

# PRIMARY – MIDDLE CLASSES CATEGORY



## NEWFOUNDLAND

Newfoundland (NFL) is an island off the east coast of Canada.

Its population combined with Labrador is about half a million people (536,000) It's a little bit bigger than Ireland and the capital is St John's. The Eskimos, the Vikings and the English once lived in Newfoundland. They joined Canada in 1949 because the government didn't have enough money to keep them going on their own. NFL is really connected to Ireland and especially to Waterford and South Kilkenny. It all started when ships went from England to Newfoundland and stopped at Waterford for supplies. They got lots of things for the ship. They got food candles, soap, and salt. Jacobs biscuits used to be made in Waterford, so I think they brought lots of biscuits. Some Waterford people heard about the salmon fishing in NFL so many young men went. They went for six months and then came back to see their family. After a long while they would stay there and not come back.

During the Penal laws they would come back to Waterford for christenings and to get married because there were no priests in NFL.

There are many funny names of places such as Ha Ha Ha, Yellow Belly Corner, Cow Head and Jerry's Nose. Other places are called Hearts Delight, Mistaken Point and Arnolds Cove. There's a river called the Waterford river. There are colourful houses called Jellybean Houses.

Many people's names are like our names in Ireland like Power, O'Brien, Sutton, Murphy, Dwyer, Kennedy, and many others. You can see all these names on headstones. There's very little grass but loads of spruce trees and rocks there. They can't put electricity poles in the ground because the ground is all rocky and hard, so they put the pole in a box full of massive rocks and this keeps the pole stable.

Many people travel to NFL to see the whales, puffins, and icebergs. In fact, even though they are a small country they have the biggest puffin colony in North America. The icebergs are gigantic and that's only one third of the iceberg that you can see. The Titanic hit an iceberg and sank near Newfoundland (400 miles away) in 1912. Many people were drowned.

There are thousands of moose on the island of NFL. They are like fat reindeers and cause a lot of accidents. They run across the road in front of cars. They live in the forests.

Newfoundlanders sometimes make Moose soup.

They have some food that we don't have here such as Bake apple pie, Cod tongue, Cod cheek (Yeuch!!), Turnip soup and Lassie Cake. Toutons are fried dough balls. (I don't think I would like that either).

Jiggs dinner is very popular in NFL. It's salt, pork, and vegetables. Potluck supper is where people bring some food to each other's houses for dinner. Screech is a kind of traditional drink. It's like our poitin.

Did you know that in 1858 the first transatlantic telegraph cable was set down from Valentia Island in Co. Kerry to Hearts Content in NFL.

Thanks to my aunt who visited Newfoundland a few times and told me all about it.

Someday I would like to go to 'Talamh an Eisc'.

I hope you enjoyed my project.



**By**  
**Conor Cullinane.**  
**Age 10.**  
**4<sup>th</sup> Class.**  
**Kill N.S.**

# THE MOST IRISH PLACE OUTSIDE OF IRELAND



The waves were crashing, the rain was lashing,  
The wind was rocking the ship,  
The thunder and lightning was awfully frightening,  
And the smallest boat was about to flip.

We were all relieved, to have received  
A call that said “Land Ahoy”  
We were all expecting that, cause we were all Wexford lads,  
Including the young cabin boy.

We sailed to the land and bumped on the sand,  
But there was nobody there,  
One lad raised his hand and touched the sand  
And it was the fella from outside of Cahir.

We went hunting round and saw a black hound  
And there wasn't just one but three.  
It was the Newfoundland dog, and it was in fog,  
And the fellas that found them were from Tipperary.

But then so suddenly, we were shouting at each other hungrily,  
Our bellies were getting thinner,  
We found some spuds and a few more goods  
And we called it Jiggs dinner.

But we needed dessert and the Jiggs dinner was a heap of dirt,  
So, we asked if anyone could bake.  
One fella raised his hand and sat on the sand  
And made us a Lassie cake.

Our tummies were still sore, and they rumbled a lot more  
And they definitely weren't getting any bigger,  
It was like the famine, until we caught a salmon  
With a sharp hook called a Jigger.

A man called Benny, who was from Kilkenny,  
Was cutting down trees with his sharp sword,  
Said if we listened to him and went to sleep when the sea was  
in  
They all agreed apart from a man from Waterford.

Day after day, they would count and they would feed the  
Newfoundland hound,  
Suddenly one had five puppies,  
They were tiny and black and fluffy and had a tail that was  
really scruffy  
And they built houses that looked like Jellybeans.

So, there you have it,  
but that's just a bit,  
For all you know one day you could be in Yellow Belly Corner,  
Waterford River, Jerry's Nose or Heart's Delight,  
And see Churchill River or the North Atlantic Ocean, what a  
sight!

**By**  
**Luke Bolger**  
**Age 10.**  
**4<sup>th</sup> Class.**  
**Rathgormack N.S.**

# PRIMARY - SENIOR CLASS CATEGORY

12 East Avenue,  
St. Anthony's Road East,  
St. John's City,  
Newfoundland



May 27<sup>th</sup>, 2020

Dear Niamh,

My name is Abigail Brannock Keller, a descendent of Waterford Mariner Patrick Brannock. I am writing a letter to you from St. Johns in Newfoundland because I think we are related.

My family live here in St. John's Newfoundland. Today we own an Ice Cream Store called Tricolour Heritage Ice Cream. I have two uncles who are fishermen and they sail out regularly to the Grand Banks to catch cod and hake. Our family's Irish connection goes back to the 1600's when Patrick visited the island with his brother and son to fish on the Grand Banks. His son David travelled here with his wife and settled near Torbay – he set up a business with small fishing boats.

The Brannock family experienced a lot here, they survived wars, and people not being very nice to Irish people but continued to do well and grow. I have Irish and German blood. I love it here. I have not been to Ireland yet but the family photos we have shown how our countries are alike. I speak a bit of Irish, enjoy Irish dancing and – you guessed it – I love fish! I go fishing with my Grandads Brannock and Keller every Saturday! They tell me stories about my relations in Waterford and Kilkenny – and how every year my cousins join the St. Patrick's Day Parade in Waterford with McGrath's School of Irish Dancing. There is a river here called the Waterford River, that just shows you how important Waterford is to us!

Let me tell you a little bit about our home here in St. John's Newfoundland. It is the most eastern and the oldest city in North America. John Cabot was the first explorer to sail into the St. John's harbour on June 24, 1497. The first permanent residence was established in 1528. St. Johns is the capital of Newfoundland; it was incorporated as a city in 1921. The weather here can be a bit like Ireland I hear. But it can get colder in the winter and warmer in the summer. We sometimes use Skidoos to get around on the snow, which is fun. Ice hockey is HUGE here, we love it.

I love the ocean, and it is so important to us – both for fishing and for the wildlife. The waters of Newfoundland are home to and or visited by more than 22 different species of whales. The most common whales include humpbacks, fin, minke, orca and white-sided dolphins. Each summer more than 10,000 Humpback Whales come to the coast of Newfoundland to feed. When I grow up, I want to be a Marine Biologist and hope to go to University in Ireland (in Galway where I can study Marine Science) and come back here and work with whale preservation.

Newfoundland is also famous for a special dog breed – the Newfoundland (or Newfie!!) They are a large, strong dog breed. They were first used as a working dog to pull nets for fishermen and haul wood from the forest. My mum's friend has one and it is huge – a bit like a horse! (see a sketch below!)

I hope we can write to each other more and find out more about St. Johns and Waterford together.

Your long-lost cousin,

Abby



**By**  
**Abby Keller.**  
**Age 11.**  
**5<sup>th</sup> Class.**  
**Newtown Junior School.**

# NEWFOUNDLAND



Newfoundland is one of the places outside Ireland where Irish was spoken by most people before disappearing in the 20<sup>th</sup> century. Newfoundland is quite like Ireland twenty years ago. People leave doors unlocked, go out without fear, and even have the time to talk to one another.

A cool fact is that the locals pronounce their island New-fun-land!

Newfoundland and Labrador are really known for being friendly, warm, fun loving and funny to the core. They are also known for their natural creativity, unique language, and knack of storytelling.



## THE CONNECTION BETWEEN NEWFOUNDLAND AND IRELAND

The Irish migrations to Newfoundland and the linked provisions trade represent the oldest and most enduring connections between Ireland and North America. As a result, the Newfoundland Irish remained in constant contact with news, politics, and cultural movements back in Ireland.





## **FACTS**

- Newfoundland and Labrador form the most easterly province of Canada.
- The capital of Newfoundland is St. Johns.
- St. Johns is the oldest city in north America, appearing on maps as early as 1519.
- Newfoundland is 108,900 sq. km in area, making it the 15<sup>th</sup> largest island in the world.
- There are no snakes, skunks, deer, porcupines, or groundhogs on the island of Newfoundland.
- Newfoundland invented the gas mask and were also the first to vaccinate for smallpox.
- A traditional Jiggs dinner consists of boiled salt beef, spuds, carrots, cabbage, and turnip, comfort food at its best!
- Here are some Newfoundland foods you must try: cod tongues, Scrunchions, baked apple, oyster leaf, touton, caribou moss and purity candy.
- The main religion in Newfoundland is Roman Catholic.
- Newfoundland was originally settled by Indians and Inuit.
- Newfoundlanders greet each other by saying Whaddya most of the time.
- To say look you say Luh in Newfoundland!

**By**

**Sara Wahid.**

**Age 11.**

**5<sup>th</sup> Class.**

**St. Mary's N.S., Ballygunner.**



Hi, my name is Stephen today I am going to be talking to you about our ancestors who emigrated to America Newfoundland. Particularly in 1670 and 1750 [80 years] is when the Irish came to Newfoundland. In Newfoundland 21.5 percent of people in Newfoundland claim have Irish ancestors.

The Irish sailed over 2007 miles to arrive at Newfoundland between the 17<sup>th</sup> century and the 19<sup>th</sup> century.

At the start just after some of the Irish immigrated there was so much Irish being spoken but in the 20<sup>th</sup> century it disappeared. Most of the counties that came to Newfoundland are Waterford Wexford Kilkenny and Cork.

**DID YOU KNOW** residents of Newfoundland don't like being called newfies or Canadians, but you can call them Irish?

**By**  
**Stephen O'Hara.**  
**Age 11.**  
**5<sup>th</sup> Class.**  
**Newtown Junior School.**



It was cold, very cold. Oisín was very scared. So scared, in fact, that he barely remembered what had happened yesterday. He fled onto a large, stinky boat, not knowing where it would take him, but hoping he could find work there. Time passed. He was unsure how many hours he had spent on the ship. Miraculously, he had not yet been found. He hid in an empty crate that smelled as if someone had dipped a fish in porridge. The rancid smell climbed up his wrinkled nose. He was convinced he now smelled of the grubby old crate.

CRASH! The box tipped over and opened. He scrambled clumsily out, his cramped legs screaming for help. Frantically, he looked around. His heart gave a great leap.

“Food”, he whispered to himself.

There was a giant crate full to the brim with apples. Oisín only just realised how hungry he was. He wolfed down as many apples as he could.

The days and weeks rolled into each other. It must have been four or five weeks before they arrived. He waited impatiently for the crew to leave. He disembarked at the dead of night and slept in an untidy alleyway, covered in moss. He woke up to find a prosperous port thronged with fishermen and merchants. Everywhere he went he heard Irish accents.

“Hello!”, spoke a boy about his age.

“Hello” Oisín said in shock. “This may sound odd, but where exactly are we?!”

The boy looked confused. “Oh, you must be from that ship that came in from Ireland last night. “This is St John’s in Newfoundland”

“I suppose you are Irish too, then?” asked Oisín, recognising his accent.

“No, I’m from here, but my grandfather is, I think.”

Oisín thought about this. This is the most Irish place away from Ireland!

“I think I belong here”, he thought.

**By**  
**Roisín Markey.**  
**Age 11.**  
**5<sup>th</sup> Class.**  
**Newtown Junior School.**



# **EMIGRATION FROM IRELAND TO NEWFOUNDLAND**

## **Introduction**

From the early 16<sup>th</sup> century on, Europeans, including the Irish began traveling to Newfoundland. Most of those Irish migrants came from the Southeast of the country from Waterford. In this project, I will explain why Irish people left their homes for Newfoundland and what life was like for them.

## **Irish Migration to Newfoundland**

The first question I found interesting, was why Irish people went to Newfoundland. Newfoundland had a large stock of cod and Irish people sailed there as part of fishing crews. Many of those Irish fishermen came from the Southeast of the country because English ship owners stopped off at busy ports such as Waterford on their way to Newfoundland where they collected goods and crew. The work was seasonal, and many fishermen returned home in the winter.

From the late eighteenth-century, Irish people began to settle down in Newfoundland to make new homes for themselves. They developed new communities on the island especially on the Avalon Peninsula and St. John's, which is now the capital of Newfoundland. Those migrants kept in touch with their families and friends back home and they developed important business links. John Kent of Waterford provides a good example. John Kent left Ireland for Newfoundland where he developed a successful trading business and eventually became the Island's second premier. Ordinary Waterford people who settled there also contributed to the development of the Island. For example, craftsmen from the southeast of Ireland built St John's Cathedral and used materials from that part of the country to do so.

## **Conclusion**

Irish people have made an important contribution to Newfoundland's history and culture, including the St John's accent. One British officer recognised this fact when he said, "Newfoundland is merely Waterford parted from the sea".

**By  
Kate Walsh.  
Age 11.  
5<sup>th</sup> Class.  
Newtown Junior School.**



## ELLEN'S JOURNEY!

Dear Diary,

My parents had been whispering in hushed voices and now I know why...

I was sitting on a stool milking our cow Mia when I heard my parents talking. They were discussing about us moving to some place called Newfoundland. I knew we were poor but still this came as a shock. My hands were shaking, and tears were streaming down my face. I ran out of the small, ramshackle barn into our cottage. I'm sitting in front of our small fire as I write this. I can't believe it we're leaving our home behind.

I'm sorry, I didn't get to introduce myself properly earlier. My name is Ellen Duffy and I'm fourteen years old. I live on a small farm in County Waterford with my Mam, my Dad, my little sister Bethany, and my baby brother Bobby. Apparently, I'm moving to Newfoundland. I asked my teacher Mr. Murphy where that was yesterday, and he said it was in Canada. I don't know a lot about Canada, but Mr. Murphy told us a few things. He told us it snows a lot. I wonder what it's like. It never snows in Ireland not that its warm though. It tends to rain a lot so I'm lucky I have my shawl. I also know its capital is Ottawa. I guess things mightn't be so bad after all.

Today my parents finally told us we were moving. Bethany seemed happy. She was excited. I don't think she realises we have to leave everything behind us. I don't think Bobby cares either. He just sat there and gurgled nonsense. He's only a baby though so he doesn't understand. As soon as my siblings had left, I confessed to my parents. They weren't angry that I knew, they just wanted to know if I was okay with it. I told them that I was but to tell the truth I don't know if I am.

We're leaving on the 31<sup>st</sup> of this month. My parents suggested I tell my friends, but I don't know if I'm ready yet. I feel confused. One part of me is excited because this is going to be an adventure. A chance for a better life...but the other part of me doesn't want to go. I don't want to leave my friends, my family, the farm, our village. I'm just not ready and I don't know if I ever will be. I feel so bad keeping this locked up inside me. I feel so bad because I haven't told my friends. I feel so bad because everyone else is happy and I'm not. I just ... don't know what to do. I feel like everything I've ever known is turning upside down.

I talked to my Ma about us moving today. She realised I was upset. I cried for a while, but I feel better now. My Ma made me realise that moving is for the better. She helped me find the positives and I know I'm going to miss everything but I'm excited to go to Newfound.

Today I told my friends I was moving. We went for a picnic in the field beside our house. My Ma packed bread and butter with some cheese. We had fun but I had to tell them eventually. I felt a tight knot in my stomach. There were tears in my eyes as I said the few words. "I'm moving... to Newfoundland." I told them. My friends sympathised with me and told me it

would be an adventure. I was glad I told them. I didn't like to keep secrets from them especially one this big. We laughed and giggled all day, but it didn't feel right. It just didn't feel the same because we all knew this would be our last few weeks together.

We're moving in a week. Yesterday I started to pack. I don't have a lot to pack just my faded purple shawl, my worn boots, and my necklace. It's started to become so real. I can't believe we're moving.

Today I took a walk through the village taking everything in because I'm not going to see much more of this it and I'm going to miss this wonderful community. I walked past the bakers; the smell of fresh bread wafting out the door. I walked past Mrs Murray's house; the kindly old lady who always smiled at me and told me interesting stories every time I came to visit. I passed by my school where I laughed and played every day with my friends. I'm really going to miss this place.

Tomorrow we're leaving for Newfoundland. Today I spent the day saying goodbye to everyone. In the morning I said goodbye to my friends Beth and Mary. We sat under a tree in our special place. When I had to leave, we were all crying. The girls handed me a special friendship bracelet. They had made it for me and they both had one too. We did our special handshake one last time and promised to send letters to each other every week. After I'd said goodbye to them, I went to Mrs Murray's house. She treated me to a cup of tea and biscuits while she exchanged stories with me. At the end of my visit when we had to say goodbye we hugged, and Mrs Murray told me a story that had an important moral. She told me to never give up and to think positively. As I walked out the door, she handed me a brooch. She told me it was for good luck. I held it tight to my chest and knew it would be something I would cherish forever. When I arrived back at the house, I was surprised by a letter from my grandmother wishing me the best of luck. I loved my grandmother dearly and was ever so sad that I wouldn't see her again. I knew I was going to miss her terribly. I ran upstairs and tied the friendship bracelet on my wrist before putting the brooch I had received from Mrs Murray and my grandmothers' letter into my bag. I looked around my room knowing that tonight would be the last night I would ever spend in it.

I woke up this morning and prepared myself for the day ahead. I lifted the loose floorboard and took out my diary, notebook, and pencil. I carefully placed them in my bag and brought it downstairs. Then I got dressed and ate my breakfast of milk, bread, and jam. Afterwards I walked around the house taking one last look at everything. I was so sad to say goodbye but then again, I couldn't wait for the adventures ahead. I ran outside to say goodbye to Mia. She was about to be collected to go and live on another farm. My parents were getting a few coins for her, but I think she's worth more. I embraced her in a warm hug and stroked her back. I wondered what the future had in store for me.

That day I was surprised by all my friends, family, and neighbours. They had organised a wake for us. It's a tradition to hold a party for someone who's moving elsewhere. Though we weren't expecting it. Everyone was dressed in their finest and ate such delicacies but soon it was time to leave. We said our goodbyes picked up our bags and left. A tear rolled down my face as I took one last look at our village.

We walked to the docks and took a boat to Newfoundland. It took us hours to walk to the docks and my limbs and joints were aching. The boat took 14 weeks to reach our destination. The conditions were cramped and uncomfortable and the water was dirty, but it was worth it for our new life in Newfoundland. I remembered when I first set my foot on Canadian ground it was like a breath of fresh air. A new life...

We spent the next few days trying to make our new house feel like home and it soon started to feel that way. I started school recently and have already made two new friends Meghan and Joanna. We all love writing stories and sewing. I miss my friends and family back home, but I love it here too. I have even seen snow for the first time! It's been amazing and I've enjoyed everything so much! This has been a brilliant opportunity and even though I wasn't happy at first, I'm glad we moved.

I've unfortunately come to the last page of my diary. I'm sorry to say goodbye but I must. I'm going to label this journal "Ellen's Journey" because I've come on a long way and learnt so many things and you've helped me through it. Thank you!

Lots of love,

Ellen xxx

**By**  
**Thea Breen.**  
**Age 12.**  
**6<sup>th</sup> Class.**  
**Dunhill N.S.**