

# Field notes

*The second in a  
series on an  
archaeological dig  
on North Island*

Archaeological work in St. Michael's Bay has begun.

Our last hot showers and multi-course meals were enjoyed in Red Bay before the final leg of our journey. Eva and Art Luther from St. Lewis also said adieu to the comforts of home, packed their Kelly Kettle and the dog, and have joined us for a month. What a pleasure it's been to see many old friends on the way - Nora and Guy, Verna, Mona and Garland (all Pyes); Marilyn and Bim, and Phil (all Bridles); also Cindy Gibbons and Dennis Yetman. Charlottetown was waiting for us with lots of support, and every bit of it was needed to get our operation offshore. So many folks streamed into Bill and Marilyn Morris' with offers of help that we feel well taken care of. Baxter Turnbull and Zillah Kippenhuck made sure our gear was well stored before our arrival, and Wayne Russell heaved it all aboard and brought it to Triangle.

Our first job at the archaeological site was to set up a series of excavation units across the Inuit sod house we plan to examine. All the soil we dig up is sifted like flour to catch the smaller artifacts that would otherwise slip through our fingers. Artifacts are the objects made by humans in the past and we've already begun to find plenty. A beautifully made whalebone tool is gradually being uncovered inside the sod house alongside plenty of bone fragments that are the remains of Inuit meals. Dorset Palaeoeskimo artifacts are also popping up in odd test pits.

by Marianne Stopp

Triangle is now largely abandoned but the old stages and houses still stand strong on their wooden shores waiting for their history to be written. Lydia Campbell's descendants once fished here. This past winter, Eva Luther interviewed women from Lodge Bay to Cartwright as part of a Labrador Metis Nation oral history project. One of the women was Olive Marshall, Aunt Lydia's great granddaughter. Mrs. Marshall was born here in Triangle and has many memories of when it was a bustling summer fishery community. She remembers chasing goats over Sunday and Monday hill to bring them home, and the rooster crowing early in the morning as she headed home with the women after a night of cleaning fish on the stage. The Inuit ancestry of these families is clear and one wonders if even more distant ancestors lived in the sod houses we are excavating.

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