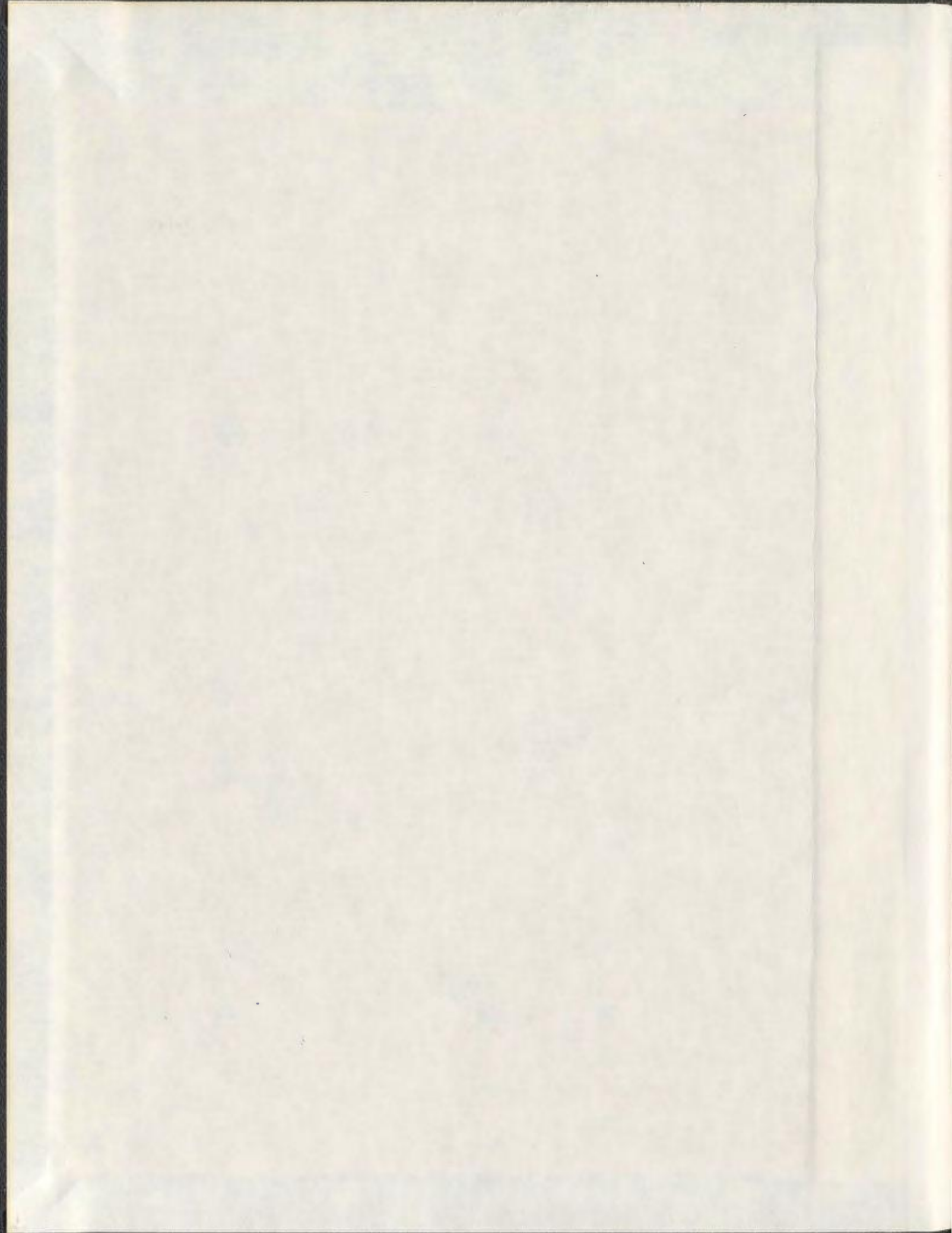


THE 21ST CENTURY OUTPORT:
REIMAGINING HOME IN NEWFOUNDLAND

EMILY URQUHART



THE 21ST CENTURY OUTPORT: REIMAGINING HOME IN NEWFOUNDLAND

by

Emily Urquhart

A thesis submitted to the
School of Graduate Studies
in partial fulfillment of the
requirements for the Degree of
Doctor of Philosophy

Department of Folklore
Memorial University of Newfoundland

October 2013

St. John's

Newfoundland and Labrador

Abstract

This is an ethnographic study of how place is constructed by year-round and seasonal residents in a former fishing community on the Bonavista Peninsula in the province of Newfoundland and Labrador, Canada. The research for this thesis was carried out over three summers, from 2010 to 2012, and focused on the outport of Upper Amherst Cove as well as nearby communities. The methodology included interviews with local and seasonal residents, participant observation, an e-mail survey, archival research, and comments sourced via a fieldwork research blog which was featured on the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation's website over the spring and summer of 2010. The conceptual framework for this thesis is based on previous ethnographic studies, primarily works by folklorists Gerald Pocius and Henry Glassie, and draws comparisons from worldwide second-home scholarship by geographers and sociologists.

This thesis is a portrait of a landscape in transition. Due to outmigration, an ageing population, and the unemployment that followed the cod moratorium in 1992, former fishing homes have been left empty in rural Newfoundland for several decades. Tourists from mainland Canada, the United States and Europe began to purchase these inexpensive homes to use as seasonal residences from the nineteen eighties to present day, restoring and renovating the clapboard saltbox structures. Because of rural gentrification house prices rose dramatically, particularly in the last decade, pricing local buyers out of the market and creating a two-tiered real estate system that favoured wealthy outsiders.

This study examines the construction of place, physically and symbolically, from the perspectives of the newcomers and the locals. I contend that both groups conjure an imagined outpost rooted in nostalgia but born of different and sometimes competing ideologies. The prologue of this thesis introduces the characters who will appear in the ensuing chapters. The second chapter provides a history of second-home ownership in the Bonavista peninsula region and is an introduction to the conceptual framework and methodology employed in the following chapters. Four personal experience narratives are presented and analyzed in Chapter Three. These are referred to as “arrival narratives” and I argue that the stories told by second-home owners about discovering their outpost house bear the hallmarks of traditional folktales. However, the reality of post-industrial outposts is less palatable with high unemployment rates and a dwindling year-round population. The fourth chapter demonstrates how the seasonal residents’ efforts to restore older homes, collect local artifacts, and adopt regional foodways are a means of consuming culture without interacting with the local population. Chapter Five examines the dynamics between the year-round and summer residents through a social and spatial analysis of their interactions and explores the inherent class tensions that exist between the two groups. In the sixth chapter, based on similar studies undertaken in rural regions (Ireland, Prince Edward Island, Scandinavia) and interviews with year-round residents in the Bonavista region, I explore the possible futures for rural Newfoundland and how the second-home trend might be sanctioned by the provincial government as well as what steps might be taken to boost year-round residency. The epilogue concludes the narrative of this thesis by returning to the landscape and people presented in the first pages of this story.

Acknowledgements

A thesis is more than a document. It is a constellation of ideas, conversations and suggestions. The unseen hands and the unheard voices were as important to the production of this work as those that appears within the pages of this thesis. They are the purveyors of support, encouragement, inspiration guidance and friendship and this includes my fellow graduate students, particularly (in alphabetic order): Cynthia Boyd, Lynda Daneliuk, Ginny Fugarino, Joy Fraser, Meghann Jack, and Laura Sanchini. Every professor in Memorial University's Department of Folklore offered input and support, imparted their knowledge and expertise, and offered suggestions and support throughout the research and writing of this work. As a department head, Diane Tye was an efficient problem solver and a sympathetic listener from whom I learned a great deal about folklore research and organization. Jillian Gould and Holly Everett were sympathetic and encouraging and Holly's guidance in her capacity as committee member for this work was invaluable. My second committee member, Philip Hiscock, provided excellent detailed notes and suggestions, and these acted as a guide map in the final revisions of this work. Leone Nippard helped get the ball rolling with her transcription services and Sharon Cochrane and Cindy Turpin provided all manner of support throughout my PhD program. I am hugely grateful to my PhD (and MA) supervisor, Dr. Gerald Pocius—a man who sees the world by the chairs we sit on and how we arrange our living rooms—who was a tireless, championing supervisor, providing an endless well of knowledge and ideas, and was always available when I needed his help. The archivists at the Centre for Newfoundland Studies and the Folklore and Language Archive and the Maritime History Archive at Memorial University helped with the historical research for this thesis. I am

particularly grateful to Heather Wareham and David Bradley at the Maritime History Archive. I am grateful to Shane and Maire O'Dea, Chris and Margaret O'Dea and Anne Hart for support. The Bonavista Public Library and Walkham's Gate Pub and Café were integral, for many reasons, to our life in outport Newfoundland. I would also like to thank Todd O'Brien, Kathy Porter, and Kathryn King at the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation (CBC) in St. John's.

This document took shape slowly sometimes leaving other aspects of life untended. Food preparation and housework languished, but childcare was left in the excellent hands of Leslie Squires, Melissa Long and Serene Ford on a regular basis and Jane Urquhart and Mary Lou Trant on an extended fly-in term. The help of these babysitters throughout this process is rivaled only by the efforts of my PhD supervisor.

I am grateful to my husband, Andrew Trant, for his ongoing support and his willingness to uproot his life and move to Upper Amherst Cove with me. I am also grateful to my daughter Sadie Trant (who was born smack in the middle of this project) for distracting me and for teaching me the value of time management. My parents, Jane and Tony Urquhart, and my in-laws, Mary Lou and Don Trant were tireless supporters during this process.

Virginia Woolf famously wrote that in order to write "a woman must have money and a room of her own." Her words ring as true this century as in the last when she penned that line. To see this project to completion I was granted both these requirements in the form of a SSHRC Canada Graduate Scholarship for my doctoral degree, and in the

tiny, windowless four by five foot office on the fifth floor of the Queen Elizabeth II Library allotted to graduate students. The scholarship spurred the project forward and the room of my own allowed me to complete the work. For both, I am supremely grateful.

Finally, I want to thank the people of Upper Amherst Cove and in other communities on the Bonavista Peninsula (both seasonal and year-round residents) for opening their doors to an inquisitive outsider with a microphone, for welcoming my family into the community, for allowing me to ask questions that bordered on invasive, and for facilitating my research and my life in outport Newfoundland. You are the protagonists of this work and without your input, it could not have materialized. Thank you: Brian Ricks and Ella Heneghan, Mike and Lorie Paterson, Katie and Shane Hayes, Denzil and Anna Paterson, Harry and Rose Wareham, Wilson and Dodi Brown, John and Peggy Fisher, Bev and Fred DeWolfe, Jennifer St. Pierre, Jennifer Brown, John and Theresa Ford, Eugene and Doris Skiffington, William Skiffington, Mary Farrelly and Stacey Gill, Gini and David Harrington, Dallas and Albert Mouland, Wanda Bragg, Charlotte and Robin Ritman, Janna Taylor and Pat Tracy, Rosalind Ford and Jason Holley, Chris and Sheila Ford, Chris and Margaret O'Dea, Geraint Lewis, John O'Dea, Peggy and John Fisher, Jim Miller, Violet Brown, David Hiscock, Gerald Hussey, Yvonne Pevie, Bev Batten, Catherine Beaudette, Krista Mohr Beamish and Nick Beamish (and Clara and Jack Beamish), Peggy Bulger, Priscilla and Roger Renouf.

Table of Contents

Abstract	ii
Acknowledgements	iv
List of Figures	ix
1. Prologue: Upper Amherst Cove, Newfoundland, July 28, 2012.....	1
2. Introduction: How we got to this Place.....	23
“I Know a House”: Approaching the Research Project	23
Folklore and the Study of Place	41
People from Here, People from Away, and Who Falls in Between	42
Drawing from a Different Well: Second-Home Scholarship	46
The Old Fishing Grounds: Seasonal Residency in Post Industrial Landscapes	52
“The Serengeti’ of the 21 st century”: Tourism’s Role in Developing Seasonal Communities ..	60
Cottages, Cabins and Camps: The Language of Second-Homes	70
A Note on Writing Style	72
Conclusion	75
3. Reimagining the Outport: Twin Utopic Visions	81
“The Goodness of the People”	81
Suspended Reality	94
Arrival Narratives.....	98
The Function of Arrival Narratives.....	107
The Gatekeepers.....	114
The influence of Popular Literature	126
The Requirements of Utopia: View, Nature, Solitude, Culture	128
The Practicalities of Utopia: Highways and Social Life	132
Departure Narratives	135
Conclusion	138
4. Intersection of Folklore in the Lives of Seasonal and Permanent Residents	140
Traditional Knowledge: Land Deeds as Inadvertent Folk History Records.....	140
A Brief History of Upper Middle Class Folklore Collectors	147
Vernacular Architecture: Restoration as Transmission.....	149

The “Fixer Uppers”	158
Material Culture: The Past as Décor	175
Foodways: Eating Wildly and Shopping Locally	189
Conclusion: Every Name has its Place.....	198
5. Dancing but not Touching: Relations Between Livyers And CFAs	202
The Helper.....	202
Spatial Dynamics	208
On Display: Social Spaces	208
Bad Friends: Proximity, Privacy, and Trespassing	215
Industry in the Land of Leisure	225
The New Gatekeepers: Inflated House Prices and the Fear of New Newcomers	232
Social Dyanics.....	237
Fairweather Friends: Inflated Relationships.....	237
Getting In: Class, Conflict and Identity	245
A Priest, Two Nuns, and a Drug Dealer: The Function of Rumour and Gossip	251
Friendships in La-La Land	263
Conclusion	265
6. Conclusion: “Keeping the Lights On”	269
The Bonavista Social Club.....	269
Clients and Customers: Summer Residents and Small Scale Economy.....	283
Ireland: A Cautionary Tale.....	284
The Future	289
Conclusion	293
7. Epilogue: Upper Amherst Cove, Newfoundland, July 28, 2012.....	302
Appendix i: Seasonal Residency in Rural Newfoundland Survey	305
Appendix ii: List of Interview Subjects	307
References.....	309

List of Figures

Figure 1.1	Map of Newfoundland and map of Bonavista Peninsula.	2
Figure 1.2	Aerial view (top) and long view (bottom) of Upper Amherst Cove.	3
Figure 1.3	Field sketch and home diagram of Upper Amherst Cove, 2010 – 2012.	4
Figure 1.4	Wilson Brown's house, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	8
Figure 1.5	Wilson Brown hauling wood in Upper Amherst Cove, 2012.	10
Figure 1.6	Charlotte and Robin Ritman's home (formerly Violet Brown's home), Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	12
Figure 1.7	Mike and Lorie Paterson's home (courtesy of Paterson Woodworking).	15
Figure 1.8	Fred and Bev DeWolfe's house (with The Other Side and Round Head in the background), Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	17
Figure 1.9	The Bonavista Social Club restaurant in Upper Amherst Cove, July 2012.	20
Figure 2.1	An early sketch of Wilson Brown's house.	33
Figure 2.2	The first field sketch done from inside the house looking out in spring 2010.	34
Figure 2.3	Mike Paterson and his oldest son, Sam Paterson.	38
Figure 2.4	A sketch of the lesser known (to me) side of Upper Amherst Cove.	40
Figure 2.5	Peggy Bulger's home in Keels, bought in the eighties for \$500.	56
Figure 2.6	The leaning yellow house in Upper Amherst Cove.	57
Figure 2.7	The area of Trinity that Jim Miller calls "Trinity Proper" in summer, 2010.	62

Figure 2.8	Two views of the sprawling Fishers' Loft Inn in Port Rexton, 2010.	69
Figure 3.1	Jennifer St. Pierre's home, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	88
Figure 3.2	Boards from the deconstructed house with wooden pegs down the hill from Wilson Brown's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	90
Figure 3.3	Wilson Brown in his home, showing his father's certificate from the Society of United Fishermen, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	93
Figure 3.4	Catherine Beaudette in her home in Duntara, 2010.	100
Figure 3.5	The exterior of Catherine Beaudette's home in Duntara, 2010.	102
Figure 3.6	Gini and David Harrington's home in Upper Amherst Cove.	104
Figure 3.7	Janna Taylor stands outside the home she owns with her partner Pat Tracy in Lower Amherst Cove, 2010.	108
Figure 3.8	The function of arrival narratives based on Propp's Morphology	113
Figure 3.9	For Sale by owner signs (clockwise from L to R) Newman's Cove, Trinity, Trinity, Upper Amherst Cove, summer 2010.	116
Figure 3.10	A home for sale by O'Dea Realty in Port Rexton, summer 2010.	117
Figure 3.11	A heritage home in Bonavista in need of restoration listed by O'Dea Realty in 2010.	118
Figure 3.12	Kijiji.com listing for Dallas and Albert Mouland's house and side view (inlay).	122
Figure 3.13	Jennifer Brown's home (with the DeWolfe's place in background), July 2012.	124
Figure 4.1	Justice of the Peace, main road, Bonavista, 2010.	141
Figure 4.2	Wesley Shirran holding his log book in his office.	142
Figure 4.3	Gini and David Harrington's land survey.	145
Figure 4.4	Field sketch of an old Port Rexton saltbox home in the process	152

of being reimagined.

Figure 4.5	St. Nicholas Anglican Church renovations, Middle Amherst Cove, 2010.	156
Figure 4.6	The bones of a prefab home laid out in Upper Amherst Cove, 2011.	160
Figure 4.7	A renovated home for sale in the woods near King's Cove, 2010.	165
Figure 4.8	House with eight doors built by Paterson Woodworking in Port Rexton (courtesy of Paterson Woodworking).	167
Figure 4.9	Mary Farrelly and Stacey Gill's home, or the "Irish House" (top left); Sam and Jim's Place (top right); William Skiffington's home in foreground with the Irish House, Sam and Jim's Place behind it, and David and Gini Harrington's summer home in the background (bottom).	172
Figure 4.10	Fred and Bev DeWolfe, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	177
Figure 4.11	The DeWolfe's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	178
Figure 4.12	Fred and Bev's display of mementos on their non-functioning stove.	180
Figure 4.13	Photograph of Ches Brown, the former owner, on Fred and Bev's fridge.	181
Figure 4.14	Violet Brown, formerly of Upper Amherst Cove, in Bonavista, 2010.	185
Figure 4.15	Cod that Harry and Rose Wareham caught during the 2011 food fishery.	191
Figure 4.16	Clockwise from bottom left: Cod Tongues sign outside the Red and White Food Store in Newman's Cove; Entrance to the store; Theresa and John Ford, proprietors of the store; The Fords' home in Upper Amherst Cove (John's family home).	195
Figure 5.1	Harry and Rose Wareham outside their home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2012.	203
Figure 5.2	Field sketch from the Moulands' back deck when the house is for sale, 2011.	210

Figure 5.3	Row houses on Prescott Street in St. John's where I lived during the year.	212
Figure 5.4	Doris and Eugene Skiffington in their kitchen, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	217
Figure 5.5	The Skiffingtons' yellow house (Irish house behind left), 2012.	219
Figure 5.6	The remains of the Keels slate mine. (Photo copyright Claire MacDougall).	227
Figure 5.7	Interior and exterior images of 5 Gallivan's Lane for sale in Trinity listed at \$130,000 in 2012. (copyright Chris O'Dea).	234
Figure 5.8	Jason Holley (top, copyright Mark Bennett) and Rosalind Ford (bottom, copyright Gavin Simms) are young artists who live and work in Middle Amherst Cove.	240
Figure 5.9	Denzil and Anna Paterson in Upper Amherst Cove, 2011.	243
Figure 5.10	Movers arriving at Jennifer St. Pierre's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2011.	254
Figure 5.11	Clockwise from bottom left: Bags of hasish being seized by RCMP on Ireland's Eye, 1987 (RCMP); Ireland's Eye before resettlement (Maritime History Archive); The front cover of The Packet following the drug bust.	257
Figure 5.12	Field sketch of the tilted yellow house in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.	261
Figure 5.13	Brian Ricks' studio in the former Middle Amherst Cove school house, 2011.	266
Figure 6.1	A field sketch of the Bonavista Social Club, July 2012.	270
Figure 6.2	Katie Hayes (top, courtesy of the Bonavista Social Club) and Anna Paterson (bottom) inside the Bonavista Social Club restaurant, 2012.	271
Figure 6.3	Two views of cars parked outside the restaurant.	274
Figure 6.4	Catherine Beaudette's tri-coloured art gallery in Duntara, July 2012.	278

Figure 6.5	Pre-fab house built on the footprint of older home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2012.	280
Figure 6.6	Empty, half-finished holiday homes for sale in post-Celtic Tiger Co. Kerry, Ireland, spring 2011.	288

1. Prologue: Upper Amherst Cove, Newfoundland, July 28, 2012

Wilson Brown stands at the foot of the hill in Upper Amherst Cove, one foot propped up on the guard rail that separates the land from the rocky beach that rings the water's edge. He rests his elbow across his knee and looks out at Wolfe Cove, a tiny inlet that gives way to the larger Blackhead Bay before morphing into Bonavista Bay, and, then, beyond that joining the cold black waters of the North Atlantic. Behind him lies his home community, a settlement of shifting populations over his eight decades there (see Figure 1.1). When he was ten there were almost 200 people living on this grassy hill, but their numbers dwindled over the years. Now he is almost 86 and there are about thirty people who call this place home year-round (see Figure 1.2 and 1.3). Ten houses are used mostly in spring and summer, and another three are vacation homes, rented out to tourists. The community is just a scattering of houses, placed incrementally up a steep hill, showing gaps where older homes have vanished. Boulders sit in piles in the tall grasses, cleared and placed there a century ago to make way for small animal pastures, vegetable gardens, and the foundations of homes. Today nature reclaims the tilled patches of land: moss creeps across the rocks, grasses grow tall, small trees have seeded and grown waist-high while forgotten root cellars and housing foundations lie dormant underneath.¹

Wilson's gaze rests on the watery horizon. It is late July and there had been two boats in the bay that afternoon. The food fishery is open, a period of a few weeks in the

¹ Most of the historical facts, dates and names in this section are from interviews and conversations with Wilson Brown, and other residents of Upper Amherst Cove, as well as from my own knowledge of the contemporary geography. I corroborated these facts with published sources where possible.

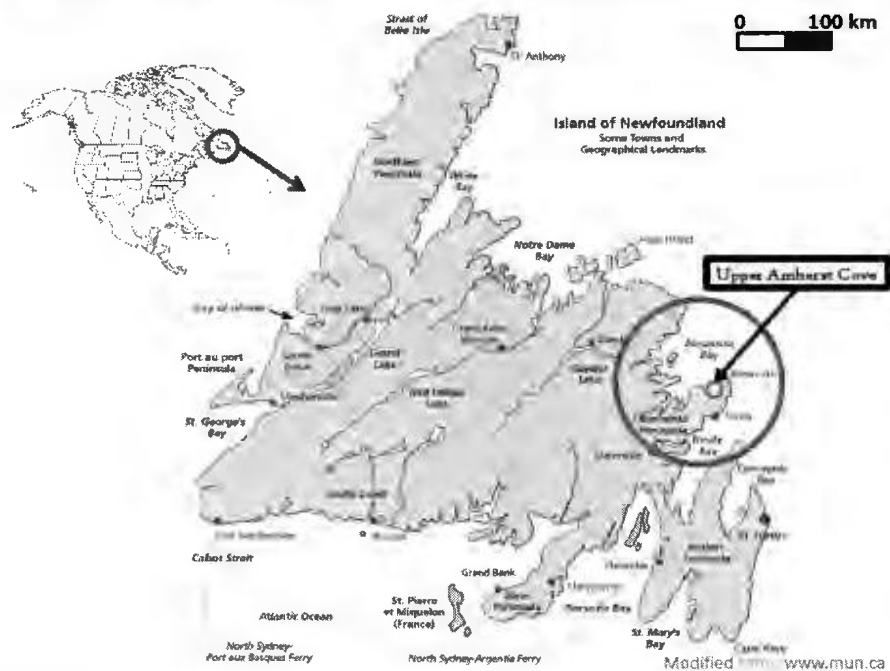
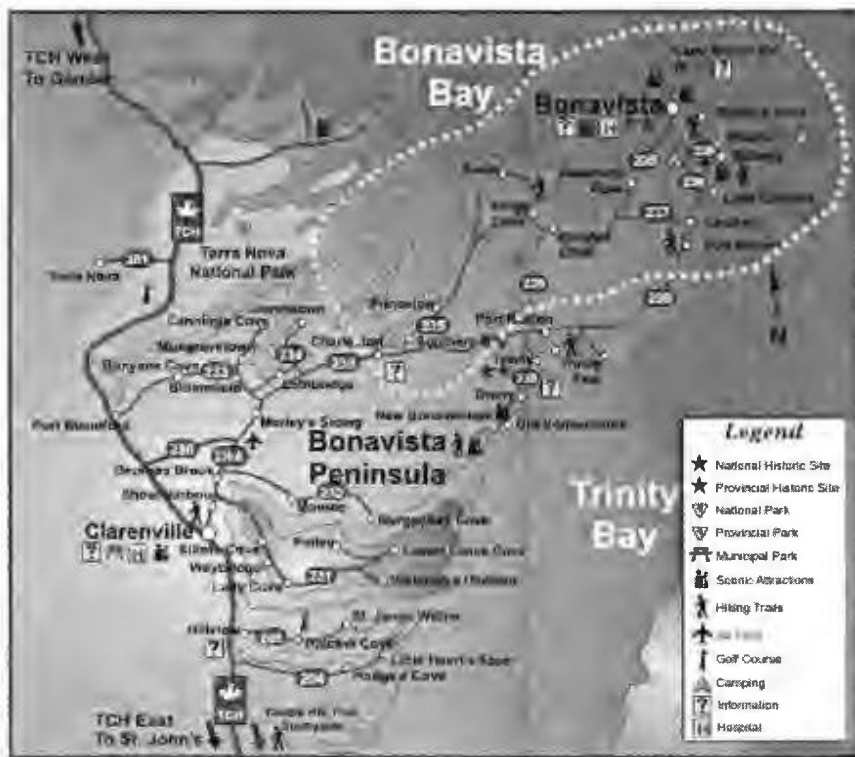


Figure 1.1 Map of Newfoundland and map of Bonavista Peninsula.

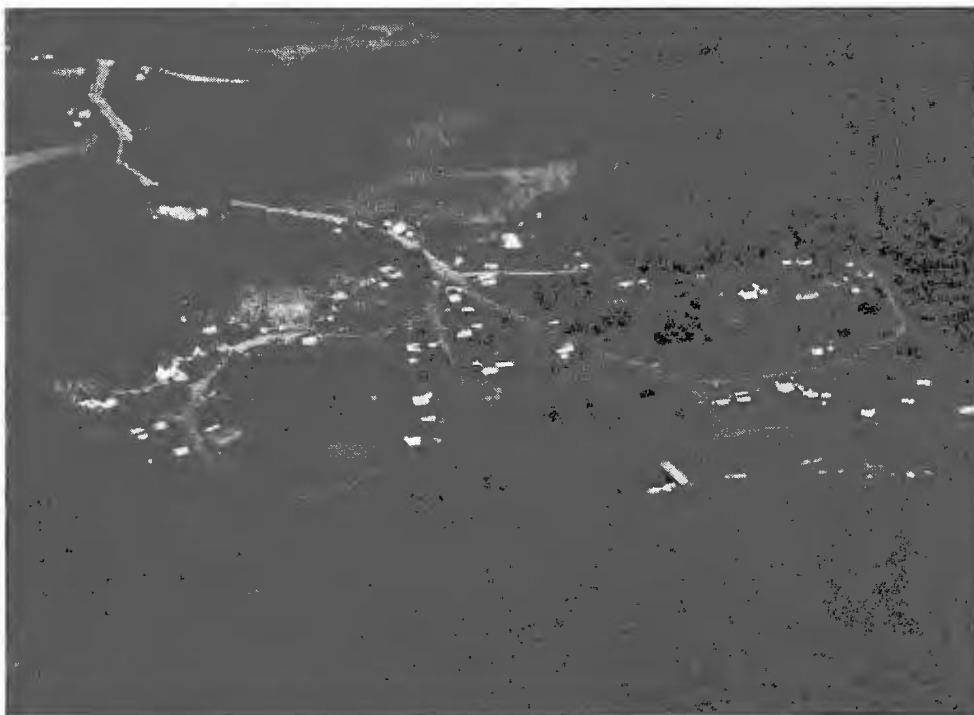


Figure 1.2. Aerial view (top) and long view (bottom) of Upper Amherst Cove.

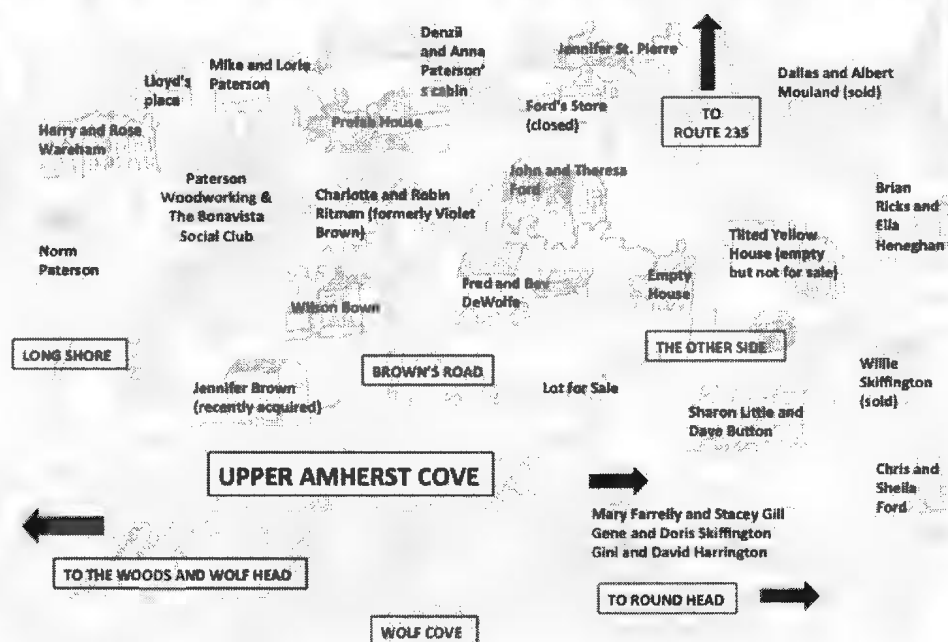
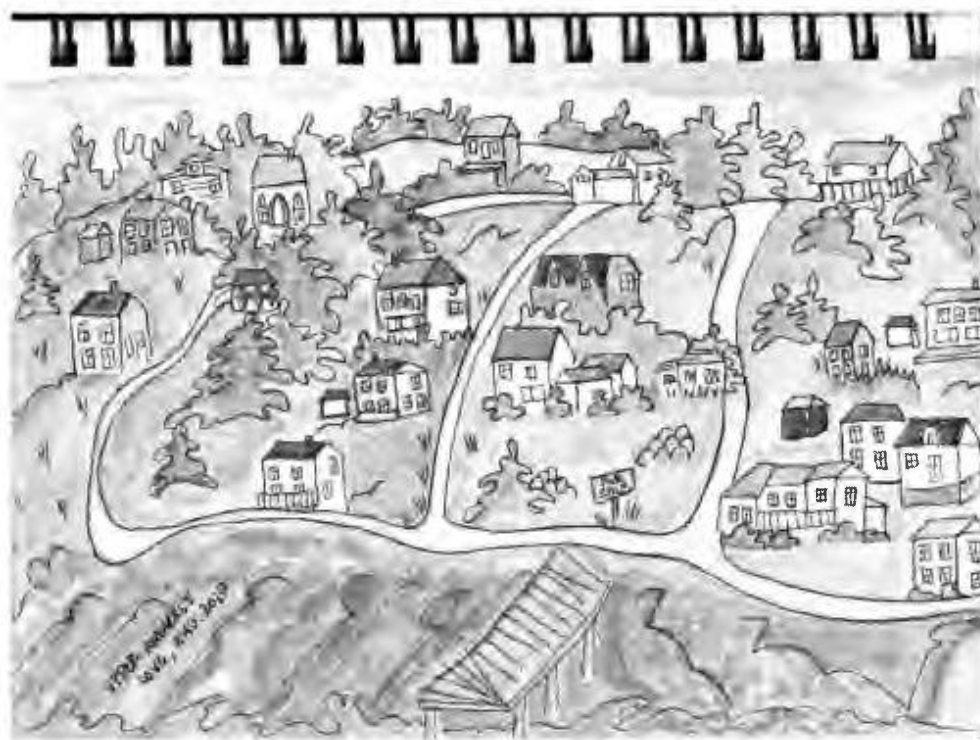


Figure 1.3. Field sketch and home diagram of Upper Amherst Cove, 2010 – 2012.

summer and again in the fall when the government allows Newfoundlanders to return to fishing the waters. Introduced as a two-year sanction in 1992, the moratorium on cod fishing has been in place for twenty years now, and the fish have yet to come back. Now, during these set times, every islander is allowed to catch five cod per day. "Fishing for cod is an important part of Newfoundland culture," Federal Fisheries Minister Loyola Hearn argued when instating this practice in 2007 (CBC 2007). Wilson remembers when at least a dozen fish stages lined the shore here, and the cove bustled with boats coming and going with their catch. Could the families who once manned those stages have foreseen the impending disaster? That there would be absence where once there was plenty? Giovanni Cabot's ship sailed into Bonavista Bay in 1497 and he cried "Buena Vista!" when he spied the cape that lies about fifteen kilometres from where Wilson stands. The story goes that the water was so thick with cod you could lower a basket into the water from the ship's bow and haul a full catch (Kurlansky 1998, 48-49). There is not much that can verify this tale, but there was enough fish to found an international industry that lasted 500 years and prompted the initial European settlement in this rocky landscape. Captain James Cook's 1763 map of Newfoundland shows that some of the prominent Bonavista Bay communities were established by the 18th century and it's likely that English settlement happened at some point in the 1600s (Prowse 2002; Whiffen 1993). Upper Amherst Cove is settled about 200 years later.

Locals say it was the Skiffington (or Skeffington, depending on who you ask) family that first to laid claim to this cove, and this is what is written in the *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador* under the short entry on Upper Amherst Cove (Pitt and

Smallwood 1997). Wilson's ancestors, the Browns, along with a family of Littles and Fords were soon to follow. They were all inshore fishing families who were further sustained by the salmon fishery, the Labrador fishery, and winter logging (Decks Awash 1984). Wilson thinks it is likely that the first settlers came from nearby Bonavista, at first seeking new fishing grounds to expand their trade. After setting up temporary dwellings over the work season, the fishermen stayed, setting down roots in the tiny cove to be closer to home. They could enlist the help of their wives and children in the drying and curing processes, and come home for a hot dinner before heading back out on the water over the long summer days. So, sometime in the early 1800s those four families set about clearing the densely treed hill and built rough huts with wood, using stones and mud to secure the logs into place. These crude shelters, long before Wilson's time, were the predecessors of the tidy clapboard homes erected the following century. Natural pathways formed between the houses and down the hill to the rooms, stages and wharves that were the processing area and gateway to the fishing grounds (Ryan 1955). From this temporary settlement a more permanent community lays its roots and when Upper Amherst Cove first appears on the census in 1845 there are twenty-one people living in four different families. These families, the Browns, Fords, Littles, and Skiffingtons are all Protestant Episcopalians. Between them, they cultivated three acres of land, which produced 142 barrels of potatoes that year and kept five pigs and ten goats (Newfoundland Census 1845). This is all before Wilson's time, but he does remember fences crisscrossing the cove, demarcated garden beds and livestock pastures. There are

just a handful of people who can remember how it looked then, including Wilson, and also his neighbour, Willie Skiffington.

Wilson visited with Willie in the care home in Bonavista a few days back. Willie was once the oldest resident in Upper Amherst Cove. Now that honour falls to Wilson. The two men grew up here, when Newfoundland was still a Dominion of Britain, on opposite sides of the settlement. Just paces away and divided by a single road, the north side, where Wilson's family lived, was always more prosperous. The south side, the "Other Side" as people called it then and now, was a little run down and people were poorer, less fortunate. Wilson remembers a female relative from his side of the community who would wait for her husband to fall into bed before stealing across to The Other Side, by coal-oil lamp light, to deliver leftover food to her neighbours.

Traces of this class structure remain in the architecture still standing on The Other Side. The Skiffington family home, for example, was a jumble of tiny partitioned rooms stuffed into a one-storey home. The adjacent five-by-ten-foot outbuilding housed a pair of bachelor brothers named Sam and Jim for a few decades. Bunk beds accommodated their sleeping arrangements in the tiny space. Two girls from Ireland bought the place in 2004 and in the subsequent years they took down the walls that once defined the bedrooms and kitchen and made one big living space. They didn't change Sam and Jim's place.

Wilson's home, in contrast, is two storeys tall with a wrap-around porch he built himself (see Figure 1.4). There are three bedrooms, and a central staircase that leads from



Figure 1.4. Wilson Brown's house, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

one floor to the next. The main door, the one he never uses, has a decorative window framed with a few panes of stained glass—red to match the trim. His father built the place in the last century and Wilson works hard to keep it in standing. He has been charged with dismantling a few older houses in the community, ones that belong to relatives who live away, so he is always dragging lumber back and forth across the Cove and over to Catalina where he owns another home (see Figure 1.5). He is using the old wood to build a deck over there. He is rarely as still as he is right now, not visiting with a neighbour, not building, or fixing, or lugging, or driving, he is just looking at the water. A few paces from where he stands the old wharf rots into the beach. The giant dock represented modernization when it was built in the late 1950s, replacing the individual fishing stages. Wilson remembers his father fishing from one of the earlier stages, and he remembers the work associated with the fishery; the ache in your back, your cold hands and the work days that stretched out as long as the sun was in the sky.

Wilson wasn't destined for life in the boat. After finishing high school he made his way to St. John's, taking the train from Bonavista to Clarendville where he caught a steamship on its way from Port au Basques to St. John's. He studied to be a teacher at Memorial University and although his job brought him home for a few years in the fifties, he mostly worked away. He had felt lonely. He was only 17 when he left. Wilson pined for Upper Amherst Cove, but teaching was the best choice. He was the only one of his peers to obtain a high school diploma.



Figure 1.5. Wilson Brown hauling wood in Upper Amherst Cove, 2012.

A few people remain in Upper Amherst Cove from the old days—some in their family home and some in new places. There is Eugene Skiffington and his wife Doris who live in the yellow house at the end of the road on The Other Side. Gene was born in the house now owned by the Irish girls when Wilson was already twenty and working away. Gene spent twelve years in Manitoba working on farms, but he came home in the eighties and was employed at the fish plant in nearby Catalina until Hurricane Igor washed the building away in 2010 and the officials closed its doors for good. Now he takes on labour jobs where he can. Doris, Gene's second wife, is from Little Catalina, about 20 kilometres away. She is retired now, but she worked at the crab plant in Bonavista for twenty years. They built a porch on their house a few years ago and now they sit out there most summer nights like this, watching the sun set, a few paces from where Wilson stands now. Willie lived just behind them, in a small one-storey white house. He visited with Gene and Doris every day, sometimes a few times a day. But this year he finally got too old to live alone, so he left his place, and went to the care home in Bonavista. It is what he needs now—someone making his meals, lots of people to socialize with. Chris Ford, who lives in St. John's now but keeps a summer house beside Gene and Doris, bought Willie's house and says he is turning it into a vacation home. A few decades back, that wouldn't have worked. Now there are three houses like this in the community. The second is Violet Brown's old house, a grand two-storey home on the top of Brown's Road, the next house up the hill from Wilson's place (see Figure 1.6). Charlotte and Robin Ritman, a couple from outside Newfoundland, bought the place from Nick Ford, Violet's former neighbour. Like Willie, Violet sold her home to a neighbour



Figure 1.6. Charlotte and Robin Ritman's home (formerly Violet Brown's home), Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

before she went into the care home in Bonavista. Her husband, a relative of Wilson's, grew up in that house. Now people from all over the world turn up in that place, some stay a few days, others stay for months. Nick Ford ran the old convenience store in town, which is now closed, its former contents visible through the big shop windows: lotto signs, old chairs, some appliances. His son John Ford took over the family business and moved it to Newman's Cove, about seven kilometers away along the main road that leads to Bonavista. At this new location they can take advantage of passing traffic and a bigger market.

John and his wife Theresa live here in Upper Amherst Cove, although you might think they sleep at their store. They are always working, Theresa behind the till and John in the back office. Their house lights don't go on until after dark most nights. They took over the Ford family home across from Violet's old home. It is a sturdy place, well built, with a hipped roof and new aluminum siding. It stands up to the winter weather.

Down at the water's edge there is the Brown's house. Philomena and David Brown lived there until the end of 2010 when they sold the place to their daughter Jennifer Brown, who is in her twenties and works in the film industry in St. John's. Her house is the third vacation rental in town. She will live there one day, but for now, people-from-away will rent it for a thousand dollars a week and if business goes well, her mortgage will be paid off before her thirtieth birthday. Then there are Mike and Lorie Paterson. They arrived in the eighties from Ontario and bought the old Ford house up in the far corner of the north side (where Chris Ford grew up). They came with two kids in

tow, Sam and Katie, and their third child, Denzil, was born shortly after they arrived. Lorie works as a physiotherapist at the health centre in Bonavista. Her job brought them here, but it is Mike's work that people talk about. He is a carpenter, and he eventually set up a woodshop, although it took some time because he was looking after the kids. Now he is probably the best known carpenter in the province. People are always coming from far away to drop in on the Patersons, to visit, to see and buy the furniture, to peer in at the way they live: the gardens, the goats and sheep, the bee hives, their church-like home with the tall pointed windows (see Figure 1.7). They own parcels of land across the cove. They are the first people to keep animals in the pasture for at least a few decades. After the Patersons arrived, people followed. Some young people too, like Chris Ford's daughter Rosalind Ford, and her husband Jason Holley, both artists, who live in Amherst Cove and work out of a studio across the road from their home. Two of the Paterson's grown children moved home as well—their son Denzil and his wife Anna live in Newman's Cove but work here, and their daughter Katie moved home with her husband Shane early this spring. The Paterson's friends, photographer Brian Ricks and his wife Ella Heneghan, moved here almost ten years ago. They had been living across the peninsula in Port Rexton and before that St. John's. Brian set up a photo studio in the school house along Route 235, where Wilson once taught, and Ella worked in Bonavista at the Cultural Tourism Institute that is part of the College of the North Atlantic. In 2010 she got a job with the provincial government and they got tired of the three-hour drive back and forth from St. John's. Now they are summer folks too.



Figure 1.7. Mike and Lorie Paterson's home (courtesy of Paterson Woodworking).

Summer folks. There was no such thing when Wilson was growing up here. That is one of the changes he has seen in his lifetime: people from away buying homes that once belonged to the Littles, Browns, Fords and Skiffingtons who settled the place. Twenty years ago, summer home owners from the mainland were a rarity. Now it is expected. When you put your house for sale, if it is an older house and it has a view of the ocean, not tucked away in the woods, you can expect an outsider to buy it for anywhere from \$40,000 to \$100,000. Just a few days ago Dallas and Albert Mouland's house sold for \$85,000 (they were asking for \$110,000 with the furniture and quilts included). You didn't need to ask who bought it. At that price it was obviously a mainlander. Albert was from Bonavista and Dallas from St. John's, and they bought the house thirteen years ago from Jessie Pearl for \$15,000 as a place to live year round. Albert got cancer and became too sick to travel so they stayed in Ontario.

Twenty years ago when Bev and Fred DeWolfe bought Ches Brown's house, across the road from Wilson's place, it wasn't common for outsiders to own property here. It cost them \$10,000 for the home, with two floors and as many outbuildings—all in sound shape (see Figure 1.8). Ches was a carpenter, so his house never had a lean or a leaky roof. The DeWolfes were the first summer residents and came all the way from Massachusetts. Bev's mother was a Newfoundlander, originally from Bonavista. She left for Boston on a steamer when she turned 16 because there were too many kids to look after so she was sent to live with family in the United States. She never came home, and



Figure 1.8. Fred and Bev DeWolfe's house (with The Other Side and Round Head in the background), Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

she died when Bev was still too young to care much about her mother's past. That changed. Bev and her husband Fred first came to Newfoundland in 1991, to learn more about the place and to meet Bev's relatives. It was on their second visit they bought Ches Brown's house. They have come every year since, arriving in spring and leaving at the hint of fall. Wilson and his wife Dodi look forward to Bev and Fred's stay in the cove. The two couples are good friends. They would miss them if they skipped a summer. The DeWolfes used to be an anomaly, not the norm. Now people arrive every year from the mainland. Five houses in Upper Amherst Cove are owned by people from Ontario, and the Irish girls own Eugene's former family home. Three homes belong to people from "town" which is what St. John's is called anywhere outside of the city. The neighbouring four coves that ring Route 235 on the way into Bonavista—Middle and Lower Amherst Coves, Newman's Cove, and Birchy Cove—have attracted a handful of mainlanders also. And it is no different across the bay in King's Cove—where Wilson can see the tiny blinking lighthouse from where he stands at the shoreline. Then, past the lighthouse, there is Duntara, almost as small as Upper Amherst Cove with just as many outsiders. Around the corner from Duntara in Keels there is a crowd from away that arrives every summer—a few Americans, some Canadians, at least one European. On the Trinity Bay side of the peninsula outsiders have been buying summer homes for thirty years. There is nothing left to buy over there, so the real estate tourists are making their way over here to see what they can find.

People from all over the world are ending up in Upper Amherst Cove. This week Wilson met a young woman from New Zealand on the road, with dreams of buying a

home here. She is a sheep farmer, here to work with the Patersons. Wilson asked her what size of farm she would like to run. He was surprised when she told him she would like about 9,000 sheep. He had guessed three or four hundred. He wouldn't have met a female sheep farmer from New Zealand on the road twenty years ago. There wouldn't have been a restaurant in Upper Amherst Cove twenty years ago either (see Figure 1.9). Since May, up on the top of the hill, there it has been, shining like a red beacon of change. A line of parked cars sits outside from noon to after eight when they close. When one car pulls out another pulls in. It creates a steady stream of traffic, lots of gawkers, driving slowly, snaking up and down the roads. Wilson's wife Dodi ate lunch there with Fred and Bev DeWolfe last week, but he didn't join them. The DeWolfes have been there six times since they arrived in late June. It was a treat, something for them to do. Wilson is too busy to sit down for a leisurely meal, and, he is not interested in eating in a restaurant. Not here in Upper Amherst Cove and not anywhere else either. It is not part of his culture, and, in his time, it wasn't part of the greater culture of the island either. But that has changed too.

What changed it? Did the change begin in 1949 when Newfoundland joined Confederation and became a province of Canada? Did it change when the world descended on the tiny outports— tourists wearing Tilley hats with binoculars strapped around their necks—and when the whale tours and hiking trails that enticed them here in



Figure 1.9. The Bonavista Social Club restaurant, Upper Amherst Cove, July 2012.

the first place proliferated?² Did it change when those people gaped at the cheap price of a home in rural Newfoundland and started to buy them up like trinkets from a souvenir shop? Some say the outsiders really noticed Newfoundland after the September 11, 2001 terrorist attacks stranded 39 jets in Gander and the 6,600 bewildered passengers stepped off the planes and rubbed their bleary eyes in wonder at their gracious hosts in their centuries old homes.³ In the wake of the tragedy, perhaps the refuge seemed safely exotic: just enough removed from their world to be different, and just enough alike to be harmless. The bucolic setting, the tidy clapboard homes inhabited by English and Irish descendants, seemed the antidote to urbanism and terrorism. Then there is climate change to consider. Newfoundland's notoriously bad weather is a temperate alternative to the scorching heat in Middle America and landlocked mainland Canada. Central Europe is warming up and the price of coastal real estate is rising in tandem. The ships and schooners always brought foreign people and goods to Newfoundland but airline travel—once the bastion of the rich and now a mainstay of the masses—played a major part in the increased tourist traffic. The catalyst for all of these changes is the barren sea that Wilson gazes at on this July evening. Without fish, these fishing villages wouldn't exist to deteriorate—to lure tourists with their promise of a simpler life (albeit one that no longer really exists), to beguile passersby with the history of the home's former inhabitants, to offer up the possibility of engaging in that life, if only in your imagination. Change was

² For more on the history of tourism in Newfoundland see James Overton's *Making a world of difference: Essays on tourism, culture and development in Newfoundland* (1996) and Gerald Pocius' *Tourists, health Seekers and sportsmen: Luring Americans to Newfoundland in the early twentieth century* (1994) in the reference list.

³ For a detailed account of this event see Jim Defede's *The day the world came to town: 9/11 in Gander, Newfoundland* (2002) in the reference list.

inevitable, but no one could have foreseen what it might look like, that the future might look like a spiffier yet distorted version of the past, populated with unrecognizable characters.

Wilson stays watching the water until the sun slips behind the horizon and then he walks the few paces down the road to his home. Tomorrow he will load his blue pick-up truck with his belongings and leave Upper Amherst Cove to rejoin Dodi in St. John's where they live on a cul-de-sac in a suburb of the city. You can live in two houses physically, but remain in one place emotionally. The house in Upper Amherst Cove with its red and white striped porch beams, the strawberry patch and the potato garden, the wood stove, and the small windows that frame the ocean and surrounding fields is more than shelter for Wilson. He will never sell it to outsiders hungry for exactly his type of saltbox because this is where his memories live, and it is where one part of his life exists, in fall and winter, but especially in spring when the snow clears and the roads are clean and passable and the warm season is laid out before him, when he can, once again, return home.

2. Introduction: How we got to this Place

Sometimes I see old mailboxes by the road with weathered names—Mr. and Mrs. Little or The Skiffingtons—and when I look to see the adjoining house there's nothing but a clearing, grass growing up where once linoleum and shag carpet were. (Field Note, 2010)

“There’s one, two, three, four, five. It’s like five or six homes here counting yours that once the summer is gone they’re gone.”—Eugene Skiffington, year-round resident of Upper Amherst Cove

“I Know a House”: Approaching the Research Project

My life collides with Wilson’s on a cold day in mid-May 2010, shortly after I arrive in Upper Amherst Cove. I had seen him for days, dismantling a timber frame home that sits near top of the hill. He hauls the old beams and sawn logs into the back of his pick-up truck and transports them down the valley to where they lie in an increasingly large pile at the foot of his property. Then, he turns the nose of his blue pickup truck back towards his worksite and repeats the process. He is in mid-haul when I interrupt him to introduce myself and to ask if he has seen my disappeared tabby cat.

“A missing cat?” He asks me. “Is that what it’s going to take to get *you* down here to talk to *me*?” He has been expecting my arrival. “Urquhart? That sounds foreign,” Wilson says and then asks me to spell my last name. Satisfied, he nods and says, “You’re from Memorial University. Here to do research I’ve heard.” He is exactly right.

Upper Amherst Cove is a place I had only imagined before pulling into the muddy driveway of the house I had rented from afar, the place where I planned to spend the next four months doing fieldwork. I am accompanied by my partner, Andrew, and our cat and dog. When I meet Wilson I am in the initial stage of the project I had envisaged for my PhD dissertation. My goal is to explore a fairly recent real estate trend that has mainlanders buying old fishing homes in Newfoundland’s outports and using them as

summer residences. I want to understand the process involved in choosing a second home so far from your first, a plane ride, a ferry ride, a long and somewhat precarious drive away (with the threat of moose colliding with your car at any moment.) The obvious factors are rooted in simple economics. The prices vary, but for the most part, you can still buy oceanfront property for around \$50,000 which is unthinkable in the rest of North America and Europe where oceanfront homes range between several hundred thousand dollars for a modest Maine cottage to 1.2 million dollars for waterfront property on Salt Spring Island, BC to 4.4 million euros for a seaside villa on the C'ôte d'Azur.⁴ People don't pay property tax in many of the smaller, unincorporated communities in Newfoundland and the municipal costs like water and garbage pickup are minimal according to residents. This is a further financial incentive to buy a seasonal property here. Beyond accessible cost, the natural beauty is also alluring: ocean swells, rocky cliffs, exotic marine and ornithological life. What are perplexing are the architectural choices these outsiders make in their adopted landscape. Rather than setting the deteriorating structures alight and starting anew, the summer residents are very particular about their restoration efforts. In most cases clapboard is favoured over aluminum siding, interior spaces are stripped of any trace of modernity and transported back to a time before the invention of wall-to-wall carpet and central heating. Is this because vacation life is simpler, and the surroundings should match this state of mind? Is it because people are looking for the antidote to urban life, which is seemingly more complicated, dangerous, fast-paced, and dirty than what exists in the country? Is rural life seen as safer,

⁴ These figures are taken from a range of international and domestic real estate listings in April 2013.

slower and bucolic? I wondered if this utopic rural world was somewhat fictive, a creation of the imagination, born of desires and want rather than reality. Then, I wondered what world the year-round residents see when they look out their windows in summer. What do they see in winter? Does it change? Those who were born in the community live with the memory of the houses and people that once populated Upper Amherst Cove's grassy hill. Depending on their age, they might remember the small but industrious fishing operations that ran from the now empty shoreline. In winter, they look across a darkened landscape with few lights in the windows. Even if they rarely speak with their year-round neighbours, is there comfort in the knowledge of their existence? These are the questions that my mind and field book brimmed with as I drove with my partner, Andrew, along with our cat and dog, to Upper Amherst Cove from St. John's on a Saturday afternoon in May, 2010. It took three hours but the distance felt immeasurable. In my four years in Newfoundland, I had left the city only a handful of times.

What fostered my interest in this topic, then? A mainlander without ties to this region, I am not unlike the enchanted tourists who purchase outport houses on a whim. What initially drew me to this story were the legends I encountered about mythical outport homes. These were not the Newfoundland-based Jack tales that I studied in my MA and PhD classes in Memorial's Folklore Department. These came from the lips of my mainland friends and acquaintances and they were rooted in real estate—not Jack's sought-after castles, but modest fishing homes.

“I’ve heard you can buy a house with your credit card,” one Ontario resident tells me. “I know someone who knows someone who bought a house in Newfoundland for a few thousand dollars and found buried treasure underneath the floorboards,” another person tells me. The treasure tale seemed far-fetched⁵ but if the headlines of local and international papers were to be believed, plenty of non-islanders were buying property in rural Newfoundland. Unlike resettlement, Confederation and the cod moratorium, the story of second-home ownership on the island is only on the cusp of entering into Newfoundland’s national narrative. Still, it is there, and people are starting to take notice.

“Once abandoned saltboxes and other isolated property now hot properties” states a 2008 headline in the (now defunct) Provincial paper, *The Independent* (Callahan). “More Americans warm up to homes in Newfoundland” is the headline of a 2007 *Wall Street Journal* article, in which it states that “up and down the rock-ribbed coast of Newfoundland in centuries-old fishing villages like [Twillingate], Americans and Europeans are taking advantage of a warming climate and a struggling regional economy to buy seaside summer homes for the price of a used SUV” (Belkin, 2007). Between the headlines and the hearsay, I had landed on my PhD dissertation topic. I had heard anecdotal evidence that there were plenty of foreigners taking up residence on the Bonavista Peninsula, and so I bought a survey map of the arm that juts out into the North Atlantic, flanked by Bonavista Bay and Trinity Bay, and familiarized myself with the communities that dot the shoreline. I planned to live in one of these places over the spring

⁵ Six years after hearing this rumour, I confirmed it with the original source. He says he did find a large sum of money in the home he purchased, but that he returned it to the family.

and summer but found that I had powerful and much wealthier competitors when looking for a temporary home: tourists. Vacation rentals averaged \$800 to \$1000 per week and I planned to stay for four months. Obviously I couldn't foot the \$8,000 price tag, but as an outsider, I was automatically pegged as a tourist. There were no non-tourism rentals listed in Internet or newspaper classifieds—at least not in the small communities where I hoped to settle. I caught a lucky break in November 2009, at a conference in Trinity, on the east side of the peninsula, organized by Ella Heneghan through the Bonavista Institute for Cultural Tourism, where she worked at the time. It was this chance meeting with Ella that led me to base my study in Upper Amherst Cove over any of the other communities on the map. I had given her the elevator synopsis of my research project: An exploration of how the recent summer residency trend in the Bonavista region is affecting the social and cultural landscape of the area through interviews with locals and seasonal residents. I also told her that I was having trouble finding a home base. Ella listened carefully, and then offered a solution.

“You need to come to the Cove, where we live,” she told me. “I know a house.”

The house belonged to Charlotte and Robin Ritman. Not originally from the community, they had bought the place about five years before and they only lived there in winter because they operated a bed and breakfast in nearby Elliston over the tourist season. They rented it as a vacation home in the summer months (in 2010 they charged \$800 per week) but agreed to let us stay the entire season at a reduced rate of \$500 per month because we offered to paint the exterior among other labour-intensive jobs. Our

offer came at a time when the house needed work and they were setting up a new vacation home in Elliston along with running the busy bed-and-breakfast operation. The rental income wasn't great, but not having to come by to clean the sheets and make the beds all summer must have been appealing.

I knew nothing of this community and it knew nothing of me. However, I do know a bit about life in the country. I grew up in a small Mennonite town called Wellesley in Southwestern Ontario and my father worked in the nearby city as a professor of fine art at the University of Waterloo. When we moved to our new house my parents tore down the above ground pool and set to work building my father's art studio in its place. I was seven. The neighbours were perplexed and I was devastated. Our arrival in this ethnically German town was my first cognizant experience of being an outsider. Shortly afterwards we temporarily relocated to the edge of the Yorkshire Moors for the winter where my mother, a writer, could research her second novel. There I attended a small stone schoolhouse with the local children where I was asked repeatedly to say the word Peugeot to the delight of my peers because it came out sounding more scatological than automotive in my Canadian accent. It was my second childhood experience as the lone foreigner in the playground. The year I turned four we had lived in a medieval farming town in Burgundy during my father's sabbatical where I spent half-days at the local daycare. For obvious reasons, language was less of an issue among the other preschoolers.

I mention these experiences to point out that I have entered a rural community as an outsider a few times now, and therefore I have no illusions about blending in. Because I won't and that is fine. Fitting in, or not, is one of integral questions I approach this study with. Are the outsiders considered part of the fabric of the land by the people who inhabit that earth year-round? Do they feel a part of the place?

Coming at this project with a background in journalism I was also familiar with the role of microphone-wielding stranger. However, it is much easier to cold-call a stranger and tell them that you are working on a story for *Chatelaine* than it is to explain folklore research. Memorial University is the only English-language university that offers graduate programs in folklore and the general populous has at least heard the term bandied about on local radio, or from attending the university. So many people in the province have been interviewed by budding student folklorists that the concept wasn't entirely foreign when I arrived and began to lurk around Upper Amherst Cove. Still, it wasn't the cut and dried affair I had known in my journalism work—find sources, get quotes, write story, have it slashed a few times by an editor, publish story, field comments regarding that story, then forget about it as you move on to the next gig. The folklore approach is also difficult for your sources to understand. Where is this mythical story that you are working on? Why, a year, two years after your initial interview are you calling with follow-up questions? Once it is finished, where does it go and who sees it?

In Upper Amherst Cove people quickly came to know what I was doing there. They also become familiar with my work through the CBC (Canadian Broadcasting

Corporation) as I wrote a fieldwork blog for their Newfoundland site that tracked my research progress and conducted a few radio interviews on the topic of second home ownership over the course of the spring and summer.⁶ Pitching the fieldwork blog to CBC was part of my overall research plan and it was my intention that through this I might remain transparent, allowing people to see what kind of information I was gathering along the way. It was an attempt to bridge the gap between the university, my research, and the community where I was based. Not everyone I interviewed had access to the Internet, but plenty of people listened to CBC Radio and my appearances on several provincial programs helped to validate my research. “Oh, you’re the girl I heard on the radio,” people would say. To avoid any confusion or surprise, I always made it clear to my participants what would be used for my CBC blog and what was strictly a part of my thesis research. The comments section provided people from across the province with an anonymous forum with which to contribute their opinions on the trend of summer home ownership. Free to say whatever they wish, people were sometimes very candid in their opinions which meant the blog also acted as a valuable research resource. An example of this is from an online comment posted on July 17, 2010, by someone who calls himself faheyseven. He outlines the plight of many rural Newfoundlanders, illustrating why so many homes are there to buy.

Hi,

I am a newfoundlander and had to move away to feed my family that I left behind. Each day that pass I miss them more and more, But what is in the rural newfoundland, nothing Yes nothing I am not alone there are hunderds or thousands guys like myself working in other places.I know that the newfoundland

⁶ www.cbc.ca/nl/features/sellingruralnl/

Goveronment is not doing anything to help the outport. They are only looking after the large cities, and only the east and do not care about these small outport, Yes St. john's is building up are the outports are been sold as summer house for the outsider that have a few dollars to spent for a cottage that we once's call home. where our parent grow up and bought up a large family where we had lots of friends and now they are gone away too looking for work and maybe like me there family is still waiting for they to return for a week or two, what a live, I know deep down that all the outports can work and stay alive if someone in the Goveronment have the balls to look at new idea's and help the coummity, what would happen if all son's and daughter return home and have no jobs to fall back on, we would be on the warefare for sure . my point is that these small community can work and be a part of the working class with little help, lets sent our members a letter and tell them to get up of there comfort chair and do something for the outport and stop the selling off, our roots.

It is the last line that strikes at the heart of an issue that is largely left unaddressed by the policy makers that faheyseven calls on. "Stop selling off our roots," the online poster implores. In my interviews with locals the conversation politely hedges the corners of this thorny tangle of emotions. Maybe this is because I am an outsider, or maybe it is due to a greater social code against speaking ill of one's neighbours (even if you only share a postal code for two weeks of year). In any case, the Internet provided an anonymous space for people to discuss how they felt without fear of repercussion.

With each blog entry I included a field sketch.

"More drawings please," my editor urged. "People like them."

I had debated their inclusion—not measured for proportion like an architect's work, I had thought their free-form somewhat folksy qualities might confuse a viewer. Initially, I had sketched to feel a sense of accomplishment at yet another day's end when I had failed to meet my neighbours, failed to brazenly knock on their doors and introduce myself, and failed to rid myself of my initial crippling self-consciousness. However, as I produced more and more drawings, questions formed. I wondered why there were piles

of rocks stacked throughout the grassy fields. I noticed old foundations. When traipsing across an empty lot to get a better view, I discovered the bow of a wooden boat, rotting into the earth. I started to know the houses in a more intimate way than a photograph could provide—the number of panes on a second-floor window, the size of the clapboard, the colour of the trim (see Figure 2.1).

The drawings in this study are as much a metaphor as they are an illustration. They are a visual representation of the research journey. With one exception every drawing is done in Upper Amherst Cove. So, too, they act as a visual representation of my evolving relationship with the landscape and the people who live there. My earliest sketch is of the view from inside my rental house looking out (see Figure 2.2), and my later drawings take in wide expanses of the community, where I sat in plain view, sketching as many houses as I could fit into my five by eight inch field book (see Figure 1.3 in previous chapter). The drawings in this study are illustrative of both the research journey, and the community where the research took place. They became an important component of this project and so are included in the final document alongside photographs, maps, and other illustrative figures.

I had thought explaining my project to my potential sources would be the hardest part of the project, but the largest hurdle I faced was gaining trust. In journalism there is a term called parachute reporting. That's when a reporter is dropped into a geographic locale to report on a news event there. It is something that foreign correspondents find offensive because they know that getting to know a story isn't about interviewing the first few people you meet, like your taxi driver from the airport or the hotelier from your



Figure 2.1. An early sketch of Wilson Brown's house.

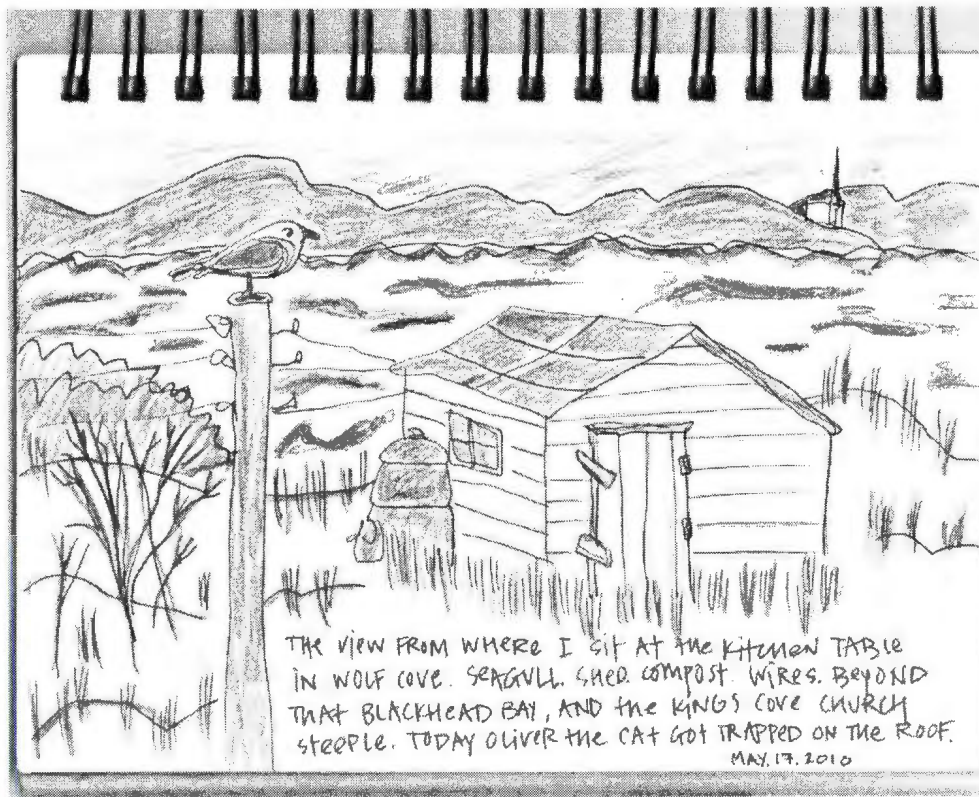


Figure 2.2. The first field sketch done from inside the house looking out in spring 2010.

lodgings. A lot of the details are gleaned from living amidst the people whose stories you're telling. It takes time to foster relationships, not just with people but with the greater culture and the landscape. This immersive style is more akin to the folklore approach to research. It is why I felt I needed to live in the community rather than take weekend trips or interview from afar. I spent four months in the spring and summer of 2010 living in Upper Amherst Cove, and returned for a follow-up visit during the month of August the following year. The next summer, 2012, bracing for a cross-country move and facing a deadline, I spent a scant four days visiting and conducting one final interview. I could visit this place for the next sixty years and keep collecting material, but I had to let it go.

"The folklorist, unlike the structural mythologist, is not dealing with a closed corpus of texts," writes Jacqueline Simpson. "His decision to cease collecting and begin interpreting must be made at some arbitrarily chosen moment and his interpretation therefore always risks being overthrown by subsequent discoveries" (1983, 224). The wily narratives, facts, places and people that got away will have to remain outside the boundary of this study. What is included stands as a testament to a specific place at a specific point in time. My findings are based on interviews, conversations, observations, and the minutiae of daily life. I interviewed 60 people in total (33 in person and 27 via email). In Upper Amherst Cove I interviewed the people in about 2/3 of the inhabited houses. I also spoke or emailed with people in Bonavista, Duntara, Elliston, English Harbour, Keels, King's Cove, Lower and Middle Amherst Coves, Maberly, Newman's Cove, Port Rexton, Red Cliff, St. John's, Tickle Cove and Trinity. I sent out an email

survey to a few summer residents and it took on new life when heritage realtor Chris O'Dea (who owns a home in Trinity and sells real estate in the region) sent it to his social network. I spoke with Chris in person about his experiences as a realtor in the area, and with Mike Paterson about his experience as a heritage tradesperson working with seasonal residents. I spent time interviewing Jim Miller, the mayor of Trinity, to help flesh out the section later in this chapter on the historical factors that led to the summer residency trend in the region. For the same reason, I conducted one of my first interviews with Peggy and John Fisher, proprietors of Fishers' Loft in Port Rexton in Trinity Bay.

Beyond this, I lived, for a time, in the environment of my research and did the things that people do in regular life. I shopped at the grocery stores in Bonavista and Catalina, got my car's oil changed in Port Union, and picked up my mail in Newman's Cove every weekday. These small exchanges are as important to understanding a place as any formal interview.

Before setting out I debated whether this study should be based on a single community, or if it should be a broader regional study. I fretted over whether Upper Amherst Cove was a typical outport community, and, without enumerating its citizens beforehand, I wondered if there would be enough outsiders to warrant a study of this nature. It is not a typical outport, but that is because there is no such thing. A community is a sum of its unique parts. There are people who represent the earliest settlers, like Wilson Brown, William Skiffington, John Ford and Eugene Skiffington, and there are people who represent some of the earliest summer residents in the region, like Fred and

Bev DeWolfe. There are no longer any inshore fisher people in town, but plenty of people are employed or have been employed by the fishery.

Mike and Lorie Paterson's presence in Upper Amherst Cove defines the community and sets it apart from its neighbours, particularly with the spring 2012 opening of their daughter Katie Hayes' restaurant, popular locally, but creating buzz and drawing visitors from Bonavista to Toronto. My family's experience in Upper Amherst Cove, and my work as a researcher, was also somewhat defined by our connection to the Patersons (see Figure 2.3). Mike was the first person we met in Upper Amherst Cove, while out on a walk the morning after we arrived. He was sitting on the grassy hill behind our house calmly watching the ocean, his goats grazing behind him. His dogs, a rust-coloured lab named Charlie and a small sandy mutt named Django, sat obediently at his side. He was wearing orange rubber boots—a mariner's grade shoe that you might pick up at a fishing supply store—a pair of faded jeans, a blue sweatshirt, and a red baseball cap. When we met, he introduced his dogs but forgot to tell us his name. Although knowing him now, this might have been an example of his character shining through, his intentional silliness. He told us that he and his wife Lorie watched us unpack the night before, and that they had noticed Andrew's guitar case. Our arrival had not gone unnoticed, we realized then, blowing any of our preconceptions of anonymity away. He brought us home to meet Lorie, a physiotherapist who works in Bonavista, who wears her hair short, and has a pretty, narrow face. She was preparing for a dinner party that would happen later that night and hauled a giant bag of flour to the kitchen counter where she set about making bread while she spoke with us. (We came to know that there is always a



Figure 2.3. Mike Paterson and his oldest son, Sam Paterson (courtesy of the Bonavista Social Club).

looming party to prepare for at the Paterson's house). Their home is cathedral-like, a replica of a local church, and was designed and constructed by Mike. They have chickens and goats, bees, several garden plots, and Mike's woodworking shop and showroom sit across the road from their house. (The showroom would morph into their daughter's restaurant by the spring of 2012). The Patersons are like homesteaders but with finer architectural details and a stellar art collection. As we come to know Mike and Lorie, and their extended friends and family, we simultaneously come to know Upper Amherst Cove. They readily include me and my husband in their social life, and in several cases, they helped with my research by vetting my character to facilitate meetings and interviews.

During my two summers in the area I did not limit my research to Upper Amherst Cove, but naturally most of the sources—local and seasonal—reside in this outpost. Upper Amherst Cove is the base from which I explored my environments, and I include stories from people in nearby towns where I feel they add to the greater themes in this work.

I met my neighbours, as one does, on the roadside or while in the garden, or in the general store parking lot in Newman's Cove, or at local events, and, of course, simply by stopping to say hello when people sat out on their porches on a nice day. Upper Amherst Cove is a small community, but it took me three months to meet the people who live in the houses on "The Other Side" (see Figure 2.4). I continued to meet people the following summer, and the summer after that. It is difficult to leave the cove for the third



Figure 2.4. A sketch of the lesser known (to me) side of Upper Amherst Cove.

and final time in August 2012, knowing that I had come to the end of my fieldwork collection but also with the realization that I might not return for a long time. I had become familiar with a rich and varied cast of characters, in my research and in writing about them, and I was reluctant to say goodbye.

Folklore and the Study of Place

In its entirety, this is a study of place. It is the story of how people discover a place of their own—temporary or permanent—and how they construct their identity and culture by settling there. It is about the seasonal residents of this place but it is also about the people who live in the region year-round. It is about how these two groups negotiate the same space. It is about how the idea of place is informed by interactions with nature and culture and how where we are born and where we choose to live, shapes our identities in different but equally important ways. It is also about how people interact with each other in one landscape that is used for different purposes, a land that was settled to avail of a natural resource that has since vanished. Finally, this is a portrait in time, a snapshot of a Newfoundland outpost that is modern and ancient, permanent and impermanent, transient and emplaced.

The study of place is a fundamental facet of the discipline of folklore. This thesis was inspired by several place-based studies, primarily Gerald Pocius' work in the community of Calvert, Newfoundland, *A place to belong: community, order and everyday space in Calvert, Newfoundland* (2000) and Henry Glassie's *Passing the time in Ballymenone* (1982). Further works by Pocius (1979; 1994) and Glassie (1975; 2000),

and also Fred Kniffen (1965), provided a conceptual framework from which to explore the vernacular forms—houses, interior décor, artifacts—in the Bonavista Region and helped to expand my own conception of what typified contemporary outport culture. To explore the notion of place as it applies to identity and basic human desires I drew on Tuan's concepts outlined in his work *Topophilia* (1990). Diane Tye's study of Cavendish in Prince Edward Island (1994) and George H. Lewis's exploration of identity and class in the U.S. state of Maine (1997) helped me to understand how groups can inhabit the same landscape but in different ways, infusing a place and all its parts with contrasting but equally valid meanings. In this vein, Dorothy Noyes writes that "as is now well known, folklorists have been particularly active in defining and objectifying the culture of imagined communities in such genres as the museum, the dictionary, the national epic, the collection of tales, the preserved site, and other lieux de memoire" (Noyes 2003, 27). In this study, it is the imagined place that I examine, a cultural artifact of both summer and year-round worlds.

People from Here, People from Away, and Who Falls in Between

Initially, I set out to explore one landscape and two groups: people from here, and people from away. Quickly, I discovered overlap. Wilson Brown is an example of this problem. Wilson is one of the few people left in Upper Amherst Cove with ties to its earliest settlers. He is a trove of traditional knowledge. He sleeps in a home built by his father, but he does not sleep there year-round. He is both a person from here and a person from away. Then, adding another layer, he is a townie, meaning that he makes his home

in St. John's. In Newfoundland a person from away, a 'come from away' refers to an off-islander, but it also defines a stranger to the community. In this sense, Wilson is neither.

I am not the first folklorist to come to this impasse. Noyes writes "that groups are not homogeneous is the first realization of any scholar doing fieldwork" (2003, 13). This is perplexing as folklore is defined as the study of behavior within groups, or, as Américo Paredes suggests, folklore is the study of "special groups" including "groups living in certain regions of the country" (1968, 70). Perhaps this is why folklorists have approached the definition of group from several angles but never come to a full consensus. Because a group is defined by its members, the real question then, is who are the folk? In its earliest form, folklore was the study of the European peasant class. To outsiders, this continues to define the discipline. But scholars in the nineteen-sixties and seventies revolutionized the definition of what constitutes the folk: they can be factory workers (Dorson 1981), they can be an urban community of African Americans (Abrahams 1970), and, with the introduction of reflexive ethnography, they can even be academics examining their own identity (Behar 1996). In the sixties, Alan Dundes expanded the classification to include "any group of people whatsoever who share at least one common factor" (1965, 2).

This liberal definition allows folklorists to examine groups not generally associated with a rich narrative tradition or cultural identity. If the folk could include blue collar workers, what's to exclude the ones that wear white? Pauline Greenhill enters this territory in her exploration of English groups in Ontario, people whose pedigree excludes

them from being considered ethnic, or from considering themselves an ethnic group (1994, 12). Like all groups of people who participate in creative acts of communication, who share a language and a code of conduct and a place—whether it is a place they have come from, like Britain, or a place they moved to, like Stratford, Ontario—they exhibit shared characteristics worth considering. Similarly, John Dorst explores aspects of folk life within the suburban middle class and discovers a complex code of insider and outsider status within the group (1989).

One portion of this study concerns a group of urban middle-class people who hold white collar jobs and live comfortably enough to afford a second home. What ties these people together as a group, beyond class, income, and owning two homes is that they are outsiders who chose to purchase a second home in Newfoundland, which, considering the weather and the distance, might be viewed as unusual. The inclusion of the second group, collectively called locals or year-round residents, is crucial to understanding the place as a whole. They too are a disparate band of individuals whose choices lump them together. Basically, they decided to stay when it might have been easier to leave. Despite the bleak economic times, and even bleaker projections for the future, they remained in place.

Then there are the people who walk between both worlds. They are in a kind of limbo, a liminal category that is equal parts here and away. Wilson is one of these people. He is a summer resident, and he is a local. Mike and Lorie Paterson also reside in this category. They are from away, but, after almost three decades, Upper Amherst Cove is their home. They are locals from away. They are NBCs (Newfoundlanders By Choice.)

This overlapping category of people is as important to the study of this place as the more easily defined groups.

Adding another social layer are the townies. The St. John's-based Newfoundlanders who buy property around the bay are a different species from their mainland counterparts. This excludes seasonal residents like Wilson Brown or Chris Ford who grew up in the community but return home for summer. The townies I am speaking of never lived 'round the bay and while many can trace their lineage to the earliest arrivals on the island they've never spent an afternoon jigging for cod, stepped foot in a boat, or had much to do with outport life at all. There is a deep-rooted ambivalence in the relationship between townies and baymen. Sometimes it is playful, taking the form of jokey t-shirt slogans proclaiming to be one or the other. Sometimes the sentiments run a little deeper. There is a feeling that the provincial government largely ignores the people who live, as they say, "beyond the overpass" that marks the passage from urban to rural Newfoundland. In recent years the gap between the economy in town and that of the rural regions widened with St. John's flourishing from the success of the offshore oil deal while the outports, particularly those beyond commuting distance, continuing to languish.

"While the outports dwindle into mere picturesqueness, the capital city of St. John's explodes with activity and commerce from the offshore," writes commentator and Newfoundlander (who lives in central Canada) Rex Murphy in the *National Post* on the 20th anniversary of the cod moratorium. "There's a Calgary feel to how fast things are moving in St. John's. The offshore oil developments came at a very providential time.

They also, I think, take the mind away from the stark prospects of Newfoundland outside the city” (2012).

Murphy’s sentiment echoes that of the anonymous faheyseven who commented on my first blog post. It can’t be denied that St. John’s has an unfair advantage over the smaller outport communities. On the flipside, however, townies sometimes feel inferior to the baymen who embody outport Newfoundland, the place, real or imagined, that defines the identity and culture of the island.⁷ Although several townies participated in this study, the people “from away” that I spoke with are mostly non-Newfoundlanders. The townie-bayman divide is another concept all together, one that has been explored to some degree (Laba 1979; Narváez, 1986), but warrants further attention. However, it is not the focus of this ethnography. What this study aims to explore is how people from a completely different provincial and geographic background choose to live, seasonally, in a landscape so far removed from their homes—both culturally and physically. It is about how they imagine and reimagine the concept of place, how this contributes to their identity, and how this influences, changes, and affects the lives of the permanent residents, people who live with their own imagined and reimagined versions of the outport. It is also about how these people intersect and connect with one another.

Drawing from a Different Well: Second-Home Scholarship

In what is often cited as the pioneering work on second-home research, R.I. Wolfe surveyed the proliferation of summer cottages in Ontario from the 1920s to late 1940s,

⁷ For a more in-depth look at how outport Newfoundland is seen as the cultural heart of the island see James Overton’s *Making a World of difference: Essays on tourism, culture and development* (1996).

exploring the emotional ties and meanings associated with these temporary residences. He suggested that the notion of switching quarters in the summer months is older than civilization (1951; 1977). Certainly in Newfoundland and Labrador the early settlers followed a seasonal migration that sent them inland during the harsh winter months (Smith 1987). Using the woods as a shield against the North Atlantic gales was a measure of practicality. Further, living along the shoreline during the height of the fishery allowed for on-site processing and shorter trips between home and workplace.

Wolfe surmised that the urge to own a summer cottage in the wilds of Ontario was partly a throwback to the pioneer days, a desire for the frontier experience but with a built-in escape plan. Further, he cited the British nature tradition and “a fundamental, atavistic need in man to return to nature” (1951, 22). This drive, Wolfe argued, manifested itself in our desire to dwell at the water’s edge, be it seashore or lakeside. Wolfe carried out his study on Ontario cottagers in the middle of the last century and in an updated conclusion written two decades later, he surmised that the lakeside landscape has completely changed. He felt that the term “cottage” no longer applied to the architecture of the leisure class. Due to inflation, the affordability of these simple structures had narrowed to include only the very rich. The buildings were often winterized in an effort to extend their use and their economic viability, thus the qualifier “summer” also no longer applied. The greatest and unanticipated change, writes Wolfe, is in “the growth in the number of second homes that are not purpose-built. It is astonishing how many working farms have been abandoned throughout Ontario...[and] are now serving the inessential purpose of being a second home.” Further, he says, “it is now

possible to travel through bucolic parts of Ontario, as one can travel through Sussex in England or the Beauce in France, and pass hundreds of recreational homes that are not recognizable as recreational homes at all, except by the expert” (1977, 31-32).

Ever prescient, Wolfe noted a trend afoot that would proliferate throughout the Western world—the reimagining of post-industrial landscape as leisure space. England went through a heritage barn conversion craze in the 1980s before heritage associations cracked down on the renovations that rendered many traditional farm buildings unrecognizable. Canadian farmsteads in areas like Prince Edward County in Ontario and British Columbia’s lush interior are being purchased by weekend hobbyists and now, in the last decade (longer in some cases), Newfoundland’s former fishing homes, void of their original purpose, are enticing a new kind of resident. The saltboxes that once embodied labour are now a symbol of leisure. Settlements based on natural resources are prone to impermanence (Ashworth 2005, 184). Without a *raison d’être*, populations either die out or shift focus.

The worldwide scholarship on second-home ownership by geographers like Wolfe, as well as sociologists, and within the realm of tourism studies provided a fertile basis for comparison with my own research (Halseth 2004; Clout 1971; Coppock 1977; Löfgren 2002; C. Michael Hall and Dieter K. Muller 2004; C. Michael Hall and Allan M. Williams 2002) as have studies of specific summer communities (Brown 1995; Gustavsson 1980). Further, I have drawn on the concepts of amenity migration, which is “the migration to places that people perceive as having greater environmental quality and

differentiated culture” (Moss 2006, 3). While this mostly refers to a more permanent move from urban to rural, the concepts are applicable to seasonal residency.

Explorations of summer home ownership within Canada have provided an invaluable base for comparison and helped provide context to my own work (Halseth 2004; Jaakson 1986; Casey 2009; Wolfe 1951, 1977). Being a close cousin of second-home scholarship, tourism studies also inspired this work, particularly Orvar Löfgren’s *On Holiday: A history of vacationing* (2002) and Dean MacCannell’s, *The tourist: A new theory of the leisure class* (1999). Finally, two explorations of post-industrial landscapes as places of leisure in the Maritimes helped shape my knowledge of this phenomenon (Binkley 2000; Summerby-Murray 2002).

One of the most useful facets of these studies was the incorporation of original quantitative data. Relying on the existing statistical data for this project proved difficult. The recent census lumps Upper Amherst Cove in with the surrounding four Coves, one of which is substantially larger, so there are no sound population statistics on this community (Statistics Canada 2012, 15). Further, Statistics Canada’s numbers on second home ownership are somewhat flawed in that they gather data on who owns a second home, but not where the residence is located. So, we know that in 2005, 9% of Canadians owned second-homes, but we don’t know if these homes were in Muskoka, Newfoundland or Florida (Kremarik 2002, Statistics Canada 1999; 2005).

The survey found that the median age of these owners was 52, meaning that if the respondents had children they were generally grown and no longer living with their

parents displacing the idea of the summer getaway with the kids. This was in keeping with an independent Canadian-based study (Halseth 2004) and in my own research—although there were a few exceptions—most of the seasonal home owners I spoke with were over fifty. The number of Atlantic Canadians who own a second-home is in line with the Canadian average. While this fact is interesting, it doesn't address the people in my research. Many of the people who participated in this study were from the United States and a few were from Europe. There are no statistics on foreign home ownership in Canada—at least not any that are available to the public. I contacted the Canadian Mortgage and Housing Corporation (CMHC) to ask if the organization has ever gathered statistics on second home ownership in Newfoundland by non-residents, or within Canada in general, and they do not. The person who answered my email suggested that I follow up with the Canadian Real Estate Association. I did, and, again, came to a dead end.

A mail-out survey might be a means of collecting data on second home ownership in the Bonavista area, but because people don't always receive mail at their summer residence, this type of research also has its limits. Through the Harris Centre, Memorial University's community outreach group, I made a formal suggestion in winter 2012 for research of this type to be carried out in the region, and throughout Newfoundland.⁸ At the time of writing, it remains a suggestion rather than a reality.

⁸ For more information see: Cohoe, Rebecca. "Yaffle your next project" *The Memorial Gazette*. May 16, 2012. <http://www.mun.ca/gazette/issues/vol44no14/yaffle.php> (accessed April 2013). See also <http://www.mun.ca/harriscentre/>

Knowing the ratio of seasonal to year-round residency would certainly be useful for this study, but ultimately, it would make up one sentence in an otherwise qualitative thesis. In his often-cited study on seasonal homes, Reiner Jaakson finds limitations in the empirical approach when trying to understand the emotional meaning of second homes to their owners. He writes that “closed questions would force the respondent to translate what may be complex personal thoughts into predetermined answer categories” (1986, 372). He discovered that best nuggets of information, the meaty anecdotes and greatest illustrations, came up in the informal conversations that took place after the interviews. Jaakson conducted 300 interviews with cottagers across Canada and found that despite his “humanist approach” and “unstructured” interview style, certain patterns and themes cropped up during these conversations (1986, 373). “No two conversations were quite the same, yet all had a sameness in that which they explored” (1986, 372). Like Jaakson, I also discovered patterns within conversations, particularly when I spoke with seasonal residents about how they found their home in Newfoundland.

Wolfe’s observation that only the expert can discern the “cottage” architecture from the local homes applies to Newfoundland’s outports as well. Every house has a story to tell and these stories manifest themselves through choices: the materials used in their construction and upkeep, the type of front door, the retrofitted windows, the state of the roof, the colour of the paint, the flowers in the garden and the car in the driveway with its foreign license plates. To understand how we got to this point, however, like Wolfe, we must look at the historical context.

The Old Fishing Grounds: Seasonal Residency in Post Industrial Landscapes

“I didn’t take the fish from the God damned waters,” a ruddy-faced, irascible John Crosbie yells at a crowd of protestors who are forming a tight circle around him.⁹ There are about six or seven men, approaching middle age, jockeying one another for a verbal shot at the fisheries minister. It is an overcast, drizzly day on July 1st 1992 when Crosbie arrives in Bay Bulls on Newfoundland’s Avalon Peninsula for a Canada Day celebration. But rather than a group of revelers, apoplectic fishery workers meet the political envoy. The previous evening, newscasters announced that Ottawa was planning a Northern Cod moratorium, but the government hasn’t made an official statement. Crosbie remains tight-lipped, further fueling the protestors’ rage. To the crowd of inshore fishermen, plant workers and their families, the impending ban sent several messages: talk of meager financial settlement suggested they weren’t worth more, but worse, the suggested measures would put an end to a centuries’ old way of life. That the fish are disappearing from the waters is no surprise to these people. But, if Crosbie didn’t take the fish, as he claims, who did?

In an interview twenty years later, Crosbie contends that his infamous quote shook the crowd and led them to understand that “they were all responsible” for the

⁹ CBC Digital Archive. Cod fishing: ‘The biggest layoff in Canadian History’ (video news report): <http://www.cbc.ca/archives/categories/economy-business/natural-resources/fished-out-the-rise-and-fall-of-the-cod-fishery/the-biggest-layoff-in-canadian-history.html> (Accessed April 2013).

collapse of the fishery.¹⁰ The archival footage from that day in Bay Bulls would suggest otherwise. In response to Crosbie's shift of blame, a man in the crowd leans in towards the minister, his face ashen with rage, and answers, "You and your God damned people took [the fish]."

The "people" that the protestor cites, you can infer, are those that make up the centralized government in Ottawa (Crosbie's employers), so far removed from the life of inshore fisher families. The moratorium would be officially announced the following day, putting 30,000 people out of work across Atlantic Canada, devastating the population numerically and emotionally. What was announced as a temporary ban is still in place today twenty years later. Out-migration, an echo-effect, continues at pace (Nolan 2007).

When Giovanni Cabot sailed into the shores off Newfoundland 400 years ago, the fish stocks fuelled tall tales that circulate still today. The depletion of the North Atlantic cod stock required global participation over several centuries but the reality is that the codfish is a casualty of industrialization. Cod's commercial extinction is not the fault of inshore fishermen based out of the island's small coves and inlets. They played a bit part in this drama. The cod stocks were in trouble long before the moratorium, and fishermen and scientists alike tried to sound the alarm, warning that the giant trawlers dredging the ocean floor were depleting the natural resource at an unsustainable rate (Kurlansky 1997, Rose 2007). Regulations should be introduced, they argued, but by then it was already too late. It was probably centuries too late. The fate of the Atlantic cod was sealed with

¹⁰ Bartlet, Steve. (Audio clip). "Crosbie reflects on his famous quote to rowdy fishermen." June 29, 2012. <http://www.thetelegram.com/Video/18661/Crosbie-reflects-on-his-famous-quote-to-rowdy-fishermen> (accessed April 17, 2013).

first European contact. There were empires built on the back of this ocean fish and four centuries later empires crumbled when it disappeared.

In Newfoundland there was settlement money referred to colloquially as “the package” and there were retraining programs. People scrambled to reinvent themselves, but for many, the option was to move, along with their families, to the more prosperous regions of the country. Outmigration happened before the moratorium, but there was a sharp spike in the years that followed Crosbie’s altercation in Bay Bulls. This left a number of homes unoccupied in Newfoundland’s outports. They weren’t abandoned in the true sense of the word, as the owners often had every intention of returning. Life does not necessarily work this way. People who left in middle-age retired on the mainland because returning home to Newfoundland meant leaving children, and grandchildren behind.

Outmigration is not the only factor that leads to empty homes. Older houses need a lot of attention, and so do older people. In some cases family homes are left standing when elderly inhabitants move to retirement homes in larger centres like Bonavista, Gander, Clarenville or St. John’s. These houses are sometimes left in wills to descendants, people who live far away and take years to decide what they’ll do with the home. These scenarios would be less likely in urban settings where yearly property tax might prompt an earlier decision. With no financial burden to contend with, it is easy to let a property sit. After years of letting it languish, it can also be easy to let a deteriorating family property go when a stranger offers you cash to take the trouble off your hands.

At one time, prices varied wildly in these kinds of sales. The house prices listed in this thesis are gathered from land deed records, personal interviews, and occasionally real estate listings on official realty sites, as well as community marketplace websites, like Kijiji.com. For example, Peggy Bulger bought a modest two-storey home in Keels for \$500 in 1986 (see Figure 2.5) while on the other side of the peninsula John and Peggy Fisher purchased a home in 1989 for \$25,000 (although, admittedly, they said their neighbours thought the sum outrageous and immediately pegged them as millionaires). In Upper Amherst Cove the earliest vacation property was acquired in 1996 for \$10,000 by Bev and Fred DeWolfe from Boston. Around the same time the owners of a house on the other side of the community, one with a serious lean but nice outbuildings and a refinished interior, was offered to Mike Paterson for \$1,000 but he turned it down (see Figure 2.6).

The property sales in Upper Amherst Cove over the past five years, all purchased as second-homes or vacation homes to rent to tourists, ranged from \$25,000 for a home without electricity to \$56,000 for a bungalow with a view of the ocean to higher prices for more traditional outport homes, ranging from \$60,000 for a property with ocean views from the top floor, to \$75,000 for a small, three bedroom waterfront property and \$85,000 for a slightly larger three bedroom property with the contents included. From media reports, the trend was afoot all over the province. *The shipping news*, (2001,



Figure 2.5. Peggy Bulger's home in Keels, bought in the eighties for \$500.



Figure 2.6. The leaning yellow house in Upper Amherst Cove.

directed by Lasse Hallström) a big budget Hollywood film based on Annie Proulx's novel of the same name (1993) and filmed in Trinity, as well as travelogues like John Gimlette's *Theatre of fish: travels through Newfoundland* (2006) and Robert Finch's *The iambics of Newfoundland: notes from an unknown shore* (2007), and *The day the world came to town: 9/11 in Gander, Newfoundland* (2002), Jim Defede's account of the airline passengers grounded at Gander on September 11, 2001, all lauded Newfoundland as the last holdout against modernity in North America. It is worth noting that Proulx, Defede and Finch are American, and Gimlette lives in England, and all of the works are directed at a non-Canadian, non-Newfoundland audience.

Some of the houses in the towns I visit on the Bonavista Peninsula are uninhabited but the communities, unless they have been officially resettled, are populated by people who live there year-round. To say that outport Newfoundland is thriving is a stretch, but to say that it is dying (and, like Rex Murphy's lament, many do) is untrue. This means that there is an influx of wealthy outsiders living side-by-side, at least in summer, with employed and underemployed locals. There is a scattering of white-collar workers in each community along the Bonavista Peninsula—there are schools that need teachers, health centres that need nurses and doctors. There are service industry jobs in the few grocery stores, gas stations, and convenience shops. A larger section of the population works, or worked at one time, in the peninsula's fish plants (since the hurricane in 2010, they are down to one crab plant in Bonavista), and another portion are retired, or on employment insurance, working contracts and casual labour as the opportunities arise. A final group of workers relies on the tourism industry. They are

either directly or indirectly employed via the island's famed hospitality—practically a corporate brand in recent years. The socioeconomic gap is wider and smaller depending on the makeup of each community, but for the most part, it exists, and it is a factor of the post-industrial, post-fishery leisure landscape. It happened in New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island, and it happened in Nova Scotia. For many years, it has been happening in Ireland, and in coastal Scandinavia as well (Binkley 2000, Gustavsson 1980, Quinn 2004, Summerby-Murray 2002, Tye 1994).

In his study on the relations between inhabitants of several Swedish coastal towns, Anders Gustavsson traces class conflicts back to the original summer lodgers in the late 1800s and early 1900s who would rent the homes of local fishing families in the summer months (1980). These families would vanquish themselves to the attics and basements of their rightful homes to accommodate the seasonal residents; a worthwhile discomfort for the investment. By the 1920s and 30s the annual income provided by these long-stay visitors made up 10 to 30 % of the fisher families' annual household budget. This relationship was not without a certain amount of class-related conflict and resentment brewed on both sides. In the 1930s and 1940s, Gustavsson observes, there was a sociological shift as the fishing and canning industries that were the mainstay of these small towns started to suffer and as a result the young people migrated to the cities. The population aged, people moved to nursing homes or died, and through this shift the lodging homes petered out. What appeared in their absence were empty fishing homes—simple, traditional, made of wood, and, initially, very cheap to buy. Renters morphed into owners. As the homes became more desirable, the real estate prices inflated wildly

beyond the local's reach. "If a house is worth 8,000—10,000 Swedish Kronor, the outsiders will gladly pay twice as much, or some 16,000—20,000 kronor," a resident fisherman remarks in 1947 (1980, 67). Tracing the summer home ownership trend in the coastal village of Fiskebäckskil, Gustavsson surmises that since the 1940s when people began to buy properties the percentage of homes owned by summer-only residents rose to 70% by 1980 (65).

Applying a similar historical analysis to the Bonavista region, the summer residency trend can be traced to developments in two towns along Trinity Bay, on the south side of the peninsula: the heritage restoration of the town of Trinity and the arrival of John and Peggy Fisher in neighbouring Port Rexton.

"The Serengeti' of the 21st century": Tourism's Role in Developing Seasonal Communities

There are many factors that can initiate migration. On a practical level, these are needs based. For example, the European fishermen were drawn to the waters off the coast of Newfoundland by the fish. It was economy-based, temporary migration that, over time, produced permanent settlements. The seasonal migration to Newfoundland's outports today is less needs-based in a practical sense, but arguably remains rooted in an ethereal urge common to humankind. This is a desire to experience nature, to discover and own land and to live within the culture of another. If the grass is always greener on the other side, living in two worlds can temporarily suspend this covetousness. In leisure, the traveler seeks reward, not in monetary compensation but through the experience of sport, food, or the most sought after and often most elusive, authenticity. Authenticity is a

peopled land. A forest is not authentic, but a home that was made with sawn logs from the forest can be classified as such.

There are a series of draws that bring tourists to the Bonavista Peninsula. There are the usual Newfoundland attractions: icebergs, boat tours, coastal views, heritage and history tours and, more recently, gourmet restaurants. Looking for the epicentre of Newfoundlandness, captured in one place, many tourists end up in Trinity. Trinity is the shell of a fishing village, which has been restored, re-painted, and re-peopled with interpreters who enact the daily working life of the town's former incarnation (see Figure 2.7). In summer months there is a blacksmith who sits behind a rope barrier in the recreated forge and works while tourists take his photograph and ask him questions. There is a cooper who mans the recreated cooperage, and a historical interpreter to run the general store where you can purchase souvenirs like hand-knitted gloves and hooked mats. Real people run the town's inns, restaurants and bed and breakfasts but to some extent, they too are playing a role. At the end of town, on the water's edge, sits an unusually large fishing store, painted red ochre. This is the Rising Tide Theatre where actors (rather than interpreters) spend their summers enacting the difficult but virtuous lives of their ancestors, who might have lived in a village just like this.

The mayor of Trinity is a local boy, barely 30, returned home. His name is Jim Miller and he has been mayor for the better part of his twenties, since 2005. It is a volunteer position so he also works as the Trinity Historical Society's project coordinator and general manager. He has been working for the society since 1995. He started as a



Figure 2.7. The area of Trinity that Jim Miller calls “Trinity Proper” in summer, 2010.

tour guide and then became a supervisor, working seasonally throughout high school and university until he returned to Trinity in 2000 after graduating from Memorial University. He is originally from New Bonaventure, a community a few kilometers down the road.

He estimates that there are about sixty people in Trinity year-round and that the population doubles in the summer (a further 100 live in the vicinity, beyond the shoreline). Miller lives in Trinity proper, which he says begins at the Royal Bank at the top of the hill and circles around the small peninsula encapsulating all of the town's historic sites, the theatre, amenities, gift shops and restaurants. When summer ends, he is one of only a few people who remained working and living in Trinity. Living in the community full-time, Miller is accustomed to the ebb and flow of the population.

When I meet with Jim in the historical society's office space above the town's museum, the large windows overlook Trinity proper, and he is able to point out a few recent developments. "Over here on the hill you might be able to see a yellow house?" he asks.

I see a saltbox style, clapboard-covered home that looks like the neighbouring houses, which is to say, it looks old, but spiffed up and restored.

"That was built last summer," Jim says. "There was nothing there before. Years ago if you look back at the old pictures around 1900, that whole piece of land up there, there were about a dozen houses on it. Most of them were torn down and fell down over the years. The only one that was left there is that two storey creamy coloured one there," he says and gestures to a grand clapboard home.

“Yes, it’s beautiful,” I say.

That’s been restored, it was in really bad shape and then a gentleman from Boston fixed that up and he spends two weeks here [every summer]. He’s a lawyer. Most of the people that have homes here are professionals of some sort. It’s a getaway basically. I don’t know if I should say this or not, but Trinity could and possibly may become like a Martha’s Vineyard. So...

Jim trails off, leaving me to interpret his silence. A politician, he is a careful speaker. He doesn’t mention the ongoing rift between the American Republicans and Democrats who take up summer residence Trinity but I can infer that his dealings are largely with people from the U.S. by his choice to reference Martha’s Vineyard over Ontario’s equally tony Muskoka region.

Someone like Jim inhabits that grey area where the two groups overlap. He is from here and he is from away and he deals with both groups in his capacity as mayor. He is a mainstay of the summer enclave, but, a year-round worker, he knows how it feels in November to look out the office window at quitting time and not see a single house light on.

I ask when people started using Trinity as a seasonal space and he can’t pinpoint a decade but says he might peg the start in the late 1970s and into the 1980s with the bulk of seasonal residents buying homes in the 1990s. The trend doesn’t seem to have slowed in the two decades since. There has been an average of about six property sales per year (including land sales and new homes being built) but he sees this tapering off because there is no more property to buy within the town boundaries and people aren’t interested in the bungalows with no ocean view in the greater Trinity area.

Drawing the outsider's gaze towards Trinity was a deliberate move by the provincial government. Seen as a good candidate for a heritage upgrade, the Department of Development handed over a \$1.5 million grant for the town to restore key historic buildings so that they might become tourist attractions. The town had previously been awarded money from the Federal Government and also the Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation to create a living, albeit spiffier version of a Newfoundland outport to lure tourists to the region (O'Hollaren 1985).

At the time, there were few places that could accommodate tourists beyond the Trinity Cabins just outside the parameters of town, two hospitality homes in neighbouring Trouty and Goose Cove, and one inn that operated within the collection of heritage homes and structures slated for restoration. This was the Village Inn, now defunct but in operation from the mid-seventies. Peter and Chris Beamish, people from away, bought the business in 1979 and operated the inn until 2010. They also ran guided whale watching tours and so had an insight into two aspects of the burgeoning hospitality industry. In an interview in the early 1980s with Julie O'Hollaren, a student conducting research for her anthropology master's degree, Peter prophesized on the future of tourism in outport Newfoundland:

Peter sees the value of Newfoundland in the outports, and tourism should concentrate on selling the history and culture of the outport people. He is fond of taking his clients to see 'the real Newfoundland': "salty fishermen mending nets of traps, wrinkled old ladies tending to the potato patches..." [Peter Beamish, personal communication, 22 August 1984]. He encourages his clients to talk to these people, to feel a part of their lives. He believes Newfoundlanders are just as curious to find out about the lives of the tourists, and so will invite the tourist into their homes for a cup of tea and a chat. [Peter Beamish, personal communication]

Peter sees the save of future tourism in Newfoundland as catering to the well-to-do: “Newfoundland will be ‘the Serengeti’ of the 21st century” –a place for photograph safaris of wildlife, scenery, and culture. Tourists will fly in (“the ferries are worthless and there is nothing to see on the Trans-Canada Highway”) and then expertly trained guides will take over, having planned out every detail in advance, so the tourists won’t have to worry about anything. [Peter Beamish, personal communication, 22 August 1984] (O’Hollaren 1985, 63-64).

The Beamishes ran their business long enough for Peter to see his comparison between 21st century Newfoundland and the golden era of the Serengeti come to fruition. In 1984, the year that Beamish made this comment, 242, 133 people visited Newfoundland with a total expenditure of \$85.5 million. Ten years later the number of visitors rose to 329,429 and collectively spent a total of \$165.2 million in the province. In 2010, just before Beamish closed his business, Newfoundland saw 518,500 tourists through the province and their expenditures totaled \$410.6 million (Tourism Culture and Recreation, Government of Newfoundland and Labrador 2012). Also in 2010 the foundations were laid for a five-star inn on Fogo Island in an effort to revitalize the region’s economy. Philanthropist and millionaire Zita Cobb, who is the driving force behind the project, says she is after a certain income level when questioned about the inn’s prospective clientele. At a rumoured \$500 per night for a room, and with the inn being featured in major news outlets worldwide, Cobb certainly has a shot at success (Urquhart 2010a; 2011). In a different vein, CapeRace is an ‘unscripted’ and ‘guide without the guide’ tourism group that operates realistic Newfoundland experiences that include spontaneous kitchen parties in local homes, and chance encounters with the “salty fishermen” and “wrinkled potato hoers” Beamish envisioned. The promotional literature boasts chance encounters with locals as a draw, basing these meetings on prompts found

in a personalized travel guide book: "Using hints throughout the guidebook, we sometimes direct you to places with the hope you will bump into some of the more colourful characters that we know live or work in the area. For example, we may recommend a general store as the last stop for supplies for miles, but really we're trying to get you to meet the owner."¹¹

While the CapeRace tours include the Bonavista Peninsula, Trinity is not listed as a draw. It is probably a little too touristy and thus not authentic enough, a testament to the success of the government's revitalization and tourism plan. With the number of visitors to Trinity increasing, the two and three room bed and breakfasts were turning away potential customers daily by the late nineties. At this time, John and Peggy Fisher opened four rooms of their home in Port Rexton to help accommodate some of the overflow from Trinity. A friend who operated a bed and breakfast didn't want her potential customers going to the competition and asked if they would mind putting up a few people in the extension they had built on their home to accommodate a garage and a music room for their two boys. "Suddenly we found ourselves in the bed and breakfast business," John says. "We were licensed and we got a star rank rating and all that stuff and it is tiring, there's no money in it. You have a new best friend at midnight when you don't want one, but at the end of the second year of doing this I think we turned away just as many people as we had accommodated. We looked at each other and said 'there's probably an opportunity here to do something much more.'"

¹¹ This quote and other details about CapeRace tours are taken from promotional material found at: www.CapeRace.com (accessed April 2013).

Following that summer they decided to add eight more rooms, a bar and a restaurant, and within two years they were turning away 800-900 people so they expanded again. Now they run a 20-room inn with a restaurant with two seatings per night (pre-theatre and evening). They employ 20 people, making them the largest employers in the community and the biggest tax payers too (see Figure 2.8).

Although Peggy passes it off as a fluke, the Fishers run a careful operation—details are a concern, staff are encouraged to “be themselves”, the paint colours are tasteful and the beds are handmade by Paterson Woodworking. Coming from Southwestern Ontario, John and Peggy had insider knowledge of what tourists were seeking (and before landing in Ontario, John originally came to Canada from England). The local food movement was starting to gain momentum, people were travelling with the sole intention of trying regional fare and they were interested in staying in environmentally sustainable buildings and looking for a certain aesthetic: natural materials, a garden, a good view. The Fishers moved to Port Rexton to escape the “twee” town of Peterborough and the overstuffed section of Ontario that rings Toronto for several hundred miles. In an ironic twist, they lured aspects of what they left behind right into their backyard.

When I asked realtor Chris O’Dea, who sells heritage houses in the Bonavista region, if any one event set the second-home trend in motion, he was quick to point to the inn as a catalyst for the movement of outside home buyers to the region. “After Fishers’



Figure 2.8. Two views of the sprawling Fishers' Loft Inn in Port Rexton, 2010.

Loft opened in 1997, the surge grew exponentially,” Chris told me. “It drew a different kind of tourist.”

Many of the mainlanders who own homes within Port Rexton and in the nearby communities initially arrived on the peninsula as guests at Fishers’ Loft. The inn acts as a gateway to the community. The Fishers are quick to admit to this fact when I meet with them at their home in Port Rexton in the early spring of 2010.

“Obviously, we are surrounded now by former guests,” Peggy says, gesturing out the window. “The pink house, this one down here, that one here, this one up there, they are all owned by people who were guests and who wanted to find a property out here, but then there are a lot of people as well who think they want to buy a property and when they get home they realize it’s too far, too complicated.”

It is complicated, not to mention expensive, to get from the mainland to the farthest reaches of the Bonavista Peninsula. But many people do, and every summer more and more outsiders make the decision to buy property in the region. The trend of second-home ownership has surpassed the point of critical mass and it is now commonplace. The collapse of the fishery set the ball in motion, and tourism development paved the way.

Cottages, Cabins and Camps: The Language of Second-Homes

How do the seasonal residents describe the structure they have purchased in Newfoundland to their friends back in Toronto, or Dublin, or Boston? It is not quite a cottage, in the traditional sense of a building on a lake, and it is not a cabin in the woods either. It is most definitely not a camp. According to linguist Charles Boberg, we are

nation divided when it comes to what we call our places of leisure. In his North American Regional Vocabulary Survey, conducted from 1999 to 2005 Boberg asked what word best describes “a small house in the countryside, often by a lake, where people go on summer weekends” (2005).

On the Saturday of the Victoria long weekend in 2012 as people were setting up tents, clearing out cabins and opening up the cottage, the cover story of Canada’s national paper, *The Globe and Mail*, asks: “What do we call our summer homes?” When the reporter asks novelist Michael Winter, a Newfoundlander who came to the island with his family from England as a child, the correct terminology in the province he divides provincial structures as follows: “the operative words are the utilitarian camp (“for hunting from, or for picking berries”), the “house around the bay,” (a fixed-up outport house) and the cabin, made for pleasure and situated on a “pond” (i.e. lake)” (Allemang 2012, F1).

Winter lives in Ontario but owns a home in rural Newfoundland. His reference to a “house around the bay” comes closest to describing the homes in this study, but it is still too provincial. Only a townie would call it a house around the bay. A mainlander with a fixed-up outport house might never encounter this phrase, ostensibly because they happen to be ‘around the bay’ when in Newfoundland. When referred to, it is most often “my place in Newfoundland” or “my house in Newfoundland.” The closest I can come to a unified terminology in this study is ‘second-home’ or in some cases, where it is specifically used seasonally, ‘summer-home.’ The people who inhabit these structures are

referred to as second-home owners, seasonal residents, summer residents or amenity migrants.

Another important point to address is how I refer to the people who provided information for this study. In some cases, I will call them sources. Each person will be introduced by their first and last name, unless they have asked to remain anonymous. After this, I will refer to people by their first names. This is for simplicity, because many of my sources share a last name. It is also because I got to know each of the people I spoke with, many of them I saw on a daily basis, and calling them by their surname feels strange. Sometimes people are reintroduced by their full names where they have been absent from the text for some time and I feel the reader might need to be reminded.

Finally, the personal quotes from the conversations I had with the people portrayed in this work are recreated as accurately as possible. Most quotes are taken directly from recorded interviews, and the quotes from informal conversations are taken from the notes in my field book. People express themselves verbally in a different form than they might on the page, which is a conundrum for anyone engaging in ethnographic work. I did not include false starts, or speech tics like ahs and uhms, and did not include the instances where someone misspoke, or used a word incorrectly.

A Note on Writing Style

When I began my MA degree in folklore I had been working as a journalist for several years. From my short stint as a hack reporter for the Toronto Sun to the long-form feature writing that became the bread and butter of my freelance career, I had learned to

communicate ideas to the masses by boiling down large concepts into digestible sentences and paragraphs. Within the academy I learned that I needed to reopen the language that I had worked hard to compact, but as I pursued my studies farther, I also learned the act of critical thinking. In this vein, I began to question why the economy of words employed in journalistic writing could not also be applied to my academic work. Around the same time, I began to take notice of the culture of inclusivity adopted by Memorial University through The Harris Centre, a university-lead organization with the mandate of bridging the needs of the province with the research being conducted by the students and faculty within the school. In March 2012 the Harris Centre held a regional workshop in the provincial zone where I had carried out my PhD research. I attended as a representative from Memorial University who had conducted fieldwork in the area and in the day-long session I was partnered, along with other students and faculty, with concerned members of the community. We discussed how to tap into summer residents' resources—volunteer time, special expertise, political power, and access to wealth—among other issues. I enjoyed the opportunity to speak about my research with the people affected by seasonal residency, and it felt like an important step within the project as a whole.

From the beginning of my thesis research, I had aimed to be as inclusive as possible. First, by sharing my research journey through blogging on cbc.ca, a popular mainstream media platform. Second, by sharing some of my early results on news sites like rabble.ca (Urquhart 2010b), and also at talks and conferences both within the academic realm and the public sphere. In my final and most important product of this

research, my thesis, I wanted to continue this act of inclusivity by applying some of the style and technique I had learned in my work as a journalist, and in my training at Ryerson University's School of Journalism where I studied the work of the major literary non-fiction writers of the 20-21st centuries, like Gay Talese, Joan Didion, George Orwell, Truman Capote, and Sebastien Junger. This should not be seen as an attempt to diminish the importance of this thesis as an academic document, nor is it a slight on the more traditionally-written works of folklore that I have read, learned from, and based my own work on. What I hope to show, in the way that I have written this thesis, is that writing style and cadence can be an important feature in a work rooted in concept and theory. Further, in the spirit of inclusivity so prevalent on university campuses these days, I also hope this thesis might engage readers outside the academy, in particular, the people who appear in its pages.

At the same time, I recognize that employing a style more akin to popular or creative writing is not new to the humanities, nor is it new to the discipline of folklore (Behar, 1996; 2009; Lawless, 2001, 2006). In 2006, the year after the American Folklore Society founded their Creative Writing section, the *Journal of American Folklore* published a special issue devoted to creative ethnography.¹² Elaine Lawless, who edited and selected the work in this volume, writes that the essays in the collection serve as examples of the type of creative ethnography currently in practice, arguing that they do not suggest a radical departure from tradition, but are representative of a style that already exists. She writes that "a great deal of posturing, historicizing and apology can be

¹² *Journal of American Folklore* 118 (467), 2005.

eliminated when we identify this moment as postcrisis. We may still have to encounter the 'predicament' of representation, but we can determine that we have moved beyond that rather paralyzing moment and announce that 'here we are,' doing something different" (Lawless, 2006, 4).

In regards to the writing of this thesis, bolstered by Lawless' statement: Here I am doing something different. I realize that employing a slight variation to traditional style might invite criticism, but, as academics, if we don't engage in work that invites criticism, we are not doing our jobs.

Conclusion

I arrived in upper Amherst Cove with a number of misconceptions about the typical Newfoundland outpost. The first was that a typical Newfoundland outpost existed and might act as an archetype for all the small communities that ring the island's shore. Secondly, I thought that the outpost was an endangered species, in need of saving. Prompted by my editors at CBC, I asked Mike Paterson "if the arts would save rural Newfoundland," and he was quick to point out that the place did not need saving. My question seems ridiculous in hindsight, but a survey of provincial and national media stories surely allowed me to believe this to be true. Rex Murphy's aforementioned piece on the anniversary of the cod moratorium is an example of the kind of despair that has come to represent rural Newfoundland in the national news:

The outposts have been drained of their most active people; the long chain of continuous living from the sea and living on its very borders has been broken beyond repair. Many of the famous towns and outposts — names that have been in songs and stories almost forever — are now whittled to half their size and less.

Some old people remain. The younger come back every little while to visit, see parents, or just to savor time close to the water. But the dynamic life of the majority of outports is over with the fishery that gave birth to it (Murphy 2012).

This bleak backwater was what I had expected to find. But, like the mythical Newfoundland outport of the tourism ads, and even the news stories, this was an exaggeration of reality.

Noyes writes that the fieldworker's goal is to reach the centre of the group they have set out to study, but that once they get there, they "can no longer simply depart. Our entry has changed the shape of the network, and we are part of it" (2003, 13). Knowing this to be true, ethnographic fieldworkers jettisoned that omniscient narrator long ago. Because of this my research story is an interwoven narrative throughout this work. It is not about me, but sometimes my outsider presence helped me to better understand the situations of the people I spoke with, or prompted me to ask questions that might be inherent to insiders and thus left unexamined. My own experiences informed the conclusions that I drew on aspects of outport life for both the summer and year-round residents. This cannot be overlooked as an influencing factor in my interviews, exchanges, conversations, observations and interactions with everyone I have written about in this story. As much as I could, I let the people speak for themselves to help capture this moment in time.

In the third chapter of this thesis I explore how and why people decided to make the investment in a home in rural Newfoundland. Here the summer residents tell their arrival narratives, mostly in their own words, but also based on information from our

interviews. I recognized patterns in the arc of these narratives and in the characters that populated the tales. These were not unlike the hallmarks of the European folktales, organized into structural meaning in Vladimir Propp's *Morphology of the folktale* first published in the early twentieth century (Propp 1968). The stories involved a certain level of suspension of disbelief, as most folk tales do, and extended to the way that people live when at their summer residence. In contrast, and in similarity, the year-round residents also lived with a conjured and sometimes fictive version of their social and natural landscapes, built from pieces of palatable memories. This chapter explores both imagined outports.

In the fourth chapter, I examine how regional folklore intersects with the lives of the summer residents—both intentionally and inadvertently. This can be seen in the restoration work undertaken by summer home owners, usually an effort to strip the buildings of any modernity and return them to their original state both inside and out. It is apparent in the summer residents' thirst for local knowledge about the social and natural environment. In a subtler form, when acquiring land deeds, summer residents often dig up the relationships and living patterns of past lives relying on the collective memories of the elderly population to piece together a folk history for them. This keen interest these outsiders have for the local history is flattering and aggravating, a tension that is expanded on in this chapter.

The fifth chapter looks at the relations between the year-round and summer residents through two different but equally important veins: social spaces and social

dynamics. In this chapter I look at how people from contrasting backgrounds operate for different purposes in one landscape. These competing ways of living can generate gossip and rumours. Newcomers can be a source of entertainment for locals, both in their friendship and in their antics. They can also breed fear, and contribute to rising house prices, as well as act as a powerful force against any change (particularly industrial) that might infringe on their enjoyment of the landscape, even if it might benefit the local population. This chapter explores the relationships between these two groups and the folk culture created by their interactions.

The final chapter, which concludes this work, outlines some of the major changes that unfolded over the three years that culminated in this study. Some of these changes were not surprising—people getting older and moving into care homes, summer residents selling their homes due to the recession. Some of the changes were unforeseen—Hurricane Igor's devastating effects in 2010 and the unprecedented success of the restaurant that Katie and Shane Hayes opened in Upper Amherst Cove in 2012, the last year of this study. What these changes ultimately show is that, like everywhere else, life in rural Newfoundland is constantly evolving.

This thesis examines a section of rural society that is often left unexplored—the wealthy landowners who temporarily inhabit the landscape. Building on previous ethnographic works carried out in rural landscapes, like that of Glassie (1982) and Pocius (2000) mentioned earlier in this chapter, I wanted to undertake field research over a period of time in one location. My research differed because it was carried out at the

intersection of two cultures, relatively early in their relationship with one another. Rarely do we see fieldworkers examining the upper-middle class unless they belong to a sub-culture or special interest group.¹³ Focusing on this group is of particular importance when discussing rural gentrification. While the issues and stories of the lives affected by this kind of change are important, so too are the decisions, desires, stories and drives of the people who are, in part, responsible for the changing nature of the rural landscape.

The fieldwork undertaken for this thesis is at the heart of this exploration. Working in the field is expensive, daunting and intimidating but there is great value in this kind of research. There are two ways to immerse oneself in a site-specific field study. One tactic is to visit over a long period of time, and another, within the four-year constraint of a PhD program, is to physically move to your field site. When I relayed my plan to a faculty member, she'd remarked that I was using the "old school" method of site immersion. In the digital age when interviews can be achieved via email without the researcher ever hearing their source's voice, there is a certain novelty to taking the more organic approach. I would argue that the final product reflects how the fieldwork is undertaken and that face-to-face interviews and participant observation will result in a layered and nuanced ethnography that Internet-based research cannot achieve. I understand that the time and flexibility required to undertake site-specific fieldwork is not practical for every researcher, nor every research project, but for this topic, it felt necessary.

¹³ As mentioned, there are exceptions, like Greenhill (1994) and Dorst (1989).

That said, keeping an Internet presence during fieldwork creates an important means of linking the online to the real world. My fieldwork blog proved to be an invaluable tool that I plan to implement in all future ethnographic projects. In the fall of 2012 when Dr. Gerald Pocius ran a field school in Keels, NL, for the incoming class of graduate students in Memorial University's Folklore Department, one of the components was a fieldwork blog that incorporated diary-like entries and photographs. It is an important public record of the work carried out by those students, one that is easily accessible to future researchers and also to the people who participated in the project.

In this thesis I examine five key issues. The first is how sense of place is constructed—imagined and reimagined—by people with varying levels of commitment and historical ties to the landscape. The second is the role arrival narratives – the discovery of place – play in this construction. The third is how folklore shapes the experience of newcomers. The fourth is an analysis of the stories that grow at the intersection of two cultures, looking in to how the stories of one group impact the other, and the inherent class implications within their interactions. The fifth is to explore similar settlement patterns in other geographies. Together, these five issues culminate in an overview of how space and place is negotiated by different people for different purposes.

3. Reimagining the Outport: Twin Utopic Visions

"I always say that Newfoundland found us as opposed to us finding Newfoundland"—Catherine Beaudette, summer resident of Duntara

"My son says to me, because I buy a lotto ticket every so often, he says, 'Mom, what would you do if you won a million dollars? Where are you going?' I said, 'What do you mean, where am I going?' He said, 'Where you moving to?' I said, 'Up there, I'm buying Lloyd's house. I'm moving up there so I can have a better view.'"—Rose Wareham, year-round resident of Upper Amherst Cove

"The Goodness of the People"

Jennifer St. Pierre feels a divine pull to the island of Newfoundland. She is drawn to photographs of the landscape from an early age; she can see herself there. It is a beguiling idea that takes on mythic proportions as she continues her religious life in Ontario and Europe.

"I've been in love with Newfoundland, even from a distance, from the time I was a kid," she says. "It speaks to my heart and I need a place that inspires prayer and lifting one's thoughts to God."

Unlike the seasonal residents who buy homes on a whim, Jennifer visited Newfoundland with the intention of buying property. She made two house-hunting trips to the province, accompanied both times by friends and family. In the past, Jennifer has lived as a hermit and a cloistered nun, and she currently works as the chaplain of a Catholic high school in Sioux St. Marie, Ontario. As she approached midlife, she decided it was time to visit the island that had so entranced her in childhood. She arrived with a purpose: to find a home. On her initial voyage she had visited St. Anthony on the Northern Peninsula and looked at a few bed and breakfast businesses for sale, but found the prices too high. She then found an affordable spot on the South Coast, but it was

impassable in the winter months. Temporarily defeated, she returned home and scoured the Internet for properties, using sites like Kijiji and The Property Guys, and checking the listings that run in the back of the Newfoundland-based *Downhome* magazine.

She returned to the island in the summer of 2009 and toured the Avalon Peninsula before driving up the coast to Twillingate, but as her departure date neared, she still had not found a piece of property suitable to buy. While driving to Bonavista with her travelling companion, a friend named Amy whom she knew from her religious life, Jennifer noticed a highway sign for Upper Amherst Cove.

I was at the wheel, we were sharing the driving, and I just saw the sign: Upper Amherst Cove. And I don't remember ever having seen that name before and I just said, 'I'm going up here,' cause I got to doing that, just pointing the car in any direction because you would find houses with [for sale] signs on them. So we get to the top of the hill and I knew enough at this point, having seen all those houses, when a price would be high just because of the condition of the house, and the work, so we're driving by and I said, 'oh look,' and Carl had a sign in the window that said 'house for sale, please enquire.' He was out there with a straw hat on painting the deck or the fence or something, smiling away.

Carl invited the two women in to have a look around the house and then offered them some freshly baked muffins and a drink. They sat on the sunny back deck where Jennifer and Amy shared a bottle of beer and ate muffins. After about twenty minutes, Carl brought out a loaf of freshly baked bread. It was a scene straight out of a Newfoundland tourism commercial. It was almost unbelievable. As they chatted with Carl, Jennifer wondered if she could afford to buy this well-kept home (with ocean views from the top floor). She felt that it was likely out of reach, but when she discovered that Carl was asking \$60,000, she knew she'd come to the end of her search.

“I’ll give you \$60,000 for this house,” Jennifer told him and then they shook hands. Afterwards, Carl asked where they were staying in Bonavista. When the two women told him that they had not booked a room, he insisted that they stay with him.

“You know, back in Ontario you’d say, ‘Are you out of your mind?’ I’d never do such a thing, but I’d come to know that there are so many good people here,” said Jennifer. “This is also part of my decision. There’s a bygone era that’s been preserved here in Newfoundland that’s been lost everywhere else—the goodness of the people.”

The two women stayed with Carl that night, and Jennifer began working on the business of purchasing the home the next day, driving to John and Theresa Ford’s store in Newman’s Cove where they faxed legal documents back and forth with their lawyer (a professional retained on suggestion from Carl). They drove back to St. John’s that afternoon and the next morning the two women caught an early flight to Toronto, house-buying mission accomplished. Jennifer’s vision for the home is both practical and faith-based. She dreams of running a religious retreat from here, maybe building a chapel on the vacant lot by the shore. It is the first piece of property that she has ever owned (see Figure 3.1).



Figure 3.1. Jennifer St. Pierre's home, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

“So I don’t know if I’m at the beginning of something or not because a lot of that depends on the practical reality of finances,” Jennifer says. “But then again this is a business involving God so I have to stir up the faith element, I think, because it’s so heavenly here (pardon the use of that word) that I have the audacity to imagine that God led me here. I just feel so blessed.”

Wilson Brown also believes in the goodness of the people, or at least, he believes that it existed at one point in this island’s history. Goodness persists in his memory of Upper Amherst Cove. After my initial meeting with Wilson, we talked often because, despite his octogenarian status, he was always outside engaging in some form of laborious activity. In the spring of 2010 he dismantled two old timber frame homes that belonged to his far-flung relatives. The first was across from his house, and it was a pile of old sawn logs by the time I saw it, but for one hundred years there was a house, a store and a hen coop on that spot (see Figure 3.2). The second site was at the top of the hill in between our rental house and the Paterson’s place. A few of the logs that formed the exterior frame of the building were still in place and the detritus of domestic life was strewn about what remains of the floor. There was some talk of the owner returning to retire here, so Wilson was clearing the land to make way for a new home.

When I stopped by Wilson’s work site one morning he took me on an imaginary tour, using the footprint of the house as a guide. He outlined the kitchen and pointed out the spot where the stove once stood, heating the now invisible rooms and walls. He lifted



Figure 3.2. Timber from the deconstructed house with wooden pegs down the hill from Wilson Brown's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

his gaze, following the path of the former staircase to the second floor, and rhymed off the names of the children who occupied the bedrooms (several per room back then).

“At one time there were 18 people from two different families living in this house,” he said, surveying the architectural remnants.

He showed me the main support beam and how it was held together with all different shapes of hand-chiseled wooden pegs rather than nails. He emphasized that everything came from the woods. “We call it the woods, not the forest,” he said, always the teacher, pointing out the local vernacular for my benefit.

While I stood speaking with Wilson I noticed a round photograph amidst the rubble. It was encased in plastic and fashioned into a button that you might wear on a lapel or hat. I picked it up and handed it to Wilson so that he could identify the people in it—a mother, an adopted daughter, and a husband whose head is cut off but who is wearing a brown suit. He tossed it back into the rubble. I was surprised. He was eager to impart information from the past, but objects were dispensable. Useful materials, however, were of great value. Wilson salvaged almost every aspect of the houses he dismantled, using the boards to build a deck at his other summer home in Catalina and donating the rest to Denzil Paterson for the cabin he was building on top of the hill, just above the demolition site.

I chose a rainy day to approach Wilson for an interview because I assumed he would be forced inside by the weather. However, when I set out in my rubber boots and rain gear I saw that he was in his garden sowing potato seeds. He was wearing his usual

royal blue coveralls and navy baseball cap. I asked him if today might suit him, and he agreed but wanted to see the questions first. I raced back up the hill and typed out as many thoughts as I could before returning to the potato patch with a printed list of about 15 questions. He gestured for me to follow him inside out of the rain. In the living room, he read over the questions and immediately responded although our interview wasn't scheduled until two o'clock. It was sweltering inside, the woodstove going full throttle. Wilson took a breath and looked out the window. He spoke about his father, the man who built this house at the turn of the century, as if he could see him, walking slowly over the lip where the beach meets the grass, hauling a half-full net from a poor days' salmon catch. Wilson's eyes grew wet with tears. "I get emotional," he said, "When I talk about that."

When I sat down with Wilson at his dining room table and hooked up my recording equipment he spoke his answers as if he had practiced over the lunch hour. He had removed his coveralls and was wearing a plaid shirt tucked into his blue jeans. It was the first time I saw him without his cap. His white hair was combed neatly to the side and he wore wire-framed glasses. He looked frailer and closer to his age in his stillness. He was not towing lumber in his pick-up truck, or carrying several two-by-fours down the hill on his shoulder, or hammering, or hoeing, or planting, or cutting the grass. He looked more the school teacher that he once was and less the labourer that he seems to have become in his retirement (see Figure 3.3).



Figure 3.3. Wilson Brown in his home, showing his father's certificate from the Society of United Fishermen, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

We spoke about the way the community looked and functioned when Wilson grew up here. He looked and gestured out the living room window during our conversation. Wilson saw patterns in the landscape that were invisible to those of us who dropped in during the summer. He could envision the network of fences that once demarcated farmer's fields, keeping cattle enclosed and squaring off garden beds. He could see the fishing stages that once lined the shore. Where he saw the memory of fishing stages and thirty boats I saw the government implemented steel guard rail, low enough to step over, but still a physical and psychological barrier between the community and the sea. Wilson looked at the landscape of Upper Amherst Cove like an archeologist, seeing the layers of the community's previous incarnations, his memories real enough to bring tears to his eyes.

More than once Wilson alluded to a kinder past where people socialized more between homes, and people helped one another.

"It was totally interdependent because everybody needed each other," Wilson says. "So everyone had good relationships." He goes on to explain what he means:

Sure, there was the usual kind of gossip, but infidelity was scarce, but there was loyalty to family, people were very loyal to each other, if you needed something that you couldn't do yourself, you've got neighbours. If people got sick, their neighbours visited and supported them. Most children were born in their own homes with the aid of a midwife. Weddings took place at the church in Middle Amherst Cove and the parties in the homes. Men built coffins, dug graves, and women sewed shrouds. Funerals didn't cost money. There was no Employment Insurance, no welfare. People kept themselves entertained, there was card playing, story-telling, people made their own music, and everybody comes to the party. If there was a wedding, everybody came to the wedding, there was no invitation.

Wilson sighed and looked out the window again, then said, "Life was simple then."

When he described the past version of Upper Amherst Cove, I imagined small groups of people moving from house to house at the end of the workday, following a path lit by handheld lanterns. I conjured images of crowded kitchens where people told stories and listened to music. Like the photographs from those earlier periods, I saw it in black and white. I wondered if the images I summoned while listening to Wilson's stories matched his own memories. I wondered how closely Wilson's memories matched reality. It is easy to forget that life is lived in many shades and that memory can be a type of fiction.

In an interview with Upper Amherst Cove resident John Ford, who was born and raised in the generation following Wilson, I asked about land use and he was quick to remind me that "years ago everybody didn't agree on it. Long ago there were people who didn't like each other too, right? And they were relatives, a lot of them."

This may be a personality difference, or a generational difference, or maybe John is more pragmatic about the past because he remained in his home community (save for the years he spent earning a degree at Memorial University in St. John's). The past constructed by John will look different than the one constructed by Wilson, even if the landmarks are the same and the characters overlap. The past constructed by newcomers with no tangible recall of the fishing culture, or connection to early settlers, is a different kind of fictive memory, but there are common threads.

Wilson's story is both different from and similar to Jennifer's story. With a few exceptions, most summer residents I speak with rely on the narratives and knowledge of their year-round neighbours when conjuring aspects of the region's past. Wilson relies on his own memory. The common thread between these two imagined outports is nostalgia—a deep yearning for a “bygone era,” a time that seems gentler and kinder than modern day. This golden age, for someone like Wilson, and for newcomers from outside the region like Jennifer, persists in the rhythms and structures of contemporary outport life. It is tied to the family fishery, a pre-industrial endeavor run out of the tiny settlements that ring Newfoundland's coast back when fish was salted, not frozen, and before the introduction of fish processing plants and offshore trawlers in the nineteen forties.¹⁴

Ray Cashman writes that “although rarely addressed by folklorists, the concept of nostalgia is relevant to the constellation of ideas central in our field of study—tradition, identity, authenticity, and heritage among others” (2006, 138). So too, the concept of nostalgia runs like a current through this study. The question is: are seasonal residents and year-round residents yearning for the same or different pasts, and if so, how does this past define and inform their present?

As time progresses, the second-home and its environs embody an aspect of the seasonal resident's identity. “My place in Newfoundland” is a pat phrase. The manifestation of this phrase becomes part of the owner's geographic culture, and enables

¹⁴ For a more in-depth description of pre-industrial life in rural Newfoundland, see *More than Fifty Percent: Women's Life in Outport Newfoundland 1900-1950* (2010), by Hilda Chaulk Murray.

a way of life that includes a yearly pilgrimage, seasonal rituals, as well as material, natural and cultural markers of place. The places where you choose to live can say as much about you as the place you were born.

To understand what draws people back year after year, it is important to examine the original narrative—the story of how they came to this place. It starts with a long journey. Like the Jack tales that exist in the Newfoundland storyteller's repertoire, the protagonists in these stories leave home on a quest. The events of this quest lead to the discovery and acquisition of property. Even Wilson's story begins as a long journey: his ancestors, migratory fisherman who traversed the ocean in search of cod each spring, chose to settle rather than face a return sea voyage come fall. Their *raison d'être* differed from the slow trickle of mainlanders staking land claims on the island today. Like the early fishermen, the majority of the seasonal residents discovered this region on a travel expedition, and like those early seafaring folk, they mostly never intended to stay. These discoveries take on magical properties and as I listen to these stories in the kitchens of old fishing homes across the peninsula a pattern emerges. Collectively, I refer to these stories as arrival narratives and argue that in order to engage with their content, it is necessary for the teller to suspend reality. In this chapter I present four "arrival narratives" (including Jennifer's story) and explore the similarities and differences presented in the tale roles and key events of each story, as well as their overall function. There are also several practical and non-practical components of the landscape that are essential to the experience of life at the seasonal residence. Finally, I look at what constitutes departure

narratives which are the aspects of urban or home life that are intentionally left behind when choosing to buy rural property.

Suspended Reality

Like folk tales, there are elements of suspended reality in most of the arrival narratives that I record. For example, Jennifer and her travel companion agree to stay the night at Carl's home although they have just met him. In her regular, everyday life, Jennifer admits this would seem crazy but in the outport, a place she feels is part of a "bygone era," she is not afraid to accept this offer.

Holly Everett writes that "as Canada's newest province, Newfoundland and Labrador is a canvas upon which visitors often express a longing for various romantic ideals of traditional cultures" (2009, 30). As Everett points out, and as I discovered in my own research, outport Newfoundland is a place that exists, for the seeker, not in your time and not in my time but in a time long ago and far away.¹⁵ It is a mythical community, peopled with kind and otherworldly souls, nestled in a dramatic cliff and seascape backdrop that is populated by gargantuan ocean wildlife and capricious weather. The outsider's notion of a population of quaint, hardy islanders is not reserved solely for Newfoundlanders, nor is it a modern phenomenon. Dona Brown writes about visitors to Nantucket in the mid to late 19th century and how the allure of the island was, in a large part, the people who lived there, "whom they often imagined as historical relics themselves" (1995, 117). They were seen as ethnically pure, a hardy race of Maritimers shaped by their isolated island environment and unchanged by the fast-paced modern

¹⁵ I am referencing the traditional opening lines of Jack tales here.

world that existed on the mainland. They were described as hospitable, kind, open-hearted, tough, good-humoured, dignified, and of good strong character, if a little naïve. They populated a nostalgic past in which they were seen as living caricatures of their own ancestors (121).

The notion of a suspended reality naturally extends to ways of living. When spending time at a summer residence, the distraction of work, regular responsibilities and entertainment (like television and Internet), are greatly reduced allowing people to engage with their environments on a more visceral level. Jaakson writes:

For generations of middle class Canadian families, the ‘summer cottage at the lake’ was a central part of family life and lore. Childhood memories of summer were rooted there; the rhythm of family life included the regularity of trips to the cottage; opening and closing the summer cottage marked the passage of the seasons more than almost anything else; and the cottage became a sort of family shrine or museum where old furniture and clothes from the city found an extended life. There is a culture centred on the cottage. The cottage has a deep, almost mystical meaning to many Canadians; it is part of Canadian folklore (1986, 371).

From this Jaakson concludes that life at the summer home is lived as an “inversion” of the drudgery and repetitiveness, attached to life, and work, at the permanent home. Because this inversion is linked to an earlier time period, Jaakson questions whether it is “an attempt to capture an earlier, nostalgic time” (1986, 376). He goes on to argue that “the second home is to some extent oriented to fantasy and make-believe” (1986, 379). Similarly, in my own research I find that one part of the fantasy is the act of putting real life on hold when at the secondary residence. People cite the lack of

television and Internet access as positive aspects of their summer homes.¹⁶ The other part of the fantasy is the imagined outpost: a place that exists in a long-gone era and doesn't resemble the modern settlements as they exist today. For most of the year, the seasonal homes are a kind of fictional place for the people who own them. They are not accessible and therefore, not exactly tangible. This can only add to the mythic qualities bestowed on both the dwelling and its surroundings. Orvar Löfgren writes that "summer cottages become very mobile dream spaces, because most of the year they are inhabited only by longings and memories" (2002, 137).

This isn't to detract from the visceral attachment that summer people have to their adopted communities, nor does it diminish their perceptions or experiences. It is not too much of a stretch to say that there are dreamlike elements to outpost Newfoundland. We spend several nights sitting on the back deck of our rental home in the pitch black night listening to the whales blowing seawater through their spout holes. Curious seals heave themselves onto the flat rocks to sun themselves at high noon. Many of the paths, hills and cliffs have place names as do some of the geographic landmarks that sit at the bottom of the ocean floor, invisible to non-mariners, but essential for water navigation. The fog can set in on a sunny day and seemingly change the season in an instant. The icebergs that lurk offshore in spring are a daily reminder that the past is with us—in their thousand year old cathedral-like shapes—and that time is slipping away as they melt. History lives

¹⁶ Despite citing this lack of technology as a positive aspect of life at the second-home, summer residents told me that they often checked email, using the wireless Internet at coffee shops and the library in Bonavista, and by using handheld devices in geographic areas known for receiving clear service signals, like the parking lot of the church in King's Cove.

in speech patterns, words and dialects that were carried here on the lips of the people who settled these small coves. The continuity with the past is evident in the last names that mark the mailboxes. The Skiffingtons settled the Cove and the Skiffington descendents still live and receive mail here. Just like the Browns, the Fords and the Littles. For some rootless urbanites, a tenable link to the past is unthinkable. And, yes, sometimes people will invite you into their homes or pick you up on the roadside if you look like you need a ride. They will be driving a car that looks quite a lot like your own car, and they probably have their iPod docked in the console, tuned to satellite radio, and you will notice that they are wearing modern clothing just like you, but, this is not part of the illusion. What will be noted is that the good person stopped to help you out, and that, without fear, you got into their car.

In his fieldwork in a nameless Vermont tourist town, anthropologist James William Jordan finds that a “phony-folk culture”¹⁷ exists for the benefit of the summer people (which includes tourists and seasonal residents) and to the detriment of the local culture (1980, 49-50). Jordan cites the case of two churches that open their doors to accommodate summer people wishing for an authentic country “Yankee” church experience, offering twelve weekly services that span the tourist season. While Jordan writes that the summer people (transient tourists) are unaware of these deceptions he concedes that seasonal landowners have caught on to some of the more pervasive aspects of the phony-folk culture. In his study we do not hear from the summer people and therefore we cannot conclude that they are really unaware or if perhaps they are

¹⁷ Jordan writes that the term phony-folk culture is first coined by J. Forster in his 1964 article ‘The Sociological Consequences of Tourism’ in *The International Journal of Comparative Sociology* 5:217-27.

suspending their disbelief as they might when watching a film or reading a book. The storyline is better with the inclusion of this folk culture and thus, why not just believe in it for the short period of time that they spend there? This is particularly true for tourists passing through, but perhaps also for the summer residents. The locals take advantage of their perceived folksy image so why chastise the summer people for indulging it? The seasonal residents, as I discover in hearing their arrival narratives, are quite capable of forming their own magic-realist tales based on the cues from their adoptive landscapes.

Arrival Narratives

Catherine Beaudette, Duntara

One really rainy day we drove into this town and we were looking for a place to have our lunch, so we kind of drove through and we pulled into the driveway because the house was in pretty rough shape,” says Catherine Beaudette, sitting at the kitchen table of her 19th century summer home in Duntara (see Figure 3.4). She’s recounting the story of how she and her former partner discovered this house. “It was pouring rain, so we had our lunch in the car and looked at the house and went, ‘oh, nobody lives here, it’s all right we can have our lunch here.’ By the time we finished our lunch we thought, ‘let’s just leave a note on the door as a joke.’ So we did, and a year later this man calls and says ‘still want to buy a house in Newfoundland?’

The memory of the rainy car picnic location has faded. “Sure,” Catherine says amiably, and then pauses. “But where is it?”

Although they had heard rumblings about abandoned houses for sale in Newfoundland for under \$10,000, Catherine says they were just on a trip and were not actually looking to buy property. It was the summer of 1998 and she had just finished grad school at the Nova Scotia College of Art and Design in Halifax. Originally from Ontario, the couple decided to drive home with a side trip to Newfoundland, spending

three weeks driving across the province from west to east. They had been taking roads at random, driving up and down the many peninsulas along the way which is how they came to Duntara, a right turn off highway 235, past King's Cove. It is the penultimate village before the road snakes around a rocky outcrop and comes to an end in the community of Keels.



Figure 3.4. Catherine Beaudette in her home in Duntara, 2010.

Catherine discussed a price with the current owner over the telephone, and she and her partner decided to return to Duntara the following summer. The couple camped on the land for several weeks and over time they got to know the owner, whom they referred to as Uncle Bill. Despite initiating the sale, Uncle Bill wasn't keen to lose the property. However, he finally conceded and they purchased the home for \$8,000 (see Figure 3.5). Uncle Bill retained a swath of property alongside the house for his potato patch and was a constant and sometimes obstinate presence until his death almost a decade later.

“Apparently other people had tried to buy this house, years before, but I guess he wasn't really ready to part with it,” Catherine says. The other potential buyers were not the right fit. They were too demanding, Catherine explains:

They wanted it to be a certain way, they had a list of what they wanted, and they had a Toronto attitude. A few people did try to buy this place and they were Newfoundlanders, but it just wasn't right. I think I just caught him at the right time, but mostly, you know, it was because he trusted us. We were interested in keeping the house as it was and he was getting older and he probably thought it would be a bit of a legacy. You know the idea of having the Toronto attitude towards buying property – which is that you're the buyer and the price has to be right and then it's yours—is not at all true in Newfoundland. They kind of have to accept you I think.

David and Gini Harrington, Upper Amherst Cove

Like Catherine, Gini and David Harrington of Kirkfield, Ontario, did the entire tourist circuit of Newfoundland during their first visit in 2007 – a circumnavigated 900 kilometres of the island that included the mountains, the Vikings, the moose-filled



Figure 3.5. The exterior of Catherine Beaudette's home in Duntara, 2010.

interior stretch, Twillingate and the islands off the eastern coast. They finished their trip on the Bonavista Peninsula where they have friends who own a cabin in Champney's East. They missed most of the Peninsula on their first trip, but on a subsequent visit two years later they stumbled across Upper Amherst Cove after visiting the Bonavista Lighthouse. Gini and David had heard rumours of cheap waterfront property in Newfoundland. A cottage so far away wasn't realistic for the mainland couple—a part-time college teacher and a social worker from Ontario—but they started to wonder as they drove through the little coastal communities in their rental car and noticed small plastic 'for sale' signs on front lawns and in the windows of ageing saltbox homes. A few days before their return flight, they toured the north shore of the Bonavista Peninsula.

"We'd been told by someone in our area in Ontario that the coves on this side are really gorgeous so I said, 'let's just go see them' and we ended up coming down this hill," Gini says of their arrival in Upper Amherst Cove. They quickly reached the shoreline and took an immediate left. "Let's go here," Gini said before realizing the road came to a dead end. And then they saw a house nestled in the bushes (see Figure 3.6) and a for sale sign suspended between two posts in the driveway. "So, it wasn't a dead end for us," said Gini.

The phone number on the sign was faded and it seemed unlikely that the property was still for sale, but nevertheless, the Harringtons called and a man named Gary answered. "I'll be right out to meet you," he said. Gini and David explored the property while they waited. They noticed a realtor sign on the ground, discarded. The owner had



Figure 3.6. Gini and David Harrington's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

listed with a realty company but didn't like the commission, and was tired of showing the place to people who weren't really interested. With no running water or electricity, it was a stretch for some. Within twenty minutes Gary's truck pulled into the driveway. They toured the property and then Gary said, "If you people don't buy this I'm taking the sign down."

Gini doesn't know what he meant by this. Maybe he was frustrated with non-committal buyers, or maybe he really liked her and her husband. In any case, Gary made them an offer: he would sell it for \$25,000. Gini and David offered him a \$300 deposit to hold the place while they returned to Ontario and finalized their plans. He refused, saying that a handshake would do. "A deal is a deal," Gary said. An hour after they pulled into the lane, the 'for sale' sign was down and the Harringtons owned a summer house in Upper Amherst Cove, Newfoundland. A few weeks after Gini and David secured their real estate purchase with a handshake a mainlander touring the area stopped in while Gary was cutting the grass and offered him \$40,000 for the house. Gary explained that the house was sold, but the man persisted, saying that if Gini and David didn't come through with the entire sum of \$25,000 in two weeks he would buy the land. Gary refused and stuck to his original deal.

The keys to the Harrington's Newfoundland home arrived in the mail on December 24, 2009 and Gini hung them from a red bulb on their Christmas tree. "A 'go-to' place I call it" said Gini. "A 'happy go-to place' that you can just pick up and come to."

Pat Tracy and Janna Taylor, Lower Amherst Cove

“What do you mean Bonavista? Like the song, Bonavista? Where is this?” Pat Tracy asked her good friend and fellow Vancouverite, also named Pat, after learning that she had purchased property in Elliston.

“It’s the entire width of the country away, how are you going to get there? It’s on an island!” Pat T. protested, but her friend didn’t flinch. “We fell in love with it,” she said. Pat T. relayed the news to her partner, Janna Taylor, and, their curiosity piqued, they decide to end their upcoming trans-Canada voyage at their friend’s summer home on the Bonavista Peninsula. Driving a Fifth Wheel RV that they didn’t know how to back up, the couple set out from Vancouver in the summer of 2006. Just as in the previous arrival narratives, they undertook a circumnavigation of the island.

“We said ‘oh we’ll do Newfoundland in three days,’” says Janna.

“We had no idea,” Pat says, shaking her head.

It took longer than they expected, but in that time, in the cab of the Fifth Wheel, an idea started to form. They grew increasingly enchanted with the landscape the farther east they drove. After a few days at their destination, they began to think that they could probably buy a place nearby and be very happy.

“We’d been looking at what we were going to do at retirement and we would probably have gone and gotten a big Winnebago and travelled around on that,” said Pat.

“But I said, ‘this is a better idea because I like the isolation, there’s no Internet, I love the nature.’”

The seed is planted and with only a few days left to look, they began seeking out property. They enlisted the help of a local man and when driving from a few unsuccessful viewings in Newman’s Cove, they spotted a small saltbox in Lower Amherst Cove, sitting on the side of the highway overlooking the ocean. It was owned by a man named Harry K. and his family, and was on the market.

“There was a ‘For Sale’ sign on this house and we came over the hill and we fell in love with it,” said Pat. “We said we had to have it” (See Figure 3.7).

The Function of Arrival Narratives

Like other personal experience narratives, the arrival narratives are single-episodic stories grounded in truth and told by one person, or in the cases where I interviewed couples, two people (Allison 1997, Stahl 1977, 1989). I chose these four stories to illustrate the patterns that emerged in the telling of arrival narratives. Each story progresses through a series of key events and involves specific character roles. In each case it is clear that these are well-honed adventure stories that have been told and retold. While personal experience narratives are more likely to crop up informally in conversation they are structured stories that are told and retold. “Like other narrative genres, their form and structure—though relatively loose compared to genres such as Märchen—may become more polished over time with retelling” (Allison 1997, 636). While there were, of course, differences in the individual stories of how people came to

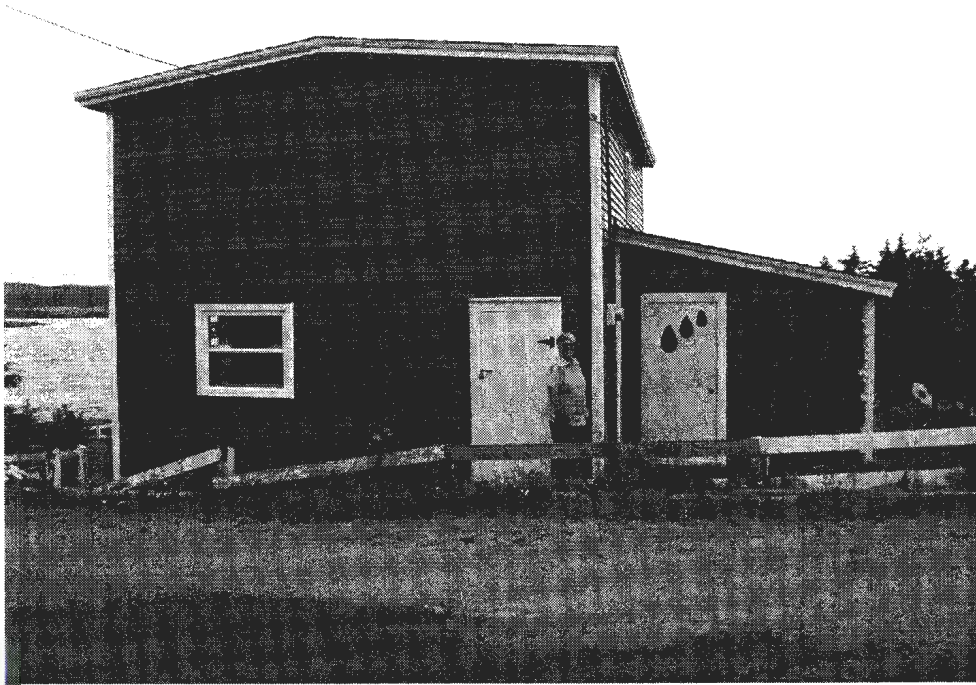


Figure 3.7. Janna Taylor stands outside the home she owns with her partner Pat Tracy in Lower Amherst Cove, 2010.

own summer homes in Newfoundland, the central themes remained the same. At the heart of each story is a life-changing event: the decision to make a home, or second home in Newfoundland.

Many of the people that I interviewed faced resistance from their family and friends when they announced their decision. A few of the participants in this study confided that people back home thought the notion of a second home in Newfoundland was preposterous, likely born of an undercurrent of backwater stereotypes about the province that persist in mainland Canada. Grown children felt abandoned when their parents chose to buy vacation property so far from home.

Further to this social opposition, it is a long and difficult journey to reach the Bonavista Peninsula from mainland Canada, the United States and Europe. It is also expensive when taking into account the flight, the rental car, or the gas and ferry expenditures. Because of this, a second home, even if purchased for under \$50,000, is seen as a major extravagance. On the flipside, the low cost of real estate can be seen as suspicious. John and Peggy Fisher discovered this dichotomy when trying to secure a loan to help purchase their \$25,000 home in Port Rexton in the mid nineteen eighties. Their bank manager asked John what he was buying.

“A house,” John tells him. “One that overlooks the ocean in Newfoundland.”

“You can't buy a second hand BMW with \$25,000,” the bank manager responds.

“I don't know what you are doing with this money, but you can have it.”

Facing this kind of suspicion and ambivalence, it makes sense that the storytellers honed their arrival narratives to showcase the aspects of fate, luck, divine guidance, and local acceptance that allowed them to successfully acquire their homes. Sandra Dolby writes that most secular personal-experience narratives function as a means of entertainment, as a cautionary tale, or “to present some aspect of the storyteller’s character and personal values” (1998, 557). Similarly, the arrival narratives play a dual role—entertainment and justification—depending on the context

As Vladimir Propp observed in folktales, these stories follow patterned trajectories; employ similar narrative arcs; and portray common tale roles (1968). The “pathbreaking monologue” was first published in 1928 (Dundes 1999, 119) but received international attention when it was translated into English and published thirty years later. “Propp’s breakthrough was that he realized for the first time that entirely different tale types shared the same basic structure” (Dundes 1999, 122). What Propp extracted from these tales was a commonality in events, or functions, which spurred the plot. Further, while the characters may vary from one tale to the next, the role they play does not (Dundes 1999, Propp 1968).

I acknowledge the difference between the personal experience narratives I gathered in Newfoundland and the tales of the seventeenth and eighteenth century European storytellers, however, both types of narrative share similar structures and tale roles. Bengt Holbek writes that “fairy tales provided a means of collective daydreaming” (1989, 42) but stresses that the issues explored were rooted in reality.

The tales were escape fantasies in as much as they offered temporary relief from the intrusive awareness of poverty and oppression that was the storyteller's usual lot, but at the same time, they depicted a world in which wrongs were righted and the poor and powerless were justly recognized for their true worth. They thus kept alive a keen sense of justice and rightness; they depicted a true world, that is, a world in which the audience's norms were validated (42).

Holbek compares the telling of fairy tales to singing epic songs, playing musical instruments or traditional craftwork, suggesting that each category is its own art form (1987; 1989). Drawing on Holbek's inclusivity, and Stahl's definition, I would argue that the act of performing personal experience narratives is also an art form. When telling the arrival narratives, the person, or the couple, are performing a play with several acts—a beginning, a middle and an end. There is an opening scene, there is tension, there is suspense, and, there is the narrative peak—the acquisition of the house.

Some of Holbek's key findings included the fact that stories were told by a few skilled specialists, they were told amongst the lower classes, and they were told for and by adults. Further, he discovered that the narrators generally "identified themselves with the protagonists of the tales." And, further, that "when the traditional communities began changing radically, fairy tales began disappearing, undoubtedly because they no longer offered adequate patterns for projection" (1989, 42).

The story and the storyteller need to suit the culture or they are no longer necessary or interesting. In the arrival narratives that I recorded the storytellers were middle-to-upper-class, white, and from North America or Europe. Their ages ranged from the thirties to eighties. They relayed their stories to an audience of one—a researcher with a recording device—and the context undoubtedly played a part in how they performed. I

can only theorize on how they might have spoken differently at a dinner party made up of their peers, or if a local person had been present. They may have chosen to emphasize different points, or used different words, or omitted or included different information. However they chose to craft their narratives in my presence it was worth noting the similarities between arrival narratives.

The first key event in each of these four tales, and in all of the stories I hear from seasonal residents, is a long journey. The second is an unexpected turn in the road taken on a whim, but seen in retrospect as an act of fate (or divine guidance). The third is the ability to win the trust of or prove your worthiness to the original owner—whom I will call the gatekeeper. In these four examples the gatekeepers are Uncle Bill, Gary, Carl and Harry K. The summer home owners can be called the seekers. These are the two key tale roles in the arrival narratives. One cannot exist without the other. After purchase, there is almost always someone who fills the role of ‘the helper’ and this is a local person who facilitates the summer resident’s arrival and aspects of home and life during their stay. (The helper will be discussed further in Chapter Five). The fourth and final stage of the arrival narratives is the successful purchase of the home. This triumphant event is only possible, however, if the seekers are accepted by the gatekeepers. I constructed a table to delineate the functions within the arrival narratives (see Figure 3.8) distilling the movements into five key events: journey, unexpected turn, arrival, struggle, and success. The four arrival narratives that I chose to dissect in this chapter differ in the telling and in the tellers (two stories were told by couples and two were told by single women) but each story progressed through these five stages.

Events or 'Functions' of the Arrival Narratives based on Propp's Functions (Morphology of the folktale) 1968

"Functions constitute the basic elements of the tale, those elements upon which the course of the action is built" (Propp 71).

1. Long Journey
2. Unexpected Turn (fate or divine guidance)
3. Arrival
4. Struggle (between Gatekeeper and Seeker, or through skill/worth testing acts.)
5. Success (acquiring the home)

Figure 3.8. The functions of arrival narratives based on Propp's Morphology.

The Gatekeepers

Pat and Janna offer \$10,000 over the asking price of \$43,000 for their home in Lower Amherst Cove. Being conscious of their outsider status and not wanting to uproot the family or upset community balance, they initially offered to let the current owner stay in the house over the winter at no cost.

“I was very concerned about displacing a family who were living here in some sense, even though it was for sale. I didn’t know their circumstances. I think they had three children living here with them and I knew he worked in Alberta, that’s what Morley [the realtor] said, and I said that we don’t want to do anything that will affect their life or disrupt it,” Pat says. The two women suggest giving the family \$20,000 upfront to alleviate moving costs, but at this point, their lawyer steps to advise against this idea. From here, the deal gets messy. The sale includes the adjoining garage but when Pat and Janna return to Vancouver, Harry K. calls and demands another \$20,000 for the structure. He removes large appliances from the home—like the stove—and claims that they hold sentimental value when he’s challenged by the legal documents of the sale. The battle continues for two years. Over time the couple learns that Harry K. has a reputation as a [trickster](#).

“He’s the one character in the community who has this reputation and nobody trusts but they always end up getting taken by him,” says Pat. In the end, the couple successfully secures the garage and a proper land deed (although they take out deed

insurance to protect themselves against future claims by Harry K. or anyone else laying claim to the property).

The Gatekeeper in this story makes the transition exceedingly difficult. It might have been worse had the sale been private. Most of the 'For Sale' signs that I see in communities along the primary and secondary roads of the Bonavista Peninsula are by owners. Some are faded, some are handmade, but most are the hard plastic signs you find at the hardware store (see Figure 3.9). Closer to Trinity, however, I begin to see 'Chris O'Dea Realty' signs on a certain kind of building: heritage homes in good condition, nicely painted and architecturally well appointed (see Figures 3.10 and 3.11). From this I might surmise that a more formal arrangement is made when purchasing certain tonier homes in Trinity and Port Rexton and also in Bonavista where I see more realty signs attached to Royal LePage, Re/Max, and Exit, amidst the black and white plastic hardware store variety. Instead, I find that a realtor is another kind of gatekeeper. For St. John's-based realtor Chris O'Dea, who has owned a home in Trinity since 1984 and spends summers there with his wife Margaret, it is important to assess your potential buyer. Chris is an independent realtor, not attached to any of the bigger companies, which gives him a level of control not afforded by those working for larger realty groups. After working for Nortel for two decades, Chris retired at 50 and set up a small estate auction business, travelling to Ontario to train amidst cattle and car auctioneers. This morphed naturally into his current real estate business. He is known around St. John's (and around the bay) for selling a certain kind of heritage home.



Figure 3.9. For Sale by owner signs (clockwise from L to R) Newman's Cove, Trinity, Trinity, Upper Amherst Cove, summer 2010.



Figure 3.10. A home for sale by O'Dea Realty in Port Rexton, summer 2010.



Figure 3.11. A heritage home in Bonavista in need of restoration listed by O'Dea Realty in 2010.

“I didn’t want to do cookie cutter suburban stuff,” Chris tells me when I ask why he aligns himself with these types of properties. “I just wasn’t interested in it. I don’t go after it and it doesn’t go after me.” An interest in heritage, he says, “is in my genes.”

Chris is busy selling houses and socializing when at his Trinity home and we don’t manage to meet for an interview in the summer months. Instead, I visit Chris and his wife Margaret in St. John’s where they live, surprisingly, in a newer home away from the downtown heritage districts where Chris sells most of his houses. Somewhere in the middle of our afternoon tea I ask him if he’s ever been reluctant to sell to anyone.

“Oh yeah!” he says nodding emphatically. “There are people who have made enquiries and I will be courteous to them but I am certainly not going to go out of my way to find them a house. Because then I’m the one that introduced them to the community. There are some people, I know, that aren’t going to fit in. I’m not the judge, but I won’t do anything to facilitate them. I can pick up the vibe.”

Margaret agrees, saying that “if they’re not there for the right reasons it’s not going to work for anybody, not for the town, not for anyone.” She jokes that her American friends in Trinity, who are Democrats, get nervous when other U.S. citizens are looking at houses. “Don’t go selling to any Republicans!” they will say to Chris, a joke laced with truth.

I am surprised by this. I assume that as a business person, Chris would prefer to make the commission from the sale rather than vet possible home buyers for their ability to assimilate into the community. As a discerning realtor, then, Chris O’Dea also falls

into the role of gatekeeper. He understands his position in the relationship between newcomer and the existing community and takes it very seriously. There are other secondary gatekeeper roles, like the justice of the peace who grants the land deeds, or the local bankers who might organize the financing, but the person manning the toll booth is the current owner of the home, and, the realtor. It may be argued that the owner is entrusting their role as gatekeeper to the realtor and this is another part of the reason why Chris would take his role so seriously. In larger urban settings real estate transactions are anonymous and impersonal. In the smaller communities it is just the opposite. No one wants to be responsible for upsetting the balance.

Still, the seeker's desire to own property, sometimes at greatly inflated costs, places a great deal of power in the hands of the gatekeepers. Upsetting the balance can be less of a concern in the face of substantial financial opportunity. When Brian Ricks and Ella Heneghan left St. John's and relocated to the Bonavista Peninsula, they felt barred from the Trinity Bight area. They weren't willing, or able, to pay the inflated outsider prices and were effectively shut out of the competition.

"You met a lot of greed," says Brian. "Places that you knew what they were worth but people were charging twice as much, three times as much, because it's the Trinity Bight area."

"Because there are so many non-resident home owners," says Ella. She explains further:

It's driven up the value of properties to the point where people like ourselves, who left St. John's to find something more affordable, all of a sudden found ourselves in the St. John's market around the bay. We found too that we were competing with people that we knew wanted to acquire properties and turn them into rental homes for tourists, vacation homes, and we kind of felt a little bit annoyed at the whole affair because we were committing to stay and Brian had his business, hiring people...we tried not to get caught up in the frenzy of it all but it's hard not to – you want to find a home. This was our issue. We wanted to find a home. We didn't want to find a house for an investment property. This needed to be our home, somewhere for us to work, so anyway we kind of drove ourselves nuts for a while.

The difference between a house and a home, as Ella points out, is vast. A home is where you plant roots, where your children go to school, and it is close to where you work. In short, a home is a commitment. Conversely, a house is an asset, an investment that you can trade on.

The insider-outsider dichotomy has created a two-tiered real estate system in the region. There's a livyer (year-round) price and a CFA (come-from-away) price. It can mean a difference of several thousand dollars. Locals remember a time, not too long ago, when houses were affordable. Outsiders have a different frame of reference. "Americans buying homes for price of used SUV in Newfoundland!" a 2007 headline reads in the *Wall Street Journal*. Over the past five years the prices for homes in Lower, Middle and Upper Amherst Cove ranged from \$20,000 to \$60,000 (based on the sale of eight different houses that ranged in size and amenities). A piece of land in the middle of Upper Amherst Cove remains for sale at \$100,000 over three years. The offer: land and a new house to be built after purchase. Dallas Mouland upped the ante when she put her hilltop house on Kijiji.ca (an on-line marketplace that sells everything from kittens to mansions) for \$110,000 in the summer of 2011 (see Figure 3.12).



St. John's

Upper Amherst Cove, NL

Ad ID 303362334



Date Listed	05-Aug-11
Price	\$110,000.00
Address	Newmans Cove, NL A0C 2A0, Canada
Bedrooms (#)	3 bedrooms
Bathrooms (#)	2 bathrooms
For Sale By	Owner

100 yr. old, fully restored to Salt Box Style. Fully Furnished ..all you have to bring is your clothes and toothbrush. Yes! The Quilts are included!!

Visits: 178



Figure 3.12. Kijiji.com listing for Dallas and Albert Mouland's house and side view (inlay).

Gatekeepers manage the ebb and flow of home buyers with social and financial sanctions. In a twist on this role, Jennifer Brown, a 24-year-old woman from Upper Amherst Cove, bought her family home (in part) to ensure that it wouldn't become a holiday home (see Figure 3.13). In a blog post on August 23, 2010, she writes of her jubilation on securing a piece of her ancestral heritage:

I've wanted this since I was a kid. My father grew up in this house as a boy with his siblings. His mother passed away in the room that I slept in as a child with my sister, years before I was even an idea. I was raised in this home, as were my three sisters, a platoon of pets, and a constant and adored tide of neighbours, family, friends. Other families brought their kids up and moved on from this house as well, before my father's time. The roots of this house are anywhere between 120-140 years old we assume, but it may be pushing the older end of things. The house isn't a heritage property by any means and has always been renovated and updated, but the core and history is still there in the layers, the solid base that I am beyond proud and thankful to be keeping in my family, and in the community of locals rather than mainlanders, Americans or Europeans coming in and buying these houses up. Not that I have a problem with that- it'll be nice to have so many diverse neighbours, but it was important to not lose this house and end the era of my connections here due to strangers from away wanting it as a summer home. Who wouldn't want to do that, but luckily as of today I am sure that my family will always have a place in UAC to come home to, and it will be a house that I hope many will call home in some way, shape or form, for whatever the duration of visit or experience within. I am so happy. Holy crap I'm happy!¹⁸

Jennifer's urge to buy her home is rooted in history, but it is also a means of keeping her family home away from outsiders. It is interesting to note Jennifer's take on heritage. The layers she speaks of are not aesthetic or material, they are intangible and memory-based. The interior of her home is, as she says, updated. The floors are covered in laminate and linoleum and the walls are wood-paneled. It does not have the feeling of an older home, although the floors are slightly slanted and the rooms are small. The

¹⁸ Jennifer Brown's blog can be found here: <http://gonegallivanting.wordpress.com/tag/upper-amherst-cove/>



Figure 3.13. Jennifer Brown's home (with the DeWolfes' place in background), July 2012.

exterior is aluminum siding and the windows are new. There is a deck off the front, built to face the ocean, where Philomena, Jennifer's mother, spent most of her time in the summer.

In this case, the gatekeeper successfully defends her territory, but in most arrival narratives the gatekeeper's role provides fodder for the part of the story that deals with struggle and success. There are certain tasks that the seeker must perform in order to acquire their home. This struggle is a key event, or series of events in the arrival narratives. Some gatekeepers are portrayed as sage and wise characters to whom one must prove their worth (like Carl and Gary) while others are sinister tricksters (like Harry K.) and then there are those who play an ambivalent role, mostly wise and sometimes tricky (Uncle Bill).

These gatekeepers play an important part in the arrival narratives, but it is a one-sided story. I did not interview the former home owners for several reasons. There were practical concerns: I wanted to speak with as many local and seasonal residents as possible during my two summers in Upper Amherst Cove and tracking down former owners would be time consuming. Also, a few previous owners have died since the house transaction. There were social concerns: some relations between current and former owners were strained and difficult and I did not wish to provoke any further negative contact between the two. There were also some instances where sales were controversial within communities. These were cases where a neighbour or relative buys a home from an older person for a small sum and then quickly resells for a much larger sum to a

passing tourist. This is interesting, academically, but the story vilifies the seller, perhaps unfairly or perhaps justly, and I didn't feel it warranted further provocation. Finally, this is a portrait in time of the people who currently exist (whether for two weeks or permanently) in this landscape. The past owners exist in the collective community memory and in the memory of the people who inhabit their former place of residence. I think this is an accurate depiction of their current role.

The influence of Popular Literature

Newfoundlanders are not unaware of how they are perceived by outsiders. Newfoundland and Labrador Tourism advertising capitalizes on this perception: "Whoever said that life doesn't take breaks has never been here!" is the slogan that greets visitors to their website.¹⁹ This highly effective and beautiful advertising campaign depicts tidy outports complete with fishing dories, clothing on the line, and the appearance of marine life or a sage elder. The television commercials have the feel of a trailer for a suspense-driven Hollywood blockbuster. The concept is kept highly localized with a line along the bottom of the newspaper ads urging the potential tourist to pick up the phone and call Sean, Patrick or Heather, seemingly real names of Newfoundlanders who will help plan your trip to this mythical place. It is almost as if they might book you in for a night with their Nan and help you ferret out a local kitchen party (and, like CapeRace, there are tour companies who do just that). The "Find Yourself" campaign, developed by St. John's-based Target Marketing and Communications has garnered

¹⁹ This line is what greeted visitors to the Newfoundland and Labrador Tourism site in 2013: <http://www.newfoundlandlabrador.com/?o=9bc345678> (accessed April 2013).

numerous awards since its inception in 2009 including the top advertising honour in the country²⁰ and the ads achieved their goal—in 2010 the number of tourists surpassed the island's population.²¹ Long before the current spate of tourism ads, James Overton wrote that “the gnawing appeal of nostalgia runs as a theme through much tourism as boldly as the letters run through a stick of seaside rock” (1996, 39). Indeed, despite the magnificent marketing, an advertising campaign like this wouldn't be possible if Canadians (and Newfoundlanders) didn't ascribe to the notion of the mythical outport. When examining the construction of Newfoundland's cultural identity G.J. Ashworth writes that “[t]he outport has become the receptacle for the idea of Newfoundland. It is both the place where the ‘real’ Newfoundland is to be found but also is itself an artifact which has become the ultimate expression of ‘Newfoundlandness’” (2005, 179).

Pat Byrne contends that the fictive “Newfieland” has its roots in the promotional and travel literature of 19th and early 20th centuries (1997, 237). Literary observations, like those in *The new founde land: A personal voyage of discovery* (1989) by Farley Mowat and *The shipping news* (1993) by Annie Proulx help promote this image, as do travelogues like Robert Finch's *The iambics of Newfoundland: notes from an unknown shore* (2007) and John's Gimlett's *Theatre of Fish: travels through Newfoundland* (2006). In each account an outsider discovers the island of Newfoundland and describes a colourful backwater peopled with earnest hardworking characters. This is also seen in literature about Maine by a class of writers collectively referred to as “rusticators.”

²⁰ “Target Dominates 2009 ICE Awards.” www.targetmarketing.com.

<http://www.targetmarketing.ca/news/target-dominates-2009-ice-awards> (accessed April 2013).

²¹ “Investments in Tourism, Culture, and Heritage Strengthen Prosperity in Newfoundland and Labrador.” <http://www.releases.gov.nl.ca/releases/2011/tcr/0419n14.html> (accessed April 2013).

George H. Lewis writes that “at the same time that the summer residents were infusing the lobster with a special romantic significance, the more literary prone among them were also romanticizing the year-round residents as hardy, noble, simple, rustic characters. This image was fleshed out in short stories, poems, and novels written by the ‘rusticators,’ which often focused on the Maine lobsterman, who braved the storms of the great Atlantic to bring the lobster to market” (1997, 260).

Diane Tye contends that Lucy Maud Montgomery’s *Anne of Avonlea* series does the same for Prince Edward Island. Tye writes that “as a time and setting that is close enough to imagine but far enough from the present to provide escape, Prince Edward Island’s ‘rural order’ represents an ideal when people lived closer to nature and had stronger family and community bonds.” (1994, 125). Tye’s theory can also be applied to the trend of seasonal residency on the Bonavista Peninsula, because Newfoundland’s white Anglo-Saxon/Irish culture is recognizable to North Americans, and therefore it is relatable, if tenuously to their own cultural geographies. There is enough semblance to provide familiarity and enough exoticism to also allow for a feeling of escape.

The Requirements of Utopia: View, Nature, Solitude, Culture

When discussing settlement patterns in Calvert, Newfoundland, Gerald Pocius writes that “the proximity of dwellings in Calvert’s landscape is a response, first, to view. People want their houses to be attentive to certain spaces, here they can constantly obtain the information that these areas produce” (2000, 173). The information that these areas produce is social—who is walking, who is visiting, who might be down at the harbour fishing, what kind of catch they are hauling in that day. In this way, the traditional wants

that governed Calvert's settlement pattern, and presumably that of Upper Amherst Cove as it expanded from those original four families, were similar to the desires of summer home owners. When asked what it was that prompted them to buy a secondary residence so far from their permanent life very often the view is cited as a primary concern. "Does it have a view? Can I see the ocean?"

The water's edge, be it ocean cliffs, seaside beaches or lakeshore, has been desirable real estate for centuries. The draw to live at the seashore may be rooted in a primeval urge, Tuan suggests, as humankind's earliest home may have been where the water met land (1990, 115). Certainly modern-day real estate prices would suggest a strong desire to reside by the sea.

"We paid \$53,000 and everybody said we were taken for that. But for somebody from Vancouver...waterfront property? You can't touch that for under two million dollars," says Janna of the difference in price between her home province and Newfoundland. Working with this frame of reference, then, Janna and Pat, and most summer residents, have "a million dollar view" at a fraction of the cost.

The view functions differently for the year-round residents that Pocius writes about in Calvert than it does for the seasonal residents that I meet in Upper Amherst Cove and beyond. For summer residents the view is decorative, rather than social. It might also be a status symbol. It is a reminder of a successful accomplishment, a hard-won prize. Finally, the ocean vista conveys a sense of place that is integral to the seasonal resident's experience at their summer homes. The concept of waterfront property is relatively new

to the island, along with the value of land. The clerk at the Registry of Deeds office based in St. John's says she has seen a huge spike in land deeds over the past ten years. "Land just wasn't valuable in the past. It was cheap."

Tuan writes that "people can more readily identify with an area if it appears to be a natural unit" (1990, 101). He suggests that a territory or a nation is too vast a concept to incite a true love of place—topophilia—and that it is the smaller geographic landmarks ("a valley, a coast, a limestone outcrop") with which people form attachment (1990, 101). Perhaps it is this small-scale place attachment that seasonal residents seek when defining the boundaries of their utopia.

Buttressed on either side by rocky outcrops (Round Head on the west, Wolf Head on the east), and encircled by woods, Upper Amherst Cove is a well-contained geographic unit. A pebbled shoreline stretches from one end of the community to the other. The small natural harbour is called Wolf Cove and is situated within the larger Blackhead Bay. The dense woods clearly demarcate the line between wilderness and civilization—hinting at the backbreaking task the early settlers faced when clearing this space. There are paths that run through these woods, originally cleared for sealing and hauling wood in the winter. Now, locals walk their dogs or ride all-terrain-vehicles, known locally as "trikes" or ATVs, along these paths. The road that leads into the community from Route 235 splits in three, two strands lead in opposite directions and then rejoin at the water's edge where the third strand leads straight back up the hill and rejoins the main road. Aesthetically, the cove presents a tidy package that is easy to

digest. To explore these physical and metaphorical perimeters, I attempt to encapsulate the community by sketching it in my field book (see Figure 1.3 in Chapter 1).

It is an overcast morning in August 2010 when I knock on the Harrington's cottage door to ask permission to use their path, an informal community right-of-way that leads to Round Head where I can see the cove, as a whole, spread out before me. I set up my supplies along the flat-faced rock and in a little over an hour I have an outline of the community—almost every house in the cove, the three roads, the woods, the shoreline and the rotting wharf that leads from the road to the water's edge. I had been living in the community for three months at this point and could readily identify the different landmarks as well as the owners of many of the homes. What I had hoped to accomplish in this act was a way of visualizing my connection to this place. The homes of the people I knew best (my summer rental, Wilson's house, the Paterson's cathedral-shaped home) were disproportionately larger but better rendered than the others. It is unintentional, but obvious. The woods are a mass of green (cartoonish—I know little of the trees) minus the two paths that cut through their centre. The homes and roads, the shoreline, woods and wharf are a passable interpretation of the real things.

Photographs and artists' renderings of cities can convey the essence of the urban space: the painted row houses of St. John's, a yellow taxi cab in New York, a tube sign in London. But, it is impossible to capture the city as a whole. An Upper Amherst Cove resident might look at my sketch and point out where I had missed landmarks and homes, and certainly the perspective is skewed. Most ethnographic work is skewed, to some

extent, to include the researcher's perspective. This exercise acts as a visual example of subjectivity in research, but it is also an interpretation of Tuan's theory on topophilia as applied to personal, smaller units of landscape. Finally, in the discussion of imagined landscapes it is only fair that I include my own imagined landscape.

The Practicalities of Utopia: Highways and Social Life

Wolfe argues that cottagers seek communion with their pioneering ancestors who braved the flies, the woods, the cold and heat to set down the roots of the civilization as we know and understand it today (1951; 1977). But cottages, no matter how rustic, are not the wilderness. The phrase most often cited when referencing the allure of the cottage, cabin or shack is an urge to be "closer to nature." Being "in nature" is less desirable. I think of my biologist husband whose research takes him and his colleagues high into Labrador's Mealy Mountains, a place accessible to them only by helicopter. Their tenable links to civilization are a scattering of tents and a satellite phone to use in case of emergency. He left on one of these expeditions shortly after we met and letters arrived intermittently that summer—delivered in the cargo hold of a helicopter and dropped at remote Northern post offices by the burly pilots. The fat little envelopes were littered with black fly carcasses. The tiny flattened creatures fell from the envelopes like confetti and were smashed into the pages along with a disconcerting amount of blood. I wondered if this could be a case of bushman showmanship, but as letter after letter arrived stuffed with insects I began to understand that their inclusion was unavoidable. The air is black with these vicious pests and there is no reprieve, even inside the tent. I

use this example to point out an important difference: This is not living closer to nature, this is near immersion.

What the cottagers, second-home owners, even the rustic cabin types are seeking is the middle landscape. It is not urban, nor wilderness, it resides somewhere in between civility and the natural world (Tuan 1990). In a practical sense, this middle landscape allows the users to access both nature and culture, but make use of a paved escape route.

Coppock cites several controlling factors that govern the desirability and trend of summer home ownership that include proximity to a major centre as well as “scenic quality” and access to recreational activity among others (1977, 6). Similarly, a 2006 study conducted with year-round and second-home owners in Vilas Wisconsin finds that seasonal residents are attached to natural amenities like proximity to open space and water while permanent residents are attached to the social aspects of their residence (Stedman 2006). The same study found that the second-home owners “exhibit higher levels of place attachment than year-round residents” (Stedman 2006, 201).

In my own research I find that proximity to the seasonal residents’ permanent home is not a deciding factor. Most people drive for a week or longer to reach their summer home. Others fly and rely on local contacts to pick them up from the airport, or to stash their cars over winter.

What might be unique to Newfoundland’s second-home owners is that the local culture plays a significant role in the decision to buy property in the province. Social

networks and ties are cited as important by the locals in the 2006 study in Wisconsin, but the summer residents do not consider “the people” and “the culture” as draws.

Respondents to the summer resident survey I conducted said aspects like the “community atmosphere,” the “style of life” and the “quality of rural life” as well as the “friendly” people were behind their decision to buy a home in outport Newfoundland. The natural landscape was a draw—ocean, whales, trees—are on par with the prominent local history and culture.

“We had been looking for coastal property in the US. Trinity was much less expensive. That was the practical reason. On an emotional level, we fell in love with the human atmosphere we encountered throughout the province,” writes a Trinity home owner from Washington, DC.

A second couple, based in Hong Kong, who own a home in Trinity write: “We were utterly charmed with Newfoundland, particularly the Trinity area. We loved the fresh air, fresh fish, and while visiting had met some of the most hospitable people on the planet.”

In response to the same question, a British seasonal resident writes: “Wonderful scenery, kind, generous people, whales, lack of touristic commercialism and empty roads to drive on!”

While there is an outward respect for locals, some summer residents are wary of their own tribe. There is a growing concern, particularly in the Trinity region, that

outsiders might be diluting the very culture that drew them here in the first place. This has not gone unnoticed, as one survey respondent with a summer home in Trinity points out:

We're close with some year-round residents and have a cordial but not close relationship with others. Sadly, more and more of the local residents have moved away with the closing of the boat works and Trinity is becoming a seasonal community. The new residents are nice folks but often more affluent than those who moved away and that's beginning to alter the diversity of the town which attracted us to Trinity in the first place...I would like to see the historic guidelines for new construction in Trinity tightened up. Several new houses have been approved recently by town council which I believe are not appropriate for the historic character of the community. Tourists are drawn to Trinity by the ambience of the traditional architecture and if we're not careful we're going to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

Departure Narratives

Stories of coming to Newfoundland often beget stories of what people are intentionally leaving behind. Catherine Beaudette says that "Newfoundland is the antidote to Toronto." This sentiment is echoed throughout second home scholarship spanning every continent in the world (Coppock 1977, 9). It is what some researchers refer to as the "compensation hypothesis" meaning that urban dwellers with little open space available to them are compensating by acquiring a country or seaside property (Dijst et al 2005). Initially, I think this does not apply to North Americans because we have access to so much open space. Thinking of a few of the second home owners that I interviewed, I make a quick list of their primary residences:

Houseboat in Vancouver; Retirement condo in Florida; Rented apartment in suburb of Dublin; Three floor commercial storefront/apartment in Toronto;

Rented apartment on busy street in Northern Ontario city; New home in suburbs of St. John's.

All of the primary homes are spatially restricted. Several second-home studies in Europe look at the primary residence as an indication of who is buying rural leisure property and why. In a study of Spanish second-home owners the researchers looked at factors like the square footage of the primary home, the number of floors of the building they live in, the population, the tenure (own or rent) as well as the more obvious factors like education level, socioeconomic standing, and age. Interestingly, the Spanish researchers find that "the number of floors is the variable which most strongly influences the probability of having a second home" (Cabrerizo and Colas 2002, 168).²²

An overview of vacation home ownership in Canada through the 1999 Survey of Financial Security states that: "while it is not possible to determine the location of vacation properties within Canada using data from the 1999 SFS, it is possible to find out where the households who own them are located. Not surprisingly, urban households own almost 9 out of 10 second homes. Undoubtedly, many of these vacation properties serve as a retreat from hectic city life." (Kremarik 2002, 13.)

One of the questions that I ask all of the second home owners is: does your summer house resemble your permanent house? I had included this question because I assumed there would be a common aesthetic running through both properties. The

²² Europeans are more likely than North Americans, as a whole population, to inhabit a multi-floored apartment building. However, these findings can be translated to mean that the more urban the permanent residence, the more likely the tenants are to own or desire a rural second home.

summer folks valued history, heritage, period homes which lead me to believe their permanent houses would share some of these characteristics. With a few exceptions, this was not the case.

“I think moving away almost provides more sort of fuel than moving to somewhere,” says John Fisher of his relocation in the mid-eighties to Port Rexton from Peterborough, Ontario. “We were becoming increasingly disillusioned with Ontario and I had to catch planes and if I left early in the morning, even if I left Peterborough at four in the morning, there were still traffic jams, on the back roads even. You would try to take the back roads to the Toronto airport. It just seemed to us to be overdeveloped and overpopulated and there was no distinct culture as such.”

Peggy Fisher echoes her husband’s sentiment “But we were also looking for something more rural. Peterborough was the first step when we left Toronto and then after we had been in Peterborough for about ten years, we started to look in rural Quebec for a place and really hadn’t come up with anything and then decided to buy this house as a summer house and that was the beginning. It was inexpensive.”

Summer home owners seek temporary urban respite while people who relocated to the peninsula were looking for a permanent solution to the crowded, urban and corporate environments of their native region. In some cases people moved, permanently or temporarily, from one rural environment to another. The main difference between these cases is shorefront access. The rural areas in Ontario were landlocked while oceanfront property in Newfoundland is relatively easy to come by.

In a precursor to this project, I conducted a study on a group of fifteen expat Ontarians living in St. John's, Newfoundland and asked them why they relocated. I hadn't anticipated the theme that developed throughout their responses. While people were quick to cite Newfoundland's charms as desirable draws, mostly they elaborated on what it was they were leaving behind: "People wanted to get away from the "rat race," the city, enclosed spaces, pollution, big business, and nearness to the United States. To them, St. John's seemed the antithesis to their home towns and cities in Ontario" (2007, 28).

Conclusion

At the onset of this chapter I asked whether seasonal residents and year-round residents were yearning for the same or different pasts, and wondered how this past defines and informs their present. Returning to Jaakson's theory of "inversion," it makes sense that a second home should be the antithesis of ordinary life if its purpose is to provide escape. The country of Ontario's Northern lakes connects Canadians to their tree-clearing, paddle-wielding forbearers. Rural Newfoundland has a similar allure, particularly as aspects of regional and industrial history still mark the landscape. People don't live in the same way as their ancestors here, but they follow similar patterns. To an outsider, this can be construed as a nostalgic way of life. Wilson's father built his home in Upper Amherst Cove, and he was born there with the aid of a local midwife. His house is on Brown's Road, an informal place name, but a tangible reference to his ancestors that settled the land where he now spends his summers. A mainlander like Jennifer St. Pierre cannot identify with the past in the same way, but she can draw from it, learn about it,

and live within its construction. This is how she shapes the story of herself in this landscape. It is through personal experience narratives that newcomers attach themselves to their new world. The prevalent theme within each arrival narrative is discovery, as the protagonist(s) discovers a new-to-them geography and culture and, like an explorer, lays claim to the land. The aspects of struggle and acceptance that are featured in this tales help to validate the protagonist's decision to buy a second-home in Newfoundland. The arrival narratives are simultaneously stories of self-discovery, illustrative of the teller's character and beliefs. Despite the protagonist's successful acquisition of land, they are not guaranteed entry into the culture. The personal experience narratives follow similar trajectories and employ the same tale roles and plot points. The suspension of disbelief acts to further the fateful connection between the seeker and their discovered land.

4. Intersection of Folklore in the Lives of Seasonal and Permanent Residents

“All are all very traditional looking houses...other than the fact that one is pink and has eight doors on the main floor.” –Mike Paterson, carpenter and year-round resident of Upper Amherst Cove

“Tourists are drawn to Trinity by the ambience of the traditional architecture and if we're not careful we're going to kill the goose that lays the golden egg.” –Anonymous, summer resident of Trinity

Traditional Knowledge: Land Deeds as Inadvertent Folk History Records

Wesley Shirran is 89 years old and he has been doling out various official licenses on the peninsula for more than thirty years. There is a hand-stenciled sign attached to his front gate that reads Justice of the Peace in red letters, and he lives and works in a baby-blue trailer a few paces from Bonavista's main road (see Figure 4.1) He shares the trailer with his wife and they are both partially deaf, making conversation loud and somewhat disjointed when you visit, if filled with pleasantries.

Wesley works out of a rose-coloured back office that you get to through his wood-paneled living room. He keeps all of his clients' information in a black hard-cover book that dates back to his first day on the job in 1976 (see Figure 4.2). That is three decades worth of oaths, subpoenas, summonses and warrants among other legal matters. In the summer of 2009 Mr. Shirran got a request that couldn't be taken care of in his home office and required an on-site visit. A couple from Ontario, Gini and David Harrington, bought property in Upper Amherst Cove and they had requested a proper land deed, a legal document, for which he would need to officiate on site. Mr. Shirran got directions from the home owners and drove to the piece of land in question. He pulled into the driveway and looked around.



Figure 4.1. Justice of the Peace, main road, Bonavista, 2010.



Figure 4.2. Wesley Shirran holding his log book in his office, Bonavista, 2010.

“If I’d have known it was this place for sale, I’d have bought it myself.” Mr. Shirran said when he greeted the Harringtons.

The land deed is not straight-forward. The previous deeds for this parcel of land are vague, and most of the nearby plots were transferred based on informal agreements between neighbours and family.²³ Who owns the various parcels of land is a matter of opinion. How can you know for sure that the boundary you create does not cross any historical lines? The original settlers had not left too many documents, and what does exist is scattered about the families in the community and likely packed away in boxes or shipped to the mainland when people migrated west. There is no town hall, no archive or library, and the post office closed in 1970 when Violet Brown retired after 23 years as post mistress. Wesley Shirran decided to canvass the neighbours. He asked Eugene Skiffington, who lives next door, and Willie Skiffington who lives just behind Eugene’s property. Together the three men walked the land and came up with a plot that looked like a piece from a jigsaw puzzle. There is a swath cut out where Mrs. Skiffington (now deceased) kept her potato patch and another where an old root cellar was discovered, and yet another accommodating the livestock pen that once existed at the perimeter. Conjuring the memories of animal herders and gardeners long gone, they create a legal document based on a shared folk history and accommodating for a way of life no longer in practice. Mrs. Skiffington hasn’t hoed a potato in a century. The last crop of root vegetables is perhaps, in some form, still in the rediscovered root cellar. Despite the

²³ Harry Wareham, who is the current Justice of the Peace in Upper Amherst Cove told me that “nobody owns any land really. No survey, no registrar, no cleared titles.”

unorthodox method of drawing the boundary lines, David Harrington feels confident that “the deed is rock solid” (see Figure 4.3).

The closest property to the Harringtons is owned by Mary Farrelly and Stacey Gill, two young Irish women who purchased the property seven years ago. What happens when there are no more Eugenes or Willies in the community? Can Mary and Stacey help to demarcate the patterns of the early settlers should someone want a land deed? Likely not to the same degree, but both women know the history of their home, which was originally occupied by Eugene’s family.

The Harringtons’ quest to demarcate their land boundary turns up the life patterns of an earlier generation—the manner that food was grown and stored and the history of animal husbandry in their tiny corner of the cove. A pattern on the landscape recorded on paper and saved for prosperity. It is a different kind of research from the Trinity home owners scouring the archives for images to base their restoration work on. Still, it is an act of transmission. It is a collection of knowledge from the descendants of the community’s first settlers and, as a document it serves as a means of preserving folk history. It is also illustrative of the dynamism of folklore; how folk history is performed and reproduced.

In the modern outposts of Newfoundland you will find a scattering of mainland ex-urbanites turned amateur archivists. Some of them live here seasonally while others gave up their city homes to permanently relocate to the country. It is a trickle against the tide of outmigration, but it is a steady trickle and it grows a little bit every year. There is a

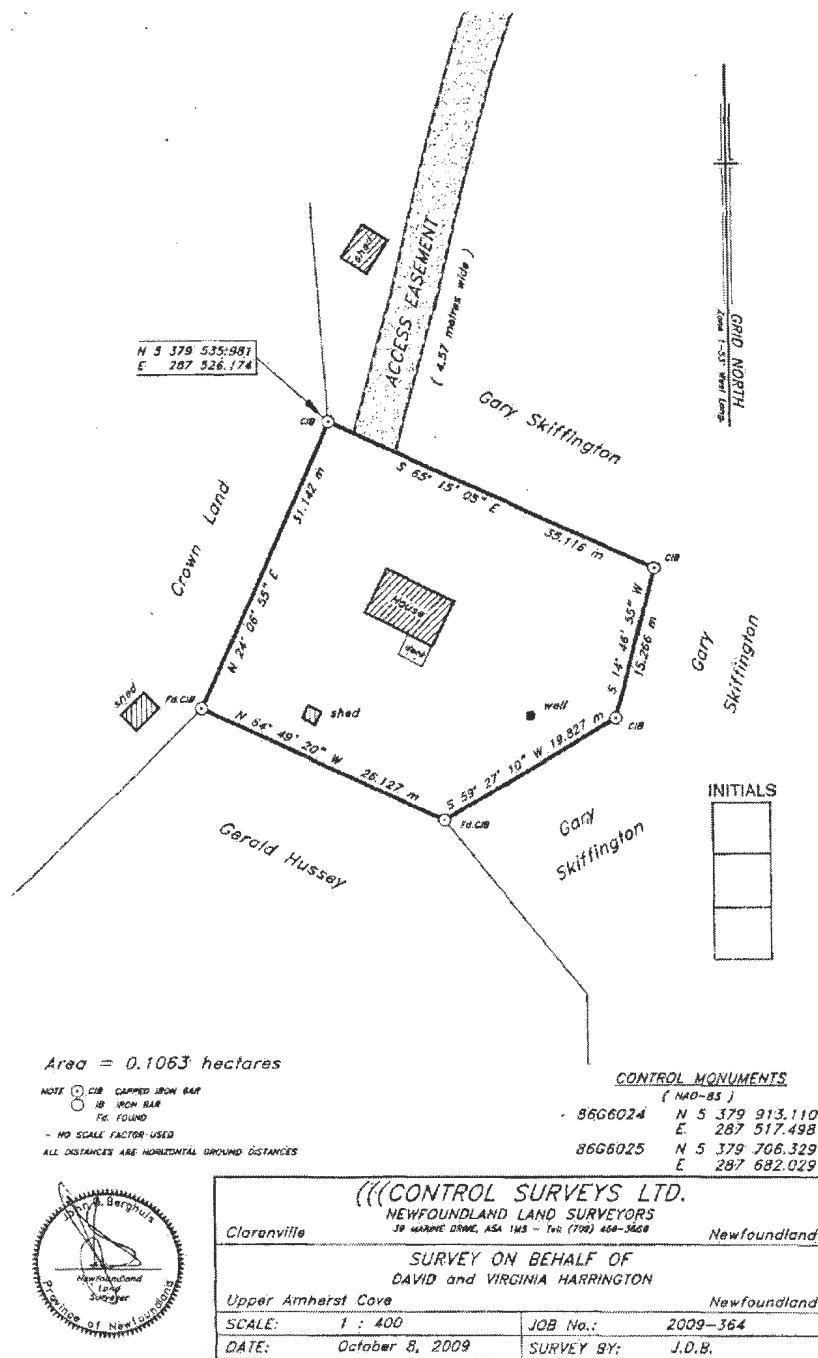


Figure 4.3. Gini and David Harrington's land survey, Upper Amherst Cove.

persistent fear, in Newfoundland and elsewhere, that newcomers dilute regional culture. At the same time, there is an on-going concern regarding the preservation of regional folklife (usually articulated as heritage, a catch-all government term that filtered into popular speech). In rural Newfoundland the ex-mainlanders, the part-time townies, the Americans in the saltbox by the shore and their neighbours from Hong Kong are championing this cause.

This chapter will explore the ways that outsiders preserve, collect, disseminate and influence regional folk culture using four entry points: vernacular architecture, material culture, foodways, and traditional knowledge. I will rely on the voices of both locals and seasonal residents to illustrate each subject, as well as examples from studies in other coastal communities.

As discussed in the previous chapter, one of the most surprising findings of my research is the pervasive nostalgia that newcomers feel for the region's past. I learn this through interviews, but it is also evident in the interior decoration and architecture of the summer residents' homes as well as through their interest in local food culture. This is curious, as the seasonal residents who participated in this study generally have no family or geographic ties to the area—most are from mainland Canada and some hail from parts of Europe and Asia. The keen interest in local architecture, artifacts, knowledge and food is not connected to their own pasts but to the past of "the other" in their midst.

A Brief History of Upper Middle Class Folklore Collectors

This should not come as a surprise. As a folklore scholar, it should have been obvious to me from the onset that the recent wave of urbanites would be actively collecting and disseminating aspects of local knowledge. The educated, urban, middle class collector of rural folklore is as old as the discipline. After all, it was the work of two university educated city dwellers with a romantic notion of peasantry that set the “scientific study of folklore” in motion in early nineteenth century Germany (Dundes, 1999). Inspired and encouraged by romantic nationalism, Wilhelm and Jacob Grimm plundered the stories of rural communities to publish for posterity, seen as “a fading class of peasants and artisans who had been the core of German vitality and peoplehood” (Bronner 2002, 9). The stories they told are viewed as a kind of cultural life raft, emblematic of an earlier pre-modern period when people lived closely with nature and harmoniously with each other. The content of these narratives, wherein the protagonists engage in a constant struggle against wilderness and humanity, might suggest otherwise. Despite the dangerous animal and supernatural encounters and the endless agrarian work depicted in folk tales, the urban elite continue to view life in the countryside as a living relic of purity, one that seems destined to erode as the city limits expand.

Following the publication of the Grimm’s *Children’s and Household Tales* in 1812, educated urban collectors appear in bucolic settings across Europe over the course of the next 100 years (Dundes 1999). The collectors establish themselves as heroic preservationists and their work becomes the national fabric of their respective homelands:

William Butler Yeats in Ireland and Elias Lönnrot in Finland are two examples. (Dundes 1999).

Around the turn of the century rural Newfoundland also begins to attract the attentions of a certain kind of middle class outsider. There were travel writers like Edith Watson and her photographer companion Victoria Hayward who dually captured daily outport life for their publication *Romantic Canada*, published in 1922. There were amateur writers and photographers attached to the Grenfell Mission, like Jessie Luther, an occupational therapist who helped develop the arts and crafts cottage industry, and whose dairies and photographs from 1906-1910 provide some of the earliest folk life records in the province (Rompkey 2001). Further, about the late nineteenth and early twentieth century Gerald Poicus writes that “with comments by visitors on differences in speech or custom, local folk culture became the domain of the idle rich (either non-native Newfoundland residents or members of the monied classes)...and the St. John’s elite began to advocate the recording of unique Newfoundland customs in local newspapers and magazines” (1994, 67). The first Newfoundland-based folklorist to publish in the *Journal of American Folklore*, Reverend Arthur C. Waghorne (originally from England), wrote a short piece on the topic of hunting the wren, a St. Stephen’s Day tradition, near the end of the nineteenth century (Thorne 2004; Waghorne 1893).

Through these varied efforts an exoteric idea of outport Newfoundland takes shape and is further fuelled by the work of those concerned with the “scientific study of folklore” initiated by the Grimm brothers. This included work by collectors like Helen

Creighton, Edith Fowke, Marius Barbeau and MacEdward Leach among others.²⁴ This all happened before the inception of Memorial University's Folklore Department in the nineteen-sixties that saw collecting skyrocket, or the university's extension program that ran in the seventies and eighties and dispatched collectors throughout the province to document everything from farming in southern Labrador communities to Mrs. Ches Brown's kitchen stove in Upper Amherst Cove (Decks Awash 1984). The 20th century saw a concurrent wave of commercial collectors, antique pickers who pillaged Newfoundland's coves for material matter, particularly after Confederation in 1949 when the island's smaller communities became accessible by roads (Peddle 1983). These corporate material culturists absconded with family heirlooms, handicrafts and furniture from every inlet, cove and peninsula on the island. And, with their arrival, the material landscape of outport Newfoundland was officially for sale.

Vernacular Architecture: Restoration as Transmission

The transformation from tourist to resident begins at the front door of the newly purchased home. Architecture is the initial entrée. "Buildings, like poems and rituals, realize culture" writes Henry Glassie (2000, 17). Acquiring a home, then, can also be a form of realizing culture. The easiest way for an immigrant group to assimilate is through objects. They do not require you to interact with people, but can be infused with almost as much meaning as a personal relationship. That a building can carry the same emotional significance as a ritual is at the centre of this study. Inherent in the decision to buy

²⁴ For an extensive and in-depth look at the history of folklore collection in Newfoundland see chapter three of Cory Thorne's "Come from away: community, region and tradition in Newfoundland expatriate identity" (PhD Dissertation, University of Pennsylvania, 2004).

property are a set of core values. First, the location choice speaks to the desires, interests and needs of the acquirer. Second, the shape, materials and location of the purchased building hint at the new owner's aesthetic beliefs. Third, the upgrades, renovations and changes made to the building demonstrate the level of local knowledge acquired by the owner and its manifestation can be construed as a display of respect (or disregard) for regional culture.

Over three summers in Upper Amherst Cove I collected about two dozen stories from people who crossed that threshold, through the front door, and switched their status from tourist to home owner. As discussed in Chapter Two, I refer to these collected tales as "arrival narratives" and find that a distinct pattern emerges in the sequence of events and the tale roles. In each story there is a pervasive sense of place that guides the decision to buy a second home in Newfoundland. Place is physical but also intangible and is present in both the natural and cultural aspects of outport life.

Glassie writes that his research on vernacular buildings "is a study of the architecture of past thoughts—an attempt to reconstruct the logic of people long dead by looking seriously at their houses" (2000, vii). Most of the seasonal residents that I get to know in the Bonavista region live in homes built between 50 to 100 years ago. It is necessary to engage in a dialogue with "the architecture of past thought" when repurposing a home. Houses are functional. The early timber frame homes in Newfoundland's outports housed fishing families year-round. Typically, the rooms were small and the ceilings were low—less space to heat meant a warmer home. Fewer doors

and windows kept out drafts. Proximity to the water was practical, not aesthetic. Except in winter when fishing families sometimes moved inland to the woods for shelter.

Many second-home owners take an interest in the rotting architectural relics of days past and have the funds and time to tackle these restoration projects—from historical research to physical execution (see Figure 4.4). It can be a point of pride, and a means of cementing a relationship to the culture and history of the province.

“To me, that’s the early history of Canada,” says Catherine Beaudette who now owns several vernacular buildings in Duntara, besides her primary holiday home. “If the history of Newfoundland is older than Canada—people came here first—I see it not only as a provincial concern but as a federal concern. This is our early history that we’re letting tumble and I’m trying to motivate the town.”

Catherine lobbies for heritage restoration within the community and her efforts receive mixed reviews from locals. (One neighbour grumbled that her last restoration project would be better fixed with a lit match.) She has restored two houses and is working on a third. I interviewed her in the summer of 2010, and we sat at the kitchen table of the first house she purchased in the late nineties. It has been her home base every summer since. She is an artist and splits her time between heritage work and painting in her studio. After our interview, she showed me the restored outbuildings that stand to the right of her century-old home. Catherine’s heritage work, funded by a government grant, is unprecedented. She is the owner of the only certified heritage outhouse in the province.

AUGUST 14, 2011.

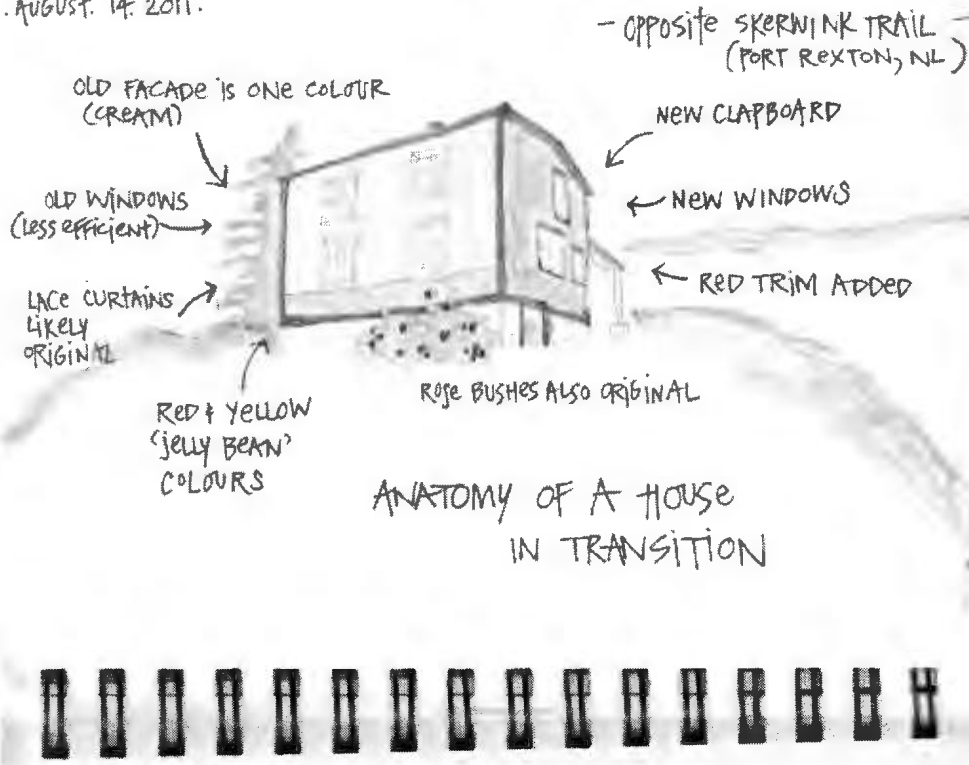


Figure 4.4. Field sketch of an old Port Rexton saltbox home in the process of being reimagined.

“The outbuildings were really rough but they got saved via the heritage foundation.²⁵ The foundation was really interested in buildings in their original context. Lots of heritage buildings don’t have outbuildings because they fall down – they lose the barn, the store, the outhouse,” Catherine said. “This is all the way it was,” she gestured to the buildings that flank her two-storey yellow home. “It’s not even new clapboard, it’s just restored.”

In his introduction to a collection of articles on second-home ownership, C. Michael Hall writes that second-home owners “represent significant heritage resource because of their use of vernacular architecture and the ongoing use of buildings that may otherwise have fallen into disrepair” (2004, 3). It is a trend that stretches back at least a century in North America. In early 20th century Southern Maine, urban dwellers scoured the countryside for colonial architecture that they might restore as a kind of heritage project. Dona Brown writes that “the restoration of old houses was the most visible of all summer people’s efforts to acquire a piece of the past.” (1995, 184). She notes that beyond aesthetics, the colonial style harkens back to a rose-coloured, pre-industrial history and it “represented a common set of values” (1995, 185). Further, Brown notes that “the aesthetic language of symmetry, order and harmony translated for many colonial enthusiasts into a social language” (1995, 187).

One of the four functions of folklore, writes William Bascom, is that it acts as a pedagogical device that reinforces morals and values within and between groups (1954). The vernacular housing acts as a symbolic code to the people who inhabit and restore the

²⁵ Catherine is referring to the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador.

homes in New England, and also in Newfoundland. These homes carry messages from the past, truths, values, and virtues from a more wholesome time and place.

In an update on his study of summer cottages in rural Ontario, R.I. Wolfe surmised that the architectural aesthetic of the second home is as important to the owner as the setting. What might be deemed a “shack” in the context of the city, is a thing of beauty in its secluded lakeside perch, he writes. The cottage isn’t just a house, he continues, “it is the concrete emblem of a whole class of experiences, experiences that are, at their best, among the most pleasurable and recreative in life” (1977, 23).

For the seasonal residents on the Bonavista Peninsula the tidy lines of clapboard, the saltbox shape and the classic pitched roofs of the older fishing family homes represent both an “aesthetic language” and “a class of experiences.” The simpler, bygone era suggested by the architecture manifests in the inhabitant’s behavior—life is lived differently in these simple structures by the sea. Removed from the constraints of daily work, and in some cases without the distraction of Internet and television, some second-home owners channel their energy and focus into projects concerning their summer environment.

Gaining local historical knowledge, particularly to do with vernacular architecture, is often part of the seasonal home owner’s experience. I learn this from Jim Miller, the mayor of Trinity whose day job is with the Trinity Historical Society. Because Trinity is a heritage town that draws many tourists, new buildings and restorations adhere to a strict historical code. The seasonal residents outnumber locals in July and August and

the population triples in summer months. Miller tells me that summer residents often seek information in the archives and look through old photographs. They are searching for historical evidence of their newly purchased homes, or similar structures, to refer to when carrying out restoration work or building new homes.

“They’ll come to the council office and get a copy of the heritage regulations and discuss with the town clerk manager what’s allowed and not allowed or have a discussion with myself,” Jim said. “A lot of them, if they are building new homes, will come and look at the old photographs that we have here in our archives and try and build back something similar that might have been on the same footprint.”

This interest fuels the local economy and a number of heritage carpentry businesses pop up nearby as a result. At the same time the fishery continues to be dismantled: the crab plant in nearby Catalina was washed away after Hurricane Igor in fall 2010 and was never re-opened; small government funded contracts rarely stretch long enough to qualify for employment insurance. The gentrification of rural Newfoundland can provide a valuable source of income, but only until Labour Day.

Over the summer months of 2010 a handful of locals are employed through a government-funded heritage contract to restore St. Nicholas Anglican Church in Middle Amherst Cove (see Figure 4.5). On a particularly sunny morning I walk by and notice



Figure 4.5. St. Nicholas Anglican Church renovations, Middle Amherst Cove, 2010.

five women hand-painting the exterior of the church, each wielding a small brush. I can hear them chatting and laughing as they touched up the building, enjoying the rare sociability provided by working side-by-side. The work goes slowly. The contract is extended. A few days later I stop into the church, curious to see the interior, and a woman named Wanita, who lives down the road from the church, shows me around. She tells me that this work employs three women and four men who live nearby. She is hoping it gets extended again so that she can have enough hours worked to apply for Employment Insurance. Otherwise, she might need to leave to find work, maybe in Gander. It might be a temporary move, just for the winter, or it might be permanent. But this is her home, she tells me, so she would prefer to stay here. The church restoration was a lucky break but in a few weeks the money runs out and when I return the following year I notice a small plastic 'for sale' sign in the window of Wanita's house.

It is an existence like Wanita's that symbolizes life in outport Newfoundland. She lives in a modest bungalow along the road that leads to the highway. Her watery view is that of a lily pond, beyond that she is in a thicket of spruce trees. There is no clapboard, no ocean view, and no employment in the foreseeable future despite the fact that since 2008 Newfoundland has been considered a 'have' rather than a 'have-not' province.²⁶ In his work on tourism in Newfoundland, James Overton finds that while rural Newfoundland is touted as a place of simpler times, the reality is grittier and far more

²⁶ "Have-not is no more: N.L. off equalization: Move off equalization comes a year earlier than expected." CBC.ca. <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/newfoundland-labrador/story/2008/11/03/have-not.html> (Accessed April 2013).

complicated. "What exists in such 'backwaters' is poverty, unemployment, inequality and desperation" (1996, 168).

With this in mind, I ask Jim Miller to list the benefits and drawbacks of summer residency on the community of Trinity. He pauses for a long time before answering.

Well it's good that we got these residents that are coming in and fixing up these properties because some of them were in fairly rough condition. So they do see the need to preserve the architectural style and designs of the times because that's what does make up Trinity, what makes it unique for what it is. So that's a good thing. On the other side of that is that property values have gone really high in the last few years which is sort of forcing out local purchasers, for lack of a better definition. If a young person around here now wants to buy a piece of property around home, depending on what part of town it might be located in, whether it has water frontage or not, they'd pay a fair chunk of change for it whereas even 15 to 20 years ago you could get it for fairly cheap. Nothing here now goes below \$100,000 which for people coming from away to buy, that's not expensive, it's cheap.

The two-tiered economy that exists in the outport real estate market is difficult for most locals to accept. What is expensive and increasingly unattainable for one group is cheap, and therefore somewhat dispensable to another.

The "Fixer Uppers"

When I ask local people about the effect seasonal residency has on their communities they almost always cite the restoration efforts. Over a cup of tea at their kitchen table, I ask long-term Upper Amherst Cove residents Doris and Eugene Skiffington what they think might happen to the older uninhabited houses if the summer residents didn't purchase them.

“Well they would just deteriorate,” says Doris.

“Deteriorate, yeah,” echoes Eugene. “They would just fall down, I guess.”

What’s more pressing for people like Gene and Doris is the population, not the restoration of houses. The issues that concern locals are whether the population will continue to shrink, and if the summer residency trend might push year-round locals out of the market. When I ask Harry Wareham about summer residents fixing up old homes, he bypasses the restoration efforts as they are of little interest to him. Instead he talks about rising house prices. What Harry and his neighbours care about is how the houses are used. For Rosalind Ford, a young, year-round resident who lives with her husband Jason Holley on Route 235, a few paces from the turn-off to Upper Amherst Cove, the restoration efforts are visually appealing but they signify impermanence. Rosalind is an artist; she deals in aesthetics and prefers old houses. When she sees the foundations of the pre-fabricated home being laid in Upper Amherst Cove (see Figure 4.6), however, she is thrilled. Sure, it might not be as quaint as the neighbouring clapboard structures but the owner plans to live there year-round.

“I’d prefer full-time residents over restored houses,” Rosalind says. “It’s someone else to talk to.”

Besides being symbolic of a transient population, the restoration efforts are inherently controversial. In some cases it is a subtle marker of difference in lifestyles, but in other cases, where the newcomers rally to save historic community buildings, or voice



Figure 4.6. The bones of a prefab home laid out in Upper Amherst Cove, 2011.

their concern over a perceived loss of heritage, the urge to restore can cause outright feuds.

In early spring 2010 Mike and Lorie Paterson invited me and Andrew to a campfire and crab boil in their yard. It was a small crowd, about eight people that rotated as cars pulled in and out of the driveway. When we were introduced to the group I explained how my husband and I were living here temporarily so that I could carry out research on summer-home ownership in the area. Everyone in the group lived in the town of Bonavista, except the Patersons. The women rolled their eyes knowingly, and the men guffawed. It sparked an animated conversation.

“Here’s what gets me,” said a feisty woman in her early fifties. “People move here and right away they say ‘someone should really do something with all of these old houses! They’re crumbling into the ground and they should be preserved!’”

“Bonavista is fine the way it is!” said a second woman and the crowd nodded in agreement.

The reality is that the town of Bonavista is doing quite a lot to preserve its architectural history. The Bonavista Historic Townscape Foundation, established in 1998, offers financial incentive plans for private home restorations that a number of locals took advantage of when renovating their houses. The group also takes on larger public projects like the refurbishing of the Garrick Theatre, built in 1945 originally, but restored and reopened in 2010 as a hugely popular cinema, live theatre and music venue with 200 seats. You can catch the latest Hollywood blockbuster on Saturday and return Sunday

night to see Ron Hynes perform an acoustic set. It is one of the few heritage projects in the province aimed at improving community life rather than luring tourists. The preservation sentiment is so pervasive in Bonavista that one frustrated newcomer referred to the volunteers who orchestrate the townscape foundation as “the heritage police.”

With so many restoration projects underway in Bonavista it is understandably irksome that some outsiders concentrate on the town’s deteriorating vernacular homes, of which there are a few, certainly, but they are scattered and they don’t define the vibrant hub.

Peggy Fisher, who owns the four star inn and restaurant Fishers’ Loft in Port Rexton, calls this the “fixer-upper” mentality to characterize the actions of people from highly industrialized urban environments who fix their Type-A lens on their adopted rural landscape. She claims to have been guilty of the fixer upper mentality when she first arrived twenty years ago, but has since channeled her energy into growing a hugely successful business with input from her local staff. However, it could also be argued that Fishers’ Loft is the embodiment of fixer-upper culture.

In his social classification of groups who frequent New England’s resort towns, sociologist Peter Rose writes that “the entrenched outsiders are the movers and the shakers, the people who lead campaigns to fix things that, in the eyes of many locals, ‘aint yet broke.’ They are the anticipators and preservationists, ever trying to get ready for changes they think are inevitable and wrong” (2003, 176). Similarly, in a study of several Swedish coastal villages, Anders Gustavsson noticed conflicting aesthetic values

between locals and summer cottage owners. The latter bemoaned the modern upgrades and conveniences evidenced in changes to regional architecture. He found that “many summer cottagers have been surprised that residents have not tried to preserve the older buildings, but have altered them instead” (1980, 76).

In the outports that ring the Bonavista Peninsula, the conflict of aesthetic values is inherent in building style, structure methods and material choices of both parties. Locals were more likely to use aluminum siding and have a satellite dish installed on the exterior of their homes. These are practical choices. The siding weathers better than painted clapboard, so there is less upkeep. It is also a better shield against the North Atlantic’s capricious gales. Cable television isn’t available in the smaller outports so most people install a satellite dish. “People live in old houses not in old ways, but rather by adapting the architectural spaces to the changing concerns of their culture,” Pocius concludes in his study of housing in Calvert, Newfoundland (2000, 199). For Pocius, a conversation with a local quickly expands his definition of vernacular architecture to include both modern and older homes.

In my second summer in Upper Amherst Cove I watched as sections of the pre-fabricated home collected on the footprint of the 100-year-old house that Wilson dismantled the previous summer. It is the home that buoyed Rosalind’s spirits with its permanence rather than its architectural merit. I felt a twinge of disappointment with both the location (a prominent spot at the top of the hill) and the synthetic materials. But if our ultimate goal as scholars of vernacular buildings is to study the folk, through their

architectural choices, then it is an oversight to exclude the bungalows and pre-fab houses from the discussion. Change is necessary. The owner of the pre-fab home was born and raised in Upper Amherst Cove. He lived on the hilltop perch until employment sent him westwards. Now, in retirement, he is able to come home. Not to a deteriorating structure without running water, but to a comfortable, modern house. Besides, from the inside looking out, the view is the same.

In contrast to the modernized year-round homes, most summer residents employ wooden clapboard, in keeping with the original pattern of building materials. Unlike the aluminum, the clapboard needs to be repainted every few years and touched up in the spring. There is the issue of rot to contend with (Newfoundland is notoriously damp) and wood is arguably less wind and water resistant than its synthetic imitation. There are fewer satellite dishes because most people live without television when at their second home and some without electricity. A few of the seasonal residents I interviewed occupied somewhat modern structures, always with huge picture windows to include the ocean scenery as part of the décor. However, the bungalows that sit removed from the water with hopeful 'for sale' signs hung in the windows languished over the years that I visited the area. The signs remained but the phone numbers, handwritten in felt-tipped marker, faded over time until it was impossible to make them out. A spiffily painted saltbox on a wooded lot near King's Cove fails to catch the interest of far flung house hunters summer after summer. Without an ocean view, it simply isn't desirable (see Figure 4.7).



Figure 4.7. A renovated home for sale in the woods near King's Cove, 2010.

There are also cases where residents are adamant that their homes remain in keeping with local vernacular architecture, but stray from tradition in an effort to maximize access to the natural landscape. Sometimes this happens on a wildly impractical level. Mike Paterson encounters this with some regularity in his work. Originally from Ontario, Mike moved to Upper Amherst Cove in the eighties and after two decades of construction work in the area, he has come to understand the elements—what leaks, what doesn't, and where you need a storm door. While sitting in his family home, a replica of a local church that he designed and built himself, I ask Mike how these impractical demands affect his work.

“We deal with it and bang our head against it all the time. One of the houses we built recently has eight doors on the main floor,” he says, referring to a home he had built for a client in Port Rexton (see Figure 4.8). “That seems excessive, you know, a Newfoundlander would have two doors.”

Mike goes on to explain the issues and their source:

I like to think of building a house like it's a submarine. You've got to be ready for water infiltration—water coming at you horizontally with huge wind pressure, so I would always advise a person that you're really better off with windows here instead of doors. Nobody needs that kind of flexibility in how they enter and leave a 1,200 square foot house. But to them it was all about expanses of glass, opening up six doors on one side to have a connection with your surroundings and the sea and nature and this kind of approach is a very intense approach to coming for short periods of time and immersing yourself in the beauty and nature and culture whereas a Newfoundlander, born and bred here, would see immediately that, first of all they wouldn't feel that same necessity, but also they would understand that this is going to be a problem.

When I ask Mike later in our interview if the houses he builds are in keeping with the vernacular architecture, he says that they are. He doesn't build any other style of

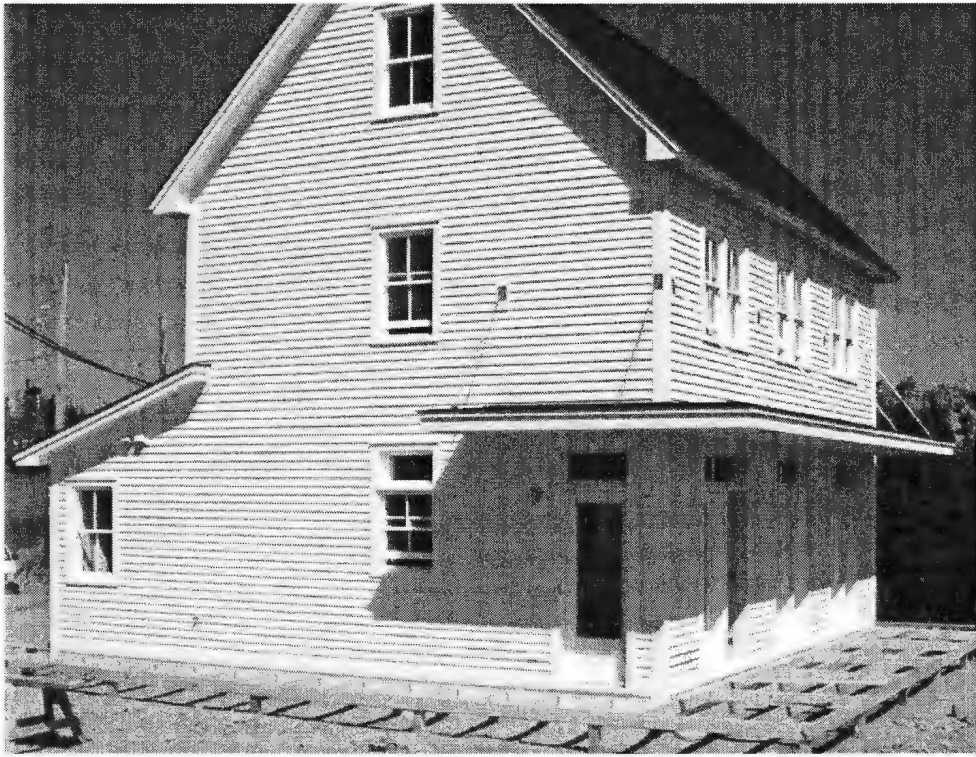


Figure 4.8. Pink house with eight doors built by Paterson Woodworking in Port Rexton (courtesy of Paterson Woodworking).

home, so in retrospect, my question is somewhat redundant. Mike and his team built three houses in Port Rexton over the last five years. “All are all very traditional looking houses,” he says, and then he pauses. “Other than the fact that one is pink and has eight doors on the main floor.”

Replication is a morphed form of transmission, but not so different from the usual route that it is unrecognizable. As with all aspects of tradition, the home reconstructions and restorations include innovation and change. The original builders, the settlers who were as adept at jigging cod as they were at carpentry, constructed their homes with what was available—materials, tools, knowledge and skill. Some material came from the nearby woods, everything else, including the builders, most of their tools and their learned skills came by way of the sea. The style of structure, what Glassie calls the “geometric repertoire” (2000, 19) of building construction, wasn’t born in Newfoundland, but an ocean away, in England and Ireland, or the coastal United States. Glassie argues that a building cannot be truly “read” without knowing the context within which it was built. In a community like Upper Amherst Cove, we are dealing with twin contexts when examining the original structures and philosophizing on their builders. There is the place from which they, or their ancestors, came, and there is the place where they settled. As Fred Kniffen points out in his pioneering work on folk housing, the “initial occupancy patterns can be identified faithfully only where the time involved is relatively short, as in the United States” and yet, even when a new ethnic group arrives they live in the long shadow of the pioneers recognizing the “initial imprint as long lasting” (1965, 551). The old world knowledge is applied in a new world context. It is

similar to the overlapping imagery that Martin Lovelace discovers in his research on Jack tales collected in rural Newfoundland. He finds the farmsteads of Dorset and Cork appearing with regularity in a decidedly marine landscape. He writes that “what we may have in the implicit backgrounds of the Newfoundland folktales is a kind of scrim: a thin curtain of Newfoundland adaptations and references through which the landscape of the old countries can still be glimpsed” (2001, 165). Likewise, we see glimpses of other worlds in the architecture of the Newfoundland outpost in the timber frame skeleton, the floor plans, and in the pitch of the roof. With this new wave of aesthetic influence we are also privy to the trends of modern-day Toronto, Vancouver, Boston, Dublin, and Dusseldorf and we are seeing how people from these geographies conjure and transform Newfoundland’s past in the present.

For example, Pat and Janna’s modest two-storey home in Lower Amherst Cove appears unchanged, save for the painted exterior, from the roadside (see Figure 3.7 in Chapter Three) but the interior space is designed for modern living. I ask the couple about the changes they made to the home and they are divided on the pull between heritage and function.

“I see some of them have kept all the small windows and I respect that, they don’t want to change anything and keep the small rooms. But I don’t want to do that because I want to live in it and enjoy it and enjoy the water view,” says Pat. “But we tried to keep the road side pretty much the way we found it.”

“It was a mix of keeping some of the heritage and not all,” adds Janna, pointing out the doorframes that their contractor rebuilt in the original style of the home.

The interior space is altered from its original form in several ways. First, a deck is built on the ocean-facing side, which is the back of the home. Next a sliding glass door is installed off the dining room to allow access to the deck. Both modifications are made to accommodate a better view of the ocean. The windows in the kitchen, now an open-concept space rather than a separate room, were enlarged for the same reason. The floors and walls, in contrast, were stripped back to the original clapboard.

“With the inside we were very clear that we wanted to go back to the old wood,” says Janna, a task that involved peeling many layers of old wallpaper off the boards and ripping up carpet. The clapboard, and interior walls, are original, with the exception of rotted boards that needed to be replaced. Their contractor is a local man, a friend who “understands old houses,” says Janna. He doesn’t live in an old house himself, but he knows the structures from his childhood.

“I understand it,” Pat says. “My mother felt the same about her old house. I think it is the same here. I don’t think they hate them, but they wanted to build a new house up on the hill.”

The interior of Pat and Janna’s house has an open and inviting feel, and the natural world is a major part of the interior décor due to the windows and glass doors that the women inserted that face the ocean. The day that I interview the couple we sit at their dining room table and our talk slides off course when a pair of dolphins put on a show

near the shore. They synchronize their flips and dives with astonishing precision, as if the talent scout from Marine Land might be on Pat and Janna's back deck. It is an event that might have gone unnoticed before the renovations were made, before the windows were expanded and the glass sliding doors were installed to facilitate a better ocean view.

Mary Farrelly and Stacey Gill share similar values with Pat and Janna regarding interior versus exterior space, which is evident in the changes they made to their summer home in Upper Amherst Cove (See Figure 4.9).

"I'm very much about going for the traditional ways of renovating, not so much about the inside but the outside," Mary says. When the two women bought the home they set about rearranging the floor plan to direct the focus towards the ocean, much like Janna and Pat. They moved the bathroom to the back of the house and enlarged the front window so they could sit in the living room and see the water. They took down the room dividers so that there was no longer a partition between the kitchen, living room and dining room. Like Janna and Pat, they built a deck facing the ocean.

There is a dichotomy between public and private space in the remodeling of the older homes. Both Mary and Stacey and Pat and Janna feel it is important to keep the exterior space as it was. An outward change might signify a distaste or disagreement with the existing structure and by extension the surrounding, similar structures and the people who inhabit them. In the private space, this isn't a concern and both Pat and Janna and Mary and Stacey feel comfortable rearranging the interiors to suit the way they live in

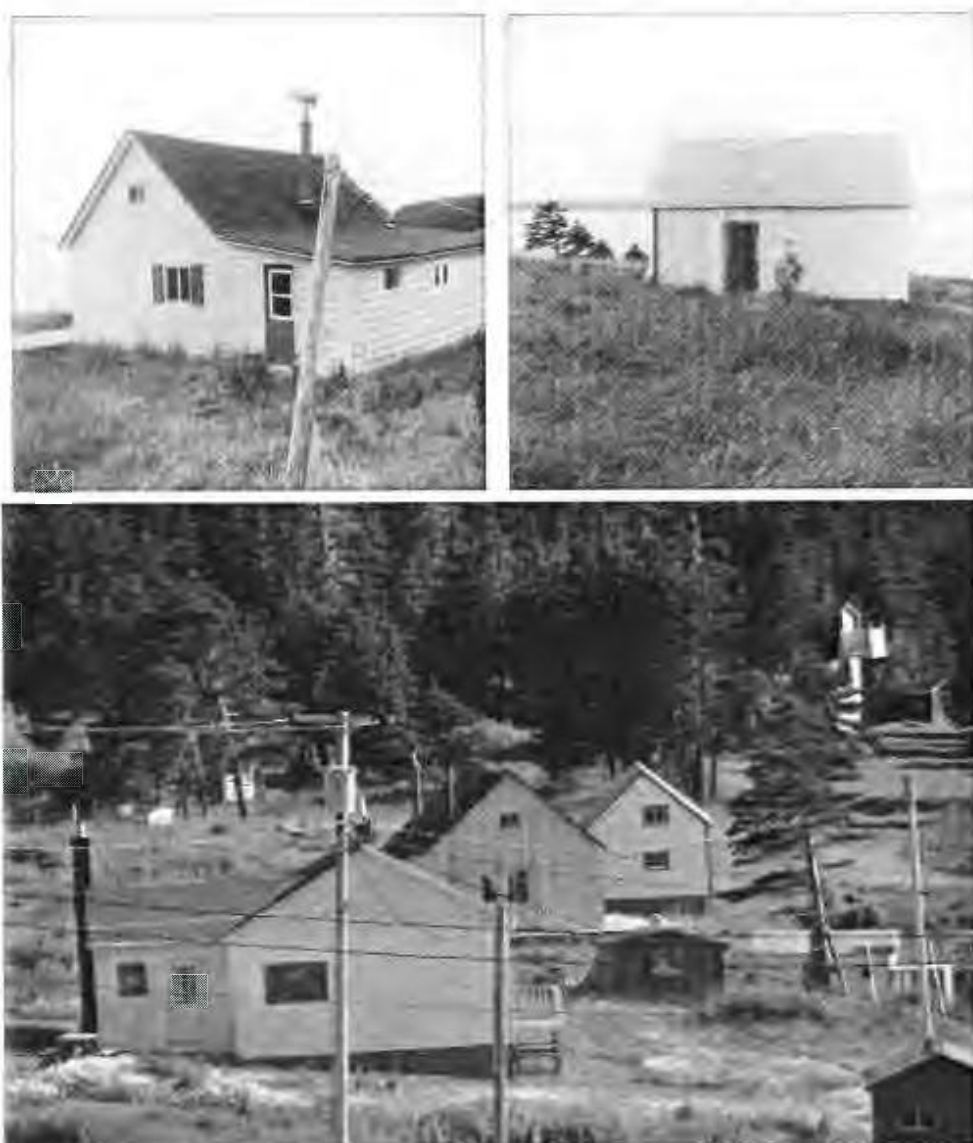


Figure 4.9. Mary Farrelly and Stacey Gill's home, or the "Irish House" (top left); Sam and Jim's Place (top right); William Skiffington's home in foreground with the Irish House, Sam and Jim's Place behind it, and David and Gini Harrington's summer home in the background (bottom).

their summer homes. It is a way to blend in with the community without changing any of your lifestyle preferences.

In contrast, people who live in their homes year-round often modernize and modify the exterior of their homes. As Jennifer Brown notes in her blog post about purchasing her family home, “The house isn’t a heritage property by any means and has always been renovated and updated, but the core and history is still there in the layers.” The heritage associated with Jennifer’s home is intangible. The core and the history might be invisible to an outsider.

In “Electric arrows”, an early career short story by Annie Proulx, the author deftly examines the relationship between summer home owners and their material environment in New England. The story focuses on a couple from the city, the Moon-Azures, who buy the narrator’s former homestead—the Clew orchard farm with its trees and buildings in various states of decay. They carefully restore the structures and take an interest in the history of the house and land. “From the first the Moon-Azures are crazy for old deeds and maps of the farm, they trace Clew genealogy as though they bought our ancestors with the land” (1995, 162). The narrator goes on to say that “all of their fascination is with the ancestor Clews; living Clews exist...to be used. Dead Clews belong to the property and the property belongs to the Moon-Azures” (1995, 162).

Purchasing a heritage home and carrying out restoration work is a way to engage with the intangible “sense of place” so often cited as the reason for buying property in a geography so different and far from home. Also, it is a way into the culture. This isn’t

particular to rural Newfoundland, it is noted in literature from England, Scandinavia, mainland Canada and the United States (Brown 1995, Coppock 1977, Flogenfeldt 2002, Gustavsson 1980). There are fewer instances where foreigners passionately champion heritage preservation—mostly they are urbanites within a few hours' drive of their adopted rural landscape. Catherine cites the historic properties in the Bonavista region as an early example of Canadian history, but the reality is that these structures were built when Newfoundlanders swore allegiance to the Queen. The early history of Newfoundland's European settlement is more closely aligned with Britain than Canada. The homeowners from Ontario are arguably as foreign as their American counterparts and both hold tenuous claims to the island's early history. It is easier to understand Stockholm's elite fretting about heritage architecture in Sweden's coastal communities, or Toronto's corporate class identifying with their pioneering ancestors by staking a claim in Muskoka's cottage country. On the Bonavista Peninsula, the outsider's attachment to place is born of the same urge to identify with nature and history, but based on price availability rather than proximity. In the U.S., mainland Canada and Europe, a second home in a coastal community is out of reach for most of the population. You have to be a member of the elite class to consider buying waterfront property close to home. In summer 2012, a 0.5 acre waterfront plot of land on Salt Spring Island is listed at \$750,000 (yearly taxes run \$4,270). At the same time a plot of approximately the same size in Upper Amherst Cove is listed at \$49,999 (there are no yearly property taxes.) The

B.C. land is fifteen times the price of the property in Newfoundland, more if you factor in the yearly taxes.²⁷

These extravagant prices force amenity migrants to move farther in search of leisure space. This is a different kind of forced migration than one born of political strife, war, famine, or, as seen in the depopulation of rural Newfoundland, a depletion of natural resources. This move is motivated by a desire to recapture a missing component of modern life, or to satisfy wanderlust. The settlement in new geographies brings with it new pasts.

Material Culture: The Past as Décor

As seen in the décor choices made by Pat and Janna, the summer home owners prefer rustic, simple interiors that reflect the early history of the houses. There is a tendency to strip away the layers of carpet, linoleum, paint and wallpaper that accumulate on the floors and walls over the years and to expose the original wood. These are the sawn logs, hauled from the forest, still rounded and rough on the interior side. One summer home owner that I spoke with relays how she had overheard her contractor warning his wife before entering their stripped down home. He had been working on the house all summer and the owners had invited the couple over for dinner. “Now, try not to react when you see it,” he’d said to his wife. “It’s not what you would want, but it’s what *they* want.”

²⁷ These prices are taken from the real estate site, MLS.ca in the winter of 2012.

A reverence for the culture and history of Newfoundland is displayed in every one of the summer homes that I visit. There are shrine-like testaments to Newfoundland's fishing history and the life stories of the previous owners. Perhaps the most poignant example is a lobster catch record written on a bedroom wall—it is a succinct list of dates that corresponds to the number of traps laid and number of lobsters caught. The list is scrawled in pen across the boards of Mary and Stacey's outbuilding, a place that once housed a pair of bachelor brothers named Sam and Jim. There is electricity, but no running water and eventually the women will use it as a guest house. The plans to fix up the space do not include erasing the list. On the contrary, Mary tells me that she'll never paint over this relic. With a nod to the men who once occupied the space, Mary and Stacey refer to the cabin exclusively as "Sam and Jim's place."

Some of the folk objects I see displayed in the interiors of the summer homes are older items, no longer in use, like berry pickers, a killick (hand-made anchor), and in one case, two galvanized tin gravestones discovered at the local dump. Mostly these belong to summer residents with no ties to the region, but in the case of Beverly DeWolfe, the display helped her to connect to her Newfoundland heritage (see Figure 4.10 and 4.11). Barbara Kirshenblatt-Gimblett writes that the "bric a brac, folk altars, mantles covered with snapshots, scrapbooks and albums, and china cabinets filled with family heirlooms give to domestic interiors their intensely personal character: such environments offer access to the interior of the lives they signify, and as such constitute a kind of autobiographical archeology" (1989, 331).



Figure 4.10. Fred and Bev DeWolfe, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.



Figure 4.11. The DeWolfe's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

One of the most interesting displays of the type of “autobiographical archeology” that Kirshenblatt-Gimblett writes about is in Bev and Fred’s kitchen. They are one generation removed from the other summer residents I interviewed—they are in their late seventies—and they didn’t make the same changes to their space. The rooms are divided into separate spaces as they always were and their kitchen, where they spend a good deal of time, has no view.

“Basically as you see it that’s how it was,” Bev says in her warm Boston accent with its elongated As and missing Rs. “All the cabinets are the same, all the paneling, which in retrospect I would have probably liked something different, but where we’re only here a short time it just doesn’t make any sense to put that much money into it.”

The stove that the former owner, Mrs. Ches Brown, had spoken of so fondly is still in the kitchen. It functions as a display piece, and as a type of mantel on which to place cherished objects (see Figure 4.12). Bev’s collection of vintage tea cups runs along the top of the stove, and older photographs of her Bonavista family are propped along the backsplash. Directly opposite the stove, the fridge is also an area of display (see Figure 4.13). A small wooden statue of a Doryman—a stereotypical Newfoundland fisherman wearing a yellow oilskin coat and matching yellow Sou’wester hat—stands jauntily behind a small killick, likely made for decorative purposes. The long metal claws of a traditional Newfoundland berry picking instrument are visible behind a photograph of the previous owner, Ches Brown, standing in the doorway of his home on the day of purchase is displayed in the kitchen. There are other details in the kitchen décor, like the



Figure 4.12. Fred and Bev's display of mementos on their non-functioning stove.

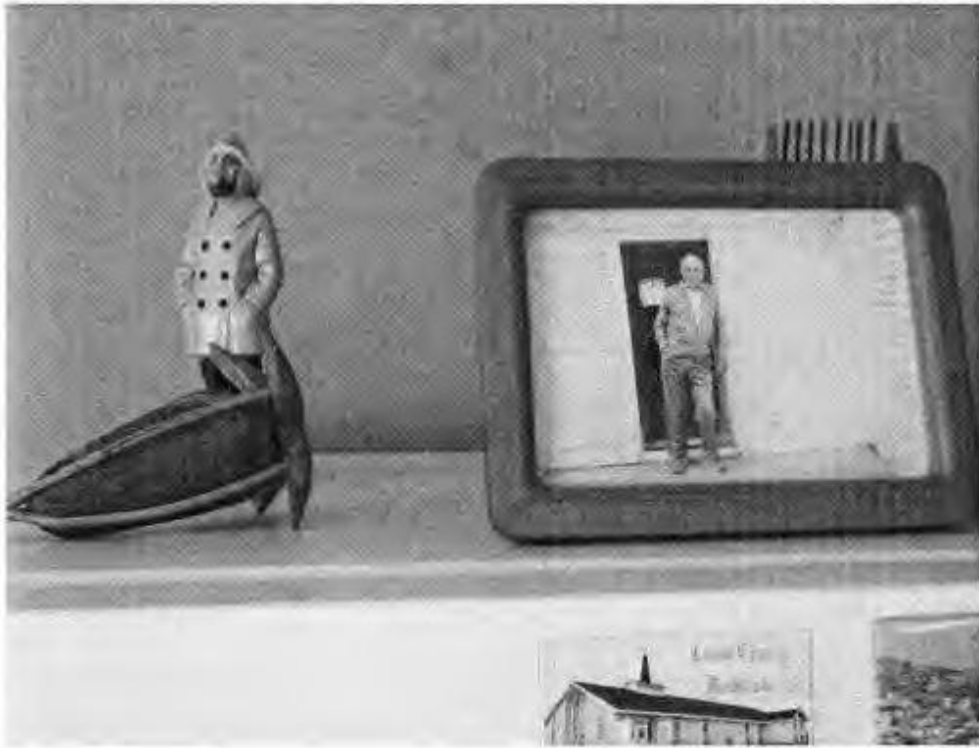


Figure 4.13. Photograph of Ches Brown, the former owner, on Fred and Bev's fridge.

braided rug at the foot of the stove and the wooden sock stretcher hanging on the wall, that speak of the past culture. For Bev these are both reminders of the previous owners, and also reminders of her mother's culture, one that she continues to engage with and learn about during her summer months. This link to her past is what inspires her to make that long drive from Boston each spring. Bev's desire to purchase a second-home and spend her summers in Newfoundland stands in contrast to the other mainlanders in this study, like Pat and Janna or David and Gini. It is, superficially, easier to understand. Bev's décor is connected to her mother, whom she loved fiercely and whose early death she continues to mourn. Being in Newfoundland, surrounded by objects associated with the province's heritage, Bev is closer to her mother.

Most of the displays in seasonal homes are less autobiographical than Bev and Fred's and more museum-like. They are curated collections of local artifacts that embody the previous life of the home, the inhabitants and their culture. Homes are often accented by handmade crafts in the tradition of eighteenth and nineteenth century outport life: hooked mats, quilts, and Mike Paterson's heritage furniture (inspired by early local furniture but updated for practicality and comfort). In his research on material culture in Northern Ireland, Ray Cashman writes that "nostalgic practices such as amateur preservation work can be seen, then, as a reclamation of individual agency. Nostalgic practices do not offer people the power to literally arrest change, but they do offer them the temporal perspective necessary to become critics of change, and more or less willing participants" (2006, 146). In this case Cashman is writing about people preserving their own cultural artifacts (specifically agrarian tools made obsolete by technological

progress) but the same sentiment might be applied to the seasonal residents' homes.

Although they eschew modernity in the architecture and material culture of their summer homes, the seasonal residents are the embodiment of change. Like the moose that menace the island's highways and the roadside lupines that appear in spring, they are an introduced species. Could they soon become just as ubiquitous as the rest of the non-native flora and fauna?

When I present this aspect of my research in public talks or class lectures, people always want to know why the seasonal residents would choose to enshrine objects of another's culture. They are interested to hear how the locals feel about this practice. "Don't they find it strange to see these houses decorated with stuff from Newfoundland's past?" one student asks me. The earlier anecdote about the contractor would suggest that people do, indeed, find it strange. But, I am not convinced. The decorative objects in the summer residents' homes were in line with the stock in most of the island's craft and tourist shops. It seems that locals don't find it strange so much as lucrative that the summer residents take an interest in the folk objects of their past. Further, it is not unusual to display the artifacts of another culture's past in North American homes. The middle class has been antiquing for at least a century. Despite this, antique furniture pieces are conspicuously absent from the seasonal and year-round homes I visit. Further, unlike Nova Scotia or the towns along the U.S. Eastern seaboard, there are no antique shops in the area.

I discovered part of the reason for this in August 2010 when I visited 92-year-old Violet Brown, who lived most of her adult life in the house we were renting for the summer. She sold her house fourteen years ago and moved to a place she called “the cottages,” which were assisted living efficiency units. About three years ago she decided, because of finances and age, that it was time to downsize and she moved to an old age home next to the Foodland grocery store in Bonavista. It was locally known as Chards but did not have a sign. When I visited Violet had been there for two years and eight months.

Lorie Paterson set up the meeting for me, calling Violet on my behalf and explaining that I would like to interview her. I had learned about their relationship in the spring when Lorie came by with a pair of scissors and let us know she would be clipping a few of the blooming lilacs from the overgrown bush to the right of our front door to bring to Violet later that day. Like the Moon-Azures of Annie Proulx’s story, I had become interested in the history of my rental home and hoped to find answers to some of my questions by speaking with Violet.

Violet looked younger than her nonagenarian status might suggest. Her hair was not quite grey and her movements were adept and sure. She was neatly dressed in a sky blue t-shirt and tan slacks. She sat in an armchair with an afghan throw draped over the back, her purse propped at her side as if she was out for lunch rather than in her personal space (see Figure 4.14).



Figure 4.14. Violet Brown, formerly of Upper Amherst Cove, in Bonavista, 2010.

When we began to speak about her former home, Violet pulled a photograph from her purse. It was a shot of the house as it looked when she had lived there from 1942 to 1997 (originally with her husband, Walter Brown, and then for another forty years after his death on her own). It was a small, square photograph, dated by its rounded edges. The house was straighter and looked tidier with a fresh coat of white paint accented by a rose-coloured trim. The lawn was manicured and decorative flowers were planted in neat beds that lined the perimeter of the home. There was a white picket fence surrounding the property and I noticed that both lilac bushes were carefully pruned. I think of the unruly bushes that scraped the sides of my car in the mud driveway and made it impossible to get out the passenger side door, but I do not mention this to Violet. She told me that she knows her former home is deteriorating and it was clear that she did not approve. We spoke about the history of the home and how it had been built by her husband's grandfather William Brown. She and her husband discovered a newspaper from 1897 in the walls when doing exterior renovations which helped them determine the year the house was built. Regardless of its current ramshackle, Grey Gardens-esque state, Violet's former home was still one of the nicest in Upper Amherst Cove.

I told Violet that I spend a lot of time sitting and staring out the window at the ocean and she said, "You do that too? My dear I spent hours at that window. My chair was in the kitchen and I sat there looking out for hours." She casually mentioned that she passed the time by quilting, hooking mats, and crocheting. I asked Violet if she might show me some of her work and she shook her head. "I have no quilts or mats left because the people from the mainland bought them," she told me.

She was referring to the antique pickers who arrived from the mainland in search of household items like plates, cutlery, dish sets and crafts. Violet sold all three of her pitcher and bowl sets to these merchants—the old-fashioned kind that would sit on a washstand and be used before homes had running water—along with all of her handiwork. I could not make out the word she used to describe them, but it is likely “junkmen.” This term was specific to the Bonavista region according to Newfoundland furniture expert Walter Peddle, who writes that the men earned this moniker because they sought out items seen to have little worth. The junkmen sometimes assumed a guise befitting their name, playing the part of a downtrodden and poverty stricken traveler who will make little return on the useless detritus of the domestic sphere that they acquire from the people of the small coves that they targeted (1983, 23). The notion of Newfoundland as a place where outsiders might discover precious antiques under the noses of oblivious locals dates back to the early nineteenth century, writes Pocius, who contends that “it was Newfoundland writers who promoted myths about the locals, pointing out that Newfoundlanders were neither aware of nor appreciative of their material heritage, and that antiques were there for the taking” (1994, 67). The pickers were particularly active from the 1950s onwards, which is in keeping with Violet’s account of their arrival in Upper Amherst Cove. The practice, however, was still active in the early nineteen eighties according to Peddle: “During any month of the year, pickers can still be seen driving half-ton pick-up trucks loaded with old furniture. Pickers have been relentless in their search for Newfoundland antiques” (1983, 23). This explains the few items of older furniture and domestic material in the region’s shops and homes.

Bev DeWolfe was dismayed to find that none of the antiques she remembered from her childhood visits to her relatives' Bonavista homes survived the sweep. She first came to the island when she was thirteen but six decades later she can still recall the material landscape of her relatives' homes.

"My grandmother in Bonavista had a picture frame [of a family tree], a great big one and I always looked at it when I was here when I was 13," Bev told me. "I always loved it and it had all the marriages and all the kids' dates, when they were born."

The family tree remains in a cousin's possession, and Bev owns a pitcher and bowl set, decorated with poppies, that her aunt brought from Bonavista about fifty years ago. Two bureaus handcrafted by her uncle have an honoured position in the upstairs bedroom of her home in Upper Amherst Cove. Still, it was clear that Bev felt cheated by the junkmen, whose visits were fleeting but whose effects were long lasting.

Did you ever hear about that? People from the States, people from Ontario? They said that they would come in an open truck and they would come knocking on the doors to all these coves and offer them money, you know, two dollars for that bureau. And when we first came to Newfoundland, Fred and I, I was shocked when I went into some of the houses and nothing was there, nothing, no antiques, they were all gone, like at my aunt and uncle's house. My aunt only had one thing, a little washstand that was from Newfoundland. The people would come and say, 'you want something new now.' Wasn't it Smallwood that, in the change of governments, wanted Newfoundland to be more aggressive, more upgraded, updated? And one of the ways was to get new things. So consequently a lot of things are missing from this area which is very sad.

The outpost furniture that the pickers sought were unique in their material and design but also recognizably influenced by modern style (Pocius in Peddle 1983, xvi).

Just as Wilfred Grenfell immediately recognized the commercial potential of handicrafts in the North half a century earlier, the junkmen who worked Newfoundland's Southern shores knew that the commonplace objects that made up the interior landscape of the rural homes would be of keen interest to dealers and buyers on the mainland. They capitalized on the romanticized notion of rural life, and at the same time, took advantage of the rural people's shift towards modernity. Here we have an early example of Newfoundland's outport culture for sale, perhaps a precursor to outsiders valuing and purchasing the vernacular architecture of the region half a century later.

Foodways: Eating Wildly and Shopping Locally

The food fishery dates fall over the summer season, often coinciding with the influx of seasonal residents. This is when residents (and seasonal home owners) are permitted to fish over a two to three week period of time, generally in summer and again in fall. Fishing is off limits the rest of the year and has been since the cod moratorium in 1992. There are limited spaces in boats and, as most of the world knows, the fish is limited too. Therefore there is a daily fish quota of five groundfish (including cod) per person and a limit of 15 per boat when there are three or more people aboard. If being invited along for the catch is the ultimate compliment a livyer can give a CFA, having fresh, filleted fish dropped at your doorstep certainly comes as a close second.

I've never stood so close to the source of the fish on my plate. Usually I am separated from my dinner by a glass counter, manned by a grocery store employee wearing an apron and a hairnet. The ocean is completely removed from this equation.

When I feed my seven-month-old daughter her first piece of cod, dropped off by my Upper Amherst Cove neighbours Harry and Rose Wareham (see Figure 4.15), and caught fresh that morning, I know that this is her first taste of hours-fresh fish, and it may also be her last. In this moment, I understand the seasonal resident and their desire to consume the ocean's natural world. It is so unattainable elsewhere; there is always a layer of glass. Lucy M. Long explores this desire in her work on culinary tourism, which she defines as "the intentional, exploratory participation in the foodways of an other—participation including the consumption, preparation, and presentation of a food item, cuisine, meal system, or eating style considered to belong to a culinary system not one's own" (2004, 21).

For the seasonal residents, consuming local food in situ is a means of experiencing and identifying with the natural and cultural world of their adoptive homes. This can be a tenuous relationship in the urban environments where the summer folks live the rest of the year. It is worth noting that the food-to-table process is also fairly removed in the rural environment where a major percentage of consumer goods are purchased through grocery store chains that source their produce and packaged foods globally.

The natural world I am referring to is not one of cultivation, because, even a back deck can serve as a garden in a pinch. I am speaking about growth that occurs despite human influence—plants, fish and wildlife. It is the unruly, uncultivated edibles that thrive in lesser known swatches of the landscape like the sea and woods.



Figure 4.15. Cod that Harry and Rose Wareham caught during the 2011 food fishery.

Although wild berries and exotic (to the urbanite) meat like moose, caribou and seal are making their way onto the menus of upscale restaurants in the province, the codfish remains emblematic of Newfoundland cuisine to both locals and visitors. This is apparent in an anecdote relayed by Upper Amherst Cove residents Ella Henaghan and her husband Brian Ricks—quasi-locals who quit their townie lives and moved to the Bonavista Peninsula ten years ago. Over the years they have become close with a number of summer residents: some of their best friends, they tell me, are the people from off island with property in the area. They befriended an American couple who had worked on *The Shipping News*, the movie based on the novel of the same name by Annie Proulx. The Americans developed such a strong connection to the landscape and people that by the time filming wrapped they had bought property in Trinity East. Over time they develop a great interest in the local cuisine as well. We speak about this couple and their fish preparation methods when I interview Brian and Ella.

“They’re right into salting fish now” Ella says. “So they go out and during the food fishery they’ll catch their daily bag limit or whatever and we’ll go over for supper and Randy’s got cod prepared in 100 different ways that we never would think to do because it is not part of our tradition, which is also showing us things, or revitalizing certain traditions that have sort of gone by the wayside. They can open your eyes up to parts of your culture.”

“I learned a lot of good recipes for cooking cod off her,” Brian adds.

“And she salts her fish a little bit differently, Portuguese style,” Ella says, finishing Brian’s sentence.

“Which I did, actually,” Brian says. “And I dried it and gave it to a friend of ours in Duntara who has eaten saltfish all his life and he said it was the best saltfish he’d ever had.”

Here is a straightforward example of how second-home owners actively participate in the dissemination of regional folk culture. Like Long’s definition of culinary tourism, in this case an outsider participates in every step of a regional foodways process—fishing, curing, preparing, serving and consuming. Where this example differs from Long’s definition is in the next step. The culinary tourists then pass the recipe on to a local, including their own additions and innovations, and in turn, the local prepares it in the same way and serves it to another local who notices a difference in the taste. The recipe migrates to three points on the Bonavista Peninsula from Trinity East, to Upper Amherst Cove to Duntara. It also migrates across time—the process of salting fish stretches back to the island’s first European settlers, migratory fishermen who arrived on the Bonavista Peninsula some 400 years ago. The seasonal residents are a different breed of culinary tourist because they have the ability to affect the local cuisine in ways that one-time visitors do not. They also have more time and incentive to research the cultural history of the local foods. Long writes that foodways are often employed to conjure heritage in tourism settings like museums and festivals because it is a way of engaging with a past culture (2004). The seasonal residents’ nostalgia for Newfoundland’s fishing past witnessed in the architecture, and the interior decor, logically extends to the heart of the home: the kitchen.

Consuming local food isn't strictly relegated to the natural world. Many of the summer residents that I speak with emphasize the fact that they shop locally. They refer to the two grocery stores in Bonavista (which are both owned by large national chains) and, more specifically, the Red and White store in Newman's Cove (see Figure 4.16). Operated by John and Theresa Ford, the Red and White is the kind of convenience store that sells everything you need to get by—from hip waders to greeting cards, from baking needs to door hinges and glass fuses. They don't sell thumbtacks but when I ask, on my first visit, Theresa pulls out a tin from behind the counter and empties her personal supply of tacks into a small brown paper bag and hands it to me free of charge. John and Theresa own the house across from ours, but I rarely see them outside the shop. It is the social hub of the Five Coves and, as Theresa tells me when I interview her and John in the little office at the back of the shop, “every person that comes to Upper Amherst Cove, We've met them.”

John refers to the shop as the “stepping stone” for newcomers to the area. “There's not too many things that we don't know,” he says. “Anything that you almost want to know, we know.”

Theresa keeps a black hardcover book on the counter at the store, the edges softened by time, and it is got all the information in it about everyone. There are phone numbers for all the residents, full-time and part-time, and addresses too (both local and afar). It is the only up-to-date phone book in the Five Coves—the geographic moniker for Upper Amherst, Lower Amherst, Middle Amherst, Birchy and Newman's Coves.



Figure 4.16. Clockwise from bottom left: Cod Tongues sign outside the Red and White Food Store in Newman's Cove, 2010; Entrance to the store; Theresa and John Ford, proprietors of the store; The Fords' home in Upper Amherst Cove (John's family home).

John's right. Anything that you almost want to know, they know, and it is probably somewhere in Theresa's book.

During our one hour-interview in the office at the back of the shop, John answers four phone inquiries about the stores stock: "Apricot jam? Yes. E.D. Smith. No, only banana bread there now." Two customers wander back to the office to greet John and to see what we're up to. Willie Skiffington pops his head in to say hello and to ask if there are any baloney slices left. It is clear that people are accustomed to having a chat when they stop into the store, and there is an obvious sense of bafflement when the owners are tied up in the back speaking with me.

The store is a meeting point for locals as well as summer residents and tourists in search of lobster. It is a neutral, public space that satisfies physical needs (food) and emotional needs (social). As Richard Bauman discovers with the La Have general store in small-town Nova Scotia "shopping at the general store was never a completely utilitarian activity, for all the islanders took a certain pleasure in the opportunities for sociability that the store afforded" (1972, 333). Even if a shopping trip is prompted by sociability, the customer almost always comes away with purchased goods. With this in mind, I ask John if there are any particular differences in the buying and eating habits of the summer residents.

"Nothing that stands out," he says. "Most people's lifestyles have changed now so no, once again go back twenty years ago, sure, but our lifestyle now is not really much different from anybody else. And you're not going to have people coming in necessarily

to look for rabbit or seal, but does Theresa like rabbit or seal? No. So, you know, our eating habits have changed a lot over the years.”

In seeking out the particulars of the outsider’s eating habits, I had somehow suggested that local fare was peculiar. It wasn’t my intention, but I understand why my question was interpreted in this manner. In her research on culinary tourism in Newfoundland and Labrador, Holly Everett finds that “regardless of the variety of food with which they may be presented, tourists consistently make choices in keeping with their class location. Moreover, the continual reassertion of class identity through food reproduces socioeconomic hierarchies of power and control” (2009, 28). No one would be more aware of this fact than the local shop keeper. The notion of unusual Newfoundland foodways, as suggested by outsiders, dates back to publications from the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries (Byrne 1997, 237). This is compounded by the rise of the Newfie jokes in mainland Canada in the sixties where the Newfoundlander is “primarily a numbskull figure” whose eccentricities were rooted in a perceived backwards and old fashioned lifestyle from which they were reluctant to leave (Thomas 1976, 144). Recently we have seen a twist on this idea—from 2011 to 2012 national publications like *Canadian Living*, *The Globe and Mail* and *Reader’s Digest* featured stories on Newfoundland’s gourmet local cuisine. What was once considered peculiar by outsiders is now exotic and by association, gourmet.

While I find that summer residents in the Bonavista Bay region make an effort to buy local, John assures me that their pantry needs don’t drive the content on the shelves.

Elsewhere, this is not the case. When writing about the decrease in services post-summer in a Vermont vacation town, James William Jordon notes that “neither of the two village stores stock newspapers or magazines after the tourist season has ended, necessitating a 22-mile round trip to the nearest town for a Sunday paper or a magazine. Bread, cereal, milk, cheese, cake mixes, and ice cream frequently have expired dates stamped on them when bought in the village stores after the tourist season; there is insufficient demand to keep all the products fresh” (1980, 37).

From this account, coupled with rumours that the shop over in Keels stocks up on Perrier water in anticipation of the summer crowd, I had assumed it would be the same at the Red and White. Frankly, I would rather ask Theresa for a pack of condoms than a bottle of European bubbly water. With her wicked wit, I can only imagine her response. One afternoon in late July I had gathered with several other mainland transplants in the parking lot of the shop to watch a pod of whales frolic offshore. Theresa strolled outside to see what the fuss was about. “Oooh, all those folks from On-TEAR-EE-O, can’t get enough of those whales!” she called down, mimicking the Upper Canada accent with uncanny precision. Theresa is right. We are looking at the whales, oblivious to the fact that the locals are looking at us.

Conclusion: Every Name has its Place

Kent C. Ryden writes that “[a]s with folk names of things, so with folk names of places. The informal, unofficial names which people apply to their regions imply a strong insider’s sense of local history and regional identity and provide locals with a feeling of

belonging in the form of a “code name” for their region whose full range of meaning and nuance will be lost on the uninitiated” (79, 1993).

There are no street signs or commemorative plaques in Upper Amherst Cove but the roads, fields and some of the rocks have names. As an outsider, I am unaware of this until Wilson shows me an aerial photograph and points out the various landmarks by name. We both live on Brown’s Road, named for Wilson’s ancestral relatives who had mostly settled along this stretch, as he’d told me when we’d first met. (Their descendants still occupy two of the four remaining houses along the road.) The road that loops up to the left is called Long Shore, by most, but I later learn from John that this is a derivative of ‘Along Shore’ or ‘Upalong Shore.’ None these three place name variants appears on a map or as an address in the telephone book. There is only one way for a new resident to learn these place names, and it is by engaging with the existing population. Mary Hufford writes that “[p]lace names, linked with landscape features, encode the shared past, distinguishing members of one group from another” (1987, 21).

Place-names do not appear on official documents but they are important geographical markers of local knowledge on a micro-regional level. Place-names can be linked to landscape topography, but are also associated with human activity or character. As Hufford notes, the knowledge of place-names and their casual or deliberate usage can indicate a person’s relationship to their environment, denoting them local, outsider, or, somewhere in between, which is where the second-home owners most often reside. Place-names are dynamic and therefore difficult to know, learn and trace. They appear

and disappear organically, not officially. What was known as Mrs. Skiffington's potato patch is now part of David and Gini's place. There is no symmetry attached to place-names. The Other Side does not sit opposite The Main Side, or The First Side, or even just The Side.

The official act of re-naming, where an authoritative body re-names a landscape, is a means of asserting power over what is perceived as unruly and wild. It is a political act, an attempt to organize, or colonize, what is seen as a wild and unruly landscape—a Gaelic landscape (Withers 2000), an Irish landscape (Nash 1999), or an aboriginal landscape (Brealey 1995), being three examples.

A few days after my interview with Wilson, I stopped to chat with him at the side of the road. Since I recorded our conversation, he has come up with more historical information about Upper Amherst Cove, anecdotes he had forgotten to relay, and details he had left out. He gestured to the west side of the Cove and told me, with a smirk, that it was called "the other side."

"The Other Side?" I asked. "That's the name of that side of the Cove?"

"The UDDER Side," Wilson enunciated, and winked. "This is how Newfoundlanders pronounce it. Not the Other Side, the Udder Side."

"What do the people who live on the Other Side call you guys?" I asked, too self-conscious to use his suggested pronunciation.

"I don't know," he shrugged, making it clear that this detail was unimportant.

I recorded our conversation in my field notes and later that week I sketched the collection of houses that make up the Other Side and labelled it accordingly. I was playing my part, as another educated, middle class, urban interloper, in preserving the local folk knowledge of this landscape. But folk knowledge will live or die or change regardless of my addition, or the contribution of the newcomers to the area. This is not to underestimate their influence on the material culture, architecture, foodways and landscape. In time land might be named for the mainlanders who occupy it in summer. These changes already occurred over the past two decades, as Ches Brown's home became the DeWolfe's place, as The Skiffington's home became 'The Irish House' and as Carl's place slowly morphed into 'The Nun's Place' over my three summers in the community. Folk knowledge is malleable and dynamic and changes quickly. The stories attached to the landscape are easily manipulated as time progresses and place names change to best reflect the events and people associated with them. The most recent settlers are also fodder for local stories, now incorporated into the contemporary narrative of the region. Whether intentional, or inadvertent, positive or negative, the contribution that these middle-class, educated outsiders made to rural folklife preservation and dissemination is undisputable.

5. Dancing but not Touching: Relations Between Livyers And CFAs

“And you don't want to be bad friends, especially from away and coming in, and buy a home and block people off and be bad friends” –Eugene Skiffington, year-round resident of Upper Amherst Cove

“Dinner parties are endlessly fascinating. And there are too many of them every year. Every fall I have to go on a diet.” –Margaret O’Dea, seasonal resident of Trinity

The Helper

Harry Wareham is the man to see when you have a problem that needs fixing. When your house leaks, or your electricity quits, or you need someone to witness a legal document, or sign your passport, or, as of summer’s end in 2010 when he received his papers, to officiate your marriage, Harry is your go-to man (see Figure 5.1). Beyond his capacity as commissioner of oaths and marriages, he is known as the unofficial mayor of the Cove. So, when we decided to get married in late July, 2010, my future husband, Andrew and I approached Harry for advice. It was more of an elopement but we needed to choose the right spot of betrothal. At first, we had set our sights on Wolf Head, which is a clearing that sits at the end the woods beyond Long Shore. The path to get there is a tangled thicket of branches and undergrowth that feels more like falling down a rabbit’s warren than walking along a hiking trail. We were a month and a few days too early to employ Harry for the task of marrying us, so I tracked down an officiator named Chester Stone who lives in Munroe, about an hour’s drive away. Chester is a retired judge. He also needs a new knee. Our solution to helping him down the Wolf Head trail was to borrow Harry’s trike, a three-wheeled all-terrain vehicle, banned in the province for its unreliable balance. We relayed our plans to Harry about a week before the wedding, while visiting with him in his home, which sits near the top of Long Shore road.



Figure 5.1. Harry and Rose Wareham outside their home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2012.

“I don’t mean to discourage you two,” Harry said. “But, I don’t think you’ll get a retired judge on the back of a one-person trike. It’s not likely that he’ll agree to participate in an illegal activity.”

He went on to point out the dangerous nature of the trail, illustrated by his own disastrous fall that rendered him temporarily unable to walk, from which he was still recovering. Harry lifted himself from his sofa and with the aid of a walker shuffled over to the front window. “You could try that trail over there,” he said, and pointed to The Other Side where a grassy path cut through a wooded area and tumbled into a flat rocky outcrop. “It’s shorter and flatter and you won’t need a trike.”

When I interviewed Harry the month before, he had already been homebound for some time following the aforementioned nasty trike accident (which he recounted in such gruesome detail that I almost fainted in his well-heated living room). Despite this, he has been carrying on with his regular official and unofficial duties assisted by his wife, Rose Wareham. Many of these tasks involved the Cove’s seasonal residents. Or, more specifically, their homes.

“I look after half the houses in Amherst Cove,” Harry told me.

“Do you get paid for it or?” I asked.

“No,” he shrugged.

“Not at all?”

"Now I get paid when they leave and I got to go turn off their water and I got a tank and I blow out the lines and I just get paid a few dollars on that. Nothing major or anything, but I don't get paid just for putting a check on someone's house," he said.

"Mostly everyone drops their key off here for us to have a look at it," Rose said.

"So how many houses are you checking in on?" I asked them.

"Well there's Lloyd's, there's Al and Dallas, and Fred DeWolfe," Harry said.

"Marilyn Tucker's," Rose added.

"Well Marilyn, I don't know their names now right off hand, but, yes that house," Harry said, referring to the home by the previous owner's name, forgetting the names of the current owners from Ontario who use the place seasonally.

"And Smithy's keys. Carl Smith's place, [now] the nun's place and then there were some houses in Middle Amherst Cove, they used to drop their key off to me." Harry said.

"Everybody must trust me, I suppose."

In my research I find that there is usually one local person who helps to facilitate the seasonal residents' stay over the summer months and acts as informant and caretaker over the fall, winter and spring. At first glance the role of winter guardian would appear to be a new occurrence in outport Newfoundland, but the reality is that the island's earliest European settlers were Irish caretakers who overwintered to keep an eye on the fishing set-up. They were watchmen, protecting the region from other potential fishers and ensuring that the buildings remained in good shape, and they were custodians,

preparing for the return of the fleet in the spring. The Irish caretakers played a crucial role in the development of the fishery in Newfoundland (Ó hAllmhuráin, 2008).

Continuing to borrow from the tale roles outlined in Chapter Three, I refer to the new wave of contemporary caretakers as helpers. The helpers manage the property in winter, turn water and electricity on and off, do yard work, re-open the building in the spring, act as an airport shuttle, connect the summer people with local labourers and sometimes do the labour themselves. They provide practical knowledge, such as how to arrange for garbage collection, where to post a letter, and how to avail of the food fishery. They are also sources of local knowledge concerning the built and natural landscape which naturally extends to the final facet of their role: social informant. They are able to detail the social history and dynamics of the local population for the seasonal resident. Meanwhile, they retain the background information and the arrival narratives of the summer folks to pass on to the local community. They are a vehicle of communication between both worlds.

The concept of the helper is similar to ethnographer Michael Agar's theory of the "professional stranger handler," described as a person who acts as a broker between the community and the fieldworker. The professional stranger handler ascertains the outsider's purpose, needs and wants and facilitates each while simultaneously protecting the community from harm (1996, 85). The helper's role is similar, and, I would argue, integral to the survival and wellbeing of the summer resident. In order to keep a summer home standing in Newfoundland's capricious weather—as well as get a bit of fresh cod

during the food fishery, find a handyman to fix your roof, access a fax machine, do your laundry in a place with no laundromat, or find a babysitter—a summer resident needs a local connection.

One of the questions that I ask seasonal residents in our interviews is who they spend time with when they are at their second home. Almost everyone cites a primary relationship with a single local, the person that I call the helper. However, friendships naturally developed beyond the helper relationship, and were often attributed to location. Direct neighbours tended to socialize beyond front porch or roadside exchanges and often they filled the role of helper. People said that they spend time with their families, with visitors, with other second-home owners, sometimes with the former owner of their home, and with neighbours. I also asked who they kept in touch with over the winter. The medium dictated the relationship level: the monthly phone calls or emails were reserved for the helpers, nearby neighbours, and other summer residents while the Christmas cards were doled out more liberally amongst local neighbours, other seasonal residents, the helper, and people in public and service industry roles. One survey respondent described her relationship with locals as “friendly, but not close.” Another said, “We get along and people are friendly, but I am an outsider.” A third described his relationship with locals as positive, but that “with the exception of two or three year-round residents, I am only acquainted with them. I have never established any strong ties.” There are exceptions, of course, although only one respondent considered the year-round folks some of her closest friends.

In a survey of 76 second-home owners in North Wexford, Ireland, Bernadette Quinn finds that 46% of her respondents said they socialized with locals while 62% socialized with visitors and another 52% said they spent time with other second-home owners they had met since purchasing property in the area (2004, 128). It is difficult to tell if these respondents felt they had found an entire community of social peers in Wexford's local population, or, as I found, they'd made friends with one or two specific locals. Regardless, Quinn's statistics from Irish holiday homes jibe with my qualitative findings in the Bonavista Peninsula's growing summer communities. This chapter is concerned with the relationship between the local population and the seasonal residents. Using studies on summer residency in other geographic locales and Gerald Pocius' work on space and place in Calvert, Newfoundland as a means of comparison, this chapter explores the facets of relationships that develop when two groups co-exist in one landscape for different purposes. The dynamics between the two groups are complex and can be examined through two veins: spatial and social.

Spatial Dynamics

On Display: Social Spaces

When I returned to Upper Amherst Cove with my family in August 2011 our original rental home was occupied and we rented a house at the top of the hill owned by a woman named Dallas Mouland, who is a prolific quilt-maker originally from Newfoundland but living in Southwestern Ontario. She had hoped to retire to this house, but her husband Albert became too ill to make the journey. When she agreed to rent her

space to us it was on the market for \$110,000. It was a two-storey white clapboard home with a Southeast-facing façade so that every window had a view of the ocean (see Figure 5.2). It was incredibly well appointed. (“Just bring your clothes,” Dallas said to me over the phone. “You won’t need anything else”). There were handmade quilts in every room. There was a wrap-around front porch that caught the late afternoon sun—the time of day when the sun typically appears the Cove. Still, I couldn’t help but feel slightly removed from the community, even though the house was just barely on the periphery. I distilled these feelings in my first field note of the season, written on August 8, 2011:

I’m sitting at the kitchen table in Dallas Moulard’s home at the top of the hill in Upper Amherst Cove—back after one year away—looking at the same but slightly altered view from a shifted vantage point. If I strain I can see Violet Brown’s green and white home (a.k.a. Charlotte and Robin’s place) where we lived for 3.5 months last year. It’s an odd feeling, as if I am peering at my past from a future vantage point (a bit higher, a bit to the left). Is Oliver in that front window? Where are we? Is Andrew working at the desk in the back room thinking about old trees and staring at the ocean? Am I at the kitchen sink, or out visiting, or interviewing, or walking the dog? Or maybe I am at the kitchen table, just like now, writing in this book.

How could the position of our rental home feel so different and so removed from the previous summer home when we were only twenty metres away? How did this change our ability to socialize? Settlement patterns are indicative of social order. You either build or choose a structure that is in a position to interact with people, or you do not. Building placements are based on accessibility to the road, the shore, and proximity to (or distance from) your neighbours. Some homes are better situated for community transactions.

One of the remarkable facts that my partner and I walked away with after spending our first summer in Upper Amherst Cove was that we were far more social with

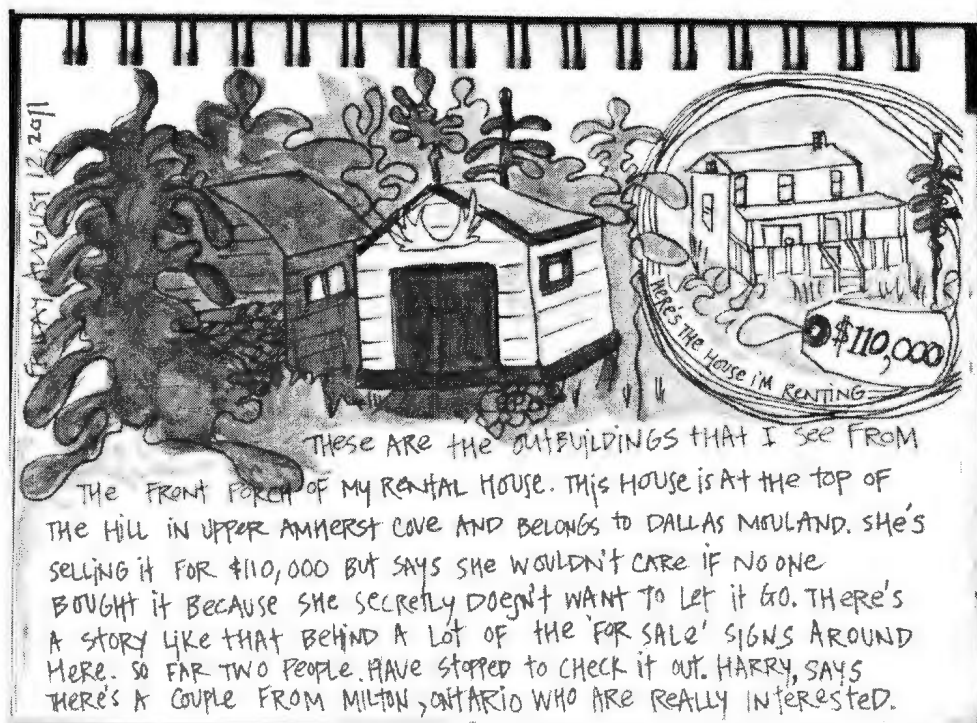


Figure 5.2. Field sketch from the Moulands' back deck when the house is for sale, 2011.

our rural neighbours than the people we lived cheek-to-jowl with in our row house in the city of St. John's (see Figure 5.3). The drug addicts in the rental unit to our immediate right don't warrant any great attention from us beyond complaining to their landlord when their incessant smoking filters through our walls and floorboards or an EMS call when the couple in the top apartment engages in one of their many domestic knife-stabbing rampages.

We exchange succinct nods with our urban neighbour to the left. Unlike the basement heroin pusher and drunken squabblers on the other side, she is a local opera singer of some note. I know this from posters, not from conversations with her. If I invited her in for tea it would open a door neither one of us could ever permanently shut between us. We live too close to engage in that sort of familiarity. I can hear her practicing scales in the shower. She knows how often I use the clothes dryer.

The sociability in Upper Amherst Cove is partly a factor of my role in this community—interloper, outlander, interviewer, microphone-wielding fieldworker on a mission—as I am intentionally setting out to meet people. It is also the inversion of the city experience, as discussed in the previous chapter. It is a mentality, either real or imagined, that culture is somehow different in the rural communities than in the city and that people are more likely to interact. Lena Jarlov writes that the culture of summer homes in Sweden also produces the kind of sociability not seen in urban environments: “For many people the lifestyle in the summerhouse also means a richer social life with more contacts with the neighbours than in town” (1999, 231). In both the city and the



Figure 5.3. Row houses on Prescott Street in St. John's where I lived during the year.

rural area, social dynamics are the product of spatial arrangement. In Upper Amherst Cove, houses are spread out and people have more personal space. Perhaps having more space at your disposal allows for more sociability. A front porch exchange with a neighbour is not seen as a threatening encroachment on your interior world. Further, in a community of barely 30 people, no one is a stranger. Even newcomers are known to the community, often before their arrival as I found out when first meeting Wilson and Mike. This might be why a 2000 Statistics Canada study states Newfoundlanders are the friendliest people in the country. The findings were based on the fact that that 89% of the population conversed with their neighbours on a regular basis (Statistics Canada 2000). This is either a statement on regional character or it is due to the fact that isolation begets civility, if not exactly friendliness.

Social spaces in the Cove are not immediately apparent to the newcomer. John and Theresa Ford's store is one public space that functions as a meeting point, but it's a car's drive away. Within the boundaries of the Cove, the main social spaces are the three roads that circle the community (Long Shore, Brown's Road, The Other Side) as well as the road that leads to the main highway. Similarly, Pocius finds that in Calvert "[t]he road often serves as a gathering space where neighbours socialize during daily rambles; walking along the road puts a person in public view, and can invite socializing from someone inside a house who decides to come out and chat" (2000, 174).

Every person I met over my two summers in Upper Amherst Cove I first encountered while walking my dog along the roads that encircle the community and

along the main road that leads to the highway, and finally along Route 235 through Middle Amherst Cove where I looped back when I hit the ocean. During these walks, I was on continuous display. People could choose to engage with me or not when passing me on the road in their cars or on foot. Similarly, people might engage when sitting on their front or back deck, a liminal space that is both public and private.

Further in his analysis of gathering spaces in Calvert, Pocius refers to windows and the road as “symbiotic channels of visual communication that permit the option of socializing by drawing people either inside or outside the house” (2000, 174). Our original rental home is situated almost directly in the middle of the community affording us both views of the ocean and a window into the Cove’s social life from all four directions. After many hours spent at the kitchen table gazing out the window, social patterns appeared. For example, the shoreline is not designated specifically as a gathering space for the seasonal crowd, but very often this is where they meet, prompted by the appearance of whales, seals or dolphins. Watching the marine life frolic in the bay one morning I note that there are six summer residents gathered along the shore, cameras in hand, hands and voices aflutter in response to a tail or fin. One couple meets another for the first time, although they own homes that are barely fifty yards apart. From my perch on the hill, looking through the window, I come to understand that these gatherings of summer residents signify the arrival of whales in the cove. They also serve a secondary social function. The whales provide an excuse to meet, informally and on neutral territory, and act as the basis for conversation. Seeing this group, and deciding not to join,

means you risk losing out on the experience. Intentionally or not, these groupings are also a form of display.

In late July Andrew and I got married out on the rocks beyond Gini and David Harrington's house. It was the place that Harry suggested as an alternative to Wolf Head. People watched from their windows and decks. We saw some of them as our tiny procession passed by, but others observed from inside their homes. In the following weeks it became clear that many people saw at least part of our short ceremony. The news travelled along the Five Coves and strangers and acquaintances congratulated me when I was shopping in Bonavista and picking up my mail in Newman's Cove. Throughout the year we received photographs in the mail from summer home owners and locals who had taken photographs of the event from various vantage points—a montage of views from all over the Cove.

Bad Friends: Proximity, Privacy, and Trespassing

In my research into the relations between the summer and year-round residents I come across the term “bad friends.” The concept is more complex than it appears. The first time I heard this expression was while interviewing John and Peggy Fisher in Port Rexton in early spring, 2010. I had asked them about their relationship with their neighbours and the overall social dynamic between summer and year-round residents. John told me that it was sort of like the old saying “dancing but not touching.” I interpreted this to mean that there was a level of distance that could not be bridged. I

asked them how they fit into the community of Port Rexton when they arrived from Ontario more than twenty years ago. They answered pragmatically.

“We didn’t,” John said.

“And we still don’t,” Peggy chimed in after him.

“There’s that expression in rural Newfoundland that you can’t be ‘bad friends’ meaning you will always have to be friends,” said John. “You’ll always have to be neighbours. You’ll always know each other, so there’s no complete anonymity, which is the opposite of the urban reality, so they’re very good at smiling and talking to you and all the rest, and, actually, we have had a really good time.”

I heard the term a second time at Doris and Eugene Skiffington’s kitchen table (see Figure 5.4). It was a few months later and I was interviewing the couple while Angel, their little white dog, sniffed around my ankles searching for treats. Eugene, or Gene as he’s referred to locally, was born in Upper Amherst Cove in 1948, in the house next door to where he lives now. His former family home was purchased by the Irish girls (the single-entity means by which locals refer to Mary and Stacey) and as mentioned in Chapter Three, is referred to as the “Irish House.” Gene figured his current home was close to 100 years old and that it was built by the original owners. They were also Skiffingtons but not related to Gene’s family. He moved there in 1993. Four years later he married Doris on New Year’s Eve and they have lived here since. Doris is retired, but worked for twenty years in the Bonavista crab plant. Gene has also been employed in the



Figure 5.4. Doris and Eugene Skiffington in their kitchen, Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

fish plants, specifically Catalina (which closed in fall 2010 after irreparable damage inflicted by Hurricane Igor) and has engaged in “labour work” most of his life.

I had met Doris and Eugene on my wedding day. As we walked back into town from the rock where we were wed, the couple greeted us, along with Angel their dog, shaking hands and embracing and congratulating us. They were some of the people who had watched the ceremony from a front porch vantage. Doris and Eugene spend a lot of time on their deck, quietly observing the ocean and chatting to passers-by. When tourists turn down their dead-ended road, either by mistake or on purpose, they often approach the couple with an offer to buy their home.

“Would you ever consider selling?” I asked.

Without hesitation, they answered in unison: “No.”

The house is a typical outpost style two-storey saltbox with clapboard siding and a circular metal chimney attached to the woodstove that runs along the exterior (see Figure 5.5). Doris and Eugene built an extension to expand their kitchen space on to the left side of the structure and added the front deck which is an enclosed square space with latticework lining the bottom. The façade faces the sea and is painted canary yellow. The original home was a cream colour with brown trim. Doris chose this colour “because when it’s a dull day and it’s raining to me it appears to be the sun is always shining with the bright yellow.”



Figure 5.5 The Skiffingtons' yellow house (the Irish House behind left), 2012.

Doris and Eugene may have turned prospective buyers away, but several of their neighbours sold properties to outside buyers over the past decade. A few paces down the road sits Gini and David Harrington's hipped-roof two-storey cottage. The Harringtons and the Skiffingtons enjoy friendly relations, and they socialize daily summer. They drop by for tea and visit informally on the road as the Harringtons pass the Skiffington's home on foot or by car when entering or leaving their premise. Because they are situated at the end of the road, presumably the Harringtons would see no foot traffic coming the other way. However, this is not the case. There is a traditional right-of-way that runs through the front lawn of their property, skirting the cliff that borders the ocean on the way to Round Head. The path leads down to a section of flat rocks that locals use as a diving-off point for swimming in summer and it leads inland where berries proliferate in fall. In winter the path is used for logging purposes, the sawn lumber dragged out by sled in earlier times but more recently by snowmobile. There is access to wild space on either side of the Cove—the second trail leads through the woods to Wolf Head, the entry point is through a field that belongs to a collection of people depending on how you cross. In the early half of the 20th century the path was used in winter to access seals on the thick ice on the other side of the Head and to haul the catch back again through the forest. Like the path to Round Head, it was also used for logging purposes, both for firewood and construction. The previous owner of the Harrington's property was mostly absent. He had bought the land for \$200 and built the summer-only home, possibly as a pet project. He lived in Bonavista and had not used the property much. The locals could use the path, and come and go as they pleased.

After the land sold to the Harringtons this changed somewhat. Gene and Doris explain the situation to me.

“Well Gini and them is in a hard predicament in there because their home is right, I don't know how you say this, but on the land that was sold to them and from that, out that way was all anybody could use and go through there,” Gene said. “And you don't want to be bad friends especially from away and coming in and buy a home and block people off and be bad friends.”

“No,” I said.

“That was a public road in there,” Doris said. “People used to pull their wood out on ski-doo come around that way like in the winter and that.”

“That don't hurt winter time, but summer time where they're there, eh. Winter time it don't hurt. They got a lawn in there and that, but what do you do?” asked Gene.

“I don't know,” I said. “That's a really hard one. I don't know what I would do then to avoid it. It's a nice place. I can see why they want to be there.”

“Yeah, nice spot in there,” said Gene. “I guess they can cope with that for a couple of months anyway.”

In this exchange, Gene used the term bad friends as John Fisher had defined it: you can't be bad friends when you live in a small community (like Port Rexton or Upper Amherst Cove). You certainly can't be enemies. With a limited population, people are forced to rely on neighbours regardless of differences.

Referencing the interdependency and hardships found in small communities, Barbara Rieti theorizes “that the proverbial generosity of Newfoundlanders is, in my opinion, that of people who recognize the good fortune of being in a position to help, rather than being helped” (2008, xiv). This notion might seem antiquated, but, if you consider that a month after the interview with Doris and Gene took place Hurricane Igor ravaged the Bonavista Peninsula isolating Upper Amherst Cove from incoming or outgoing traffic for ten days, it makes sense. Access to food, logging, and leisure is not just cultural under these conditions but also necessary.

The settlement pattern of Upper Amherst Cove suggests what Pocius refers to as the “proximity over privacy” model where houses are built close together rather than risk isolation from the community. The desire for privacy cited by summer home owners, then, might be a 21st century concept. This is not to suggest that past inhabitants never drew boundaries, demarcating land to cultivate and keep livestock, and expanding into each other’s turf. As John Ford pointed out in Chapter Three, people didn’t always agree on land use in the past. Perhaps what is new here is the concept of restricting the flow of movement in the community. The paths that lead into the woods are as essential to the community as the paved roads that connect the Cove to the highway, but, to a newcomer, they are far less obvious. The issue of privacy comes up when I interview Gini and David in relation to the community use of their land.²⁸

“It’s an interesting piece of land,” David told me. “There’s a concept that there’s a right of way through it. There isn’t. The deed’s solid. And we don’t want to bug anybody,

²⁸ See Figure 4.3 to view the official land deed for the Harrington’s property.

we want people to come up and say ‘Hey I’d like to walk through’ and, great, keep the Cove tradition, but I don’t want tourists coming through on a bus either.”

“Or just a parade of people,” Gini added. “Because there needs to be privacy, so there was an issue when he showed us that, we were like, ‘What about this?’”

Conflicts over right-of-way passages are common between newcomers and the existing population. During my time in the region I hear talk of a similar story in Port Rexton involving a summer resident and a community path. These kinds of land battles cropped up in other studies concerning second homes. Löfgren, for example, discovers problems concerning right-of-way access:

Fights over beach access, rights of way, keeping views clear plague cottage cultures. In many Swedish west coast fishing villages the old paths usually went across the yard close to the kitchen window. To watch other locals pass by and wave from the window was a nice break, but urbanites buying up the property had a totally different idea about such close encounters and insisted on barring the paths. When affluent Germans started renting and buying summer property in western Denmark, they provoked summer “locals” by their tendency to put up signs saying ‘No Trespassing’ or ‘Private Property’ on terrain of familiar and informal rules of rights of way (2002, 145).

Gustavsson finds similar conflicts over land use in Swedish coastal communities:

Local residents have objected to the summer visitors marking off boundaries with respect to their surroundings. This has been done through the use of signs saying “Private Property” and through fences being put around their homes. By doing so, summer cottage-owners have come into conflict with the principle of the permanent residents that “by time-honored tradition”, i.e. by a popular customary right, everyone has free access to the land between the houses and boat-houses, which lie very close together (1980, 67).

The issue at the heart of these struggles is that land use is seen as a cultural right rather than an ownership issue. Placing a hefty value on property is a relatively new concept in rural Newfoundland, as I learned from the clerk at the Land Deeds and

Registration office in St. John's. This is not to say that in the past people lived harmoniously and easily shared resources, it's that the prime real estate was sea-based. Claims to specific fishing berths—the place on the ocean floor where cod traps are placed—were fierce in the days of the inshore fishery, prompting communities, and later the government, to place sanctions on the means of acquiring prime berths. Fishing families took part in a yearly draw for the most lucrative plots which had the dual effect of regulating the inshore fishery and keeping community relations intact (Pocius 2000, 143-144; Dictionary of Newfoundland English Online 1999 s.vv. "berth"). As Gene points out, you can't be bad friends and the draws helped to ensure that no one ventured into unwanted territory—physically and socially.

As Gustavsson and Löfgren observe, there are competing ways of using land in regions that are populated by seasonal and year-round residents. I find that the same is true in Newfoundland. The idea of trespassing, in my experience, is commonplace in Southern Ontario although the idea of a right-of-way is not entirely foreign. This is another case where Newfoundland's culture is more closely aligned with Britain and Ireland than mainland Canada. In England, Wales and Northern Ireland rights-of-way are seen as a basic element of human movement. When a right-of-way crosses private property, it is the responsibility of the landowner to ensure that the path is in good passable condition. Some of the most travelled walking paths—the Pennine Bridleway, the Costwold Way, and the South West Coast Path—cross private properties. Similarly,

the Kerry Way in Ireland snakes its way through farmer's fields and across privately owned coastal properties.²⁹

Attachment to land is political and emotional and at the heart of the world's greatest conflicts. But there are practical matters of land use to consider as well, like access to natural resources, and by extension industrial development.

Industry in the Land of Leisure

The problem with summering in a place that is populated year-round is that people use the landscape for different purposes. Seasonal residents often have conflicting "aspirations" regarding land use (Jaakson 1896, 385). When possible, locals make their living off the land (and sea) while summer residents see the surroundings as part of the décor—a sea and cliff landscape perfectly framed in the kitchen window. Distasteful piles, objects or scars on the land are not tolerated. Small-scale industry invokes a sense of place for the visitor but large resource-based endeavors are a nuisance. Perhaps they serve as a reminder of the industrial homeland temporarily left behind. Fishermen in their colourful boats are a quaint reminder of a cultural past, writes Marian Binkley on the gentrification of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, but, the smells and sounds of the commercial fishing enterprise are intolerable. Tourist industry professionals rallied the government

²⁹ Information about right-of-way access in the United Kingdom was found here: <https://www.gov.uk/right-of-way-open-access-land/public-rights-of-way> and the Kerry Way information is based on personal experience, having hiked the trail multiple times over the past ten years.

and successfully closed two of the Lunenburg fishing operations through a convenient by-law change (2000, 6).

One of the threatening issues for second home owners are large-scale land-based developments. Discussions on establishing an open-pit copper mine between Keels and Duntara were quickly shut down by summer residents who rallied and wrote letters to the minister voicing their objections. Despite protests from summer residents, a slate mine was successfully erected in Keels, for a time in the 1990s (see Figure 5.6) (McDougall, 2012). Claire McDougall writes about this in a blog post on September 18, 2012, for the Memorial Folklore Department's Keels Field School.³⁰

Wanting to know more about the mine, I spoke to Keels resident, Selby Mesh. The project was started in the early 1990s, shortly after the cod fishery was closed. Federal funding was obtained (by Basil Power), to help create a viable alternative to the fishery. The mine employed former fishermen and plant workers from all over the Bonavista Peninsula, training them in the use of mining equipment. There were high hopes that the mine would provide the economic revitalization needed in the area; however, no market for the slate ever materialized. After only a couple of years, when government funding ran out, the mine was shut down. There were some, mostly people who have holiday homes in the Keels area, who were against the mining operation from the beginning. They argued that the mine would permanently mar the landscape. There is no doubt that flattened piece of coastline does draw the eye. In my mind, though, it is more raw than unsightly, a physical reminder of a difficult time (2012).

As McDougall points out in this post, the locals see industrial development as an employment opportunity while the seasonal folks see it as an affront on their utopia.

Catherine Beaudette tells me the story of the copper mine proposal, and details how she fought against it:

³⁰ The Fishing for Tradition project blog of the Memorial University Folklore Department's 2012 Keels Field School can be found in its entirety here: <http://munkeelsfieldschool.blogspot.ca/> (accessed April 20, 2013).

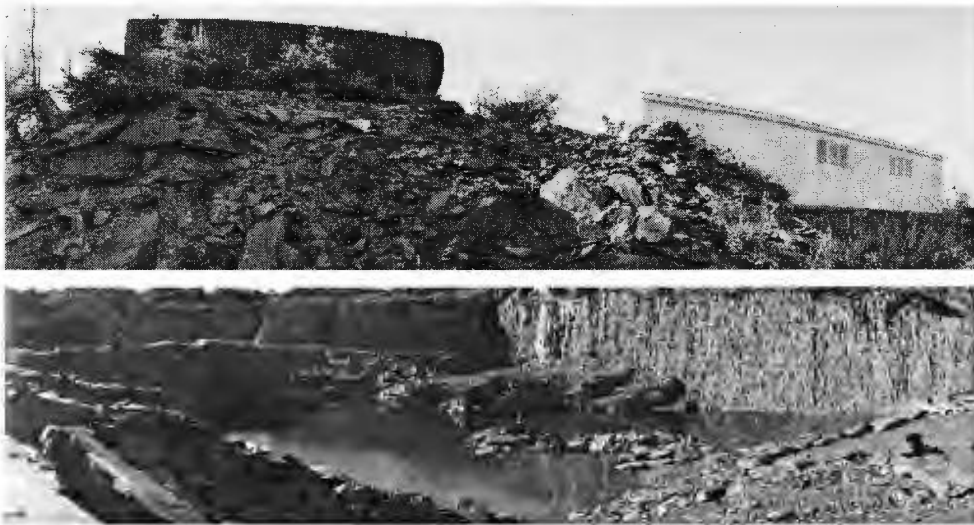


Figure 5.6. The remains of the Keels slate mine. (Photo copyright Claire MacDougall).

When I first came here there were discussions of a copper mine. It would have been right here, this whole mountain would have been cut off and there would be a big port and giant ships – open pit copper mine. That was the year after we bought it so I fought it. It was mostly the people from away, we got together and we wrote letters to the minister and everything and you know it was really controversial – people kept saying it was going to be really good for Duntara and it's like, Duntara isn't going to be Duntara, you realize that, right? Everything that you like here will be completely gone and the jobs are not going to be jobs that you're going to get, they're going to bring skilled people. So there was a bit of friction. Some of the locals who initially saw it as a good thing started to realize that, like, wow , maybe it isn't such a good thing. So it was a bit of a tough time but I'm not going to let this happen that I just bought...there's enough places inland that aren't so quaint that don't have houses built in the early 1800s. I think they learnt quickly that I was going to speak my mind, let's put it that way.

After learning about the copper mine controversy from Catherine I wondered about industrial development in the small coves along the Bonavista Peninsula. Industry, after all, is why these settlements exist and with few economic opportunities or development in the area something like a copper mine might be viewed as a solution rather than a problem. Desirable landscapes are often caught in a tug of war between industry and leisure. In the email survey that I sent out to people who own second homes on the Bonavista Peninsula and elsewhere in Newfoundland, I included a question to address this issue: Would you support new industrial development near your summer home? (mine; fish processing plant; oil refinery). Shane O'Dea, a retired English professor who owns a summer home in Brigus (on the Avalon Peninsula), calls me out on what is clearly a leading question:

A tailings pond would improve the neighbourhood, is that what you mean? Some industrial development can be perfectly workable in a community and until the

moratorium Brigus had a working fish plant which fitted in. So support would depend on the industry, what the plant was like and what impact it might have on the currently existing community.

I see this sentiment repeated in many of the survey responses. People understand that industrial development is necessary to build the local economy, and they want to support this idea, but when the industry encroaches on their utopic summer space, it's harder to remain so objective. John Short, a summer-home owner in Keels is torn, knowing that his views are understandably very different from those of the locals. Still, like Catherine, he feels strongly against development of the copper mine.

I want to resist any development that changes the area. However, since I am not a resident, my wants are different than the people who are trying to survive there full time. While I believe that the needs of residents are first priority, I feel that often, their long term vision can be clouded by developments that promise to satisfy short term needs. For example, there is the potential for open pit copper mining in the area around our location. Residents may feel that this would bring much needed jobs to the area and that this benefit outweighs the devastation that will most surely result if the mining goes forward. From my perspective my vote is a resounding 'no' to this development but obviously I respect that my priorities are completely different.

The resource-leisure struggle is a constant theme almost everywhere that summer residences exist. Researchers in Wisconsin found the same divide between locals and cottagers when it came to supporting economic growth in the area (Green et al 1996). The countryside north of Toronto, Ontario is a further example of the conflict between the industry and the summer folk.

“Will Uranium mining ruin cottage country?” asks an article headline in the spring 2009 issue of *Cottage Life*. The country in question is Ontario’s Haliburton area where a lobby group called Cottagers Against Uranium Mining was fighting off several major mining companies who were staking claims on the perimeters of their manicured lawns to sniff out the possibility of uranium extraction. The cottagers were enraged by the concept of an open-pit mine in their midst and yet it was the mining industry that allowed them access to that part of northern Ontario. To enable their industry the mining corporations cleared the brush and paved the roads. They both preceded and enabled cottage country writes journalist Peter Gorrie.

As the mines’ brief heyday ended in the mid-1960s, a cottage boom began. First in a trickle, then in a flood, city dwellers erected summer retreats on Haliburton’s 65 pristine lakes. The cottagers, in summer now vastly outnumbering the permanent population of about 16,000, came to escape work and industry and prized the area’s natural beauty. So the new mining companies—Bancroft Uranium of Scottsdale Arizona and El Nino Ventures and Abitibi Mining, both based in Vancouver—entered a radically altered landscape when, four years ago, with uranium prices soaring amide worldwide plans for nuclear power plants, they arrived to resurrect the industry (2009).

In a similar scenario, the timber trade in Vilas County Wisconsin opened up easy train travel from the major centres to the natural lake lands where recreationists could fish and enjoy the natural landscape far away from the city (Stedman 2006). Tourism is often encouraged as a panacea for post-industrial maritime landscapes reimagining the landscape as a place of leisure. As seen with the copper mine proposal in Duntara and Keels, well-connected, highly educated and motivated seasonal residents have the power to halt development and change the political landscape of their second home regions. In

one case Ontario urban residents chartered a bus to cottage country on Election Day in an effort to vote in their chosen constituent the representative who best suited their interests and did not endorse industrial development (Jaakson 1986, 385).

Mary Hufford finds two competing notions of regionalism—romantic and rational—exist in the way land is used and perceived in Appalachia. “Romanticized, Appalachia is filled with what modernity takes from us—community values, uncommodified nature and artistry, wholeness. Rationalized, Appalachia is populated with “yesterday’s people” (Weller 1965), those left behind, forgotten, in dire need of what modernity has to offer: jobs, education, health care, economic development” (Hufford, 2002, 64). Hufford’s theory could also be applied to the Bonavista Peninsula where competing perceptions of region threaten to usurp one another but rarely enter into a meaningful dialogue. As seen in the survey comments, second-home owners are aware of the tensions between preserving natural beauty and preserving the economy. However, when faced with industrial development that encroached on their territory, it’s clear that the people interviewed would not support this kind of economic growth. In Catherine’s case, she is forthright with her feelings on development and acted accordingly, thus aligning her ideology with romanticized Newfoundland rather than rationalized Newfoundland.

A massive resource-based operation would increase traffic, spew smoke, change the landscape, create pollution and generate unwanted noise. All of this poses a problem for people who own leisure properties nearby. However, in areas where locals are

typically underemployed, unemployed or working from contract to contract it's likely that industrial growth would be welcomed by year-round residents. It isn't a stretch to see that these two camps will butt heads over industrial development. Some cases are not as obvious. Thor Flognfeldt writes that in the mountainous areas of southern Norway "a very significant form of urban-rural conflict concerns sheep grazing" (2002, 199). The sheep traditionally graze on mountain grasses during the spring and summer and then return to the farms in the fall for shearing and slaughter. The mountains are also a desirable area to build "high standard cottages" accompanied by freshly laid sod to form a yard space. "This new fresh grass is, of course, a delicacy for sheep, compared to the lower quality of grass other places in the area," writes Flognfeldt. "The sheep, therefore, are attracted to the cottage areas in order to graze on the lawns just outside the doors of the new high-class cottages" (2002, 199).

While some cottagers find the sheep on their doorstep a quirk of local colour and embrace the freeloading animals, others see them as a destructive force, taking their plight to the local media in protest. Grazing sheep are far more tolerable than an open pit copper mine but in both cases the perception of acceptable land use is at the heart of the conflict.

The New Gatekeepers: Inflated House Prices and the Fear of New Newcomers

One issue that is brought up again and again throughout my research is the rising cost of home ownership in the Bonavista Region. This is blamed on outsiders buying property. It's not a new concern and it's not a regionally unique concern. This cropped up

in studies on second-home ownership in Scandinavia (Flognfeldt 2002; Löfgren 2002); France (Clout 1971); Wales (Coppock 1977); and North America (Halseth 2004, Wolfe 1951; 1977, Jackson 1986).

In the mid-eighties while Trinity was developing as a summer enclave, graduate student Julie O'Hollaren referenced the housing issue in her master's thesis on tourism initiatives in the area.

[t]he trend in Trinity has now shifted to the point where only the higher price is offered. The inflated property prices preclude settlement by local residents with lower incomes, who are unable to afford it. The result is that locals, especially young couples just starting out, are not able to reside in their home town as available houses are beyond their means. There is little choice but to leave. The negative psychological effect of this emigration, and of living in a town half-full of empty houses in wintertime, must be great. The population is becoming polarized; only the children and the middle and old-aged remain (O'Hollaren 1985).

Almost three decades later this trend persists to a dizzying degree in Trinity where a century-old home in need of a complete overhaul at 5 Gallivan's Lane is listed at \$130,000 (see Figure 5.7). A 6.75 acre parcel called Ballet's Land in Port Rexton is listed at \$190,000 (both properties are listed through Chris O'Dea Realty). In Upper Amherst Cove, real estate prices jumped in the past few years according to Harry Wareham.

"You could get a house here pretty cheap, but then they start to move in and they start spending more money to buy a house. [Before] you could get a house here for \$15,000 to \$20,000 and you'd be lucky now if you get it for \$60,000 or \$70,000."

It's the same issue that Brian Ricks and Ella Heneghan faced in the Trinity Bight area, detailed in Chapter Three. I referred to former home-owners and a local realtor as



Figure 5.7. Interior and exterior images of 5 Gallivan's Lane for sale in Trinity listed at \$130,000 in 2012. (copyright Chris O'Dea).

gatekeepers in that chapter, but the moniker might well extend to the summer resident once their home is purchased. With their access to larger sums of money, they elevate the local market to unattainable heights. It's the result of a disparity between markets and it's not just a rural issue. Some commentators speculate that wealthy Asian investors are behind the real estate spike in Vancouver, making it the most expensive market in the country. It's suggested the same thing is happening in Toronto. The Canadian government does not keep statistics on foreign real estate ownership in the country and therefore these claims can't be verified. In a CBC.ca article on the topic, Cameron Muir, chief economist of the British Columbia Real Estate Association, is quoted as saying that "this idea that we have this rampant foreign ownership going on and this horde of Chinese investors coming over is a little bit of an urban myth" (Yelaja 2012). It is possible that Muir is a biased source, however a survey conducted by Landcor Data Corporation in 2012 reflected Muir's statement reporting that only 0.2 of buyers in the metro Vancouver area were from outside Canada (Woo 2013; Landcor Data 2013).

Could the same be said for the price of the outpost saltbox? Are Americans and mainlanders really to blame for the rise in real estate prices, or do they simply represent one factor in a larger provincial shift that includes new oil and energy revenue and the eradication of the have-not status in the national arena? Could the wads of cash that Newfoundlanders are making in the Alberta tar sands also be a contributing factor? ("Some of that money earned from Alberta has returned to outposts to rebuild or spruce up homes," writes the *Globe and Mail's* Jeffery Simpson in 2009.) Perhaps, like the purported wealthy Chinese real estate moguls, the mainland summer home owners are an

easy scapegoat, embodying a greater change than they are actually responsible for. Or, perhaps this is shifting the blame, as John Crosbie did back in 1992 with his now infamous proclamation that he “didn’t take the fish from the god damned waters.” There are greater global issues at work here: climate change, depletion of a natural resource, the rise in cheap airline travel and mass tourism, urbanization, coastal land scarcity elsewhere, out-migration, and an ageing population. Still, people taking advantage of a grossly mismatched global real estate market is a little bit like Crosbie shirking responsibility for the collapse of the fishery. The summer residents didn’t create the two-tiered real estate market in rural Newfoundland, but they are willing participants.

In his work on lakes and their connection to national identity, Allan Casey writes about the dichotomy between new and existing summer residents in rural Canada:

[S]ome of the wealthy and influential people colonizing Lakeland become its most capable defenders. They are lawyers, publishers, city planners, deputy ministers. The irony is, they mainly come around to this wilderness advocacy after they have bought a fine house from which to view the wild. But they do come around...The question is, from what peril shall we defend the proximate wilderness? Is it merely about keeping newcomers out after we ourselves are in? (2009, 14).

Löfgren also writes about the tensions between “the mobile” summer visitors and “the sedentary” summer visitors on the Swedish coast (2002, 144) and puts class at the centre of the issue—the elite keeping the working class out of their territory. David and Gini Harrington voiced concerns over buses filled with tourists descending on their right-of-way. The Harringtons made a clear distinction between themselves, as home-owners, and the masses, the tourists who might invade their newly discovered utopic landscape. The type of tourist that Gini mentions is not the upper-middle class visitor who tours the

land in an expensive rental car, but those who join cheaper group excursions. In this case there is a distinction is being made between the types of “mobile” visitors. The mass tourists are the most dangerous. The more affluent tourists pose a different kind of threat. Owning property in Newfoundland affords the mainlanders a certain cache, until their Oakville neighbour buys the house next door. The more crowded the small coves are with CFAs the less authentic they are perceived.

In his ethnography of a postwar suburb, John Dorst finds that new residents feel threatened by subsequent newcomers, but also that “it is through the desire and envy of those wanting to move to Chadds Ford that the resident validates her own residence.” Further, he writes that “tourist traffic might be a nuisance to a resident, but its presence is a constant reminder that one inhabits an ‘authentic’ place” (1989, 22).

The same might be applied to second-home owners in Newfoundland. Their choice to commit to spending summers in the province is validated through the heavy tourist traffic that passes through the island each season and acts as a reminder that they inhabit, for a few weeks a year, an authentic and sought-after destination.

Social Dymanics

Fairweather Friends: Inflated Relationships

When conducting fieldwork with summer residents in Swedish coastal villages in the late 1970s, Anders Gustavsson found a curious trend amongst his interviewees. He was certain that conflicts existed between the locals and summer residents, but his informants “endeavored to tone down the expressions of conflict which have occurred.

Instead, they have sought to show that there existed a more harmonic relationship in their contacts with residents. In doing so, the summer visitors have presented a slanted picture of their relationships; portraying them in the way they wished they actually were” (1980, 78).

I wondered if some of my interviewees were engaging in a similar wishful act when they detailed the camaraderie they enjoyed with their local neighbours. These are time-limited social engagements. When you are a repeat, but short-term visitor, it can be easy to overestimate your relationship with your year-round neighbours. When invited into the kitchens and front porches of your summer friends’ homes it feels very intimate, and it is, but it’s only one-quarter of the year. The socializing, visiting and celebrating in the community carries on long after the summer residents depart.

So, it seemed that perhaps the summer residents had a more inflated idea of what their role and relationship might be to their local counterparts. The relationship wasn’t entirely one-side, but it wasn’t fifty-fifty either. The natural world, the architecture, the material culture and, perhaps most importantly the people, are intertwined in the strong sense of place that first attracted the seasonal residents to Newfoundland and keeps them coming back. When asked why they chose Newfoundland, and why they keep returning, summer residents always cited “the people” as a main draw. When I asked locals about how summer residency affected social dynamics, the answers were complicated.

Jason Holley and Rosalind Ford, a couple of self-employed visual artists in their early thirties who live in Middle Amherst Cove, expressed ambivalent attitudes towards seasonal home ownership (see Figure 5.8).

“It does get bloody quiet,” says Jason. “You start to understand. Seeing lights on in houses makes me happier. So whenever I hear that a summer resident bought a house I’m a little sad. Whenever I hear that a full-time resident bought a house, which doesn’t happen often, it’s exciting because that means there’s a new stop on Christmas Eve. But with so many properties up for sale right now I’m assuming that most of them will go to summer residents. That’s just the reality. There are no jobs here. You have to start your own, which limits the people who are going to move here full time.”

Rosalind’s family is from Upper Amherst Cove, and her parents, Shelagh and Chris Ford, own a summer home there. Rosalind and Jason socialize with Mike and Lorie, Denzil and Anna, Brian and Ella, Katie and Shane, and Patrick and Sunny, another young couple who live in Lower Amherst Cove, along with their direct neighbours. They are on good terms with the summer people, but the relationships are tenuous. It is difficult to celebrate a newcomer’s arrival when they are only around for a few weeks of the year. “It’s nice when they show up and it’s really sad when they leave,” says Rosalind. “It’s just nice to have people around. We’re social beasts and the [summer] people who moved into Upper Amherst Cove moved there because they like it so they’re always happy to be here. They’re just here in the summer, not the winter, so they’re



Figure 5.8. Jason Holley (top, copyright Mark Bennett) and Rosalind Ford (bottom, copyright Gavin Simms) are young artists who live and work in Middle Amherst Cove.

always rainbows and roses. You know? Which is great. And then they go away. It's just sad."

The rainbows and roses attitude and the perpetual state of suspended reality make for positive, but one-dimensional roadside exchanges between the summer residents and the locals.

"You come through two winters here, you're a changed person," says Jason. "So, with Patrick and Sunny [younger neighbours who live nearby] we have a conversation and it's a deeper conversation. With Stacey and Mary it's just not, well, they don't have a garden, they don't have wood to chop, they're here on vacation."

"It's like a summer movie, a vacation, never mind that your garden needs weeding," Rosalind adds.

It's the deeper conversations that are lost when communities shift into summer resort territory. Traditional knowledge is cumulative and shared on a daily basis. The subtle changes in the landscape, within households, and within communities, aren't aspects of life that can be quickly summed up each year at the onset of the summer season. Relationships are also part of an ongoing process.

Anna and Denzil Paterson share similar sentiments when I ask about their relationship with the summer residents. Like Rosalind and Jason, Anna and Denzil make up part of the younger cohort in the three coves. They are in their early twenties and they have been living in Upper Amherst Cove on a temporary basis for a few years and settled

there after getting married in 2011 (see Figure 5.9). Denzil is protective of his surroundings and worries about Upper Amherst Cove being overrun by “tourists in Tilley hats.” Like Jason and Rosalind, he also laments the summer-only social dynamic.

“It’s very nice to have them around in the summer, and it would be nice to have them around all year,” Denzil says. “I see a bit of a shift in communities and house prices rising because of more affluent summer residents who can afford to pay more for things, so I don’t know if you’d call it a grudge or not because it’s nothing that I feel against any person. It’s just the situation of summer residents displacing year round people—and not necessarily local, they can be from anywhere.”

When I asked this question, Denzil and Anna were in the midst of buying their first home, and while house hunting they were finding themselves priced out of the market. When the house they eventually buy came on the market at an affordable cost (a 110-year-old saltbox home in Newman’s Cove for \$26,000) they scrambled to purchase it before a passing tourist noticed the sign and snatched it out of their grasp. It’s hard to compete with the outsiders, and this is an issue that many of the people I interview mention. Denzil is quick to point out that his feelings about summer residency aren’t personal, but I think the impersonality of these real estate transactions are part of the problem. After spending several summers in the area, I think I would be hesitant to buy property if something affordable came on the market, knowing that Katie and Shane Hayes might be looking for a place, or that Denzil and Anna may want to move back to Upper Amherst Cove to be closer to work and family, or, knowing that my purchase



Figure 5.9. Denzil and Anna Paterson in Upper Amherst Cove, 2011.

might prevent a year-round resident from purchasing the home. They don't need to be local, as Denzil makes a point of saying. They just need to stay put year-round.

"I think the presence of the summer residents is quite nice. The houses are spaced out and they all have big yards so it's not like they're in your face all the time. They're not in your face ever, actually. It's nice to see someone's laundry blowing on the line, or to see smoke coming out of David and Gini's cabin down there," Anna says. "It would be neat if they lived here all the time. Because, the winters are long and it's kind of lonely and it's just comforting to see lights on in a house. I like that we can see the lights in King's Cove. And, it's like, there are people over there, that's comforting, and I wonder what the lights of Upper Amherst Cove look like at night because there aren't that many."

Dorst discovers a similar sentiment in Chadds Ford where "residence, physical and temporal, weighs heavily in the determination of status." Dorst finds that status can shift depending on how deeply involved a resident becomes with their surroundings. "The simple fact of how long one has lived there is colored by how thoroughly one "gets in the spirit" of the place." (1989, 22).

Dorst is referring to full-time new residents who make a commitment to the landscape. It is this kind of resident in Upper Amherst Cove and the nearby towns, one who overwinters, that can at least make an attempt to acculturate. The lights in the windows, the Christmas Eve visits, the agrarian discussions, these are not part of the summer people's worlds, nor could they be. Empty homes are a constant reminder of loss, markers of loneliness. In the early stages of my research on this project I met a

location scout who had worked on the filming of *The shipping news*. Part of her job included securing empty homes to use in the movie and as places for the cast and crew to inhabit during the filming. She had set out in the depths of winter and visited many of the Bonavista Peninsula's small settlements. I had asked her if this might have been an easier task in summer. No, she assured me, it would not. It was very easy to find the empty homes owned by seasonal residents because there were no footprints in the snow leading to the door. The abandonment was obvious to anyone who passed by.

Getting In: Class, Conflict and Identity

When Mike Paterson was working on the construction of a new home one summer, the woman from Ontario who had commissioned the build took him aside for a talk.

"How do you get *in* with these people?" she asked. She had seen his easy interactions with his employees and local labourers and, knowing he was originally from Ontario, found it perplexing. A particularly renowned and difficult woman, she had found herself at odds with the locals, perhaps at odds with most of Newfoundland. Despite conflicting with the members of her adopted community she planted roots in the area. Mike, adept at traversing in any world, didn't entertain her question for long. When retelling this story over a campfire in early spring 2010, Mike joked that he had told her to silently observe, to stay quiet for ten years, and only then start asking questions. Later when I interviewed Mike he conceded that he would never be a Newfoundlander but that he liked to feel that he fit in. It was an apt assessment of his situation, and one only a

long-time Newfoundlander-by-choice might make. Belonging is “one of the commonest phrases in the Newfoundland vernacular...one is never *from* or even *born in* a place, one always *belongs to* it” (Dictionary of Newfoundland English Online 1999, s.vv. “belong”). The sentiment is strong and inescapable and decades-long commitment to a community won’t earn you the right to say you belong whether you were born in Newfoundland or not. This can make it difficult for newcomers to gain access to a community’s backspace, as Dean MacCannell applies the concept to tourism. “Sightseers are motivated by a desire to see life as it is really lived, even to get in with the natives, and at the same time, they are deprecated for always failing to achieve these goals” (1999, 94). I would argue that “getting in” with the year-round community is a means of elevating the seasonal residents’ status amongst their peers: other seasonal residents and visitors from away. Recounting the details of these “backspaces” to friends, family and colleagues back home can act as a means of asserting status. It suggests that the teller is adventurous, and also, it helps to validate their choice of summer home.

The summer residents are more closely aligned with the sightseers MacCannell writes about than with the locals, despite making a commitment to the region by purchasing property. If the summer residents never quite achieve entry to their adopted community backspace, the locals are equally aware of the restricted access to what geographer Greg Halseth calls the “elite landscape.” Halseth writes of cottage country that the “form of settlement, geographic imagination attached to the landscape, the socio-economic distinctions between rural and cottage residents, and the demand for

increasingly scarce recreational property are important in enhancing the elite status of cottage property in Canada” (2004, 35).

The cottages in mainland Canada that Halseth refers to often exist in lakeside clusters with access to small amenity centres. “As seen from the cottage, the local small town is not much more than an anonymous supply depot,” writes Halseth (2004, 41). Here in Newfoundland, it’s a little different. The vacation homes have similar draws—water, nature, rural landscape—but equally pervasive is the lure of the Newfoundland culture. So the supply depot, the local shop, is part of the authentic experience. With the exception of Trinity, there are no elite cottage country enclaves. The vacation homes in the province are scattered throughout small communities and interaction with your neighbour is part of the package. That said, the summer folks tend to socialize together, visiting from town to town. Although their backgrounds are somewhat disparate, the seasonal residents are closer class-wise to one another than to the locals. They are able to financially float two houses and travel the vast distance between them on a yearly basis. This isn’t lost on their local neighbours.

While conducting interviews, I didn’t ask participants what they earned in a year or which class they felt they belonged to. Living in the community, I felt it was too invasive to ferret out this kind of information. What I did ask was how much (seasonal residents) paid for their homes. This was as close as I came to ascertaining the income level of my sources. I can infer from the fact that they own a second property that the seasonal residents are middle or upper class. Most of the summer residents I interviewed had white collar jobs, or worked for themselves. When asking about their backgrounds,

their education level came up naturally, and most of the people I interviewed had at least a university education if not higher. Many of the year-round residents that I spoke with were employed in labour or construction work as well as the fishery, but some worked in healthcare and education, and others were self-employed, therefore the education levels varied. Often the locals and the summer residents were often from opposing worlds—financially, socially, and geographically.

MacCannell writes that “the term ‘tourist’ is increasingly used as a derisive label for someone who seems content with his obviously inauthentic experiences” (1999, 94). Calling someone a tourist is tame in comparison to the local terms for foreign visitors. Some examples are: Gringo (Spain); Gorby (Alberta); Touron (various) and FOOT (Jersey Shore, U.S.) which stands for “fucking out of town.” Similarly, there are a number of terms used to describe summer residents. Newfoundland’s all-encompassing CFA (Come-from-Away) is fairly benign when compared to the ‘Citiot’ or ‘City-ots’ from Manhattan who own seasonal homes in the Hamptons, or the much despised ‘Grockles’ who populate the thatched cottages of Southern England on weekends.³¹

The conflict inherent in these exoteric group names sometimes manifests in a more official capacity. In Prince Edward Island locals couldn’t compete with wealthy outsiders for seaside property so the provincial government stepped in and removed the

³¹ I have heard the terms Citiot, Gringo, Gorby, Touron and FOOT in passing, but also found them defined on: urbandictionary.com. I first came across Gorby and Grockles in a newspaper article: Jackman, Philip. 2010. “Not a nice name for tourists; Tracking the origins of a mysterious moniker.” *The Globe and Mail*. February 6, 2010.

off-islanders from the market. With the introduction of a non-resident clause in the 1982 Lands Protection Act it's now illegal for a non-resident to own more than two hectares of land.

PURPOSE

1.1 The purpose of this Act is to provide for the regulation of property rights in Prince Edward Island, especially the amount of land that may be held by a person or corporation. This Act has been enacted in the recognition that Prince Edward Island faces singular challenges with regard to property rights as a result of several circumstances, including

(a) historical difficulties with absentee land owners, and the consequent problems faced by the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island in governing their own affairs, both public and private;

...

4. A person who is not a resident person shall not have an aggregate land holding in excess of five acres or having a shore frontage in excess of one hundred and sixty-five feet unless he first receives permission to do so from the Lieutenant Governor in Council. 1982,c.16,s.4; 1988,c.37,s.1; 1995,c.22,s.2,16.

(Prince Edward Island lands protection act 2003)

In 2010 American couple Melvin and Sylvia Griffin were fined \$37,800 for flouting this rule (in 2003 they purchased almost 75 hectares over what was allotted). This type of regulation also exists in Exmoor, UK, where outsiders are barred from buying land in the national park in an effort to regulate soaring house prices.³²

³² An article on the Melvin and Sylvia Griffin can be found here: CBC.ca. 2010. Illegal PEI land ownership fine stands, June 25, 2010 <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/prince-edward-island/story/2010/06/25/pei-american-land-fine-584.html> (accessed April 20, 2013). More on Exmoor's real estate regulations for second home owners can be found here: http://news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/1526249.stm (accessed April 20, 2013).

The most dramatic and violent response to holiday home ownership was in the 80s and 90s in Wales where the newcomers were seen as a threat to the region's identity. A Welsh nationalist group is thought to be behind a decade-long period of arson attacks during which 220 second homes were targeted. Miraculously, no one was injured, but the property damage was extensive (Coppock 1977, 200).

“In 1971, the Welsh Language Society published *Tai haf* ('Summer homes') in which it argued that the proliferation of second homes, a process which began in the 1960s, was one of the most significant threats to the survival of Welsh communities, their culture, traditions and language” (Gallent, Mace and Tewdwr-Jones 2003, 271).

In Wales, the threat comes specifically from the English and is linked to a centuries' old battle for identity and home rule. This might explain the violent nature of their chosen defense. Newfoundland identity has been at risk of being overtaken by Canada since the island joined confederation in 1949, and the encroachment of wealthy mainlanders into what's generally seen as the “seat of home-grown Newfoundland culture” (Overton 1996, 52) is understandably worrisome. Not to suggest the tensions run as high as in Wales, but there is a strong current of nationalism in rural and urban Newfoundland unrivaled by any other province, except, of course, Quebec (Marland 2010).

A Priest, Two Nuns, and a Drug Dealer: The Function of Rumour and Gossip

As detailed in Chapter Two, Jennifer St. Pierre was accompanied by a female companion on the day she arrived in Upper Amherst Cove and discovered the ‘for sale’ sign on the house that she now occupies. She has often got a woman sidekick in tow on her trips to Newfoundland—her mother, a relative, a friend. The first summer she spent in the Cove she was joined by two friends for a week-long visit—fellow religious women who drifted soundlessly around the shorefront for the duration of their stay. Jennifer’s constant stream of female companions and her role as a nun fuelled benign rumours about who exactly purchased Carl Smith’s former house at the top of the hill. I had heard from several sources that a “pair” of nuns bought the place. This was sometimes said matter-of-factly and other times said with a knowing nod or shrug as if to suggest that the women were a same-sex couple masquerading as nuns, or that they were former nuns who had come un-cloistered to begin a relationship with each other. In both cases the suggestion was that the women were not nuns but partners. The subject of the supposed nun comes up when I meet with Janna and Pat. The two women had initially had concerns about purchasing property in rural Newfoundland, not knowing how a lesbian couple might be received. We spoke about this during our interview in July 2010 and they cited instances in the past where people assumed a different relationship for them.

“We’re older now so many people think we’re sisters. I mean, do we look alike?” asked Pat, laughing.

“Talk about homophobia!” Janna added, also laughing.

“So maybe they’ll think we’re nuns or something...There are some nuns around here actually,” Pat said, clearly having encountered the same rumour that I had.

Whether perceived as sisters in the familial or religious sense, both notions are a reaction to two women buying property together. This didn’t seem to be the case with the Irish girls but they weren’t strangers when they bought a home in the community. They’d been gradually introduced and vetted by the Patersons (and they are not a same-sex couple). A single woman purchasing a house, and two women buying a home together, both need some form of explanation. (A single man might give rise to a whole other set of suspicions and rumours). Rumours are the stories that people tell to “make sense of the ambiguities of their world” writes Gary Alan Fine (1997b, 741). Rumours are the message, the grist for the mill, and gossip is the medium. Gossip is “a form of discourse between persons discussing the behavior, character, situation, or attributes of an absent other” (Fine 1997a, 422). Further, gossip is “an informal means of teaching morality, maintaining social control and solidarity, managing reputations, negotiating covertly, exchanging information, expressing sociability itself and entertainment” (Weigle 1998, 338).

Although braced for an onslaught of rumour and gossip, the reality is that Pat and Janna didn’t face any of the issues they expected when buying property in a rural area.

“They have, without exception, been generous, careful and, at first, and this is classist and our junk, I thought, ‘well they don’t really get it.’ But I think they got it right

off the bat,” said Pat. “They were, in many cases, more careful and more politically aware than a lot of people I run into. That is one of the biggest surprises.”

Gossip and rumour are so entrenched in our understanding of esoteric and exoteric perceptions that Pat and Janna are surprised by its absence.

Rumours can form quickly and can be communicated across a community, but they can also thrive within small groups—the employees of a moving company, for example, speculating on the belongings that they’ve carted from mainland Canada to outport Newfoundland.

It is a drizzly cold morning in August 2011 when an enormous moving truck pulls into the Cove, circles around then chugs back up the hill and comes to a stop by Jennifer’s house (see Figure 5.10). “Downhome Movers” is plastered on the front sides and back. I walk by, pushing my daughter in her stroller, to say hello.

“A priest is moving in here,” the driver tells me.

“For good?” I ask, not bothering to correct him.

“Sure, I’d say he’s moving for good,” the driver answers.

“Lots of furniture?” I ask him.

“Big furniture!” He says, laughing, then disappears into the back of the truck to begin unloading.



Figure 5.10. Movers arriving at Jennifer St. Pierre's home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2011.

In this rumour the protagonist's gender is changed. I can only speculate on how this might have happened. Jennifer is hardly an androgynous name. Perhaps it's another situation where a single woman buying a home is at odds with the societal norm and thus a new story forms as information is passed from one source to another.

The irony of the "pair of nuns" rumour is that Jennifer bought her home as a solitary retreat; a place for divine reflection. It is a place to be alone. As she meets her neighbours over the course of her first summer in the Cove, the rumours die down. Her plans to build a chapel and retreat, whether or not they come to fruition, are certain to fuel further talk as she makes herself more of a fixture in the region. Life, as it does, gets in the way and since moving her belongings from Ontario to Newfoundland in the summer of 2011, Jennifer finds herself looking after her elderly parents full-time. This means shorter trips to "her cove" (as she calls it) for now, and for the future, she says she'll wait and see. She still hopes to move there permanently, but it may take some time. For now, she remains a seasonal resident of Upper Amherst Cove.

On the other side of the peninsula, the people of Port Rexton were so perplexed by the Fisher family's upheaval from Ontario to Newfoundland in the late nineteen-eighties—when most people were moving in the opposite direction—that they came to some curious conclusions about the mainland couple. John continued to work as a consultant when they first moved and this required a lot of travel to and from the St. John's airport. Their inn and restaurant, now thriving and the largest employer in the community, formed slowly and for the first seven years it wasn't entirely clear how they

earned a living. Further, they paid \$25,000 for a home when the neighbouring structures were on the market for five to ten thousand dollars.

“The local population thought we were multimillionaires,” jokes John.

People speculated on where the money came from, and very quickly landed on a theory.

“Because we built a greenhouse there was some notion that, ‘he takes off in a suit every so often, he doesn’t do anything, so he must be into the dope,’” says John.

Drinking tea with Peggy and John in their well-appointed home in Port Rexton, their business galloping forward as we speak, I can’t imagine anyone suspecting them of dealing drugs. They look like somebody’s up-market parents (and this is what they are, as they moved to the community with their two young sons in tow). The rumour seems outlandish, but a quick perusal of the headlines in the local and national press from that period shows that the idea isn’t that far-fetched. On December 2, 1987 the front page of the peninsula’s regional paper, *The Packet*, reads: “\$200 million of hashish seized.” Five photographs of police unloading the drugs illustrate the accompanying story. It is the only news piece that runs on the front page (see Figure 5.11). Two days before, after a month-long undercover investigation, the RCMP carried out Eastern Canada’s largest drug bust, exposing a smuggling ring being run out of Ireland’s Eye, a resettled island in Trinity Bay. The operation was linked to infamous Canadian crime boss Vito Rizzuto and the details read like a blockbuster action film that is more *Godfather* than *Shipping*

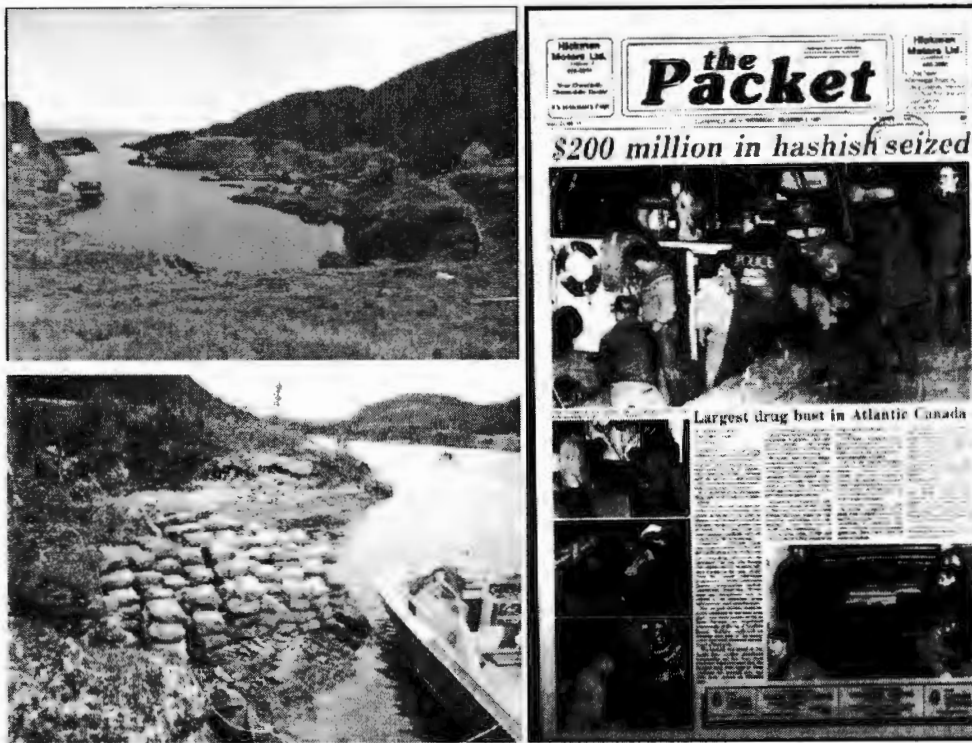


Figure 5.11. Clockwise from bottom left: Bags of hashish being seized by RCMP on Ireland's Eye, 1987 (RCMP); Ireland's Eye before resettlement (Maritime History Archive); The front cover of *The Packet* following the drug bust in 1987.

News.³³ The undercover investigators from the Gander RCMP division arrested nine men in total, including Vito Rizzuto, five Quebeckers and four locals. The Newfoundlanders were from Trinity, Port Rexton, Catalina and Trouty. Their familiarity with the land and water, as well as their knowledge of the community routines (who fished where and when) was likely integral to the operation. Even after the action in Trinity Bay settled the local media was abuzz. Headlines from later that year read: 'Boom year for busts, but drugs are still there' (*The Evening Telegram*, January 30, 1988) and 'RCMP braced for smuggling boom' (*Sunday Express*, May 28, 1988). The Fishers' greenhouse garden is in no way connected to drug smuggling, of course, but the rumours are sparked by real life events.³⁴

One of the functions of folklore, writes William Bascom, is that it acts as a means of applying social pressure and control (1954). Engaging in gossip or negative talk about your neighbours, temporary or year-round, is also seen as risky behavior. This is evident in the differences between my recorded interviews and my daily interactions. Flippancy off-colour remarks, jokes, gossip and rumours occurred naturally in informal spaces and gatherings. Introducing a microphone, reams of consent forms and a note pad naturally alters the exchange. In some cases, people voiced concern that my research was a vehicle for gossip in the Cove. This cropped up when I interviewed David and Gini Harrington and asked the couple what they paid for their home. It's one of my standard questions,

³³ Adrian Humphreys and Lee Lamothe's *The Sixth family: the collapse of the New York mafia and the rise of Vito Rizzuto* (2008) is an in-depth account of Vito Rizzuto's colourful life. It includes a few paragraphs about the Ireland's Eye operation.

³⁴ When I interviewed Duntara resident Bev Batten she pointed out the correlation between the John Fisher rumour and the drug smuggling bust at Ireland's Eye.

and it's often the most uncomfortable. Without any statistics on second home sales to rely on, it's an important and practical aspect of my research. The information is integral to ascertaining the average second-home price, to know how these prices rise with inflation over the years, and to know when this trend started. Since the sales are mostly private, neighbours can only speculate on the price rather than quickly look it up on the national realtor database web site. You can search the land deeds that exist, which I did, but it's unlikely that people would go to the trouble of driving to St. John's and then paying the fee to do this. The question made the couple visibly uncomfortable.

"Where does that information go?" David asked. "Does that price go around the Cove here?"

When David said this, I visualized the piece of gossip as a bird flying around the Cove, stopping to perch and chatter on the rails of people's back decks, on low hanging tree branches between houses along the road, and at the kitchen door. Gossip spreads quickly, and it's something to fear. The summer residents, despite careful efforts to belong, are aware that they are on display. Some take pains to minimize their impact, like David, and others, like Mike Paterson's client, flout the social order to their peril. "To gossip is to be part of the community," writes Gary Alan Fine (1997a, 422). From this, you could surmise that being the focus of gossip means that the community is aware of your presence if not accepting of it. Certainly you know you've arrived when your story, true or fabricated, becomes a part of the greater narrative of the region. On the other hand, if someone is seen as a fodder for gossip it is unlikely that people within the

community will want to associate with them for fear of falling prey to the same tongue-wagging.

People in the community will occasionally pass on local legends to summer residents who misconstrue them, often comically, as the truth. I also fall prey to this. During my interview with Mary, we come to the topic of the tilted yellow house. The house is completely symmetrical, with a high-pitched roof, and four windows facing the sea. There are two matching out-buildings on the property that look to be in good shape. Many outsiders have inquired about the home, wanting to purchase the property and “fix it up.” The major “fix” is the fact that it’s completely tilted, as if the back of the house is sinking into the long grasses that have grown up around it in the owner’s absence (see Figure 5.12).

“It’s not actually tilted,” Mary told me. “The clapboard was nailed on at an angle by mistake.”

I returned home after the interview and relayed this information to Andrew, who is a woodworker with construction experience. He stared blankly at me.

“Who told you that?” He asked.

“Mary.”

“Who told Mary?”

“Mike Paterson.”

Andrew smiled and immediately I realized it was a joke. The clapboard was, of course, not on an angle. Two years later when I asked Mary about this over dinner at the Paterson’s house, Mike corrected both of us. The clapboard is on straight, but the



Figure 5.12. Field sketch of the tilted yellow house in Upper Amherst Cove, 2010.

building is crooked. Should it ever be righted, the clapboard will be on an angle. Mike swore that he wasn't joking, but I was not convinced. The building continues to lean today, pitching towards the ocean and folding into itself and it remains uninhabited.

Several weeks after I had met with Mary in the summer of 2010, when I asked Eugene about the tilted yellow house, he told me that "I don't know if people be joking about it, but they said when they lived in it they had to tie the kettle on the stove." This time I was prepared. I noted the information carefully in my field book but did not pass it on to my neighbours.

In Sweden's cottage country, Löfgren writes that "the local population created their own picture of the summer visitors, in a richly embroidered folklore" (2002, 126). Löfgren notes that year-round residents told a roster of tall tales featuring idiotic wealthy urbanites being outwitted by the practical quick-thinking villagers. Class conflict is a cornerstone of the folktale—coded and overt messages regarding social conduct and survival and struggled between the lower and upper classes. In his exploration of master and man relationships depicted in Newfoundland Jack tales, Martin Lovelace suggests "they are lessons in life as seen from the perspective of a subordinated social class" (2001, 149). The same might be said for the fragmented stories encapsulated in rumours and passed through the act of gossiping among year-round residents, and among seasonal residents, as well as occasionally between the two groups.

Friendships in La-La Land

Janna and Pat acquired an older blue pick-up truck to use when they are at their summer home in Lower Amherst Cove. It alleviated the need for a rental car or an airport shuttle and worked well enough to transport them to Bonavista and back, which they did often, stopping along the way at the Ford's convenience store, or at the Pins 'n' Needles craft shop in Lower Amherst Cove where you can buy fresh produce in late summer. These outings are fairly social, which is Janna's domain. Pat prefers to sit in the car, scanning the water for whales, acknowledging the store owners with a quick wave out the window. People were curious. Who is that woman? Why is she always sitting in the truck? Doesn't she like us? What's the story with her? One day, Theresa Ford peered out the window of the Red and White store at Pat, sitting in her truck, and asked Janna, "Is the Queen going to deign to come in and see us today?" It was clear from that exchange that the women were known, colloquially, as Janna and "the Queen."

Later the same summer, Pat uncharacteristically accompanied Janna into Pins 'n' Needles. She was chatting amiably with the owner, Helen, and joked "I guess you're surprised to see the Queen get out of the truck." Helen blanched, shocked to know that Pat was aware of her local name.

"I love it that they did that. I love people with a good sense of humour," Pat said. "So from now on I'm the Queen."

The relationships that develop between year-round and summer residents are based on how people live in their temporary and permanent spaces. Pat's social

interactions are positive and limited. She's clear about how she lives in her temporary space. Jennifer lives in a similar manner. However, social life can be a major component of the summer experience, and this can strain relations between the two groups in surprising ways. Brian Ricks and Ella Heneghan count some of the seasonal residents among their closest friends, but find that their lifestyles tend to clash when the summer social life world meets the reality of daily life.

"We have all these summer style friends, and they're on vacation time, so it becomes a bit of a la-la land," says Brian. "They honestly have no concept of the fact that we work out here. They come in and we have a great social time and we cook and we drink and we do all the fun stuff that you do but we also have to go work from Monday to Friday and people have no concept of what that is."

An extension to the suspended reality explored in Chapter Three, the "la-la-land" mentality is a way of living that contrasts with real life. Regular work-life patterns are forgotten in this context, and the summer residents that Brian and Ella have befriended simply cannot fathom that people in this landscape also carry on a rather mundane and structured Monday to Friday work week.

"There's a disconnect," says Ella. "It is kind of a getaway but it doesn't translate into the regular day-to-day life. It's our home, it's where we live, we have all the same kind of issues as you get in town. Brian works twelve hours-plus days to get work done in preparation for summer."

Shortly after they moved to the area, Brian bought the former schoolhouse in Middle Amherst Cove, a long narrow building, painted red and nestled in the trees along Route 235 (see Figure 5.13). This is where he ran his photography business until he put the building up for sale in 2011 after he and Ella decided to move back to town. When he worked out of the school house, on most days in summer there'd be a red, white and blue 'Open' flag to welcome passers-by into his showroom. During his time at the roadside studio, when tourist season heated up, Brian was socializing with his off-island friends at dinner parties in the evening and constantly greeting out-of-towners who stopped by his worksite. Some were friends and some were customers, and often those lines blurred and they were both, a concept to be explored in the final concluding chapter.

Conclusion

Rumours, gossip and nicknames, like "The Queen" help to navigate previously uncharted waters. There has always been movement in and out of Newfoundland's outports. In the past strangers came by way of the sea, but lately they have arrived overland and some have settled in the landscape. People need to find ways of explaining their presence, so they tell stories. Actions are harder to decipher. When newcomers begin to dictate the laws of the land—barring right-of-ways, invoking the trespassing laws of their homelands, and lobbying against local business interests—tensions will invariably follow. People living in one place for different reasons will not always do so symbiotically. People adapt space to suit their needs. With new residents come new needs. When Upper Amherst Cove was settled, proximity was valued over privacy. Building footprints hint at the relationships between the original inhabitants of the



Figure 5.13. Brian Ricks' studio in the former Middle Amherst Cove school house, 2011.

houses—mostly familial. A number of the new residents chose privacy over proximity to their neighbours. After all, they were merely the strangers next door when the real estate transaction took place. Conversely, summer residents often viewed their closest neighbour as their entrée into the culture, a source of information, help, and a connection to the history of their adopted communities. It is an important relationship that the summer residents foster through various mediums like Christmas cards, email messages, Facebook communication, or monthly telephone calls over the winter months. As several of the year-round and summer residents I spoke with observed, the connection does not run very deep. However, as John Fisher and Eugene Skiffington observed, in outport Newfoundland you can't be "bad friends" with your neighbours regardless of their residency status. Despite the aspects of modernity available to people living in rural Newfoundland, neighbours need to rely on one another. This is as true for year-round residents as it is for seasonal folks. As illustrated in this chapter, seasonal residency would be impossible without the aid of a primary local contact. In a nod to the traditional tale roles outlined by Russian folklorist Vladimir Propp (1968) I refer to these locals as 'helpers' and observed that every summer-home owner I spoke with relied on their services. This can sometimes provide a source of extra income although not every person paid their helper. There is an inherent class system in this relationship regardless of whether any money is exchanged for services. It is a hierarchy reminiscent of the early days of the European fishery when Irish caretakers were left to brave the winter months, guarding the fishing grounds and buildings, and prepping them for the return of the workforce in spring.

A secondary class conflict plays out between the mobile tourists and the summer residents. The transient visitors are seen as a possible threat. There are fears that they might trespass repeatedly on the summer home owner's land, or that they might be noisy and disruptive, but, I suspect that the main concern is that this lower-tier of visitor might be inspired to also buy property in Newfoundland. In Dorst's research in Chadds Fords, he discovered that once the newcomers arrived they busied themselves at fortifying their discovery (1989). I find a similar trend amongst the newcomers to outport Newfoundland.

It is important to note that in some cases summer and year-round residents forge important and life-long friendships. This was not the norm, in my experience, but these relationships exist and deserve to be acknowledged. Mostly, however, these two groups continue to dance, circling each other, acknowledging one another as necessary partners, but rarely coming close enough to touch.

6. Conclusion: “Keeping the Lights On”

“Things are just gone wild with the land. Before it was nothing like that. Now when people are coming in to buy homes it seems like everything has gone haywire, you know what I mean?” –Eugene Skiffington, year-round resident of Upper Amherst Cove

“Summer residents are precarious. As full-time residents, you throw your lot in.” –Jason Holley, year-round resident of Amherst Cove

The Bonavista Social Club

It is just before ten on a Sunday morning in July, 2012, in Upper Amherst Cove. The sun is out and the water is still. No one is working on the land, mowing their lawns, or striding along the banks of the ocean scanning for whales. This calm morning marks a pause before the workweek for some, but for Katie and Shane Hayes, who operate the Bonavista Social Club, it is the dawn of a new business day (see Figure 6.1). The restaurant is a hive of activity and the oven has been fired up since daybreak. Anna Paterson, married to Katie’s brother Denzil, hasn’t had a day off in weeks. When she had signed on to work for her sister-in-law as an assistant baker, server, and general dogsbody for the restaurant, it wasn’t clear if she would have enough hours to round out a full week’s pay. Katie is pragmatic, cautious, and she hadn’t foreseen the restaurant’s wild success.

“My business plan was laughable,” Katie told me, recounting how they had banked on operating a few days a week and how they had supplemented by taking on catering jobs. I had joined her at the bakery for coffee in the few moments before the doors opened to the onslaught of tourists and locals clamoring for bagels and bread, and, closer to lunch, pizzas, salads, daily soup specials and local berry sorbets (See Figure 6.2). While we talked, Anna was in the background arranging the baked goods by the



Figure 6.1. A field sketch of the Bonavista Social Club, July 2012.



Figure 6.2. Katie Hayes (top, courtesy of the Bonavista Social Club) and Anna Paterson (bottom) inside the Bonavista Social Club restaurant, 2012.

counter and setting up for the day while a journalist from a national magazine, here to do a story on the restaurant, shined silverware at a corner table. In the spring, around the time that the restaurant opened, Katie's moose burger landed on the cover of *Reader's Digest*, chosen by the magazine as one of Canada's top five burgers. The national press buoyed interest from afar, but the restaurant's popularity was won locally through word-of-mouth. The people who live nearby are curious enough to at least check the place out, and the tourists' dining options are limited on the peninsula so if they stay more than a few days, they are bound to wind up here. Small notices on the breakfast tables over at Fisher's Loft in Port Rexton, a 35-minute drive across the Peninsula, also provide the restaurant with a steady stream of hungry patrons. People were waiting hours for a table over the dinner hours so by early summer the Bonavista Social Club started taking reservations.

The day before I met with Katie I had been out walking along the ocean when a car came to a stop by my side and the passenger rolled down the window. "Is there..." the woman paused as if the question was so ludicrous it didn't warrant asking. "Is there, um, a bakery around here?" She looked skeptical, embarrassed, as she eyed the sparsely populated landscape. If they had kept driving along the shore, then rounded the hill, they would have seen the red and white clapboard building with its cheery sign (open Wednesday to Sunday 10-8), the hanging pots filled with flowers that sway above the entrance, and the wrap-around garden of lettuce, onions and garlic scapes, and, directly across the road, a scattering of goats grazing on the grassy pasture. The real indication that something was afoot, however, would be the line of five to fifteen parked cars that

stretched from the top of the hill by Harry's house to the shoreline over the lunch and dinner hours (see Figure 6.3).

You can forgive the trepidation of the tourists seeking a bakery in this tiny settlement. It is also a surprise, for me as a researcher, to see the business in action although I had known about it months before visiting in July, 2012. The addition of a busy restaurant changes the feel, flow and atmosphere of the small community. Katie told me that she had long considered doing something with the building below her father's workshop that had acted as a furniture showroom for many years. With her training at the Culinary Institute of Canada in Prince Edward Island and her recent stint working under celebrated chef, Jeremy Charles, at Raymond's in St. John's, opening a restaurant and bakery made sense.

Walking into this landscape two years ago, I wouldn't have expected an endeavor like this to be successful. But I was also under the impression that there had been a mass evacuation of the population. I would have assumed that no one was around to start a business. I saw the moratorium as a monumental and sudden shift. In my naiveté, the fishery died the same day Crosbie made his announcement, and then everybody left. The truth is that the fishery was in decline for a long time before that and people always left, and sometimes they came back, and sometimes other people arrived and bought the homes where these people once lived. I have come to understand that it is a well-worn pattern, and not just here, but in all rural areas. This is evident when I ask Katie if Upper Amherst Cove has changed a lot since she was a child.



Figure 6.3. Two views of cars parked outside the restaurant.

“No, it’s not different,” she says with a shrug. “Older people going to homes, people from away buying houses, it’s pretty similar to how it was when I grew up here.”

This is the new generation; young people who came of age during the years preceding and following the cod moratorium. They are ambitious, but they are also relaxed. They call their home “the Cove,” a shortened and informal moniker that suggests a level of familiarity amongst speakers because, of course, there are many coves in Newfoundland. They understand the severity of the employment problem, but they also know their post-industrial landscape in a way their parents never could. For people like Katie, or her brother Denzil and his wife Anna, or Jennifer Brown, or Jason Holley and Rosalind Ford, this is the beginning. The industry that is laid out before them is not about fish—it is about tourists—and this younger cohort is adept at maneuvering in the consumerist world.³⁵

“People are figuring out ways to build their lives here,” Katie says. Her parents, Mike and Lorie, might be the earliest example of a new wave of settlers: amenity migrants drawn to the rural lifestyle by interest not industry. It wasn’t easy. Mike worked at carpentry for many years before his business started to turn a profit. He stayed home with the kids until they went to school, alleviating the need for childcare, while Lorie’s steady paycheck from her job as a physiotherapist kept them afloat.

³⁵ Not everyone from this region who wants to stay is able to do so. I am referring to the small group of people that have been successful, or, who are hoping to be successful in their effort to remain in the region where they grew up.

When Katie left home at eighteen she never envisioned returning to the Cove but after getting married and having her daughter, Claragh, in 2011, moving back to Upper Amherst Cove looked appealing. The restaurant, childcare, gardens, animals, everything is interconnected.

“Sometimes I’ll call up to the house and say, ‘Quick, Mom, I need help making pizzas,’ or over to the woodshop, ‘Quick, Dad, I need more bowls turned,’” Katie says. “I couldn’t do this without them.”

In the summer of 2012, a volunteer farmhand from New Zealand, hired through the global organization, WWOOF (World Wide Opportunities on Organic Farms), helped with the livestock, gardens and bees. Rose Wareham babysat Claragh when Lorie was at work and Katie was busy serving food. Mary, one of the Irish girls, helped with everything from serving to childcare when she was there over the summer months.

Katie’s description of interdependence amongst family and neighbours reminds me of my many conversations with Wilson about the past. He always stressed that people relied on each other and that the inshore fishery was interconnected rather than a series of individuals working for themselves. The current set-up is not the same, certainly, but some aspects are borrowed from the patterns of the previous inhabitants.

There is no fish on the menu at the Bonavista Social Club the weekend that we visited Upper Amherst Cove in July 2012. With the restaurant’s emphasis on locally sourced and sustainable food, this confuses the occasional tourist, but, these days, fish is not a sustainable resource. Pizza, however, is plentiful. Still, fish plays a big role, even if

it is absent from the daily specials. It was the fish that lured European settlers here in the first place. Without the fish there would be no Upper Amherst Cove, no homes, no settlement, and no former family homes for outsiders to buy. I asked Katie if the summer-home owners in the area played a role in the success of her business. The restaurant was the driving conversation topic amongst the summer folks in the summer of 2012, and, yes, they made up a large part of the clientele (although Katie stressed that half her customers were local). Bev DeWolfe ate there six times during her two months in the Cove that summer. Gini and David were regular patrons as well.

The same summer that the Bonavista Social Club arrived on the scene, Catherine Beaudette opened an art gallery in Duntara. The space is an old saltbox home, nearly falling down, that Catherine painted in tri-coloured vertical stripes (see Figure 6.4). She held the first opening in mid-July showcasing a mix of work by local and seasonal residents. Other projects of this nature have come and gone, so it is unclear if the gallery will be a permanent change. Still, like Upper Amherst Cove, Duntara is off the main road and perhaps a few tourists who might have skipped the small outpost will arrive there for the promise of the oddly painted modern art gallery in the community. What this will do to improve the community economically is uncertain because Duntara does not have a museum, or a variety store, or any commercial retail space catering to locals or tourists.

The introduction of a popular restaurant in Upper Amherst Cove changes the social flow, increases the traffic, and lures strangers to a place they may otherwise never have noticed. This is a change, but it is not the only evolution I witnessed over my three



Figure 6.4. Catherine Beaudette's tri-coloured art gallery in Duntara, July 2012.

summers in the tiny settlement. There was movement amongst homeowners, both year-round and summer. In the summer of 2011, as previously mentioned, the foundations of a pre-fab house were laid on the footprint of the wooden home that Wilson cleared away the summer before. Bundles of wood and insulation with labels like 'kitchen' and 'bedroom' were delivered by a behemoth truck that reversed out of the Cove rather than looping around the road and attempting to climb the steep hill. By summer 2012 the house was close to being finished and the owner had plans to live there year-round (see Figure 6.5). A couple from Ontario bought Dallas and Albert Mouland's house after we had stayed there, adding another summer-home to the community. A second seasonal-home was about to go on the market by the time I had left in 2012 although the owners declined to share the listing price.

Then there were the usual changes that happen over time. The Newman's Cove post office shuttered and closed in 2011. Postmistress Wanda Bragg retired and her superiors decided not to refill her position when she left, which means that the people who live in the Five Coves need to drive to Bonavista to use a post office although mail delivery continues and post office boxes exist in each town.

Wesley Shirran, the Justice of the Peace who had helped me fill out my marriage license and encouraged me to forge my husband's signature (because he was "up on the Labrador") had died over the year. He would no longer be the person appointed to interview the elderly folks in the Cove if a new buyer came in demanding a deed. This job, like so many of the responsibilities concerning newcomers, now falls to Harry. He



Figure 6.5. Pre-fab house built on the footprint of older home in Upper Amherst Cove, 2012.

has been an official commissioner of oaths and marriage since his papers arrived late in the summer of 2010. He married four couples in his first year on the job including childhood sweethearts who had reconnected in their golden years and a pair of doctors from Iraq who run a practice in Bonavista. He keeps a photo album with a picture of each couple beside a copy of their marriage certificate. Although he is able to perform the ceremony anywhere, after their initial appointment, every couple asked to be married in Upper Amherst Cove.

One of the big social changes that happened in 2011 was that Brian Ricks and Ella Heneghan moved back to St. John's, although they return on weekends and stay for longer periods in summer. Brian's photo studio in the red school house in Middle Amherst Cove was for sale. Their decision to move back was hard on the community but was particularly difficult for the younger residents who had looked at them as a model for successful rural living. The social world is small in the Five Coves that line the north shore of the cape, and a departure is a sharply felt loss.

Jason Holley and Rosalind Ford understand this feeling well after living here for four years. "We're seeing lifelong residents giving up and people from the States and people from Ontario moving in," Jason says "That's just sort of inherently sad." He considers this thought for a while, and then adds: "But who knows the next people to move in might be the next Irish girls and they'll be lovely."

It is only in the past year that their neighbours stopped asking Jason and Rosalind if they were going to stick around over the winter. It is a forgivable assumption, as

summer residency is a common pattern these days. Their presence, however unorthodox the artist lifestyle might appear, is important to the people who live nearby.

“It’s a very no-nonsense world that we live in and we’re artists.” Rosalind says, laughing. “We don’t have a job to go to in the morning. Most people don’t understand it.”

“But we’re young and we’re living here year-round so they’re just happy we’re keeping the lights on,” Jason adds.

Both Jason and Rosalind take on contracts teaching art in schools in the winter through a provincial arts program. Rosalind makes jewelry and plush animals that she sells locally and provincially, and she also works as a field biologist. Jason makes jewelry as well, and recently his ceramic work has been garnering accolades across North America. They are both successful, but they couldn’t support their lifestyle in St. John’s where colleagues live with multiple roommates and take on filler jobs to pay for rent and groceries. The low cost of living was one of the draws—with monthly payments of \$240, they will have their mortgage paid off before they turn forty. That is if they stay, if they defy the creeping loneliness of winter, and remain here despite the outward flow of their peers. Like Denzil and Anna Paterson, their main social contacts, who decided to move to Alberta in 2013. Jason posted their house listing on Facebook to help promote the sale, adding a few caveats:

For the record, I’m heartbroken to see this listing. That said, this is an incredible small home for anyone, especially anyone interested in year round rural living. Fully renovated by Denzil and Anna Paterson, it is the house we all say we want to buy and renovate, with the renovations

already finished! Please spread this around (especially to anyone who likes board games in the winter).

Jason's post illustrates one of the main challenges that he faces as a young person living in rural Newfoundland: the players keep changing and often they are never replaced.

Clients and Customers: Summer Residents and Small Scale Economy

The summer residency trend plays a supporting role for the young couples that I speak with who decide to live in rural Newfoundland. Just as the seasonal residents fill the tables at the Bonavista Social Club, they consume, with voracious enthusiasm, local crafts. Jason illustrates this point:

Frankly, to be pragmatic, a lot of the summer residents are also customers. Even though we don't have a store open yet, people are asking us, "oh you make things? Oh really?" So, people buy off the kitchen table often enough. Even the Irish girls last summer, all of their souvenirs that they brought home were from me and that's really nice. We could do relatively well just off of the summer residents saying that there's this lovely quaint artist couple who live where they summer, so, from that pragmatic practical brain, I'm starting to see them as...hmmm, let's just let them know I'm doing this project, on the off chance... So when we open our shop I imagine that the summer residents will be our regulars.

Jason points out that when the summer residents return to their permanent homes they can display souvenirs made by the "quaint artist couple who live where they summer." The object—a printed plush puffin made by Rosalind, or silver chainmail earrings crafted by Jason—gives the consumer bragging rights. Like the houses, the arts and crafts provide a connection to the cultural landscape. In the same vein, most temporary residents have photographs by Brian Ricks hanging on the walls of their summer homes and at least one piece of furniture from Paterson Woodworking. I am not

excluding myself from this group, as admittedly, I own a puffin made by Rosalind, a settle made in Mike's shop, and a framed photograph taken by Brian Ricks. I also like how these inanimate objects connect me to the landscape where I spent several summers. I am aware that this is a one-way connection, but the mementos feel tangible to me all the same, as I am sure they do to the summer residents.

In her work on the history and construction of Appalachian folk arts Jane S. Becker observes that the folk art produced in the 1930s "reflected the aesthetic preferences of urban customers rather than its producers; the goods that mountain craftspeople made were not commonly used in mountain homes (contrary to popular advertisements), but they did fill needs in urban households" (1998, 211).

Similarly, the work produced by local craftspeople in the Bonavista region is not marketed to people who live in the region year-round. Certainly craftspeople collected and displayed the work of their peers, but mostly the prices and styles reflected the tastes of tourists, and summer-home owners.

Ireland: A Cautionary Tale

In the summer of 1999 I waited tables at Dublin's Planet Hollywood restaurant that once stood at the top of Grafton Street. I lived with five roommates in a three-storey apartment building that stood kitty-corner from Christchurch Cathedral, a marked stop on the tourist route as evidenced by the green and cream-coloured double-decker buses that slinked by our living room windows—the seated tourists on level with our couch, their eyes peering into a typical Irish flat populated with a rotating cast of foreigners that

included Canadians, Finns, a French fishmonger and one roommate of indeterminate ethnicity who might have been a traveler although we never find out because she lasts a scant two weeks before stealing a few of our belongings and leaving in the middle of the night. Ireland was in the upswing of a boom and from my third-floor bedroom window the view was cluttered with cranes in place to build multistoried towers that would be filled with I.T. workers. The unprecedented economic growth was at its peak. Most of my customers were tourists and blue collar workers, so the wealthy economy didn't reflect in the tips I took home at the end of the night. Tourism was booming, however, and the restaurant, along with Dublin's bars and streets were packed. The hotels were bursting with guests, and in mid-July the city ran out of water and we couldn't flush our toilet for two days. Ireland was at a tipping point. On days off, when I had journeyed out "beyond the Pale," as the British once referred to the rural areas outside Dublin, it was clear that the outer regions were experiencing their own boom. In Kerry, where I spent most of my time, there was a mix of poverty and wealth. Middle-class tourists trampled the heather of the Kerry Way and wealthy Germans and tony Dubliners were buying up cheap coastal properties. The local economy—shops, jobs, tour operators—saw an echo effect.

Bernadette Quinn writes that continental Europeans sought second-home properties in Ireland in the 1970s and 1980s because the uninhabited homes and rural countryside coupled with low real estate values were desirable, and because Ireland symbolized the pastoral, nostalgic countryside that they were seeking while at the same time temporarily escaping the more urbanized and industrialized regions of Europe where they lived. As the country's GDP and consumer spending rose sharply in the heady days

of the “Celtic Tiger,” so too did the desire to own a piece of the rural countryside. For the first time Ireland saw a high level of in-migration, in particular from Poland after it joined the EU in 2004 (Quinn 2004). For a nation with a history of occupation, perhaps the urge to purchase a piece of rural Ireland was also related to notions of identity. The figures are not well documented but anecdotal evidence suggests that domestic second-home ownership rose rapidly during this time. From 1995 to 2000 a government sanctioned tax incentive meant that 5,300 holiday homes sprung up in clusters along the Irish coastline. Then, financial crisis enveloped most of the Western world and crippled Ireland’s galloping economy, wiping out the growth in holiday homes (Quinn 2004, 120).

Norris and Winston write that “given that Ireland’s decade long house price boom has recently ended, there is a danger that a flood of empty and second homes to the market may undermine housing markets in these regions (Norris and Winston 2008, 1320). Ball’s survey of housing markets across Europe cautioned that local markets with a high proportion of second homes may be much more volatile than “primary” housing markets and “the longer the second homes market booms, the greater is the chance that shock will lead to serious short-term declines” (Ball 2005, 35).

In May 2011, following the demise of the Celtic Tiger, I visited County Kerry and County Clare, mostly for vacation, but also to explore research interests in second-home development in the area. In numerous visits to Kerry over the past twelve years I had become familiar with the stone ruins of famine villages that dot the mountains and roadsides of the county. In 2011 there was a new category of abandoned building on the

landscape—the extinct holiday home. While the seaside county councils have included second-home development issues in their development plans since 1999 it is unlikely that private buyers heeded the sanctions in place that might have prevented this glut of holiday homes. Quinn writes of the development plan in County Clare, saying that they “generally do not permit isolated houses for use as holiday homes or second homes in areas under development pressure, in vulnerable areas or along scenic routes” (Quinn 2004, 121). There is a near apocalyptic feel in some of the seaside resorts along the famed Ring of Kerry. We picnicked at a deserted fishing lodge on the outskirts of Waterville, built for an upscale clientele that has evaporated along with their fat bank accounts. We passed abandoned rural cottages, newly fabricated or renovated from the original famine ruins. We discovered two of these newly constructed homes, unfinished, sitting side-by-side in a mountain valley at the end of a back country road. The owner had painted ‘for sale/rent’ right onto the whitewashed exterior (see Figure 6.6). The message had an air of desperation about it. Who will happen on these homes by chance? No one but the farmers who use these roads to take their cattle to pasture, and they are probably not in the market for a holiday home.

What were we doing here traipsing around the Irish countryside amidst these various ruins? Was it really the research aspect that had me barreling through these mountains with my baby strapped to my chest? No. My husband, four-month old daughter and I were visiting my parents’ second-home in Ireland which, for a short while,



Figure 6.6. Empty, half-finished holiday homes for sale in post-Celtic Tiger Co. Kerry, Ireland, spring 2011.

could have made a huge impact on my inheritance but for now, remains a nice place to visit on holiday, a place where we know the neighbours well (after 15 years), a culture that we identify with and find within it a means of connecting with our Irish heritage.³⁶ A place both recognizable and exotic. Sound familiar?

Ireland and Newfoundland are very often compared, at least by researchers on the west side of the ocean. Could rural Ireland serve as a cautionary tale for outport Newfoundland? Dublin, in the Celtic Tiger days, was not unlike today's St. John's where oil money is evident in the new businesses, coffee shops, new architecture and house prices in the city. I couldn't help but wonder if I was looking at the future of rural Newfoundland as I drove around the Ring of Kerry and through the mountain passes and saw the abandoned holiday home developments. They once symbolized a nation's success, but now they stand as a stark reminder of its failure.

The Future

The biggest misconception I had when setting out on that freezing cold May morning in 2010 to begin fieldwork in Upper Amherst Cove was that rural Newfoundland is an endangered species in need of saving. I had seen the dismal census reports that focused on outmigration and declining numbers. I had read the literature that followed in the wake of the cod moratorium, and the resettlement program before that. My early forays into the landscape were fleeting and I came away with a feeling of isolation. Long white-knuckled driving stretches between gas stations on the Trans-Canada Highway left me wondering about the spaces between communities. Finally, the

³⁶ This house was sold, quietly and modestly, in the spring of 2013.

remains of fishing family homes juxtaposed with the spiffy new summer places, or, modern prefab homes looked, frankly, a little depressing. But these observations only skimmed the surface. On a deeper level the landscape revealed itself to be fruitful, sustainable, sociable and welcoming. The gas stations existed in smaller coves off the highway, the communities were never really that far apart, and the homes, deteriorating or completely repurposed housed rich back stories that spoke of the past and also the future.

What does the future of Upper Amherst Cove and the other small communities along the Bonavista Peninsula look like? It is a question I asked a lot of the participants in this study. Mike Paterson doesn't believe the landscape will be littered with ghost towns. He also doesn't see these places becoming summer-only communities. "There's a new reality and it replaces the old one and the new one offers lots of opportunity to people who want to live in a place like this," Mike says.

Other year-round residents aren't sure. Harry says he's split fifty-fifty on what the future holds when I ask him. He talks about a few people moving to the peninsula, building homes, and, possibly staying the winter. Who stays over the winter delineates the locals from the temporary residents, separates the wheat from the chaff. John Ford tells me that there's not much land left to buy in Upper Amherst Cove, and then he considers the fate of his own home, having no children to bequeath it to. "Someone will definitely maintain the place, either family members or..." John pauses for a while. "Then again, things can change."

People will sometimes ask me what I think the future might look like for this region, based on my research over the years. Most scientists don't believe the fish stocks are replenishing as had been hoped for at the onset of the moratorium.³⁷ The cod sanctions were put in place twenty years ago, but that is really only a blip in the 500 year-long narrative of European settlement. I don't see the communities on the Bonavista Peninsula turning back into the fishing villages they once were. As Katie Hayes observed, life doesn't look all that different from when she was growing up in Upper Amherst Cove, which leads me to believe that the changes to the landscape will take place slowly. Tourism will continue to grow in the region, helping to employ some of the younger generation of rural inhabitants, but it too has its limits. When the next major natural resource collapses—the world's oil supply—tourism and second-home ownership will be some of its many victims. Rural Newfoundland will be a post-post-industrial landscape and, like before, its inhabitants will need to reinvent themselves. But, as John said, "then again, things can change," so I can't be certain. I can't forecast what the future might look like, but, standing at the end of this research project, I can make a few suggestions that I feel could help weather any impending storms.

As discussed in Chapters Three and Five, there are unofficial gatekeepers who regulate the influx of outsiders in the small outport communities, but rural Newfoundland could benefit from a larger, official gatekeeper, namely the provincial government. Sanctions limiting seasonal residency, similar to Prince Edward Island's Land Protections

³⁷ On the twentieth anniversary of the cod moratorium George Rose, director of the Centre for Fisheries Ecosystems Research at Memorial University, said his team saw evidence that the cod stocks might rebound (MacDonald 2012).

Act, as discussed in Chapter Five, could address the issue of inflated real estate costs. Fewer outsiders buying property might help to even the playing field. Local-based home buyers, as I heard over and over from the people I interviewed, simply cannot compete. The market is heavily weighted in favour of the wealthy mainlanders but if the locals get pushed out, the seasonal residents will soon follow. As I point out in Chapter Five, without locals to facilitate arrivals, departures and the time in-between, summer residency is impossible.

Seasonal residency helps to bolster the economy although, without paying property taxes, the financial boost likely doesn't differ from that of a tourist on vacation. Ultimately, summer residency doesn't contribute to the health of the community because the temporary residents use the landscape like fleeting guests, despite years of returning to their homes. Permanent residents are needed for communities to grow, and perhaps financial incentives for young people to live in rural areas could bolster this. Further, placing a cap on the number of summer homes available to purchase in each outport might be a means of boosting year round occupancy. Prince Edward Island's Land Protection Act prohibits people from outside the province buying giant swaths of oceanfront property, but based on the comments by the younger generation in Upper Amherst Cove, I don't think this is the answer in Newfoundland. People are more concerned with the way the homes are used, not where the owners were born. A law governing residency patterns (favouring primary over seasonal) might be more useful. How will the new home owner contribute to the local economy and social dynamic? If they plan to live in the home year-round, I would say exponentially more so than a

summer-only resident. Perhaps the provincial government could offer tax breaks to people buying primary residences in rural areas. It is not an outlandish suggestion. Only a handful of people would take them up on it. Further, a blanket property tax in the province would deter people from buying cheap old buildings and then never using them. Housing shouldn't be dispensable, nor should land, or people.

Conclusion

In the first chapter of this thesis, I quoted Jacqueline Simpson's observation that "the folklorist, unlike the structural mythologist, is not dealing with a closed corpus of texts. His decision to cease collecting and begin interpreting must be made at some arbitrarily chosen moment and his interpretation therefore always risks being overthrown by subsequent discoveries" (1983, 224). What I initially related to in Simpson's observation was the "arbitrarily chosen moment" at which I needed to put my microphone down and begin writing. It didn't work that way, exactly. My final fieldwork visit and interview took place two and a half years after I began and my relationships with the seasonal and year-round residents of Upper Amherst Cove is on-going. Over the three year stretch of this research there have been deaths, births, marriages, and constant movement to and from the Cove. I hadn't expected to keep returning to my field site, but rather take a snapshot of one summer and work with all the data collected within that period. However, there was so much change and it was all so significant. I couldn't let it go. I do feel that the inclusion of the Bonavista Social Club was imperative. It is a testament, not only to the new Newfoundland, but to the younger generation. They are the third wave of people included in this study (or fifth or sixth depending on who they

are and if you count the first settlers). Now, at the other end of the project, I relate more to the latter half of Simpson's observation. My findings *are* "at risk of being overthrown by subsequent discoveries" and by future researchers brimming with new questions. In the end, that is the ultimate goal of a project like this. It provides a base from which further research can be endeavored.

With this in mind, I've drawn several conclusions from this work that I hope can serve as a guidepost or examples for future ethnographers. 1) Immersive fieldwork provides a rich basis for analysis. I would urge scholars to undertake what my colleague had deemed the "old school" approach to research in the field. The smaller aspects of life's patterns—the conversations at the post office, the names of the local dogs, a failed strawberry crop—are as crucial to an ethnography as the recorded interview and these details cannot be gleaned over the phone or through an email correspondence. 2) The Internet is an excellent tool for ethnographic researchers. In my case, through the fieldwork blog I kept on CBC.ca, it provided me with a platform to reach a wider population and also to further ties with the people directly involved in the study. It helped people see me as familiar rather than a stranger and this acceptance facilitated several contacts and interviews. Having an Internet presence legitimized my role as researcher and helped people to understand the project. 3) The study of cultural intersections can provide the basis for a layered ethnographic study but it is important to draw from both cultures in research and analysis. This was difficult to achieve, but to the best of my ability I allowed both the seasonal and year-round residents have a voice in this study. To accomplish this I drew on my experiences in magazine and newspaper journalism where

the goal is to include as many points of view to a story as possible in an effort to inch closer to the truth and to provide layers of context and meaning. This is a many-sided tale and I hope that this is apparent in the style, content, and conclusions of this thesis.

At the onset to this research I set out to discover how sense of place is constructed—imagined and reimagined—by people with varying levels of commitment and historical ties to the landscape. In his ethnography of Ballymenone in Northern Ireland, Henry Glassie concludes that to be part of the greater narrative of a place a person, like the natural landscape, must grow there:

Connection to the life force of mythic events also comes of involvement in place. But it begins at birth, not in willed action. Anyone can claim responsibility for progress by acting, by cutting grass, but only those who grow like grass, who have been here since a time before personal volition, can join myth. The past lies beyond human intention in the eternal design. It is served when people who are part of the environment, people like Master Corrigan and Michael Boyle, unlike Mrs. Owens and Mr. Flanagan—people who are ‘native,’ tell the inchoate tale of place. When Hugh Patrick Owens begins the story of the ford with his own genealogy, he merges with the Arney and the battle as part of this locale. He is naturally responsible for his story. He is to be believed (Glassie 1982, 201).

We don’t yet know if the summer-home owners are drifters in the rural landscape, or if they will play a role in shaping the story of outport Newfoundland’s future. Their existence might be small within the grand narrative of this landscape, or they might be the catalyst for greater change. It is possible that the summer residency trend might represent an overarching theme of inward migration. As Glassie observes in Ballymenone, I also discovered a distinction between those who act within a landscape and those who grow from it in the Bonavista Peninsula. The stories that newcomers tell

are contemporary and rooted in discovery. The stories that locals tell are also contemporary, but they are rooted in history. For example, a new summer-home owner in Upper Amherst Cove, like Jennifer St. Pierre or like David and Gini Harrington, could tell me that Wilson dismantled two homes over the summer of 2010, but they likely couldn't name the former occupants. Wilson, in contrast, is related to the former occupants, can produce the names of their children from memory, and accurately conjure where the staircase once stood. Wilson, like Eugene and Willie, and in the newer generation, Rosalind and Jennifer Brown, sees a level of complexity in the landscape—both aesthetic and social—invisible to newcomers. Kent C. Ryden writes that outsiders approach landscape on a superficial, aesthetic level, and are concerned with “surfaces, the things a place contains” (1993, 43). In contrast, locals see layers of history, narrative and meaning. In my research I discovered that architecture (the surfaces) and material culture (the things) are the newcomer's initial entrée into the cultural landscape. It is easier to engage with objects than people. You can't buy a connection to a cultural or natural landscape but you can purchase a historical home. Where my own interpretation diverges from Glassie and Ryden is that I discovered that a highly developed sense of place exists for the summer home owners in the small communities that dot the Bonavista Peninsula. Their connection to the people and the landscape was often inflated, or one-sided, or even imagined, but it was none-the-less very real to the second-home owners, and further, their connection to Newfoundland played a role in shaping their identity. While they may mostly engage with the surfaces and things of the region, and they do not play a starring role in the landscape's mythology, the summer-home owners included their discovery

and subsequent settlement in Newfoundland as important aspects of their life narratives. For Jennifer St. Pierre, finding a home in Newfoundland represented the endpoint of a life-long spiritual quest. She had seen photographs of the province as a young girl, and despite having no family or historic ties to the region, she felt drawn there. A pull she described as “divine.” The journey and subsequent settlement represent a major part of her identity. Catherine Beaudette’s concern for heritage, for what she perceives as the history of her country, is a secular mission but is just as significant to her construction of identity as Jennifer’s religious quest. These constructs of identity should not be dismissed. Approaching this project, I had originally perceived the relationship between the second-home owners and their landscape as tenuous and superficial. To an outsider, like me, and even to the locals, this how it appears. However, on a deeper level, and from the perspective of the second-home owners, the relationship that they have to their new-found landscape is rooted in a sense of place. The outpost that they inhabit is not the same place that locals like Eugene and Doris, Wanita, or Harry and Rose live in. That shouldn’t diminish or disrespect how deeply connected these newcomers feel to Upper Amherst Cove, or Duntara, or Bonavista. Identity and geography are inseparable. This is as true for the ensconced locals whose roots go back to the island’s first settlers as it is for the mainlanders who spend two weeks a year at their place by the sea.

The arrival narratives that I recorded revealed a trajectory of personal growth, discovery, adversity and success, and were guided, in the minds of the tellers, by fate or divine guidance. The successful procurement of the home was almost always linked to the seeker’s strength of character. They are able to outwit or charm the gatekeepers and

by doing so they ultimately win the prize—a house with a view of the ocean. The arrival narratives are discovery tales. The protagonists explore new territory and subsequently, a new home. This act of discovering, as the history of any explorers—from Cabot to amateur mountaineers—will show, is naturally followed by a feeling of entitlement. In my research, I find that this sentiment of entitlement is rooted in class.

Although the summer residents that I interviewed for this project attempted to tread carefully on the culture of their adopted region, there is an inherent tension in the class and social differences between them and the locals. There are two different belief systems concerning land use. The concepts of land ownership and trespassing are the main issues, and both of these are rooted in a sense of entitlement on the part of the second-home owners. Land having monetary value is a relatively recent idea in rural Newfoundland. Trespassing laws, while not unheard of, don't hold much sway in the outport communities. On the mainland you would walk with trepidation on any piece of turf that might belong to another person for fear of reprimand. Despite their most careful efforts, newcomers to the outport landscape will upset the balance by exercising their core values. If these newcomers stayed a while, however, they would learn the rhythms and adapt. The Patersons, people from the mainland, now a mainstay of the community quickly realized that it was important to keep quiet and observe. As Mike told me in the summer of 2010, they learned to suppress the urge to fix up, to save, to change, or to preserve. They learned to accept and respect the means by which people live in this modern culture. Through this, they were able to adapt and thrive.

This message to the temporary residents from long-term come-from-aways, or NBCs (Newfoundlanders-by-choice), also works as a reminder to the researcher. Culture is modern and ancient and people's lives are rich, varied, and worthy of study no matter what their background. Folklorists look for patterns in human behavior and examine how they manifest, in creativity, beliefs and rituals, among other aspects of everyday life. These facets of humanity are universal. What I discovered in my discussions with second home-owners is that their arrival narratives were well honed pieces of folk culture, as worthy of preservation as the local knowledge I gleaned from hanging around with Wilson.

Approaching this research project, I was aware that the newcomers had attached themselves to the material culture, food, and architecture of outport Newfoundland. However, I was surprised by the role they played in shaping local folk culture. Folklore is dynamic, ever-changing, rarely static, and so while unexpected, it made immediate sense that these temporary residents played a role in the stories that locals told. They were fodder for gossip and rumour. The local place names that I encountered over three years included surnames that arrived with the first European settlers (Brown's Road) and monikers that demarcate the homes of summer people (The Nun's Place). In the depths of winter Mary and Stacey's home is still the "Irish House" despite its dark windows. The summer-home owner's renovation choices acted as conversation points. "It's not what you would want, but it's what they want," is what the contractor told his wife when they visited the summer home he had been remodeling. The restoration efforts can be seen as foolish and some projects border on ridiculous, like the tri-coloured gallery in Duntara or

the pink house with eight doors in Port Rexton, but they provide fertile ground for discussion. Class, background and beliefs are inherent aspects of the architectural restoration projects carried out by the newcomers, and these choices are tied to identity.

Regardless of how their presence shapes local folk knowledge, or how their home in Newfoundland defines them, the “deeper conversations” that Jason Holley referenced, will remain absent from the summer person’s repertoire. It is worrisome, not just on a micro level, within the region of this study, but on a much larger scale. Many of us are not having deeper conversations, and not just with our neighbours, but with the natural world. In this vein, journalist Allan Casey writes:

Where previous generations held the same job for life, now people moved across the country at the drop of a hat, to earn another five thousand a year, to flee downsizing, to chase booms. And in so doing, they lost track of nature. Parachuting into a new place, we cannot know what the natural space is supposed to be like, or how fast it may be changing, or what burdens we ourselves are placing on it. True stewardship of wild and semi-wild places is borne of long familiarity with their innate patterns and rhythms (2009, 34).

Summer residency compounds the issues of movement that Casey writes about. This thesis scratches the surface of the problems with amenity migration, but further research needs to be carried out on the implications of this movement.

This study differs from previous rural-based ethnographies, like those by Pocius (2000) and Glassie (1982), because it includes the voices of a transient population. These voices belong to a wealthy group of semi-nomadic people who will never spend a winter on the island, but whose presence and absence are shaping the social and cultural fabric of the people who live in the communities where they own property. They are an

introduced species to Newfoundland. The locals have ties to the earlier settlers, and yet, they too were originally from a distant land. The difference is that, as Jason Holley said, the locals “throw their lot in.” Knowing a place and its people in only one season, and even then, temporarily, is a one-dimensional relationship. I think of the developers who marred the landscape of County Kerry with their holiday homes and wonder if they should be charged with cultural disfigurement. What did they know of the spaces they set about irrevocably changing? They have no ties to that region and so they will never be back to clean the half-finished messes they left in the wake of their exodus. This is the legacy of transience. My hope is that this won’t be the story of rural Newfoundland, and this hope is born of the deep sense of place and connection that the second-home owners professed for their adopted landscape. At this stage, we can’t know how the recent migration patterns on the Bonavista Peninsula will shape the future of this region. What we do know is that the storied landscape is made up of fleeting and permanent characters and they all have a part to play in the cultural narrative of this place.

7. Epilogue: Upper Amherst Cove, Newfoundland, July 28, 2012

It is sundown and I am walking with my husband and pushing my one-year-old daughter in her stroller along the road that runs parallel to the water in Upper Amherst Cove. The goal of this walk is for Sadie to fall asleep so that we might simply roll her up to the campfire at the Paterson's place. Both Mike and Shane are celebrating their birthdays tonight. The lights from the restaurant are blinking out the open front door. It is past eight, so it is closed but there is still a lot of work to do: preparing the baking for the next day, wiping down the counters and the grill, cooling the oven. Every few paces we stop to talk to someone. Wendy, a summer resident from Toronto, is doing her nightly tour around the cove, her cell phone in her hand, lifting it, pointing it in different directions, trying varying elevations in an effort to get service. She stops to chat before walking briskly off, staring into the tiny screen. As we round the corner and head up the hill that demarcates the Other Side we run into Wilson. He stoops to play with Sadie, tickles her chin, "Hello pretty girl, how's the pretty girl tonight?" Sadie laughs, nowhere near sleep, delighted by the attention. A car slows and the driver rolls down his window to inquire about the fish that are jumping in the bay tonight.

"What kind are they?" he asks.

A stranger, he is clearly directing his questions at Wilson and not towards us. An octogenarian, a wise sage, tradition bearer, trove of traditional knowledge, these are what this man sees in Wilson. He is not wrong. They debate about what might be in the water before the man says good night and drives off. He is a restaurant patron, surely, or maybe

one of the people from the area who come here to watch the sun set over the ocean. We make plans with Wilson to drop in and say goodbye the next morning. Tomorrow we are all heading back to St. John's, Wilson for a week or two, and us, for a month before leaving the province altogether. Wilson heads towards the water and we continue climbing the hill and when we are halfway there, we stop to catch our breath and turn to face the ocean. Down at the foot of the hill Wilson stands gazing out across the bay, one foot propped on the metal guard rail. I wonder what it is like to look at the same view for eighty years—the soft blue-grey hump of King's Cove that stretches across the water at the horizon line, the flash of the lighthouse, the shape of the bay. The people change, in this landscape, and the architecture, too, is impermanent. We all leave our mark, in some form, on the landscape we inhabit, even if only for a short time. At the end of my family's first summer in Upper Amherst Cove, Brian Ricks joked that we had officially become part of the story. He puts on a thick Newfoundland accent and says, "Sure, B'y, that was the summer there were no icebergs and that couple from away got married out on the rocks."

But what else happened that summer? It was the year that the nuns were here, silently wandering the length of the beach, and Gini and David lost their dog and everyone called for him, and looked for days, but he never turned up and they had to drive back to Ontario without him. It was the summer that Katie Paterson got married to her Irish fiancée and changed her surname to Hayes, and her brother Denzil spent most of July building a cabin on the top of the hill. It was the summer before Hurricane Igor landed and washed away the roads and isolated the community from the rest of the world

for ten days, when Doris and Gene's house was almost swept into the ocean. A lot happened that summer, and a lot happened the next summer and the one after that. But a lot happened in the time in between, and it is important to remember this.

When we get to the top of the hill it is dark enough that I can no longer see Wilson down by the water. Maybe he has gone home, maybe he is still there, I can't tell. What I see, this summer night, from the top of the hill in Upper Amherst Cove, are the blinking lights of King's Cove across Blackhead Bay. These are the lights that so comforted Anna in the winter months—brightly lit windows of houses, hinting at the lives being lived within their walls.

Appendix i: Seasonal Residency in Rural Newfoundland Survey

You are invited to take part in a research project entitled “Reimagining the Outport: People from Here, People from Away” being conducted for my PhD dissertation in Folklore at Memorial University. This study will focus on seasonal and year-round residency in the Bonavista Peninsula Region by interviewing people who live in the area full-time (primary home owners) and also people who live in the area part-time (second home owners). The purpose of this project is to examine the trend of seasonal residency in a rural, post-industrial setting.

The proposal for this project has been approved by the Interdisciplinary Committee on Ethics in Human Research (ICEHR) at Memorial University. By answering the following questions, you are consenting to take part in this project. If you have any questions or concerns please contact me: (Emily Urquhart, 709-691-8665; emily.urquhart@mun.ca) or my supervisor: (Dr. Gerald Pocius, 709-864-8366; gpocius@mun.ca) or the chairperson at ICEHR: (icehr@mun.ca; 709-737-8368).

Questions for Summer Residents in Rural Newfoundland

please indicate if you would like to remain anonymous

1. Where is your property in Newfoundland located?
2. Where are you from?
3. What do you do for a living?
4. What is your age? Marital status? Do you have Children (please include ages)?
5. How long do you spend at your summer home in Newfoundland each year?
6. Do you visit during the winter, or have you spent a full year at your summer home in Newfoundland?
7. When (please include date) and why did you first visit Newfoundland?
8. When did you purchase your property in rural Newfoundland?
What was the cost?*

9. Why did you choose to purchase a second home in Newfoundland?
10. Who do you spend your time with when you are at your summer home?
11. How would you describe your relationship with year-round residents?
12. Do you keep in touch with summer friends and neighbours during the year?
13. Have you employed any year-round residents?
14. How would you describe your summer house? (i.e. size, style, colour, location)
15. Is your summer home similar or different from the houses around it?
16. Have you done any heritage work or renovations on your summer home?
17. Are there aspects of your town that you would like to see changed or improved?
18. Would you support new industrial development near your summer home? (e.g. mining; fish processing plant; oil refinery)
19. Do you live differently at your summer home than your permanent home? How?
20. Do your two houses resemble one another in style?
21. Did you use local art work, souvenirs, or artifacts to decorate your summer home?
22. Do you entertain a lot of visitors? Where do they come from? Who are they?

*I realize that housing costs can be of a personal nature, and therefore please don't feel pressure to answer if you aren't comfortable sharing this information.

Thank you for participating in this project. Your responses will be very valuable to my research.

Appendix ii: List of Interview Subjects

Bev Batten, St. John's, May 9, 2012

Catherine Beaudette, Duntara, July 19, 2010

Jennifer Brown, St. John's, July 8, 2010 [email interview]

Violet Brown, Bonavista, August 16, 2010

Wilson Brown, Upper Amherst Cove, June 21, 2010

Beverly and Frederick DeWolfe, Upper Amherst Cove, July 12, 2010

Mary Farrelly, Upper Amherst Cove, Aug 10, 2010

John and Peggy Fisher, Port Rexton, May 25 2010

John and Theresa Ford, Newman's Cove, Aug 13, 2010

Rosalind Ford and Jason Holley, Amherst Cove, Aug 19, 2011

Gini and David Harrington, Upper Amherst Cove, Aug 8, 2010

Katie Hayes, Upper Amherst Cove, July 29, 2012

Ellla Heneghan and Brian Ricks, Upper Amherst Cove, June 25, 2010

Jim Miller, Trinity, May 28, 2010

Chris and Margaret O'Dea, Nov 22, 2010

Denzil and Anna Paterson, Upper Amherst Cove, Aug 20, 2011

Mike Patterson, Upper Amherst Cove, July 8, 2010

Doris and Gene Skiffington, Upper Amherst Cove, Aug 13, 2010

Jennifer St. Pierre, Upper Amherst Cove, Aug 18, 2010

Janna Taylor and Pat Tracy, Amherst Cove, July 15, 2010

Harry and Rose Wareham, Upper Amherst Cove, June 29, 2010

Note: Quotes are not attributed to a specific source in the cases where the source explicitly asked not to be linked to the information provided, however in each of these

cases the source agreed to allow me to record and use the quote. Further, where quotes are introduced anecdotally, they were first recorded in one of the three books of field notes I kept over the three summers.

References

- Abrahams, Roger D. 1970. *Deep down in the jungle: Negro narrative folklore from the streets of Philadelphia*. Aldine Folklore Series. Chicago: Aldine.
- Agar, Michael. 1996. *The professional stranger: An informal introduction to ethnography*. San Diego: Academic Press.
- Allemang, John. 2012. Off to the ----- for the weekend. *Globe and Mail* (July 1, F1 and F4).
- Allison, Randal S. 1997. Personal experience narrative. In *Folklore: An encyclopedia of beliefs, customs, tales, music and art*, ed. Thomas A. Green, 635-637.
- Ashworth, G.J and Brian Graham, eds. 2005. *Senses of place: Senses of time*. Aldershot: Ashgate.
- Ball, M. 2005. *RICS European Housing Review 2005*. London: Royal Institute of Chartered Surveyors.
- Bascom, William R. 1954. Four functions of folklore. *Journal of American Folklore* 67, no. 266: 333-349.
- Bauman, Richard. 1972. The La Have Island General Store: Sociability and verbal art in a Nova Scotia community. *Journal of American Folklore* 85, no. 338: 330-343.
- . 1971. Differential identity and the social base of folklore. *Journal of American Folklore* 84: 31-41.
- Becker, Jane S. 1998. *Selling tradition: Appalachia and the construction of an American Folk, 1930-1940*. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press.
- Behar, R. (2009). Folklore and the search for home (American Folklore Society presidential invited plenary address, October 2008). *Journal of American Folklore* 122, no. 485: 251-266.
- . 1996. *The vulnerable observer: Anthropology that breaks your heart*. Boston: Beacon Press.
- Belkin, Douglas. 2007. More Americans warm up to homes in Newfoundland. *Wall Street Journal*. August 9. <http://online.wsj.com/article/SB118653592482391230.html> (accessed April 21, 2013).

- Binkley, Marian. 2000. *From fishing centre to tourist destination: The restructuring of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia*. Lecture, Centre for Local and Regional Development, University of Faroe Islands, April 26.
- Boberg, Charles. 2005. The North American regional vocabulary survey: New variables and methods in the study of North American English. *American Speech* 80, no. 1: 22-60.
- Brealey, Ken. G. 1995. Mapping them 'out': Euro-Canadian cartography and the appropriation of the Nuxalk and Ts'ilhqot'in First Nations' territories, 1793-1916. *The Canadian Geographer* 39, no. 2: 140-156.
- Bronner, Simon J. 2002. *Folk Nation: Folklore in the creation of American tradition*. Wilmington: Rowman and Littlefield.
- Brown, Dona. 1995. *Inventing New England: Regional tourism in the Nineteenth Century*. Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press.
- Byrne, Pat. 1997. Booze, ritual, and the invention of tradition: The phenomenon of the Newfoundland screech-in. In *Usable pasts*, ed. Tad Tuleja, 232-247. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Cabrerizo, J.A. Modenes and Colas, J.L. 2002. Second homes in Spain: Socio-demographic and geographic profiles. *Population* [English edition] 62, no. 1: 157-171.
- Callahan, Brian. 2008. 'Full circle': Once abandoned saltboxes and other isolated property now hot properties. *The Independent*. April 4.
- Casey, Allan. 2009. *Lakeland: Journeys into the soul of Canada*. Vancouver: Greystone.
- Cashman, Ray. 2006. Critical nostalgia and material culture in Northern Ireland. *Journal of American Folklore* 119, no. 472: 137-160.
- CBC. 2007. Hearn clears way for summer food fishery. *CBC.ca*. Friday June 22, 2007. <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/newfoundland-labrador/story/2007/06/22/food-fishery.html> (accessed April 21, 2013).
- Clout, Hugh D. 1971. Second homes in the Auvergne. *Geographical Review* 61, no. 4: 530-553.
- Coppock, J. T. 1977. *Second homes: Curse or blessing?* New York: Pergamon Press.

- Decks Awash. 1984. Birchy Cove to Sweet Bay, special issue. *Decks Awash* 13, no. 2 (March –April).
- DeFede, Jim. 2002. *The day the world came to town: 9/11 in Gander, Newfoundland*. New York: Regan Books.
- Dictionary of Newfoundland English Online*. 1999.
<http://www.heritage.nf.ca/dictionary/default.html> (accessed April 21, 2013).
- Dijst, Martin, Martin Lanzendorf, Angela Barendregt, and Leo Smit. 2005. Second homes in Germany and the Netherlands: Ownership and travel impact explained. *Tijdschrift voor Economische en Sociale Geografie* 96, no. 2: 139-152.
- Dolby, Sandra K. 1998. Personal experience narrative. In *American folklore: An encyclopedia*, ed. Jan Harold Brunvand, 556-558. New York: Routledge.
- Dorson, Richard M. 1981. *Land of the millrats*. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.
- Dorst, John. 1989. *The written suburb: An American site, an ethnographic dilemma*. Philadelphia: The University of Pennsylvania Press.
- Dundes, Alan. 1999. *International folkloristics: Classic contributions by the founders of folklore*. Lanham: Rowman and Littlefield.
- Everett, Holly. 2009. Vernacular health moralities and culinary tourism in Newfoundland and Labrador. In “food and identity in the Americas,” ed. Lucy Long. Special issue, *Journal of American Folklore* 122, no. 483: 28-52.
- Finch, Robert. 2007. *The Iambics of Newfoundland: Notes from an unknown shore*. New York: Counterpoint.
- Fine, Gary Alan. 1997 a. Gossip. In *Folklore: An encyclopedia of beliefs, customs, tales, music and art*, ed. Thomas A. Green, 422-423.
- . 1997 b. Rumor. In *Folklore: An encyclopedia of beliefs, customs, tales, music and art*, ed. Thomas A. Green, 741-744.
- Flognfeldt, Thor. 2002. Second-home ownership: A sustainable semi-migration. In *Tourism and migration: New relationships between production and consumption* GeoJournal Library 65, ed. Colin Michael Hall and Allan M. Williams, 187-203. Dordrecht: London.
- Gallent, Nick, Alan Mace and Mark Tewdwr-Jones. 2003. Dispelling a myth? Second homes in rural Wales. *Area* 35, no. 3 (September): 271-284.

- Gimlette, John. 2006. *Theatre of fish: Travels through Newfoundland*. Toronto: Vintage.
- Glassie, Henry. 2000. *Vernacular architecture*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- . 1982. *Passing the time in Ballymenone: Culture and history of an Ulster community*. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press.
- . 1975. *Folk housing in Middle Virginia: A structural analysis of historic artifacts*. Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press.
- Gorrie, Peter. 2009. Will uranium mining ruin cottage country? *Cottage Life*. May 14. <http://cottagelife.com/13913/realestate/owning/will-uranium-mining-ruin-cottage-country-page-1-title-intro> (accessed April 15, 2013).
- Government of Newfoundland and Labrador. 2012. Tourism Culture and Recreation. *Annual Non-Resident Visitation and Expenditures by Mode of Travel Newfoundland and Labrador: 1973 to 2012*. http://www.tcr.gov.nl.ca/tcr/publications/2012/Non_Resident_%20Visitors_by_mode_of_travel_1973_to_2012.pdf (accessed April 21, 2013).
- Green, G., D. Marcouiller, S. Deller, D. Erkkila, and N. Sumathi. 1996. Local dependency, land use attitudes, and economic development: Comparisons between seasonal and permanent residents. *Rural Sociology* 61, no.3: 427-45.
- Greenhill, Pauline. 1994. *Ethnicity in the mainstream: Three studies of English Canadian culture in Ontario*. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press.
- Gustavsson, Anders. 1980. Culture contact and conflicts in Western Swedish coastal villages: A study of the resident population and summer holiday visitors. *Ethnologica Scandinavica* 4: 46-82.
- Hall, Colin Michael and Dieter K. Müller. 2004. *Tourism, mobility, and second homes: Between elite landscape and common ground*. Clevedon: Channel View Publications.
- Hall, Colin Michael and Allan M. Williams. 2002. *Tourism and migration: New relationships between production and consumption*. The GeoJournal library v. 65. Dordrecht: London.
- Halseth, Greg. 2004. Tourism, mobility, and second homes: Between elite landscape and common ground. In *Tourism, mobility, and second homes: Between elite landscape and common ground*, ed. Colin Michael Hall and Dieter K. Müller, 35-54. Clevedon: Channel View Publications.
- Holbek, Bengt. 1987. *Interpretation of fairy tales*. Helsinki: FF Communications.

- Holbek, Bengt. 1989. The language of fairy tales. In *Nordic Folklore: Recent Studies*, ed. Reimund Kvideland and K. Henning, 40-62. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- Hufford, Mary. 2002. Interrupting the monologue: Folklore, ethnography, and critical regionalism. *Journal of Appalachian Studies* 8, no. 1 (Spring 2002): 62-78.
- . 1987. Telling the landscape: Folklife expressions and sense of place. In *Pinelands Folklife*, ed. Rita Zorn Moonsammy, David Steven Cohen and Lorraine E. Williams, 13-42. New Brunswick: Rutgers.
- Jaakson, Reiner. 1986. Second-home domestic tourism. *Annals of Tourism Research* 13, no. 3: 367-391.
- Jarlöv, Lena. 1999. Leisure lots and summer cottages as places for people's own creative work. In *Leisure/tourism geographies: Practices and geographical knowledge*, ed. David Crouch, 231-237. New York: Routledge.
- Jordan, J. W. 1980. The summer people and the natives: Some effects of tourism in a Vermont vacation village. *Annals of Tourism Research* 7, no. 1: 34-55.
- Kirshenblatt-Gimblett, Barbara. 1989. Objects of memory: Material culture as life review. In *Folk groups and folklore genres: A reader*, ed. Elliott Oring, 329-338. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Kniffen, Fred. 1965. Folk housing: Key to diffusion. *Annals of the Association of American Geographers* 55, no. 4: 549-577.
- Kremarik, Frances. 2002. A little place in the country: A profile of Canadians who own vacation property. *Canadian Social Trends* 65: 12-14. Ottawa: Statistics Canada.
- Kurlansky, Mark. 1998. *Cod: A biography of the fish that changed the world*. Toronto: Vintage.
- Laba, Martin. 1979. Urban folklore: A behavioral approach. *Western Folklore* 38, no.3: 158-169.
- Lamothe, Lee and Adrian Humphreys. 2008. *The Sixth family: The collapse of the New York mafia and the rise of Vito Rizzuto*. Mississauga: Wiley.
- Landcor Data Corporation. 2013. *British Columbia 2012 residential sales survey*. March 12, 2013. https://www.landcor.com/market/reports/2012_Residential_Sales_Summary.pdf (accessed April 21, 2013).

- Lawless, Elaine J. 2006. From the editor. *Journal of American Folklore* 118, no. 467 (winter, 2005): 3-8.
- . 2001. *Women escaping violence: Empowerment through narrative*. Columbia: University of Missouri Press.
- Lewis, George H. 1997. Shell Games in vacationland: *Homarus Americanus* and the State of Maine. In *Usable Pasts*, ed. Tad Tuleja, 249-273. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Löfgren, Orvar. 2002. *On holiday: A history of vacationing*. Berkeley: University of California Press.
- Long, Lucy M. 2004. *Culinary tourism. Material worlds*. Lexington: University Press of Kentucky.
- Lovelace, Martin. 2001. Jack and his masters: Real worlds and tale worlds in Newfoundland folktales. In "Perspectives on the Jack tales and other North American Märchen," ed. Carl Lindahl. Special double issue, *Journal of Folklore Research* 38, no. 1/2: 149-170.
- MacCannell, Dean. *The tourist*. New York: Schocken, 1999.
- MacDonald, Michael. 2012. Cod recovery off Newfoundland finally evident 20 years after moratorium. *The Canadian Press*, Jun 30. <http://search.proquest.com/docview/1022916648?accountid=12378>.
- Marland, Alex. 2010. Masters of our own destiny: the nationalist evolution of Newfoundland Premier Danny Williams. *International Journal of Canadian Studies* 42:155-181.
- McDougall, Claire. 2012. Between a rock and a hard place. Fishing for tradition: A Memorial Univeristy graduate field school documenting the fishery in Keels, Newfoundland. September 18. <http://munkeelsfieldschool.blogspot.ca/2012/09/between-rock-and-hard-place.html> (accessed April 21, 2013).
- Moss, Laurence A. G. 2006. *The amenity migrants: Seeking and sustaining mountains and their cultures*. Cambridge: CABI.
- Mowat, Farley. *The New Founde Land: A personal voyage of discovery*. Toronto: Seal Books, 1989.

- Murphy, Rex. 2012. Watching the outports of Newfoundland vanish. *National Post*. July 1. <http://fullcomment.nationalpost.com/2012/06/30/rex-murphy-watching-the-outports-of-newfoundland-vanish/> (accessed April 21, 2013).
- Narváez, Peter. 1986. The folklore of 'old foolishness': Newfoundland media legends. *Canadian Literature* 108: 125-143.
- Nash, Catherine. 1999. Irish placenames: Post-colonial locations. *Transactions of the Institute of British Geographers* 24, no. 4: 457-480.
- Newfoundland Census. 1845. Census & Return of the Population, &c., of Newfoundland, 1845.
- Nolan, Stephen. 2007. *Leaving Newfoundland: A history of out-migration*. St. John's: Flanker Press.
- Norris, Michael and Nessa Winston. 2008. Rising second home numbers in rural Ireland: Distribution, drivers and implications. *European Planning Studies* 17, no. 9 (September): 1303-1322.
- Noyes, Dorothy. 2003. Group. In *Eight words for the study of expressive culture*, ed. Burt Feintuch, 7-41. Chicago: University of Illinois Press.
- Ó hAllmhuráin, Gearóid. 2008. Soundscape of the wintermen: Irish traditional music in Newfoundland revisited. *The Canadian Journal of Irish Studies* 34, no. 2 (Fall 2008): 33-46.
- O'Hollaren, Julie. 1985. Strangers in our midst: Tourism as a development strategy in Newfoundland. MA diss, Memorial University of Newfoundland.
- Overton, James. 1996. *Making a world of difference: Essays on tourism, culture and development in Newfoundland*. St. John's: Institute of Social and Economic Research.
- Paredes, Américo. 1968. Tributaries to the mainstream: The ethnic groups. In *Our living traditions: An introduction to American folklore*, ed. Tristram P. Coffin, 70-80. New York: Basic Books.
- Peddle, Walter. 1983. *The traditional furniture of outport Newfoundland*. St. John's: H. Cuff.
- Pitt, Robert and Joseph Smallwood. 1997. *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*. St. John's: H. Cuff.

- Pocius, Gerald L. 2000. *A place to belong: Community order and everyday space in Calvert, Newfoundland*. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press.
- . 1994. Tourists, health seekers and sportsmen: Luring Americans to Newfoundland in the early Twentieth Century. In *Twentieth Century Newfoundland: Explorations*, ed. James Hiller and Peter Neary, 48-77. St. John's: Breakwater.
- . 1979. Hooked rugs in Newfoundland: The representation of social structure in design. *Journal of American Folklore* 92, no. 365 (July to September): 273-284.
- Propp, Vladimir. 1968. *Morphology of the folktale*. Austin: University of Texas Press.
- Proulx, Annie. 1995. "Electric Arrows". In *Heart songs and other stories*. New York: Scribner.
- Proulx, Annie. 1993 [1988]. *The Shipping News*. New York: Scribner.
- Prowse, D. W. 2002 [1895]. *A history of Newfoundland*. Portugal Cove: Boulder Publications.
- Quinn, Bernadette. 2004. Dwelling through multiple places: A case study of second home ownership in Ireland. In *Tourism, mobility, and second homes: Between elite landscape and common ground*, ed. Colin Michael Hall and Dieter K. Müller, 113-132. Clevedon: Channel View Publications.
- Rieti, Barbara. 2008. *Making witches: Newfoundland traditions of spells and counterspells*. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press.
- Rompkey, Ronald and Jessie Luther. 2001. *Jessie Luther at the Grenfell Mission*. Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press.
- Rose, George. 2007. *Cod: The ecological history of the North Atlantic Fisheries*. St. John's: Breakwater Books.
- Rose, Peter I. 2003. Colonists and coneheads. In *Guest appearances and other travels in time and space*. Athens: Swallow Press.
- Ryden, Kent C. 1993. *Mapping the invisible landscape: Folklore, writing and the sense of place*. Iowa City: University of Iowa Press.
- Ryan, Samuel J. 1955. Aunt Lizze Ford of Upper Amherst Cove. *The Atlantic Guardian: The Magazine of Newfoundland* XII, no. 2 (February 1955): 5-7.
- Simpson, Jacqueline. 1983. Beyond etiology: Interpreting local legends. *Fabula* 24, no. 3/4: 223.

- Simpson, Jeffrey. 2009. Newfoundlanders return, but the outports are still in peril. *The Globe and Mail*. November 26. <http://www.theglobeandmail.com/commentary/newfoundlanders-return-but-the-outports-are-still-in-peril/article1347651/> (accessed April 30, 2013).
- Smith, Philip. 1987. In winter quarters. *Newfoundland and Labrador Studies* 3, no. 1 (1 January 1987): 1-36.
- Stahl, Sandra. 1989. *Literary folkloristics and the personal narrative*. Bloomington: Indiana University Press.
- . 1977. The personal narrative as folklore. *Journal of the Folklore Institute* 14: 9-30.
- Statistics Canada. 2012. *2011 Census population, census consolidated subdivisions (CCS) by community, Newfoundland and Labrador*. Ottawa: Statistics Canada.
- Statistics Canada. 2005. *Survey of Financial Security*. Ottawa: Statistics Canada.
- Statistics Canada. 2000. *Canadian Social Trends*, June 13, 2000. Ottawa: Statistics Canada.
- Statistics Canada. 1999. *Survey of Financial Security*. Ottawa: Statistics Canada.
- Stedman, Richard C. 2006. Environmental perception in a rapidly growing, amenity-rich region: The effects of lakeshore development on perceived water quality in Vilas County, Wisconsin. *Society and Natural Resources* 19, no. 2: 137-151.
- Summerby-Murray, Robert. 2002. Interpreting deindustrialised landscapes of Atlantic Canada: Memory and industrial heritage in Sackville, New Brunswick. *Canadian Geographer* 46, no.1: 48-62.
- Thomas, Gerald. 1976. Newfie Jokes. In *Folklore of Canada*, ed. Edith Fowke, 142-153. Toronto: McClelland and Stewart.
- Thorne, Cory. 2004. Come from away: Community, region and tradition in Newfoundland expatriate identity. PhD diss., University of Pennsylvania.
- Tuan, Yi-fu. 1990. *Topophilia: A study of environmental perception, attitudes, and values*. New York: Columbia University Press.
- Tuleja, Tad. 1997. Usable pasts: Traditions and group expressions in North America. Logan: Utah State University Press.
- Tye, Diane. 1994. Multiple meanings called Cavendish: The interaction of tourism with

- traditional culture.” *Journal of Canadian Studies* 29: 122-131.
- Urquhart, Emily. 2011. Out of nowhere: Todd Saunderson's latest art studios off the coast of Newfoundland. *Azure*. (November/December 2011): 34
- . 2010 a. Fogo Island's cultural revival. *Azure*. (October 2010): 78-81.
- . 2010 b. Newfoundland: Some tourists buy postcards, others buy houses. *Rabble.ca* August 31, 2010. <http://www.rabble.ca/news/2010/08/newfoundland-some-tourists-buy-post-cards-others-buy-houses> (accessed April 21, 2013).
- . 2010 c. The selling of rural Newfoundland. *Cbc.ca*. July/August 2010. <http://www.cbc.ca/nl/features/sellingruralnl/> (accessed April 21, 2013).
- . 2007. Liminal existence: Ontarians as an ethnic group in St. John's. *Culture and Tradition* 29: 24-39.
- Waghorne, Reverend Arthur C. 1893. *Journal of American Folklore* 6: 143-44.
- Watson, Edith S. and Victoria Hayward. 1922. *Romantic Canada*. Toronto: Macmillan.
- Weigle, Marta. 1998. Gossip. In *American folklore: An encyclopedia*, ed. Jan Harold Brunvand, 338. New York: Routledge.
- Weller, Jack. 1965. *Yesterday's people: Life in contemporary Appalachia*. Lexington: University Press of Kentucky.
- Whiffen, Bruce Lloyd. 1993. *Prime berth: An account of Bonavista's early years*. St. John's: H. Cuff.
- Withers, Charles W.J. 2000. Authorizing landscape: naming and the ordnance survey's mapping of the Scottish Highlands in the nineteenth century. *Journal of Historical Geography* 26, no. 4 (October 2000): 532-554.
- Wolfe, Roy I. 1977. Summer cottages in Ontario: Purpose-built for an inessential purpose. In *Second homes: Curse or blessing?*, ed. J. T. Coppock. 1st ed., 17-34. New York: Pergamon Press.
- . 1951. Summer cottagers in Ontario. *Economic Geography* 27, no. 1: 10-32.
- Woo, Andrea. 2013. There's scant evidence behind the myth about Vancouver real estate's foreign buyers. *The Globe and Mail*. February 23, 2013: S1.

Yelaja, Prithi. 2012. Offshore bids price Canadians out of housing market. *Cbc.ca*. March 15. <http://www.cbc.ca/news/canada/story/2012/03/14/real-estate-overseas-investors.html> (accessed December 5, 2012).

