



JAMES H SNOW

W.W. I

James was born in Bay Roberts on the 22<sup>nd</sup> of July 1897. That's what his enlistment papers state and Bay Roberts is given as his hometown.

He enlisted in the Royal Naval Reserve at the Port of St. John's on April 10, 1912, and assigned service No. 363X, he was in his mid-twenties at the time and an experienced seaman.

Following basic training aboard the training vessel Calypso from November 7, 1912, to February 8, 1912, he was sent to England. Over the next several years, James served on the Hazel and the Almanzora. He was released from active service in June 1919.

On his record, dated late 1917, in the right-hand margin is the statement, "Temporarily relieved from service as officer of the Mercantile Marine Nfld Produce Co." It

appears that he was already a ship's officer prior to joining the Naval Reserve.

James returned home after the war and with his wife, Winnie, had a family of six according to the 1935 census. It seems that he was quite well to do since in that same census, it is noted that they have live-in domestic (Pearl Mercer).



JAMES H SNOW

ROYAL NAVY W.W.I  
MERCHANT NAVY W.W.II

WW II saw a new form of service for now Captain Snow or perhaps the better use of his skills in the Merchant Navy.

Amazing that one man could and did see service in both world wars. What more can be said, other than Captain Snow was a rare individual and a true Newfoundland hero. He passed away in 1952 and is buried at the Central United Church Cemetery in Bay Roberts.

The following is a newspaper article from The Evening Telegram, St. John's, NL from 1952 with a tribute to Captain James Harvey Snow (note a typo in the title of the article- initial S instead of H). This article was kindly provided by his Grandson – Douglas Snow.

## Tribute to Late Capt. J. S. Snow

(G. C. C.)

BAY ROBERTS (Special) — The writer cannot do justice in this brief tribute, to the late Capt. Snow, for to know him, was to know a man who's place will be hard to fill. His seamanship, courage and manly qualities were outstanding. He was beloved by all, and all passengers and those under his direct command were deeply saddened at his passing.

The late Capt. Snow was born at Bay Roberts some 60 years ago, son of the late James and Naomi (Stevens) Snow. At a very early age, he went to the Labrador in such vessels as "Idalfa", "Hebe", and "Fiona". At 18 he joined the Naval Reserve, serving on H.M.S. Calipso and other H.M. ships. When World War I broke out he was recalled, and drafted overseas, serving on the S.S. Hazel, patrolling the Irish sea. Then he transferred to a much larger ship, H.M.S. Almanzora, which ship was on duty in the North Sea. On this ship, through his seamanship, he was promoted to master of one of her life saving boats.

Returning to Newfoundland, he was transferred to the S.S. Susu, patrolling off the north east coast of Newfoundland. Then entering the Mercantile Marine, his first command was the two-masted schooner "Dazzle", engaged in the fish carrying trade to Brazil, West Indies and Mediterranean ports. Other vessels under his command were "Jean Duff" and "Jean F. McRae."

He also spent some three summers in the United States, and returning the fall of the third year, brought to Newfoundland a yacht owned by the late Sir Richard Squires, then Premier.

He then joined the Newfoundland Coastal Service, and commanded the S.S. Kyle, S.S. Sagona and other ships, his last command being the S.S. Northern Ranger.

The late Capt. Snow, with Mrs. Snow and son, Calvin, went on a short holiday in November, 1952, and while visiting their son, Wallace and family, he was stricken, and passed away in one of Montreal's largest hospitals on November 24. Mrs. Snow, and sons John and Calvin, accompanied the body to Bay Roberts for burial.

Capt. Snow was one of our oldest Masonic brethren, also an Orangeman and a Sir Kt. of the Royal Black Institution for forty-two years. The many floral tributes and messages from Railway and prominent men around our coast line were evidence of the esteem in which the late Captain was held. All branches of the Railway were represented at the funeral, also Masonic and Orange societies, with a Guard of Honour from the Canadian Legion. The burial service in the home was conducted by the United Church minister, Rev. John S. H. Moran, B.A. The hymn "The Old Rugged Cross" was sung, followed with the burial services of the Masonic, Orange and Royal

Black societies.

Then the large procession of Societies, mourners and friends followed a loving father, brother and friend to Central United Church. The church service was conducted by the minister, who paid a very fitting tribute to the deceased. In the course of the minister's remarks he said that although his acquaintance with the deceased was brief, he knew Capt. Jimmie Snow was a very unassuming man. As a man among men, he was regarded as a born leader, and won the respect and admiration of all men who served with and under him.

His sound judgment of important issues was always given some consideration, and the principal of true living always demanded his full appreciation.

At the graveside the Christian burial service was read by Rev. Moran, followed by the ritual of the Canadian Legion, which was read by Comrade Victor Sheppard of Spaniard's Bay. The various fraternal societies then paid their last respects by encircling the grave and dropping an emblem as a token of respect.

Left to mourn their sad loss are his widow, six sons Allan (in England), Wallace (in Montreal), James (in Montreal), Ernest, Jack and Calvin at home; three daughters, Annie, Olive and Cynthia; 3 sisters, Elizabeth (Mrs. G. C. Cave), Fannie (Mrs. R. J. Mercer) of Bay Roberts; Malerna (Mrs. William Cook), of Winnipeg.

His name is recorded with captains, and those who go down to the sea in ships, so we leave our gallant son with the lines of Gray and Tennyson:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp  
of power and all that beauty,  
all that wealth o'er gave,  
Awaits alike, the inevitable hour,  
The path of glory leads but to  
the grave.

For, though from out our bourne  
of time and place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to  
face

When I have crossed the bar."