

LOOKING BACK: GAMES WE PLAYED



Traditional Games and Pastimes
in Newfoundland and Labrador

Edited by Sharon King-Campbell

LOOKING BACK: GAMES WE PLAYED

Traditional Games and Pastimes
in Newfoundland and Labrador

Edited by Sharon King-Campbell



Heritage Foundation of
Newfoundland and Labrador

2015

Games We Played

By Teresa Boland, February 2015

We'll share our stories one and all
Of games we played when we were small.
We would run, skip, jump and sing:
We did just about everything!
Marg didn't care if it rained or snow,
Out the door she would go.
Donna made mud holes in the ground
And threw her marbles all around.
When the weather was perfectly dry,
Hop Scotch or Ring around the Rosy we'd try.
Everyone heard Cathy call,
"Red Rover, Red Rover, send over Paul!"
Or Simon would tell you what to do:
Bend over backwards or buckle your shoe.
Sometimes the boys would go their own way
As Cowboys and Indians they would play,
And the girls, they played as well,
With dolly and carriage or Farmer in the Dell.
Berkley and the boys would all trade
On bubble gum cards on comic book days.
Little Martha would never sell,
But trade her paper dolls as well.
Teresa was happy and tired as she went on her way,
And it started all over the very next day.
Can Sandra and Donny come out to play?

INTRODUCTION

DR. JILLIAN GOULD (PHOTO BY PHONSE KING)



At Dunlace Public School in the 1980s, my friends and I would gather to play games at recess. One of our favourites went like this: “One, two, three, alairy, four, five six, alairy, seven, eight, nine, alairy, ten alairy, catch me!” We would count out while bouncing a ball (the bouncier the better!), and swoop our leg in a circular motion over the ball each time we said “alairy.” We went through the alphabet, inserting a new word and a new motion with our legs, arms, or hands each time. After “alairy” came “a basket”—arms stretched out in front of us, the ball had to bounce through the “hoop.” C-a cradle, d- a doggie, e- an eggie, and on we played.

We learned the rhyme and game from each other, not from a book or a teacher, and certainly not from the internet! I remember being taken aback when I learned that my mother knew a variation of the same rhyme—how could that be? Children’s rhymes and games are excellent examples of the transmission of folklore—how traditional culture and knowledge are learned, and passed along informally, by observation or imitation. Many of the schoolyard games my peers and I played in suburban Toronto in the 1980s were variations of games my mother and her friends played downtown forty years earlier.

And today children continue to play variations of the same games over time and across the country.

In February 2015, a group of Public Folklore graduate students from Memorial University got together for a series of visits with a group of senior volunteers at the MacMorran Community Centre in St. John's. Over three weeks, the group got to know each other, shared many laughs, stories, songs, and games. On the first day, the group sat in a circle and introduced themselves: Terra Barrett, Sharna Brzycki, Andrea McGuire, and Jacquey Ryan were the graduate students; Don Antle, Sandra Antle, Cathy Baker, Teresa Boland, Marg Connolly, Martha Oliver, Berk Reynolds, and Madonna Summers were the senior volunteers. From the Heritage Foundation were Dale Jarvis, Sharon King-Campbell, and Alanna Wicks to help facilitate the discussion.

The large gymnasium was cold, and folks were somewhat hesitant to begin chatting. It didn't take long to break the ice, however; especially with cups of tea, date squares, and warm memories of childhood games and shenanigans. Stories about sledding and paper dolls and stilt races had everyone laughing and sharing. As Jacquey remarked: "I was there—that was my childhood!" Over the next couple of weeks the students conducted individual audio-recorded interviews,

(LEFT TO RIGHT) TERRA BARRETT, SHARNA BRZYCKI, ANDREA MCGUIRE, AND JACQUELINE RYAN. (PHOTOS BY PHONSE KING)



and the group continued to reminisce and play. Jacks, Pick-up Sticks, Hopscotch, and holding hands in a circle to sing Little Sally Saucer were some of the highlights. Our meetings even inspired Teresa to write a lovely original poem, which you can find at the front of this booklet. After interviews and play, the chitchat continued, as we gathered around a table to enjoy Marg's delicious home cooking: soup, sandwiches, goulash, and sweets, including her signature pina colada muffins.

This booklet presents portraits and interview excerpts from the recording sessions with the senior volunteers. We hope the games and stories described here will resonate with readers, and that folks will be inspired to pick up a ball and to share a game, a rhyme, or a childhood story or two with someone you know—especially a young person, who might learn a new game, or a variation of an old one, and might even share that knowledge with some friends in the schoolyard. As for me, I was amazed by Martha's skilled and steady hand at jacks, and I remembered how much I enjoyed the game when I was young. Now I'm off to find my own set, so I can bring it home and practice with my little daughter, and teach her how to play.

DR. JILLIAN GOULD
Department of Folklore
Memorial University of Newfoundland

HOIST YOUR SAILS AND RUN

In late 2014, I was approached by the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador with a short contract to coordinate a project called *Hoist your Sails and Run*. The job: arrange for seniors to meet with young people to talk about, and play, the games that they played as children. Essentially, I was asked to organize fun. How could I say no?

The students of Dr. Jillian Gould's Public Folklore class are the authors of this booklet, and the content is collected from the eight dedicated and generous seniors who joined us for a chat and a meal at MacMorran Community Centre.

However, I would be remiss if I didn't acknowledge the contributions of those who read about the project and filled

SHARON KING-CAMPBELL ON SLIDE BROUGHT IN BY BERKLEY REYNOLDS. (PHOTO BY BERKLEY REYNOLDS)



out a survey, and who were excited to talk about their favourite games and pastimes. Their names are listed in the back of this booklet, and their interviews, while not represented in this booklet, informed my writing in blog and newsletter articles, and are available at Memorial University's Digital Archives Initiative.

A few others deserve special mention: Jim Crockwell, Lacey Churchill and the staff at MacMorran Community Centre, who made the sessions run so smoothly; Marg Connolly, who, in addition to sharing her marvellous stories, also fed us delicious lunches; Phonse King of King's Photography, who came in to take portraits of our participants; Dr. Jillian Gould, who integrated this project into her course; the students of FOLK 6740 (Public Folklore); and Dale Jarvis, Intangible Cultural Heritage Development Officer, who devised this project in the first place.

SHARON KING-CAMPBELL

This project has been funded by the Government of Canada's New Horizons for Seniors Program.

DON ANTLE

interviewed by Jacqueline Ryan

DON ANTLE (PHOTO BY PHONSE KING)



Here at the MacMorran Community Centre, Don Antle refers to himself as a "fixture." Don grew up in West Side, Corner Brook, moving to St. John's when he was twenty-eight. Don and his wife Sandra are frequent visitors to the centre.

Growing up in Corner Brook was a lively, rich experience for Don, who looks back with fond memories on his childhood, playing hockey under the streetlight or fishing up at Gull Pond.

Recalling the games he played as a child, Don divides them into two categories, those played in the summer and those played in the winter.

"Winters were bad, summers were good," Don states, referring to snowy winters and hot sunny summers, weather features essential for a seasonal sports enthusiast.

Don's favorite pastime was hockey, played on the street in the wintertime and later in the new Humber Gardens arena. A puck was always used in street hockey, as Don remembers it; he never played the game with a ball.

Don was good at hockey, and even won a trophy one year. He was confident with the puck and enjoyed every minute of

the game. In Don's teenage years, he became a "rink rat", spending countless hours at the arena, grooming the ice for the next skate or hockey game. Towards the latter part of his arena career, Don remembers driving the Zamboni, a piece of ice grooming equipment acquired around that time.

An injury to Don's ankle ended his career as a hockey player. Confident of his abilities in the game, but modest enough to recognize, as he puts it, "I was never going to be a Gordie Howe," Don finally said goodbye to hockey when he was twenty.

"I think [my favourite game] was the hockey. The hockey in the winter and I think it was a bit of fishing and that in the summer.... I can remember the hockey and the fishing."

.....

“If you had a flat surface road up to the top of the hill... you could play hockey there for all day and all night, because there was no cars, or very, very, very few. We used to play hockey on the road, and at the stadium. We used to play hockey on the street, but then when we got the stadium... it was more night time hockey, after supper, instead of going over the stadium because the stadium probably had their own regular hockey games on... So we'd play underneath the light on the street. You went outside of your door, probably from here in this building, down to the end of the driveway [about 500 yards], was the furthest you went."

.....

“There was always a crowd playing hockey. There was Harry Burton, Bob [Don's cousin and fishing partner] never played much hockey, but Harry Burton, Derek Statton, Jimmy Roche, lots of the guys. There was a family of guys, right, there was a whack of them played hockey and they all lived around."



.....

“ We had a whole big league set up. I started out there with Bantam or Pee Wee, then you went on to Midget and there was all kinds of teams... You were called something, I don't know, it wasn't Bowater but it probably was some store or some business sponsored this team, and by sponsoring them, all they done was gave you a few jerseys with their name on it or something with their name on it. But that was pretty much it and you were just called that team, and you played then two or three times a week, and you had to get there six o'clock in the morning for getting the ice time. That was it back then, right, and it might have cost sometimes; sometimes the league would have to chip in. It was probably only twenty-five cents a player to pay for the ice time.... Oh yes, it was organized, but when you played outside, no, that wasn't organized, that was confusion. [Laughs.] That's it, everything goes. We'd always have two teams depending on who was around... You could be on one team tonight, and the next night, be on another team... But depending on how many was around, sometimes you'd have eight or nine or ten people playing, and more times you might only have four or five. [You] usually tried to get

an even number, anyway, but sometimes if you had an odd number, then: 'all right, I'll play for a while and then you can come and take a turn,' so everyone got to play, right?"

.....

“I don't think I can remember street hockey until I came here to St. John's. We never ever played hockey in the summer... We always used a puck for winter, right? The snow would be packed down that hard it was almost the same as ice, it wasn't ice but it was really heavy packed snow. We'd make a couple of goal posts out of something... [Laughs.] It was two big mounds of snow.”

SANDRA FERN ANTLE

interviewed by Andrea McGuire

SANDRA ANTLE (PHOTO BY PHONE KING)



Sandra Antle was born in St. John's on April 24, 1955. Her mother worked as a dietician, while her father was employed as an oil burner mechanic. Sandra grew up in a bungalow built by her father on Wexford Street, just behind Stockwood's Convenience on Freshwater Road. She was the eldest of six siblings, who were all "steps and stairs in age." As a result, Sandra got an early start in babysitting. Growing up, Sandra had

a fondness for skipping, colouring, and designing outfits for paper dolls. She gamely joined her family for their camping expeditions, though she generally preferred indoor activities.

Sandra's family moved to Oxen Pond Road when she was 14. In her teenage years, Sandra cultivated her personal style. She and her friends took to fashioning their own velvet choker necklaces with hand-sewn peace signs. She laughs, saying,

"That would be like the cat's meow. If you had a peace sign on you and a Maxi coat, you were the gear."

Sandra has previously worked as a counsellor in a group home. Over the years, she's raised two children and continued babysitting her loved ones, remarking,

"I've done a lot of taking care of people."

MAY 1958



ETHEL BENSON AND CHILDREN (LEFT TO RIGHT) OLGA PIPPY, CAROL CLANCY, SANDRA ANTLE. PICNICING IN MAY 1958.
(PHOTO COURTESY OF SANDRA ANTLE)

She and her husband Don recently celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary, and have been a part of the MacMorran Community Centre for over twenty years. These days, Sandra enjoys singing, reading, and spending time with her grandchildren. She always likes to show her grandchildren the games and songs of her childhood.

.....

AM: Did you play house?

SA: Oh yes, and school. I loved to be schoolteacher, because I was the oldest. So I would give them math, or spelling, and they never wanted to play. [Laughs.] I think I was a stern teacher. But I used to sit around the table, and you know, play school with my siblings. Now that's silly.

AM: So you just made them do math problems?

SA: Oh yeah. 'If I'm miserable, you're miserable.'

AM: So what were they getting out of that?

SA: Misery. [Laughter.] They'd play for awhile, but then they'd get bored, like 'No, we don't want to do this.'

.....

“We used to go on hikes, or go berry picking. We used to get away from the door, because if you stayed by the door you probably got chores. So we used to just take a snack and hoof it. We'd go somewhere that wasn't near the house.”

.....

“We played a little bit of spotlight. We always went camping in the summer, and we used to have the sparklers. We'd be running around the campsites, and then all of a sudden the sparkler would go out and we'd scream 'Aaaah!' It was dark, you were trying to get back home. Mom heard us, and we weren't too far, but it was so black, I remember, in the country. I wasn't used to that, we grew up in the city.”

.....

“We used to have the big paper dolls that would have hair and everything. I guess it was wool. And clothes would come with it, and we'd also have the smaller ones, and we would take things out of the Sears catalogue and fashion it into clothes,

and lay it against the doll. We would make our own, we were designers. There were some odd clothes, because a model poses differently than a stiff paper doll. And sometimes we'd even get paper and draw the clothes, and colour it in."

.....

“I remember playing a lot of skipping, and a lot of games with a ball. We used to call it an Indian rubber ball, but I believe they call it a high bouncer now. And it

was kind of big, like maybe a small softball. And we'd play singing games with that, and especially skipping, we did a lot of skipping.... We used to sing stuff like *'Three, six, nine, the goose drank wine, the monkey chewed tobacco on the street car line. The line broke, the monkey choked, and they all went to heaven in a little rowboat.'* Mostly nursery rhyme type things, and silly things.... It was all about the rhyme, I think. I think we made it up as we went along sometimes."



SANDRA BENSON AT AGE 5. AS A CHILD, SANDRA ACCEPTED HER MOTHER'S BROWN PAPER BAG CURLS BEAUTY TREATMENTS WITH A CERTAIN DEGREE OF RELUCTANCE. (PHOTO BY GARLAND'S PHOTOS, ST. JOHN'S)

CATHY BAKER

interviewed by Jacqueline Ryan

CATHY BAKER (PHOTO BY JACQUELINE RYAN)



Cathy Baker has been coming to the MacMorran Centre for ten years. Having grown up in the heart of St. John's, Cathy thinks back on the games she played in childhood, laughing as she remembers playing alleys in her back garden with a friend, and being warned by her mother not to go fighting over the marbles. Cathy recalls,

"My friend used to come over, Sheila, she'd knock. 'Have a game of alleys?' ... My mom would be in the window. 'Now no fighting now, no fighting over those alleys.' I said, 'No Mom, we won't be fighting.' And I say no, but we did a lot of fighting when we were younger, when we were seven, eight or nine, whatever, but it was fun."

Throughout my interview with Cathy, there was much laughter and countless references to the fun she and her friends had playing games when she was growing up. Besides alleys, Cathy remembers skipping as one of her favourite pastimes, and she would often take her skipping rope to school so she and her friends could skip during recess. I asked Cathy if she ever played alleys at school but she replied,

"We wouldn't play in school. We wouldn't dig any holes at the school grounds. [Laughs.]"

Cathy remembers the fun she had skipping.

"We used to skip and sing songs while we were skipping, skipping and singing, so time is just flying".

One of these skipping songs goes:

Lou, Lou, Skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou Skip to my Lou
Lou, Lou Skip to my Lou
Skip to my Lou my darling.

Just recently, Cathy taught her neighbour's daughter how to skip, jumping in herself at times, and commenting that, although she felt a little uncomfortable being observed by local bystanders, "it was fun!"

"My favorite game[s] I liked [were] skipping and alleys, two of my favorite games."

.....

“We played French Skipping*, sometimes. I would take my rope to school and we would play at school, and then [at] lunchtime... I'd just go home and get something quick, it'd be ready so I'd go home and eat it fast, go back and we'd have more skipping, me and my friends. We used to play it on the concrete, not on the road, just in our driveway or something like that.”

.....

“French skipping. ...We just played with a long rope and it was two people, one on each end, and then we just turn the ropes, one hand going then the other hand going. The other person would just jump in and go back and forth. First playing it I was nervous, I used to wait a little bit. I used to think the rope was going to hit me in the face as I was jumping and I wouldn't do it at first. But eventually I did do it and then I

enjoyed playing it from then on."

.....

“I had two friends... Daphne and Denise... the three of us played a lot of skipping together. Sometimes there was more than three. A few of them would stand up watching, and then they might get a chance to play. [Laughs.] We might let them play."

.....

“A couple of months ago my neighbour wanted to play. Well, actually, I babysit her every now and then. And she wanted to play skipping... We didn't French Skip... First I was learning her how to skip, and she just used to flick the rope up over her head... but she didn't use her feet to jump up. She just used to let the rope fall down. She wouldn't do the French Skipping; she just wanted to skip by herself.... I said, "You have to jump. When it gets down to the bottom you jump..." So then, she finally got into it... and she was contented as can be and now she knows how to skip."

.....

“A couple of months ago I did skipping. [Laughs.] Oh, I felt embarrassed because I'm older now, but, I mean, it was fun. It was fun. I had to try it. It was fun and actually it was the French skipping. I had to try it, the little one and another one holding on to the rope."

*The game that Cathy describes is a jump rope game where the rope is held on either end by a turner and one or more players skip in the middle. This differs from another game, also called "French Skipping," which involves performing a variety of jumps and turns over an elastic cord held at ankle height, then knee height and so on upward.

TERESA BOLAND

interviewed by Terra Barrett



TERESA BOLAND (PHOTO BY PHONSE KING)

Teresa Dorothy Boland was born in her home in St. John's on January 13, 1947. The first few years of her childhood were spent on Prince Street until the family moved to Southside Road when she was about five years old. Teresa has wonderful memories about growing up and playing with the children in her neighbourhood. She was the third youngest child in a family with seven girls and one boy. Teresa's father died when she

was two, and she describes how hardworking her mother was and how she managed to keep the family together.

Teresa has memories of playing on the railroad track and going swimming in the woods behind her home on Southside Road. As a child she would slide down the main street in the winter and would use cardboard or canvas to slide down hills in the summer. Teresa remembers games such as Stiffy Staffy, Little Sally Saucer, Farmer in the Dell, and many more. She also recalls playing with paper dolls and using homemade wooden stilts. Teresa's family moved to Topsail when she was fourteen and she lived there until she married her husband, Jim. The two have been married for fifty years and live in St. John's, where they raised their five children. Teresa describes herself as a quiet child who enjoyed reading and writing,

activities she still enjoys today. She is currently writing a book about the Ocean Ranger disaster, and volunteers with the MacMorran Community Centre.

.....

“We used to use stilts all the time. We used to have stilt races or stilt fights. They were made with a long piece of two by four... and then you'd put another block down lower and you'd stand on it. You would probably be two or three feet from the ground. So you'd be standing on these, and you'd be holding on to the stilts, and you'd be walking, you know. We used to race down Southside Road on them, and we used to have the stilt fights. You'd try to kick [your opponent] off with your stick, and... if you lost your balance or went off your stilts you'd lose the game. It was a rough game to play. You wouldn't think it though, you know. We didn't think it at the time. Now you'd have to have a helmet on to do that. We never wore a helmet.... I don't even think there was any such thing as helmets back then.”

.....

“*Little Sally Saucer, sitting in the water, rise up Sally and wipe away your tears, turn to the East side, turn to the West side, turn to the very side that you love best. So anyway, Little Sally Saucer closed her eyes and she wasn't allowed to look until you'd say*



TERESA WILLIAMS IN 1955. (PHOTO COURTESY OF TERESA BOLAND)



TERESA WILLIAMS IN 1959. (PHOTO COURTESY OF TERESA BOLAND)

‘rise up Sally and wipe away your tears’... It was a ‘ring around the roses’ game, right? Everybody would hold hands and the person who stayed in the middle was Little Sally Saucer. When they said ‘turn to the very one that you love best,’ whoever Sally... touched... that person was Little Sally Saucer then.”

.....

“Mostly in the wintertime if you were inside you would play with your cutouts. Cutouts were paper dolls. The doll used to be made of cardboard. There were... different kinds of dolls

and you'd dress them up. We used to have catalogues, Eaton's and Sears, and we used to cut out the beds and then that would be the dolls' furniture. We traded a lot of dolls. If other girls in the neighbourhood had a doll that you liked, 'You give me one and I'll give you two for a trade.'"

.....

“I rode my bike. I used to have to ride back and forth to school. It was a couple of miles we had to go... but we had to come home to lunch so a bike was pretty good. I used to just make it back and forth with time to eat my lunch and run back again. Sometimes we used to walk in the road and jump across Waterford Bridge River. It's a wonder we weren't drowned.”

.....

“We didn't really play with boys unless you were sliding and everybody slid together. We used to slide down Southside Road. There used to be a hill on the top and all the kids with their slides slid down Southside Road. And then there used to be a big meadow and a hill somewhere along the way. I'm not sure where it was to, but we used to slide down there on cardboard or canvas in the summertime. Yeah, that was really fun.”

MARGARET (MARG) CONNOLLY

interviewed by Sharna Brzycki

MARG CONNOLLY (PHOTO BY PHONSE KING)



Marg Connolly was born in St. John's on May 10, 1935. She grew up on Hunt's Lane with one brother, one sister, and thirty-five cousins who lived in the surrounding neighbourhood. All of her free time was spent with her siblings and cousins, and together they would explore the woods nearby, play marbles (to see how many one could win in a day), or play Marg's favourite childhood game, Hide and Go Seek. Marg has

fond memories of Sunday afternoons spent with her family. On sunny days they would ride her father's horse and wagon to Kent's Pond for leisurely picnics. Marg raised eight children of her own and has resided on Hunt's Lane for the past seventy-seven years.

Today Marg spends much of her time serving others at the MacMorran Community Centre in St. John's. Here she attends all of the seniors' programs and is one of the longest-standing volunteers. She cooks for programming and events held at the centre, volunteers at the food bank, has acted as a member of the board of directors, and is still an active member of various committees. When she is not volunteering, she runs her own catering business in St. John's.

.....

“The boys and girls played together at that time too, right? We all played together... till we got a certain age and then, you know, the boys got more independent. They'd go play Cowboys and Indians, and we did a lot of swimming. We all walked down together and we all came home together. So it was good, good days.”

.....

“We went skiing. We made our own skis. Out of barrel, what would they call them? Stakes? You know where a barrel is rounded... we used to tie our feet in them. And we slid on old trays, pieces of metal, cardboard boxes, anything that could move... [We'd go] right behind our house, right there on Hunt's Lane. [There are] two or three hills, there are houses on them now, but... we went all the time. There was one there we used to call Blueberry Hill, we all used to go up there, and that's where our mother used to send us to pick berries and we'd come down and she'd make blueberry jam with the doughboys.”

.....

ENJOYING A LUNCH OF MARG'S CHICKEN SOUP. (PHOTO BY JILLIAN GOULD)



“I broke my arm when I was skating... There was a little pond, we'd call it Beaver Pond, it's not there anymore now. And my mother, she said... 'I'm warning you not to go down there.' Of course I went down and broke my arm. And I had my leg broke for a whole summer another time. I had my little cousin on my knees swinging her and the swing broke... That was June, July August... I didn't go back to school until November. Them days there was no one to take you to the hospital. You had to wait until someone came home to mind the other kids so you could go... They rigged up an old couch that I could sit on, you know, and watch them play...I had to watch everyone. I did do a lot of reading and playing with dolls.”

.....

“Up there in Hunt's Lane where I grew up there's a small river... and we used to dam it off in the night time and when we'd get up in the morning there would be a little pond. We all swam in it. And the old man that owned the land used to take the dam out of it and we used to get so mad, and we would do it again! As fast as he tore it down we'd build it up again.”

.....

“This [area] was one big garden we played in and my kids played in it, and this is where they spent their time. Running around playing Hide and Seek and whatever they were doing... I lived in Hunt's Lane and this was included in Hunt's Lane. This part here, all of it, was all trees, and there was a great big meadow. And there was all kinds of berries and everything here so we all played here. Today everything's too close together, the houses are too close together, there's no open space anymore. Barely do you see a house with a great big lawn or anything anymore.”

MARTHA OLIVER

interviewed by Andrea McGuire

MARTHA OLIVER (PHOTO BY PHONSEKING)



Martha Oliver was born in St. John's on June 24, 1961. She has lived in St. John's all her life, and grew up in a house built by her grandfather on Thorburn Road. In those days, Thorburn Road was a rural, forested area, and Martha spent much of her time playing outdoors with her sister, two brothers, and neighbourhood friends. Together, they played spotlight, hide and seek, and softball. They also built "bough houses" in the

woods, picked berries, celebrated Bonfire Night, and went swimming where Sunshine Camp is today. Martha moved out of her parents' house at the age of 24, and raised her daughters Nicole and Ashley. Ashley is disabled, and Martha is her primary caregiver. Martha has been involved with the MacMorran Community Centre for the past ten years. She is an avid reader, and has collected just about all of the Nancy Drew books. However, she's still searching high and low for the last book to complete her collection- an elusive edition of *The Nancy Drew Cookbook*. Martha also enjoys spending time with her four year old grandson, Hunter.

.....

“Now we used to make a little shed. There was a place where I lived, it was called England's Field, it was all woods, and we



MARTHA OLIVER IN GRADE 3, CIRCA 1969. (PHOTO COURTESY OF MARTHA OLIVER)

used to build a little house, a bough house there. And you could pick blueberries there.... Probably four or five of us put together the bough house. We put whatever old wood we could find, we'd probably make a couple of little benches to sit in there... and probably take a few dishes, old ones that Mom wasn't using, and we'd bring that out, then we'd spend a lot of time out there. We just used a hammer and any old nails. That's all it was ever built

of. Rusty old nails, wherever we can pick them. And nobody had paved driveways. And our driveway was quite long, so you'd go up and down the driveway to see what nails you could find, and that's what we used. And got hold of Dad's hammer. We just played in there... And we'd go in there and sit down and talk, usually. And a scattered time we'd pretend we were cooking something, pretend food. And we did that in the summer time, too."

.....

“Starting in the spring, Easter time, you couldn't wait to get your marbles and your alleys – well, they're called alleys – your skipping rope, and your jacks, that was the three things at our school. You see, one group was probably playing alleys, and the other was probably playing skipping, and probably another group playing jacks. So that was the three things at our school.”

.....

ST. THERESA'S GRADE 5 CLASS, 1974-75 WITH MISS SIMON. MARTHA OLIVER IS TOP ROW, 5TH FROM LEFT. (PHOTO COURTESY OF MARTHA OLIVER)



ST. THERESA'S — 1974-75

“We played a lot of hide and seek. My neighbour had a big meadow, but they didn't mow their lawn, because back then, their grass was used for the cattle they had. So we used to always hide in it. We weren't supposed to, but we did a lot of times. They said we were trampling down their hay, it was harder to cut. And they didn't cut it with a lawnmower, the man had a big long- it was a called a scythe, I think. And that's how he used to cut it down. So I remember that.”

.....

“Now my friend's father used to have Bonfire Night at his house. He lived across the street. And they had, it was called the Sandpit, and that's where we went picking blueberries and that, and then over the Sandpit there was... a path that leads up to Kelsey Drive where Walmart is today.... And we used to leave from her house to walk all the way to Kelsey.

And you could pick berries along the way. We also went sliding there. And her father used to have the bonfire up there, probably one year he'd have it, and another year Dad would have it, and we'd just split it.... And we'd gather up old wood and tires, and that was a big thing back then, we always had a bonfire."

.....

MO: It was mainly sliding in the winter. Sliding was the main thing.

AM: What did you slide on?

MO: Crazy carpets, car parts, car bonnets.... Down the road from where we lived, at one of our neighbours, there were three or four old cars. They'd probably throw them in the woods, and they had to take their car bonnets off. And we used to use their car bonnets. And if you were really lucky, you got a wooden toboggan. But most people back then, it was crazy carpets and car bonnets.

AM: Was it heavy to carry?

MO: Oh very, very heavy. But it was really worth it, you know. It was better than a regular slide. Because I think it had more speed.

AM: Was it very dangerous?

MO: Very, very. You could seriously get hurt if you banged in to somebody else or anything. But no, I'd never known anyone to get hurt. Nobody really ever got hurt.

JAMES BERKLEY (BERK) REYNOLDS

interviewed by Terra Barrett

BERK WITH SLIDE (PHOTO BY SHARON KING-CAMPBELL)



James Berkley Reynolds was born in Salmon Cove on August 14, 1950. Berk grew up and went to school in Salmon Cove. He went on to Memorial University of Newfoundland and Labrador, and then worked in several areas of the province including Bonavista, Harbour Grace, and St. John's. Berk grew up in a large, blended family, and was the youngest of twelve children. There were also lots of children in the area

and, as Berkley said, there was always someone around to have a fight with.

The community of Salmon Cove had a strong influence on Berk, and many local spots stand out in his memory. This includes Salmon Cove Ridge, where you could see fifty people sliding under the moon on a clear winter night, as well as Salmon Cove Sands, where swimming and summer activities took place. Berkley described activities for each season, such as hockey, skipping, softball, and daddywalkers (stilts). Resourcefulness and creativity also feature prominently in Berk's memory. From cutting alders for sling shots or hockey sticks to using frozen cow bladders for pucks and carving his own spin tops, Berk remembers creating his own fun as a child.

FROM LEFT, NORMAN, MILDRED, SUSIE, MINNIE, RHODA (ROSE) AND THOMAS REYNOLDS, IN FRONT OF THEIR HOUSE CIRCA 1925. (PHOTO COURTESY OF BERKLEY REYNOLDS)



Today, Berk is retired and lives in St. John's, although he retains a home in Salmon Cove. He has an avid interest in history and maintains a Facebook page dedicated to fond memories of Salmon Cove.

.....

ON SLIDING: "Whatever you could get. It went from cardboard to canvas to slides that had the metal rungs on [them]. And then the biggest one though was the Spancat, which was smaller than the horse slide but bigger than an individual one. The Spancat... could take four people... and you would have a board along the edge... and the person in the back... would steer her.... We would go to the top of the ridge up behind Aunt Jules' and we would end up sliding down on the Spancat.... And of course you didn't have to worry about where you landed, well, as long as it wasn't into a fence, and we did that too! But we could go as far as we wanted because there was no traffic... And especially on a

clear winter's night full moon there would be probably fifty people up sliding."

.....

ON HOCKEY: "I'm afraid to tell you what we used as pucks. A bladder from a cow, a cow's bladder. I think I told you the butcher lived across the road, the guy that had the truck. Well now, he also had animals since he was a butcher and we used to get the bladder... and let it freeze. And after a while we got old hockey sticks, but we did start out using just alders."

.....

“Button to button is a game. You put a button in your hand and you go around to different people, and they would have their hands folded too, and you would drop the button in somebody's hand and then you'd have to guess who had the button. So if there were five people around... you went around to everybody but you stopped at some point and just opened your hand and they caught the button so then you had to guess who got the button."

.....

ON TIDDLY: "First of all, you have to decide who is going to play first. That's all a big deal. So you would get your Tiddly stick and you'd go hand over hand until you couldn't hold [it] So, if you're the last person on top you had to hold on to the stick, but you had to put it over your head three times in order to be up first. So if you dropped it then the other team went first. Important rule."

.....

“When spring came... outside school there would be skipping and throwing the ball back and forth. There wasn't



BERK REYNOLDS IN SALMON COVE CIRCA 1954. (PHOTO COURTESY OF BERKLEY REYNOLDS)

a lot of formalized ball games. There was just make up games whoever was there. And then, of course, I remember we'd break all the ice... That first sign of spring, you'd be out jumping on the ice trying to get a little sliver of ice that was left in the potholes and whatever. So you would still be sliding on that, because there'd be little bogs around.

Then there would be Hopscotch and Kick the Stone* and some of those regular type games."

*Hopscotch and Kick the Stone are both games that involve hopping through a course drawn on the ground. See Madonna Summers' interview (next page) for a description of Hopscotch.

MADONNA SUMMERS

interviewed by Sharna Brzycki

MADONNA SUMMERS (PHOTO BY PHONSE KING)



Madonna Summers was born on January 21, 1949 and was raised in St. John's on Ridge Road. Her father worked for the city council as a pipe layer and her mother worked in in-house services. She grew up with two sisters and three brothers and has fond memories of playing with her siblings and the other children in the neighbourhood. Some of her favourite childhood activities were skating, swimming, playing

jacks, skipping, sliding, walking with friends, berry picking, and hula-hooping. She is a lover of animals and enjoys the abundance of wild life that can be seen in Newfoundland. She has had many pet cats, and a pet rat named Gigi.

Today, Madonna still spends much of her time with friends and family. She is a photographer and enjoys documenting the moments she gets to spend with her loved ones. Her favorite pastime is taking walks in the woods and collecting old bottles and artifacts that she stumbles upon along the way. Some of the treasures she has found range from Pyrex baby bottles to chamber pots.

.....



ON HOPSCOTCH: "Well, you get in somebody's driveway... and get a stick or whatever and mark out squares, with the big squares at the bottom, then when you go up farther about half a foot you have two smaller squares and then another big square and then two small ones. Then you get ... we used to use a rock, a flat rock. So you get the rock and you put it down to the bottom, and we each have a turn so you put up one foot and kick the rock and wherever it goes, the farther you kick it the better for yourself and the next person does the same thing and whoever gets up to the top, they kick it into the smaller square."

.....

“In the evening when we got out of school, a couple of us would get together, about ten or fifteen of us, and we'd go up the road... there's a little hill going down back to someone's house, and we used to go down there on bits of old canvas sliding. [Laughs.]... Or on old bonnets of the cars. You wouldn't believe that, get on two or three of us and knock us down on the hill all out.... And sometimes, the road would be a bit like



(LEFT TO RIGHT) OLD JAVEX BOTTLES, BROUGHT IN BY MADONNA SUMMERS (PHOTO BY PHONSE KING); A SMALL SAMPLING OF THE MANY BOTTLES MADONNA HAS FOUND ON HER NATURE WALKS (PHOTO BY SHARNA BRZYCKI); AN OLD PITCHER MADONNA FOUND ON ONE OF HER WALKS (PHOTO BY SHARNA BRZYCKI).

ice. And we'd end up right down by Long Pond, that's a nice ways away. We'd go down the road all out and turn down Higgins Line... and we'd end up right down there, on the slide. And we'd come back, we'd do it again."

.....

“We used to have to go to the store then, at that time, right down there by Long Pond... We'd take the slide down, myself and my sister, and we had a big bottle with us, each, and our slide, and we'd have to get a gallon of oil for the lamps... I'd get home then, and there were two or three lamps, took the shades off, the glass shades off, wash them and dry them, put them back on, put the oil in the lamp, cut the wick, and light it."

.....

“Sometimes the girls would go off to themselves. Got out to a movie or something. [There] was the old Nickel Theatre downtown, I think it was Duckworth Street, someplace down around that area. 25 cents to get in and see a movie... If we didn't go with Mom we used to go in a group."

.....

“I find a lot up in the woods... I used to go out for a walk by myself and I always used to take a bag with me because you never know what you'll find. You'll probably be walking by on the trail and you'll see that half of the bottle is stuck out of the grass over in the woods. You go in and get it... Yes, I love it. Down by my mom's house, when she lived there... I found a few bottles. You see, because years ago... they burned their garbage and all that in a big old drum and then their bottles and stuff like that stay on their property. At that time there was no garbage pickup, and you know you throw away all your tin cans and bottles up in the back for years, and now it's all grown over. But I got a lot of stuff up in the woods. I've got a great big box of them. Even now if I'm anywhere going for a walk or anything I'm always looking to see if there's anything I come across. I've got a baby bottle. Yeah and I got two old pee pots. [Laughs.] I found them up in the woods too... and I've got a jug, the jug is made out of the same stuff.”

(LEFT TO RIGHT) ANDREA PLAYS HOPSCOTCH, WHILE TERRA, TERESA AND SANDRA LOOK ON, FEBRUARY 10, 2015; BERK, SHARON, MARTHA, CATHY AND JACQUEE; DON, SANDRA, ANDREA, SHARNA AND MARG; MADONNA, TERESA AND TERRA; TERESA AND SANDRA PLAY STIFFY STAFFY; TERESA, MADONNA, SANDRA AND DON (FIRST PHOTO BY PHONSE KING, REMAINDER BY JILLIAN GOULD).



Thank you

Emily Blackmore, Graham Blair, Nancy Brace, Lacey Churchill, Sonya Clarke-Casey, Marg Connolly, Jim Crockwell, Ann Daniel, Vida Edwards, Winston Fiander, Susan Furneaux, Dr. Jillian Gould, Dale Jarvis, Rochelle Kavanagh, Phonse King, Peter Laracy, Paula Roberts, and Anna Swanson.



About the Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador

The Heritage Foundation of Newfoundland and Labrador is a non-profit organization which was established in 1984 to stimulate an understanding of and an appreciation for the architectural heritage of the province. The Foundation, an invaluable source of information for historic restoration, supports and contributes to the preservation and restoration of buildings of architectural or historical significance.

The Heritage Foundation also has an educational role and undertakes or sponsors events, publications and other projects designed to promote the value of our built heritage.

The Heritage Foundation is also involved in work designed to safeguard and sustain the intangible cultural heritage of Newfoundland and Labrador for present and future generations everywhere, as a vital part of the identities of Newfoundlanders and Labradorians, and as a valuable collection of unique knowledge and customs. This is achieved through policies that celebrate, record, disseminate, and promote our living heritage.



2015

Heritage Foundation of
Newfoundland and Labrador
1 Springdale Street
St. John's, NL Canada

www.ichblog.ca
www.mun.ca/ich

Layout and design by Graham Blair
www.grahamblairdesigns.com



Memorial University of Newfoundland
Department of Folklore
www.mun.ca/folklore

*This project has been funded by the Government of Canada's
New Horizons for Seniors Program.*