the wintertime. On this street, across from the Grade One school building, lived Bob Todd, a man who was often in trouble for his illegal schemes. One year he exhibited a dancing hen at the local fairs: the hen stood in a cage with a tin floor and when Bob pulled a switch the floor heated up and the hen began to dance. Another time he was caught passing silver-coated smooth American cents as dimes. He had a large family and one of his daughters, a few years younger than Herman, was a good baseball pitcher. On the same street, at the foot of Todd's Mountain, lived the Todds and the Eatons, families that had made their money in the lumber trade and now lived behind fences on well cared for grounds. Crossing back over onto Spring Street he would pass by Eagan's Store on his way to the baseball diamond and the children's swimming hole on Beaver Brook. This district was called "The Glib" and it went as far as his own street. If he kept on, crossing Church and through the backyards of his neighbours' houses, he could get to Haley's Pasture where boys played football and where he could build camps on the edge of the woods.

From his house he could walk down by the bandstand on its triangular piece of ground between Church and Queen and along Queen Street, past the large mill boarding house and, further along, the house of the McLean sisters. He had heard these unmarried women called "The Criers"; they were

gossips and they went to most all the funerals and weddings in the community. Next to them lived Sade McCrae, then the bootlegger on the corner and then he could turn down Pleasant Street to get to Main. On the right side was "P" Casey's, the barber who would save the orange wrapper bands off the cigars he sold, for boys to wear during the Orangemen's Parade. Herman went there for haircuts and would look at the row of shaving mugs that belonged to the men who came here regularly to be shaved. "P" raised a large family of boys and they all became barbers. Around the corner was the Eaton Building with the post office at street level. It was Herman's Saturday routine to come here for the mail. Heading towards the Upper Bridge and the Customs building he passed the Congregational Church before coming to "Peck" Haley's Drugstore. Someone told him that there was a kitchen barroom in the back of this store and, sure enough, one day he saw a raid being carried out: cases and cases of liquor brought out of the store and loaded on a sloven wagon. Right next to the store was "Hack" Gephard's store where he often went for penny candy and small toys. Hack, a one-armed man, always closed shop for lunch and supper but kept a supply of candy and novelties at his house a few hundred yards away, so children often went there during noon hours. From here he could see "The Bog", a marshy piece of land that lay between Todd's Mountain and the river, and Stella Payday's shack on the

edge of it. Everyone stayed away from Stella's house; after awhile Herman found out that she was a retired whore and had syphilis. Below that, the streetcar left Queen Street and crossed the bridge to Milltown, Maine and Calais. He often rode it with his mother, going shopping. It ran right down through Calais and crossed the bridge to St. Stephen; then up to Milltown, New Brunswick, making a round trip. At the St. Stephen bridge crossing the car would stop while the Canadian Customs inspector came aboard and walked the length of the car, which always smelled like coffee because it was cheaper to buy coffee in the States. Everyone hid their bags of coffee, usually behind the women's skirts, while the customs man was on board and, unless something was really noticeable, he would just greet everyone and get off at the other end of the car.

In Milltown the district that lay between Main Street and the river was called "The Sluice". Herman did not spend much time there when he was very young because it was a rougher district where men who worked in the sawmills and the lumberwoods gathered to drink in the kitchen barrooms that lined the waterfront. The wooden sidewalks were pitted by the oaulks of the men's boots. As he grew oldef and was allowed to roam more freely Herman found himself attracted to this place with its variety of work activities. Farther down "The Sluice", at the foot of Church Street, was

the cotton mill where his father and many of his neighbours went to work every morning. The railway, used by both the MaineCentral Railroad and the C.P.R., crossed the river on a trestle bridge here just above the dam, and Herman learned later on that nobody noticed a small boy walking across it with an armload of American purchases. Farther downriver, beyond the island and the fishway, was the place where grownups went swimming, beside the lower bridge and the old sawmills. He often went with his father below the old dam here and watched him catch salmon from the pool below it. This district was called "The Union" and if he walked any farther downriver, he was in St. Stephen.

He rarely saw his relatives. His Grandmother Towers, his mother's mother, was perhaps the strongest influence in his early life. An affectionate and demonstrative woman, she gave Herman the most attention he had ever had from an adult, taking him in her lap, cuddling him and telling him stories. One time when she was getting ready to go home after a visit at his house, he brought out his favourite toys and piled them up in her lap in an attempt to persuade her to stay. When Herman was still very young, his grandfather found a job in the States and they made their house over to Aunt Em and moved away. Herman did not see his grandmother again until he was in High School.

His great uncle, John, and aunt, "Sary" Ann lived in the country until Herman was about ten years old and he made the occasional visit to their house. He slept by himself in a cold upstairs room, on a large, hard mattress filled with spruce bough tips. There were a few visits from his father's sisters; his mother kept a special cannister of tea, Formosa Oolong, in the pantry for Eveline's annual visit. His Uncle Albert ["the flambuoyant businessman", as my grandfather described him] drove up from New York in 1906 in one of the first automobiles seen in the region and earned a special place in Herman's memory, but neither he nor his sisters were around enough for Herman to really know them. He saw more of his mother's sister, Emma, for he spent a lot of time at her house and she was kind to him. She would give him some cookies ["she made the thinnest gingersnaps I've ever seen"] and a glass of milk and send him upstairs to read in his uncle's den. She and her husband did not have any children of their own but once in awhile her brother Jesse would bring his family from the States to visit and those times Herman and his cousin Everett would play together. However, Herman's parents noticed that Everett was too interested in girls and discouraged their son from seeing him after that.

This lack of family visiting was unusual in the town; the young Herman noticed that most families saw a lot of their relatives. Years later, when he brought his Carleton County wife to visit his parents' house, she was surprised

at her mother-in-law's lack of interest in her own family:

> Mater wasn't used to having her relatives around. One time we were visiting there and she said something about her brothers arriving at Grammie Towers' place. And I said, "Oh, when are you going to have them over"? and Mate looked at Hermie like this (purses mouth) and said, "Why should I have them over"? And I said, "Oh, it's just the country girl talking. At home if any of Mama's brothers came home to the old homestead the first thing in our house would be to decide when to have them over for a meal with us". But that wasn't the way with them and that's why he wasn't used to it.[11]

Even Herman's contact with his brothers was small. There were six years between his older brother James and him and five between him and his younger brother Arthur. Except for meals, a few family outings and formal occasions, the brothers saw little of each other. James went away to Medical school when Herman was eleven and Art was just starting school when Herman began working all his holidays at the cotton mill. It was almost as though each of them was an only child.

There were few visitors at his house. For his mother and father, the only acceptable time to have visitors on weekdays was in the evening; their days were filled with working duties. There were three unmarried women who worked in the cotton mill who would come by invitation, after supper:

[11] Fieldbook 1, 84. B Text.

Kate Shannon, a red-haired Irish woman who would entertain by telling fortunes with tea leaves, Sade McCrae, bookkeeper in the mill office, and Annie Black, a room girl. They would come and sit and talk for a few hours, mostly about their work. Annie Black was a gossip: she knew everything that was going on in the town and had a good memory for events. Kate Shannon was a kind woman who paid Herman attention when the adults were out of the room: he liked her best. He had learned to be seen and not heard, so when the visiting was going on he sat in his chair and listened, or, when he was not interested in what was being said, went quietly out of the room.

There was a Scots couple his parents were friendly with who would visit occasionally. One New Year's Eve they took their leave only to return to ask Herman to accompany them to their house. They wanted a dark-complected person to be first through their door in the new year.

> Very soon our bell rang, the Scotsman had returned and requested that I return to their house with them and be the first to cross their threshold in the New Year. You see, this was the custom of 'first footin' and it was supposed to be lucky for the householders if the first to enter happened to be dark complexioned, which I was. So much for superstitions, the man went to Scotland for a trip and died there, his wife died later in the year. Very unfortunate. Luckily I did not take my participation seriously.[12]

[12] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.IV, 11. D Text.

When he was in high school his parents became friendly with the new Presbyterian minister, an Englishman whose daughter met with their approval as a match for Herman. There were frequent visits between their homes until Herman joined the army in 1917.

Trips away from town were infrequent while he was growing up. His father planned any family outings and since he worked six days a week these were usually day trips: an occasional ride to the country by horse and buggy rented from the livery stable for a Sunday picnic. On one such occasion they went to a barn raising at one of the Ridges because some relative was involved. Since it was the first of these that he had seen, Herman watched the work with great interest and still remembered details of it years later.

His father would split his annual vacation, taking one week in the spring for fishing and one in the fall for hunting, usually with his cousin Irvine, a woods worker. When he was very young Herman was excluded from these trips, as was his mother, but after he learned to handle a gun and fishing rod he sometimes went along. For two or three summers in a row his father rented a cottage at The Ledge, below St. Stephen, and the children and their mother went there for a week. The front of "Windy Cottage" lifted up on hinges to expose it to the open air. They went clam

digging, swimming and ate outdoors. Herman was happy during these trips and on the weekend trips he took with his father on his hunting and fishing expeditions when he had a chance to put into practise the woodscraft he had learned as a Boy Scout.

Once a year in the spring his mother would make a trip to Boston for shopping. She would travel by train sometimes or by boat from Calais to Eastport and down to Boston, an overnight trip. She would stay in a boarding house there and shop for a week. The first and only time Herman went with her was in 1918 after he had been discharged from the army.

Herman's values were learned at home, and learned very early in his life. While his parents used formal instruction to teach their children practical things like cooking or wood cutting techniques, they were verbally uncommunicative when it came to moral instruction. However, they did have very definite ideas about the right way to lead a life and Herman learned indirectly what the limitations were on his behavior and, as he grew, how to anticipate his parents' reactions to it and avoid conflicts. He learned that he must keep to himself in order to avoid the influence of people whose goals were not similar to his and to concentrate on building security for himself. Pleasure did not have value

placed upon it for there was little material gain in pleasure for its own sake. Sex was never discussed, but rather specific acts related to it were discouraged among the children and from that they learned that pleasure was a negative value. It was an individualistic, work-centred ethic that he learned at home, differing perhaps only in degree from the larger ethic of the mainly Protestant community.

His father believed in hard work and keeping out of debt. It was important for his children to be earning their own way and he made them all conscious of this by making sure they did their share of chores at home and keeping close watch on their work at the cotton mill. He was a disciplinarian but probably felt that he was less strict with his children than his own father had been with him. He certainly was aware of and perhaps a little amused by the Protestant Scottishness in his own makeup that made work and saving the most important activities in life, for he had a collection of stories about mean Scotsmen that he often repeated to Herman:

> Sandy had set his boy to work on the wood pile. It was a bitter cold, fall day. The lad was poorly clad and what he did have on was torn and ripped in many places. Of a sudden, the boy stopped working. Sandy glared - said, "What's the matter, now"? Lad: "I'm too cold to work". Sandy: "Go along wi'ye, yer so bundled up in class ye canna' work".[13]

[13] Fieldbook 2, 40. B Text.

Nevertheless, Oran Morrison was himself convinced that hard and steady work was the most important ingredient of a good life, and consistent with this belief was his teaching to stay out of other people's business. Getting involved with people and their problems could only lead to one's spending time and effort on them and that would slow down one's individual progress. The same held for political and religious involvement and any one of the family who mentioned a controversial issue or tried to gossip was quickly silenced by a stern look or a direct order to change the subject. His wife, Addie, shared his opinions.

Herman's mother was convinced of her family's ability to get ahead in life and her narrow ambition made a long lasting impression on her children. She was a materialistic woman and, for her, success could be measured in outward appearance: a well-kept home and good clothes. Herman and his brothers were always neatly and stylishly dressed and he noticed that, unlike most of the women in the town, his mother had a dressmaker come and sew her clothes. She said that she could not find ready to wear clothes to fit. She was not extravagant, though, but kept a careful watch over what was spent in the house. Years later, this impressed her daughter-in-law when she came to visit; apparently Addie Morrison trusted no one else with her money.

> We were getting ready to go out shopping and Mate said, "Just a minute", and she went into the living room. I was watching and she lifted up a corner of the carpet and she took out a wad of bills. That was where she kept all her money, under the carpet![14]

She had charge of all the money that came into the house. She was happy being the manager and Herman realized that she would have been content to have all the children remain at home and work in the mill, handing over their paychecks to her. It was obvious to him that she considered him and his brothers very much as extensions of herself and she was as possessive about them as she was about any of her belongings. She was careful, too, of the kind of people her family chose as friends. When Herman informed his parents in 1920 that he was marrying a girl named Barter, his mother boarded the first train for Hartland. She thought his fiancee must be related to the saloon-keeping family of Barters in Milltown, a family she felt was not respectable. When she met her prospective daughter-in-law's family and found that there was no close connection (and that the Avondale Barters had some standing in their own community) she returned to Milltown relieved. She really need not have worried for Herman had adopted many of her values years before and chose a bride who, as well as coming from a respectable family, shared some of his mother's qualities, notably her shrewdness in financial matters and her organizational ability.

[14]Fieldbook 3, 47. B Text.

Home life was quiet and orderly. His parents never quarrelled and the daily routine was seldom broken. His mother and father were strict but he was punished only a few times, more often with words and deprivation than with blows. An exception was the time his mother was supposed to return from her annual Boston trip:

> Her train was late and foolish me, I sat there and waited for hours, causing a great upheaval at home, they not knowing where I was. Eventually I was found and got the stick. However, I never quite forgave my father for this, I was anxious to see my Mother and probably a little tired of the housekeeper, an explanation and a bit more understanding was more in order.[15]

He was an obedient child and when his interests began to conflict with his parents' as he grew older, as with his interest in girls, he chose to break rules secretively rather than defy them openly. Years later, when he returned from overseas, he was surprised and resentful at how lenient his parents had become with his younger brother, Arthur. He was wearing Herman's clothes, had wrecked his brother's hard-earned bicycle and was allowed much more social activity than Herman had been. Several years later he returned again to find that Art had become very knowledgeable about the town girls.

> It was a Sunday morning and Father, Art and I came out to get in the car. Art had had some girl out in it the

[15] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch. IV, 22. D Text.

> night before and she had left her pants behind. Father saw them and picked them up quickly before Mother came out. The only place he could think to put them was in his vest pocket. So he had to go to church and sit through the service with a pair of girl's pants under his coat. Afterwards all he said to Art was, "Don't you realize that your Mother could have seem them"?[16]

Sunday School at the Presbyterian Church was an accepted part of life for him but he never took much interest in religious ideas. He went to church with his parents every Sunday and dutifully studied his lesson but he did not look forward to this day. After Sunday School he had to spend the rest of the afternoon inside or on the verandah reading and watching other children play. He was not permitted to roam on Sunday.

The town School Board kept a careful watch to make sure that religion was not taught in school but the Roman Catholic children were allowed to have religious instruction after regular classes. One time when Herman was in high school Father Doyle, the priest, came and gave a talk to all the boys, Catholic and Protestant alike. He was angry about the drawings and carvings on the walls of the boys' outhouse: " . . . girls' pussies and the like. I think what he objected to mostly was the carvings done with a jacknife. Some cut right through the wall. The girls' outhouse was on the other side".[17]

[16]Fieldbook 2, 19. B Text.

[17]Fieldbook 2, 4. B Text.

> I do not remember any deep discussions which concerned other peoples' faith or lack of it. More likely discussion of a current hot love affair, or the new styles, or the probable financial standing of some folks.[19]

His mother's well-run household was rarely disrupted by sickness. Their family lived in a clean house, kept regular hours and had plenty to eat. When he was six, Herman's brother Art was born and a country girl came to keep home for a few weeks while his mother was in bed. Herman was glad when she got up again and the daily routine was restored. He and his brothers went through short illnesses with measles, chicken pox and mumps, nursed at home by his mother but none of these times were really upsetting.

Contagious diseases were feared most in the community. Herman often saw white, red and yellow cards tacked to the front doors of houses, announcing a quarantine. This was serious: smallpox and diptheria were not uncommon and one of his best school friends disappeared behind a quarantined door with diptheria. Herman did not see him again. A constant reminder of the smallpox epidemics that had come to the region before he was born was the Pest House in the Calais Union. He would see the brick building with its windows boarded up whenever he walked to Calais, saving the streetcar fare for a treat. Everyone steered a wide path around it. In the schoolroom during winter, along with

[19] Ibid., Ch. IV, 15. D Text.

Father Doyle was a stern man:

> Stiff he was. I can still see in retrospect, his squat, somewhat square figure stumping along the street, swinging his black cane. He was the first man I ever saw who wore a "hard hat" with a flat crown. I noticed that any of the young from that church settled down when he approached. If by chance, any of these youngsters had missed some church instruction, the priest might just give the delinquent a cut on the backside with his cane as he passed.[18]

Herman's parents rarely talked about religion in their home and did not tolerate discussion of other people's religious habits. They did not say grace before meals or read the Bible aloud. Although they were regular churchgoers and always friendly with the current Presbyterian minister and his family, Herman's father was not officially a member of the church until Herman was ready to leave high school. At that time their minister baptised both Herman and his father in their home.

Outside his own home Herman noticed little difference among people who belonged to different religious groups:

> Religion in our area was never a matter for covert or overt actions against one or another faith. The nearest kind of public display I can remember would be the annual parade of the Hibernians on 17 March and that of the Orangemen on the 12 July. Even then it was more to show their colours than anything else. They carried no banners which would incite and sang no songs, simply paraded with a band leading (this is funny, in the band there would be both Catholics and Protestants tootling away).

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[18] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.IV, 17. D Text.

chalk dust, woodsmoke and wet woolen clothing, Herman would smell the strong camphor that came from the poorer children. They often wore a piece of it around their necks on a string to keep them from catching whatever disease was going around.

While contagious disease presented a major threat to the well-being of the community, Herman usually saw illness under control. For those living in town it was not difficult to find a doctor and there were patent remedies for everything. While most sick people were cared for in their homes (visits to the St. Stephen hospital were usually for surgery) few townspeople used domestic remedies. "Peck" Haley's Drugs sold packaged medicine to treat most minor sicknesses. There were also patent remedy manufacturers who travelled from town to town. Herman often watched and listened as a crowd gathered around a medicine show wagon set up on a street corner.

> Well displayed in the background would be bottles with bright labels. When the banjo player had finished his turn and the spieler felt that sufficient crowd had gathered, he went into his act. He would put on the pressure and tell of the marvellous cures his nostrums would effect, everything from hang nails to cancer would vanish almost overnight. While he was selling his wares with talk, one or two assistants would pass through the audience carrying bottles for sale. Sometimes, one would be, "the beautiful daughter" of the proprietor. The usual price of any item seemed to be a dollar. It was amazing how many bottles were sold.

> of a concoction often mixed in a bath tub the night before and Bottled for the trade. You may find it hard to believe, but I actually was given some of this vile tasting "medicine" when I was young. I even remember the name, BANYAN. It was bitter and probably an analysis now would reveal that it had little or no curative properties. Well, I do not know. I was a sickly child but here I am after seventy-seven years, still going strong.[20]

Herman survived a serious bout of rheumatic fever when he was eleven and returned to school the following winter without any apparent ill effects. However, there were some things that patent medicines, doctors and home nursing could not help, and these were imprinted strongly on the young boy's mind. There was "Old Bill" Hanson,

> . . .whose mind softened after the tragic death of his wife. Could be seen walking around the streets, day or night, a far-away look in his eyes. His favourite song was, "In the shade of the old apple tree". This he would sing on request, in his old, quavering voice, his lips quivering and at times, tears in his eyes. Who knows what visions passed through his poor mind at those times. I do not remember that any person ever poked fun at him. This was good. He was more an object for pity than mirth.[21]

There was no way to cure "Min" Dugan, either:

> Here was a puzzle. Another tall woman, but spare. Ill-favoured, hair in great disarray, wearing loose fitting dresses and when not in bare feet, usually mens' cast off shoes. The dresses looked like hand-me-downs also. Her (parents?) were short and tubby and equally unkempt, slovenly and shiftless. I never

[20] Ibid., Ch. VII, 12. D Text.

[21] Ibid., Ch. 1, 6. D Text.

heard where they came from, their name was Irish to a degree. The last time I saw them they were squatted in a lean-to in a pasture lot. Apparently without official objection. They did no work and no young person had nerve enough to go near any of them. Well, Min sometimes would throw a fit, run screeching through the streets until overcome by several strong men and often hauled away in a wagon. When this happened, one could hear her all over town. She threw one on our front verandah one evening just as we were eating our evening meal. I was not allowed out. Min often wore no underpants and as she kicked and thrashed considerably, it apparently was not a sight for a young fellow.[22]

Accidents were also hard to accept, especially when they affected people close to him:

Our family, with the Principal of the High School and his wife, were tenting at Oak Bay. I really did not know it at the time but he had an old musket with him. One morning early, before any others were up, Mr. Sutherland went down onto the beach and in some manner, the musket discharged, blowing off his left foot at the ankle. All were awakened by the shot and the ensuing cries. The women rushed down and tried to stanch the blood with their clothing, while I was instructed to run to a nearby cottage and awaken the Doctor who was there that night. This I did. Sutherland was loaded into a wagon and taken to St. Stephen hospital but died from loss of blood and shock.

The next tragedy occurred right on the same spot. Our Troop of Boy Scouts was camped there, on the grass. Our Scoutmaster, The Rev. W. W. Rainnie, was not too well but none expected trouble. One night we were awakened by terrible groans issuing from his tent. We rushed over and he told us through clenched teeth to get a doctor. This was done and he was in turn, carted away to hospital. It was a perforated stomach ulcer and he in turn did not live. I lost a very good friend, for he was a great reader and I, alone of all the boys had access to his fine library.[23]

[22]Ibid., Ch. 1, 7. D Text.

[23]Ibid., Ch. XIV, 8. D Text.

Fatal accidents, however, were few, and Herman was not to have similar traumatic experiences until he became a soldier in 1916. Meanwhile good health produced by moderate living habits and careful management was, for him, normal.

When he was twelve the Presbyterian minister, who had known Baden-Powell, founder of the Boy Scouts, personally, formed a Boy Scout troop and for a few years Herman was an active and enthusiastic member of the group. There were meetings every Friday night in the church hall and the occasional field trip. These ended when their scoutmaster died on the camping trip to Oak Bay and nobody else was interested in running the troop. Occasionally, Herman joined the other boys to go swimming at Beaver Brook in summer or sliding on Joel's Hill or skating on "The Bog" in winter but the more aware he became of the restrictions placed on him by his parents the more solitary his playtime activities became. While his choice of friends was limited, no place within the boundaries of the community was forbidden him.

He roamed the woods and water surrounding the town, building little camps out in Haley's Pasture, going over to "The Bog" to hunt duck in the fall and fishing for trout in the spring. He wandered along the riverbank of the

St. Croix and would lie on the rocks above the water, watching the salmon trying to jump over the dam by the mill. One of his favourite places was "The Sluice". There he would spend hours watching the saw filer making sparks come off the saws, the grist mill with its huge grinding stones and the men working in the sawmills, first with the large gang saws and then with the circular saws. He was always amazed by the man dangerously taking shingles right off the face of the saw. Nearby he would watch the sorting of logs at the booms after they had floated down river from the lumberwoods. In his own neighbourhood he could watch John Buckley the butcher kill animals in his barn or look at Ike Tar working in his vegetable garden, a model of neatness with its planks laid down between the rows, all the seed planted guided by a string. He followed the work of tradesmen and labourers with equal interest and liked to learn exactly how things worked. Sometimes this kind of observation proved useful later on. The annual Hose Cart Race in which the fire departments of all four towns took part was the highlight of the twenty-fourth of May celebrations. It was a race against time: each team would race around the block, stop at the hydrant and hook up the hose. Herman had watched this contest many times:

> One evening when I was in High school, I was returning from a Scout meeting about ten o'clock. I heard the

fire bell and as I walked along, soon heard the cart coming in my direction. I stopped to watch. Just as it was about to pass, the driver shouted, "Give us a hand". I started running and caught the rear platform. The driver and I were the only persons aboard. The driver shouted over his shoulder, "when we get near the hydrant I'll give you the word". "Can you handle it"? I shouted back, "Yes".

So, with good old "Sandy" pounding the road up ahead and doing his best, I waited for the word and when it came, jumped off the tail-board with the end of the hose tucked under my arm. It was heavy going for a lad of 15 but I made it to the hydrant, threw a loop of hose around until the dumped hose up the road had taken off the strain, then unscrewed the cap of the hydrant, attached and tightened the coupling, put the wrench on the turn-off and waited for the signal from ahead. It came and I turned on the water. All of this without realizing what I was doing, just following the pattern I had so often watched. I do not think this was unusual, any boy of my age who had paid attention could have done the same.[24]

Apart from his outdoor activities his favourite leisure time was spent reading. G. A. Henty, Horatio Alger, the Boys Own Paper and Chums took up hours of his spare time. His mother and father never read books but his mother always had copies of The Ladies Home Journal, The Delineator, and McCalls in the house. His father bought Recreation, The Montreal Star and the local weekly, The St. Croix Courier. Herman read them all. He was always welcome at his Aunt Em's where he read her Boston Globe and, when his uncle Ed was not at home, The Saturday Evening Post, Colliers, and the books of adventure stories that filled his uncle's

[24] Ibid., Ch. XIV, 8. D Text.

upstairs den. For a few years he also borrowed books from his scoutmaster, Reverend Rainnie. It was probably this love of reading that led his parents to hope that he would study for the ministry, ironically, for it was what he read that made him want to experience the world outside his home, the mill and the town. Reading, and the entertainment at the Calais Opera House, made him want this.

At first he went to see the movies, 101 Ranch Westerns and the serials:

> I can remember very well, the lone projection machine, sitting on its platform, a single operator, who hand-cranked the machine. Stopping at the end of each reel to change the film magazine. At this time, a slide was thrown on the screen, "One minute please while we change film". Most subjects were of the one reel kind. News - Sports - Comedies - Travelogues and so on. A Feature film might go as high as five reels. All for a 5 piece. I managed to get there once in awhile, walking the couple of miles each way to attend. It was in that theatre I saw the original BIRTH OF A NATION. Now a museum treasure.
>
> Later on the management had five acts of vaudeville come for each weekend. It was fun and I enjoyed every minute of it all. Oh yes, I forgot to mention the everyday music. This was supplied by a pianist (lady) and a drummer, who accompanied the pictures amidst the boos and cat-calls of the boys on Saturday afternoons, when Western Stories were shown.[25]

What he loved most was the singing, slapstick comedy and one line jokes delivered by the touring vaudeville groups. Sitting in the darkened theatre he would listen to the tenor, standing beside the lighted screen with the words to the song projected on it, singing:

[25] Ibid., Ch. XIV, 9. D Text.

> Every day the papers say
> There's a robbery in the park.
> I sat alone at the YMCA
> Singing just like a lark:
> Oh, there's no place like home
> But I'm afraid to go home in the dark.[26]

The only place he had ever experienced anything like this before was at the annual Minstrel Show put on to raise funds for the Milltown band, but the new ideas and professionalism of the vaudeville artists impressed him more than any of the local entertainment he'd seen. The sounds and images of the Calais Opera House were to stay with him the rest of his life:

> One scene I remember to this day, there was a great number of people on the stage and they were shouting at each other. A scene of great confusion so that one would almost wonder what was going to happen. By twos and threes this assemblage broke up and made their various exits, leaving a sudden huge void of silence. Just then a doddering, white-haired old butler made an entrance from stage left holding in his right hand a single teaspoon. He shuffled across to centre stage, stopped, held up his hand beside his mouth, glanced slyly at the full audience and said in his old, quavery voice, "I am just looking for a little sugar for the bird". After all this turmoil it was such a contrast - the audience broke into laughter.[27]

In many Milltown families both parents worked. Often older children were left to their own devices when they were not at school and this gave them opportunity for activities their parents would not have approved. The young Herman, whose mother stayed at home, could not usually join in these

[26] Fieldbook 3, 30. B Text. See Harold Scott, The Early Doors: Origins of the Music Hall (London: Nicholson and Watson, 1946), 211.

[27] Fieldbook 1, 93, 95. B Text.

activities but on the odd occasion he was able to participate in an unveiling of the mysteries of sex, he found himself at a loss. One day he was with a group of children in an adult-empty house:

> The ringleader was a boy named Albert. He and his sister Adeline, who was fourteen, were knowledgeable for their age. Albert had us all paired off, me with the Busby girl. He put us in the backhouse. We just stood there and looked at each other; we didn't know what to do.[28]

Such occasions were few and any interest Herman showed in girls was quickly discouraged by his parents. Once a Norwegian girl who had worked in the sardine packing plant in St. Andrews ["She had blonde hair and the only true violet-coloured eyes I've ever seen".], moved in with the Barters across the street. She used to sit on the step outside in the evenings and he would go over and talk with her until his parents learned of it and he was forbidden to speak to her anymore. He disobeyed them occasionally, even following her after she moved to another street but he dared not flaunt his parents' orders openly and the relationship never grew beyond a few conversations.

Band concert nights on summer Thursday evenings provided older boys and girls with an occasion to get together. There were no benches so groups would promenade beside the bandstand,

[28]Fieldbook 1, 115. B Text.

boys following girls, sometimes tickling them with long straws of timothy to get their attention, as long as the music lasted. Afterwards they would pair off and walk home. While permitted to go to the band concerts, Herman was not allowed to escort girls home.

When he was in high school he started to go out with the daughter of the Presbyterian minister. Both families approved of and encouraged the match and when he was in his last year of high school Herman was allowed some formal dates. He likedthe girl but had begun to realize that if he was going to gain more experience with women without getting married he was going to have to leave home. The minister's daughter went to Halifax to work and Herman was all the more anxious to get away.

His formal schooling began when he was six along with the other children of the town. He walked to the different buildings that housed the primary grades in Milltown and sat in class quietly, if not enthusiastically. He did not especially enjoy his lessons which required a lot of memorization and were repetitive, and he would rather have been outdoors than in the stuffy schoolrooms. However he did do well in reading and writing composition and every once in awhile was given special attention for his ability. Herman, though, did not enjoy being singled out of the crowd and shown to be different:

> We were to turn in a composition of so many pages. I wrote a story about a boy who lived in the West, was friendly with the Indians and had a pet pony he had trained to do tricks. Having read all the papers, the teacher chose me to read mine aloud, standing up at the front of the room. Must have been a bad day for me. I suddenly became shy and hesitated, then when urged, the devil whispered into my ear and I refused to read. I was punished at school and again at home when the story came out.[29]

As he grew older and less embarrassed by competition he decided to put his talent to work for him but he did not pay close enough attention to the demands of those who judged his work:

> Some Club group had offered a gold piece for the best composition chosen by the pupil from a list they provided. I set at it and turned in my piece, slyly thinking about that shiny gold piece. Pride cometh before a fall. How true, I did not win but a girl of my class, who had never topped me in school, did. A club member later told my mother, "his writing was terrible", meaning my hand-writing. Nothing was said about the contents of the piece. Maybe they could not read it.[30]

When he was seven he began taking piano lessons from a woman who lived around the corner, on Queen Street. He kept them up for about a year before he lost interest and his parents let him quit with the stipulation that he would have to ask them himself if he wanted to take lessons again. He did, when he was twelve. He heard his older brother James playing the piano one day and decided that he wanted to do it too. This time he went to a convent in Calais to take

[29] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 2. D Text.

[30] Ibid., 2. D Text.

lessons from one of the sisters. He got an afternoon off school every week for this and the other boys envied him. The only other time he was allowed to miss school was when he went to the dentist. He worked hard at his music and progressed so that when he was in high school he was asked to substitute for the regular organist at the Presbyterian Church. All the same, he never considered becoming a professional musician while he was living at home: it was not considered a respectable career for a young man. The regular organist at the church, a man, was considered effeminate.

His parents directed his education probably more than the average boy in the town at that time, inasmuch as they were more ambitious for him. His mother encouraged him to take piano lessons. Both of them approved of the Boy Scout troop their minister started. They would not have tolerated Herman's leaving school when he was fourteen to take a labouring job, as many of the town's boys did, and even his temporary work for the summer holidays had to be in the form of an apprenticeship to a proper trade, not working on an assembly line. Because all kinds of formal instruction agreed with him he didn't resent their interest. He <u>did</u> resent the one-sidedness of his personal development: while he was permitted self-improvement in these areas, he was not allowed to broaden his social consciousness by mixing with

Every morning he would walk the two blocks down Church Street and through the main gate of the mill where there was always a watchman on duty. There was a granite slab over the door of the office building here, with Canadian Cottons - 1878 cut into it. He walked past the Cloth Hall where the cloth was washed and put on bolts and on to the main building that housed the weaving and spinning rooms: this was where he spent the day. Just before he went in he could smell the indigo dye that came from the Dye House further on and then he was sweating in the humidity of the weaving room while the bell on the tower outside rang the opening of the working day. He stripped down to his short sleeved shirt and went to work.

The second hand, who was his immediate supervisor, came around first thing with a list of the employees and checked them off and then turned his count in to the office. The weavers were on piece work: they were paid only for what cloth they produced. Delays caused by machinery breaking down or threads breaking meant lost pay for them. There were specialists on call for these emergencies: loom fixers for the machinery and room girls to repair broken threads, and there would be bad feelings between a weaver and one of these who was slow or lazy.

The weavers were fined out of their pay for mistakes in

others of his age group and of the opposite sex. This resentment of his parents' control grew and coloured the whole of his adolescence and young adulthood.

One summer, when he was about twelve, Herman decided that he wanted to work. It was common for farmers to hire temporary help and a man who delivered vegetables around Milltown asked him if he wanted to work on his farm at The Ledge, three miles below Milltown. His parents approved so one afternoon he set off on Mr. Wormell's vegetable wagon. After supper at the farm he was given his first chore: mucking out the cattle barn. The cattle had diarrhoea, his room was bare and cold and meals were plain. He cleaned the barn, weeded and picked peas for a week and was given a dollar for pay. It was not his idea of a good job and he missed the comforts of home so he climbed back on the wagon and went back to town.

When he was fourteen some of his friends got summer jobs at the Calais shoe factory. Herman wanted to go too but his father told him, as he had told his brother James before him and as he would tell Arthur after him, that if he wanted a job he could work at the textile mill. So he started as an apprentice weaver at fifty cents a day, from six-thirty in the morning until six o'clock at night, and from then on he spent all his time off from school working there.

weaving but it didn't take Herman long to begin producing good cloth. He was put on as a spare hand at first to take over others' looms when they needed a break. This was usually when one had to go to the toilet, a dirty, smelly room where the toilet paper and liquid soap containers were usually empty. Most weavers would not leave their looms for any other reason; for them lost time meant lost pay. Even during the hour long lunch break most sat beside the machinery and ate their box lunches. Herman and his father would always go home for lunch.

Herman had little social contact at work. The weaving room was too noisy for conversations and it was almost impossible to slip outside without the overseer noticing. Those on a daily rate of pay, the loom fixers, room girls and spare hands, had the most opportunity for fooling around but if they weren't available when they were needed the overseer heard about it quickly. Herman rarely noticed practical joking. No one tampered with the machinery in the weaving room: it was just too important to the weavers' salaries. After he became a regular hand was put on piece work himself he felt the same way and worked steadily all day to get as much done as he could.

Payday was every two weeks. The second hand would come around with a wagon full of brown envelopes with cash inside

and distributed them. On Saturday work stopped at noon and everybody was off until Monday morning. Since his father was his job supervisor, the discipline Herman was beginning to find restricting at home carried over into his working life:

> Working in the mill when not in school allowed me a limited horizon, which even my reading could not broaden. I did not like the work, it was a noisy business and the air was always stale and too moist. But the worst feature of this was, I brought my pay envelope home every two weeks and was allowed only the change. The bills were kept by my mother. This hold-back was used to buy my clothes and other necessaries. What a great chance was missed there, to teach a growing boy the value of money. I would have made mistakes if I had it but would have learned from these and been the better prepared. Whatever balance over costs, was kept for me. I eventually got this, just before I was married.[31]

While Herman was working in the textile mill other boys his age had jobs too: working in the St. Stephen candy factory or in the Calais shoe factory, or in the sawmills. Many left school when they were fourteen to take permanent jobs and every year after that there were fewer students in Herman's high school class until, when he graduated from grade eleven, eight others received their diplomas with him.

In 1915 his high school graduation passed and suddenly he was free to choose a career. His choices seemed limited: he could stay and work in the mill or go to college. Neither appealed to him; he wanted to be on his own, financially independent and seeing new places. There was the war, and

[31] Ibid., 3. D Text.

the army offered him the chance to get out of Milltown and a salary. His father tried to discourage him from joining at first, then suggested that he at least get a commission. Herman refused and enlisted. There was to be a wait, though, and a summer and fall of working at the mill and living at home convinced him that the army was the answer. In January he was called and left on the train for Saint John and his first training.

Herman found himself in old, uncomfortable barracks with fifty other men. He knew some of them from Milltown but none of them had completed high school with him. They had all been out working and knew more than he did about drinking, gambling and women. He was quiet and sat back, absorbing everything he heard, but was not aloof: the other members of the platoon accepted him.

Most of the training took place outdoors in Saint John's wet, blowing cold. The army food was terrible and their living quarters damp and chilly. All the soldiers developed colds and Herman was no exception. He applied for a pass to go home and collapsed with pneumonia when he reached his parents' house. When he recovered it was spring and he returned to Saint John on the train.

> Now my training began in earnest. All the other men were miles ahead of me. So it was a case of buckle

> down or get left behind. I buckled. Now I was eating better and found myself getting stronger day by day. I studied the way things were going and what was called for, thus kept out of trouble. However, the great freedom I had craved seemed to be eluding me. The only free time we had, was an evening now and then when we would go up town, perhaps eat a meal at the Chinese Restaurant and go to the movies.[32]

In June his unit moved by train to Camp Valcartiers in Quebec. For a month they lived in Bell tents pitched in the sand and practised on the rifle ranges. Then in July they boarded the train for Halifax and the troop ship that was to carry them to England. There were 11,000 soldiers on board the Olympic when it left Halifax, each assigned to a hammock on one of the lower decks. Herman was among the few who did not get seasick, so the voyage passed uneventfully for him. They landed at Liverpool and crowded into the train that carried them to Camp Bramshott through countryside that, with its hedges and cultivated fields, fascinated Herman. The camp had the best living quarters his platoon had seen and, along with their proximity to London, this made the drills and twenty mile marches bearable.

Their first leave took them into the city. After his initial astonishment at London's size and activity, Herman fell in love with it. He went to his first musical and all the excitement of the Calais Opera House came back:

[32]Ibid., 4. D Text.

> It was Chou, Chin, Chow. When the curtains opened the smell of the East came out. They must have had incense burning out back. It was wonderful.[33]

> ....most afternoons would find me seated in a theatre, watching a play or at a music-hall, listening to music or watching a variety performance. Good. I returned to camp with an entirely new outlook on life. Something worthwhile always beckoning me. I hoarded my money between trips, so that I could see and hear as much as possible.[34]

He had made friends within the group of men, none who shared his enthusiasm for theatre and music, but people he could join for time off activities in camp. For the most part these were trips to the dry canteen, the occasional movie or a game of cards. He was not ordinarily included on drinking sprees or women-hunting expeditions; he felt uncomfortable with his more experienced comrades. He did feel very much part of the group though whenever the platoon performed as a whole, as when a sergeant who had been giving them a hard time was bombarded with boiled potatoes one night and had the entire fifty men arrested. '"What do you know about this, Morrison"? "Not a thing, sir; I was sound asleep"."[35] He also felt secure when he saw how men who did not conform to the unwritten rules of the group were treated:

> Most any day one or another would get a parcel which might contain anything, but usually home-cooking and smokes. We got into the custom of taking any personal item from our own parcels, then sharing with the other the eatables. In this way, we had small but more frequent treats. All except one man. He would go, sit with his

[33]Fieldbook 3, 47. B Text.

[34]MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 6. D. Text.

[35]Fieldbook 1, 101. B Text.

> back to the rest, open his parcel, eat a little, then hide it under his mattress. Some jokester had an idea and spoke about it to a few friends. The next time a parcel came for meanie, whoever brought it from the army post office, would hide it until a good time to work on it. This they did. Taking out all of the contents and placing them in an empty box for safe-keeping, they filled meanie's box with dirty, smelly socks. On the next mail delivery, he was given the box. He sat for a long time in his corner, then got up and stalked away from the hut. He realized that he had been fooled. I would like to say that this caper cured him. Not so. He simply went to the post office and requested that his mail be given only to himself. Where he hid it we never knew, or cared.[36]

It was the closest Herman had ever felt to being a part of a group, and he liked the feeling. After his unit had moved to France in the spring of 1917 he had an experience that proved to him that he was accepted.

> We were on march and I was sick; I had diarrhoea and felt really weak. One place we stopped we bought some oranges and everybody was standing around eating them and throwing the peels on the ground. There were a couple of British M.P.'s there and they wanted to throw their weight around. "Come on, you Canadians, pick up those bleeding orange peelings". Nobody paid any attention. They said it again, and still nobody picked them up. I guess they decided to make an example of one of us, and they turned to me. I was sitting propped up against the side of a building, and they started to pick me up by the shoulder straps. All at once, one of our bunch said, "Fall in the twenty-sixth"!, and about two hundred men surrounded them. We told them to get, and they went.[37]

They spent the summer in France on regular tours of duty to the front line. The faces in the unit began to change as men were wounded and died. In October they were suddenly

[36] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 7. D Text.

[37] Fieldbook 1, 101, 103. B Text.

moved to Belgium and took part in the battle of Passchendaele. Many of the Milltown men were gone after that and Herman found himself a Corporal, with new responsibilities.

> Well, we had a chap come to us as a reinforcement and uh happened to land in my section. And uh [sighs] I didn't know it at the time, I didn't know he was shell shy or battle shy until the first time we got in the line and uh one of the other men came along to me after we'd had a little shelling one morning, he said, "That guy is nuts, that new fella". I said, "Why"? He said, "When those shells started falling why he just dove right [hesitates] down into a hole and he [laughing] stayed there, and wouldn't come out again". And I said, "Oh, well, he'll get used to it after awhile, just the same as everybody else". So anyway, we finished up that tour in the line and went out and we were out six days and then we went into reserve for six days and things were fairly quiet there. Well, then the night came when we were going to go up and relieve the uh, I think it was the Royal Twenty-Second Regiment that night in the line and uh we were going along in the, in the dark, heading for the front and one of the fellas came up to me and said, "So and so fell out and he wouldn't come along with us, he's sitting there, back there along the road". So [clears throat] I couldn't leave without notifying somebody so I trotted up and spoke to the officer, and I said, "So and so has fallen out without permission" and I said, "We've had a little trouble with him before. He seems to be shell shocked or something or other". So he said, "Well, you go back and order him to come along and if he doesn't come", why, he said, "you leave him there where he is. You understand what I'm saying"? And I said, [laughing] "Yessir, I understand". And I went back and I had no intention of doing anything drastic so I went back and this chap had his equipment off and his rifle thrown down and he didn't want to come at all, he just fairly shaking with fear and there wasn't a thing falling anywhere near us. So at last I said, "Alright", [phone rings]. So I said, "Well, I'll tell you, it's like this. I've got orders to bring you with me or leave you here", and I said, "What do you want to do"? He said, "I don't want to go". So I was carrying a forty-five Webley revolver in my holster. I took it out of the holster and pulled the hammer back, carefully pointing it at the ground while I did so and I said, "Alright", I said, "There's the first click", I said,

> "The next click, why the hammer's fully back and you know what comes after that". "Oh", he said, "Alright, alright I'll go". So he put on his equipment and rifle and came along with me and went in the line.[38]

They returned to France and spent the rest of the year in and out of the trenches.

Meanwhile, at home in New Brunswick, his parents thought it would be wise for Herman to become engaged to the minister's daughter. They wrote him and suggested this. He had been corresponding with the girl, so he agreed and they bought a ring and gave it to her. Herman felt far removed from all of this, especially when he went on leave again to London. There, wearing his tunic with new stripes and battle patches, he happily went to the theatre (he saw Doris Keeene in Romance three times), ate in restaurants and even took a girl out.

After his return to France he was wounded twice, the second time at Amiens in August. He had asked to be transferred to the Air Corps and his transfer had just come through when he was wounded the second time. He recovered quickly and in October went to London to be retrained. He had not been there long when the news of the war's end came and he and his classmates were released to their Reserve Units. In the few weeks that remained he went to London several times

[38]MUNFLA 75-88, C2514, 148. A Text.

on the train and took a trip to Edinburgh to visit the parents of one of his friends who had been killed. Now that the war was over, though, he was feeling displaced and wanted to go home.

> In early December, the gossip had it, that A-1 men would be soon shipped home. I kept my ear to the keyhole and being now employed in the main orderly room, saw the orders come in for the first draft to return. We started to make a list of those who were eligible, it was to be one hundred men. Knowing that there would be some who could not make it at the last minute for one reason or another, I added my name to the list. The R.S.M. when he saw me on the first medical parade, did a double take, walked up to me and said, "What goes on here"? I told him and being from my own home district, he let me get away with it.[39]

He got home in time for Christmas. However, his homecoming was not as pleasant as he had thought it would be. When he saw his girlfriend again he realized that he was not in love with her and did not want to marry her. However, he could not get up the courage to tell her and disappoint both families and so spent the holidays in a brooding silence. She returned to Halifax in January, still his fiancee, and he went to Fredericton to receive his discharge from the army. Now he had to face making plans for his future again. After a few months his service payments would stop and he would have to find work.

> I had no idea of ever returning to the mill. What I really wanted was, to study music. The wonderful memories of concerts in London still lingered. Most of

[39] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 13. D Text.

> all, I did not want to stay at home, with its occasional reminders of the past and what I most desired to forget.
>
> One evening, at the supper table, my father asked me, "What do you plan to do now"? I was honest and replied, "study music". Was not prepared for his reaction. His face darkened and he sat up straight and glared. "I want nothing to do with one of those long-haired freaks". Period. Finis.[40]

Herman was angry and upset. On his way back to Fredericton he had talked to a druggist who had worked with his brother James in McAdam. He had offered him a job and Herman had promised to consider it. The day after his father's outburst he called the druggist to accept his offer.

He worked in the McAdam drugstore for several months, boarding with the owner and studying about pharmacy at night. Then the owner accused him of selling liquor to someone without a prescription. The owner, angry because he had been fined, would not listen to Herman's denials. Angry himself, his pride hurt, Herman left for Milltown that day. A few weeks later the druggist wrote to apologise: he had made a mistake and would Herman come back? He was stubborn and still had his service payments coming in, so he refused. For a couple of months he lived at home, fairly peaceably with his father who had him join the Masonic Lodge, probably in an effort to make him feel more accepted. He was not working and being unfaithful to his fiancee with a red-haired girl he had met in Calais.

[40]Ibid., 14. D Text.

> This unknown to any of my family. We went to shows and I visited at her home. It was a comfortable arrangement at that time. I was being dishonest in this, I knew it at the time but could not get the courage to break off my engagement.[41]

In April he decided to go with his mother on her annual shopping trip to Boston. He thought he would go to some shows and concerts there. One day when he was there he happened to pass by the New England Conservatory of Music. He went in and had an interview and was told he could study there. Against his mother's wishes, he stayed behind when she took the boat for home and went to board with a cousin who lived there.

He enjoyed the city and his lessons but boarding with his cousin was presenting some problems. Also his money was running low and he could not find work. With his last army cheque he bought his return boat ticket to Eastport and went home.

> I think now, that I was a most unhappy fellow about then. So much so, that I even agreed to go back in the mill again. I would have to earn money to preserve some vestige of independence. But this time, I would keep my pay, after I had paid my board. Met the red-head one night when down town and was soon back in her good graces.[42]

Before long his father had heard of an opening for a druggist in Hartland, Carleton County, New Brunswick. By

[41] Ibid., 14. D Text.

[42] Ibid., 15. D Text.

the fall Herman was there, living in another boarding house and studying at night for his pharmacy exams.

> It was a small town and not much going on. There was no library there, indeed, there wasn't even a bookstore. All the denizens of this town had one kind of religious frenzy or another. To illustrate, some club heard that I could play piano. They wanted to bring in a big picture, to raise money. They had an advance score but nobody could play it. Would I do it. I would and did, rather got a kick out of that. Later, one of the churches wanted an organist, I was considered but the mere fact I had played for a movie was enough.[43]

His fiancee finally returned his ring and he was quietly relieved. There was a pretty girl bookkeeper in the office and he was interested in her.

Susie Barter was intelligent and vivacious as well as being pretty and nicely dressed. One of four children born to an Avondale man, Sam Barter and his second wife Lottie Wallace of Cloverdale, she had grown up thinking her family was a bit special. The Barters were a respectable family, intermarried with the Orsers who had first settled the district. Her father was an intelligent, well-read man and her mother was proud to have married into the family. Susie was a favourite daughter and probably had been more than a little spoiled. She had been away to learn bookkeeping at Acadia College in Wolfville, Nova Scotia and no doubt seemed more sophisticated to Herman than other Hartland girls. He met her father and liked him. Sam Barter had fought overseas

[43] Ibid., 15. D Text.

with the Barters who were living there by this time. The sales job did not work out, he did not have enough money to hold him until he was earning enough commission. He found a similar job in Portland, Maine that offered a small salary. He tried that until late fall, then quit and rejoined his family in Fredericton.

Early in the new year he found a sales job with a wholesale drug firm and was given the North Shore of New Brunswick for his territory. This job lasted a few years, the family living in Fredericton and Herman on the road most of the time, travelling by train and sleigh in the winter and by car in the summer. A third child, Hugh, was born in Fredericton, shortly before Herman had an offer of a sales job from the manager of a candy company. He was more than a little tired of the poverty and isolation of the North Shore and he saw an opportunity to make money with the other company so he changed jobs. His new base was New Glasgow and his territory, P.E.I., Cape Breton and the Eastern Shore of Nova Scotia turned out to involve as much time on the road as his previous job. Nevertheless he rented a house in New Glasgow and moved the family there.

While his job kept him busy, he felt that something was missing and he looked for music to satisfy him.

during the war so he and Herman had something in common to talk about. A good many winter evenings found him visiting the Barter household and in February he gave Susie a ring. They were married in March and set up housekeeping in an upstairs apartment next door to the Barters, their furniture purchased with the money that his mother had put away for him, out of his textile mill earnings.

Susie had become pregnant soon after their marriage and gave up her work in the office at Herman's request. In the spring of 1921 their first child, Marjory, was born. By this time Herman was thinking of moving: his brother James wanted to set up a practice in Princeton, Maine, where an old doctor was ready to retire. He wanted Herman to join him there as pharmacist. It sounded like a good idea so the family moved to Maine. After a few cold winter months it became obvious that the old doctor was not going to give up his practice and most of the local people bought patent medicines at the general store. Herman had to find work elsewhere. He gave music lessons, drove the mail, and cooked in a sporting camp. Their son James was born there in Princeton so the demands of the family became greater. As much as he liked the hunting and fishing the area offered, Herman realized he had to earn more money than he could make in Princeton. He got a sales job with the Massachusetts branch of a large office supplies firm and his wife and children moved to Fredericton to stay

there and operate a boarding house in Maine. His last tie with the town would be gone. Then there was a tragedy in his own immediate family. Hugh, who had been a healthy baby at first, had a disease the doctors could not cure. He died only a year after Bob, the last child, was born.

Meanwhile, his job supervisor didn't like his musical activities and told him so. They quarrelled and Herman quit the job. Luckily a New Glasgow church needed an organist and he was hired. Then the manager of the theatre asked him to play piano for the movies during the summer. His organ teacher had quit and moved to Halifax but his replacement agreed to teach Herman theory and composition and so he continued with his music lessons.

By the fall of 1929 the moving pictures with sound had come to Nova Scotia and he was out of another job. The Depression was beginning to be felt and Herman thought it might be easier to get work in a larger centre. The family moved to Saint John where he had a temporary job with an organ building company and before long he had another position as church organist. Throughout the next ten years he played organ in one of the theatres, did musical arrangements for a concert orchestra, and played in Don Messer's dance band. He also worked for radio station CFBO and read chiidrens' stories on a programme called "The Sandman".

> One Sunday night when I was in off a trip, I went to a large church. Had been told there was good music there. And there was. An excellent Choir, a big Organ and a man to play it who knew what he was doing. . . . On Monday morning, I presented myself at his studio and asked that he take me on for organ lessons. He agreed. So, a new pattern emerged. I would go out on the road for all the week, go to the unheated church on Saturday morning, practise, sometimes with my gloves on, due to the cold. That night I would have my lesson. But I was making progress and in time on several occasions, my teacher would be sick or under the weather. I would get a call and have to take the Sunday services. This was no hardship for me but to a couple of old hens in the choir it was. I never could get by them as anything but an interloper.[44]

He was happy with his lessons and soon found himself involved in community activities: he joined the Choir, had a principal part in a production of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera and joined the Rotary Club and played piano for their weekly meetings. It was as a member of the New Glasgow Rotary Club that he decided to change his name. He had never liked "Herman". The Rotarians wore name tags at their meetings and many put their nicknames on them. When he was asked what he wanted put on his tag, Herman said, "Al", short for Albert, his first name. From then on, even while his wife and family still called him Herman, he introduced himself as Al Morrison.

While he was in New Glasgow he got word that his father had drowned in a fishing accident. He went back to Millton for the funeral and found that his mother planned to leave

[44] Ibid., 18. D Text.

There were no vacations for the whole family but Susie and the children would sometimes go to Avondale in the summer to visit her parents. Both he and Susie became involved in community affairs: he belonged to the Rotary Club and she to the Baptist Church and they both served on the school board for their district. They felt more settled here than they ever had anywhere else. Then the war broke out and put an end to their settled existence. Their children were now grown. Marjory became a nursing student and Jim, just out of school, joined the Navy. Bob was still in high school when his father was commissioned in a local regiment in 1940.

Herman was sent to Cape Breton to head a defense unit for the Glace Bay region. During his two years there he was promoted to a Staff Officer's position. He was being well paid and enjoyed his work which, with its specific goal-directed organizational tasks, was a big change from the past ten years of spreading himself over two or three unrelated jobs for subsistence pay. At home his son, Bob, now only fifteen, joined the Army and his wife, Susie, got an office job. With the financial standing of the family so much improved, she bought a piece of land outside the city and had some young men from Carleton County come down and build a house for her. When Herman was transferred to a unit in Saint John the house was ready and he lived at home again.

The end of the war brought movement and change for all

the family but Herman. He was faced with the problem of a peacetime job. Backed by friends in New York, he started a new career as a concert promoter. At first things went well and the business was successful. He could live at home, bringing in a good salary, and got several trips a year to New York to satisfy his desire for concerts and theatre. When the business began to fail he became discouraged and bitter, and then disillusioned with life in the Maritimes which he could see were returning to their prewar economic position. Susie was happy with her work and her new home but all the children were married and living in Ontario. They sent reports of good jobs and money from there and Herman could not be satisfied until he went there himself to see. He found a job as pharmacist in Toronto and, reluctantly, Susie sold their house and moved up to join him.

Now he was happy again, with a good paying job and another house of their own. His mother had become unable to look after herself and moved in with them. Susie stayed at home and kept house and they had regular visits from their children and grandchildren. Although he still felt some bitterness about the failure of the concert business and his separation from the musical world he was comfortable and life ran smoothly for several years. Then Bob came to him with plans for opening a radio station in Woodstock, New Brunswick. Herman had doubts about building up a business in the Maritimes but his son was persuasive.

In 1959 he left his wife, Susie, to sell the house in Ontario and went to New Brunswick to sell advertising for the new station. Later his wife and Bob's family moved down. The next few years were busy. The business grew slowly and Herman, who was doing the bookkeeping and payroll, fretted and worried about the lack of money. Things were not going his way, he felt he was losing control and after a particularly trying period he had a heart attack. After seven weeks in the hospital he went back to work but he was not happy. Then Susie decided that she would take over the radio station books and he was free to stay at home. By this time they had bought a house and that responsibility, along with the pressure of working at home on the circulation of a new newspaper (another of his sons' projects) brought on another heart attack. This time the doctor told him that he could not work any longer so he applied for his veteran's pension and went home to keep house for his wife, who was still working for the radio station. He took over the cooking and other chores easily and soon had organized his own system for running the household. Once the house payments were finished he began to relax and enjoy his free time, reading and watching television.

It was during this time that he started a correspondence with his granddaughter Monica, who was away at university, and began a series of writing projects. About this time he had a long-overdue operation and, after his recovery, felt more

healthy than he had in years. After a trip to Scotland with his granddaughter he became involved with the community through doing some volunteer work for the public library. This activity and his improved health made him happy: he was closer to his family and to other members of his community than he had been for a long time.

III

HIS KNOWLEDGE AS EXPRESSIVE BEHAVIOR

In the preceding chapter I have described my grandfather's life in terms of his memory of the community in which his formative years were spent and followed his later experience in other communities. Throughout his life he noticed and remembered the expressive behavior of people around him and adopted much of what he saw and heard as part of his own self-presentation. I was familiar with this expressive behavior of my grandfather through my knowing him when I was growing up so I was surprised when he did not talk about it in his written answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire. In this chapter I discuss his expressive behavior as I have observed it and in the light of his own attitude towards knowledge and performance.

In the early 1950's, before I started school, my father, Robert Morrison, was working in Toronto, Ontario and commuting to and from our home at Lake Simcoe where my mother, brother, sister and I lived. My grandparents and my grandfather's mother lived in metropolitan Toronto at the time and every once in awhile on a weekend our entire family would drive into the city to visit with them. Sometimes we would take presents: I remember at the beginning of one such trip my parents giving me a Peppermint Patty wrapped in green foil and telling me that I was to give it to Grammie Mate, my great-grandmother, when we got there. When the long car ride was over the candy had melted in my hand and my mother took it away and said to never mind. Grammie Mate was not an approachable woman: she was a straight-backed, somewhat frail old lady who usually stayed in her own room with its rocking chair and canary in a birdcage on a stand. My brother, sister and I would go to her room with my grandmother and be presented and Grammie Mate would put her hand up to her face to shield herself from our germs. We would look at the canary for a few minutes and then go to play in some other part of the house until dinner was ready. It was during these times that I got to know my grandfather.

One of my earliest memories of my grandfather is of him sitting in his burgundy coloured padded corduroy rocker, hands on the polished wood arms of the chair, head turned a bit towards me, eyes popping wide and his mouth opening

and closing with great ohs and ahs as he sang in a quavering old man's falsetto:

> In the shade of the old apple tree,
> There's a light in your eyes I can see,
> Like the voice of a bird
> That never was heard
> As it whispered sweet music to me.[45]

I would have just come into the room or just lifted my head from whatever I was doing at the same time that his attention was taken away from his book or the television. The performance was a greeting or a simple acknowledgement of my presence and when it was over we might go back to what we were doing before.

I have never seen my grandfather ignore a child. He might become irritated with one and send it away or he might escape himself to the room he had in every house my grandparents owned, the room with his record player, television, desk, big chair and hassock, always with the same pictures on the walls: three yellowish pen and ink drawings of the desert or some other bleak place that I always thought must have something to do with the War; an abstract water colour print of a riverbank, and a picture of a rounded girl holding a peach. This room was often off-limits to visiting grandchildren; Grammie would tell us not to bother Gramp, that he was busy, and we wouldn't see him until meal time.

[45] From my memory. B Text. See, for comparison, Robert A. Fremont, ed., Favorite Songs of the Nineties: Complete Original Sheet Music for 89 Songs (New York: Dover Publications, 1973), 162.

Just the same, there were times, and they became more frequent as we grew older, that we would go in and visit with him. It was at these times that he would confront us with the question: "Why does the ocean roar"?, giving us the answer quickly before we'd had too much time to think about it. Or he would say:

> Bob Todd the Honey Bee
> Climbed way up the apple tree.
> I said Bob Todd you crazy clown
> I'll hit you with a brick if you don't come down.[46]

or he might offer to hypnotise us by stroking our outstretched palms with his own until our hands would fly up to touch his as if they had been magnetized. If supper were ready and being called he would sing: (to the tune of There is a Happy Land)

> There is a boarding house, not far away
> Where they serve pork and beans, three times a day.
> Oh how the boarders sing, when they hear the dinnerbell ring,
> Oh how the boarders sing, three times a day.[47]

Usually the verbal offensive would leave the child, used to taking things at face value, at a loss for words, which perhaps was the intention. It was only nonsense, but our parents were raising us on realism and hard fact; irony, even this uncomplicated kind, was hard for such earnest

[46] From my memory. B Text.

[47] From my memory. B Text. Compare Iona and Peter Opie, The Lore and Language of Schoolchildren (London: Oxford University Press, 1970), 88.

children (especially me) to understand. However, it wasn't long before most of us knew the repertoire and, prompted by my grandmother, had learned to say, "Oh, Gramp" in the proper belittling tone of voice, or simply ignore the performance and go on to more important things, like the glass hen that held the candy, or the television.

We never stopped to wonder about the origin of the material he used in these performances or of the longer stories we heard from him as we grew older. As far as we were concerned, they were just part of his unique way of teasing or entertaining us and not really worth pondering over. Neither did he stop to reflect on them verbally; for him they were simply bits and pieces of memory that he pulled to the surface to capture the wandering attention of a child. This was not serious or important stuff; it had some entertainment value but he never would have considered it worth recording as history.

It was this kind of material, this expressive behavior: songs, rhymes, jokes, proverbs, riddles and other word play, that my grandfather neglected most in his written answers to O Suilleabhain's questionnaire. Part of the reason for this is my grandfather's use of general statements rather than specific examples, for him a requisite for serious writing. Most of this neglect, however, was a result of his feeling

that this kind of material lacked significance in a historical study. He faithfully answered Ó Súilleabháin's requests for specific material, as when he worked his way through the three hundred-odd tale types in Chapter XIII, and even wrote down some stories not mentioned by the Handbook but he treated the stories casually and expressed his opinion that they were not of much interest in this kind of study.

Even though my grandfather was not a specialized entertainer, knowing about his use of these pieces of formalized communication is important for an understanding of his view of knowledge and it is for this reason that this chapter is written.

My grandfather has never thought of himself as a storyteller. He grew up in a quiet household in an individualistic society that did not care much for storytelling. He was educated in a tradition that said knowledge came from books, and knowledge was what one needed to get along in the world. Because he spent much time alone he was not exposed to a lot of oral storytelling. However, the familiarity with stories he gained from reading gave him a fascination for storytelling that always stayed with him and made the few times he encountered the strong personality of a storyteller especially memorable.

> And uh eventually it came so that I didn't want to leave her and when it came bed time if she was staying overnight why I'd climb in bed with her and she'd tell me stories after we went to bed. It's a great pity that we didn't have recording in those days because no doubt there are many stories that, that I can't remember [coughs]. One night we were lying in bed and we heard the [coughs] fire bell ring [coughs] and before long the fire apparatus went up by our house [coughs]. I jumped out of bed and I said, "Bejappers, Pat, I've got to go and see where that fire is"! And I was, remember I was wearing a night dress and Grandmother reached over the side of the bed and caught the tail of my night dress and she said, "Bejappers, Pat, you get back in bed, it's too cold for you to be running around like that"![49]

His attachment to this affectionate, demonstrative woman insured his remembering her stories, even though he repeated them himself very rarely. This early family influence was the exception; his mother and father almost never told stories around him and never read to him.

While my grandfather occasionally heard local stories told around Milltown and remembered them he was not really influenced by an active storyteller again until he met my grandmother's father, Sam Barter, in Hartland around 1920. Mr. Barter, who had been postmaster, storekeeper, mill and cheese factory owner at Avondale, New Brunswick, had a large repertoire of family and local stories. He also knew a great deal about local history and was a voracious reader. He and his son-in-law got along well together and the young man absorbed much of what he heard from him. Here is one of Sam Barter's stories as my grandfather wrote it later:

[49] MUNFLA 75-88, C2494, 0184. A Text.

The first storyteller he knew was his maternal grandmother, Annie Cowan Towers. Daughter of an Ulster linen tradesman who had immigrated to Nova Scotia, and with little education herself, she grew up in a tradition very different from her grandson's. She told stories, funny stories about foolish Catholic Irishmen and their adventures in the Old Country:

> Pat and Mike were on their way to town on a Saturday night. Their jug was empty and rolled around underneath the seat of their cart. When passing over a short bridge near the marsh they were astonished to hear Ghostly voices saying over and over, "Chug-a-rum, Chug-a-rum". Pat to Mike: "How did them divils know what we was after"? On the return trip, the jug now full, was standing upright between their feet. Handy for the occasional nip. When they were in the middle of the little bridge, the chorus started once more, at full volume: "Chuck-em-in jug and all, Chuck-em-in jug and all". Pat reacted quickly, beat up the horse and they rattled away to home and safety. No doubt they needed a good hooker after that narrow escape.[48]

When my grandfather was very young Grammie Towers would come to visit and tell him stories until bedtime. Sometimes she would stay the night and then he would climb into bed with her and listen to Pat and Mike until he fell asleep:

> Now when she came to our house which she did quite frequently, uh, and would stay overnight she would tell me these stories and I always was open for, for stories and I would stand in front of her or sit on a little hassock and she would tell me these stories.

[48] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.XIII,1,2. D Text.

> For years the people of those parts had told the story of a settler who became alarmed at the presence of Indians nearby. He buried his treasure in an iron cooking pot, moved to a larger settlement and never returned. It just happened that a few lads were speculating on this yarn. Knowing the location of an iron cooking pot, plans were made to bring the story alive.
> To further this end, a rumour concerning the discovery of a map, yellowed with age and half-torn, was carefully planted in the settlement.
> Some days passed as the planted story grew and was widely circulated. On the dark of the moon, the lads, complete with fake map, shovels and iron pot, made their way to an oat field owned by the so-called miser. They dug a hole, placed the pot in such a manner that it left the imprint of its round bottom and three legs on the hole, removed the pot, left a piece of the map under a clod of earth and returned to their homes in high glee.
> It was reported that the miser on discovery of the torn map, and hole with the imprint of iron pot, took to his bed several days.[50]

This story and others that Sam Barter told became part of my grandfather's memory, to be brought out on occasion when he wanted to entertain, but for the most part to make up his mental picture someone he had liked very much.

In 1922 the drug firm my grandfather was working for sent him to McAdam Junction in York County, New Brunswick to cover another traveller's territory. After dinner one night at the Station Hotel he wandered into the dining room and started playing the piano. Another salesman came up and introduced himself: his name was O'Neill, he was from Saint John and he was a musician too. On later trips O'Neill

[50] A.H. Morrison, "Newt and Sarge" column, The Bugle (Woodstock, N.B.: Bugle Publishing Co. Ltd., 5 March 1964), n.p.

brought his violin and he and my grandfather would play for sing-songs around hotel pianos. O'Neill also turned out to be a storyteller: he had a large collection of off-colour jokes and other smoking car stories which he would tell on the trains or in hotel rooms over hip flasks.

> This story concerns Pat alone. It seems, that while dawdling in the butcher shop, he had seen a small ham, just at the edge of counter. He touched it and nearly saw it fall, then with no person observing, whisked it underneath his coat, turned and stolled out, whistling as he went.
> On his way home, he suddenly realized that he was about to pass the church. Stricken by guilt, he walked up the path, hid the ham beneath the steps and went in. Finding the Priest in the Confessional, he bared his soul. When asked where the ham was at that moment, he gave its location. Then two things happened, as his penance he had to make the stations of the cross before going home and a passerby had noticed Pat secreting the ham, crept up and took it away. So, when Pat emerged, thinking to return the ham to the butcher shop, it was gone.
> Time went on until on a fine night, he had met a neighbour's wife and being romantically inclined, lured her into a copse. Returning towards home from this unexpected tryst, Pat again found himself passing the church and history repeated itself. He went in and confessed. All went well until the Priest asked him the name of the woman. "No you don't Father, I told you before where the ham was".![51]

My grandfather liked O'Neill and admired his ability to "manufacture" stories: "For instance, he would come across a good joke in a paper or magazine and a month from then you would hardly recognize it. Adding detail and dialogue he was really an entertaining chap".[52] However, O'Neill liked

[51] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.XIII, 2. D Text.

[52] MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 42.

to drink and because my grandfather did not, they grew apart, but not before he had learned a good many of O'Neill's stories.

My grandfather heard and remembered stories throughout his life but he never again knew storytellers as memorable as his Grammie Towers, Sam Barter and O'Neill. Each one of these people had made friends with him at a time when he was lonely, so it is difficult to say whether he remembered their storytelling because he liked them so much or he liked them because of their outgoing, sociable storyteller's personalities. Whichever is the more accurate interpretation, it is plain that these people had a strong influence on his store of knowledge and on his dealings with other people.

My grandfather had eight grandchildren: My Aunt Margie's son and daughter, my Uncle Jim's daughter and two sons and my brother, sister and me, children of his youngest son, Bob. All of us visited with our grandfather on occasion and we all experienced his joking and storytelling at one time or another. My brother, sister and I probably saw most of him while we were growing up because we lived in an apartment in my grandparents' house in Woodstock from 1962 until 1969. There was a lot of coming and going between the two households, especially among the children. When we moved to that house my father decided that television was bad for growing children and refused to have our set hooked up. Gramp, on the

other hand, watched his television a lot and many evenings would find us downstairs watching it with him and my grandmother. They seemed to enjoy our company and would make us treats to eat. During this period somebody gave my grandmother a pair of hamsters and before long she had a colony of the animals. All of us children spent hours with my grandmother and her hamsters, building cages for new litters and plotting genetic charts. Our own parents were busy with a struggling business at this time, both of them often working nights and weekends, and they did not discourage us from visiting with our grandparents.

It was during these informal visits that we heard much of my grandfather's storytelling and teasing. When we had been very young his repertoire of shorter forms, one line wisecracks, nicknames (like Skeezix or Jack-a-Knapes) or riddles had to do, because we were always on the go and would not sit still to listen very long. But by this time we were old enough to listen to stories and sometimes he would even reminisce, usually telling only the humourous personal experience stories, like this one that took place at Camp Valcartiers in Quebec during the first war. This is how he wrote the story later on:

> We had a real character, named Dave Foss. He was about 35 I would say and had been all over, with interminable stories to tell. Even claimed he had been a cattle

rustler in the west and sported a powder mark on his cheek to back up his tale of being shot at one time. One evening, several of us were going up to the canteen and we were passing by the tent where Dave slept but he was not sleeping, he was sitting on his blanket roll just outside the tent, with his head in his hands. Someone suggested he come up with us but he replied that he was stone broke and worse, he was as dry as a wooden leg. We walked on but someone suggested that we buy old Dave a drink, a big one. Circling back, we secured a wash tub, cleaned it out and carried it up to the canteen. When we put it up on the bar, the barman was skeptical when we told him to fill it up. He did, we split the cost amongst us and two carrying, the others following, we returned to the lines. Old Dave was still in the same position. The two carriers held the now full tub just beneath his nose and he came awake with a jump. It was some comical to see that thirsty fellow drinking beer out of the tub. We considered our money well spent.[53]

More often, however, he would tell short jokes like the ones about Johnny and the teacher:

Teacher: "What's one and one"?
Johnny: "Two".
Teacher: "That's good, Johnny"
Johnny: "Hell, that's perfect".[54]

Teacher: "Can someone give me a sentence with the words 'bitter end' in it".

Johnny: "My cat jumped over the fence and my dog bitter end".[55]

And, if my grandmother was not around:

The teacher came into the classroom and there, written on the blackboard in chalk was: JOHNNY O'NEWELL'S GOT THE BIGGEST TOOL OF ANY BOY IN SCHOOL. "Are you responsible for this, Johnny"? "Yes, M'am". "Then you stay in after school".
The next day when the class came into the schoolroom there was a new message written on the blackboard: IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE.[56]

[53] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 5.

[54] MUNFLA 75-88, C 2506, 281. C Text.

[55] Ibid., 271. C Text.

[56] Ibid., 284. C Text.

My grandfather would not make a point of telling a number of stories in a row, but used narratives in the same way he did other forms of expressive behavior, as conversational devices rather than as ends in themselves. For example, one of us might mention going to a movie and he would say:

> Do you know what happened in Saint John at the theatre? There was this drunk man in the balcony and he had to use the bathroom. He just stood up, undid his fly and let go over the edge of the balcony. There was this bald man below watching the movie and he began to feel the wet on his head. He looked up, then he got up and shouted, "Waggle it about a bit, won't you chappie, I'm getting the bloody all of it"![57]

In the same way he might be looking for something for one of us and, when he found it, he would exclaim, "'Aha'! cried the Duchess in accents wild and shook her wooden leg".[58]

His performance was always low-key. He did not use many artistic devices other than the language itself, although he did have a few characteristic, restrained gestures: his eyes popping out or darting from side to side, a tight smile, almost a grimace, and a back-and-forth motion with his hands, palms of his hands and forearms outstretched, elbows close to the body. He used all these gestures when he was describing the action of some sneaky, shifty or foolish

[57] Fieldbook 1, 75. B Text.

[58] From my memory. B Text.

character. The reaction of his audience was usually just as low-keyed as his performance, although sometimes one of us would respond with a riddle or joke of our own.

While he did not consider his joking and storytelling with us important or serious performance, my grandfather was always conscious of the devices used by performers to get across to an audience. He had grown up watching live performances at side shows, circuses, parades and Vaudeville and he was fascinated by any good performer's ability to please people. He himself had experience performing through his piano and organ playing and he enjoyed himself very much when an opportunity to enter into the imagination of an audience more directly came along, as it did when he took a singing part in a Gilbert and Sullivan production in New Glasgow and when he improvised on piano at afternoon showings of silent movies.

For him, storytelling was simply another kind of performance that could be used to entertain or influence people successfully. At one point when I was still doing the research for this study and asking him questions about storytelling by letter, he wrote me a long imaginative piece about the dramatic origins of storytelling.[59] According to this, at the beginning of civilization some people who were good at storytelling joined others with a talent for making music on

[59] MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 13-14. D Text.

primitive instruments and formed troupes of entertainers, travelling from place to place to make their living. The influence of commercialized, Vaudevillian live performance on his conception of entertainment and storytelling is made plain by this historical invention. Storytelling originated because of a human need and was met by an equally human ability and, under these circumstances, it was only natural that the exchange was an economic one. Because the actor-storyteller was dependent on the success of his performance for his livelihood he had to be aware of the formulae that would work to please his audiences.

My grandfather himself was conscious of the existence of the formulae that made up effective performance. He had been a performer himself and could be critical when watching the performance of others. He possesses a strongly developed aesthetic with regard to storytelling.

> A good story should be human, when it exposes some foible all the better, but never to the point of making someone feel foolish. Generally, should not be too long or cluttered up with a lot of explanations along the way. Simple and direct. To me, telling stories is quite another thing than writing them. One is apt to be more wordy in the latter case. Then there is the absence of human reaction. When one sits and tells, he is studying his audience and playing on their emotions. This lack of audience was the biggest hurdle the early Motion Picture actors had to jump. You have probably noticed the way an old time actor continually eyes his audience when doing a live show. He is looking for re-action, which if favorable, encourages him to do better and if not, to pull up his socks and prepare

> better material. Unless confined rigidly to a script, I have found that actors and story tellers may change pace, some vary nuances and even words, if their immediate inspiration prompts them to do so. They do not make too many mistakes.[60]

The distinction between oral storytelling and writing was an important one for him. W. H. Jansen found the same attitude in a narrator he studied:

> For him reading and hearing are really quite separate forms of experience. He enjoys them both. But his repertoire for oral performance has come almost exclusively from what he has heard.[61]

The only difference between Jansen's storyteller and my grandfather is that Jansen's storyteller has more respect for oral performance than my grandfather who feels that written work is more valuable. For my grandfather, this split view of the storytelling experience affected the way he presented this kind of material throughout his life and to me for the thesis project.

Even though he had a strong consciousness of performance style and was aware of the entertainment value of oral storytelling my grandfather still considered this medium frivolous and hardly worth spending time on, except as an

[60] Ibid., 38. D Text.

[61] W. H. Jansen, "A Narrator: His Repertoire in Memory and Performance", Folk Narrative Research: Some Papers Presented at the VI Congress of the International Society for Folk Narrative Research (Helsinki: Finnish Literature Society (Studia Fennica 20), 1976), 298.

entertainment for children. This split view of story-telling was a result of his education which had emphasized the importance of reading experience and he had learned that the most respectable way of communicating was by writing. For intelligent adults the most effective medium for stories was print and, at one point in his life, he had an opportunity to transform some of the oral material he remembered into this form.

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WOODSTOCK BUGLE
21 MAY, 1964

In 1964 my uncle, Jim Morrison and my father, Bob started publishing a weekly newspaper, The Bugle, to compete with Woodstock's long established weekly, The Sentinel Press.[62] They wanted columns for the new paper and my grandfather found himself writing a weekly piece called "Newt and Sarge".[63] He kept it up for about a year until he decided it wasn't being read and stopped writing it. "Newt" and "Sarge" were two old soldier friends who lived together and spent a great deal of their time reminiscing in front of the fire. They were pictured as contemplative men, more interested in history, religion and philosophy than in gossip. Into this narrative framework my grandfather inserted social comment based on his everyday experience and stories, some built around vividly remembered past episodes, others direct adaptations of stories he had heard from oral sources.

His adaptations of the personal memory and story material share a certain quality: a strong visual imagery that he often lets stand by itself without interpretive comment. This was writing that was meant to communicate mood but also to stand as a sometimes restrained, sometimes outright

[62] See Jeff Davies, "The Woodstock Bugle is Sounding Off Again"! Axiom, 2 (Part 1: 2, Oct.-Nov., 1975), 28, 29, 47, 50.

[63] I have a partial file of the columns, dating from May 1964 to July 1964, saved by my grandfather. They have been photocopied and placed in MUNFLA under accession number 75-88.

statement of values. An example of this can be found in the following extract from one of the columns:

> As we drove over a pole bridge, the cook pointed to fields, now covered with evergreens. "That was the farm of my old boss", he said. "Family grown up and away. Buildings fallen. They were fine people". We let him out at a small frame house. As the car started, I suggested, "We should see the place". The drive, partly obscured by alders. Beyond, wreckage of a home. Part of a shed stood. We found ox yokes, a pierced candle lantern, a pewter candle mould, an iron pot, pieces of chain.
> Looking through the jumble of the house, Sarge found a frame with weather-beaten family picture.
> Surrounding the yard, a plot. Under weeds, pickets from a small fence and a stone. Raising this we read:
> John E.....
> Amanda.....
> Bringing our shovel and axe from the car we dug in and reset the stone. Cleared the ground. Sarge picked wild flowers
> Thoughtfully we walked away, passing two maple trees. Cut into the bark of one: Two hearts entwined "J" in one. "A" in the other.
> It is time to call it a day.[64]

This passage combines visual imagery with the implicit statement: it is sad to think that all these people struggled to build has disappeared. They worked hard and were respected in their community. For that we hold them in regard and therefore show ourselves deserving of respect.

One device my grandfather used often in the column was to have an object, sight or sound stimulate Sarge or Newt's ramblings. Sometimes this "initiator" would be a real object that Gramp had seen, for example, his story of the

[64] A.H.Morrison, "Newt and Sarge" column, The Bugle (Woodstock,N.B.: Bugle Publishing Co.,Ltd., 23 July 1964), n.p.

origin of a pink gemstone left to him by his grandmother; other time he would invent one, as when he has Sarge notice a spider crawling on the wood-basket, leading him to associate spiders and witches, and then on to tell the story of Grannie Tennant. This was in keeping with his tendency to associate stories with material objects in starting conversations. He links the experience of the tangible reality of the object with the invention he feels is necessary to any good story. One of these "openers" experienced by most of the children in our extended family was his reference to the statue of two small boys that has always had a place in my grandparents' living room. It bears a brass plate with the title, "The Secret", in script. Gramp would say, "You see those two fellows standing there? One is sort of looking down with his hand in his pocket and the other is whispering into his ear. It's supposed to be that he's telling the other one a secret. But I call it "The Touch", because he's really asking to borrow some money".[65]

As well as using this device as an opener to a story, which happens more in conversation with children than with adults, Gramp uses it in situations where he is being instructive, such as when he asks a visitor to look at the Clan Morrison crest badge he has mounted on the wall above his chair as a preliminary to telling them about the history

[65] From my memory. C Text.

of the Clan. His fondness for the device is also reflected in his choice of the slide show medium for his history projects: he directs the attention of the audience to a picture of a place or an object and relates the picture to the history he is talking about, and to the music in the background. My grandfather's use of this device in conversation and in his writing seems to be directly related to his need to link human communication to solid, unchanging reality, that part of reality he understands best.

Of all the material he used in the Newt and Sarge column, one of the most interesting is his treatment of a Barter family legend, the story of Grannie Tennant. Looking at this example it is possible to follow some of the changes made in the adaptation of an oral story to printed form and also to analyze the informant's attitude towards this kind of material in terms of a larger tradition of storytelling.

Here is the story as my grandmother remembers having heard it:

> Well, the way I remember it, there was this old lady who was staying with the Barter family - this was when they lived up around Kingston, above Saint John - and things were going wrong, it was like a bad spirit in the place, and people thought it was a witch. I don't remember it all but I do remember one thing: they'd go out in the morning to milk the cows and they'd be turned around, with their hind legs in the manager and facing out. So they had a trial - a trial by fire - and they put the old lady in a chair, in a rocking

> chair by the fire, and they made a little doll and put it in the fire. And as it was burning she was supposed to burn - if she was a witch. And they say she did - writhed and cried - and her mind was never the same afterwards.[66]

The story of Grannie Tennant had been told in the Barter family since they moved from Kings County upriver to Carleton County around 1830. It had been in the family around a hundred years when my grandfather first heard it from his father-in-law, Sam Barter, in the 1920's. Sam and his brothers and sisters heard it from their grandfather, James M. Barter, and they all told it to younger members of the family. My grandmother, Sam's daughter, says that Sam's sister Lottie knew it best. The strictly oral tradition seemed to stop at this generation for, to her knowledge, none of my grandmother's brothers, sisters or cousins told the story to their children. At one point in his later life, Sam Barter had his daughter Florence, a bookkeeper for a Hartland firm, type a number of the stories, so that they would not be lost. After Sam Barter's death in 1963, his daughter Jane kept the typewritten copies among her collection of family papers and photographs, where I first saw them in the summer of 1974. My uncle, Jim Morrison, familiar with the story through Sam Barter's telling and his father's "Newt and Sarge" column version, got a copy from Aunt Jane and passed it on to his journalist friend Stuart Trueman,

[66] Fieldbook 2, 102. B Text.

who had it published as one of the chapters in his Ghosts, Pirates and Treasure Trove: the Phantoms that Haunt New Brunswick, in 1975.[67]

When my grandfather came to work in Carleton County in 1920 and started going out with Susie Barter, he heard Sam Barter telling a number of true local stories. These were not lost on the young Charlotte County man; they captured his imagination and he remembered and began to tell them to his own children later on. Among the stories he heard from Sam Barter in Carleton County were the Grannie Tennant legend and the story about fake buried treasure at Avondale, both of which he used in his "Newt and Sarge" column years later.

His version of the Grannie Tennant story, reconstructed from his memory of Sam Barter's telling, differs from Sam Barter's typed version mostly in what my grandmother calls "embroidery": the addition of colourful details, actually traditional motifs in themselves. For example, where Sam Barter's version makes no reference to the old lady's origin, Gramp's version makes it known to only one member of the community, who makes ". . . the sign which warded off the evil-eye Meg drew near".[68] Sam Barter's story has a house

[67] Stuart Trueman, Ghosts, Pirates and Treasure Trove: the Phantoms That Haunt New Brunswick (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart Ltd., 1975), 19-23. Trueman used Sam Barter's typewritten copy word for word.

[68] Thompson, Motif Index, D2071.1. Averting evil eye.

burn, mysteriously to be sure, but Gramp's version has it burn on the full of the moon and the flames that consume it are blue and green.[69] Gramp has the meeting of the concerned villagers take place at midnight while no particular time is mentioned in the typed copy.[70] While the "trial by fire" is described the same way in both versions, Gramp could not resist having the watchers begin ". . . a crude chant which called for judgment". Finally, where Sam Barter has the old lady die a puzzling, but uneventful death a few days later, Gramp has the Devil himself arrive with demoniacal laughter, the sound of hooves and the smell of brimstone and carry Grannie Tennant away.[71]

These changes, my grandfather says, were not the result of poor memory, but were made to make the story more interesting to the readers of the column. It is worth noticing the closeness of the two versions outside the "embroidery". For example, my grandfather included all the minor incidents mentioned by Sam Barter as being evidence of a witch at work, for example, food burning on the stove, apples withering on the tree, and even added a few. My grandfather's memory

[69] Ibid., E 587.6. Ghosts walk at full moon. D1271. Magic fire. F882.2. Multicolored fires.

[70] Ibid., E459.5. Ghost laid at midnight.

[71] Ibid., G275.1. Witch carried off by devil. G278.1 Marvellous manifestations at death of witch. G303.4.8.1. Devil has sulphurous odour. G303.7.3. Devil drives horse and wagon. G303. 17.2.7. Devil disappears amid terrible rattle.

was very good. On the other hand, the change made was enough for my grandmother to take offense to my grandfather's version, saying that she always kind of resented Gramp's taking her family's story and making it sound different. However, my grandfather was not the first to change the quality of the story by putting it into print. It is certain that Sam Barter himself had smoothed the story out when he had written it for Florence to type:

> Papa would tell us the story but he wouldn't always tell it the same. Sometimes he'd forget some of the things, like the things that were going wrong in the neighbourhood, and he wouldn't tell them. If he was thinking of something else and we'd ask him for a story he might make it shorter, leave out some of it. But if he was sitting down to write something, that was different. He'd labour over it, use different words than if he was telling it. He wanted it to look right.[72]

Sam Barter, like my grandfather, was part of a literate, self-conscious tradition that interpreted this form of communication as an historical phenomenon, something worthy of notice and preservation and requiring a special, artificial kind of style. Note Sam Barter's comment at the beginning of the typed copy:

> This is a tale of my Grandfather. It truly happened in New Brunswick, and any reader may decide on what killed the poor old lady - was it fright, was it self-hypnotism, or was it as the people firmly believed at that time, that the trial was a just one and the old lady guilty and therefore punished by God.[73]

[72] Fieldbook 3, 15. B Text.

[73] Trueman, 19.

Compare my grandfather's final comment in his version: "A folk-tale is a folk-tale". Both statements imply a more sophisticated knowledge and understanding of such events than was held by the originators of the story.

Sam Barter, like my grandfather, was something of a writer as well as an oral storyteller. He prepared and had published a history of the Orser family.[74] During the first war he sent regular open letters to the Hartland newspaper, describing the movements of local boys who were overseas and sending greetings and messages from those who did not write themselves. While he was living in Carleton County he sent an occasional letter to the editor, one of which still survives, pasted into a scrapbook made by his wife. It is a fanciful description of a conversation among the dead in the Avondale graveyard. They are complaining because the graveyard has been neglected and they are cold and wet. As a result of this letter, my grandmother says, people started talking and the graveyard was fixed up.[75] Sam Barter read a good deal and enjoyed writing so his motivation in writing the family stories was double: he was preserving the stories for posterity and expressing himself through a comfortable medium. He shared the split view of storytelling.

[74] Samuel G. Barter, A Short History of the Orser Family (Printed pamphlet, n.p., n.d.).

[75] "S.B.", also, "A Traveller", "A Curious Dream", Clipping, probably from the Hartland Observer, pasted into a scrapbook compiled by Lottie Barter in a used catalogue: Malleable Iron Hardware Catalogue #6. The Eberhard Co. Owned in 1976 by Betty Barter Wadden.

that my grandfather has and considered it necessary to polish written versions of stories he had heard told. Like my grandfather, he used the elaborate and decorative prose of turn of the century popular literature in his writing. He adopted this conscious style because he felt the medium called for it, even though he was aware of the effectiveness of a very different style in his oral story-telling.

If it is necessary to measure the amount of oral material to which an individual is exposed in order to place him in a devolutionary folklore sequence, then Sam Barter was more of a transitional figure than my grandfather, for he valued and excelled in both media while my grandfather was biased in favour of print, but it remains that they shared, with my uncle Jim Morrison and Stuart Trueman, a journalistic historical point of view.

My grandfather used at least one other Sam Barter story in the "Newt and Sarge" column, the story of buried treasure which turned out to be a hoax.[76] Unlike his treatment of the Grannie Tennant legend, which he let stand on its own as a piece of entertaining fiction, he included this story with other accounts of pranks to illustrate his comments on the increase of crime in modern society.

[76]He also wrote about this story in the questionnaire answers. See MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers Ch. X, 15.

The stories in the column were most often used as illustrations. They usually illustrated a point not directly related to the stories themselves as was the case with the pranks stories, but occasionally they pointed out traits of character in a description of an extraordinary, exemplary personality.

When my grandfather was growing up in Milltown he had heard stories about a Passamaquoddy Indian guide named Joe Mel who lived at the Pleasant Point reservation. Later, when he and his brother Jim set up business in Princeton, Maine, he met Joe Mel and heard other local stories about him. The popular image of the Indian as a man of nature, uncivilized in his habits but with a rich store of practical knowledge and Christian-like virtues, appealed to my grandfather and he built one of the "Newt and Sarge" columns around Joe Mel.

He described Joe in his natural setting, guiding fishermen through the Mainewoods, and repeated two stories he had heard about Joe, one describing the Indian's unfavourable reaction to the big city and another about Joe's practical Christianity which shamed his white neighbours. My grandfather did not include three other stories he had heard about Joe, stories that illustrated the less socially acceptable parts of Joe's Indian character: one about his less than gentle advice to a new fellow worker in the general store, one describing his

lack of worldly ambition and fondness for liquor.[77] In the society that produced them, these stories described and commented on Joe's character just as much as the two stories that my grandfather used in the column. However, they did not fit into the picture of Joe as a man of admirable qualities, the picture that my grandfather created in his column, so he did not use them.

For my grandfather, these stories were acceptable for telling by word of mouth for he told them to me and found them quite funny, but they dealt with topics that had no proper place in print. While it is likely that at least one of the stories he did not use might have been unacceptable to the editors of The Bugle, it is probably more important to notice editorially unobjectionable stories he left out of other columns, for example, accounts of cruel and harmful pranks that took place in the old days in his comments on juvenile delinquency. This is consistent with the romantic view of the past that my grandfather presents in all of his written work; he chooses to dwell on the pleasant, uplifting

[77] These are all traditional stories. For example, see R. W. Hyde, "I'm Sorry a Cow", Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, 26 (1960), 8; and Irvin C. and Ruth V. Poley, Friendly Anecdotes (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1946), 122. For the story about Joe Mel's lack of worldly ambition, see AT 1173a. My grandfather's version resembles the one that Richard Dorson's informant, Jim Alley, told; see Richard Dorson, "The Indian's Three Wishes", Buying the Wind (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1964), 89.

thoughts and images. If he mentions evil it is for instructive purposes, to show that good will master it. In the idealized past of his writing most people are virtuous and those who work hard and are honest get deserved rewards. While it might be admitted that people are sometimes selfish and cruel, these characteristics are usually ignored. If action takes place, if there is trouble or adversity, things turn out happily in the end: everything has been for a purpose. This is the kind of world that popular prose of the nineteenth and early twentieth century presents. Its romantic view does not appear in my grandfather's everyday talk about the past: it is part of the conscious style of his written work and is a reaffirmation of his opinion that oral communication is quite different from written communication.

Since he grew up on a literary diet of Horatio Alger stories, Chums and biographies of famous men, all of which emphasized the triumph of good over evil, it is not surprising that my grandfather chose to write in this manner. As an adult he subscribed to the Reader's Digest and enjoyed the stories of the humourist Gregory Clark, both dedicated to giving readers meaning in life and happy endings. He continued to read history and biography as well, but he did not like the increasing realism and pessimism he noticed was becoming fashionable in these popular works. For example,

I remember him complaining that public figures revealed too much about their personal lives nowadays, after he had read Lillian Hellman's Pentimento.[78] When he was reading Barry Broadfoot's Six War Years he did not like the swear words included in the speech of the soldiers.[79] He said that he knew that soldiers talked like that; he did not see why it was necessary to print those words. On the other hand, he also spoke of enjoying the irony in Broadfoot's work and this was something never part of his own writing. He read me a quotation from the book, from an ex-soldier whose mother, on first hearing of his being sent overseas, could think only of asking him to bring her back some water from the Holy Land. "That's so true", he said, shaking his head, wondering that something like this could be printed but admiring at the same time.[80] The accounts in Six War Years agreed with his own experience: he had been horrified by the destruction he had seen when he was overseas during World War I and hated the waste of war, and this is the editorial emphasis in Broadfoot's work. My grandfather, however, would never have put these unpleasant truths on public display.

[78] Lillian Hellman, Pentimento: A Book of Portraits (Boston: Little, Brown, 1973).

[79] Barry Broadfoot, Six War Years: 1939-1945 (Toronto: Doubleday Canada, 1974).

[80] Fieldbook 1, 106. C Text.

In my grandfather's way of looking at things, truth and sober realism have only a limited value as entertainment. Truth and fiction are important categories to him in determining what is entertaining and, therefore, worth repeating. He enjoys pleasing people and sees entertainment as something to make the observer or listener happy; that is why most of his use of traditional narrative and other expressive behavior is directed toward amusing the recipient. Throughout his written work on this project he mentions the need for "a laugh", as an opener for his giving a story.[81] This is to separate the narrative from whatever serious, truthful material he has been discussing. If something happens to be true and also funny, it bears repeating, but he prefers fictional accounts because true funny stories usually make some real person look foolish and their telling might hurt someone, and that is the last thing he, a kind-hearted man, would intend.

During the tape recorded interviews I asked Gramp to look over a list of his stories to see if he had missed any. He noticed that I had included an account of his visiting a medium in Boston and the Milltown legend of the Devil coming out of the Barter's safe, and he said he did not think that we should include these two in the list as they were true stories. W. H. Jansen found a similar reaction

[81] See, for example, MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 5; Questionnaire Answers, Ch. XIII, 5; Miscellaneous Collection, 13-14.

in one of his informants who did not feel that personal experience narratives were "stories".[82] According to Jansen's informant and my grandfather the best stories, the stories that entertain, are fiction. I have tried to show how this concept of fiction as entertainment was an effect of his education and early reading experience and how it influenced his own choice of writing style. It determined his attitude towards and his treatment of all the traditional expressive behavior he retained as part of his knowledge.

When folklore materials are considered in terms of arbitrary genre categories the student is often frustrated by the tendency of material to change genres and sub-genres through transmission within a culture or through variation among different cultures. For example, those who have worked with Thompson's Motif-Index are especially aware of this problem: the idea, often represented by the central action of a motif, remains the same but its form undergoes a transformation. This genre shift, which is essentially a shift in meaning, takes place when a culture or an individual adapts the idea to suit a particular social context or the individual's beliefs. So long as the student remains aware that genre categories are really only temporarily useful, these shifts may be recorded and studied in order to throw

[82] Jansen, 295.

light on the transmission of traditional knowledge.

My grandfather's oral presentation of traditional expressive material, like his written adaptations, reveal this kind of genre shift. Because of his understanding of what kind of materials should be used to please other people he changes the material he learned in other contexts to suit this end. Some of the non-narrative material, taken away from its original context, becomes amusing nonsense and, in his view, entertainment. Old Bill Hanson's pitiful rendition of "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree" went through this kind of change when my grandfather performed it to amuse me.[83]

Much of the narrative material he remembers was already useful as his sort of entertainment when he first learned it and, in a circular way, he probably selected it consciously or unconsciously for its suitability. These are the jokes and funny anecdotes he learned in all the different places he worked and lived and which he repeated to his children and grandchildren while they were growing up. However, there were serious stories he had heard told as true, legends which he remembered and retold only in dite form unless he saw an opportunity to make one entertaining. Some of these I heard only in their shortened form, like the story about why the Milltown Barters closed their saloon: the Devil came out

[83] See page 81 of this work.

of the safe one morning; and how the Indian Devil carried off a man.[84] If he did choose to tell a legend for entertainment he would dress it up so it became fantastic, unbelievable. In other words, it became a piece of fiction. The "Grannie Tennant" story he used in the Newt and Sarge column was one example of this. Another was his use of the "Devil and Bath" story, a legend which he converted to his own style to amuse a small boy. I actually saw part of the conversion process taking place.

It was during Chirstmas holidays in 1974 and Hazel and Don Palmer, friends of my grandmother's from Hartland, had been to visit my grandparents. At one point the topic of conversation had turned to capital punishment and the current state of lawlessness. Don said something to the effect that they knew what to do with lawless people in the old days and he recalled the Carleton County hanging of "Hartley" Gee and a story that was told about the wild acting people up around Bath, the home territory of the Gees.[85] I was not

[84] For the story about the Devil in the safe, see MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.XIII, 3. The story of the Indian Devil appears in MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch. II, 11.

[85] The 1902 hanging of George Gee captured the imagination of people in Carleton County, perhaps because of Gee's youth and the circumstances of the crime: he shot his girl cousin in a fit of jealousy. History repeated itself in the 1930's when Bennie Swim of Coldstream shot his cousin and her lover. Swim's hanging was the subject of a federal investigation: the rope broke and, when it was found that Swim was still alive, he was hanged again. The story of Bennie Swim was perhaps better known than that of George Gee, but as time went on, the two accounts became mixed in the memories of local people. It is likely that "Hartley" Gee was one of George's relatives.

present during this conversation and his telling of the story but from my grandmother's description of it afterwards I assumed that it was like the versions from Western New Brunswick and Maine I had come across before: A traveller approaches a small town on foot and sees a stranger sitting unhappily beside the road. The traveller asks the stranger what the matter is and the reply is that he wants to pass through the town but he is afraid, because the inhabitants have a reputation for wildness. The traveller offers to accompany him and together they pass through the town. On the other side the stranger reveals himself to be the Devil, the implication being that even the Devil is frightened to go near that place.[86] My grandfather listened to the story and, several hours later, after the visitors had gone and we had finished an interviewing session, used it himself.

My cousin, Marshall, a round-eyed, solemn boy of eight, and Grammie were sitting at the kitchen table, each with a hand of playing cards. I had come out to the kitchen door to get my boots on and Gramp had followed me, carrying my briefcase and tape recorder. Grammie said something about the joker card and Gramp said, looking at Marshall, "You know what the joker card is, don't you Marsh. That's the

[86] For a reversal of the point of the story see "The Devil Crying in Machias", in Richard Dorson, "The Folktale Repertoires of Two Maine Lobstermen", in Internationaler Kongress der Volkserzählerungsforscher in Kiel und Kopenhagen, Vorträge und Referate, ed. Kurt Ranke (Berlin: Walter de Gruyter & Co., 1961), 82-83.

devil's card. Do you know what happened up in Bath"? By this time Marshall was looking up at Gramp, who stood feet apart, stiff up to his waist, his trunk leaning forward a little, eyes popping out. "A man was going along the road and who should he see but the devil himself, sitting by the side of the road. He had l-o-n-g red horns and a l-o-n-g red tail with a fork on the end of it and he was sitting there crying. Well, the man was surprised to see the devil there but after a minute he asked him what the trouble was. 'Oh (in a high, squeaky, sobbing voice), I'm afraid to go through Bath, there are so many bad people there'! What do you think of that, eh"? Marshall gave him a long, faintly disgusted stare and then returned his attention to the cards. "Sure".[87]

This example of genre shift is useful in demonstrating how important is the individual's conception of cultural material in any attempt to record this kind of information. As my grandfather and I worked on the research for this thesis it became clear that my grandfather's understanding of what constitutes knowledge and his perception of the project itself would determine what the finished product would be.

[87] Fieldbook 1, 62. C Text. Compare Thompson, Motif Index, G303.4.1.6. Devil has horns. G303.4.6. The devil's tail. G303.4.8.7. Devil with pitchfork. G303.5.3. The devil dressed in red.

IV

HIS KNOWLEDGE AS PART OF WORLDVIEW

My grandfather's attitude towards his own knowledge determined the form and content of the collection that was the basis of this study. In this chapter I attempt to show how our shared worldview made him aware of his knowledge as a folklore collection and how he came to see himself as collector and organizer of that body of information. I describe how he finally adopted the role of analyst as well as those of informant and collector, to pull the presentation of his knowledge into a whole that was meaningful in terms of his worldview.

In the following discussion of my grandfather's ideas, I am assuming that any human communication system consists of ideas and the media used to get them across. When a human being learns to communicate he must acquire an understanding of both the ideas and the media accepted by the culture in which he grows up. This is what makes up any social individual's store of knowledge. Many of the ideas and media that make up an individual's knowledge have not been created by him; they have been learned from the other people around him who, in turn, learned them from other people. In other words, they are traditional. If folklore is viewed as this traditional knowledge, it must be accepted that a piece or segment of traditional lore or performance cannot be understood outside its cultural context, that is, in relation to the rest of the knowledge of the people who use it. In this light the folklorist's recording of the knowledge of an individual makes sense, because once the store of knowledge is collected it is possible to see how much the individual's life and his understanding of it have been affected by the culture of which he is a part.

What my grandfather gave me in his presentation of the thesis material was this knowledge; not the cultural information to which he had been exposed that did not affect him but the portion that he internalized. In the gathering of

this great amount of material his mention of certain events came up again and again. These "repeats" were indications of the importance and meaningfulness of these events to my grandfather. While it seems impossible that I could ever record the entire amount of information to which my grandfather has been exposed, his potential knowledge, the significant knowledge, indicated by the "repeats", is limited and more easily documented.

When I returned to Woodstock in December 1974 to record interviews based on my grandfather's answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire and his autobiography I expected my grandfather to give me a lot of information he had not included in his written work. I was surprised to find that, while he could give me specific examples for the generalized statements he had written, I was not getting that much new information. He had already presented me with a totality of knowledge; anything more I got from him was simply detail or development of a theme he had already recorded. He realized this earlier than I did and told me that he had pretty well exhausted his resources with the Handbook answers and the autobiography (although he did continue for a long while to send me specific examples of material), but it took nineteen hours of tape to prove this to me.

Throughout my grandfather's written work and our interviews

I noticed that he repeated certain descriptions from his personal experience using similar language and phrasing each time.[88] Some of these he put into full narrative form and others he mentioned in passing; they resembled in tone the patterned information Edward D. Ives describes in his Manual for Fieldworkers and calls "set pieces".[89] Since my grandfather never seemed to refer back to material he had given me before (when he was working on the questionnaire answers he gave me the only copy of each chapter as he finished it) I was interested in these pieces.

Looking at them closely I found that my grandfather had set them out as examples of basic truths; personal revelations that seemed to him to explain the ways things worked, either in human relationships or in nature. Some of them he consciously used as examples to illustrate a point he was trying to make. His autobiography is full of these, describing the influences on his personal development, and I talk more about these in Chapter Five. One of this kind that he used repeatedly in the questionnaire answers was the description of "P" Casey, the Irish barber who saved the orange cigar wrappers for protestant children to wear on July twelfth. He used it as an example of how well all groups from different national backgrounds got along in Milltown. Other times he recounted

[88] I am grateful to Neil Rosenberg who also noticed this and pointed it out to me.

[89] Ives, 27.

a "set piece" in a straightforward way, laying it out as a simple memory rather than as a conscious illustration of a point. All the same, these were descriptions of incidents he found interesting because they were relevant to his way of looking at things. For example, a story about an odd fishing experience that I heard repeatedly from him reveals the fascination that accident had for him, as well as pointing out his own cleverness.

> I was lying on my stomach one day after lunch, gazing down through the cracks of the plank pier. I had a few dry prunes in my pocket and while munching on these, I spit out a pit, watched it go down through the clear water - suddenly there was a swirl - a large trout had taken the pit and promptly spat it out again, hitting it a bat with his tail as he turned. That was enough, I raced up to the camp, cut a small piece of beef, bent it onto a hook with line, raced back again and lowered my lure into the water. For a time, nothing happened, then my friend returned to the scene and swam past; as he was making a turn, I gave the line a jiggle and he seized the bait and in a jiffy, I seized him. He weighed about 1½ pounds. A chap could walk all day and tire himself out and seldom catch a better trout. And did he ever taste good, broiled before an open, hardwood bed of coals.[90]

Some of the "set pieces" he used described occurrences that he found unusual and difficult to explain. In this case his expressing them in narrative form seemed to be an attempt to organize his experience into understandable patterns. For example, he often mentioned the case of a Milltown girl who lost her senses. Here are three versions of the story:

[90]MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.II,9. D Text.

I recall one instance of a girl I knew well, going insane for no reason. She shot her husband one night and then ran through the streets in her night clothes until secured. This poor soul ended her days, totally insane.[91]

This girl had a peculiar walk, seemed to be on tip-toes most of the time and when one looked at her, she was in the habit of tossing her head. In other words, playing a part. She was a few grades behind me in school, so I did not have much contact with her. My brother, who was somewhat of an expert on girls, once told me that this girl never wore any underpants and could be had without too much trouble. At any rate, she is the one who married quite a good chap and shot him one night, then went out onto the streets in her night-wear and bare feet. She was picked up and committed to the Asylum in St. John. As far as I know, she was never released.[92]

Yes, that was, actually, that was a girl who went to school a grade behind mine. And she was an only daughter and they lived not more than five minutes walk from us and after I was away from home - well, she was a kind of flighty girl when she was going to school and as I remember it she kind of walked on her toes all the time. But quite good looking. So uh [sighs] after I went in the army and was away and I - it may have been even after the first war - she married a chap and nobody ever knew what happened but it was in the winter time and he was, like a lot of other people he owned some firearms, probably a rifle and shotgun. But she got up in the middle of the night as far as anybody can judge, and she shot him about a dozen times. And, they had no children. And then she went out in her night clothes and slippers and it was half rain and half snowing that night according to what people said, and they found her wandering around the streets with her hair all over her face and everything, babbling and nobody could make out what she was saying. And as somebody ran into her on the street and they knew who she was and took her home and they went in the house and called and there was no answer so she was in such bad shape that this person went for help

[91]Ibid., Ch. VI, 14. D Text.

[92]MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 31. D Text.

> and got some other people to come. Then they started going through the house and when they got into the bedroom here was her husband lying on the bed, full of bullet holes. And uh, they sent her, of course they took her away. She never got better.[93]

Sex has always been a puzzle to my grandfather and "set piece" accounts of his sexual experiences also seem to fall into this category.

These "set pieces" in my grandfather's work appear to be representations of his significant knowledge. Although they are very personalized, individualistic expressions, probably at the farthest end of any scale made to measure traditional material, they are summaries of his understanding of life and have been shaped by the whole of his knowledge. As such, these pieces are probably the best indicators of the interaction between the individual and his culture, for they are a synthesis of the two points of view.

It has been customary to justify any anthropological study of an individual by saying that the most meaningful way of recording cultural information is in the complete context of the worldview of an individual from the culture. Information recorded in the context of an individual's experience may be considered emic, or viewed from within the culture.[94]

[93] MUNFLA 75-88, C 2515, 563. A Text.

[94] Since "etic" and "emic" are now generally accepted terms among anthropologists and folklorists, I am not going to discuss the origin and development of their use.

On the other hand, information recorded by a fieldworker from his own observation may be considered etic, or viewed from outside the culture. According to anthropologists who favour the biographical method, emic information reflects the culture most accurately and therefore it is more desirable to record the workings of a culture from the point of view of an individual who knows it, rather than from the point of view of an objective observer who does not know the culture at all.

Marvin Harris, however, has pointed out that cultural information can be presented in either emic or etic form by any informant.[95] Given the two separate points of view for theoretical purposes, the informant's from within the culture view and the fieldworker's from outside the culture view, it does not automatically follow that an informant will always give the collector information from the inside or emic point of view. Often the informant will develop an understanding of the fieldworker's aims and preconceptions and helpfully translate his information into etic terms. This, of course, in the theoretically perfect case in which the fieldworker and informant are from totally different cultures.

More realistically, anthropologists and even more so folklorists, because they have traditionally studied people

[95] Marvin Harris, The Rise of Anthropological Theory: a History of the Theories of Culture (New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co., 1968), 574.

from within their own cultures, share much of the worldview of their informants. This affects the information they collect. Folklorists especially with their traditionally rigid genre categories and elitist tastes have determined the kind of information they have received. Their informants have responded in a considerate way and given the collectors the specific information they were seeking. This was because they usually understood the folklorists' interests and motives, especially in cases where collector and informant shared an appreciation of particular forms, such as folksong and folktale. In cases where informant and collector have had a different understanding of a particular form, the folk cure or belief for example, the collector has often had trouble getting the information he was seeking. It was this sharing of point of view that helped make my grandfather such an articulate informant.

My grandfather and I were both products of an education that saw knowledge made up of many isolable pieces of information from an extremely material universe. Understanding came from organizing these pieces of knowledge in patterns, from imposing order upon them from the outside. This part of our shared worldview influenced my grandfather's conception of folklore and his response to the thesis project. Much of the fieldwork he had seen me doing involved a search for very specific material: stories of a certain kind and details of

folk medical belief. It was obvious, even without the influence of Ó Súilleabháin's Handbook, that for my grandfather folklore was easily defined and dealt with as a collection of highly categorized material. I have found this attitude common among middle class people not academically trained in folklore; there is never any need to justify to them the contents of a simple collection of traditional texts, be they tales, proverbs or remedies. They are more likely to question the value of a highly analytic study, or of one designed to reveal the attitudes and values of a group of people.

While my grandfather came to accept my being interested in a wide range of material and my repeated requests for contextual information, his conception of folklore as itemized information played a large part in his presentation of his knowledge for the project. Beyond the point where I stopped asking for material, my informant became a collector himself and continued to present his knowledge to me in various forms, but almost always as items.

I first became conscious of my grandfather's dual role of collector and informant when he started giving me "one-liners" for Allen Stairs.[96] Up until then, although he had been working on the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire by himself,

[96]See page 5 of this work.

I had felt that he was dependent on the book for guidance; Ó Súilleabháin was really the interviewer and grandfather the informant. His fascination with the "one-liners" and "squibs", however, in which I did not show much interest, made me notice how much self prompting he was doing. After awhile I came to see that he felt in complete control of the project and, apart from the pleasure that receiving attention was bringing him, he was enjoying taking such an active part in the formation of a collection.

He was intrigued by the act of remembering, of reaching into his own mind and bringing up pieces of information. Often he would let his mind wander, set off by his interest in a particular incident or person. Sometimes he would use a more mechanical method, such as going through the alphabet, in order to produce a number of specific items.

> I think you can remember watching me at times, when I would just sit and look out the window. It was then I would be remembering an event or chain of events in my life. I often could recall whole conversations, the appearance, dress or other circumstances, of people, places and things. Really a kind of self-made movie. Sometimes I get quite a lot of pleasure and too often a lot of pain. When I do this, I am often right out of my present surroundings and can concentrate my whole mind on remembrance. Thus it was with one-liners. It happened once before when you asked me for them to give Stairs. I just dropped everything, leaned back and let my mind ramble. In this present case, I had nothing much to do, was reading a dull book and while resting, let my thoughts wander until they came to the sayings. The first few came quickly, one leading to another. In doing so, would put myself back sixty odd years into the atmosphere of my youth, when I listened much but said

> little. If it proved more difficult to remember, later I would do as I once told you, start working through the alphabet, hitching letters onto consonants or vowels until a word appeared. Quite often this triggered the proper memory cell and the saying would emerge.[97]

While some of his remembering was deliberate and conscious he constantly referred to his surprise at the way items "popped into" his head, stimulated by a stray word or image, while he was involved with something else.

> Once more on squibs. I never consciously use any of them. When talking, I probably feed one in to highlight a point or to get a laugh. Quite often I say something or Gram does about a current trend or happening and sure enough one will appear. But most people would hardly notice that any extra had been added. Another stimulus is TV, the other night I was watching an ad, selling Hickory Smoked meats, at once the story about "Mother may I go in to swim" came and I jotted it down to send to you. And so it goes.[98]

While this kind of item often came to him without prompting, he never missed an opportunity to record them. He sent me over three hundred in the mail.

Six months after the tape recorded interviews I received in the mail a list of over a hundred Scots dialect terms, arranged in alphabetical order, with the attached note:

> I was reading "The Lady of the Lake". Struck a word which I did not know. After a time, I remembered that there was a glossary in Gram's Robert Burns work. When I found the word, suddenly thought perhaps a list of words commonly used when I was young might be useful in

[97] MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 11. D Text.

[98] Ibid., 45. D Text.

thesis - So, here it is.[99]

In this case, another authority, the editor of the Burns work, had set the example for recording itemized information in an organized way. My grandfather had taken it and used it for his own material. Again, he had acted as a collector, using a finding list he had discovered himself to draw information out of his memory and to impose order on many pieces of information that were, on the surface, unrelated.

Another way my grandfather collected and presented itemized material was through a kind of commonplace book.[100] In the fall of 1974, after I had told my grandfather that I was using his material for my thesis, I mentioned to him that I was interested in the narrative and personal experience material he had left out of his answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire. He responded by remembering and writing down stories. He sent some of them to me fully written out but when he found the number he remembered growing he bought a wire-bound stenographer's notebook and thumb indexed it alphabetically. Then, as he remembered

[99] Ibid., 47.

[100] Jerry Pocius found a similar book used by a Newfoundland joke teller. See his discussion of Frank Williams' "headlines" in Gerald L. Pocius, "Frank Williams: a Joketeller from Pouch Cove", (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland unpublished essay, 1974), MUNFLA 75-123, 38. Neil Rosenberg has commented on the practice of saving items of "personal culture" in writing in relation to songbook traditions. See N.V. Rosenberg, "Listening, Reading and Singing: a New Brunswick Songbook", unpublished paper presented at the Annual Meeting of the Canadian Ethnology Society, February, 1976.

stories he wrote down a mnemonic phrase under the appropriate letter in the book. He first showed me the book, its cover marked "Stories", when I came home to do the tape-recorded interviews in December 1974. It contained sixty-six entries.[101]

He did not always use the same criteria for classifying stories under letters. Sometimes he would use the first letter of the first word in the punch line of a joke; for example, under I, "I was a rat", for the story about the man who was asked whether he was going to be a man or mouse on his wedding night.[102] He also used the first letter of a phrase that was simply one of the more memorable lines in the story. "Peachums have leggums", under P, is one of these and refers to the story of Pat and Mike eating fruit in the orchard at night.[103] Using the first letter of the introductory line was another way he filed a story under a letter of the alphabet. "Johnny, how much is 2 + 2"? appears under J.[104] Sometimes he used the first letter of a phrase that described the central idea of the story, as he did with "Tally lst yr - x out second, etc.", under T, to remind him

[101] The "Stories" book has been photocopied and placed in MUNFLA. See 75-88, C2494, for his reading through the book and telling the stories.

[102] Compare Legman, 478.

[103] AT 1319B*.

[104] See page 91 of this work.

of the story about the newlyweds' enthusiasm for lovemaking.[105] Occasionally he used the first letter of a proper name to stand for the story, as he did with "Moosehead-Devil", under M, for the Milltown legend about the devil coming out of the safe of the Barter's Moosehead Saloon. Under J he put "Joe Mel - losing sports", while he filed other Joe Mel stories under different letters.

My grandfather filed some stories in more than one place. Sam Barter's humourous story about the wedding night of an old maid and bachelor he described under M, for "May I raise your linens" and also under Y, for "Your will is my pleasure, you may proceed".[106] He sometimes placed a letter after the phrase to designate the origin of the story; for example, "G" for Grandmother and "L" for Local (any story he remembered in connection with a particular community), as in "L-F" for Local, Father, after the story about Sandy and his poorly clad son, heard in Milltown from his father, and "L-I", for Local, Indian, after a story about the Indian guide, Joe Mel, heard in Princeton, Maine.[107]

There is the odd "one-liner" filed in this book, too; for example, under C, "Cross piling sawdust over a knothole".

[105] Compare Legman, 543.

[106] Monica Morrison, "Wedding Night Pranks in Western New Brunswick", Southern Folklore Quarterly, 38 (1974), 294-5. This is my grandfather's version.

[107] For the "Sandy" story, see page 38 of this work. I comment on the Joe Mel stories on page 108.

The riddle-joke, "What makes the sea wild - Crabs", appears under W. My grandfather did, however, restrict most of the material in the book to narrative, probably because the "one-liners" were easier to write down and send to me in the mail. Their presence does show that my grandfather did not really distinguish the "one-liners" and stories from the rest of the short pieces he called "squibs". For him, they all belonged to one category of communication and the "Stories" book was just one means of organizing fragments into a meaningful whole.

One possible reason for the inconsistency in the criteria my grandfather used for filing the stories in the book is that he entered the reminders as he thought of the stories, over a period of a number of months, and probably did not remember how he had done it before. On the other hand, it was not necessary for his method to be consistent as long as it worked for him. He had not intended the book for use by anyone but himself and he was surprised when I asked him to lend it to me so I could write about it in the thesis. It was a practical device designed for getting at a store of knowledge, not a polished description of the material, as was his presentation of the questionnaire answers or his autobiography.

Another of my grandfather's thesis collecting projects,

the photograph album, reflects his enthusiasm as a collector as well as his desire to back up and justify his life history as he presented it to me. It also shows how my grandfather went beyond his roles of informant and collector and began analyzing the information he produced and organized.

He put the album together shortly after he had finished his autobiography. I had not even thought of asking him for photographs at that stage. In fact, I did not know that my grandparents had a collection of family snapshots and I did not remember them ever showing me a photograph album. My grandfather worked through shoeboxes full of several hundred photographs and chose thirty-eight to represent his life story. He pasted them into an old photograph album in chronological order, grouped to describe the periods of his life as he was to outline them for me later during the tape recording sessions in an effort to organize the thesis material:

> Pre-school days. 1897-1900.
> Early school days. 1903-1907.
> The Intermediate Grades. 1907-1913.
> High School. 1913-1914.
> Pre W.W. I. 1914.
> Graduation and first War years. 1915-1916.
> Enlistment and Army years. 1916-1919.
> Civil life and reflections on the past. 1919-1974.[108]

There were not enough photographs of his early life to back up the detail he knew I wanted for that period, so the album

[108] MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 19. D Text.

resembles the autobiography in its emphasis on his adult years. Where his thesis outline lumped these fifty-odd years together under "Civil life and reflections on the past", the arrangement of the photographs in the album seems to subdivide them into groups: First working years and marriage, Life in Maine, Family life in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, His accomplishments in working and leisure life, The army years, Settled life, Woodstock and retirement years.

By selecting the photograph album, a medium that often depends on its total image for its effectiveness, my grandfather created a collection of items and transformed them by grouping them to represent a single idea: an individual's movement through life. With this, as with his autobiography, he had taken on the roles of both informant and collector and then gone on to become a synthesizer of information, an analyst.

When he was writing the answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire my grandfather found the book's constant reference to beliefs and superstitions frustrating. He patiently answered the questions that were looking for this kind of material in a variety of ways, all with the same message: there were no superstitions current in Milltown when he was growing up.

> It is real to me and probably will be to those who read; that our people at home were for the most part, simple,

> hard-working folk. They did not have the time or inclination to spend on old lore or superstitions. Most of this had apparently been left back in their old countries from which their ancestors departed so many years ago.[109]

> No, there did not seem to be any unusual rites or ceremonies in that district, probably due to the fact that it was such a diverse segmenting of racial origins, who soon became as one. Any unusual practices would soon be noticed by others as the people knew quite well what went on in the different homes.[110]

Part of the reason for his annoyance was no doubt the richness of the Irish tradition that was behind the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire's search for this kind of material. The examples that the book gave made my grandfather feel that his own material was a little inadequate. Martin Lovelace noticed a similar reaction in his informant Les Ollerton when he asked him questions based on a collection of Dorset folklore. His informant did not like being shown up as not having heard of a particular custom or belief because it reflected badly on his self image as a person of knowledge.[111] The greater part of my grandfather's frustration however was the result of his having a different view of the world than that presented by the Handbook. Coming from a Scottish Protestant background and educated in a tradition that saw modern science as the highest work of mankind, he

[109] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.V,20. D Text.

[110] Ibid., Ch. IV, 16. D Text.

[111] Lovelace, 42.

simply could not understand why people would tie themselves to the kind of traditions he had glimpses of through the book.

For my grandfather growing up, the world was a place full of material things that could be manipulated only through natural, explainable laws. He saw human beings occupying the most important place in the natural order of things and was impressed by mankind's ability to change and control the environment. Technology was a constant source of fascination for him and, while he enjoyed ". . .watching nature"., he could approach it only through one form of technology or another.[112] For example, he could not be content to observe a trout in its watery surroundings; in order to achieve the greatest amount of satisfaction from the experience he would have to get his fishing tackle and try to catch it.[113] Any kind of work operation would catch his attention and remain in his memory:

> A Rock-Crusher was bought and located on a vacant lot of land just outside the town limits. Men were employed to drill the random rocks, split them with wedges or with blasting powder, haul the smaller pieces to the crusher and have them processed. The crushed rock was raised by conveyor and emptied into a revolving drum which sloped towards the rear. This drum had several series of holes, so that, as the mix moved along, the smaller particles fell at once into their bin, the next largest into their bin and so on, until the whole was sorted. These bins had drop sides, a wagon could

[112] See MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 3.

[113] See MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch. II, 9.

> drive under the bin selected and load with whatever size was desired for the road work. The largest being used for the base and fill, then the graduated sizes were used, making a compact whole with what was in those days, a smooth surface. I was interested in all of this and must say that the road was durable. The last time I visited the old town, it was still there, now covered with asphalt.[114]

His written work was packed with examples of this kind.

While he was growing up he noticed the pride that most people took in doing their work skillfully and most efficiently and he adopted this attitude when he did work of his own. However, what was perhaps more influential in forming his desire to understand processes was part of his make-up that called for a high degree of control over all his surrounding environment. Practical knowledge was what one needed, according to his understanding of things, in order to cope successfully with one's surroundings. When one had possession of practical knowledge, he had control over everything in the environment that might otherwise be a threat. Science was a means of obtaining this kind of knowledge, and progress took place when man's understanding of science increased.

His desire to understand processes, to know how things worked, was an important part of his adaptation to life: he was always happiest in jobs which demanded organization of material and information into a working system, like his army job in World War II, and unhappiest in jobs in which he had to depend on figuring other people out, as he had to do in his

[114] Ibid., Ch. III, l. D Text.

work as a salesman. The higher the degree of control his work gave him, the happier he was with it. This is one reason he enjoyed his work as a pharmacist. As a child I was always amazed at my grandfather's having patent remedies for almost every ailment I had; I grew up depending on the doctor for diagnosis and treatment of the most minor illnesses and, although I was a healthy child, I was not unfamiliar with medical specialists.

In his answers to the Handbook, whenever Ó Súilleabháin suggested that there might be a supernatural understanding that would rival technological knowledge, my grandfather responded quickly:

> Lucky or unlucky times or days for hunting were a myth. It was more a matter of experienced hunters getting their bag, while those who were inexperienced would come back with nothing to show. The local lack of superstitions would preclude any faith in charms, spells and so on. A person heard voicing any such would have been considered "odd".[115]

> Setting forth on journies:
>
> There were no superstitions. One was ready or not. No lucky signs were looked for, only the prospects of the weather, read from the wind, sun and skies.[116]

When confronted by the traditions of Roman Catholicism his belief in science held firm:

> The Blessed Eucharist:
>
> I know nothing about this. I do not believe in

[115] Ibid., Ch. II, 5. D Text.

[116] Ibid., Ch. III, 5. D Text.

> miracles, only natural laws. As a custom of any church I cannot find fault with it, if it serves as a reminder of significance.[117]

When the Handbook questioned his own religious beliefs he replied that there was much he did not know, but he could not understand why any religion would invent reasons for hurting people who were innocent of doing harm themselves.

> . . . .There must be a Supreme being. However, I personally do not believe that there ever has been any communication between the Supreme and man. Natural forces were created for some reason we cannot comprehend. All solutions and positionings have been man-made. Knowing the limitations of human knowledge and man's attempts to always justify his actions, a suspicion arises as to the validity of many propositions. In effect, all laws of the universe are natural laws. There are no miracles which when they defy natural laws can be credited.[118]

Baptism:

> There may have been some who bewailed the fact that a poor little infant had not been baptised before it died. Can you imagine a just and merciful God denying the hereafter to a helpless child, who by some fluke, was not christened or baptised?[119]

In general, my grandfather felt most comfortable when dealing with the geography, technology and economic life of the region, those topics covered by Ó Súilleabháin in chapters I, II, III, IV and XIV. For each of these he wrote an entire booklet. For the chapters that dealt with the local people's

[117] Ibid., Ch. IV, 16. D Text.

[118] Ibid., Ch. VI, 1. D Text.

[119] Ibid., Ch. IV, 16. D Text.

understanding of life and the Universe, religious belief and custom, Chapters, V, VI, VII, VIII, X and XII, he wrote little, combining his answers to these questions several to a booklet. He felt more comfortable with Chapter XI, "Historical Tradition", and Chapter XIII, "Popular Oral Literature", but they sought information too specific to Irish tradition so he included each of these as part of another booklet. Sometimes, when he had been working through one of the difficult chapters, he would tell me he did not think there was much point in his trying to describe Milltown in terms of the Irish tradition; he just couldn't understand why any people would hold such odd beliefs. I would encourage him, telling him not to worry about the material that seemed to refer to Ireland alone, and he would go back to work, patiently writing, "No superstitions or lore" after many of the questions. He prefaced Chapter V in this way:

> What a gigantic subject is Human Life. Really I do not feel qualified to write on this. I have lived seventy seven years and have learned little. Each day brings some new problem or a new angle to be viewed. It seems that all I can do is to tell it as I have seen the review. The expressions and opinions may not match those of any other person living. For that reason alone, it may be worth while recording.[120]

[120] Ibid., Ch. V, l. D Text.

V

HIS KNOWLEDGE AS PART OF SELF IMAGE

Any individual filters cultural information according to his personal experience. His personality will partly determine what information the individual accepts as being relevant, useful and supportive and what portion he rejects as being unsuitable for the opposite reasons. In this way self image can be seen as an influence on, as well as a part of, worldview. Similarly, self understanding influences an individual's significant knowledge. Up to this point I have been discussing the importance of my grandfather's worldview in his understanding and presentation of knowledge. Now I would like to show the way his self image affected his presentation of knowledge for the project and how his self understanding changed in the process.



In reading his autobiography and while listening to my grandfather talk about his life I noticed that he used certain personal experience stories over and over again. These resembled in form the "set pieces" he had used throughout his written work and the interviews but these were revealing truths of a more personal kind: they were being used as specific examples for several large generalized themes in the story of the development of his character.

Central to his view of his own life history is the importance of the idea of success. Since my grandfather thinks of success in terms of a gaining of self esteem through knowing that he has done very well at a job and through this, provided security for himself and his family, he felt upon reviewing his life that he had failed in this double aim. His autobiography, then, constructed around these personalized "set pieces", attempts to justify or at least explain, his unsuccessful existence. The themes that run through his life history as he presents it are missed opportunity through undeveloped natural talent and pride-induced self-sabotage, resentment at his personal development having been held back, and pride in his ability to make friends and gain the respect of other people despite this. I will be discussing these themes in the order given here.

One of my grandfather's deepest regrets about his life was his failure to develop his musical talent.. When he was very young someone once mentioned that as a baby he had cried at the sombre music played during a commemorative parade at the time of Queen Victoria's death.[121] He also remembered weeping while visiting someone's house at a wedding and "Home, Sweet Home" was played on the piano.[122] He considered these events an indication of his early sensitivity to music and mentioned them, in the "set piece" form, several times during the taped interviews and in our less formal conversations. His father's refusal to consider a musical career for him is the subject of another of these accounts. Without denying that he should have worked harder on his own to study music, he uses this story to place some of the blame on his parents, who had paid for his brother James' medical education and who could have afforded to give him some financial assistance for this. Then, when he was living in Hartland, New Brunswick, a church there refused to consider him for their organist because he had once played for a movie.[123] In his autobiography he uses this story as an example of the strength of religious belief in that town but it is just as much

[121] For example, see Fieldbook 1, 13. C Text.

[122] For example, see MUNFLA 75-88, C 2502, 163.

[123] See Fieldbook 1, 33. C Text.

another example of how he missed an opportunity to use and improve his musical ability. Again, at a later stage of his life his resentment, this time directed towards a dependent wife and children, makes itself known through a "set piece": he had three offers in one year of free tuition to study music, but refused them so that he could continue to support his family.[124]

While my grandfather was growing up and receiving some encouragement for his musical talent through piano lessons, another of his talents was going undeveloped. He was good at writing and, while this ability did not go unnoticed, he felt it wasn't given as much attention as it should have been. His story about the competition for the best composition illustrates this, as does the piece about his being punished for refusing to read in front of the class:

> So, I was really unaware that I had done anything out of the ordinary. That was surely the time for someone to take me aside, point out the merits of the little story, advise me that probably I could do even better. Encouragement should have been the word, not punishment.[125]

Although much of my grandfather's resentment in these accounts is directed at other people for their insensitivity and lack of support, he does consider some of his lack of success his own fault. He attributes some of it to a kind of

[124] MUNFLA 75-88, C 2514, 339.

[125] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 2. D Text.

self-sabotage that occurred at critical times he should have gone ahead and done what he really wanted to do. This was a result of his pride and stubbornness. Again, the story of how his father refused to support his desire to study music reflects this theme, for Herman proudly refused to let his father know how much this meant to him and took the first job he could find to become independent. The story about his being punished for refusing to read his composition reveals this self-sabotage too: if he had not been so stubborn he would have found his work rewarded. The story of how he came to leave his first job in McAdam points to this also.[126] If he had not been so proud he would have endured the insult of being accused of a wrong he had not committed and would not have lost the job security he had worked hard to acquire.

Apart from his feeling that his natural talents were neglected when he was young, my grandfather always felt angry towards his parents for slowing down his personal development by keeping too close a watch over his activities. He would have like to make more decisions on his own and he felt that taking charge of his own affairs later in life slowed his progress. He was not allowed to enjoy activities other children were permitted and his feelings about this are summarized in stories like the account of his bringing

[126] MUNFLA 75-88, C2514, 248.

school friends home for a birthday party and discovering that his parents did not give birthday parties, and the one about how his parents refused to let him speak to the Norwegian girl who lived across the street.[127] He contrasts his family's attitude in this case with his father's relatively mild reaction in the story about his younger brother Art's leaving a girl's pants in the family car.[128] These stories are illustrations of how his social knowledge was restricted. In telling the story about how he had a chance to work in the Calais shoe factory and his father refused to let him go there, he refers to missing an opportunity to learn management of his own economic affairs.

Although most of these personal experience stories deal with themes of resentment over missed opportunity, some, especially in the later part of his autobiography, are a reaffirmation that his life was not always marred by these failures. Among these are the wartime stories of how he got along with his fellow soldiers and earned their respect, for example, this much repeated account of Ira McClure:

> It is odd how things happen. There was a chap, tall, broad shouldered and red-headed. He was a terror when he got drunk. Would throw things around and this would include humans, if they got in his way. It just happened, he got into a jamb. I won't say what kind. I assisted him with advice and information, which he used

[127] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 1. C2502, 003.

[128] MUNFLA 75-88, C2514, 717.

> and he got rid of his incubus. From that day on, I was his buddy. No matter how rough he was, if he needed attention, I would come quietly alongside, take his arm and suggest that it might be a good time to climb into bed. He would come like a lamb.[129]

The number of these "set pieces" drawn from the war years indicates the amount of opportunity army life gave him to demonstrate his abilities. There are more personal experience stories built around this theme scattered throughout his life history as he presented it to me, for example, the story of how he won the prize at the Barter family picnic shooting match and the one about how he discovered singer Charlie Chamberlain and introduced him to professional music, but none of these approach the wartime stories in narrative detail or strength of feeling.[130]

In his discussion of family success stories in American folklore, Stanley H. Brandes refers to what he calls "the American myth of success", a system of belief that holds that, ". . .economic achievement and social position are dependent on a person's intelligence, hard work, thrift, and a judicious mixture of similarly oriented qualities usually associated with the Protestant ethic".[131] My grandfather grew up in a society that accepted this ethic. It was an important part

[129] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 6. D Text.

[130] "The shooting match", Fieldbook 1, 62. "Discovering Charlie Chamberlain", 75-88, C 2515, 056.

[131] Stanley H. Brandes, "Family Misfortune Stories in American Folklore", Journal of the Folklore Institute, 12 (1975), 6.

of his parents' system of values and so it became part of his own view of the world. Brandes also notes the tendency of people in the larger American culture to look at the personality of the individual when judging their life according to its degree of success. He found that it was common for people who had not achieved the economic or social position they desired to tell stories that placed the blame for their lack of success on their family rather than on themselves as individuals. My grandfather's personal experience stories function the same way even though the external causes of his failures are much more immediate than most of those that Brandes is talking about. My grandfather is conscious of the way his personality influenced his lack of success but he places most emphasis on the external influences on his personality that were its primary cause.

In the course of writing his autobiography and working through the taped interviews my grandfather became more and more convinced that he had been a victim of circumstances, that these external influences which had shaped his destiny were stronger than any resistance he as an individual could have made. In a sense, of course, he was right: the early influences on his character did to a large degree determine how he adapted to the different situations life presented to him. At this point I wish to examine these influences

from my point of view in an attempt to make clear how his personality affected his store of knowledge and his presentation of it.

The value that was placed on success by his family and the larger society always made him conscious of whether or not he was achieving enough in life. It made him unhappy with his work a lot of the time and created a loss of self-esteem that affected his entire self image. This feeling made it necessary for him to keep changing jobs and locations in a constant effort to improve his lot and thus made it difficult to build up any amount of security. This in turn created more loss of self-esteem and so he found himself leading his life in a frustrating, circular pattern. Of course, talking about his degree of success in relation to the society as a whole, he did not do so badly. He spent his early adult years during an economic depression. Because of his middle-class background and his reluctance to accept any form of financial assistance, he and his family went through a hard time but they managed to survive and his children grew up, were properly educated and attained a middle class standard of living. It was only in terms of his own high standards that he was unsuccessful, but of course it was his standards that coloured his view.

The control his parents had over his activities when he

was young created resentment in him and the result was the development of a need to feel in control that became one of the strongest parts of his personality. His passion for organization, his need for habits and schedules were a direct result of this desire to feel in control:

> I suppose anybody who lives a life learns to do it in patterns. I know I do myself and if I'm taken away from my patterns I'm not happy. If I had to live in the same house with somebody who was helter-skelter I'd have to leave. Gram tends to be like that, you know. She'll come in and she's lost this, or lost that and I say "You haven't lost it, it's in the house and if you'd put it in the same place every time you'd have it". Over the years we've evolved a system of living together.[132]

For the same reason he enjoys the savour of things accomplished: after finishing a project he has brought one more thing under control. As I pointed out earlier, this quality made him very good at certain types of work and in certain jobs; he points with pride to his part in keeping track of overseas troops during World War II and to his setting up of an inventory system for Plaza Drugs (now Shopper's Drug Mart) when he was working in Ontario.[133] On the other hand, this need for control often made him insecure and anxious in situations with which he felt he could not cope. He had longed for freedom as a child but found it difficult to cope with

[132] Fieldbook 1,109. B Text.

[133] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 21.

decision making once he was on his own. He had to have everything to work with or else unforeseen events threatened to upset his carefully prepared plans. When he was not sure of his position he would return to a restrictive situation and use it as an excuse for not taking action.

The strictness of his parents' control also influenced his attitude towards his own children. Remembering times he felt unjustly punished when he was young, he was reluctant to punish his own daughter and sons. A family story I heard when I was growing up demonstrates this:

> My father Bob had done something wrong and Grammie insisted that Gramp punish him. Gramp took him into another room laid him across his knee and put a pillow over his rear end. As he began to hit the pillow with big, loud spanks he told Bob to cry and make it sound as though he was being hurt.[134]

My grandfather had resented his parents' interference in his sexual affairs as well and took care not to criticize or control his own sons' activities providing they did not get into trouble: "When Bob and Jim were growing up I knew when they were skylarking around but I never said anything about it".[135] His empathy, however, did not extend to his daughter or granddaughters. He treated them much in the same way his parents had treated him.

[134]From my memory. C Text.

[135]Fieldbook 1, 115. B Text.

My grandfather always felt that he would have liked more attention and affection from his parents. This made him eager to please people in order to have them like him and extra conscious of the plight of lonely people. He took pains to play with his own children while they were growing up and to give them more attention than he had received. This longing for affection also made him easily pleased by attention and equally easily offended by neglect. For example, in his relationship with his grandchildren, if we broke a visiting routine he would let us feel his displeasure, usually by withdrawing attention and affection of his own. His normal reaction to anything that displeases him is to withdraw and cut off communication; this tendency caused problems in his personal relationships to go unsolved throughout his life.

One result of my grandfather's being on his own so much as a child was that he never learned to analyze people very well. Because he spent most of his time by himself he did not need to understand people in order to influence them towards his own goals. His parents proved to him very early that they could not be influenced so he grew up with little interest in other people's motives for their behavior. He took them at face value and if they did not behave in the socially prescribed manner, if they were not predictable in terms of the society's values, then he was at a loss for how

to deal with them. In describing his interaction with different people throughout his life he rarely questions or tries to explain their behavior. For example, note his surprise at his father's vehement disapproval of his son's desire to study music.[136] If my grandfather had been more aware of his father's way of thinking he would not have been so surprised at his reaction. Similar misunderstandings occurred throughout his life and made him sometimes to appear insensitive and arrogant.

My grandfather's sense of being set apart from other people when he was young created in him a reserve which prevented him from joining in the activities of others even when he was no longer hampered by his parents. It made him quiet and withdrawn in company while he wanted to be more socially aggressive.

> I've never set out to get drunk in my life. Don't have much patience with drunks; I've never been drunk. In the army a lot of men would play cards after supper. I'd go off by myself. I guess what you get in the habit of doing when you're very young you do for the rest of your life. I'm not really anti-social: I have a great liking for people in general.[137]

On the other hand, probably because they sensed that his silence was not a hostile one, other people did not seem to dislike him for this. He attributes this to a kind of presence:

[136] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 14.

[137] Fieldbook 2, 35-36. B Text.

> You know, some kids that are a little bit different from the rest get picked on. I never had anybody pick on me in my life, in the army or anywhere else. There's something about me that keeps people from going that far.[138]

Certainly he always got along well with other people when he was dealing with them on the same level. However, some found him uncompromising and difficult as a manager. One very positive effect of this sense of being set apart was that it made him a good observer and I talk about this again in Chapter Six.

My grandfather's image of himself as a product of his environment really began to form after he had written his autobiography. He had never stopped before to consciously analyze his past and suddenly he saw patterns emerging in his understanding of his life that justified his personal history. After he had given me the last chapter of questionnaire answers I asked him for a short chronology of his life, just to set the answers in perspective. At first he refused, saying that an account of his life could not throw any light on the history he had recorded. I coaxed him for just a list of dates and events, saying that he was just as much a product of his environment and historical events as anyone, and, with genuine reluctance, he agreed to send it to me in the mail. A few weeks later his typewritten twenty-five page

[138]Fieldbook 1, 91. B Text.

autobiography arrived in the mail, prefaced and concluded in the same way:

> There is something I must say at once. It is with extreme reluctance that I sit here and type this story. Only on the insistence of Monica is this being written. Aside from a few small episodes, I do not consider that my life has been outstanding. Rather, a pattern to be avoided.[139]

> And now for the ending. I have not enjoyed writing this bit. It has brought back too many painful memories, of opportunities missed or botched, poor judgment and other human frailties.[140]

It was after this that he gradually began to present himself to me in a different light.

During the taped interviews, when we touched on one event of his life or another, he would give me an indication that he saw his life a little differently than he had before:

> What I am now is the addition of all the things I've ever done, good experiences and bad experiences. The bad I've always been able to laugh off.[141]

> I really think that there's only the odd person that can break away from their early teaching and environment. There has to be some burning desire, some reason for doing more. It's a matter or pride to me to see my own doing well. I like to see Jim being a managing editor and I liked to see Bob. I like to see the kids being successful; it gives me a warm feeling.[142]

[139] MUNFLA 75-88, Autobiography, 1. D Text.

[140] Ibid., 25. D Text.

[141] Fieldbook 1, 95. B Text.

[142] Fieldbook 2, 23. B Text.

It was during this series of interviews that he presented me with a title and subtitle he thought might be appropriate for the thesis. "Small Boy in Small Town" appeared on a slip of paper by his chair one day and a little while later he gave me a one page summary of his life history under this title. It was written in a more objective tone than his autobiography had been, although it was still written in the first person, active voice, and it seemed to show more acceptance of the ups and downs of his life than had his autobiography.

> As for myself. I am now seventy-seven years of age. For all of that time, I have more or less lived the life of a small boy in a small town, wherever I went it was the same story. No doubt I had many opportunities to climb higher but had neither the urge or training to do so.
> This period finds me living again in a small town and I am still a small boy, taking no part in community activities or society but living a quiet and comfortable life.[143]

Still later during the taped interviews he presented me with a suggestion for a sub-title: "Success + or - "?, a tangible indication that the idea of success had become less important in his understanding of his life: there was room for evaluation.

Months afterward he sent me another typed manuscript,

[143]MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 28. D Text.

seven pages long, entitled "60 Years Later. 1915-1975". Objective in tone and written in the third person, passive voice, it has a solid, authoritative air of detachment when it talks about the effects of an environment upon an individual:

> The environment of a small mill town at the turn of the century was hardly fertile ground in which future great or outstanding persons took root. Working hours were long, wages were low. There were few distractions or entertainments to brighten off-hours. Home life, if closed in on itself was not productive. An expansive, outgoing family might in some cases see its members more progressive.[144]

It has a kindly tone when it describes the later years of my grandfather's life:

> Today, we find all grown up and busy with their own occupations. Our Gramp now has three great grandchildren as well. He is retired and once more lives in a small town. He has come full circle, except that now he is an old boy rather than a small boy in a small town. He has returned to his own security.
> Life at 78 is surprising sweet. Enjoying good health in spite of two heart attacks in recent years, he keeps busy with all sorts of chores and undertakings. Is most happy when folks come to visit.[145]

While it is true that my grandfather wrote these pieces partly to give me an idea of the kind of description I should write in the thesis, to encourage a reluctant writer to get started on work she had put off too long, they are most significant as statements of a shift in emphasis. He was not longer ashamed of the way he had lived his life, he had done the best he could.

[144] Ibid., 51. D Text.

[145] Ibid., 56. D Text.

VI

METHODOLOGY

This chapter is a brief examination of the methodology described in the preceding chapters in the light of its value to folklore studies. While this piece of work is far from the first biographical study in folklore scholarship, it has some qualities that make it different from previous studies of this kind and it offers some suggestions for further investigation in the study of the individual in cultural context.

There has been much written in recent years in the literature of folklore about the importance of studying the life and point of view of the common, average person in any society. All folklorists seem to know that the account of the ordinary person is just as important, if not more so, than the account of the outstanding individual in understanding how a culture molds the experience of its members, and yet no one really seems interested in studying the common person. There have been few major folklore studies of individuals who are not active performers of folktales or folksong, or of some esoteric craft. Richard Tallman criticizes this emphasis on "characters" in his doctoral dissertation, and yet he himself chose a performer of a definite genre of folklore material as the subject of his study.[146] The writers who end up complaining about this bias in folklore studies seem to be those who have chosen an informant in hope of finding him or her a good or outstanding performer of one genre or another and have found that their choice, after all, is just an ordinary person with no particular artistic talent. Ellen Stekert describes an experience like this in an article entitled, "The Hidden Informant". Her point, that "... because a man was not an outstanding performer does not mean that he was not a perceptive observer" is a good one, and

[146]Tallman, 61.

yet her awareness of this still could not compete with her interest in specialized performers.[147]

The emphasis on specialized performance in folklore studies was a result of the influence literary studies had on the discipline. In the view of the folklorist interested in performance, folklore is considered art, naive or unsophisticated art, but art all the same, with the implication that it has a creative rather than an imitative origin. The "star" performer of any genre of folklore is an artist; viewed in this way the emphasis must fall on his creativity rather than on that part of his knowledge that he shares with everyone else in his society. It is impossible to talk about the importance of studying the ordinary individual and at the same time believe that some performers' knowledge or "material" is better than others. Folklorists have been allowing their own aesthetics to influence their research for a long time.

Edward D. Ives, whose interest in the individual as a member of culture came from his literary-artistic view of folklore, has been one of the few scholars to consistently support his expressed view that folklorists ought to study ordinary people, but even he has done this through his involvement with an oral history archive which has a strong

[147] Ellen Stekert, "The Hidden Informant", Midwest Folklore, 13 (1963), 23.

occupational (rather than generic) emphasis. His own work has concentrated on creative individuals. While Ives argues that the distinction is overemphasized, there can be no doubt that most folklorists consider the creative-imitative performance dichotomy as important idea in folklore theory and follow in the tradition of genre-oriented studies.[148]

It is indicative of the folklorists' lack of interest in the life histories of ordinary individuals that there have been only three major studies of this kind. Wayne Reuel Bean, a student of Edward D. Ives, recorded the experiences of a Maine man and edited them into book form. "Me and Fannie: the Oral Autobiography of Ralph Thornton of Topsfield, Maine", is the account of a man who worked on the farms and in the woods of the northeast all his life and remembered the traditions of the communities of which he was a part, but who never became well known for any part of his self expression.[149] He just happened to be someone Bean knew well and he happened to be willing to present Bean with part of his memory. The Little Nord Paster: Reminiscences of a Placentia Bayman was the written account of an ordinary

[148] Ives, 8. For one of the most detailed discussions of this problem in published folklore scholarship, see Henry Glassie, "'Take That Night Train to Selma': an Excursion to the Outskirts of Scholarship", in Folksongs and Their Makers, ed. Ray B. Browne (Bowling Green: Bowling Green University Popular Press, 1971), 1-70.

[149] Wayne Reuel Bean, ed., "Me and Fannie; the Oral Autobiography of Ralph Thorton of Topsfield, Maine", Northeast Folklore, 14 (1973), 1-94.

Newfoundland man, Victor Butler. Wilfred Wareham, a Memorial University of Newfoundland folklore student, knew Butler and was interested in the written history he had produced on his own, so he had it published with an explanatory introduction as the first Newfoundland study of its kind.[150] Linda Dégh's People in the Tobacco Belt: Four Lives describes the life histories of four people who do not possess any particular artistic talent, although Dégh is interested in pointing out the creativity in their narrative accounts. She recorded these and other ordinary life histories when doing research in Hungarian-Canadian communities for the National Museum of Man.[151]

I have never seen a folklore study based on an informant's written response to a written questionnaire, so it is difficult to make comparisons with my grandfather's work. Tomas O'Crohan's The Islandman comes very close in tone to what my grandfather gave me but it was conceived and produced as literature rather than as a folklore study.[152] O'Crohan wrote the account of his life in a rural Irish

[150] Victor Butler, The Little Nord Easter: Reminiscences of a Placentia Bayman (St. John's: MUNFLA Publications (Community Studies Series, No. 1), 1975).

[151] Linda Dégh, People in the Tobacco Belt: Four Lives (Ottawa: National Museums of Canada (National Museum of Man Mercury Series, Canadian Centre for Folk Culture Studies, Paper No. 13), 1975).

[152] Tomas O'Crohan, The Islandman (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1935).

community as a series of letters to a literary man who suggested the idea to him. It would seem that there is a basic difference between the individual who decides to record his own life history by himself and the individual who presents it on a researcher's request, but it is my opinion that this is a superficial distinction. Both types of individual share the motivation to express themselves; they are somthing like what literary scholar Walter Teller calls the "naive genius":

> An exceptionally well endowed person who has had little schooling and in general is unaware of the conventions and traditions of literature and art.... Feeling a deep need to express himself, he turns unself-consciously to recording and describing what he knows and lives with. He seldom thinks of himself as making a contribution to literature, but even when he has literary aims his writing remains incidental to his occupation or situation. Locked in his own experience, he is usually a one-shot writer.[153]

Being a literary scholar Teller does not take into consideration the cultural influences that no human individual escapes; he sees his naive genius isolated and inward-looking. His main point, however, applies to the kind of people I have been discussing; these people have a need to express themselves. In some of them the need is strong enough to make them find a way of expressing themselves on their own; in others it takes someone being willing to listen and observe to bring their story out.

[153] Walter Teller, ed., "Introduction", Twelve Works of Naive Genius (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, 1972), xi.

> I wasn't one of the crowd, you know, and I had plenty of chance to stand and look.[154]

Perhaps the strongest influence on my grandfather's ability to produce the descriptions of the community he had left fifty years before was his sense of being set apart from other people when he was growing up. His parents' strictness and his own unagressive personality made him a lonely, quiet person who stood back and watched other people and activities more often than he joined them. He very much wanted to be sociable, and to do everything his contemporaries did. He did not take refuge in aloofness and ignore their activities but remained interested and watched. In this way he became a good observer, because he did not turn his interest inward. At one point during the tape recorded interviews, perhaps a little weary of my constantly asking "why", he responded:

> Well, what makes it difficult for me, although I try not to hesitate, is that we never questioned these things, to see why something was done. We just did it. I just went day to day and I did what I had to. I think I wrote you in a letter that I wasn't too introspective.[155]

He was not an analytic observer because he was enough a part of the culture at the time to consider its activities normal ones. That is what made it hard for him to accept

[154]Fieldbook 1, 89. B Text.

[155]Fieldbook 1, 107. B Text.

being left out of so many of them. It was this gap between knowing what was usually done and actually doing something else that made my grandfather watch and remember.

This idea that an individual who feels set apart from others in the society will become a good observer of that society is borne out by biographical accounts. The sense of being different and wanting intensely to be the same as everyone else is beautifully described by Flora Thompson in Lark Rise to Candleford when she tells about Laura hiding her lace-trimmed drawers in a haystack.[156] This girl was set apart from other children in a rural English community by her family's closer to middle class consciousness; while they did not have much more money than other families in the village, they had a knowledge of a different way of doing things, of what they considered better times. Her father had more education than other men in the district and reading was encouraged in her home. So Laura, actually Flora Thompson herself, grew up watching everything that went on around her in the community and many years afterward produced a description of almost unbelievable detail and accuracy. Her sense of being different had made her a good observer; her consciousness of the existence of another way of life made the minutae of village life interesting to her.

[156]Flora Thompson, Lark Rise to Candleford (London: Cox and Wyman Ltd., 1974), 20.

There are good examples of this, too, in the biographical literature of folklore. Jean Ritchie in Singing Family of the Cumberlands tells how her family considered itself more sophisticated than others in the district and how she developed an historical consciousness at an early age.[157] Fleetwood Pride, and individualistic Maine woodsworker who became a successful businessman by pulling himself up by his own bootstraps, was a clever child who felt left out because he was not sent to school as his brothers were.[158] Victor Butler, a Newfoundland "jack-of-all-trades", was an only child, closely watched by his parents and a good student.[159] All these individuals decided at a later period in their lives to record the contents of their memories because they knew from having had a different experience that the traditions of the small, inward-looking communities in which they had grown up were interesting and worthy of attention. Of course, it is impossible to ignore the personal satisfaction these people gained from talking about themselves at such length and in such detail, but all the same, the characteristic tone of their work is not one of boastfulness or self-concern but rather one of fascinated admiration for

[157] Jean Ritchie, Singing Family of the Cumberlands (New York: Oxford University Press, 1955).

[158] David C. Smith and E.D. Ives, eds., "Fleetwood Pride: the autobiography of a Maine Woodsman", Northeast Folklore, 9 (1967), 5-60.

[159] Butler.

the people and events they are describing. This is the same tone I found in my grandfather's written descriptions of Milltown. Although he, unlike Thompson, Ritchie, Pride and Butler, had to be prompted to produce his view of the community and of his own life, he shared the experience that made them all good observers.

It would be impossible to discuss the methodology of this study without referring to the Ó Súilleabháin Handbook and its effect on my grandfather's presentation. The study would not have been made without the questionnaire; it was the "initiator" that brought about the existence of the larger, more personal statement.

One outstanding characteristic of my grandfather's answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire is the objective, generalized style in which they are written. He carefully left himself out of the picture most of the time he was writing and avoided the use of specific examples throughout the work. This relates directly to his view of knowledge as objective, sharable information. His formal schooling had taught him that this was the way to present serious and truthful information and it was a style he was familiar with in his reading. When we worked through the Handbook material during the tape recorded interviews he had no trouble giving specific examples for the generalized statements he had

written: the medium had changed and I had made it clear that this was what I was looking for. Ó Súilleabháin's Handbook does not do this very clearly; it phrases its questions in an objective way, often asking what was customary rather than what happened in a particular situation. It uses the imperfect, rather than the perfect, tense in the sense of its questions. For example, the question is asked, "Were certain types of work done outside or indoors after dark? Give accounts of these".[160] rather than, "Did anyone work outside or inside after dark? Who? When? What kind of work? Was this usual or unusual"?[161] Ó Súilleabháin remarks in the Preface that, in constructing the Handbook, he changed the Swedish classificatory system which had one chapter for Memorat (Individual Biographies, Personal Experiences and Reminiscences) and incorporated this material throughout the book. While this appears to have been done sporadically my grandfather did not seem to respond to the presence of this type of question. It seems that it would be necessary to ask after every question for specific personal examples in order to get them consistently.

My grandfather's response to the questionnaire form itself was to read through a chapter, putting down answers

[160] Ó Súilleabháin, Ch. IV, 126.

[161] E.D. Ives discusses this problem in his Manual for Fieldworkers, 26-27.

roughly and then write them in sentence and paragraph form in order to make the chapter read as a cohesive, narrative whole. It was obvious that he disliked the plainness of the questionnaire form. However, when he was dealing with difficult or very specific material he would write down a subtitle and his response underneath, as in:

Grave Robbing.

Never heard of a case in our area.

Even with his effort to pull the itemized information into a readable whole, he departed from the structure of the Handbook only once, at the end of Chapter XIV when he had finished all the questions. Then he wrote a sentimental and fanciful story about Sandy, Milltown's fire department horse. Perhaps my grandfather had come to the end of the work too suddenly, when he had not yet run out of steam and felt that the work needed a more graceful conclusion. Or perhaps he felt that the story, about a work horse who is forced to retire and dies from a sense of being no longer needed, was somehow significant to his own life.

I spent several months making a subject index of my grandfather's answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire and through this long and somewhat tedious exercise learned that the form of the Handbook had little influence on the finished form of his work. Its organization had served to make my grandfather comfortable with the information he was bringing

up from his memory for, as I have discussed before this, he likes systems and outlines. The Handbook could not, however, be used as a descriptive guide to the work my grandfather produced.

Looking at the detailed table of contents of the Handbook it is not possible to locate my grandfather's reference to a particular subject. As he wrote his answers, association and memory, more than the Handbook's categories, determined where any given subject would be discussed. For example, my grandfather's description of the high degree of religious tolerance in Milltown appears under "Local Festivals" in Chapter VIII, page 21, in relation to St. Patrick's Day; in Chapter I, page 8, when he is talking about sayings about persons and places, in relation to questions about blason populaire; and in Chapter IV, page 15, under "The Practice of Religion". This is an obvious point to make in the discussion of a book that was designed to jog the memories of informants rather than to classify cultural information, but it throws light on the complicated relationship between any body of cultural material and an individual's understanding of it.

It is generally understood among people who study culture that no individual will respond positively to every question asked him about his own culture. As Ellen Stekert puts it:

"No individual represents the folklore of a community in its entirety; rather his experiences and psychological makeup determine to a large degree what he remembers".[162] An individual never remembers events in isolation. Folklore is a part of his total knowledge and it exists in relation to all of the information in his mind. That is why it is impossible to talk to someone about the story of a murder without getting their view of the capital punishment issue, and that is why my elitist folklorist's mind was surprised when a woman told me she charmed blood over the telephone. My grandfather found that a category of the Handbook would make him think of a related topic and he would choose to discuss it in the immediate context that his memory presented rather than to look forward through the chapters to see whether that topic was covered somewhwere else. No doubt, this also has something to do with the desire to make his work read as a whole rather than have it a series of short, unrelated responses to the questions. Perhaps an informant who was less conscious of writing style would have produced a manuscript with more predictable locations for his material. At any rate, indexing my grandfather's questionnaire responses provided a means of finding specific items and made me conscious of the importance of his point of view.

For an informant who is comfortable with and respects

[162] Stekert, 24.

the medium of print the Ó Súilleabháin' Handbook is a good choice simply because it is in book form. Its impressive size and sober approach gives a collecting project respectability and makes the informant feel that the information he is giving has the approval of an authority. It gives him confidence that the everyday knowledge he has, common as it is, is valuable to learned people. For a fieldworker to ask an informant to write an account of his growing up experience without giving him an authoritative guide like Ó Súilleabháin would be to leave open the possibility of the informant's worrying that other people might criticize his dwelling on frivolities and his own ordinary experience. With the book nearby he can point to it and say that he is only writing about what the book has asked for.

These comments are meant to describe a situation in which an informant is going to write an account of his experience but in an oral interviewing situation the fieldworker's presence would function in the same way that the Handbook does. The informant, asked why he is talking about "that old stuff", can point to the interviewer as the person who is responsible for the whole business. Any questionnaire, then, merely replaces the live interviewer and its effectiveness really depends on the informant's attitude towards the project, his motivation. With a literate, highly motivated individual, any questionnaire would work but the Ó Súilleabháin Handbook is one of the most detailed available and, because

it appears in proper book form, rather than as a mimeographed sheet, it is good for the informant who responds well to the medium of print.

With these observations in mind, I believe that the Handbook and questionnaires like it are useful but not essential in the recording of the lives of individuals in tradition. An informant who is motivated to record part or all of his life experience will do it regardless of the fieldworker's methods. It is likely that he will present his knowledge more or less in the same way whatever interviewing techniques the fieldworker uses. The Irish Folklore Commission has in its collections the written responses to the whole of the Handbook of a number of individuals, one of them an Irish policeman who described all the events and traditions refetred to in the questionnaire in terms of how he viewed them each day while walking his beat.[163] The informant's understanding of the world and his viewpoint will determine his significant knowledge and the way he presents it.

While the personal view of history that my grandfather presented in his answers to the Ó Súilleabháin questionnaire cannot be accurately described as "oral history", in essence it is the same kind of account that oral historians collect with their note taking and tape recorders. It is possible

[163] Kevin Danaher, personal communication, 18 February 1976.

also to subject his account to the same kind of analysis that is part of oral history methodology and compare his account with the larger, established historical view. Doing this points out the value to the cultural historian of the kind of material my grandfather presented; any diachronic study of culture could be enriched with accounts like his.

My grandfather described Milltown's social order in this way:

> In all four of the local communities, and taking in the surrounding countryside, most people were near enough the same level of social and economic being. Workmen, bosses and owners attended the same churches, fraternal and social organizations. Their children attended the same public schools, up to college age. It was common for men to address each other by their christian name and not often to bestow on them any recognition of a superior status.
> Of course, there were personal prejudices and petty jealousies. But all in all, a level of togetherness more real than exemplified.[164]

The picture of Milltown presented by my grandfather as an orderly, peaceful place where people co-existed effortlessly is for the most part borne out by historical sources. While it could be argued that the middle class security in which he was raised and his protected home life shielded him from social conflict and thus coloured his view of Milltown society, it remains that everything that I have seen written about this region and this period supports his picture. There were no

[164] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch.IV, 1. D Text.

major upsets, conflicts or disasters in the life of the community while my grandfather was growing up.

T. W. Acheson, in a social history of Charlotte County, attributes this peacefulness to the stability of the area's population: ". . . with few immigrants and a heavy emigration there appears to have been a growing social cohesiveness, and the acceptance of a common community value system throughout the community".[165] During an earlier period the Irish Catholic immigrants met some opposition because they competed for labouring jobs and because their religion threatened the established protestantism of the area but, as Guy Murchie writes:

> The immediate social problems of the Irish immigration had disappeared by 1900.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> The relative stability of the population resulted in an increasingly homogenous group into which a small but perennial trickle of Americans and Nova Scotians was readily absorbed.[166]

Apart from the annual Hibernians and Orangemen's parades, each led by a band composed of members of both groups, my grandfather never saw any exchange of hostility between Irish people and those of English or Scottish descent.

The industrial centre of the town, the textile mill, ran

[165] T.W. Acheson, Denominationalism in a Loyalist County: a Social History of Charlotte 1783-1940 (Fredericton: University of New Brunswick M.A. Thesis, 1964), 169.

[166] Guy Murchie, St. Croix: the Sentinel River (New York: Duell, Sloan and Pearce, 1947), 294.

smoothly enough during my grandfather's years there, providing steady employment for anyone who wanted it, its management policies rarely questioned by its employees. There was an occasional strike, one in 1903 when my grandfather was six years old, but the workers of Milltown were not union oriented.[167] As R. S. Lynd explained the working class acceptance of existing conditions in Middletown, their lack of interest in labour organization was probably the result of people coming from rural districts, "... close to the network of habits of thought engendered by the isolated, self-contained enterprise of farming".[168] While my grandfather's father was an overseer at the mill my grandfather never felt that he was treated differently by anyone because of it.

Milltown had once been notorious for its rum drinking and public fighting but that went back to the 1830's and most of it had ended by 1878 when the federal Scott Act was passed.[169] Milltown elected to become a "dry" town and before long a number of illegal bars had a flourishing business.[170] My grandfather was aware of this illegal business and even witnessed a raid one time, and he gave it as much attention in his presentation of the life of the community

[167] Harold A. Davis, An International Community on the St. Croix (1640-1930) (Orono, Me.: The University Press, 1950), 260.

[168] R.S. and H. M. Lynd, Middletown in Transistion (New York: Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1929), 453.

[169] Davis, 137.

[170] Ibid., 300f.

as the town itself gave it at the time. It was more or less accepted practice in the community and legal intervention was rare, as was the case with smuggling. The gleaming government revenue cutter Curlew patrolled the international waters of the St. Croix while the almost institutionalized practice of moving goods from one side of the border to the other went on as usual.[171]

The region's last major natural disaster had been the Saxby Gale, which had destroyed Milltown's Universalist Church in 1869, two generations before my grandfather's time.[172] He put it this way:

> I believe that the climate in our area must have been equable and no great extremes were expected from year to year. I remember dry summers and wet, cold winters and moderate, snowy seasons and some with little snow. These must have come within tolerable limits for there never seemed to be a great scarcity of any land-grown produce. It is also worth remarking that we had no floods nor dust storms. This was fortunate as the ground itself was not capable of sustaining growth under adverse conditions.[173]

One characteristic of the community that my grandfather emphasized was the spirit of cooperation that existed among the four border towns. Their close ties had become an

[171] Ibid., 142, 300 ff.

[172] Ibid., 305.

[173] MUNFLA 75-88, Questionnaire Answers, Ch. VI, 6. D Text.

historical tradition by the time he was growing up and he was familiar with and reproduced the story of the gunpowder exchange that is said to have taken place during the British-American War of 1812-14:

> However, it was a common pride amongst all the people I grew up with, that no shot in anger was ever fired on either side against their neighbours. What a wonderful example. As a matter of fact, when some of our troops were stationed briefly on the border, they were asked to lend some gunpowder to those on the other side so that they could fire a ceremonial salute on July 4th. This they did, while the War Dogs howled at the mere notion.[174]

This and other examples of mutual cooperation among the four towns have been recorded in many printed sources.[175]

Reinforced in his way by historical studies, my grandfather's descriptions of his early life and his community are useful to the historian as well as to the folklorist. It is rare that an individual will not describe his life in terms of and in measurement against the society of which he is a part. It is possible, therefore, to consider accounts of this kind as historical representations as well as presentations of individual experience.

The greatest value to the folklorist of the kind of methodology I used in this study lies in the motivation of

[174] Ibid., Ch. IV, 25. D Text.

[175] See, for example, John Porteus, "We Was Here First"!, Reader's Digest, 106 (1975), 144-148; and Maxwell Veysey, "The Community Trio of St. Stephen, Milltown and Calais", Atlantic Advocate, 36 (1945), 5-13.

the informant. Obviously, if informant and collector are from the same family there will be a high degree of mutual understanding and rapport, but more important is that the informant and fieldworker like each other, and a friendship can exist between any two people.[176] The informant's willingness to participate is what makes a long and detailed study possible. The informant has to be patient to continue to supply contextual information long after he feels that the important statement has been made, and what gives him this patience is his liking for the fieldworker. There were many times I felt I was taxing this patience in my grandfather but he always responded promptly to my requests for more examples and never criticized some of my more questionable ethnographic methods.

[176] Grandparents are an obvious choice when folklore students are looking for informants. I have not, however, seen evidence that suggests they make better informants than anyone else. See Marilyn Gittell and Herb Mack, What Was it Like? When Your Grandparents Were Your Age (New York: n.p., 1976); June Gillen, "Love From a Swedish Grandfather", New York Folklore Quarterly, 9 (1955), 268-272; William Hardin, "Grandpa Brown", Publications of the Texas Folklore Society, 29 (1959), 58-68; Edwin Hunter, "My Grandfather's Speech", Tennessee Folklore Society Bulletin, 17 (1951), 42-3; Miriam White, "Legends From an Adirondack Grandfather", New York Folklore Quarterly, 22 (1966), 132-142; Susan Woodward, "A Grandfather's Tales of the Lowry Brothers", North Carolina Folklore, 10 (1962), 17-20; Don Yoder, "Folk Cultural Questionnaire Number 37: Grandparents in Traditional Culture", Pennsylvania Folklife, 23 (1974), 49.

Of course, being close to his informant brings about the possibility that the fieldworker will be hampered in his research and analysis by the subjective feelings which colour his view of the informant. I was probably hampered in my research by my subjectivity in that I confined my questioning to areas I had always known were familiar to my informant. Quite often, however, I would be surprised by his account of an experience I had no idea he had been exposed to and through this revelation my knowledge and understanding of him changed. I was fortunate in that my grandfather felt that he was not restricted to talking about either Ó Súilleabháin's or my favourite topics, but again, I feel that this kind of informant will present the information that is most important to him, regardless of the emphasis of the researcher. One reason I feel that I was able to maintain an objectivity about my grandfather and his life is that he himself encouraged me to step back and view him as an individual rather than as my grandfather, my grandmother's husband or my father's father. By showing me how he perceives himself he made it possible for me to combine that with my own view and produce a more objective one.

With all the benefits to the discipline and folklore archives in mind, a study like this one cannot be considered successful unless it has been satisfying for both informant

and fieldworker. This project has been of personal benefit to me in that I have gained a better understanding of my grandfather and, through him, of my entire family and of my own way of looking at the world. My grandfather summed up his feelings about the project in this way:

Some thoughts re O'Sullivan text book.

I heard from Monica last year about a book she had containing many questions. She was wondering if I would care to answer some of these just for the fun of it.
When Monica came home for Summer vacation, she brought the book with her and then to me. I looked it over and was astounded to find it lengthy and the questions covering such a wide range of life.
Not to be discouraged by all of this, I sat down and tried a few questions and found that if I just let the answers come naturally, that I was getting along. I did not try at any time to wrack my brain for answers, just wrote what I knew, at once.
Working every day for an hour or so, I finished the first chapter and gave it to Monica. She seem to like what she read. So I continued.
Just about the time Monica returned to University, I finished the last chapter. It was then she asked me to write my autobiography. I was most reluctant to do this, did not consider my past life to be worth recording. However, she inisted and I gave in, sending the finished script to her at the University.
In both of thes cases, I am quite sure that I would not have written either for any other purpose or person.
The outcome of this of course, is the happy times we now having as I record for her memories and anecdotes of the past.
When she finishes her work, it will be my greatest pleasure to hear that it has been accepted and has helped her to gain her Masters Degree.
Perhaps my life has not been a total waste after all.[177]

[177]MUNFLA 75-88, Miscellaneous Collection, 29. D Text.

VII

CONCLUSION

This study has examined the life experience of an individual as he remembered and presented it informally in his day to day dealings with other people and formally in response to examination by a student of folklore. It described his reaction to being considered a representative of a society no longer in existence and his interpretation of that society and the experience he gained from it.

A description of the origin and development of the fieldwork project upon which this study was based was given and its original aims were contrasted with the information it finally produced. An examination of his life history with emphasis on the formative years spent in his home community presented the sources of his knowledge. His selection and use of parts of his knowledge as expressive behavior was considered in the light of his reaction to the collecting project. The way his worldview affected the presentation of his knowledge was discussed, and it was shown how it is possible, with an understanding of this worldview, to record the whole of an informant's significant knowledge. The informant's self image determined the manner in which much of his knowledge was presented and the changes that took place in his attitude towards his life history during the collecting project were described. The importance of the fieldworker's constant awareness of such changes in an informant's self image was emphasized.

The methodology of the fieldwork project was considered in relation to previous biographical studies in folklore scholarship and it was concluded that the motivation of the informant to present his knowledge and view of the world is the most important element in studies of this kind. The methodology is of secondary importance. The study demonstrated

the usefulness to folklore scholarship of an articulate, literate individual's presentation of his knowledge and reconfirmed what many folklore fieldwork projects have shown, that such studies can be as rewarding to the informant as to the fieldworker.

A Note on the Bibliography

To make this jumble of seemingly unrelated references more useful to the folklore student interested in biographical studies I have included part of the bibliography of an essay I wrote for Lawrence Small's History of Folklore Studies course at Memorial University of Newfoundland. The bibliography of my essay "Biographical Approaches in American Folklore Study"[178] did not include a complete list of studies of individuals made by folklorists but selected references that illustrated the following argument: that American folklorists have been biased in their study of individual informants because of the importance of the idea of creativity and the view of the folklore performer as an artist, an elitist emphasis in a discipline that professes to study common people. The essay described some of the interdisciplinary and historical influences on the development of these ideas but I have not put references to these in this bibliography. I have included only the references to biographical studies made by folklorists (and a few not made by folklorists but that have been adopted by folklore studies, like Peig Sayers' An Old Woman's Reflections[179]) and discussions by folklorists of the value of biographical work. From reading through these it is possible

[178] Monica Morrison, "Biographical Approaches in American Folklore Study", (St. John's: Memorial University of Newfoundland unpublished essay, 1975).

[179] Peig Sayers, An Old Woman's Reflections (London: Oxford University Press, 1962).

to see the trends that favoured this emphasis in the American discipline: who was interested and in what way.

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APPENDIX A: CONTENTS OF THE COLLECTION

My grandfather's collection has been accessioned under the Memorial University of Newfoundland Folklore and Language Archive, accession number 75-88. Except for the computer printout of the index to the questionnaire answers and the tapes, the parts of the collection placed in the archive are photo copies; I have the originals. The only portion of the collection the researcher will not be able to find in the archive is what I have entered in my field notebooks.

1. The Questionnaire Answers and The Autobiography.

Nine handbound, typewritten booklets:

"Notes on Questionnaire, Scotch Ridge; Milltown, N.B." Ch. 1. 16 pp.

"Chapter II. Livlihood and Family Support". 37 pp.

"Chapter III. Communications and Trade". 16 pp.

"Chapter IV. The Community". 26 pp.

"Chapter V. Human Life". 20 pp.

"Chapter VI. Nature. Chapter VII. Folk Medicine. Chapter VIII. Time". 25 pp.

"Chapter IX. Principles Popular Belief. Chapter X. Mythological Tradition. Chapter XI. Historical Tradition. Chapter XII. Religious Tradition". 24 pp.

"Chapter XIII. Popular Oral Literature. Chapter XIV. Sports and Pastimes. Sandy". 21 pp.

"The Life and Times of A. H. Morrison". 25 pp.

2. The Tape Recordings.

Nineteen one-hour length recordings:

C2494 17 December 1974

C2491 18 December 1974

C2492 20 December 1974

C2506 21 December 1974

C2493 26 December 1974

C2497 27 December 1974

C2505 27 December 1974

C2505 28 December 1974

C2501 28 December 1974

C2504 30 December 1974

C2503 31 December 1974

C2503 01 January 1975

C2502 03 January 1975

C2502 03 January 1975

C2515 07 January 1975

C2515 10 January 1975

C2514 11 January 1975

C2514 12 January 1975

3. "Stories" book. One spiral stenographer's notebook, alphabetically thumb-indexed, containing one-line summaries of stories.

4. Photograph Album. One photo album (20.5 cm. by 29.5 cm.), with blue simulated leather cardboard cover and cord binder. Eighteen black paper pages with forty-five entries and captions. Gold lettering on cover: "Photographs".

5. Fieldbooks. Three hardcover surveyor's notebooks with miscellaneous handwritten entries.

6. Index. One computer printout (sort), containing alphabetized subject index for typewritten questionnaire answers. 266 pp.

7. Tape Tables of Contents. Handwritten tables of contents for nineteen tape recordings. Black cardboard binder. 98 pp.

8. Miscellaneous Collection. Miscellaneous written items and drawings, arranged and paged in chronological order. 58 pp. See following Table of Contents.

Table of Contents for Miscellaneous Collection

Page	Description
1, 1a	Handwritten manuscript. 2 pp. n.d. Sketch map of Milltown, N.B. and legend.
2-5	Typewritten manuscript. 4 pp. n.d. Alphabetized list of nicknames, 149 items.
6	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 5 Oct 74. Letter to me with note on nightmares.
7	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 19 Oct 74. Letter to me with note on wedding night prank.
8	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Nov 74. Story (jest) about counter prescribing.
9	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. and reverse. Nov 74. Alphabetized list of one-liners. 102 items.
10	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. and reverse. Nov 74. My questionnaire on list of one-liners.
11-12	Typewritten manuscript. 2 pp. 26 Nov 74. "Re Questionnaire": answers to my questionnaire on list of one-liners.
13-14	Typewritten manuscript. 2 pp. 22 Nov 74. Letter to me with comments on the dramatic origins of storytelling.
15	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 4 Dec 74. "How about a little story"?: story (jest) about a mean man who tried to cure his horse.
16	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 12 Dec 74. A one-liner and five stories (jests).
17	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. Yellow writing pad paper. Questions about thesis and suggested outline. (Read to me 17 Dec 74).

Page	Description
18	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 18 Dec 74. Additions to section on nicknames, O'Suilleabhain questionnaire answers, Ch. I, pp. 5-8. Dictated to me. 7 items.
19	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. Dec 74. "Small Boy in Small Town. Suggested division of material".: Outline.
20	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch of unorganized play areas, Milltown, N.B.
21	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch and floorplan of house where A.H.M. was born, Milltown, N.B.
22	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch and floorplan of many 1½ story houses, Milltown, N.B.
23	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch and floorplan of grandmother's house, Milltown, N.B.
24	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch and floorplan of later row house of parents, Milltown, N.B.
25	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch and floorplan of Church Street house, Milltown, N.B.
26	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 26 Dec 74. Sketch of Canada Cottons Mill, Milltown, N.B., to 1914.
27	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. Sketch of interior floorplan, St. James Presbyterian Church, Milltown, N.B.
28	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. and reverse. 1 Jan 75. "Small Boy in Small Town": autobiographical essay.
29	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 1 Jan 75. "Some thoughts on O'Sullivan text book": essay about A.H.M.'s answering questionnaire.
30	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 7 Jan 75. Linear representation of calendar year.
31-35	Typewritten manuscript. 5 pp. 3 Feb 75. Answers to questions on Ch. IV, O Suilleabhain questionnaire.

Page	Description
36	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 15 Feb 75. List of squibs: proverbial expressions, comparative. 36 items.
37	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 20 Feb 75. "I Disagree"!: Essay on state of modern civilization.
38	Typewritten manuscript. 27 Feb 75. Letter to me with comment on storytelling performance.
39	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 31 Mar 75. Answer to my question about German family in Milltown; explanation for origin of name Spring Street; a proverb which contains all the letters of the alphabet.
40-41	Printed manuscript. 2 pp. and reverse. 31 Mar 75. "People in Authority", The Royal Bank of Canada Monthly Letter, Vol. 56, No. 3. Head Office: Montreal, March, 1975.
42	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 18 Mar 75. Letter to me: notes on two Irish storytellers.
43	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 6 May 75. "Re your letter of the 28th and attached": note on Aunt Jane and Dinny Purcell and their use of sayings; note on "Newt and Sarge" column.
44	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 6 May 75. Geneological sketch.
45	Typewritten Manuscript. 1 p. 8 May 75. Letter to me with note on his use of squibs.
46	Printed manuscript. 1 p. 3 June 75. "Scottish Slide Show May 21": clipping from column of Woodstock Bugle, telling about presentation of A.H.M.'s slide show at Woodstock public library.
47	Handwritten manuscript. 1 p. 3 June 75. Slip of paper from greeting card. Note on finding and using Scots dialect glossary.
48-49	Handwritten manuscript. 2 pp. and reverse. 3 June 75. Steno. pad paper. A list of dialect words from: Burns, Robert. Complete Poetical Works. N.Y.: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., 1900. "Glossary", pp. 385-419.

Page	Description
50	Typewritten Manuscript. 1 p. 4 Jun 75. Letter to me re. attached manuscript, "60 Years Later".
51-57	Typewritten manuscript. 7 pp. 4 Jun 75. "60 Years Later. 1915-1975".: autobiographical essay.
58	Typewritten manuscript. 1 p. 12 Feb 77. Letter to me with note on World War I recruitment.

APPENDIX B: PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM

My grandfather put this album together after he wrote his autobiography and after he had learned that I was using his material for the thesis. In order to preserve the order and meaning of my grandfather's presentation each page of the album has been copied as a whole, rather than reproducing one picture to a page. For a discussion of the contents of the album see pages IV 23-25 of this work. The numbered comments that follow the album were recorded 19 December 1974.[180] I wrote them down as my grandfather looked through the photographs in the album and reminisced. I have not repeated here the captions that my grandfather wrote, but I have included the lists of soldiers' names that were not included in the copying of the photographs on the last two pages of this section.

[180] Fieldbook 1, 15-59.



My first picture. Summer 1897.



James, Albert [illegible] Victor.
About 1900.



Practicing at Piano, 1904.



Father, Mother, James, Arthur and I. About 1909.



Dr. J.B.Morrison, 1915.



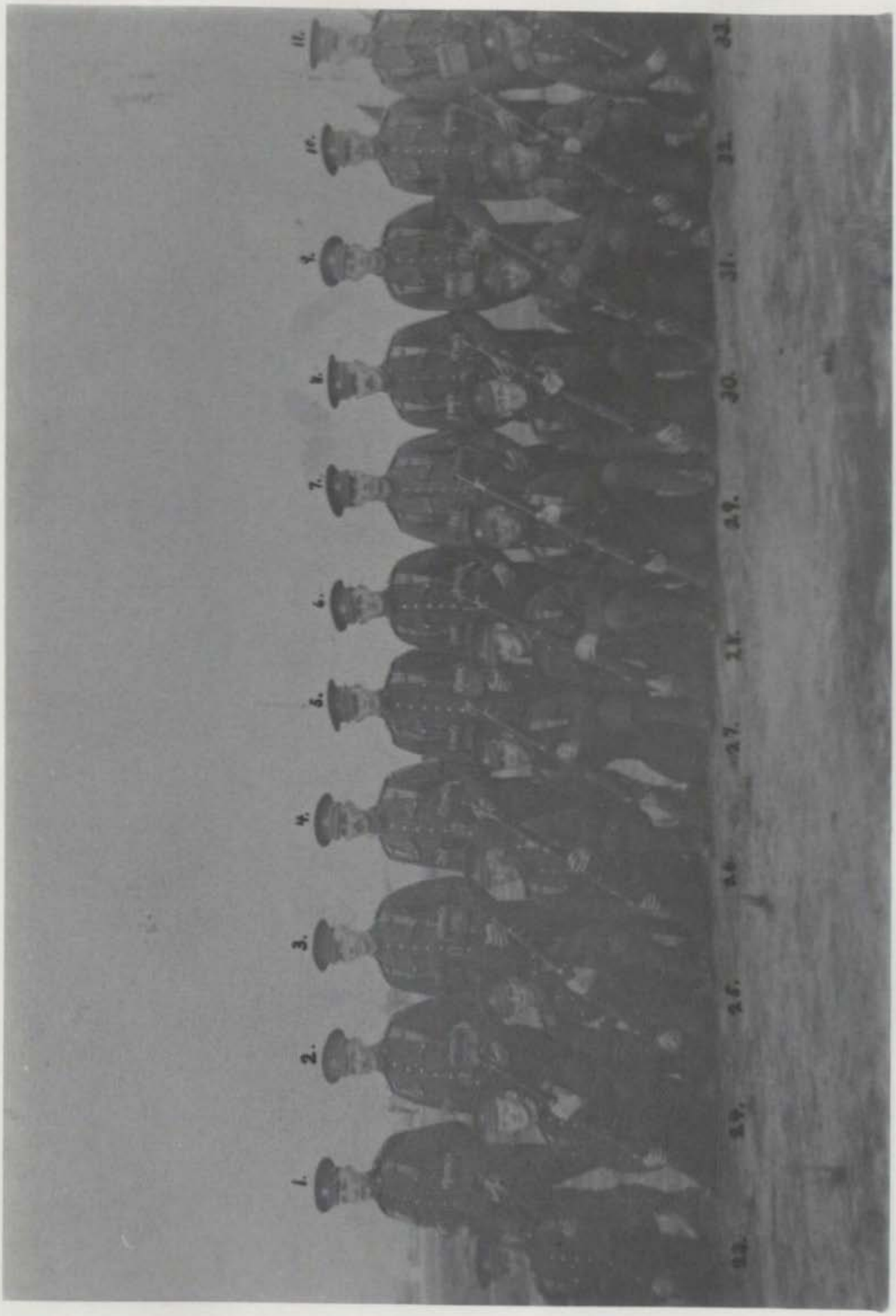
After Pneumonia. Sick leave, 191



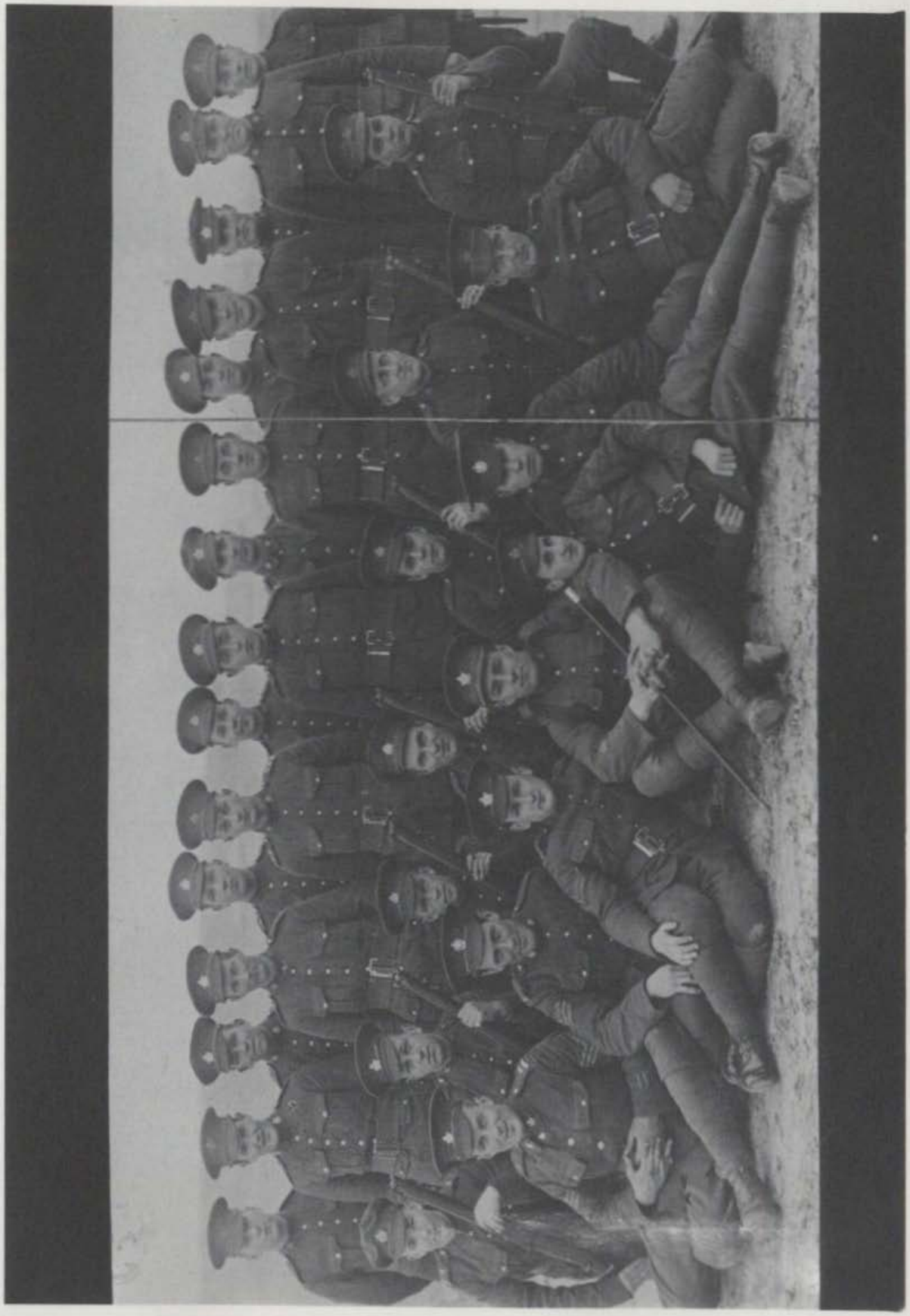
St. James Prebyterian Church,
Milltown, N.B.



Mother and Father, 1917.


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On leave, London. January 1918.
Mychus Lloyd Thompson.



Hartland, 1919.



Susie Barker at Acadia.



lated wedding picture, summer 1920.



Nunn old home in Avondale.



Hunting Trip, 1920.
George Wallace and Samuel Carter.



Fishing trip, Grand Lake, Maine.



Stan and I. A mornings catch.



Fishing trip, Grand Lake Maine, 1922.



Our family with new car, 1926.
Mum, Hugh, Margery and James.



Baby Hugh.



Hughs Grave,
New Glasgow, N.S.



Rented house in New Glasgow, N.S.



As The Duke in The Gondoliers, New Glasgow, N.S.



As The Sandman, CFBO, Saint John, N.B. 1932.



Pulling up anchor. Plane, Curtis Robin. Saint John River, 1932.



Portrait by Lugrin- 1932.

Anniversary Services-Central
Baptist Church, Saint John, N.B.



Mr. B. Bean, 1st Tenor. Mr. A. Stafford, 2nd Tenor. Mr. David Thomson, Baritone. Mr. G. Allwood, Bass.

Order of Service 11 a. m.

Organ Prelude—Prelude and Fugue in E Minor "The Cathedral" ..... *Bach*
Doxology.
Invocation and Lord's Prayer.
Hymn No. 345—"My God I Thank Thee".
Read in unison—Psalm 146.
Scripture Lesson—Eph. Chapter 5: 6-20.
Mixed Quartette—"God so Loved the World" ..... *Stainer*
Miss Eleanor Collins, Soprano. Miss Margaret Henderson, Contralto.
Mr. A. Stafford, Tenor. Mr. G. Allwood, Bass.
Prayer—Rev. C. W. Camp, D. D.
Solo "The Prayer Perfect" ..... *Stenson.*
Miss Eleanor Collins, Soprano.
Announcements and Thank Offering.
Offertory—Prayer ..... *Harris.*
Anthem—"Seek Ye The Lord" ..... *Roberts*
Tenor Solo—Mr. B. Bean. The Choir.
Hymn 710—'Come Ye Thankful People Come'.
Sermon—Thanksgiving Message
Hymn No. 730—"God Bless our Native Land".
Benediction.
Organ Postlude—"Festive March" ..... *Smart*

SUNDAY SCHOOL SESSION 2.30 p. m.

Superintendent	1st Asst. Supt.	2nd Asst. Supt.
Mr. Robt. Snelling	Mr. W. J. McAlary	Mr. Ronald Clifford

The Congregation are invited to attend the Teaching Service of the Church.

Mr. Albert H. Morrison

ORGANIST



ORGAN RECITAL—6.45 to 7.00 p. m.
"The Bells of St. Anne" ..... *Russell.*
Negro Spirituelle.
"Trammerei" ..... *Schumann.*

Evening Worship 7 p. m.

Doxology and Invocation.
Hymn No. 402—"Rescue the Perishing".
Scripture—Phil. Chap. 3.
Solo—"He Shall Feed His Flock" ..... *Handel.*
Miss Margaret Henderson, Contralto.
Prayer—Rev. B. D. Knott.
Male Quartette—"Lead Kindly Light" ..... *Buck.*
The Brunswick Singers
Announcements and Offering.
Offertory—'Melody of Peace" ..... *Martin.*
Anthem—"The Radient Morn Hath Passed Away" ... *Woodward.*
The Choir.
Hymn No. 503—"True Hearted, Whole Hearted".
Sermon—The Past, Present and Future.
Hymn No. 481—"Blest be the Tie that Binds".
Benediction.
Postlude—Grand Chorus in D ..... *Faulkes.*

LORD'S SUPPER ADMINISTERED.

In Addition to the Quartette
Soprano—Miss Eleanor Collins.
Contralto—Miss Margaret Henderson.
And a Choir of 34 voices.

Director—Mr. David Thomson. Organist—Mr. Albert Morrison.



As 2/Lieut. Fall of 1940.



Robert, Margery, myself, Mum and James.



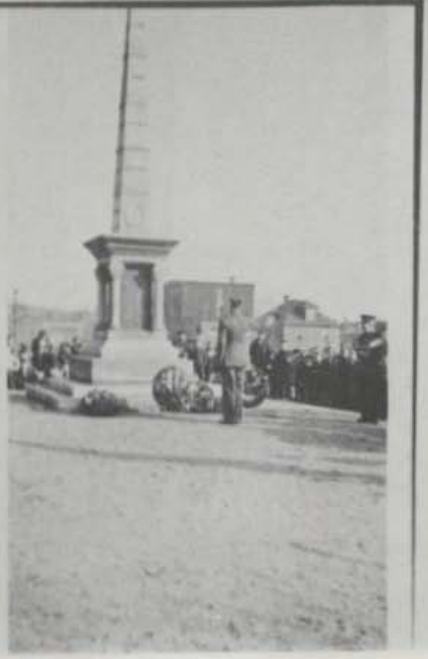
Range Officer Sussex, 1940.



Starting on a reconnaissance, Glace Bay, N.S. Summer 1940.



Crest in front of barracks, Glace Bay, N.S.



Salute to fallen, November 11,1940. North Sydney, N.S.



My tent at Aldershot, 1942.



Two class mates of mine at R.M.C.



Charcoal drawing by Goldberg-R.M.C.



Homeport, Coldbrook, N.S.



House at Domaview, Ontario.



Dick and I at Homeport, 1947.



Baker House, Woodstock, N.B.



Margery, Sarit and I, Xmas, 1954.



His majesty-Sarit.





Golden Wedding anniversary, 1970.

Comments on the Photographs

1. That's me as a baby. Would have been taken in 1897. I was a sickly baby - they thought I wasn't going to pull through. Uncle Jess probably took the picture. He was always fooling around with that sort of thing. Or Marshall Kerr - he was a loom fixer - he dabbled in photography. I was sitting in a high chair.

2. That's Jim and me and our dog, Victor. He was a red bird dog. Don't remember playing with him.

3. Me practising the piano in 1904. My teacher was Mrs. Osbourne - her daughter was my second grade teacher. As I remember, I just took one wintertime and it came summer and I didn't want to do it anymore. So Mother said, "Alright, you can stop, but if you want to do it again you'll have to tell us". It was years later when I came in from playing one day and I heard my brother playing and it sounded good to me. So I went to Mother and Father and asked them. This time I studied with a Sister in a convent down in Calais.

4. The family in 1909. That was the year that Jim graduated from high school. He was getting ready to go away to medical school. I was in Grade Six - that's when I started looking at girls' legs . . . .I can't help but look at the

uncompromising look on Father's and Mother's faces. That's how they were. That was taken down in Calais, Maine. We went down on a Sunday afternoon - Father wouldn't go on a weekday so he dragged the poor photographer out on a Sunday.

5. Brother James when he was practising at McAdam Junction. He interned at Washington Medical Centre. Got his training at the University of Maryland. A doctor who had done surgery on both Mother and Father recommended that he go there. It was three times as expensive - the only other choices were Dalhousie and McGill. The doctor in McAdam Junction joined the army about as soon as the war broke out. Jim went up there and took over his house and practice. [Uniform?] Oh, he got interested in Scottish things at that time and he learned to play the pipes all by himself. He sent away to Scotland and got the pipes and the whole kit.

6. This is Al taken on the verandah of the house on Church Street. I spent a good many lonely Sundays sitting there. I wasn't allowed to go travelling so I sat there and read Sunday School papers and watched people go by. That would have been taken in March or April 1917.

7. St. James Presbyterian Church. It had the same name as the

church built by the Morrisons at Scotch Ridge. It was on the corner of Church and Main. The bandstand was diagonally across from where I'm sitting. This is where I went to church and Sunday School. One time the woman who played the organ got sick and they found out I could play so I played in that church. [All organists women?] Yes, except for Freddy Groves, a kind of effeminate fella who played mostly down in Calais. That's the main reason Father didn't want me to study music. He was afraid I'd let my hair grow long and start mincing around like a pansy. Not many boys learned to play piano in those days. Our boy scouts met in the vestry of that church.

8. Mother and Father in 1917. They sent it to me when I was in France - I got it when I was in the trenches. In the background that's the back of the Roman Catholic Church.

9. This is the 115th at Valcartiers. All Milltown, St.Stephen and Calais boys. There were twelve out of forty-four killed in action. Number five, that's Ira McClure, the wild drunk. I was the only one that could control him when he got like that. I'd just take him by the arm and say, "Come, Ira, time for bed", and he'd follow me like a lamb. Number 13, Vince Marrady, got his head shot off as he was walking along. He took two or three steps after

his head was off. He was one of those people whose heads would swell up when they got drunk. He had blond hair - it would turn almost pink. The next morning his cap would just perch on top of his head. Lloyd Thompson, number twenty, he was a fella I chummed around with. And Johnny Hamilton from Edinburgh. He was killed and his folks asked me to come up and visit them. Number twenty-five, Raymond Ober from Calais; he was a foul mouthed fella. He couldn't say five words in a sentence without an obscenity. And number forty, that's Dave Foss, the fella we got the washtub full of beer for that time.

10. Another group of us. The first one in the front row there, Bill Robinson, I sold him a watch I took off a German. I'd hawked my watch the last time I was in London and I took this one off the wrist of a German prisoner. He groaned awful when I took it. I've often felt guilty about it since. The only thing was, the next fella in line would have taken it, that was the thing to do. I was in hospital out of funds to buy cigarettes with when Bill came in and said, "Look what I've got from Canada" - it was a five dollar bill. So I said, "I've got just the thing to trade it for", so he took it and I took the five dollars.

11. This is my friend, Lloyd Thomson, "Tommy" we called him.

We were on leave in London when this was taken. Notice I'd been promoted - the corporal stripes on my sleeve there. Coming back, Tommy got more and more discouraged every step we got closer to camp. Said he'd rather shoot himself than go back. We'd been living off the fat of the land. He came through the war alright. Last thing I knew he was working for Bell Telephone in New York.

12. This was in Hartland in 1919. I was working for Estey and Curtis. It was a Sunday and I had to go over and open the door to fill a subscription for somebody - you see the key in my hand. Just about a month later I played at the first movie I ever played at. Some club had a picture and they heard I could play - it was a war picture - and they came and asked me to play. You know, I still have the tunic I was wearing in that picture.

13. Susie Barter at Acadia. Gram gave me the picture when we were going together. She was the stenographer at the drug store then.

14. This was a belated wedding picture. We were married in March. We went over to Avondale in the summer and someone got Mom to get her outfit out for the picture. She didn't want to - it was somewhat wrinkled. I wore my hair in a brush then.

15. "The Maples".

16. This was a hunting trip out near Cloverdale. Those riding breeches I have on, they're the ones I wore on leave. The bag had food in it - George Wallace ran the store there in Cloverdale. On Armistace Day the next year I was out hunting with my brother Arthur. I got out this 303 Savage rifle and went hunting birds. Art said, "You'll blow them to pieces". I said, "No, I'll take their heads off". And that day we got seven or eight partridge and I took the head off every one. I had intensive training in the army. Actually, I learned to shoot with an air rifle when I was a boy.

17. This was a fishing trip at Grand Lake, Maine. We were hard up in Princeton and I got a chance to be a cook in this camp in Maine. Tre's husband Phil was guiding. It was a bunch of men from New York - sports. They had big meals. A freezer full of meat: several sides of beef, fowl. Everything to work with. I did the cooking and cleaning up. There were three cooks and twenty guides - one guide for every sport. After, we got permission to close up the camp so we stayed on for three days. I sent for Mum and we fished. I remember one day I was lying down on the wharf - I could see the fish, big trout, in the water through the cracks in the boards. I was eating dried prunes so I started spitting the pits into the water. The trout must have been hungry because they chased after the pits. I ran up and got a line and some beef and by pure accident I got a feed of fish.

18. Us with the fish.

19. Broiling the fish outdoors.

20. Us and the new car in 1926. This was in Fredericton, when I was travelling for Estey and Curtis. We lived in Saint John Street, opposite Shute's Jewellers. Charlie and Theresa and Betty boarded there. We shared the expenses.

21. That was the McCulloch house in New Glasgow. We rented it. That was the place I made the batch of beer and then went away for two weeks. I'd bottled it too soon and every once in awhile Gram would hear a bang - a cork came out. When I came back there was glass everywhere. I lost my whole batch of beer.

22. That was Hugh on the back doorstep.

23. Hugh's grave.

24. Me in costume out in the back yard of the McCulloch place. My boot buckle is out of place.

25. When I was "The Sandman" on CFBO in Saint John. I used to get forty to fifty letters a day.

26. Me pulling up the anchor of an airplane on the Saint John River. I worked for Atlantic Airways for awhile, doing

aerial photography. The pictures were for newspapers and commercial firms.

27. The Central Baptist Church in Saint John - they had a great choir. It won the New Brunswick Music Festival one year. They had a paid soprano and contralto. The picture of me was taken at the Capitol Theatre after they got the new organ.

28. When I was in the army in 1940. I still have that tunic.

29. All the family. Bob was in school then; Margie was in nursing.

30. This was in Glace Bay, Nova Scotia. We were setting up machine gun sites there. I had two platoons under me.

31. The boys made the regimental crest out of whitewashed stones in front of the garage where we lived. Glace Bay was a rough spot - I told them to mind their own business and behave. The locals accepted them alright then.

32. I was picked out to head this ceremony.

33. My tent at Aldershott - it was a bell tent.

34. At the Royal Military College in Kingston, Ontario. I went for two courses there was offered an instructorship.

35. This drawing was done by a man named Goldberg - he was a Toronto artist. He drew everybody at noon time.

36. That was Homeport at Coldbrook, in Glen Falls, Saint John.

37. Gram and me at Homeport.

38. This is our house in Downsview. You and Barry stayed at both those houses. One time when Barry was staying with us he threw an awful tantrum - that was in Coldbrook. Your Mom was away - that was probably what was wrong with him. Finally I threw a dipper of cold water in his face - it cooled him down.

39. That was Kidd Baker's house.

40. That's Marge and me here.

41. Sarit.

42. This was taken at Beth's, next door.

43. The cake.

No. 8 Platoon. B. Coy. 115th Battalion. C.E.F. Camp Valcartiers, P.Q. June 1916.

1. Cecil Mills, St. Stephen.
2. Frank Woodward, St. Stephen.
3. Edward Frye, St. Stephen.
4. D. Goodine, St. Stephen.
5. Ira McClure, St. Stephen.
5. Charles Lawless, Milltown.
7. Ernest Eagen, Milltown.
8. George Barter, St. Stephen.
9. Albert Morrison, Milltown.
10. William Laming, Milltown.
11. Sergeant MacLean, England.
12. Lt. Melvin Buchanan, St. Stephen.
13. Vincent Marraty, St. Stephen.
14. Ernest Woodward, St. Stephen.
15. Henry Styles, St. Stephen.
16. Frederick Price, St. Stephen.
17. Mack Campbell, St. Stephen.
18. Richard Grey, St. Stephen.
19. Percy Fahey, Milltown.
20. Lloyd Thompson, Milltown.
21. Charles Mehan, Milltown.
22. Sterling Marshall, Calais.
23. William Fancie, St. Stephen.
24. James Booth, Milltown.
25. Raymond Ober, Calais.
26. Ivan Hayman, St. Stephen.
27. Walter Barter, St. Stephen.
28. John Hamilton, St. Stephen.
29. Herbert Jepson, Milltown.
30. E. Hayman, Milltown.
31. Faye Williams, St. Stephen.
32. H. Fitzsimmons, St. Stephen.
33. E. Kilpatrick, St. Stephen.
34. B. McNamara, St. Stephen.
35. E. Dick, Moores Mills.
36. Clive Bamford, St. Stephen.
37. Walter Buzzell, St. Stephen.
38. Pete Peterson, Milltown.
39. Thomas Mehan, Milltown.
40. David Foss, St. Andrews.
41. Hazen Dick, Moores Mills.
42. John Mahar, Milltown.
43. Amos Ingraham, Fredericton.
44. Eldon Styles, St. Stephen.

See Comment 9.

Our Draft, ready for France, May 1917

Front Row, L to R.

#Robinson.
#Larrabee.
Fancie.
#Holder. &
#Wills.
Webber.
Styles.

2nd Row.

Phillips.
McQuoid.
XFitzsimmons.
Stinson.
Barter.
"Hayman.
Ferris.

3rd Row.

XBamford.
XThompson.
Thompson.
Mahar.
XMiddlemass.
Barter.
XMcClure.

4th Row.

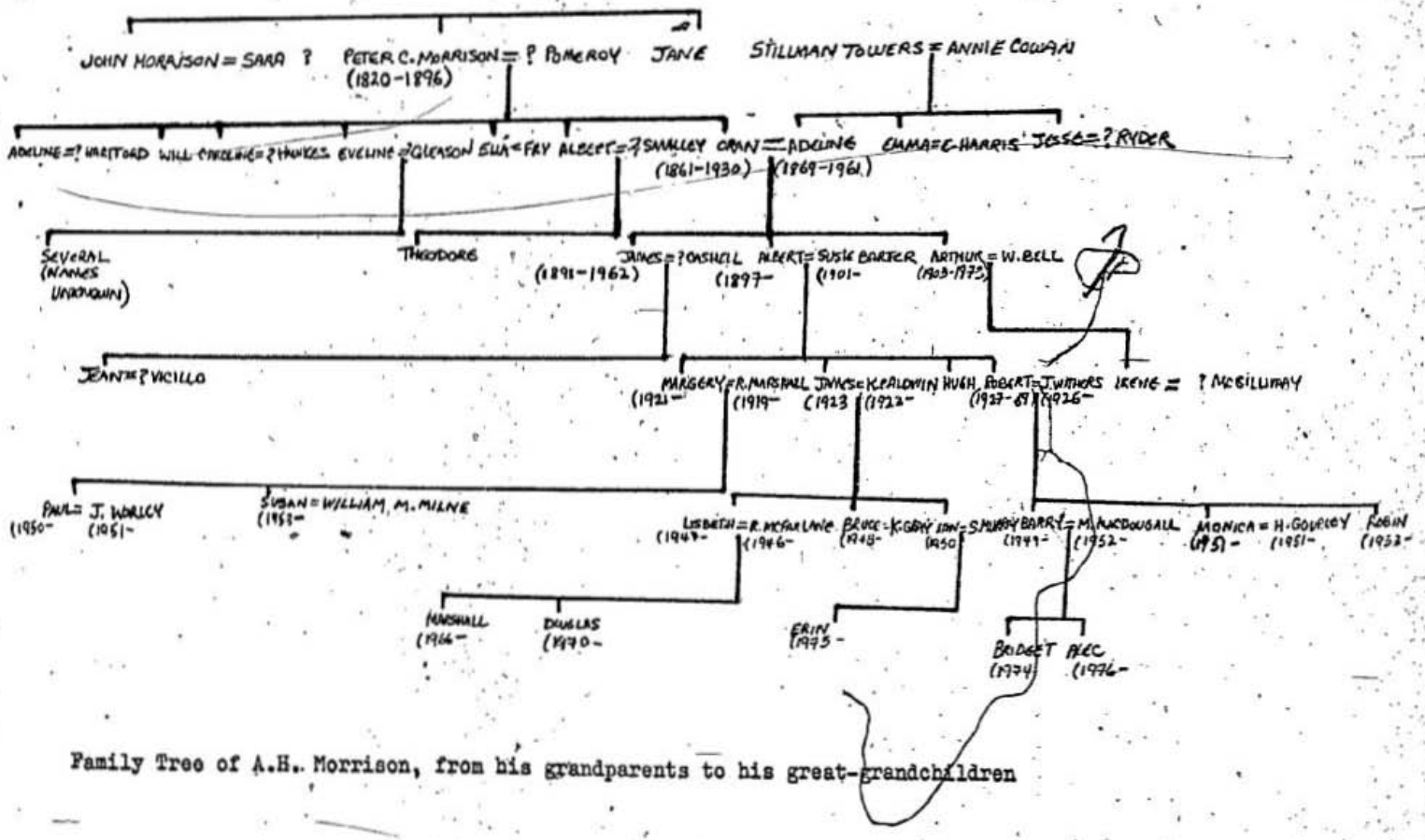
XJepson.
McQuoid.
Matthews.
#Morrison.
Eagen.
Spinney.
McGrattan.
#Thompson.

X Killed. - 6
Wounded. - 6
& Decorated - 1
" Invalided - 1

See Comment 10.

APPENDIX C: FAMILY TREE

This family tree was constructed from my grandfather's knowledge. It describes his closest relatives from his grandfather's generation to his great grandchildren's generation. He has always kept in touch with only his immediate family: his parents, brothers and children, so when he became interested in his family history a few years ago he could not locate many surviving relatives.



Family Tree of A.H. Morrison, from his grandparents to his great-grandchildren