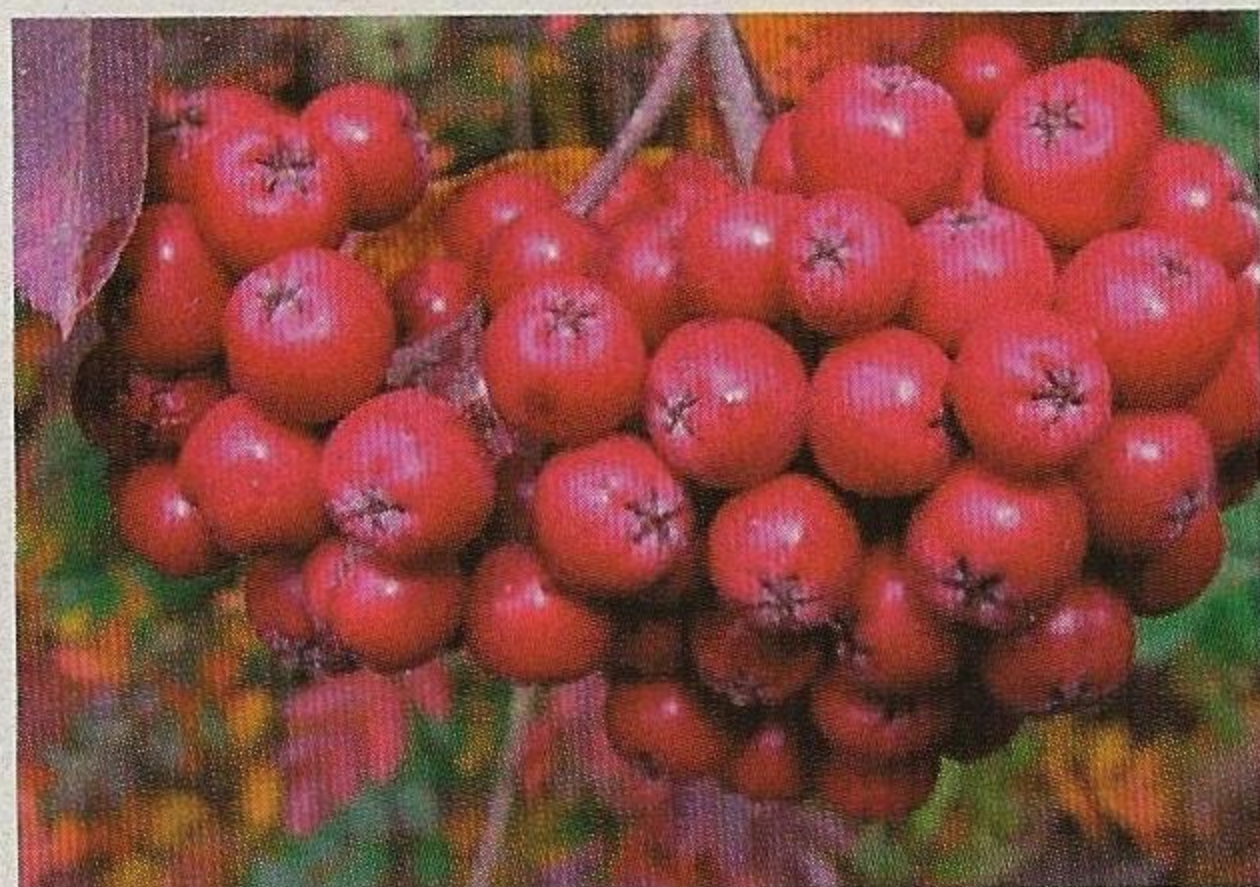


garden. It would certainly be a wonderful reminder of home.



Shopping for Halibut

Hi Ron; The short piece about the 400-pound halibut in the September 2008 issue ("Have You Heard," page 18) of *Downhome* brought back a very embarrassing memory for me. Some years ago, my wife Grace and I were visiting friends, Ernest and Eileen Boyd, in New World Island. While there I mentioned to Ernest my fondness for halibut; he offered to take me to the fish plant in Herring Neck to see if they had any.

When we got there, the plant manager said the boats wouldn't be in until late afternoon and we should check back. I asked him how much fresh halibut was selling for per pound; he told me, and it sounded reasonable, so I asked him to keep the largest halibut brought in and I'd come back later to buy it. At the time I had absolutely no idea how big a halibut could be, and if Ernest knew he didn't let on. Later that afternoon, we returned to the plant to get my fish. The plant manager greeted me, "We kept the biggest one brought in as you asked," he said.

"Great," says I, "how much do I owe you?"

He told me, "\$711." I nearly had a heart attack. When I recovered from that shock, the plant manager brought

me to the walk-in freezer, where this monster of a fish was hanging from a huge hook. "There's your halibut," he said. Well, that was a lesson learned. I was more embarrassed than I was contrite. On the way home, I asked Ernest if he knew halibut could be that big. "Some things you have to learn for yourself," he said. Oh yes, I did bring some fresh halibut home with me: three pounds.

W. REX STERLING
Pasadena, Newfoundland

Nice to hear from you again, Rex. I can imagine easily your "sticker" shock at the price tag on that halibut.

Music Without Borders

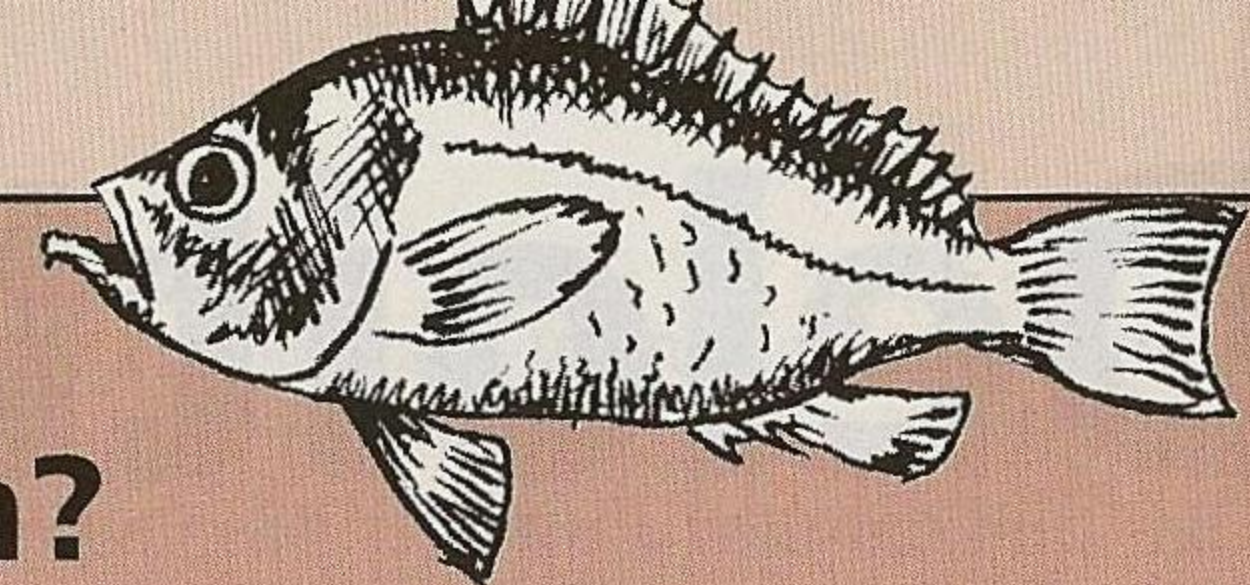
Dear Ron; In June 2008, 61 members of the Holy Heart of Mary Alumni Choir left St. John's for a memorable trip to Europe. Our travels took us through England and then on to France, where we had the privilege of singing at Beaumont-Hamel on July 1. What an unforgettable concert! It was so moving to participate in the ceremony in memory of our fellow Newfoundlanders who were among those who died so that we can live in freedom and democracy.

In Prague, we joined with another Newfoundland choir, Cantus Vocum, and performed a concert at St. Salvator Church, which was preceded by a reception at the Canadian Embassy. Our final performance was in Dresden. All the concerts – even the spontaneous ones in pubs, castles and canal boats – proved that music has no borders. Language was no barrier in song. Here is a photo of choir members Anne Marie Whelan, Madonna Cole, Shirley Moss and Diane MacDonald with *Downhome* magazine, in front of the Anne Frank

find corky sly conner

Hidden somewhere in this issue is Corky Sly Conner.

Can you find him?



Look carefully at all the photographs and in the text of the stories. If you spot Corky, send us your name, address and phone number, along with a note telling us where he's located. Your name will be entered in a draw and the winner will receive a coupon worth 25 Downhome Dollars redeemable at our store, on our Web site or through our mail order service.

Congratulations

to Marguerite
Dakessian of Toronto,
Ontario, who found
Corky on page 80 of
the August issue in a
photo of Hammond
Farm.



Send your replies to:

Corky Contest
43 James Lane
St. John's, NL
A1E 3H3

mail@downhomelife.com
visit www.downhomelife.com

**Deadline for replies is
the end of each month.**

statue in Amsterdam.

MARIE E. DYMOND
St. John's, Newfoundland



Sounds like it was a memorable trip, Marie. Thanks for writing and sharing your story.

More Alphabet Fleet Memories

I am responding to an invitation in the March 2008 issue of *Downhome* to submit my story about the Alphabet Fleet. My earliest travel on one of Newfoundland's famous coastal boats was during the last week of August 1946. The *Clyde* was tied up at the loading pier in Lewisporte, busily

taking on freight and passengers for its regular south-side run of Notre Dame Bay. It was early morning and the sun was just over the horizon as the branch train from Notre Dame Junction screeched to a stop just a couple hundred yards up from the long wharf, near Manuel's Hotel, and the tracks leading back to the station.

Lewisporte was the gateway to every community on both sides of Notre Dame Bay; the Notre Dame Branch train connected with westbound and eastbound overland trains, from St. John's and Port aux Basques. Passengers, mail and freight of every sort were funnelled aboard the *Clyde* for the ship's weekly runs between Shoe Cove and Cape John in the north, and Change Islands, Fogo Island, and Port Albert on the south side of the bay. The *Clyde* was the workhorse of Notre Dame Bay, every day of the week from the beginning of May to the end of December, and Captain Elliott of the *Clyde* was undoubtedly the best-known man in Notre Dame Bay.