

SETTLFD UP - EH?

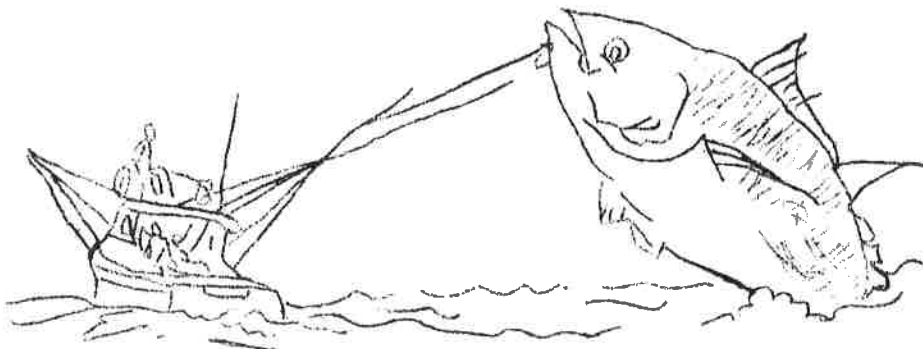
Presented by
BLACK TICKLE ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOL

This play is concerned with the settling up of accounts of fishermen in the fall, and their getting prepared for winter. It was written from a collection of incidents in Black Tickle by one of the teachers, Mr. Stephen MacDonald. The play ends with a tap dance and the singing of "On the Shores of Labrador", a song written by Albert Dean of Black Tickle about dogs, high winds, isolation and most important, fishing.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Dobbs	-	Charles Morris
Mrs. Dobbs	-	Kathleen Dyson
Jack	-	Kate Turnbull
George	-	Dina Turnbull
Joseph Michael	-	Michael Dyson
Ella Marie	-	Bernice Keene
Lilly	-	Cecilia Lane
Mildred	-	Eileen Lane
Peter	-	Peter Keith

DIRECTORS: Sr. Reine Driscoll, Stephen MacDonald



The play you are about to see does not represent one particular event in the history of Black Tickle, but is a collection of events that reflect what life in Black Tickle was like about forty years ago. We hope to demonstrate in this play, that the people of coastal Labrador as well as Black Tickle, relied heavily on the merchants for their income and food supplies. Never-the-less, the people have survived some mighty harsh winters which were a true test of their durability.

The characters of the play are fictitious, as well as the manner in which the events are portrayed. Please keep in mind that the events displayed in this play are truly a part of our heritage.

Before commencing with the performance I would like to leave you with this thought. The people of Labrador have learned through a life of hard work to take the good with the bad. It is through this type of life that Labrador will continue providing a strong and prudent people. We thank you God for placing us in Labrador Our Labrador.

SETTLED UP - Eh?

Characters:

Fish Merchant	-----	Mr. Dobbs
Merchant's Wife	-----	Mrs. Dobbs (Mary)
Fisherman 1	-----	Jack
Fisherman 2	-----	George
Fisherman 3	-----	Joseph - Michael
George's Wife	-----	Ella-Marie
Micheal-Joseph's Wife	-----	Lilly
Merchant's Daughter	-----	Mildred
George's Son	-----	Peter

Setting: A merchants storeroom in the fall of the year. The fisherman are getting ready to settle their accounts before the merchant leaves on the boat.

Jack: Well dat's da last of it fer dis year. Guess it's time we went in and settled up with the old miser? What do you say we goes in, heh George?

George: Hardly worth going in for. Probably in the hole anyway. Da only time you gits a bit extra money is when you gits a bit of fir in da winter.

Ella-Marie: Now George you know yerself dat, dat's not true. Uncle Will got squared up da udder day. He come out wit his grub fer da winter and clothes to boot fer all da young 'uns. Now what more would you be want'in?

Joseph-Micheal: Come on lads, let's have no more strife about it. We'll only git what's com'in to us. What ever it is?

Mr. Dobbs: Come in, come in we sees what we kin do fer ya. Mary break out a bottle of stuff fer da byes.

PAUSE Everyone sits down and the merchant begins to pour over his books. Mary puts a bottle of rum on the table. Everyone takes a drink and and the bottle is taken away.

Mrs. Dobbs: Here ya goes bye. Don't waste none now cause I got to save some fer doctor'in to sick folks.

Mr. Dobbs: (More of less to himself) "50 quintels, 76 quintels, H'm lets see. Boys it don't look like ya done overly well fer da summer, but I imagine dat ya made enough to git by on.

Joseph-Micheal: What is we gittin fer a quintal a fish dis year; Mr. Dobbs. I sure hopes I'll have enough left over fer a new scull'in oar and a bottle fer Christmas.

In walks Joseph-Micheal's wife, Lilly ---quite disgusted with her husbands last comments.

Lilly: Before you goes buy'in anything Micheal-Joesph; you make sure dat you got all yer bills paid and enough money left over fer a good stock of food. Last winter we almost starved to death fer want of flour to make bread.

Mr. Dobbs: Well men da going price fer a quintal of fish dis year is 2 dollars a quintal and dat's pretty good if I haves to say so myself. If ders a rise in da price later on, we'll give ya credit fer it next year.

Jack: (Jumping up from his seat and counting on his fingers) Ya means to say dat fer me whole summers fishing all I gits is a hundred and fifty dollars. Tis not right ya know Mr. Dobbs. Who sets them prices anyway.

Ella-Marie: (start wailing and almost cries). Oh my, whats we gonna do dis winter. George only got a little over 60 quintals and by da time we pays our dets der won't be enough left fer a square meal. Wit another young'un on the way t'will be a pretty tough winter.

Mr. Dobbs: Be quiet now woman, tings is never as bad as dey reallyseems. Tis nutt'in to be mak'in such a fuss over.

George: What would you be know'in about winter'in here on da Labrador. You'll be off to yer nice warm house back in Newfoundland fer da winter and you'll be send'in yer young'in off to school everyday.

Lilly: Yes a womans life here on da Labrador is not very appeall'in. What wit worry'in about da men out on da ice and where da next bite is com'in from and wit da young'uns underfoot all day long. Tis not very nice be'in stuck in a two by four tilt fer most of da winter.

Mr. Dobbs: Dats all a dis kind of talk I want to hear fer one day. Us men got business to be conduct'in. Where's day young'in of ours to. (shouts out to Mildred) Mildred: I needs her to write up da orders fers des fellers.

MILDRED enters with PETER

Mildred: Me and Peter here was down in da store room kill'in da wharf rats what been eat'in da flour.

Peter: Ya, Mr. Dobbs, remember ya promised us 5 cents fer every rat we got. Ders almost thirty-five of em in da barrel. Some of em are

dirty big ones, about dat long. (he holds up his hands to show the length)

Mr. Dobbs: (a bit embarrassed) Stop dat nonsense and git behind da counter Mildred and take des orders. Peter you go out side outta da way. Let's get on wit da figur'in.

Jack: Lucky thing I only got \$60.00 com'in to me fer me grub. Now I won't have to buy so much of dat flour.

Mr. Dobbs: George, wit yer bill from all dat new gear ya got and all da grub ya got over da summer ya just broke even. I'll only be able to give ya, yer winters supply in credit.

George: Dats mighty kind of ya Mr. Dobbs. Especially wit sugar and flour being so steep. Reckon I'll be in da hole fer another year or two. Can't be afford'in to be buy'in any baccy either.

Joseph-Micheal: How'd I fair out skipper? Surely God, ders enough money in me fish to keep me from starv'in.

Mr. Dobbs: Bye ya did good wit da fish dis year, but ya runned up as many bills as a cat got lives.

Joseph-Micheal: Sure what did ya expect wit da prices yer charg'in. \$7.00 fer a barrel of flour, 30 cents fer a gallon of lassy. Hows a man supposed to afford a bit a sweetness fer his tea wit prices like dat.

George: Mary you worry about it bye, you lay in a good supply of shot and powder and you won't go hungry dis winter. Ders plenty of wild ducks and rabbits just waitin' to be caught. Don't see what you bes wantin' wit all dis fancy store bought stuff anyway.

Enter Peter (Running and excited)

Peter: Mr. Dobbs, she's com'in, shes here, she's lay'in anchor. Right der in da bight, Mr. Dobbs. Da steamer, she's here.

Mr. Dobbs: Here's yer money Mick. You go git yer grub out of da store. Da rest of you fellars git me stuff out to da boat - Mildred, you and yer mudder come or we'll miss da boat.

Mildred: Is we really going Mudder? I'll be some glad to get outto Black Tickle. Play'in wit dolls back home is a lot more fun den killin wharf rats and I'll be able to trade in des boots fer a nice pair of shoes.

Mrs. Dobbs: Yes me-dear. Lets go.

EVERYONE EXITS, LEAVING JOSEPH-MICHEAL AND GEORGE ON THE STAGE

Micheal-Joseph: What's sense is der to it. We fishes all summer, works our guts out we do, what fer? Nutt'in dats what fer. So's we kin starve half da winter.

George: It's a liv'in, ain't it?

Joseph-Micheal: It's slavery, dats what it is. Der makin dis a caast of hunger — Blēed'in da people?

George: It all comes out da same in da end, no matter where ya goes. Fellers like Mr. Dobbs, dey gits yer money anyway. If dey don't git it dis year dey'll git it next year.

Micheal-Joseph: None da less we got a tough winter look'in at us.

George: No rougher din any other time bye. And we'll do da same ting next year.

Micheal-Joseph: I suppose we will. I don't guess it'll change to quick, will it?

ON THE SHORES OF LABRADOR by Albert Dean

He tells about his pleasant adventures in Black Tickle and of two brothers from France who moved there and stayed over the years as school teachers.

On the shores of Labrador
Where the wind blows high and strong.
There is a little fishing village where time
hurries quietly on.
The people came here long ago to give the place its name.
Black Tickle you are rocks and bog.
We love you just the same.

The winter nights they are so long
There is no place to go.
The dogs crawl over the frozen ground
seeking shelter from the snow.
When fishing time rolls around again the snow then
blows no more.
As the men they fish the waters from the shores of Labrador.

In the village there is a house and school, on its doors
are welcome mats.
It is run by two fine teachers there names are Jack and Pat.
There old home town they left behind, they long for
it no more.
They have come to live with the people on the
shores of Labrador.

The winter nights they are so long
There is no place to go.
The dogs crawl over the frozen ground
seeking shelter from the snow.
When fishing time rolls around again the snow then
blows no more.
As the men they fish the waters from the shores of Labrador.