

THE ARTIST'S HAVEN

The School of Ideas Quarterly Newsletter

October, November, December 2014

I am back

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Well, on June 22nd, I left Netherby, Ontario for the summer to go to the Burin Peninsula located in the south of Newfoundland. My car was packed with camping equipment, pots and pans, food, coffee, tea, clothes, art supplies, maps, gps, first aid, Cole, my Standard Poodle and his blankets, food, torn stuffed toys and pet carrier. The pet carrier was needed for the ferry. Not knowing how my dog would “enjoy” the trip, he did very, very well. He proved to be a great companion and traveller. First we went to visit my sister Susan and her husband, Brian and their new dog Daisy in Shrewbury, Mass.. Two days later, I headed for Maine and then over to New Brunswick and finally to North Sydney, Nova Scotia, camping along the way. We were rained out most nights but managed to stay dry once in the tent, mud and all. I waited in between rain clouds to operate my propane stove and made much desired tea and in the morning much needed coffee. I know

I could have looked for a coffee shop and easily buy breakfast or any meal for

that matter.

But, once settled in a camping site, I did not wish to move anywhere else. This gave me time to do a little mini reorganizing in the car and trunk. I might have even left with everything in place, but as soon as I took out the tent, the propane stove and searched for some food for dinner and organized Cole's dinner the trunk didn't look anything like what I started out with. To tell you the truth, I froze during most nights because I left my cozy sleeping bag at home because it would not fit into the car. More on the sleeping bag later. When we got to the port in North Sydney, Nova Scotia, we waited in line to set sail for Argentina.



Special points of interest:

- *Watch for the next newsletter*
- *Call if you wish me to elaborate on anything I wrote about in the newsletter.*
- *I camped at Meat Cove in Cape Breton on my way home. Look it up on a map! Those mountains! My car!*

Argentina

It was personally a brutal drive from Argentina because I did not know the roads and how long it would take to get to Lawn, my destination. I was the last one to leave the ship because my car could not be found. I was one of the first five vehicles to board the ship and on the fifth floor. I was struck by the immensity of the ship and how it could carry that much weight in trucks with cargo and cars. The day before on the ship, I learned the facts about the ship such as its weight, fuel, etc.. No wonder I got lost and couldn't locate my car. The drive to Lawn would have been easier for me if I had looked at a map, I would have become familiar with the names of the

towns and roads that I drove through. When I finally got to Lawn, I reported to the Variety Store where I asked for Marie and Alfred Strang. The clerk was expecting me because I had called Marie from Marystown to say I was arriving earlier than the first of July. I had arrived on June 28th. After a brief tour of the house, I was alone. I sat at the kitchen table with a freshly perked cup of Nabob Bold coffee, whole wheat toast and strawberry jam all of which I purchased in Niagara Falls.

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Fish

For years I wanted to live on the last piece of land facing the Atlantic Ocean and I was, for two months, July and August. On the Sunday of my stay, I noticed from my kitchen window that there was not a soul in site except for local visitors, probably family, driving to the houses located past my house or by fishermen, who drove their trucks up to the wharf, then turned around and left. Watching this, I thought one of these fishermen/or women, would sell a fish or two to me over the summer. I found out later, that the only fish I will see is at Sobey's in Marystown, a 45 minute drive away. Not knowing the town or how the fishermen operate, I left word with several people I met during the first few days of my arrival, informing them that I would like to buy fish from the fishermen. The only fresh fish I ever saw was given to me by my neighbour Rose Ella. She gave me a chunk of cod with instructions that I had to cook the one piece tonight and the larger frozen piece could

be cooked all at once. Several times during the summer, I went to Sobey's in Marystown and found really good specials on fish. The fishermen in this whole Peninsula sold their catch to the fish plant in St. Lawrence.

For the first few days of my visit I walked up and down the hills, getting to know the town, all the while looking for fishermen who could sell me a piece of cod. One man in town told me that the caplin were swimming close to shore, he told me he will tell the fishermen that I am looking for cod. He recognized me as the lady wearing the blue hat and scarf. I noticed water gushed from the hills and ended up in ditches. Cole loved the water and drank lots of it. The man in town said I can drink it too. I learned very quietly, that July is the most foggy month of the year, day and night. For a visual artist, that was disaster! More on that!



Heat Wave, time difference, BOCN & CBC

I was anticipating a cool summer spent by the Ocean! To my shock the weather I got was hot Niagara weather, then I heard that the Niagara Peninsula had a cool summer!!! Arrrrggghhh! I cannot stand hot weather, I swelter. I am a plein painter in the open air! And here I was painting by the ocean, the largest body of water reflecting the sun onto me! Everyday I smeared number 60 sunscreen on my face, neck and hands. The weather station announced that the heat will rise to 30 ° Celsius. I did not know what time it was and rummaged through my suitcase looking for a watch, no watch. I was relying on my cell phone up until Goobies and Marystown. No cell service or internet service in Lawn! A dead zone unless one is hooked up to Bell or some private cable system. There are no towers except for the telephone and or hydro towers. Whenever I needed to contact my family, I drove to the St. Lawrence School Library which was 19 km away. My favorite station was BOCN, especially in the morning with the weather report, and Patty's 9 a.m. show. The

best part of this community TV station is the constant display of articles for sale, real estate for sale, community ads and grocery ads for No Frills. I also discovered in the house a little radio, which to my amazement only played French stations, maybe because we were close to St. Pierre and Michelon. I listened to the French station but several weeks later I encouraged the little radio to find CBC. I found it on AM radio!!! CBC!!

I found out the Burin Peninsula is one and a half hours ahead. The sun shone through my window in Lawn, one and a half hours before it would shine in my east window at home in Niagara. It felt like I got an extra one and a half hours a day to work, which I needed. I really felt that I was living in a foreign country. All the while during the evening hours, I read Wayne Johnston's book about Joey Smallwood. That surely set the stage about where I lived in Newfoundland. I also became a member of the St. Lawrence School Library. More on that later.



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The corner store, new battery for kitchen clock, etc.

Excerpt...tomorrow is Canada Day. It is bright and serene outside. The sky is light blue as it can get. I made breakfast of oatmeal and raisins on the stove and a pot of coffee. I painted with gouche this morning and attempted Indian ink in the same work. It was a morning painting nothing much. I painted it on my own hand made paper. I hope I produce something of importance with this trip. I felt like Emily Carr, nothing there until I sat quietly and then things happened. I walked down to the cemetery and sat on a hill and painted one cemetery scene. I talked to the Perpetual Care Lady, Mary Edwards. She was training someone else to care for the gardens. Later, the young man up the street asked me if I got any fish today, I said I didn't yet get down to the harbour. He said I should look for Brian Kant.

All the while I got up enough courage to drive to town where the only store is located. They even sell wine and beer. That is where I purchased gas for my car when I first arrived in town on June 28th. Therefore, for three days, I was just walking around looking at the hills, the landscape, their fabulous cemetery which was much to behold in every way. Each plot was surrounded by little fences and inside the plots, mementos, angels, inscribed poems, keepsakes, pictures and flowers. More on the cemeteries.

In the meantime, I put a new battery into the kitchen clock.

The Corner Store! Seacoast Ventures Limited

The store is run by Marie and Alfred Strang and by their daughter Ellen and her husband, Toby. They own the gas station too. This store, I realized later, sells everything. I didn't see everything displayed, but noticed customers holding frozen chickens and packages of pizza and bunches of turnip, carrots or cabbages. They had a large selection of wine and beer which is probably stocked by the company who supplies them the product. I noticed the store was extremely efficient. I also noticed that they had various clerks working on different days. It was a pleasure to shop there. I looked at the merchandise they sold and there

was not one thing missing that someone might need in this fishing village. The potato chip delivery person was often there, so was the soft drink person. The employees who helped Toby at the gas pump were very efficient. Yes, I did a painting of the store. Soon, this painting will be included with the others on my website. Therefore, my first purchase at the store was for \$31.83. I purchased Newfoundland eggs, potatoes, sugar, shortening, baking powder, flour, bread, carnation milk and 18% cream. Now I can make French Fries, omelettes and tea biscuits.

The Post Office

Jacqueline, the postal supervisor let me receive mail without purchasing a post office box for the two months I was living in Lawn. I was truly grateful. It felt the same way when I first lived in Spain when Philip used to write to me. The excitement of receiving a letter from very far away. I also received faxes in Spain from Philip, which I am sure were first read by the lady who owned the store. Philip missed me a lot. I hope to write about my journey to Spain one day.

As a result of the ingredients I purchased at the store, I started baking Mandelbrot for Jacqueline and who ever I met; I gave them a little package of this German—Jewish cookie which looks and tastes like Biscotti. I forgot the recipe at home in Niagara, therefore, I had to envision myself pulling together the ingredients in my own kitchen in Niagara.

Nikki worked at the Post Office too. She met Cole and told me she has a Maltese dog.

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The Sleeping Bag

The trunk at the front and back seat of my car were stuffed to the rim with supplies as legally possible to see out of my car windows. The car could not possibly hold my most important thing and that as my warm sleeping bag. On my way back home in Argentina, I stopped by a yard sale and there was for sale a sleeping bag which I purchased.

Fog

The caplin, *Mallotus villosus*, are running they said. I heard later by fishermen, that this was the largest amount of caplin laying along the shores of the Burin Peninsula. This caplin, I understood by the fishermen, coincided with the fog I experienced all of July. All month, day and night, there was fog. There is wet fog and dry fog. Some fog you drive through and some fog you have to take more caution. The towns people promised me that August and September are fog free. From my journal... July 6th... NO FOG, got to get ready fast, eat breakfast and gather my art supplies and go down by the sea! I can hear the roar of the sea! I can see the waves hitting the rocks! The weather today changed 10 to 15 times

St. Lawrence Library

When I think of Newfoundland I think of all the friendly people I have met and one of them is Vicki Lockyer, the Librarian. Vicki and I talked about the local history, names given to pets such as Nick, Ned and Nel. These names are used to describe a mischievous cat or dog. I will remember that. I also brought to her my cell phone and computer concerns. Vicki was instrumental in organizing many events for St. Lawrence and I am sure elsewhere. She has a winning personality. Cole always waited for me in the car.

The Fish Story

Well, you know I have been looking to buy some fish. From my journal dated August 12th... then I went across the street to Sobey's to buy bread, dog food and fish for tonight. I got a great deal on a package of fish for \$2.00. The little tray of fish consisted of little pieces of salmon, cod, shrimp and scallops. I also purchased a tray of haddock for the same price. I just happened to be at the right place at the right time. All this fish was cooked up and lasted two days. Wow!



today, it was incredible, if I did not witness it, I would not believe it. I went down by the sea and parked where Bob Manning and Mrs. Puddister said I could. The wind was very strong and could hardly keep my hat on or the painting surface flat. As I could hear the wind howl, the sand blew onto my face and onto the paint. I had to take Cole to the car, I could sense he was cold too. I returned to finish the painting. Later Jacqueline from the post office said she took a photo of me painting on that windy day by the sea. Jacqueline was at home.



The Woolly Hooker

What? You say? The Woolly Hooker is Melaine Lambe. She is an artisan and creates her own designer knitted wool hats, gloves and scarves. I met her at the post office and then at the convenience store. I visited her cabin in Roundabout overlooking the most gorgeous ocean and cliffside scenery I have seen yet. While there at the cabin, with Cole, I painted from inside the cabin looking out because it was raining. She had made lunch and she showed me photos, memorabilia and the guest book, which I had the privilege of signing.

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Lord's Cove

I wish to send a big hello to Mary R. Hodge, an unforgettable person of numerous responsibilities. A nurse and a nun, she told me about her heroic cliffside walks to get to injured people, some with gunshot wounds to anything else. I really do not have the full story and I do not wish to, tell it incorrectly. I will write to Mary and get the information from her again. I just wish everyone to know that her smile and brilliant eyes can drop a nation to their feet. I met two other distinct people, Elizabeth Harnett, a nun and Lawrence Lamb, a former school teacher from Lord's Cove and their stories are rich with important facts. Mary Hodge showed me where I can paint on the cliff's edge overlooking the Atlantic Ocean. The next day I was there. I was just looking at my journal notes, and there are more to these stories. The winter newsletter will have a few more stories.

Another lady I met is Kate Hondrigan. This lady has power, singing power that is! She gave me a private performance of her playing the fiddle and later the guitar. The words to

This was some trip!

This was some trip! My journals are filled to the rim with experiences and the people I met and places I visited. I drove to Marystown, Burin, Lord's Cove, Lamaline, St. Lawrence, Fortune, Grand Bank, Frenchman's Cove, Garnish, Webbers, Roundabout, Chambers Cove. Ohhhh! Those roads!! I really needed a 4x4 to drive on some of those roads. I must add a very important element here. Newfoundlanders are distinct and special people. They are the bravest people I have encountered, they are not afraid to do anything! Hurricanes...HA!... nothing, no sweat...hey in 1929 they lived to tell the horror of the Tsunami that ravaged the

the song she was singing was heart wrenching. Kate is a folk artist as well. She gave me several of her paintings, one was an original. Later that week, I gave her a painting I did that week in St. Lawrence. This lady had stopped me in my tracks when I saw her unique clothesline, an invention that I think only Newfoundlanders know about. I will report it in my next newsletter because I am getting tired right now.

Thanks to All!

To Kate, Mary, Elizabeth, Lawrence, Tom, Vikki, Marie and Albert, Ellen, Melaine, Toby, Rose Ella, Farrell Brothers Supermarket, Jacqueline, Vicki, Beth, Graham, Johnny, Mary Edwards, Mr. Richardson, Tony Bennett (Edwards), Clyde and Sylvia Edwards, Joyce, Ruth, Violet, Eleanor, Susan and Brian, Vivian, Irene, if I forgot anyone, I will mention you in my next newsletter. Oh! I cannot forget, Dave who I met at Meat Cove at a campsite in Cape Breton!

Special thanks to Dr. Toenjes and Dr. Gill for looking after Boozey, my cat who passed away while I was gone.

Burin Peninsula. The Miner's Museum in St. Lawrence and the Lawn Cultural Museum and The Lamaline Museum have collected all the newspapers from that time and items from the disaster. They have also collected the 1942 Marine disaster of a war ship carrying bunker to the front line that crashed and ran aground on Chamber's Cove. I visited the Mariner's Museum in Grand Bank. The Rooms Art Gallery in St. John's lent the Mariner's Museum details and a display about The Sinking of the Titanic off the coast of Newfoundland. My eyes are still aglow!

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Would I go back

I would but I would like to visit another part of Newfoundland, not for two months like I did on this trip, but for about three weeks, but this time I would like to bring students with me. Therefore, please step forward if you would like tag along with me for a nominal fee to paint in Newfoundland. I also am interested in going France. I tried to get the France trip off the ground several years ago, but only had four people sign up. I needed six. Another option is Lake Superior, Georgian Bay, my farm here in Netherby, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, the U.K. somewhere, perhaps Scotland, Wales or Ireland. Let me know. I will see by your response what is most popular.

Send your choice to Linda Hankin at:
croll.linda@gmail.com
Or call Linda Hankin at 905-382-6513
www.lindhankin.com

Arts Place Gallery in Port Colborne

When you need Free Food for the Soul, visit Arts Place on King Street, in Port Colborne. There are a number of dedicated Canadian Artists wishing to nourish your soul. All work is for sale. Be a part of the Cultural Revolution and collect a piece of what this earth is saying. Their hours and days of operation are Thursday to Sunday 12 noon to 4:30p.m.. Jan. & Feb. 12 noon to 4p.m. Fri. to Sun..



New Business from The School of Ideas

Please note that my gallery is open for anyone who wishes to view and buy the work. Visit and I will sit down for a cup of coffee or tea and then I will give you a tour of the place. Call 905-382-6513, to make an appointment. There are two new signs directing you to my gallery and studio "ART GALLERY Ahead" at the corner of Montrose and Netherby Roads and Durliat Road. *I also have an Artist's Residency which you can read about on my website.* www.lindahankin.com



This newsletter is dedicated to the memory of Boozey, who passed away in July 2014.

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