VOL 3, No.5 MAY - [illegible] 1976



The Townships Sun

VOL. 3, NO. 5

Why isn't there a Townships Sun reporter in Beirut ducking bullets?

Hello-
We were just discussing the fact that each of us has been meeting people on the street who say they've been meaning to send us money for a subscription but just haven't gotten around to it.

It seems we all do that a lot. We put things off until the last minute and then go crazy when it's too late. I'm always amazed to find myself at the end of a long lineup at the License Bureau on the last day for buying plates...

If you're intending to suscribe to the Sun, please don't wait until the last minute and give us all a heart attack. The anticipation of not knowing whether we're going to have enough suscribers to make it is starting to take its toll.

Or are you still wondering whether it's worth it? Maybe you don't believe in community newspapers. Or maybe you don't believe that the Sun is a good community newspaper.

As far as the value of a community newspaper,it's true that there aren't many of them around these days. In the Townships they're long on ads, short on content and seldom in English.Most of us buy one of the daily papers that keeps us informed of happenings all around the globe.

Now, while we're agreed that it's good and important to know the problems and conflicts confronting us all as earthmen, the truth is that we almost all feel helpless to do anything about these problems.

Maybe part of the reason for our immobility is that we know more about what's happening in Beirut then in Bedford.

When it comes down to it, don't all of the issues and the concerns come home to each of us as individuals? Pollution is the cigarette you smoke, the car you drive, and all of those crazy things you buy. Starvation is the food you eat and the food you eat after you've already had enough. And to an extent, the shortest route to Beirut is through Bedford.

What's happening in Bedford? I don't know 'cause no one's done an article on Bedford yet but there's one being written for the Sun. Maybe there's some crisis in Bedford that we can all help resolve somehow. And who knows,after Bedford maybe we can move on to Beirut.Or better still, maybe we should let the people in Beirut handle their own problems.

Our first responsibility is not Lebanon, it's the Townships. Responsibility starts at home with ourselves as individuals, our immediate community and so on. And right now, we've got an awful lot of cleaning up to do under our beds and in our own back yards.

So, what's the moral of this story? Well, how about investing seven dollars and fifty cents in the possibility of a Townships Community paper before you invest $25 in your daily.

Now, as far as your second reservation, whether or not the Townships Sun is a good community paper. All we can say is please give us a chance. We know better than anyone of our present shortcomings and we're working on them. We know that we have to give more coverage of different areas and different problems and we intend to. It all takes time and energy and your support. Please give it- Invest in the Townships.

Oh, yes. There isn't a Townships Sun reporter in Beirut ducking bullets because none of us knows how to speak Arabic and besides we're all scared of guns.

Dear Townships Sun Editors,

This is to inform you that the Bury people really enjoy the Sun! It really lights up the day for us. I feel that the Sun is one of the few periodicals which shows the life of the Townships as it is.

I am enclosing a cheque for subscription dues so that I may receive it on a regular basis.

Sincerely,
Glenn C. Coates

Dear Sunners,

Your publication is terrific. Keep up the good work--and believe me, you'd be surprised how much it is appreciated.

If I'd had a copy then, gee whiz I could have pinned it up on the Post Office wall in Tierra del Fuego when I took my motorcycle trip there a couple of years ago from here.

Best wishes and heres my subscription plus a wee bit extra to keep the pot boiling.

Sincerely,
John Pitt
North Hatley

Townships Sun-

Nice to see our ducks on brook on front cover and trailing to barn through the calf pasture on back cover! Wondered what the photographers were taking pics. of??!!

Beaven W. Bowen
Hatley

Dear Townships Sun,

My husband and I are delighted with your paper, and are happy that at last there is a regional paper oriented to the English-speaking population of the Townships.

We have 'come back' to the Townships in our retirement, although my husband's roots are farther east, in Hatley where his mother was born. The first of his mother's family settled in Barnston in 1801 (name of Howe) and as I spent many years of my early life in Vermont, the physical aspect of the countryside equally dear to me.

We hope that you will receive enough of the practical 'support' you need to keep this fine paper in production.

Sincerely,
Mrs. H.E. Chalk
Philipsburg

The Townships Sun,

I am an interested reader of the Sun, I wish to suscribe and I hope this will help to carry on the good work. It really is a treat to get a paper that is not Half advertisements. I have always lived in the Eastern Townships. And I am interested in what goes on in the Townships.

Keep up the good work,
Mrs. Ruth Leney
St. Armand Station

Dear Editors,

My brother sent me a copy of your paper, and being former Eastern Townships native, I found it to be most readable, informative and last but not least, enjoyable.

While I would really like to be your 'good friend', I'm afraid that in these days of economic upheaval I can only scrape up enough extra green for a supporting membership. I look forward to being on your mailing list and wonder if there is the possibility of obtaining the back issues.

I was particularly interested in Vol. 3, No. 3 because my great-uncle, Norman MacAulay (no relation to the skunk in the narrative), was a good friend of Donald Morrison.

The educational articles I found most interesting, probably because both my parents were active for many years in the Eastern Townships schools (in the gold old 'smaller' schools, c. 1940-1960).

I certainly hope that your quota of subscriptions will be met so that your fine publication may continue and that you will not succumb to starvation and lack of transportation. There is much to be said for back-to-the-land and the horse and buggy. 'Tis far better to gratefully stroke the warm soft hide of a horse than the cold unresponsive fender of a car at the journey's end.

Peace, and the best of luck,
Beth Kantrud
Jamestown, North Dakota
USA

Dear Townships Sun,

Please find enclosed a check for my subscription to your paper. We enjoy your paper, which gives us interesting information which we don't get from any other.

I was pleased to read in your latest edition of a farmers market in North Hatley, and would like to see more of them being organized. It would be better for everybody. It would mean more money for the farmer and gardener, and fresher and cheaper fruits and vegetables for the consumer. A larger percentage of the produce we eat can be grown right here.

One thing that distresses me is the disappearance of the small farmer. I would like to see them make a comeback.

Wishing you every success,
Dan Bousquet
Sawyerville

-there is a farmers market in your area too, we should mention, right in Eaton Corner. Last summer there was a farmers market every Saturday from July on which was organized by the Corner Store of Eaton Corner. For further information about this summer's market, call the store at 875-5171.

Hi:

A big thank you for copies of the Township Sun already received and enclosed is a check to assure us of future copies.

Read with interest the possibility of nuclear power stations in Quebec, more so because I have been following on Vermont T.V. the controversy between personnels of Yankee power and people who work and are interested in health and environment programs in that state. Must admit the ones speaking for Yankee power had it all down pat and did a good job oratorically but left me with the feeling that such stations were not desirable neighbours.

The very best to the Townships Sun and its staff.

Sincerely,
Mabel Boyce
Sutton

Dear Russell, Jill, Bob and Peter,

I have been living in the Sherbrooke area for a little over one year after moving here from Edmonton, Atla. to finish my PhD at the C.H.U. Only recently I have become aware of your journal by picking up Vol. 3, Nos. 2&3 at that health food Coop, and have been disappointed to read that several meetings or events that I would have liked to attend had already been held. Obviously, what I need is a subscription and thus I have enclosed a cheque for $25 (I can't really afford it but I'd like to help) for a two year contract.

Many of the articles in the two issues I've seen have been of great interest to me. Part of my reason for coming to Quebec was to try and find out what was really going on here, socially and politically- to understand, if possible, why Quebec appears to be such an unusual province in Canada. It's refreshing to find people, outside of a university community who are concerned and actually have the fortitude to look at society with a cool eye and try to determine where the problems lie and how they could be changed.

I am a concerned human being. I believe the attitudes of the general population are being manipulated by undesirable goals, dictated by the aspirations of the business community. I am doing a PhD in virology, Dept. of Microbiology here, but have strong interests in other area's of living life in a sane way. If I can help you in any way with your endeavor of reaching the people of the Townships, by all means get in touch with me.

Yours sincerely,
E. Carstens
Sherbrooke

Editors, Townships Sun,

I am a regular reader of the Sun and enclosed you will find a cheque for my subscription, we find it very interesting paper and hope this will help you carry on.

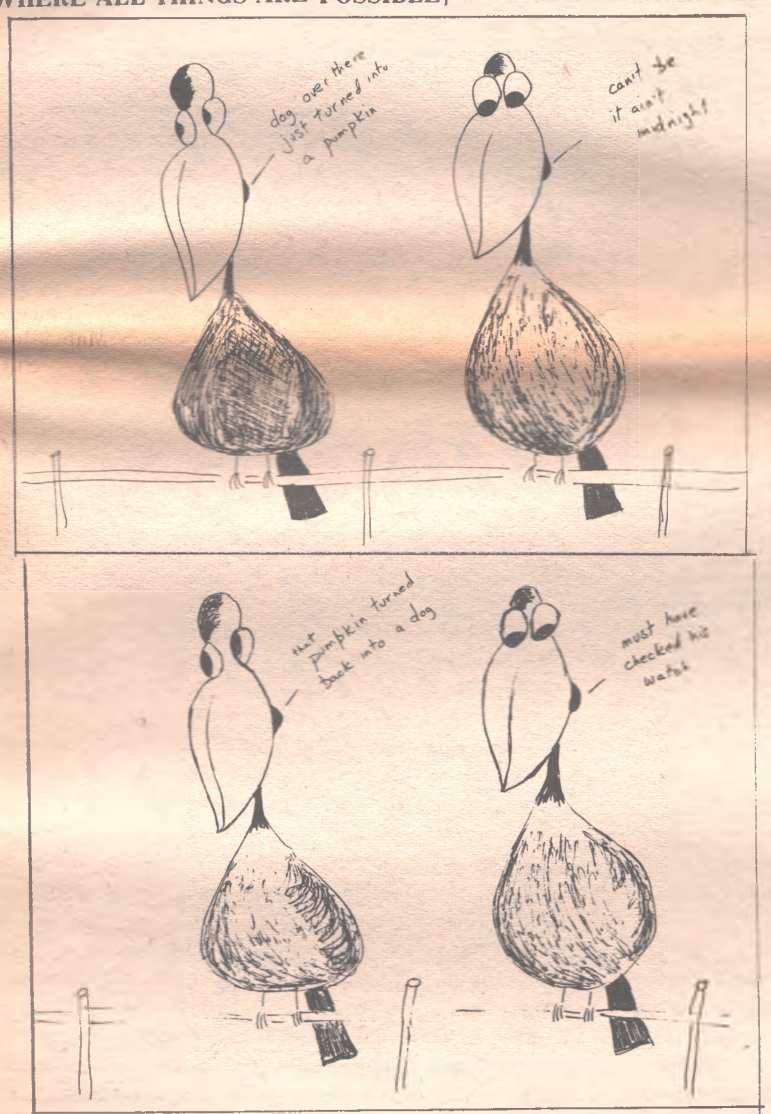
We feel very sad to think our ambulance service both in Sawyerville and Bury find it necessary to close down. This fades out along with the small farmer, very sad. Keep up your interesting paper.

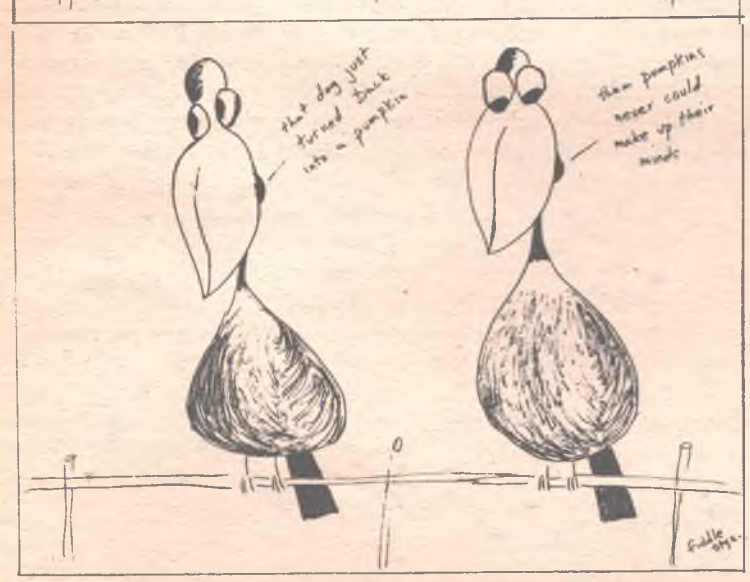
Mrs. Earl Savage
Sawyerville

**This old earthquake's gonna
leave me in the poorhouse
But a gold-plated door
on the thirty-first floor
wouldnt keep out
the Lord's burning rain.**



**SITTING ON THE FENCE
[WHERE ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE]**





CRISIS AT CHAMPLAIN IN LENNOXVILLE

As the tension between the Quebec teachers' unions and the Bourassa government over contract negotiations come to a head with the passing of Bill 23, the local campus of Champlain Regional College in Lennoxville, has been disrupted with internal strife which may prove to have province-wide repercussions.

At the end of March the Campus Director, Dr. Peter Hill, informed thirteen of the college's full-time instructors that their contracts would not be renewed for next year. Claiming that the firings of these teachers were arbitrary, the members of the CEQ local union were angered by the fact that in this group of thirteen teachers were a member of their union executive, the legal counsellor, the chairman and entire personnel of their animation committee, half of their action committee, their delegates to meetings of the CEQ, and the editor of the union bulletin.

Having reason to suspect an attempt at union-busting, the union executive immediately launched grievances against the administration on the ground that due process had not been followed in these firings. The next day, the campus administration had a memo circulated at a union meeting asking the members to withdraw the grievances.

The CEQ took immediate legal action against the college administration, citing Article 11 of the Labour Code, which prohibits interference in union affairs and the use of intimidation on the part of the administrators.

In view of the seriousness of the charges, and the resulting effect in the college, the Lennoxville teachers' union of Champlain Regional College is calling on all affiliates in the CEQ and other unions to voice their support to Gerry Cutting, President, Syndicat des Enseignants du College Champlain à Lennoxville, and to voice their concern to Mr. Brian Ash, Directeur Général, Champlain Regional College, 1257 Boul. Queen Nord, Sherbrooke.

THE TOWNSHIPS SUN
BOX 420, WATERVILLE
J0B 3H0 837-2864

Jill Gyorgy,
R.R. 1, COmpton
835-5682

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Peter Hutchinson,
East Hatley,
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This issue of the Sun was typeset by Moe's River Press. In-plant camera by Bob Lessard's Composition et Publicité, Sherbrooke. Printed by Eastern Townships Publishing Co, Ltd., Sherbrooke.
The mast-head on the front cover was drawn by Stephanie Wells of Scotstown.
Printed in 20,000 copies, one for every English family in the traditional Eastern Townships.
The Sun's International Serial Number is 0316-022X.
Nous sommes enregistré avec la Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec.
Bulk mailing permit no. 84, Sherbrooke.

Dear Townships Sun editors,

I have read with interest Vol. 3 No. 4 of the Townships Sun. You are to be congratulated for keeping this paper in circulation. Please accept my subscription enclosed herewith.

Of special interest to me is the article 'Death Sentence for the Small Abattoirs' because of the impact this will have on the owners and their families, but worse yet for the farmers themselves, especially the small farmers.

Unfortunately, good friend Kevin Danaher sees a solution through the Union Nationale, an old political party still in control of the same old politicians whose behaviour was just as reprehensible as that of the present government on that score and others.- I believe there would be only one way out and by this I mean 'Unite the forces of all men and women of good will from all over the province in a new party weaned from the old formations that have a shady past.'

This formation exists now. It derives from a group of men who dreamed of cleaning politics in this province. It started with 'CAP' or Comité d'Action Politique in which men such as Clément Vincent from Union Nationale and Fabien Roy of the Créditistes were part with many others less well known but no less honest and sincere. It is now called the 'PNP' or Parti National Popularie. Ex-liberal minister Jérome Choquette had joined these men of good will and could very well become the natural leader of this group and form a new government under which we would all feel well-represented. Unfortunately. the old die-hard of the U.N. would like to go back to the days when the U.N. was running the province; they refuse the extended hand of those who are ready to fight for the population in order to try and keep themselves privileges they do not deserve.

You will find under separate cover a Manifesto for a National Project, which is in fact the written philosophy of this new Parti National Populaire or Popular National Party. The party that wants to unite all men and women of good will will in a better society where the rights of all would be respected. In answer to Mr. K. Danaher's assertions concerning the freedom of choice of school, I do not rightly know what the U.N. has to offer the English population, but the P.N.P. solution is written in black and white in its Manifesto which states (page 28) its intentions clearly, namely:

* to revise Chapter 5 of the Official Language Act in a spirit of conciliation and of open Dialogue;
* to institute a teaching system in the French language for the majority and those who are not of anglophone origin; and a teaching system in the English language;
* both systems will teach the second language, which will provide francophones and non-anglophone new Quebeckers a practical and functional knowledge of English and to English-speaking students a corresponding knowledge of French;
* to give non-anglophone new Quebeckers already settles in Quebec a deadline before which they must select the language of their choice; non-anglophone immigrants arriving after this date shall be registered in the French system; these measures will do away with tests and other unfair practices.

From the above we learn that the PNP would give all the people who choose to be called English-speaking the right to go to English school, that is, all those living in Quebec before the deadline. It also means that after the deadline date, any English-speaking newcomer would be absorbed into the English system, but non-anglophone immigrants would be sent to French school. Surely, persons from other countries cannot claim any right, they must abide by the rules of the province or decide not to come if they are not English-speaking and do not want to send their children to French school. Ontario has English schools only, for all and French schools for only the children who can prove their mother tongue is French and this only in surroundings where they are in majority: elsewhere they go to English schools or at best to what is called bilingual school.

No other party has a program that meets the needs of the whole population as this Manifesto proposes, none offers to humanize the services as the PNP does. This Manifesto is laughed at by U.N. leaders, ignored by the Liberals and the P.Q. and also by our newsmen who boycott its diffusion because they are afraid of it...

I have never belonged to any political party before. For the first time, at age 61, I feel I can work with and as a member in good standing I can easily say 'Je suis responsable, je choisis PNP.'

Yours truly,
Yves Vilandré
Waterville



Dear Friends,

I believe Kenneth Macpherson is a bit radical in his thinking about teachers' salaries.

I also was in the Army from 1941 to 1946 incl. participation in North West Europe Campaign, and my wife brought up a family of five children on army pay and allowances, but I would **not** like to see teachers that could be fired for any such amount teaching children- however, I had great faith in the small country schools where children were really taught and we had some excellent teachers at McLeod school, and some truly bilingual persons received their start there.

(excuse the writing, I am also not young)

Sincerely,
M.C. Rymill
Sherbrooke

The letters printed in the Sun do not in any way reflect the opinions that may be held by the staff, rather they represent a sample of the letters received.

Editors,

I have never written to a newspaper before but I feel it is time someone took a stand regarding the letter published by Kenneth MacPherson in your Vol. 3 No. 4 paper.

He stated that he knew groups dealing with drugs, carrying switch blades and one child that was missing from school three days without being missed. I think this was a very hypocritical act. If he knew such groups and had gone to the proper authorities this situation could have been corrected immediately. He just sat back and made a mockery of the situation by writing to your paper which was probably published months later. He did wrong by concealing information which could have helped all children.

As for closing the school until next September, I spoke with teachers and they informed me that on the average the children are as advanced as in previous years- so teachers must be doing the same job under more difficult conditions.

I have great respect for Townships Sun and what you are doing for our community. May I suggest you go to Mr. Macpherson and obtain the names of the groups dealing in dope, carrying switch blades and the absentees which he mentioned. If such information could not be produced, I feel he should retract his letter.

If this could be accomplished your paper would be more rewarding and a success to everyone.

Sincerely,
A Loyal Reader

Suggestions from Readers.

Have you given any thought to the future possibility of establishing reporters in each of the major localities where the Sun is circulated? This idea might help boost your circulation and would certainly go a long way toward the development of a community-minded newspaper.

-Allanna Diver
Knowlton

—Anyone interested?

—Did you ever think as a service to residents (English) of the E.T. of advertising for living descendants of people who have long since passed on?

Mrs. Ray W. Gardener
Mansonville

'An elementary teacher who is very concerned and interested.'

Dear Editors,

I have enjoyed receiving and reading the many different copies of the Townships Sun. You, the Staff, are to be congratulated on the amount of effort which you put into your paper as it is with eagerness and enthusiasm in which it is read.

I would like to write in reply to a letter written by Mr. Kenneth Macpherson in Vol. 3, No. 4 issue. Your letter Sir, contains many questions of which the answer is in the very first sentence which you wrote, i.e. 'I am a man of 76.'

You must be aware of the rising cost of living. Have you recently tried to buy a cotton shirt or a pair of blue denim jeans which the Dominion Textile makes? The prices ten years ago were a third of what they are today. God only knows, what they cost back in your day.

Teachers have great respect and a great amount of interest in their students. This is why they have taken such a firm stand on their present contract and are willing to strike for **quality education**. Those teachers realize that they can give us a lot more attention and take a greater interest in students if class sizes were a lot smaller.

As far as loss of pay is concerned we too lost a day's pay for each day we were on strike or absent from school. You have only to pick up any daily newspaper and read about the demands of the Teachers, Farmers or any worker in the Province of Quebec. They are all dissatisfied.

Your questions about education, Sir, should have been directed towards Mr. Bourassa, our M.N.A., and the School Boards as this is where the lack of interest seems to be.

You, Sir, are not aware of the amount of time which a teacher works. That time spent in class is only a part of the day. When those students leave then the correcting has to be done. The work for the next day has to be planned and organized. There are a number of records and report cards to be filled out, staff meetings to attend plus many teachers are taking courses in the evenings and summers to keep up to date on recent teaching methods and to improve their own scholarity so that they can be more effective teachers.

I would suggest, Sir, that you follow the news media a little more closely in the future as your letters shows how little you know of the present situations.

Sincerely,
Elaine Laraway
Georgeville

-Have you ever considered a classified insert in your paper? I have in mind a 'for sale- 'wanted'- 'trade, swap' along the lines of the one in Montreal except ads would be paid for whether the deal was closed or not.

Mr. W.J. Cavers
Magog

—We are planning to offer such a service in the independent Sun, as we are unable to now under the conditions of our grant. We'll let our readers know the details in our next issue.

Not North Hatley,

Not West Hatley,

Not East Hatley.

Just plain Hatley.



Travelling from Ayers Cliff, crossing the Sherbrooke-Stanstead highway, along a paved road, up a short hill, a curve, and suddenly you're in a village that looks like New England a century ago. How did this get here? The streets are quiet and tree-lined, the houses old and beautiful. Colourful, too: the people here are not shy with a paint brush. Green, blue, purple, yellow, brown, white, red; yet all very tasteful and appropriate.

The natives are friendly and invite you in for tea and cakes. They mention the weather and enquire as to where you come from and are you related to so-and-so. They are quiet and relaxed and there is a sort of warm glow in their kitchens; they keep their houses and yards and trees and flowers and gardens neat and tidy.

They are deeply aware of their history: in what other town is every newcomer soon handed a copy of the history of the community, replete with anecdotes and a complete list of every house in the village, who built it, who lived there through the years, and what momentous events occured there. ('Mr. so-and-so was best remembered for having cut down the big pine tree which made his house look like a picturesque cottage, but with the tree cut down, it looked like an over-sized chicken coop.')

This is a village where the history and all the good stories are enthusiastically handed down from generation to generation.

But it is not a museum. Just by listening to the gossip, you quickly see that the village is crackling with life. Ah, gossip! Gossip is the most under-rated institution of human civilization. Gossip is a communications network that holds a community together. Those who are subscribers to the gossip network know what their neighbours are thinking and saying and doing. When there is a controversy, both sides know what the other is up to. You can even send out a question on the gossip network, as if by jungle drums; and the answer will come back, a few days later, with colourful embellishments added on as the message passes through three or four people. By the time the message gets back to you, it's virtually a consensus, and you know if your idea has been elected or defeated.

If you have ever lived for a while in a big city, you know how comforting it is to come back and hear that sweet gossip music of home. Because where there is gossip, there is community; people know each other; and their favorite subject of conversation is each other.

If the historians had recorded the gossip over the last 2,000 years, instead of all those foolish battles, we would know so much more about the human race. The faces of the people in the subways of big cities are drawn and grim, because they can't gossip with the people sitting next to them.

Gossip is the live radio show of the village; but it is better than commercial radio: it provides more entertainment, more information; provokes more emotion, and calls into play an acute sense of judgment in making the tantalizing choice as to which gossip to believe and which not to believe.

And each person is at the same time a radio broadcasting station and a radio receiver. You can spread your own gossip when you feel like it, or sit back and listen to other people's gossip whenever you want. Gossip is the only fully democratic communications medium.

What community is this, that can organise such an elaborate communications network? Are these people a Lost Tribe, a village that somehow got left behind when the space-ship took off in the Twentieth Century? Now don't get me wrong, these people are sophisticated, modern, literate and informed: they are perfectly aware of the Twentieth Century, but they seem to watch it wisely, from a distance; and somehow they have contrived to live in a village that does not contain a single neon light - NOT A SINGLE ONE! -and where the level of civilization is so high that opponents in a controversy know and understand each other's character and position beforehand, and many times the opponents debate the controversy in public, face to face and personally, at a town council or citizens' committee or club meeting, or informally over tea and cakes.

Now this is a way of life that simply does not exist for most people in North America. And so we decided to take a closer look at this village, to catch a glimpse of where it came from, what it has come through, and what it is coming to.And how come they didn't buy any neon signs? Where were they when those came out?

The name of this particular village is Hatley. Not North Hatley, not West Hatley. Those are other municipalities that were named 'North' and 'West' to distinguish them from this, the original Hatley. It's not even necessary to call it East Hatley, although some folks do; it's just plain 'Hatley'.

A recent study shows an unusually high percentage of the leaders of society in all walks of life were born and raised in villages or small towns; yet the village way of life is one which is threatened with extinction in the industrialized world. Scores of Townships villages have been wiped from the face of the map, with only an over-grown cemetery to mark the spot. And the villages which remain face the eternal contradiction of the modern age:- to survive, the village needs prosperity so there will be jobs to hold the young; but prosperity means modernization and growth, and that means the end of the village way of life. Visit the town of Maple Leaf and you will see where this puzzle can lead - Maple Leaf contains no buildings at all; there is nothing left but the graveyard. But the bets are down that Hatley will survive, because its beauty and charm incite a protectiveness in everyone. But in what form will Hatley survive? - as an English retirement village? A week-end resort? A centre of activity with jobs for the young? A commuter village? Or just the way it is now?

It is said that Hatley is in many ways typical of the English townships - that it represents more than itself; it is an example to be looked at.

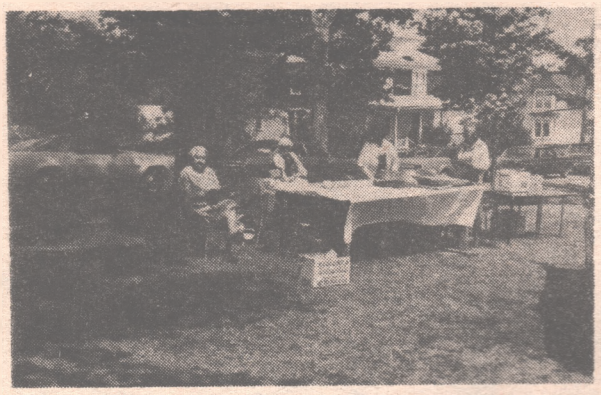
So let's have a look at some of the things that are going on as a 19th Century village faces the 20th Century.

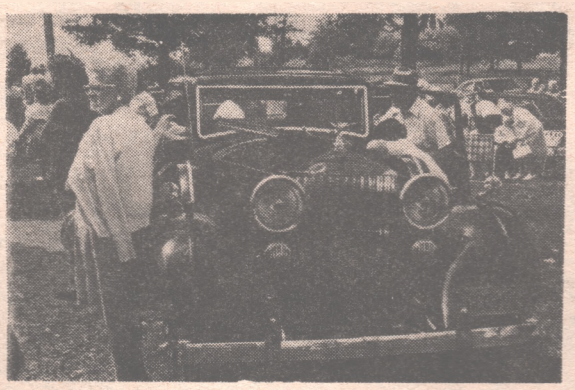
(BD, PH)





















CELEBRATION





Every July 1st since shortly after the turn of the century, folks come from miles around to celebrate in Hatley, with parades and races and auctions and eating supper on the lawn under the shade of the old maple trees on the Common, and just generally having a good time. These photos are from July 1st celebrations in Hatley over the last few years.



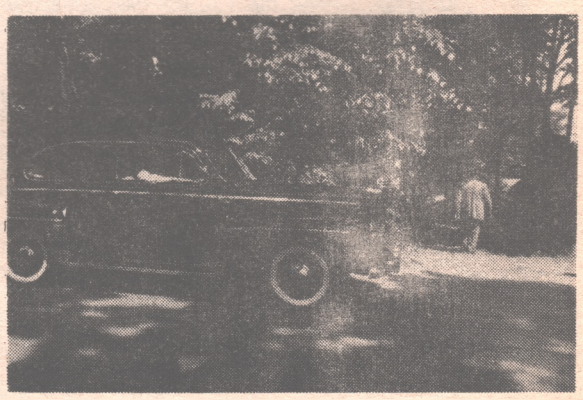












From Ebenzer Hovey to absentee land-owners - is the Townships too beautiful for its own good?



'Of the many traditional freedoms on which western society is based, none is regarded as more fundamental than the right to acquire, use and divest oneself of tracts of land. Such is the strength of this hunger for land that, like the yearning for freedom, it is almost universal, and has provided one of the strongest motives for settlement in North America.' [C. Rose, Non-resident Land Ownership and Land Value in the E.T.; Bishop's, 1974]

When Ebenezer Hovey walked up from Connecticut in 1793, through unbroken wilderness, walked across the ice of Lake Memphramagog, and first cast eyes on the stunning beauty of Lake Massawippi, he knew that he had found an area that he could call home. He hacked down trees and built a primitive log cabin, one man alone in an uncharted territory.

That winter, or late fall, he walked back to Connecticut, and spread the word of the good land, the endless forest (filled with game), the lakes and rivers, (filled with fish), the Indians of Sokokis, Mohican and Algonquin tribes, (who appeared to be friendly to the white man). It sounded like a good place to move to!

And so they came, these Connecticut Yankees, up the rivers of ice, across the frozen lakes, hundreds of miles to build a community in a land they had never seen. Ebenezer Hovey led the way, tracing the path by memory, across the frozen land, through the blizzards and the cold. Ebenezer's wife and eight children were carried on a sled pulled by oxen (whatever happened to all the oxen there used to be in these parts?) and Ebenezer walked ahead.

Other families came with the Hovey's, an 'instant community' of people who threw in their lot together, bound by the common desire for land and freedom.

The hardships of the trip have not been recorded, no television crew was on hand to interview them, but it is known that they traveled by oxen sled, and in the cold nights, the women and children slept on the sleds, the men laid boughs of hemlock on the snow and slept under the cold stars.

They reached Mr. Hovey's tiny log cabin, and the whole community crowded into it, until more cabins could be built.

In 1795, James Rankin, the surveyor, stumbled through the forest, in an attempt to survey and divide the lots. He did a bad job of it, and it all had to be done over again a few years later, but Rankin left his mark: he decided that this place, lost in the wilds with its rude cabins among the trees, should be known as 'Hatley', after a respectable town in England that looked nothing at all like this little foothold of a settlement huddled in the great forest.

The first task of the settlers was to survive. There was no welfare, no shopping centre, virtually no communication with the outside world. They could have starved or froze to death, and no one would have known the difference. An accident, a sickness, the settler would die far from the nearest doctor.

The trees in the virgin forest were much larger than the ones we see today in our logged-out woods. The Hatley pioneers struggled against the forest, it was an enemy to push back to make way for homes, to make way for crops. They chopped enough trees to build tiny log cabins, then they cut trees and burned them, just to get rid of the damn things; eventually, when lines of trade were established, they burned trees to make potash to sell or barter.

The first summer in Hatley was the first farming season. The settlers had to grow food or die. There had been no time to get rid of the stumps, so the potatoes were planted in meandering rows among the stumps. Indian corn was soon planted along with the potatoes.

The soil was not the farming topsoil we know today. The centuries of forest growth had left the ground covered with layers of rotting leaves. The settlers had a method of planting called 'tucking'. They would strike a hoe into the soft leaf mould, drop a seed into the hole, and tuck the leaves back on top. This method was used for a number of years. There was no ploughing, no harrowing.

This original forest soil was rich and the early crops were good, but the soil was soon depleted. Stripped of trees, the land received no more leaves for natural compost, and the disappearance of the trees also lead to soil erosion.

But although the settlers despoiled nature, there was still enough of it around to see them through. When the soil became weak after the first plantation, the simply expanded their farms, cutting further into the forests to repeat the same process.

There was no end to forest, and it seemed that this could go on forever. And the forests were bountiful with game, and the rivers and lakes yielded up fish. The community of Hatley survived.

But many individuals perished. There was grimness to the fight for survival. Little wooden crosses began to appear on many farms. Many children died, and Mrs. Pellerin said most men lived to have three or four wives, the women up and died so young.

And then there was the spotted fever, sweeping like a wave of fear across the Townships in 1802. To have walked so far, to have struggled so hard, now only to die of some dreadful plague? My Lord, what have we done to displease Thee?

The good doctor Whitcher strapped his black bags on his horse and rode out of the village of Stanstead, one man determined to stop this plague. He rode through the dense, trackless forest on his horse, touring Compton and Stanstead Counties, over hundreds and hundreds of square miles of wilderness, looking down from the high points for whisps of cabin smoke that would betray the existence of some rude cabin or some huddled settlement not marked on any map.

And doctor Whitcher would ride up to the cabin and unpack his black bags, because wherever there were human beings, there was the spotted fever, and doctor Whitcher had come to save as many as he could.

Some could be saved, but many were to die in the wilderness of this strange new land. Three dead in this family, five dead in that family, the bodies stacked one on top of the other in the woodshed until spring softened the ground so they could be buried by whoever survived. It was not the good old days.

The plague eventually subsided and Dr. Whitcher returned to Stanstead on his horse, the look of an old man in his eyes.

He usually got paid nothing for his efforts, the good doctor Whitcher, because the settlers had nothing to give, but he certainly received recognition in their hearts: his name has been remembered down through a century and a half.

The Hatley settlers had walked together as a group to get here, they had struggled with the forest as a group, and they had faced the deadly perils together. Those who survived had come through hell together, and that fact along made them a community, a distinct group with a common deep emotional experience. They had survived together in the face of it all.

Much of the historical information is from THE STORY OF HATLEY by **MAUDE GAGE PELLERIN**, which was reprinted in booklet form by the **Hatley Branch of the Women's Insititute**. Maude G. Pellerin was also co-author of a Stanstead historical novel, 'The Trail of the Broad Highway', numerous poems and a book entitled 'The Songs of Old Quebec'. She was born in Hatley on February 22, 1884, and died in 1958, having lived in the village all her life. She was a woman of sterling character, a friend to all, well known for her Christian and educational teachings, and a noted Stanstead County Historian.

Much of the sociological and statistical information is from two books published by the Geography Dept. of Bishop's University; A CENTURY OF CHANGE IN SELECTED EASTERN TOWNSHIPS VILLAGES', by W. GILLIES ROSS; and 'NON-RESIDENT LAND OWNERSHIP AND LAND VALUE IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS' by COURTICE G. ROSE. We congratulate the Geography Department of Bishop's for taking such a close interest in the Townships and we hope that in the future other departments of Bishop's and Champlain will see fit to do the same.

There was a little bit of a land ownership crisis along the way

But these settlers were mere squatters in the eyes of the law. What is this business, people walking hundreds of miles in the snow and throwing up ramshackle cabins and dying of some kind of plague and killing deer and chopping trees on the land of the King of England? What kind of a carrying-on is this? Who do these people think they are?

The governor in Quebec City wore a powdered wig and drank the finest wines from Europe while discoursing with seigneurs and Admirals and His Lord and Ladyships. The government was in a walled fortress, to keep out the people it didn't want to let in. And the kind of people who were allowed in weren't the kind of people who were living in Hatley, sleeping on pine boughs on cabins with dirt floors, eating their meals off chips of wood cut with an axe. Heaven forbid!

And so in the eyes of the governor of Quebec, these squatters on his land, these ruffians out there in the sticks, should have the choice of obtaining legal government title to the land, or returning to whatever horrible place it was they had come from.

A document signed at Hatley on August 8, 1799, testifies to there being 49 families in the community at that time. They would all have to obtain deeds to their land. Titles, legal documents, my good man! How can the government function unless everything is written down on little pieces of paper that only lawyers can understand? (at a time when many people were more familiar with choppin' and plantin' than with readin' and writin'.)

And of course the governor did not want to see all these 49 families trek through the woods to Quebec City and knock at his door some morning at six, all tatters and rags and trailing barefoot children, all asking for deeds to their lands and willing to pay for it with bushels of that horrible corn the Indians ate (which Europeans such as himself considered to be food fit only for pigs). Heaven forbid!

No, no, no, no, the land was only given out, in nice chunks of about 20,000 acres or so, to Companies composed of Men of Good Standing, Gentlemen and Nobles, Friends of the Government. Certainly not to a bunch of wildmen who walked around with teams of oxen.

As it happened, an Englishman by the name of Col. Henry Cull landed in Quebec City about this time, looked around the country, and decided he liked it. Now this was a man who would know how to don a powdered wig for a special occasion and not feel too foolish about it, and the butlers in the government fortress would open the doors and bow to this gentleman of the British Army.

Ebenezer Hovey, the Yankee, met up with Col. Cull, and they formed a happy partnership. Ebenezer had found the land, and Col. Henry knew the ways of the British government. Sure enough, the government gave them a land grant in the Hatley district, composed of 23,943 acres, which they were to divide among themselves as they saw fit.

Col. Cull took the Northern part, including the present village of North Hatley, and Ebenezer Hovey took the Southern part, including the present village of Hatley, and Mrs. Pellerin tells us that, as usual, the Yankee got the better part of the deal.

Many of those who accompanied Ebenzer on the great march northward joined as members of the company, and were given parcels of land, the land which they already farmed.

But it would appear that some of the settlers were not members of the company, and it would appear that there was a choice for them to make: to pay for the land they were already on, or else get out.

The only evidence for this comes from the deeds. In the book 'Forests and Clearings', it says that Lot 6, range 2, in Hatley was the home of one of the earliest settlers, Israel Hall. But the Quebec records show that the first government deed for that lot was written out to Joel Ives.

Hall was living on the land, and farming it, and had been for a number of years, but the government granted his land to Ives. And so it would appear that Hall had the choice of abandoning his homestead or paying Ives for it, and apparently he chose to pay, because the deed was soon signed over to Hall, for cash paid to Ives.

Similarly, Thomas McConnell is said to have been the first settler on Lot 6, range 1, but the letters-patent were given to Henry Clark, who sold to the same Joel Ives, who sold it back to McConnell, the man who had been living there all along.

Soon after this, Ives bought lot 4, range 2 from Samuel Rexford. This was his third land transaction in a short time, so it would seem he was a land trader. Perhaps he was Hatley's first land speculator, or perhaps it took him a while to find a place that pleased him.

It is always possible, of course, that the settlers knew perfectly well before coming that eventually someone would send them a bill.

And it is difficult to know at what level charges of profiteering can be laid. As late as 1823, when the area was already bustling and prosperous, Col. Cull was still trying to palm off prime North Hatley land at 65 cents an acre. Two decades earlier, when the first deeds were sold, the prices must have been much lower.

And so it appears that most Hatley families succeeded in paying for the land, and the community survived its first land ownership crisis.

And then there were two false starts before the village settled down in one place

Mrs. Pellerin records that, according to Hatley tradition, the village made at least two false starts before settling down at its present location. One original site of the village was about a mile and a half north of the present site, and many of the first arrivals built their homes there, beginning in 1798. At a later date, it seems that this settlement on the North Road and the present village of Hatley competed with each other to be the 'real' Hatley.

In 1818, when Anglican Reverend (later Bishop) Charles Stewart arrived in Hatley this confusion between the two settlements reached its peak. Charles Stewart was a zealous Anglican missionary, and he toured the Townships building churches. He found the people were moral, hard-working, ramrod rigid pioneers, but they were a little wild around the edges. Hunting, fishing and farming in the wilderness made them tough, independent and free, and it was clear that they needed the settling influence of a church. From his Anglican point of view, it was also necessary to provide some religious competition for the Freewill Baptists, who at that time were already a strong presence in Hatley.

So Charles Stewart built a church - but he built it at the settlement on the North Road while he himself lived in the present village of Hatley. For a number of years this curious situation persisted, until the North Road settlement became less important, and the people in the present village tired of going a mile and a half to church, so the church was re-established at its present location on the edge of the Common. (Although the old North Church cemetery, containing, among others, the resting places of Ebenezer Hovey, founder of Hatley; Col. Henry Cull, founder of North Hatley; Jesse Pennoyer, founder of Waterville; is still a reminder of the abandoned North Road settlement).

A second village site existed, apparently, immediately north of the present village, extending down the big hill and up the road going north. Some say that this was known as 'Webster's Corner' and was inhabited by a number of families of that name, although no record of such families is to be found for that place. But thirty years ago, the foundations of long-forgotten houses could still be seen there, and there was another road cutting across from the present North Road to the Stanstead Highway, traces of which can still be found.

There was another road leading from the Kingscroft road towards the Stanstead highway, and a few decades ago, logs of the old corduroy road going through the swamp were still visible. And eighty years ago, along this abandoned road, traces of log cabins could still be seen. Who were these settlers, what were their names, where did they go to? None of this has been recorded. They built a road, built homes, chopped trees to make farms, had children, and disappeared, and even their names have disappeared from the memory of the community.



Of course, folks were always movin' in and movin' out

Eventually the village settled down at the present site of Hatley, and there it has remained. But it would be wrong to think that the population was static - people were always moving in and moving out, there were always newcomers and old-timers.

Hatley was influenced by the great shifts of population that were taking place across the continent. In the early days, Hatley benefited from an influx of settlers because it is close to the American border, thus the northward movement of Yankees helped to settle the area. Later, the children of many of these settlers heeded to the call to the west, and like so many thousands of other Townshippers, they left the area forever.

Another great population shift that took place was the French-Canadian movement into the Townships. It is not accurate to say that the Townships was once all English, because there were villages where only the Gaelic was heard, and an Englishman was an incomprehensible foreigner. But it is accurate to say that the Townships was once all non-French.

The wave of French settlement descended on the Townships with great speed. Village after village, township after township, became majority francophone. Today, the English are numerically an insignificant minority.

It would be unfair to say that all the English in the Townships live in little English enclaves; most of the English live in communities that are majority French. But there are some English enclaves, and Hatley is one of them. The very atmosphere of the streets of Hatley is English.

Why or rather how Hatley remained English is not something that I am competent to explain. One factor may have been the shortage of jobs in Hatley: most French people settled in or close to centres of employment, such as Sherbrooke, Magog or Coaticook, at a time when Hatley was seen as having no hope of becoming a commercial or industrial centre.

Another factor may have been the small number of houses for sale in Hatley, and a certain resistance to selling a house to a French family. And perhaps many French families hesitate to move to a village so thoroughly English in character.

However, although Hatley was certainly one of the last all-English villages in the Townships, it is no longer so. There is a slowly growing number of French families in the area.

A surprising number of the English people in Hatley are bilingual, and some of the English have jobs in French-speaking situations.

However, the impact of the wave of French settlement hit the Hatley area much later than most of the Townships.

As Hatley was by-passed by economic development and by French settlement, its population declined. In 1863, there were 136 people in the village; by 1967, there were only 108.

Hatley has often been called a typical English village of the Townships. Its people are proud of their history, they are in love with the Townships, its trees, its lakes, its traditions. They are Eastern Townships patriots. And so, the people who have left Hatley, in general, have not moved more than twenty miles away.

A study done by Bishop's Geography Dept. in 1967, entitled 'A Century of Change in Selected E.T. Villages', edited by W. Gillies Ross, shows that people moving out of Hatley have gone to, in order of preference, Sherbrooke, Ayers Cliff, Lennoxville, Waterville and North Hatley. Most of them probably left in search of work or accomodation, since there aren't many jobs or houses available in Hatley.

According to this study, of the people who have left Hatley, 72 per cent remained in the Townships, 13 per cent went to other parts of Quebec, and only 15 per cent left the province.

Of the four villages studied by Bishop's (Barnston, Hatley, Huntingville and Massawippi), the percentage of people who left Hatley but remained in the Townships is far higher than the other villages.

So whereas the English of the Townships have for decades had the notorious reputation of fleeing down highway 401 to Ontario, the people of Hatley are at home in the Townships - this is their place, and they intend to stay. And even if forced to leave Hatley in search of work, they prefer to move to a nearby Townships town rather than leave the Townships.

The newcomers to Hatley are also a special group. In the Bishop's study, people who had moved into the villages were asked to give their reasons. One group gave practical reasons: to get a job, to be close to schools, shopping or services. None of these are readily avaiblable in Hatley.

The second group moved into a village for requirements that are less tangible: the scenery, the quiet rural atmosphere of the village, a place for children to play, the cultural characteristics of language, religion, ethnic background, a place where they could relax in an enjoyable and familiar social milieu. It would seem that many who have moved into Hatley came for these reasons.

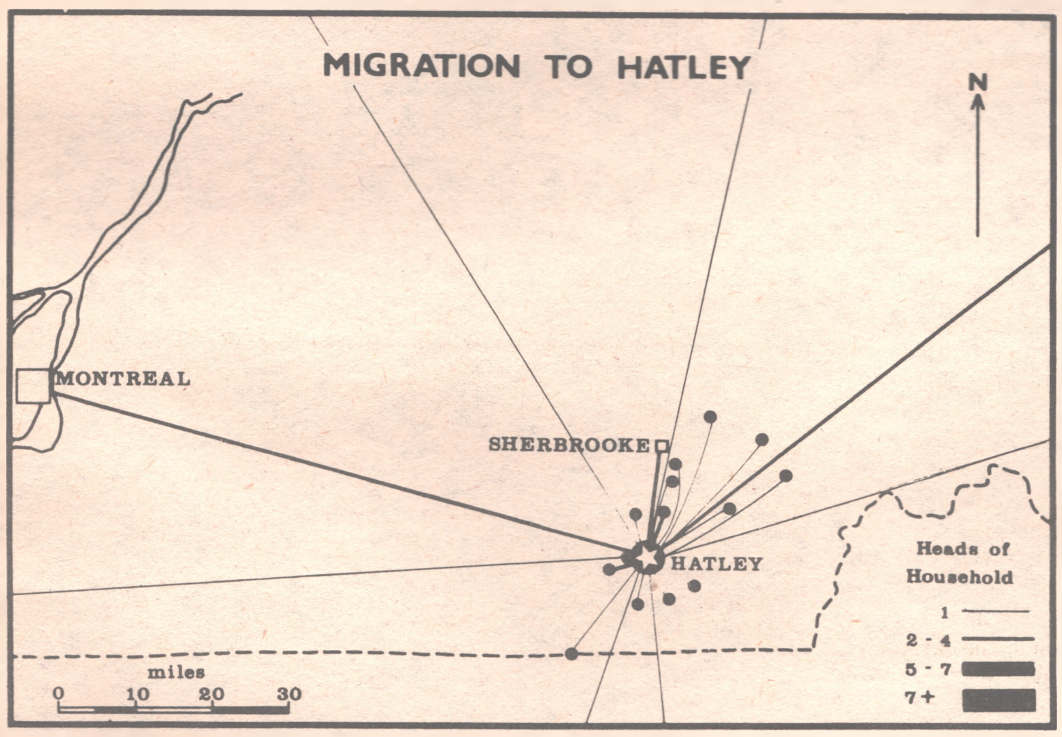
Of the people who have moved into Hatley (over the last 60 years or so), 61 per cent were born in other, similar Townships villages with a population of under 3,000. Another 10 per cent were born in Townships communities with a population of more than 3,000. Only 29 per cent of the newcomers came from outside the Townships. Thus, a total of 71 per cent of the residents in Hatley are Townshippers born and bred, many of them coming from small villages just around Hatley.

The sense of history, the sense of place, the sense of 'This is our home' is strong.

In the suburbs of a big city, people move in and people move out; often they never know each other, never identify with the place in which they are living; but Hatley both exports and imports Townships patriots.

And so here we have this typical English Townships village. Some of its residents are direct descendents of the the Hatley pioneers, some are newcomers who were born in other Townships villages and see the Townships as their only home, others are newcomers from farther away who are attracted by the peaceful beauty and rural environment of Hatley, and although it may take time for them to settle in, they identify with the place too, and they love Hatley enough to have chosen it as a permanent home.

But up until now, we have just been talking about the permanent residents, the people who live in Hatley full time, the people who, starting with Ebenezer Hovey, moved to Hatley to stay there.



Hatley imports and exports Townships patriots. This map is from the study edited by W.G. Ross in 1967. Of the people who have moved into Hatley to make it their full-time home, 61 per cent were born in 14 other Eastern Townships villages with a population of under 3,000. Most of these villages are within 20 or 30 miles of Hatley. Another ten per cent of Hatley's immigrants came from larger Townships communities such as Sherbrooke. Thus 81 per cent of Hatley's new residents are Townshippers born and bred.

At the same time, of the people who have moved out of Hatley, 72 per cent have remained in the Townships, and fully 85 per cent have remained within the Province of Quebec. So many of the English of the Townships have left for Ontario or the West, but the people of Hatley have a strong attachment to the Townships.

ABSENTEE LANDOWNERS — COLLAPSE OF THE LOCAL COMMUNITY?

In recent years, there has been a new phenomenon in the settlement of Hatley - that of absentee land owners - people who buy land but do not live there full-time.

A recent study by Courtice Rose of Bishop's Geography Dept. throws some light on this situation. Entitled 'Non-resident Land Ownership and Land Value in the E.T.', the study shows that one-third of the land owners in Hatley are non-residents. And in the neighbouring area of West Hatley, the situation is much more dramatic: 72 per cent of the land owners are non-residents. In west Hatley, non-resident landowners outnumber the local population by a ratio of three to one. These non-residents control a substantial proportion of the total acreage in both municipalities, and they often control the best locations, especially in terms of scenery.

Many of the non-residents are people from Montreal or the Townships who, for instance, own summer cottages, or a farm they hold for recreation or land speculation. A smaller number are foreign owners, but it is noted that the foreign absentee owners have the most expensive properties 'exceeding all other categories of non-residents and the mean level of investment for all owners'.

Hatley never developed into a prosperous commercial or industrial area. Other places did. Now the people from the other places have enough money to come to Hatley and buy the local people out. They are attracted to the beauty of the land ; they desire to invest in land, and can afford to do it.

It is normal for people to build summer cottages or buy farms for the week-end. It is to be expected in a place as attractive as the Townships. But when it reaches the point, as in West Hatley, that absentee landowners outnumber the permanent population three to one, it creates several problems.

First of all, the influx of absentee owners has driven up the price of land. The non-residents have more money to spend on land than the local people do, and so the local people gradually end up not owning any land, not being able to afford to live in their own communities.

Mr. Rose says in his study: 'With between one-third and one-half of the acreage in non-resident hands, the danger of a land supply problem for bona fide resident farmers is a serious one.'

Furthermore, 'inflated land prices and fragmentation of parcels of land are not conducive to efficiency in agricultural production, the first element being instrumental in higher start-up costs, the second in higher operating costs. Additional problems such as weed control, fencing, maintenance of laneways and drainage channels can also be intensified by having a high proportion of land in the hands of non-residents if these owners take very little interest in their holdings'.

More and more farms are purchased by city people who allow the land to go idle, and this reduces the agricultural base of the Townships economy. But farming is not the only area where the non-residents push back the local population.

Full-time residents make their life here, and spend their money here. But as they pass on or move out and their homes are sold to non-residents, local merchants suffer. The non-resident from Montreal who comes for the week-end buys his groceries, his clothes, his car, in Montreal. Merchants find they are serving a ghost town, and they go broke.

Also, the most beautiful pieces of land are bought up by the wealthier non-residents, and so the local people are gradually crowded out of the best parts of their own community. They can no longer afford the land prices in what was once their own area.

Rose points out the possible political and social consequences: 'Once the proportion of non-resident taxpayers reaches fifty per cent, are decisions on issues affecting the municipality actually being made by the persons most affected by those decisions (that is the residents?) The significance of this eventuality is that control of local affairs could then effectively rest with non-residents, persons whose presumed first priorities and energies are rooted in other localities, leaving little or no time for the affairs of another municipality.'

Rose also points out that local taxpayers sometimes end up paying higher taxes to provide municipal services for the absentee owners who come down for a couple of weeks in the summer or a week-end here and there.

Rose mentions other implications: '...the necessity of retired, long-time residents of the area to sell large tracts



When the absentee landowners outnumber the local population 3 to 1, how much further can it be allowed to go?

of land simply to keep up with the spiraling cost of living...Since non-resident buyers can usually outbid the resident buyers, the eventual result of this process is the further depopulation of rural areas and the attendant decline in participation in governmental, educational and religious institutions in the community.'

Rose makes a conclusion: **'It is certain the residents of such a municipality would have to decide how high this proportion [of non-resident owners] should be allowed to grow before autonomy in local affairs is severely curtailed'.**

Farm after farm, house after house, lakefront after lakefront, taken out of the hands of the local people who built the area; sold to those with money. Non-residents want to partake of our beautiful area and our rural quiet, but because they do not live here, they do not share in the burdens of running our community.

The man who drives down from Montreal or Sherbrooke or New York for the week-end wants us to provide him with municipal services, but since he does not live here, he does not have the time to integrate into the local community, or give his leadership abilities and support to it.

In general, the absentee owner and his or her family do not lead the local Boy Scouts, or the school board, or the Women's Institute, or the local church. They are not fully aware of the history and values and traditions of the area. Often they do not care much about this community, because it is not their own. They put their 'Private Property' signs on the lakefronts where once our children could swim. And if they want to, they can vote and control everything that happens in the local municipality, once they reach a majority.

Ultimately, the local community becomes a kind of ghost town, where half of the houses are empty all week and most of the winter.

If you are a local resident and you are surrounded by houses owned by non-residents, it's like living on a Hollywood set for a movie. It appears to be a community but there is no one living in the houses. Your children have fewer other children to play with, when the neighbours have shuttered their home for the winter and zipped back to their real home in the city. There is no answer when you knock on doors, there is no one to join your organisations, and the organisations gradually die out.

And when the non-residents do come hurtling down from the city on the week-ends, like spin-offs from the speedy big city wheel, they bring with them values and ideas that are different from those of the Townships. This in itself is not bad, but we have heard parents complain of their children feeling jealous over the money and sophistication of the city children who come down in the summer, and of local children desperately trying to imitate these children from another milieu. The local children sometimes get integrated into the ideas and habits of the outsiders, rather than the outsiders coming here and getting integrated into our way of life.

The spirit of the community can be broken when the people who own most of the land and hold most of the votes live far away and view the Townships as their 'playground' rather than as their community.

Now this does not mean that we should take up sturdy cudgels and chase these people all back up the Autoroute: we have to share the beauty of the Townships with these refugees from the city of ulcers and rat race, and we hope that the beauty of the Townships will rub off on them and they will love and care for this area as we do. And of course, some of them do participate in our communities.

But as Mr. Rose says, the question is how high should the proportion of absentee landowners be allowed to go.

When we see that, already, 72 per cent of the landowners in West Hatley are non-residents, it is getting past the point of no return. How far can it go? Well, there are ski areas in New York and Vermont where the price of land has been driven up to $25,000 an acre, and the local people have long since been driven out altogether.

Are there any solutions to this dilemma? Some have suggested that the Townships should separate from Canada, issue its own passports, set up border check-points, and have strict citizenship regulations. This, however, is unlikely to be feasible unless preceded by several years of intense political organising.

The Government of Quebec has been studying land ownership by non-residents on a provincial scale, and a new law is being stitched together in the embroidery rooms of the National Assembly, but don't hold your breath waiting for it; it may turn out to be mostly fancy embroidery with very little solid cloth underneath.

Mr. Rose notes that four other provinces (B.C., Ontario, Nova Scotia, and P.E.I.) have already legislated or are in the process of legislating acts which 'either prevent, tax, or require approval of, all land transactions to non-residents or to non-Canadians'.

For example, Nova Scotia has produced a working document which would institute a Non-resident Land Holdings Approval Board, and no person could sell more than ten acres to a non-resident without approval of the Board.

In Ontario, the Land Speculation Tax Act slaps a fifty per cent speculation tax on the sale of land which is not 'principal residence' and provides a further twenty per cent tax on all non-residents who convey land after April 9, 1974.

However, laws such as these might do little to help the situation here in the Townships, as these laws define non-resident as being a person who lives outside of Canada, or in some cases, outside of the province. Most of the absentee landowners in the Townships come from other parts of Quebec.

Although there is a problem of Americans buying up enormous tracts of land for speculation, and more recently we have heard of Arab oil money paying $1,000 an acre for a number of Townships farms, but there is also the local, municipal problem of people coming from Montreal or Sherbrooke to speculate in land or buy up houses to use for the holidays.

So each municipality must confront the problem by itself, and not wait for the provincial government to figure something out.

It has been reported that one or two municipalities in the Townships have dealt with the problem in a very simple fashion: they simply passed a by-law saying that the non-residents who have already bought up land can keep it, but from now on, anyone buying a house in the village has to be or intend to immediately become a full-time resident of the village. It's as simple as that.

If you would like your municipality to pass a by-law such as this, don't expect your aldermen to do it without public support. Form a committee, pass a petition, get it going.

Perhaps exceptions should be made for summer cottages, perhaps a percentage should be set to prevent non-residents from exceeding fifty per cent of the population.

There may be other solutions to the problem, or other ways of viewing it; or there may be people who feel that it's not a problem at all, and we would like to hear from you.

This question certainly does not apply to the Hatley and West Hatley areas alone - the same problem exists throughout the Townships.

And we wonder what Ebenezer Hovey would have thought about it. Right in the area where he built his log cabin, when he first arrived all alone, the first white man to see Lake Massawippi, in this same area, three-quarters of the landowners are now non-residents. When Ebenezer went back to Connecticut to bring settlers, he encouraged them to come by telling them tales of what a beautiful and wonderful place he had just seen. Now those same qualities of scenic beauty and rural peace are attracting non-residents in such large numbers that they threaten to undermine the very community that Ebenzer Hovey founded.

Save the Townships

Can Townshippers afford to live in the Townships?

The land of the Townships is owned by the local people who have always lived here, by the newcomers, and by the absentee land-owners.

Sometimes there is friction between the old-timers and the newcomers, but the newcomers have come here to live full time, and gradually they do become part of the community. And after all, everybody was a newcomer at some time, except for the Indians, and as a matter of fact, the Indians came here from somewhere else too. So it is not a question of closing off the Townships to newcomers, on the contrary, we should welcome them and encourage them to integrate into our communities, as the people of Hatley have done by holding a get-together at which the newcomers are introduced to the old timers and vice-versa.

But absentee land-ownership is a different kettle of fish. It is becoming a problem all over the Townships.

We have heard of one agency, rumoured to represent Arab oil money, buying up farm after farm at $1,000 an acre. We have heard of one man buying 14,000 acres. We have heard of land speculation. We have heard of young Townships people who would like to be farmers but could never possibly afford the price of land. We have heard of lakefront closed of to swimming because owned by someone who lives hundreds of miles away. Thousands of Townshippers have moved out, and they are replaced by absentee land-owners in many cases.

Will the local Townships population in the rural areas disappear completely? Will the local people no longer be able to afford to live here, as the Townships becomes the playground of Montrealers and the land speculation paradise for the world?

What do you think about this? Are there an increasing number of absentee land-owners in your area? Would it help to place restrictions on the percentage of land that can be sold to non-residents? Would it help to pass a law that good agricultural land has to remain in productive agricultural hands? Or would restrictions make it too difficult for local people to sell their land, to get a crack at that thousand dollar an acre oil money? What do you think?

Write to the Sun, Waterville, and tell us about how the land ownership situation affects your area. We will print a selection of whatever letters we get. Let's start talking to each other, like neighbours.

Where do you stand?

Hatley was a boom town,

but progress passed it by.

At first, there was no village. Just farms, each self-sufficient. Just about everything was grown or hand-made at home. There was no choice. There was no transportation system to bring things in from the outside.

About once a year the settlers would have to make an arduous trek to Three Rivers or Quebec or Montreal, or later to a trading outpost, through the forest and over the hills, to buy things that they needed. As they rarely had money, they had to take potash with them, to barter for the goods they needed.

In the early days, there was not even a path through the woods, although gradually foot trails developed. The method of transport was simple. In winter, sleds could be pulled along the rivers of ice. In summer, the settler would cut a small forked tree, lash sticks from prong to prong of the fork, thus making a platform on which to place a basket or tub. The trunk of the tree was then put through the ring of an ox yoke and the oxen would drag the tree through the forest.

Another vehicle was made from a hollowed out log. The goods being transported were placed in the hollowed out portion of the log, and the oxen would pull the log through the forest, up and down the hills, and through swamps. Under these conditions, people did not go shopping too often, and there was no home delivery of pizzas.

Gradually villages were formed and some of the farm self-sufficiency was transferred to the villages. Each village could make harnesses, boots, clothing, furniture, metal tools, and so on. The villages soon provided schools, churches and dances to the rural population. And so the villages grew. Pathways and then rough roads, with corduroy through the swamps, were laid out towards the villages, as each village became the commercial centre of its own agricultural area.

Within twenty years of Ebenezer Hovey's arrival, Hatley was a boom town. At a time when much of the Townships had yet to be settled, Hatley was a bustling centre of industry, commerce and education. Hatley was the metropolis of its township, with more log cabins than you could shake a stick at. The village existed to serve the farmers around it. It developed a middle class of merchants and craftsmen. Most of the goods that were purchased by rural people were made by hand in the village.

Goods that had to be brought in from the outside were carried in by the merchants, thus saving the farmers trips to a distant trading place. A merchant bringing in a specialized product from the outside world had a captive market in this tiny isolated community. One merchant, when asked what his profit was, said 'Four per cent', to which his friend replied, 'But you cannot make any money with such a low percentage.' The merchant answered, 'I don't know much about per cents, but I sell my goods for four times as much as I pay for them.'

The other source of outside goods were the travelling pedlars, some of whom were Indians, who went from cabin to cabin in the forest clearings, pedling their wares and bringing in gossip and news of the outside world. The pedlars were the basic communications network of the day.

In 'Forests and Clearings', we learn that by 1812, Hatley was already a place of business of importance. When the war of 1812 broke out, with American soldiers invading Canada, Hatley was of strategic importance, being close to the border and being composed mostly of settlers of Yankee stock; Loyalists, to be sure, but Yankees nonetheless. And so the village was filled with militia during the war, and its importance as a business centre increased all the more.

Hatley was more developed than most of the Townships at that time, and it could have gone on to develop into a Waterville or a Coaticook or a Granby or even a Sherbrooke, but it was not to be so. The economy of the village built up, levelled off, and then slowly collapsed. A lack of roads was one cause of Hatley's decline.

The Sherbrooke-Stanstead coach road by-passed Hatley, and so the traffic and development by-passed Hatley too. Much of the business in Hatley migrated to other villages located on this coach road.

The Grand Trunk Railroad was built through the Coaticook Valley in 1853. It brought a boom to Coaticook, but it took business away from other villages. There was no railroad built to Hatley.

The construction of the Massawippi Valley Railroad in 1870 'turned industry in another direction from Massawippi' (Price, 1929) and still there was no railroad to Hatley. All the world going crazy over the iron horse, but to get to Hatley, you still had to take a four-legged horse.

And then of course, the motor car. The Stanstead-Sherbrooke highway was built in 1914 and 1915, and it by-passed Hatley. If it had gone through Hatley, the village would probably be an important town today.

All of these roads and railroads meant that the jobs, the business and the population went to other towns, and Hatley was left standing high and dry from the flood of development.

And the age of industrialization had come, meaning that there were effecient factories using new technology in the cities, and they were producing the same goods that were produced by the local craftsmen in Hatley. With these new roads and railroads, the city factories could ship their goods into the rural areas, undercut the local craftsmen, and drive them out of business. One by one, the local shops in Hatley closed down, as the goods were brought in from the cities.

And as the use of the motor car increased, the people in Hatley could drive out to do their shopping elsewhere and one by one the stores in Hatley closed.

Another factor in the collapse of Hatley's economy was the lack of waterpower. A sawmill and a grist mill were the two most important industries that a farmer wanted to see, and both of these were usually run by water power. The mills and factories were established beside running water, in places such as Waterville and Huntingville.

Hatley had only a little dribble of a brook, but tried to make the best of it. At one time, there was a small wool-carding mill run by water in Hatley.

But there was definitely not enough waterpower in Hatley, and so industry went elsewhere, and used cheap water power to undercut Hatley's craftsmen, who used only muscle power.

By the time electricity ended the dominance of water power towns, it was already too late for Hatley to catch up again. All the roads and railroads had been built elsewhere, and Hatley was just an isolated rural village with few jobs to promise its children. And so the children grew up and left to get jobs elsewhere.

One attempt was made to solve the problem. The Hatley Dairy, Light and Power Company, a joint stock company, was founded in 1908 by R.P. Hurlbut, a former California architect, 'whose ambitions,' says Mrs. Pellerin, 'were a little too large for the size of the town'.

This company was intended to be a conglomerate of its day. It included a saw mill, a creamery, a feed mill, living quarters for the employees, and a huge new-fangled gas engine, which was intended to generate electricity for the streets and homes and industries of the village. Hatley would make its own power! The Company was housed in two large buildings, and the two were joined under one roof, with a driveway through the centre of the two buildings. The architect's dream.

And it all worked, the creamery, the saw mill, the feed mill, the living quarters for the employees, but the saw mill burned down, and then that gol-darned gas engine balked and sulked and broke down more often than it worked, and it was that darn gas engine that eventually drove the company to backruptcy. And so Hatley's attempt to produce its own power failed.

SO MUCH WAS LOST

In the slow collapse of Hatley's economy, the villagers lost many of the things they had become accustomed to, many of the things that made the life of the village what it was then.

Through the years, the cheese factory disappeared, the two potash refineries, the mop manufacture, the tin shop, the plumbing business, the brewery and distillery. The hop fields that had surrounded Hatley disappeared, along with the potato whiskey that once made Hatley famous.

The local branch of the Eastern Townships Bank closed. The barber shop was gone, along with the dentist's chair, to which the North Hatley dentist used to come twice a week to ply his trade.

Hatley House, the big, two-storey hotel with its double-deck veranda across the front, which was built by William Grannis in the early days of the village, burnt down in 1929.

Woodward's Mammoth Hall, one of the finest dance halls in all the Townships, built by John Woodward and known far and wide, was also gone. The village was no longer a big social centre of the Townships.

The blacksmith shop of Moses Wells was long gone. Wells was the first blacksmith of this section, and it is said of him, that he carried into the wilderness, one by one, great bars of steel, from which he pounded out, by hand, equipment for a mill he built near Burrough's Falls before coming to Hatley, a remarkable feat for even one of the strong men of those days. There were a number of other blacksmith shops, which also disppeared, along with the novelty shop and ice cream parlour, the dress shop, the harness shop, and the shop that made Parker Snow Plows, which at one time were widely in use throughout the province.

When the Academy was closed down, along with it went the boarding houses at which the students stayed.

The long, downhill slide of Hatley's economy continued until recently, to the point of total obliteration. The post office closed. Hatley no longer has its own postal address; Hatley no longer has its separate listing in the telephone book.

The last store closed, with its gas pumps. You cannot even buy a loaf of bread or a quart of milk in Hatley today. You have to drive elsewhere to shop, to go to the bank, to put gas in your car, to go to school, to go to a dance. Commercially, Hatley is a dead village, and this is a community that was once economically self-sufficient, a bustling commercial and industrial and social centre.

Many children grew up, and finding no jobs at home, they left. The economic backbone of the village had been broken, and like so many other Townships villages, the population declined, hopes for future development dimmed, and the life of the village changed. So much was lost.

SO MUCH WAS GAINED

But so much was gained at the same time. Because if Hatley had lived up to its early promise, if Hatley had become a Coaticook or a Granby or a Sherbrooke, it would not have the charm that it has today. How many of Hatley's present residents would choose to have two or three factories, half a dozen gas stations, and a shopping centre built in the village today?

The lack of progress in Hatley, the collapse of its economy, has made it a quiet, peaceful rural village, and given it a way of life that has virtually disappeared in industrialized North America. And this peacefullness, this rural atmosphere, is precisely what makes Hatley so attractive to many people today.

If you had the choice, would you have built that railway through Hatley in the last century, and completely changed the destiny of the village?

AND ONCE AGAIN,

A QUESTION OF ROADS

And what about the future of Hatley? Will this long decline continue? Will the village disappear altogether? Will it remain a quiet rural village? Or will new development come and change the village again?

Roads, and the lack of roads, have shaped the village in the past, and they will again in the future. At the present time, roads are once again a topic of discussion in Hatley.

There are four roads going into the village, and only one is paved. The other three are mud-holes in the spring, pot-holes the rest of the year. The government plans to widen and pave the road from Hatley to Kingscroft, and later the North Road as well. Surveying has also been done on the road towards Compton, although there is no indication that there are immediate plans to improve this road.

It would seem that most people in the village are in favour of the roads being fixed up. They have been stuck in the mud once too often, and local tractor owners are tired of being called upon to pull cars out of the muck.

The lack of roads contributed to destroying Hatley's industries, and now, irony of ironies, the village is completely dependent on other towns for jobs and provisions, and so the villagers need roads to get to those other towns.

Hatley has few residents of working age. They have left to get jobs elsewhere. But for those who remain, commuting to work has become a fact of life, and to commute to work, you need good roads. The study done by Ross in 1967 says that 'Work outside the village is important for a substantial proportion of working heads of households.' Ross calculated that the average daily commuting distance to and from work for people in Hatley is 29.8 miles, the average time of travel spent in commuting is 48 minutes per day, 'a fact which helps account for some of the out-migration from Hatley... when daily travel time is great, the commuter may consider moving closer to his employment.'

Ross points out that Huntingville has expanded because it is a short commuting distance from Lennoxville and Sherbrooke, whereas Hatley has benefited little from Sherbrooke's expansion, because it is too far away, too remote... and has bad roads.

How much lower can Hatley decline? How can the village maintain a stable population of working age people, unless there are good roads for commuting to work?

And not only the commuters use the roads - everyone in Hatley has to travel to shop.

Too many roads have by-passed Hatley in the past, and now that Quebec is offering to begin work on the first stretch of the Hatley-Kingscroft road this summer, many people in the village are glad to see it happening. They don't want to pass up this chance. Perhaps good roads will halt the decline of the village. Perhaps with good roads, more people will move in, and the village will be able to support a store, so they won't have to drive miles and miles to buy a loaf of bread.





These are some of the trees that will be cut down.

Some other people in Hatley are not in favour of the new road. First of all, the new road will mean that land will be expropriated, trees will be cut down, and one of the beautiful things about Townships rural roads is the trees along side.

Mostly they are resigned to the fact that the road will be built as far as Bowen's this summer, but they are afraid of what will happen in the future, if the road is widened and paved all the way to Kingscroft, and eventually out the North Road too. This will mean that there will be a good highway right through Hatley... and what impact will this have on the life of the village? Will this mean there will be hundreds of cars and trucks roaring through the village at high speed, endangering the children and changing the character of the village forever?

Often you could stand on Main Street in Hatley for an hour and not see a single car. It is this peacefulness that attracts retired people, and more recently, young people, to move to Hatley. Many people see Hatley as the last of the unspoiled, idyllic villages in the Townships. Compare Hatley to any village that has a big highway going through, and you will see the difference. With a big highway going through, the village begins to look like just another cluster of houses alongside the road.

This possibility is still in the future, of course. The work to be done on the road this summer does not go far enough to bring in more traffic. But what of the future? Will Hatley eventually become the intersection of two big highways? What impact will good roads have on the village? What kind of village do the villagers want to have in the future?

Will good roads save the village from its long decline, by making it a more accessible place for people to come and live? Or will good roads bring in a constant stream of traffic, making the village just another truck stop on a highway? Or will the final result be somewhere between the two, the village staying much as it is, but with improved roads so that the villagers can travel in and out without losing their mufflers?

These are the questions that are being discussed in Hatley now. The conclusions people come to seem to depend on:

1. How many times they have been stuck in the mud.
2. What kind of village they would like to have in the future.
3. How much damage they think the road will do - in terms of cutting down trees, changing scenery, and the possibility of a rapid increase of high speed traffic once the road is completed all the way through. Some people think that the road will bring a lot of traffic, some people think that it won't

This same discussion is going on in many other parts of the Townships. People in Austin bemoan the defacing of their village by the road that has been blasted through it. We have heard people from Scotstown and Sawyerville complain about trees being cut down along their rural roads. They say it makes the place look like Saskatchewan. People in La Patrie complain that, unless they get good roads built to their town, the economy of La Patrie can only get worse, and Lord knows it's bad enough already. Some people in Island Brook have fought to save their trees. We have heard complaints from the Bolton Pass area about a highway there.

The discussion about the roads in Hatley is typical of discussions going on all over the Townships, and so the old saying that Hatley is like the English Townships in miniature is once again seen to be true. Many of the words you hear spoken in Hatley can also be heard in Townships communities.

And it is heartening to see that the people of Hatley care enough about the future of their community to think and talk and argue about most everything that happens. Hatley ain't dead yet.

'The problem is there just isn't a receptive ear in government.'



Kevin Jensen admires the beauty of the land, from her house on top of the hill.

Well, you should talk to the people who actually live along the road, because they are the ones most affected. Even though I have an opinion, I don't drive that road very often.

My main objection to the plans is that many beautiful old maple trees will be cut, and parts of fields taken. I'm afraid it will destroy a lot of natural beauty that can't be recovered. Also, wide paved roads will probably bring more and faster traffic to the area. They could really change the character of life around here.

Still, I know it's annoying to get stuck. I can see the problem too. So I got to thinking about alternatives. How could the road be improved without doing a lot of damage. Perhaps it would be enough if it were built up a little and a really thick layer of gravel put on? The drainage ditches could be improved in the bad places. I think if the government people really put their minds to it, they could improve the road without a lot of cutting and widening. I mean, 90 feet is a big swath to take, and in one place it even gets up to 150 feet. It isn't all going to be used for the actual roadbed, but a lot will go for big drainage ditches. I don't think they really need to be that big.

And, we spoke to council members, asked them to bring the plans to the council meeting so that the property owners and other interested people could see how their land would be affected. We wanted some discussion of the whole thing, a chance for people to air their feelings, participate in the planning.

But as it turned out, the department of transport wouldn't let the council take away a copy of the plans. Apparently the government doesn't like to make their plans really public until they are finalized. Of course then it's too late for changes.

Anyway, so when people arrived at the meeting, there were no plans there to discuss. Then the question kind of became, 'Do you want a new road or don't you?' 'New road' meaning whatever the engineers decided to build. Several people said they would like a better road but they would like to keep their trees too. But it was hard to know what to do about it. The problem is, there just isn't a receptive ear in government. As far as the roads department is concerned, they're just building a standard road according to formula. It's basically just lines on paper to them.

A lot of people didn't even know the new road was going to happen until the telephone poles were moved around and it became obvious that something was going on. The same thing with the big power line along the ridge. We only found out after they started cutting for it. It shouldn't be this way. The government should discuss the plans with the local people first. There should be a way for citizens to participate in the planning of anything that affects their community in such a big way.

'The road needs fixing. We either accept what the government is prepared to do for us, or we will have to do it ourselves.'

Doug Stoddard is former mayor of Hatley. He is now alderman in charge of roads. He is well-liked and well-respected by both sides in the Great Road Debate.

When faced with the dispute in Hatley about the road, Doug volunteered to act as mediator between the different groups in the community and the government planners. Every community in the Townships should have someone to fulfill this role, someone who could contact the government every six months or so to see if there are any government plans for roads or hydro lines or whatever that will affect the community. The mediator could then inform the community of the plans and act as a go-between.

This is what Doug told us about the road, over tea and cakes in his kitchen:

'That road has been a problem for many years. The section they are planning to do now is a very bad place. In springtime you can't even drive through there at all, sometimes. There's a spring comes up under the road, the water is a problem, the culvert is a problem, the mud is a problem. There's a blind hill there that is very dangerous, several people have been killed.

There are people living here who travel these roads every day, and people coming for the week-end, and so on. Something needs to be done about the road, there is no question about that.

We have been trying for a number of years to get it fixed up. We didn't know exactly what we wanted, but we knew we wanted it fixed. I went out to see our member, Vailancourt, three years ago, and he told me the road was going to be done to Kingscroft. We had a meeting of the county council and put through a resolution to have it done all the way up the North Road to the Stanstead Highway as well. But Vaillancourt told the Mayor of West Hatley that the road to Kingscroft has priority.

Now I had the road department bosses out here last year. We wanted to put some gravel on and build a ditch in this place where it's so bad. Well they came up last summer and dug ditches and extended the culvert, but the problem was just as bad.

So now they are going to rebuild this section of the road entirely, build it up and pave it, and build up the valley section to lessen the danger of the blind hill.

Now when the government does something, they follow certain norms. For a paved road, they take a right-of-way of 90 feet.

Now of course the road itself won't be that wide, they take that right-of-way to leave room for building up the road and for ditches.

So we have had problems with this road, and Mr. Fournier of the Roads Department in Sherbrooke told me that this is an answer to our request that something be done about it.

Now we don't want them to go helter-skelter and just wreck up the countryside. But Mr. FOurnier told me they are not here to see how much damage they can do, they will try to do as little damage as possible. This is one reason why, in front of Mr. Herring's they are going mostly on the other side of the road, to take less valuable land and disturb the trees and good land as little as possible.

Now this paved road has its advantages and its disadvantages, and I understand the people who are against it. But with the problems we have had - the mud, the water, the dangerous hill, I think what they are planning to do is the best thing.

The municipality could put a foot of gravel on it if we could afford it, but it wouldn't solve the problem. I don't see but what the road will be a terrific benefit and I say let's get it paved.

I know what it's like travelling on gravel behind another car, and it's a lot more dangerous than on pavement.

Now when it comes to speeding, cars aren't going to speed just because it's pavement and not speed because it's gravel. They speed on one just as much as on the other, I've seen it so many times, it isn't funny.

Now if you want something from the government, you know what kind of a time you have getting it. So if the government is prepared to give it to you, for God's sake, don't give them an excuse to say no.

The government is making it very plain, that if we are going to put up a lot of fuss, they would spend the money somewhere else, they're not going to get mixed up in a community hassle, and you can't blame them. It's the same with us on the council, you have two groups fighting with each other, and they want the town to choose between them, and we say, no, solve your own problems, we have nothing to do with making the choice for you.

Now Mr. Fournier told me, if there's any squabbling about the road, they won't build it. He says they have plenty of places to spend the money. Don't worry, he says, if you don't want it, that's fine with us.

There is no question about it at all, the road needs fixing. We either accept what the government is prepared to do for us, or we will have to do it ourselves, and it may cost us $100,000, which a village of this size can't afford.

So we put a resolution through that we will accept the government offer.

Now you can't do something without disturbing somebody. But I think that we can work with the government, so they will not destroy things, Now I've lived in this country all my life, and I know that city life is entirely different from country life. No comparison at all. So when city people come out into the country to lay out a road, they don't know what's involved with the country people.



Doug Stoddard and his friendly smile.

But by working in conjunction with them, I think a lot can be done. There definitely is a way to work with them.

So I will act as mediator between the people in the community and the government. If anyone has any concern with regard to this road and what is going to be done, they should contact me, and I'll talk with the Roads Dept. to see what can be done.

I realize some trees are going to be cut, but some of them are old trees that are going to fall down soon anyway. It would be a good idea, once the road is through, for people to plant new trees.

'The Townships seems to be the best place between the two oceans, and I'd just as soon keep it that way.'

David Simms lives with his wife and children in an apartment in Hatley. He is building himself a house on the Kingscroft road, so if eventually the plans to widen the road all the way through are realized, he will be directly affected. He is also a commuter who uses the roads often.

This is what he says:

'There's no need for that road to become a big highway - the noise, the pollution, the increase in traffic, the speeding - is that what we want here?

Why do they need a big road there anyway? Right now there are certainly days when there are fewer than ten cars go down that road. I was up on my roof finishing my chimney and it was almost a matter of surprise when a car went through.



We talked to David Simms as he set out to do some cross-country ski-ing.

There are many roads that are gravelled and built up, and they seem to last, and they are alright in springtime. There's one out in East Hereford that used to be closed three weeks every spring. They built it up with lots of gravel and there's no problem now. I noticed it because I had to travel out there every day to work. There's the Massawippi road too, where they paved the road but left the trees.

We tried to suggest an alternative at the council meeting but we were met with silence. We went to the council meeting and we voiced our opinions, and that's all we did. It's our democratic right to object, and if there's more people in favour of it than against it, well that's fine too. We can lose gracefully.

The people who are for it and the people who are against it should openly speak their minds. There should be public discussion about it.

But they have to realize that this is just a community issue, it's no reason to start up personal feuds. Just because one person disagrees with another person about a particular issue shouldn't be a reason for people not speaking to each other for the rest of their lives.

I think there is a general resentment against the Montrealers, the dilettante farmers who just dabble and pretend on week-ends. I think we young people who live here all the time are identified with them. But I was born here in the Townships, I live here full time, I work here and I am building my house here. I care about what happens to this place, because it's where I want to live and where my kids will grow up.

I've been to Newfoundland and I've been out west. You should see them in Alberta, they are all in favour of paving anything that's got grass on it.

For me, the Townships seems to be the best place between the two oceans, and I'd just as soon keep it that way.'

FREE COPIES OF THE SUN

Yes, that's right, we will send a free sample copy of THE TOWNSHIPS SUN to your long-lost friends and relatives who live outside of the Townships.. Just send their names and addresses to us and we will mail them a copy for free. How's that for a deal?



Mr. and Mrs. Herring, a happy couple, invited us into their living room.

'Blacktop is the best, it's the only road.'

Mr. and Mrs Herring live on the edge of Hatley village. The road construction will begin in front of their home this year. Most of the maple trees along the road near their home will probably be cut down. Mr Herring has been sugaring them for a number of years.

The Herrings have lived in Hatley for 14 years. Before that, they had a large farm at Bulwer. Mr. Herring is 79. He has a market garden with lots of regular customers, and he hooks rugs as well. He likes to drive his car and he certainly doesn't like to get stuck in the mud. This is what Mr. and Mrs, Herring have to say about the road:

'It's a terrible mud-hole sometimes. Over by Bowen's, it's wicked. The road is bad all the way through. It's wonderful to have it fixed. A few weeks ago, a car went in there that deep, in the mud.

If they put a lot of gravel on, it might be enough. They just put on a bit and the grader takes it all away. They have the spring in the road and they never took the time to fix it properly, I don't know why. They spent a lot of money down there. But I'm glad the road is coming.

Blacktop is the best, it's the only road. I hope they don't take the trees off my lawn. I don't think they will. We'll move our swing out of the way so the government won't take that.

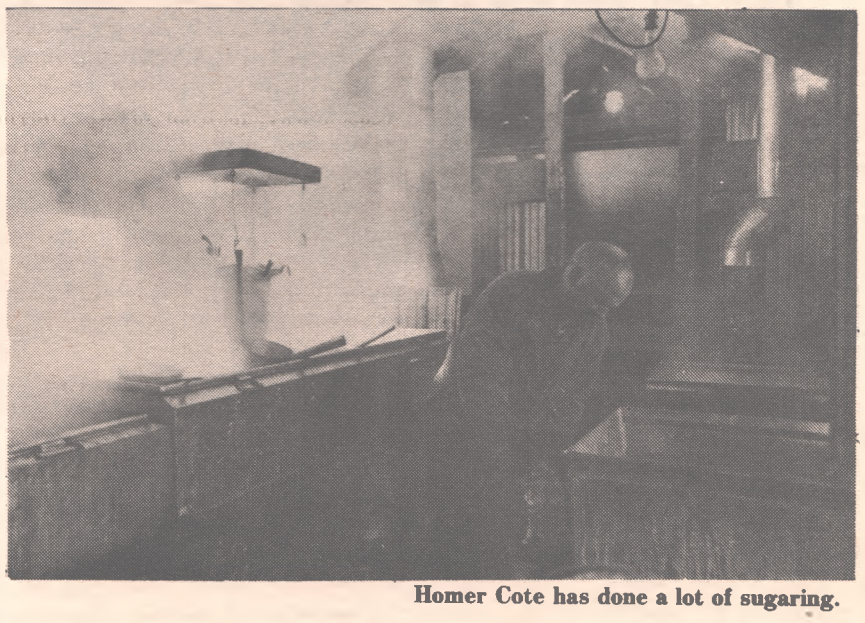
Now the sugar trees along the road, I suppose they'll take them. I've got them tapped right now. But I've sugared enough already. I've sugared every spring all my life and I'm 79.

I'm pleased about the road. Every year they have talked about it. Every year they would say we were going to get the blacktop this year. This time I hope it's really come.'

'I think it will be a good thing.'

Homer Cote has a small amount of farmland alongside the road construction site. He will lose about one acre of his land. He says:

'If you had lived up on the road as many years as some people have, you would see it from two points of view. Now I don't really think we need a road 90 feet wide, but we do need a road. I think it will be a good thing. But it's just as well if they don't ever try to take the road through the village. I would protest something awful if they tried to widen through the village. Have you seen what they have done with that road through Austin? Isn't that something awful?'



Homer Cote has done a lot of sugaring.

'I am very worried about the kids.'

Dian Cohen could be considered to be a week-ender, but she is getting to know people in Hatley and has joined in some of the local activities and organisations. She is worried about the long-term plans to take the road all the way through.

'What worries me,' she says, 'is that the amount of traffic will increase, and the traffic will be going so quickly if they turn it into a big highway. I am very worried about the kids. Lots of people on this road and in the village have children, and having a lot of traffic going through will be dangerous for them.

I understand they are only doing a short section near the village this year, but you can't tell me they are going to stop there. I think we have the right to know what the long-term plans are, when they are going to finish the road, and what they intend to do. But the government doesn't want to tell us what they intend to do.

Sure, they should fix up the road and cut down the blind hills, but why do they have to widen it to that extent?

Now we don't live here all the time and I realize there is a certain amount of resentment about that. We know that we are outsiders and I don't want the people here to feel against us because of my opinion about the road. I understand that their priorities could be different from mine.''



Steve Phizicky hopes that the road doesn't get build all the way through to Kingscroft, because if it does, this ancient pine tree on his front lawn will be made into kindling wood.

Save the Townships

Roads are good and roads are bad

We've had a look at the road situation in Hatley, but that's just one pebble on the beach. There are similar stories in many places in the Townships.

The Townships needs good roads, for its economic development, for the convenience of its people, to get the kids to school, the adults to work, the farmer to market. Many a village, like Hatley, has seen its economy decline, partly because of a lack of good roads, and some villages have disappeared altogether, or close to it. So for some people, saving the Townships means working for progress, working for a better economy; and that often means new roads.

At the same time - some people feel that the roads are destroying too much. Too many trees, too much good land, too much topsoil, all paved under. And the character of some villages is changed forever, once the fast cars and big trucks start roaring through. Some people feel that the quality of life goes down once you turn a quiet rural village into a thoroughfare of heavy traffic. So for some people, saving the Townships means saving its beauty, its tranquil villages, its quality of life.

How about your community? We would like to hear about other road situations in the Townships. Do you live on a bad road that needs fixing? Do you live on a good road that you wish wasn't there? Do you want alternatives, such as fixing up the bad roads but leaving them small, not turning them into big highways? Should we let the government decide how to change our communities, or should the government plans be announced in advance, so that the people in the community have a chance to discuss them and decide what they want? Because a bad road or a big road will affect the life in your community one way or the other, for better or for worse, so why not come right out and say what you think about it? Why let the government make its decisions in silence? If we talk about the pros and the cons, the for and the against, then at least we will have an idea of what kind of a future different groups of people want for the Townships.

And how about planting more trees, in scenic spots and along our streets? Is anyone going to start organising that, or will it remain just a lot of talk? How about a campaign to replace what has been lost?

We want to know what the road situation is in your area. Are the new roads doing good or doing damage? Write to the Sun, Waterville. Let's start talking to each other, like neighbours. We've only got one Eastern Townships to fool around with, so let's talk about what we are going to do with it.

Where do you stand?

'There was a bad accident here... two fellows were killed...'

Beaven Bowen has lived on his farm a good thirty years. There will be a lot of road work done on his property, because that's where the spring and the blind hill are. Mr. Bowen will lose some of his land and some of his trees. The sugar trees shown in the last issue of the Sun, and the ducks on the cover, are Beaven Bowen's. This is what he says about the road:

'I've got nothing against it. You should have been through here a few weeks ago, there was lots of mud in the road. The worst of it is, that hill is too narrow and you can't see. There was a bad accident here, just above the house, some years back. Two fellows were killed. It was a terrible thing.

The only sad part of it is that the new road will take down some trees. That spoils it for a while. But more trees can be planted. Some of those trees are old and ready to come down anyway.

A good road is worth a lot, if you want to get around. It's rough on cars going over a bad road, and it costs a lot of money to fix a car these days.

'They're ripping up an awful lot of good soil, putting through roads.'

We went over to Clifford and Edna Curtis' sugar bush to take some sugaring pictures, and we got to talking about the new hydro line, but we also ended up talking about roads. The Curtis' don't live on the Kingscroft road that is going to be rebuilt; mostly we were just talking about roads and expropriation in general.

Edna: I think the roads they are putting through are doing more harm than the hydro lines. That's a crime to cut this country up for airports and everything.

We are glad they didn't decide to widen our road instead of the Kingscroft road. They spoiled so much land even when they put this one through. They took a lot. When they take the topsoil off to build up, that's absolutely finished, the topsoil is gone. It really takes quite a bit off each farm.

Do you remember the way our road was? It was all great big trees along the sides, a whole lot of them, and way back into the field as well. We hated to see those trees cut down. It used to be such a beautiful spot.

I guess no one wants to live beside the highway now. We are close enough.

I think it would be just as successful if they built the road up and put gravel on it, a depth of it, not just a little bit. There are gravel roads which are the best roads anywhere, at all times of the year.

Clifford: They're ripping up an awful lot of good soil putting through roads. I suppose they can't help it, there are more cars everyday, everyday, everyday.

Isn't it terrible, the traffic in the cities? I had to drive about five miles in Toronto, fair time. It was crazy. Make your hair up. They were going 60-70, bumper to bumper. It was wild.

Edna: I guess the majority of the people, the working people,have to get out everyday, and they want a road because that's their living.

More of the retired people have begun to think. You don't begin to think until you stop and look at things and see what's going on, then you feel bad about it.

This has been a beautiful spot. People travel all around the world and they say you'll never find a nicer spot than the Townships.



Edna Curtis feeds a wild bird in the forest that she loves so well.

After corn and potatoes, came education

The English race has long had a tradition of being very concerned about the education of its children. Some other races in the world have concentrated on non-formal education: apprenticeship, child learning from father, or child just growing up learning from the people who were around; but the English have placed the accent on formal education: schools.

Even before the village of Hatley existed, the first farmers in the area made an attempt to put some learnin' in the kids.

The first classes were held in people's homes, by anyone around who could read and write. The only books of instruction were the Bible and the Book of Martyrs. Those were the only books anybody had.

The first school that children had to leave their homes to get to was Betsy Kezar's school. The exact location of this school has been forgotten, but we are indebted to the late Mrs. George Hartwell, nee Ruth Leavitt, for the following account:

Mrs. Hartwell's ancestors, the first of the Leavitt family to come to this sector, took up residence some little distance east of the present North Road, around the year 1804. To get to this school, the Leavitt children walked about four miles through dense forest, following a trail that had been marked on the trees. The younger children went in summer: they could not go in winter because they could not make it through the deep snow. The older children went to school in the winter and stayed home in summer: they had to help with the farming.

The school was a log cabin with one window. The window had a wide sill, where the children took turns at standing to write, as there were no desks. They sat on rude benches without backs, or on blocks of wood.

The books were The Bible, a speller and an arithmetic. The blackboard was really a white board that became blackened with use: it was a slab from a large tree, hewed as smooth as possible with an axe or adze. For crayons to write with, the children gathered small sticks on their way to school, and blackened the ends of the sticks by burning them in the fire. They could write a scratchy word or two on the wood before having to pause to blacken the ends of the sticks in the fire again. The children took turns at bringing soft soap to scrub the black off the board.

The first geography was taught from a map, drawn on the schoolhouse floor by the teacher.

Because even if they had hardly any books or maps or anything, the settlers wanted to make sure those kids got some kind of an education. And so they had a school before they had hardly anything else.

They had school classes before they had a church, before they had roads, before they had a dance hall, before they had municipal government, before they had law enforcement, before most of them had wood floors in their cabins. After getting enough food to survive, the next thing they did was set up organised school classes. It was their very next priority after potatoes and corn. That's how much this English race cared about formal education.

And this concern about education, was to make Hatley one of the educational centres of the province.

From Betsy's first primitive school, the Hatley settlers progressed to having a number of elementary schools in the area. The Corner School, still standing on the corner, but now used as a house, was a notable one.

But the people of Hatley wanted more than elementary schools, and so they decided to do something about it.

Charleston Academy taught Astronomy, Philosophy, Chemistry, Higher Mathematics, English, French, Greek, Latin, Music, Painting and Drawing. Until improvements in education put an end to it.

On Nov. 4, 1829, a meeting was held at the home of William Grannis, and it was decided to raise a subscription to start an Academy, a school which would operate on the high school and college level.

And since Hatley was a main centre of Townships life at that time, of course it would be natural that the new Hatley school would serve a large region.

The Board of Trustees included people from Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Barnston, Compton, Shefford and Hatley, and donations for the school came in from places such as Melbourne, Shipton, and the Township of Newport. Students and teachers came from all over.

It was decided that the school would be named Charleston Academy, after Charles Stewart, Lord Bishop of Quebec, founder of the Hatley Anglican Church. This led many people, over the years, to suffer under the illusion that Charleston was an Anglican school, but this was not the case. Charleston Academy was a non-denominational school, away ahead of its time. Its students came from different religions, and on the Board of Trustees were Catholics, Wesleyans and Baptists as well as Anglicans, and one of the Trustees was a certain L. Papineau, who made his mark in French Canadian politics.

The actual construction of the school took place in 1830, and Joel Shurtiff was paid $950 for the labour and lumber used in the building, although 'Forests and Clearings' says that the final cost was over $3,000. A cost over-run?

The school was to be non-denominational in terms of religion, and regional in scope, but a bigger problem was posed by the mixing of the boys and the girls. What to do about this? Boys and girls would be coming in from other villages besides Hatley. They would be away from their parents and would have to sleep in Hatley at night, as boarders. The elders of Hatley would be responsible for the whole lot of them. What to do?

Urgent letters were sent off to Stanstead, because that settlement was also to be an Academy town, with the proposal that Hatley should have a school for boys; Stanstead a school for girls.

But for some reason these negotiations fell through, and it was decided that Hatley's Academy should be co-educational. But care was taken to keep the boys and girls in separate classes and to begin and end their classes at different times. Boarding houses for the students were started, under the guidance of Citizens of Good Character.

And so, on the edge of Hatley Common, while the militia in their bright uniforms drilled on the grass below, the children studied Astronomy, Higher Mathematics, Philosophy, Chemistry, English, French, Greek, Latin, Music, Painting and Drawing. The school was equipped with chemical apparatus for laboratory work and experiments.

Teachers at Charleston were paid from $10 to $44 a month to come and teach at his isolated, backwoods school with its 113 students. Teachers were often hired for a period of only three months, so that the students would gain greater knowledge by being exposed to a greater range of tutors. If a teacher was particularly good or well-liked, he or she might be asked to stay on longer.

So highly was Charleston regarded, the Principal of McGill University recommended some of his professors to teach there.

Among the teachers through the years was Zadock Thompson, who had been publisher and editor of three different Vermont newspapers. Thompson wrote a Geography and History of Lower Canada, which was used as a textbook in many schools, and he also wrote a History of Vermont.

Charleston had a teacher who was an Oxford graduate and had taught a number of years at West Point. Two teachers by the name of Proctor and Shonyo are remembered because they used to sit on the Common and read books and newspapers in five different languages. Another teacher was L.S. Huntington, who later became Postmaster General of Canada.

Since Hatley was still a cluster of log cabins in a clearing in the woods, very isolated from the outside world, the founding and success of the Academy speaks for the strength and vision of the community at that time.

In later years, the importance of Hatley declined, and the educational system changed. With the formation of high schools, consolidated schools, and then the regional schools, education slipped out of the hands of small local communities.

Today Hatley has neither an elementary school, nor a high school, nor a college. The old Academy building sits. mostly empty but still occasionally used, on the edge of the Common. The paint is cracked and peeling, the roof in need of repair, and some of the windows are broken and shuttered with plywood.

Today the children of Hatley take the bus.



The Academy sits on the edge of the Common, shuttered and mostly unused.

Lady was a good horse

Alan Wheeler was born in 1888. He moved to Hatley when he was 19. Right into the 1960's, Mr. Wheeler delivered the mail on the rural routes around Hatley. With a horse. This is what he says about it:

'I run the mail 16 or 17 years. I was the last one around to deliver mail on a horse. I left from the Hatley post office. My run was sixteen miles and a half, to Kingscroft, out into Barnston, and Compton. I used to take a lunch, feed my horse when it come noon, stop long enough for her to eat and me.

Everybody was good to me. Had quite a lot of French people on my run and they were nice too. They'd do anything for me. I'd get Christmas presents and in sugaring time, more sugar than I could carry.

I never minded the cold. Of course I was young then. (He was 75 years old and still delivering the mail by horse.) The horse I had for a long time was Lady. When I got her she was half broke. I'd get to a mailbox and she wouldn't stop. I'd let her go down the road, then turn around and take another run at it. I done that for about a week, then she got used to it. After a while, you couldn't make her go by if you tried, she would stop every time. If I'd licked her I'd 've spoiled her. I just let her have her own way. Soon she knew every mailbox. I'd never have to tell her. I didn't have to reign her up or say 'Whoa' or anything - she'd go right up to each mailbox and stop. She wasn't afraid of a car or anything. Sometimes when we were finished the mail run for the day, we'd plough gardens or harrow or draw wood.

There was only three times in 17 years that I had to turn back for snow. Lady could go through drifts that no car could get through.'



Alan Wheeler in his kitchen, remembers his good horse, Lady.

Is there really any such place as Hatley, or are we just making all this up?

Here are some purely imaginary telegrams:

OTTAWA: EMERGENCY NOTICE: Flash to all Post Offices: 'Hatley' is hereby declared to be non-existent. Hatley in the future is to be referred to as R.R. 3, Ayers Cliff. Postal employees in the future will be forbidden to mention the word 'Hatley' and if questioned, captured, or tortured, will give only their name, rank and serial number and say that 'Hatley' is not useful as a postal address.

MONTREAL: FLASH: Top priority warning to all Bell Canada units. As of now, we declare that the so-called 'village' of so-called 'Hatley' does not in fact exist. As there is no such place, naturally it will no longer have its own listing in the telephone book. We can't go around printing telephone books for every town that thinks it exists, but which according to postal authorities, doesn't really exist at all. Now that experts have recognized that what was mistakenly thought to be 'Hatley' is in fact nothing more than R.R. 3, Ayers Cliff, we will cross out the fictitious 'Hatley' listings in the telephone book and put them under their proper listing, that is 'Ayers Cliff'.

In the front of the telephone book, we will print a listing of all the non-existent towns and give them some other name instead. For instance:

Hatley?; Wrong! Try Ayers Cliff

Mystic?: No. NO! It's St. Ignace de Stanbridge

East Bolton?: East what? It's called Magog, stupid!

Graniteville?: Wrong kind of stone - It's under Rock Island

Johnville?: You'll find the John in Waterville

Kingsbury?: Who would bury a king? It's Richmond

Lime Ridge?: This is logically under St. Adolphe de Dudswell

Huntingville?: Wrong again! Look under Sherbrooke

St. Gerard?: Won't you ever learn? Bell Canada has decided to call it Weedon.

And so on. Hopefully those peasants out there will soon forget the silly names they dreamed up for their so-called 'communities'. 'Hatley', indeed! What makes them think that's a proper name for a place, anyway?

QUEBEC (CP) A ripple of amusement spread through the National Assembly today, when the Minister of Municipal Affairs told one of his humorous anecdotes.

It seems that early this morning the Minister was approached by a group of 'representatives' of the 'people' of a place supposedly called 'Hatley'. The Minister took the whole thing quite seriously, until later he was told by an aide that even the post office and the telephone company don't recognize the existence of any such place.

'Next thing you know,' said the Minister, 'we will have some pranksters in here pretending to represent the lost continent of Atlantis!'

The session of parliament was adjourned for the day when the Speaker observed that the required two-thirds majority had falled asleep at their desks.

Well, of course, we just made up those three notices. It didn't really happen that way, or if it did, it was just by coincidence. But it is a fact that Hatley has lost its post office; it is a fact that 'Hatley' is not even supposed to be used as a postal address, as if the place didn't exist; and it is a fact that many small villages have lost their own listing in the telephone book; and it is a fact that these decisions, made without consultation with the community, hurt a community's pride and make it more difficult for them to maintain their sense of identity.

We would like to here from people in villages that have had their names or postal addresses or telephone book listings taken away from them. What do you think? Is it damaging to a village to be declared non-existent? Is it necessary for the post office and the telephone company to act in this way?

NOTICE TO OUR READERS! NOW HEAR THIS!

We urgently need stringers, reporters or just contacts in each and every community to write for us, phone in stuff or just let us know what's happening.

We're interested in just about everything and anything that you think is of interest to Townshippers and half of that that ain't.

If you can hold a pen in your hand, toes or teeth and are curious, please call us collect at 837-2864 for information.

HOW ABOUT IT?

You could help THE TOWNSHIPS SUN and some money at the same time by selling subscriptions and - or ads in your area, on a commission basis.

How about it? Interested? Call us at (819) 837-2864, collect.

The English look different on all the charts

The English of the Townships are an unusual population in a lot of ways. In terms of age, for example. On the average, we are old. Few populations in the world have as high a percentage of elderly as the English of the Townships. We look funny on all the government's age group charts. They put a finger on our chart, scratch their heads, and say, 'What the heck happened out there?'

Hatley represents an extreme example of how the English Townships population structure differs radically from that of the rest of the province, or even from the rest of humanity.

According to the study done by Mr. Ross in 1967, one out of five people in Hatley is over 70, and this is seven times the provincial figure. People over 70 constitute only 4 per cent of Quebec's population; in Hatley, they are 21 per cent.

The chart shows a very high percentage of elderly and a very small proportion of people in their most productive working years, with none at all between the ages of 30 and 35. Of course, the statistics must have changed somewhat since 1967, and it seems that more younger people are moving in. But the general trend of the graph remains true. An unusually high percentage are elderly.

Mr. Ross explains that there has been an out-migration of youth and an in-migration of elderly to Hatley over the last several generations.

Mr. Ross explains: 'Many young people have left the village to seek work or higher education or marriage partners in larger centres. The size of this out-migration is inversely proportional to the availability of these opportunities in the village and therefore Hatley, with very little to hold people of working age, has the smallest proportion of people in this group... there is an insufficient range of economic activities to satisfy the employment requirements of the working people...'

On the other hand, 'It would appear that the villages must offer something attractive to elderly people. It may be a compound of physical and cultural environment, a quiet, relaxed country atmosphere, scenic beauty and friends of similar age and background...no language problem... few religious differences... Hatley, in particular, seems to be the retirement village par excellence. More than 43 per cent of its heads of household are retired, and a third of the population is over 60.

The elderly of Hatley live in their own homes and take care of themselves as much as possible. The village provides them with a certain sense of security, because people know each other so well, they keep an eye out for each other. But the time often comes when they have difficulty taking care of a big house and making meals for themselves, and let's face it,there is a terrible lack of good senior citizen's homes in the Townships, considering the high proportion of elderly in our population.

Doug and Tess Stoddard decided a few years ago that Hatley really needs a senior citizens' home of its own. Doug was Mayor at the time, and he found out that a municipality can get money from the low rental housing board, and then turn it into a senior citizens' home by having the organisation pass a by-law to the effect that only the elderly can live there. Thus, you start out by building low rental apartments, but actually what you end up with is a home for senior citizens.

'I was very taken up with this idea,' says Doug, 'as were many other people, but this had to be done through the village Council. Now Council went along with it to the point of getting further information. I talked with people from the government, and the member of Parliament, and I visited other homes. Council agreed to call another meeting to legally appoint someone to act as co-ordinator and to establish specific costs for Hatley. So we called a meeting for the next week.

Now I want to say this, all the councillors, each and every one of them, were in favour of calling this meeting and they were all in favour of appointing a co-ordinator to work with the government to get specific costs for this project, and this information-gathering was to be at no cost to the village. So I called a meeting.

But when it came to a council vote to take this further, to get more information at no cost, the vote was a tie, 3 for and 3 against. As Mayor I had the deciding vote, so I voted against it. For a matter as simple as voting to get more information, I wasn't going to knock my head against a brick wall. So I voted against it to break the tie and wash it off right there. I felt very bad about this. When this was first brought up a few years ago, one councillor made the remark in no uncertain terms: what the hell do we care about the old people? And rumours went around, all kinds of rumours that taxes would go up and so on.

Now I own a lot in front of the Common, and I offered it to the town free of charge to use for the home, and the Common would be like a park for the elderly.

And the government would loan us 95 per cent of the total cost, and the town was responsible for 5 per cent of the cost, and the land I was going to give for free would have represented that 5 per cent of the cost. It wouldn't have cost the town a cent. And the government would also absorb 90 per cent of any deficit, and the interest and principal on the loan which they would give was considered part of the deficit. So all the town would be responsible for would be ten per cent of any operating deficit, and remember the home would have an income from renting apartments to the elderly.

It would not have cost the municipality a cent. I felt quite bad about the project not going through, and a lot of people felt bad, but you have to take the good with the bad. But I think this was very necessary. Even when we were just looking into the idea of it, we had no plans or anything, we had many requests from old people to live in the home.

In Compton they had only three rooms left before their home was fifty per cent built. We also had a look at the one in Coaticook, we had a retired schoolteacher with us and her remark was that she wouldn't mind selling her own place and moving in there. So the need is definitely there.'

Doug quit as Mayor shortly after this, because there was too much work to do. Of course, he is still doing as much work now. You can't hold good man down. If the Council didn't want to do anything for the elderly, why then Doug and Tess would see what they could do on their own.

They have opened up their own house as a home for a small number of elderly. This is what Mr. and Mrs. Stoddard say about it:

There is such a big need for it and this is basically the reason why we are doing it. We have room here and we want to make it available for those who really need it.

Now I'm not condemning any of the commercial homes, mind you, but it's quite a change for anyone 80 years old who has lived here all their life to go 50 or even 20 miles away to a big home, where they don't know anyone, are not familiar with the surroundings. It's too much of a change for them.

They spent their lives here, and they want to continue to stay here in their own surroundings, with people and neighbours who are familiar to them.

It's lovely here in this town, and they can stroll around in summer.

Over the years we have had quite a lot of experience with the elderly. We treat them as part of the family; our home is their home. They eat with us here in the dining room, we don't send them to bed at any time as they do in many big homes; they have their freedom here and each one sets his or her own pattern, you don't have to push them. They are getting contact with the family life, there is no impersonality, they eat well, and many of them show a great improvement after only a few days here.

We are working through the doctors because they are better equipped to know the situation - they know that we don't have the facilities to give nursing home care, 24 hour bed care, and the doctors understand this, and they only refer people to us if they know the case fits the situation.

Right now we have a big bedroom available with two beds, and we are reserving this until we find a couple who can no longer carry on and who want to be together, because so often they can't both go in the same place - people who have lived together all their lives are often tragically separated at the end - and it would be wonderful for a couple to able to go on living together and help each other.'

It is to be hoped that other kind-hearted souls, upon reading this, will be encouraged to help organise the same kind of loving care for our elderly. We in the Townships have neglected this situation for too long.

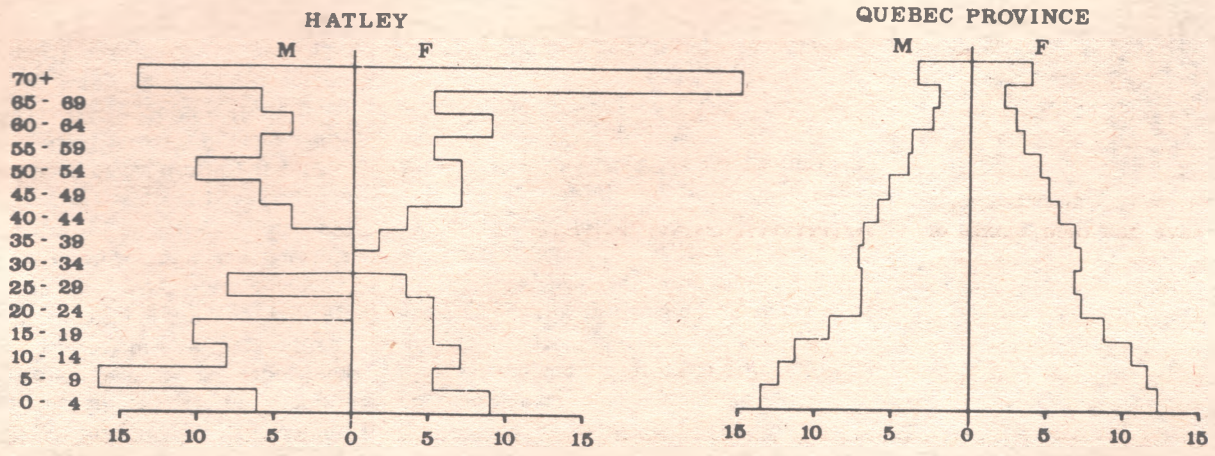


Mr. Wheeler looks at his scrapbook and remembers.

The English of the Townships look different on all the population age charts. This chart was done in 1967 as part of a Bishop's Geography Dept. study. You can see how different Hatley looks compared to the rest of the province. Hatley is an extreme example, but the situation is similar throughout the English population of the Townships: a very high percentage of elderly people, an unusually low percentage of people in the adult working age.

POPULATION DISTRIBUTION

(PERCENTAGE BY AGE GROUPS AND SEX)



Dear Mr. Rockefeller:
You can have the back pasture, but keep out of the sugar bush.



The helicopters were buzzing over Hatley's maple sugar ridge like mad hornets gone beserk. Lots of folks looked up and saw them, those noisy things, but didn't think anything of it. Bunch of photographers, maybe, or government guys from Quebec looking at the trees. After all, this is the best sugar ridge in the province, Clifford Curtis was sugar king again, and the government guys had even come around and tested his trees and put little red ribbons on some of the ones they were testing. They wanted to find out why his trees are so good. They had even gone and taken pictures all over the place. Maybe now they were flying around to see what the trees look like from the top. Government guys do things like that. Next thing you know, they might dig tunnels to find out what the trees look like from the bottom!

So nobody thought anything much about those helicopters.

Then one day, Clifford and Edna Curtis went wandering out to the sugar bush with some kids to have a picnic. Nice day for a picnic. Sunny, quiet, the cool breeze in the leaves of the big maples, the soft ground underfoot, the smell of the woods, Edna's wild birds swooping through the forest to light on her hand... nice day for a picnic. And then all of a sudden... these chain saws start up.

Chain saws! 'Well that can't be on my land,' thought Clifford.

Chain saws! 'That sounds awful close.'

Chain saws! In Clifford's sugar bush, the best sugar in the world, the trees that the government guys come around and do tests on and scratch their heads to try to figure out why they are so good! It was hardly possible!

And so Clifford high-tailed it over there, and sure enough, chain saws it was, and in his sugar bush, no less, preparing to cut a 125 foot swath to build a Hydro line to take Quebec electricity to New York. Through Clifford Curtis' sugar bush!

'There was six of them,' says Clifford, 'but only two of them got over the fence.'

In the annals of Hydro Quebec, this one will go down as 'The Defeat at the Battle of Hatley'.

'This sugar bush is my livin' says Clifford, 'and you can't take away a man's livin'.

But Hydro Quebec is owned by the Quebec Government, and the Quebec Government passed an expropriation law saying they can take away a man's livin' anytime they bloody well feel like it.

Hydro had this map with this nice straight line going right through seven or eight people's farms in Hatley, just about the whole length of the Hatley sugar ridge, see, for the public good, see, to take electricity to the Coca-Cola sign on Times Square, see. And it had all been surveyed by helicopter, and they had taken aerial photographs and the whole thing, and there was certainly no way they were going to survey it all over again just because some guy doesn't want his sugar bush cut down. It would cost ten thousand dollars to survey that over again, the engineer said.

'I don't give a hoot,' said Clifford, 'Stay out of the woods.'

This is what, in government circles, is known as 'A Problem'.

'Hello, Quebec? Well, look, we're having a little difficulty out here... there's this guy in Hatley says he's the Sugar King... that's right, Sugar King, and he's got red ribbons on his trees, and he won't let us cut them down...'

And so the government guys looked it all up, and sure enough, Clifford is the Sugar King, and sure enough, those trees were being testing and admired by another department of the government at the same time as this department was trying to cut them down.

And to make matters worse, Hydro had not even bothered to send out expropriation notices. No kind of warning at all. Just men with chain saws.

'It was lucky we were up here, havin' a picnic,' says Clifford. 'They didn't even write us a letter that they were comin', not even a letter.'

'Administrative error,' said Hydro Quebec. They had forgotten to send Clifford an expropriation notice, or they mislaid it, or the wife forgot to mail it while out buying the groceries, or something. They also forgot to send one to the guy down the road, and to some people on the North Road, and to some people in the village, in fact, they forgot to send out expropriation notices to a whole bunch of people. Sometimes you forget these things.

Now Clifford and Edna went to see a notary, but he told them that trying to keep Hydro off your property is a losing battle. You might just as well take what they offer.

'I don't think you can win against those big companies,' says Edna, 'but I think if you are reasonable with them, they will talk business with you. I don't think it helps to get all excited about it.'

And so Clifford and Edna talked calmly and reasonably with the Hydro bosses.

Clifford showed them their idea of cutting through the sugar bush was just plain foolish in the first place, because if they went another 200 feet up, they would be in clear pasture and they wouldn't have to cut any trees down. They would save the sugar bush and save money at the same time.

Well, the government guys looked at their big aerial photographs, and by golly, sure enough, right beside the sugar ridge is a back pasture.

So the Hydro boss sent out two engineers and they tramped through the woods, and sure enough, there was the pasture, clear as day.

'They were all decent fellows,' says Clifford. 'They used us alright.'

'It makes sense to us,' said the engineers, 'we don't know why in the devil they wanted to go through the sugar bush in the first place.'

And so Clifford saved his sugar bush and he saved the taxpayers money, by pointing out what all those helicopters and engineers and government planners couldn't see. And so now when Rockefeller plugs in his electric razor in the morning, he can feel secure in the knowledge that the electricity is coming through the back pasture, and Cliff and Edna can still sugar in peace.



Snap, Crackle, Pop!

THE HIDDEN DANGERS OF THE HIGH WIRES

Some people in Hatley weren't out having picnics at the right time, and Hydro cut a swath through their property, including through some sugar bush, without any warning, without any expropriation notices. The secretiveness of Hydro's plans, the lack of consultation with the community, these things have caused anger in Hatley. It's no fun at all to come home to your farm and to find Hydro men with chain saws ripping through the sugar bush that you have cared for and earned an income from all you life. And it creates a kind of fear, an element of uncertainty as to where the government will strike next.

In the case of Hydro's high voltage line being cut through the Hatley area, there is another concern that not many people know about, and that the government is trying to cover up. Mrs. Jensen of Hatley puts it this way: 'I have heard of scientific tests that have been done. It seems that high-power electricity lines may cause damage to people's health. No one seems to know much about it. It's hard for common people to judge just what the danger might be.'

As usual, there has been little or no research done in Quebec about the effects of high-voltage electricity transmission on human health. Hydro just goes ahead and builds the lines. But in other places, research has been done, and the results raise some questions.

The Sierra Club Bulletin from the United States has published a few sparse reports about the dangers. First of all, they mention that the huge power lines look ugly, create a constant humming and crackling noise, waste good land, create air pollution by electrochemical reactions between the high-voltage electricity and the air, and create an ever-present danger of electric shock for passers-by along the right-of-way. But there are other dangers more serious than that: there is the direct danger of a threat to human health.

A high-voltage line doesn't just carry the electricity along its wires. It spreads it around. The ground, the trees, the rocks, the plants, and the farmer on his tractor, all become filled with electricity near high-power lines. This electrical field extends far beyond the right-of-way of the lines themselves, although how far it goes, we have been unable to find out. In some cases, people's homes, their backyards, and the fields and forests in which they work, are filled with electricity by the lines.

The most dramatic illustration of this is the following: if you walk under or near high-voltage lines, carrying an ordinary flourescent light in your bare hands, the bulb lights up without benefit of batteries, cords or metallic connections to the ground. If you hold the bulb up in the air, you can feel the vibrations of the alternating current passing through, 'making it quiver almost like a living thing', says the Sierra Club Bulletin. The electricity from the high tension lines flows through the ground, through you, through your hand, and lights up the flourescent bulb. Every object and every living thing in the vicinity of the lines is 'plugged in'.

And on the ground, there may be a difference of up to 20,000 volts between one point and another point three feet away.

The advantage of this is that, in the future, the people of Hatley can hold their annual July 1st parade at night, marching under the high-tension wires, holding coloured lights in their hands. It would be very pretty.

The disadvantage is that this electrical field may have unforeseen consequences for human health, and for the health of livestock and wild animals.

In one test, done ten years ago, 22 mice were subjected to an electrical field of the type found under or near high-voltage lines. The average size of the babies of the mice was significantly smaller than normal. The worry is that the power lines may have the same effect on human beings.

In another study, also done a decade ago, the health of linesmen who work on 345,000 volt lines was studied over a period of nine years. It was found that their sperm count was reduced, that they were becoming less fertile. However, the study was small and its authors considered the results to be inconclusive.

The Russians studied 250 men working on high-voltage lines and compared the health studies with those of men working on lower voltage lines. The high-voltage workers developed headaches and general malaise after only a few months on the job.

In addition, the study concluded that exposure to high voltage electrical fields resulted in 'shattering the dynamic state of the central nervous system, heart and blood-vessel system, and in changing blood structure'.

The Russians were sufficiently alarmed that they set up safety measures. The Sierra Club reports that a farmer working on his tractor near a 765,000 volt line is constantly exposed to more electricity than the Russians allow for a period of more than one minute.

Other studies in the United States on laboratory animals exposed to electrical fields of the same type found near high-voltage lines indicate the following: the electricity causes chromosome damage, high blood pressure, alterations in levels of blood protein, fats and cholestorel. Nerve tissues especially seem to be damaged. Exposure to these electrical fields may cause long-term damage to the human nervous system, the chemistry of human cells, and the genetic structure which is passed on to children.

There is no government agency taking any action to protect citizens against this kind of threat, in fact, the whole things is being kept as much in the dark as possible.

One example of an awakening awareness is a court decision in Michigan. A hydro company wanted to build a 765-kilovolt line. Eleven landowners took the case to court, resisting expropriation. The court listened to the evidence of damage to health done by these lines, and the court denied the electric company the right to install the line.

Another factor which has been mentioned is that Hydro often sprays herbicides and defoliants under their high-voltage lines to kill the underbrush. It has been pointed out that these poisons are also deadly to humans; some types have been known to cause birth defects similar to those caused by thalidomide. And suffice it to say that the power line is passing not too far from Hatley's water supply.

All of this is not a cause for panic. After all, many people have lived near high-voltage lines for years, and they are still ticking along, and they can impress their friends by lighting up flourescent bulbs held in their hands while standing in their own back yards. But it is a cause for concern.

The greatest concern is the callous lack of concern shown by Hydro Quebec. Only they know what they are doing, and they are not telling anyone else. The people of Hatley were not consulted or even informed about the impact the line would have on their community, their fields, their forest, their livestock, their environment, their health.

Research could be done to find out just how dangerous these lines are, and to find ways of transmitting power in a less dangerous way. Would it be totally impossible to find a way of holding the electricity within the wires so it doesn't spread through the ground? Are there absolutely no alternatives whatsoever? Is there no better way of planning the route power lines take, so that communities such as Hatley don't have to live under the shadow of this unknown enemy?

Hydro Quebec doesn't know, Hydro Quebec isn't doing the research to find out, Hydro Quebec doesn't care, and Hydro Quebec isn't listening to anyone else. They make the decisions alone, they keep their information secret, they sit in their offices and draw lines across the map, they move into the community like commandos and start butchering a swath through the sugar bushes, they inform no one.

Is it any wonder that we feel powerless, that we are afraid of our own government? The future of our own communities has slipped out of our hands, and it will take a lot of organised community action to get it back.

Look out your back window, Mr. and Mrs. Townshipper. At any minute the surveyors could be there, laying out the path for an electricity line, or a highway, or a pipeline, or an airport, or whatever else the gods in Quebec or Ottawa have drawn on their maps.

These unknown planners are accustumed to having their own way. They are accountable to no one except their unknown bosses, and they hide their plans from the public.

But if a community announces loud and clear that from this day on, nobody, but nobody, is going to rip through the community without full, public discussion of all the effects the plan will have, of all the pros and all the cons, then there is still some hope that the far-away planners will see that they are dealing with men rather than mice.

Every community in the Townships should have its own planning committee, or mediator, or co-ordinator, and every big, outside plan should go through this committee first. Everyone in the community should be informed of the impact the project will have. Dozens of questions should be asked and discussed. How will the plan affect the beauty of the community? Will it bring new prosperity? How will it affect the health of the people, the social life, the value of soil and trees? Will it destroy homes? Will it endanger children? Is it necessary for the national good? Will it bulldoze the historical aspect of the community? Will the local people have a say in exactly how the plan will affect their community? Is there any better way of doing it, to minimize the damages and maximize the improvements?

Townships communities used to be self-sufficient. We could work the fields and tap the sugar trees, generation after generation, and it seemed that the lakes and rivers and forests and fields would always be there. A family tended their garden, brought up their kids, kept the house in shape, and life went on.

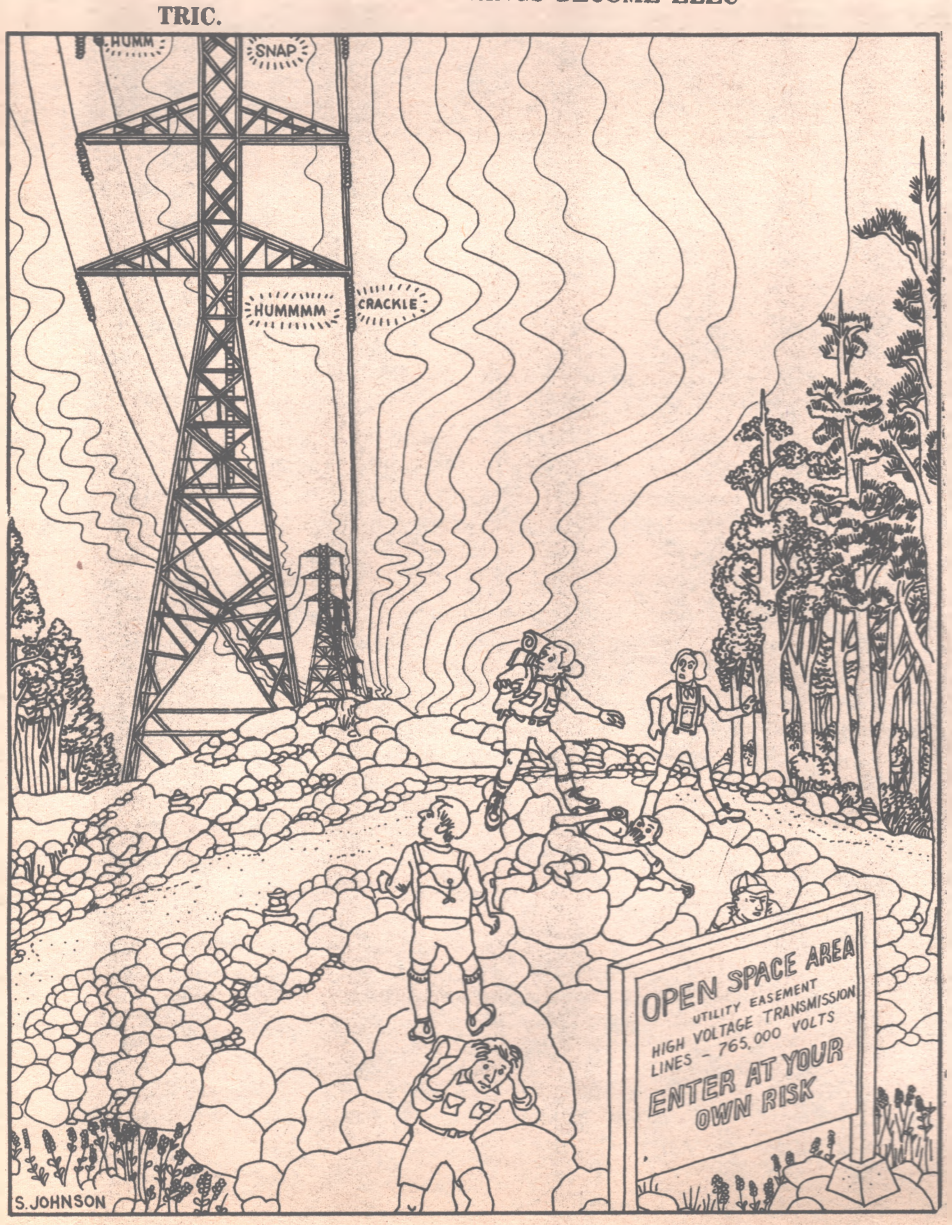
But we must realize that times have changed; these are greedy times, the land of the Townships is coveted from all directions, decisions are made far away by people who have never been here, who think that the Townships is way out in the out-back.

No longer can you be assured that your farm or your village or your sugar bush will be there for you and your children as they have been for generations. Your farm may lie under the pencil of a planner drawing lines across a map in his air-conditioned office; your sugar bush may be a glint in the eye of a schemer who will get a promotion for putting a power line through it.

Now this doesn't mean that we have to stop progress. The people of Melbourne showed the government, that not only was the government's plans to destroy the village unnecessary and stupid, but also the government could even save money by building the highway in a more intelligent location.

Remember that you know the land of your community far better than those planners do, and remember that it is your community, your family, your life that will be affected, not theirs. If you let the government planners make all the plans, they have everything to gain, you have everything to lose.

22 **ALL-ELECTRIC LIVING COMES TO THE TOWNSHIPS, AS ALL LIVING THINGS BECOME ELECTRIC.**



-SIERRA CLUB BULLETIN

Government report on dangers was kept secret...by the Dept. of the Environment

Since we wrote the article on the dangers of high-power voltage lines, the Montreal Gazette has revealed that, for a period of seven months, the Quebec Dept. of the Environment refused to publish a report done by its own experts about the dangers of high-voltage power transmission.

The secret report was the focus of a fight between Hydro Quebec and the Mont Rigaud Green Spaces Association, which had learned unofficially that the report existed, and that the government was keeping it hidden. The Green Spaces Association took the government to court to force publication of the document. A Superior Court judge agreed that the report should be published, but did not specify when, so Hydro Quebec just sat on it.

Finally, several members of the government committee who wrote the report threatened to resign unless the report was released to the public. After this, Environment Minister Goldbloom allowed the report to be released.

The report demanded immediate suspension of Hydro-Quebec's project to build transmission lines across Mont Rigaud.

The report also criticized Hydro's lack of public consultation and lack of adequate environmental study in planning its power lines.

The report urged that necessary research be done to determine the effects of high-voltage electric fields on the health of persons living near the transmission lines, and expressed concern about the results of studies which have been done in other countries.

Hydro must still await a permit from the environmental department before building the lines across the Mont Rigaud area, but Hydro has already been cutting trees in that area.

Minister Goldbloom promised that in the future all such reports would be published 'rapidly'.

It is interesting to note that the Dept. of the Environment, supposedly set up to protect the citizens and the environment, has collaborated with Hydro Quebec for seven months in covering up the truth about the situation.

The government's own experts are worried about the health problem caused by Hydro's lines, and it was only because a group of citizens took the government to court and a group of experts threatened to resign from the government, that the truth was finally let out. Perhaps we need another Department of the Environment to protect us from the present Department of the Environment and its complicity with those who are endangering the public and hiding the facts.

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN YOUR AREA?

We have a sneaking suspicion that there are other examples of the use of strange tactics by Hydro Quebec. We have heard stories, from the Townships and from Argenteuil: of Hydro tearing through people's land without prior expropriation notice; tearing up a farmer's log-rail fence to use to start fires; burning slash at a time when the forest was so dry, it was forbidden by the government to start any kind of fire; making false promises to get someone to sign over their land, such as promising a farmer that they will carefully cut up his trees in four foot lengths and stack them beside the road so he can sell them for pulp, and then not doing it, but rather, leaving the wood to rot in the forest; cutting through someone's sugar bush in the wrong place and then just leaving the trees there, destroyed, and starting over again in another place, and so on.

The new Hydro line cuts right through the Townships, and we believe there may be other interesting stories to tell somewhere along that line. If you have had any run-ins with Hydro or any other kind of expropriation, or know of similar situations, let us know. Share your story with the public, and maybe in the future the government and Hydro will become more sensitive to the turmoil their actions can cause.



Hydro workers did not start this fire, but there have been incidents where their careless burning of brush has lead to this kind of thing.





The Spirit of Hatley Common









In all seasons, the Hatley Common is a place of beauty and peace.

If a UFO were to land in Hatley, it would most certainly land on Hatley Common. The Common is ground zero, the centre of Hatley's cosmic vibrations. The Common is specially preserved neutral ground that says, 'We are a community!' The Common is a symbol; the centre that holds; the hub of the wheel.

Trees stand guard around the Common, like sentinels, almost in pairs: two behind the bandstand; two diagonally opposed on the corners of the church; even the ones around the edge seem to be in pairs.

On the horizon, mountains everywhere, Hatley nestled on a plain, the soil stoney but fertile.

And in the centre of it all, the Common; four acres of grass declared to be a public playground, forever. Held in common by the people of Hatley, no building is ever to be erected thereupon, except for the church, the school and the bandstand, standing respectfully along the edge.

Two early pioneers created the Common. Joel Ives donated the front part; Wright Chamberlin donated the back. The concession line dividing range one and range two of the Hatley land grant runs diagonally across the Common.

Generation after generation of Hatley's people assembled together on the Common, to play together as children, to celebrate, to commemorate, and even to have supper together.

The militia drilled on the Common as early as 1812, preparing for American invaders, and Moses Wells, the blacksmith, kept all of the guns in his house when they weren't being used.

The Queen's Invincibles drilled on the Common starting in 1837, and they planted many of the trees around the Common and along Hatley's streets. When they left, they presented their flag to the Anglican Church, and it is still there.

Football games were played on the Common, baseball games, tugs of war.

At the turn of the century, some Hatley musicians formed a band, and so they built a bandstand, and gave frequent open air concerts.

In 1908, the band decided to hold a community celebration, with a parade through the streets, a ball game, and dinner on long tables under the trees. This tradition is carried on today, with the annual July 1st celebration and open-air dinner on the Common.

When the wars came, military equipment was displayed on the Common, and Hatley's young men marched off to war. In World War Two, Hatley and district, including Massawippi, had more men per capita in the armed forces than any other town in Canada, and the people of Hatley are especially proud that there was not a draftee among them; all enlisted volunteers.

The wars were another deep emotional event for the community. Many did not return. On the Common stands a monument, made of Beebe granite, in remembrance. Armistice Day ceremonies were held on the Common, the children of the village forming a square around the monument.

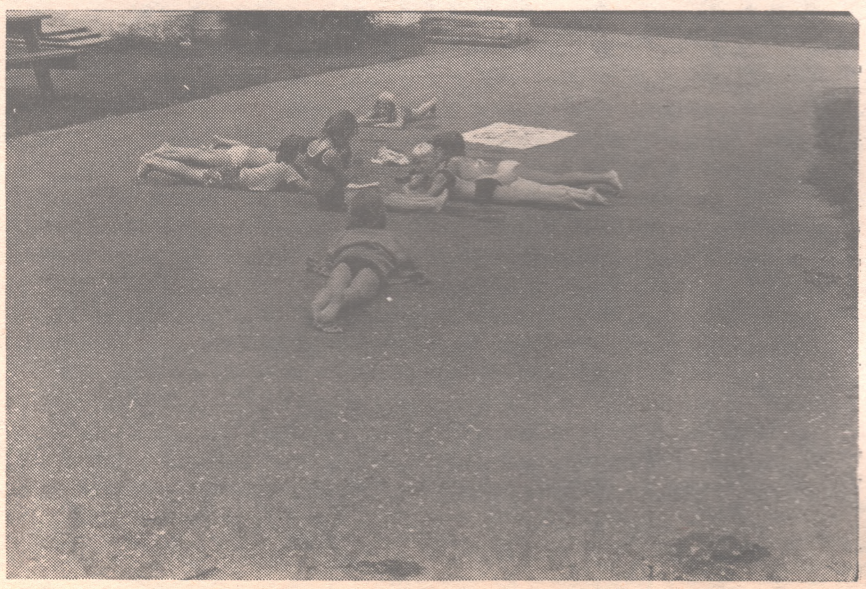
In 1947, the Governor General of Canada, Viscount Alexander, came to give a speech,standing on the bandstand on the Common, because Hatley still counted on the political map in those days.

The elderly of Hatley often take a walk around the Common, the same as their forefathers did. The environment doesn't change much, and so the people are more acutely aware of the changes that do take place. They come home from their walk, and tell you about the first robin of spring, the tree fallen down in the storm, the leaves of fall, the first frost, the flight of birds at sundown.

And they will tell you stories about Hatley as if everything that ever happened in the village is part of their own personal history, and it is.

Here are some of the stories that echo around the Hatley Common:





A Manifestation of the Wrath of God

Rev. Henry Burrage had been rector of St. James Church of Hatley since 1848. He preached week after week, decade after decade, in the crisp and neat church at the south-west corner of the common. The maple trees around the Common were only a decade old when the Reverend moved in, but as his incumbency drew on, the trees grew also, and spread their shade over the grass of the public square.

Then In August, 1871, the religious peace of the little village was shattered. A dispute broke out between the flock and the shepherd. No one remembers what the dispute was about, or at least no one is saying, but it was a very bitter dispute indeed.

Rev. Burrage slammed the doors of the church and locked them, and he would not give up the key. The population was forbidden to enter the church, and all services were cancelled. If the people had strayed from the way of God and had offended His chosen minister, then the people would have to live without public worship of God, and see how they liked it.

The pioneers were God-fearing men and women, and the hot August days of 1871 were filled with tension.The parishioners cast out of the church by their own minister! The minister closing down the House of God! Surely this was unprecedented; surely this was an abomination that could not endure in the face of the Lord!

Then one hot August day, a great thunderstorm struck the village. The wind blew with the force of hurricanes, the black clouds pelted rain, flattening the summer grass, the terrible bolts of lightning slashed at the village, and the very earth trembled with the explosions of thunder.

The wrath of God had struck Hatley. The belfrey and steeple of the church were smashed off. The cross on the very top of the steeple hit the ground in the centre of the Common. The cross stuck deep in the ground and stood there, with the steeple and belfrey balanced on top of it, the entire structure upside down. And when the steeple and the belfrey fell, they ripped open the entire front of the church.

After the storm, the villagers gather-er around the Common, and there was no doubt that God had spoken. Many now believed in Him as never before.

The people of the village gazed, dumbstruck, at the cross and steeple upside down, embedded in the ground, at the centre of their village, and they gazed up at the front of the church, smashed open and splintered, and the people said:

'The minister closed the church, but the Lord opened it.'

In later years, the home of Rev. Burrage burned to the ground, and later still, he ended his misfortunes by going out into the barn and hanging himself from a beam.



The first wood floor, a tourist attraction for Indians

In the early days of Hatley, the log cabins had a floor of hard-packed dirt, with a platform at one side where the beds were spread. The following story was told by the late Henry Haines. When he was a small boy, one of the neighbours, whom he called Aunt Nancy Lee, a lady of great age, was a frequent visitor at his parents' home. She was gifted as a story teller and often entertained the children with stories of pioneer days, when she lived in a log cabin with her parents.

Her father had been a carpenter before coming to Canada, therefore their cabin was better built than those of their neighbours. Among other things, it had a wood floor, made of split logs, hewn as smooth as possible with a strange kind of axe called an adze.

The Indians came often to visit them (some say there had originally been an Indian village at or near the present site of Hatley). The Indians always came to visit this log cabin because it was the only one with a wood floor, and they thought this was a wonder to behold. They liked to sit on the floor at opposite corners of the room, and roll marbles, belonging to the children, back and forth across the floor.

This pastime evidently pleased the Indians more that it did the lady of the house. When she had stepped over and around marbles and Indians for a while, she would get tired of the game. She would then open the door and pointing at it, she would say in a loud voice, to the Indians, 'Smokey man puck-agee!'

Just what this meant, neither Aunt Nancy Lee nor Mr. Haines knew, but the Indians did, for they always took the hint and got out.



One Black Cow

A story told by Aunt Nancy Lee:

She, and some of her brothers, were sent into the woods near their clearing, to bring the cows home for the evening milking. They had to look for sometime before they found them.

It began to grow dark in the woods, but they followed a well-marked trail so did not lose their way. They were naturally anxious to get home as soon as possible, but there was one black cow just in front of them, that would not hurry in spite of all their persuasion. Finally, as they neared home, she made a sudden dash off into the forest.

They dare not follow her for fear of getting lost, so went home without her.

On arriving at the clearing, they told their father about the missing cow. He told them that the cows were all there, including the black one, which headed the line.

The children were so sure that there had been another black cow just in front of them, that the father went back the next morning, to the place where the cow had left them; and found the tracks of a big bear.

The Society for the Suppression of Felonies, Vice, and Misdemeanors

Due to the fact that all courts of justice, jail, sheriffs and policemen were miles away in Montreal, Three Rivers or Quebec, there was little to restrain early pioneers who chose to prey upon their neighbours. Theft, counterfeiting, and many other forms of vice were common. Sometimes the settlers took the law into their own hands and meted out punishment as they saw fit, as was the case of the citizen of Hatley who was sentenced to spend two hours in the stocks at Stanstead, for beating his wife. Evidently they did not have stocks in Hatley, but the people of Hatley decided on a more effective measure.

On Sept. 17, 1823, the prominent men of the town met at the home of William Grannis and formed a society, which they called 'The Society for the Suppression of Felonies, Vice and Misdemeanors in the Village of Charleston (as they had decided to call Hatley).

The book containing all the details of the forming of this society, its by-laws, and the names of its members, is still in existence.

The Society made a general valuation of the property owned by its members, who were taxed according to their means, to furnish money to carry out the capture and punishment of wrong-doers and the expense of taking them to jail in Montreal.

As proof that this society worked, there is a bill presented by Samuel Wadleigh, for the cost of taking a prisoner to Montreal, and attached to it is the receipt given by the jailer showing that the prisoner had been duly delivered at the jail.

The society had 130 members. So far as is known, this was the first organized attempt in this part of the country to enforce the law.

The voluntary taxation by the evaluation method was an interesting example of self-created community government. This was at a time when roads were few and communications were sparodic. The government in Quebec seemed far away; the Ottawa government wasn't created until half a century later; and small rural communities basically got as much government as they created for themselves.



The Hatley Pirate

On the northern edge of Hatley village, there was, in the last century, another house, all trace of which long ago disappeared.

Tradition has it that in this house there lived an Irishman, a man of large size, forbidding appearance, and uncertain temper. No one knew anything of him, and all were reluctant to ask questions.

The village eyed him and he eyed the village, from a distance, warily. If ever there was an outsider who did not become integrated into the Hatley community, it was this man.

Most people in the village thought he must have been a sailor at some time, as his hairy arms and chest were covered with tattoo marks, such as are often seen on those who follow the sea. Decidedly he was not about to become a pillar of this community.

He and his family, a wife and son, moved away as silently and mysteriously as they had arrived, and nothing was heard from them for several years.

Then one day a couple of men from Hatley were having dinner in a Sherbrooke hotel. Across the room they saw a young man who looked strangely familiar, but whom at first, they could not place. They finally decided that he was the son of the mysterious Irishman

After dinner, they went over and spoke to him and found that their surmise was right. They inquired about his father and mother. They were told that the father was dead. During the conversation which ensued, they learned the story of his strange character.

Some little time before coming to Hatley, this man had been one of the captured crew of a pirate ship, plying the Atlantic. Four pirates were brought in chains to Quebec City and sentenced to be hanged. Three were hanged, but the fourth escaped and came to live in Hatley.

It is understood that he lived to die a natural death.



The Earl

There lived in Hatley a number of generations ago, a man by the name of Philip Earl. This gentleman was a man of education who came over from England. Mr. Earl called himself the deposed Earl of Ross Common Ireland, and was ready to tell any sympathetic listener of the swindle which had robbed him and his family of a title and wealth. Most of the people in Hatley knew him well for many years, but they never figured out whether the name 'Earl' was his surname or his title.

The nature-lover

The same house was later inhabited by another gentleman of wealth and social standing who had lost everything and moved from England to Hatley in poverty.

This man, Henry Mosley, adjusted to all the discomforts and inconveniences, and soon fell in love with his surroundings.

He became a great student of local wildlife. He found 18 varieties of wild orchids in this locality, where formerly only the lady slipper had been known to the natives. He gained a most thorough knowledge of the local birds and their habits.

He wrote articles for various scientific journals, and at length became recognized as an outstanding authority in his chosen field.

When he and his family left Hatley, they went to Montreal, and after a time he became a lecturer at McGill University on the subjects which had started out as a fascinating hobby.

He came to Hatley a broken man and rebuilt his life by falling in love with the nature around him.



Dear readers,

We enjoyed our visit to Hatley, and we hope this report brought you good cheer. We hope that by looking closely at one village, we can catch a glimpse of the character of this place and time, in perspective. We believe that many of the feelings in Hatley are felt throughout the Townships, we hope that by looking at Hatley you have also seen some of your own community; that the people of Hatley are familiar to you, like someone you must have met before but can't quite place. We hope that these images of a Townships village have given you a clearer idea of our community and our neighbours.

We, the English of the Townships, are an unusual people with an unusual history. We are now at a peculiar time in our history, and we need to look around us; we need to see who we are, where we came from, where we stand today, and what we are becoming.

The beauty of Hatley is that it tells us so much. You could make a beautiful movie in Hatley, but the movie would have to last 183 years, or else you would be cutting out something good.

The Townships Sun staff



Short Notes □□□□

A DANCE FOR BOOKS

The Lennoxville Elementary School Committee is trying to raise money for the school library, which needs to be enlarged. To earn money for this worthy project, the committee is planning a family dance, to be held on June 5th at the Lennoxville Elementary School. This dance is for the whole family, with music provided by the Polka Cats. There will be square dancing as well as other styles of dancing. Admittance is $1.50 for adults, $1.00 for a child, or $5.00 for the whole family. Lunch will be available and door prizes will be awarded. The festivity starts at 9 p.m.

GLENN MILLER CANCELED

This is just to tell all of you that hoped to receive tickets to the Glenn Miller Concert at the Cultural Centre, that the performance has been canceled. As far far as we know,there will be no other cancelations.The Toronto Symphony will be coming, and check back to your last issue of the Sun for further details on concerts, etc.

Anyone interested in going to plays? 'Le dernier des Don Juan' or 'Evangeline Deusse'? Please send in the slip if you want to be eligible for these or other tickets!

HOUSING CRISIS IN LENNOX, SHERBROOKE

The Central Mortgage and Housing Corporation now recognizes what has been evident for some time: that there is a housing shortage in Lennoxville and Sherbrooke. We have heard lots of tales of people searching everywhere for apartments, of students at Bishop's wandering around places like Waterville looking for a place to live, of families with five children frustrated because the only apartments available in Sherbrooke are usually those with one or two bedrooms.

Now a study done by the government puts it into statistics. The government considers that housing has reached a critical stage when only three or four per cent of the lodgings are vacant at any one time. In Sherbrooke, only 1.3 per cent of apartments and houses are available for rent, in Lennoxville only 0.9 per cent, and in Ascot Township (mostly the urban part of the Township bordering on Sherbrooke), only 0.1 per cent are for rent. The federal government says Canada needs to build a minimum of one million new homes over the next four years. Hope they realize some of them are needed out this way: the vacancy rate in government-supported housing in the Sherbrooke area is now zero per cent. Why don't some more of you people move to Montreal or Ontario to make room?

ANTI-INFLATION NEWS

As a birthday gift to the U.S.A. for the bicentennial year, the Canadian government is printing a book at the cost of $600,000. A copy of the book will be presented to President Ford. The book contains 250 photographs of the U.S. - Canadian border.

PARENTS, BEWARE OF 'TRIS'

As you may know or have noticed, children's pajamas are being made **flame-retardant** these days. The chemical used is called Tris and has been found to cause genetic mutations in bacteria. Tris makes up `to 10% of children's pajamas and rubs off on their skin when they sleep. Washing the pajamas three times before wearing should reduce the risk but there is no law requiring this to be indicated on the garments. In fact, you can often see a tag telling you how to keep the clothes flame-retardant qualities from diminishing.

New laws may follow so that all clothes, matresses, etc. be treated with Tris. Hopefully, this won't happen. In the meantime you should check your children's and babies' pajamas, throw away or wash thoroughly the flame retardant ones and try to buy natural fibres which are usually untreated in the future. Or better yet, do away with the pajamas altogether and substitute something always safe, like long johns!

BAD ROADS: AT YOUR OWN RISK

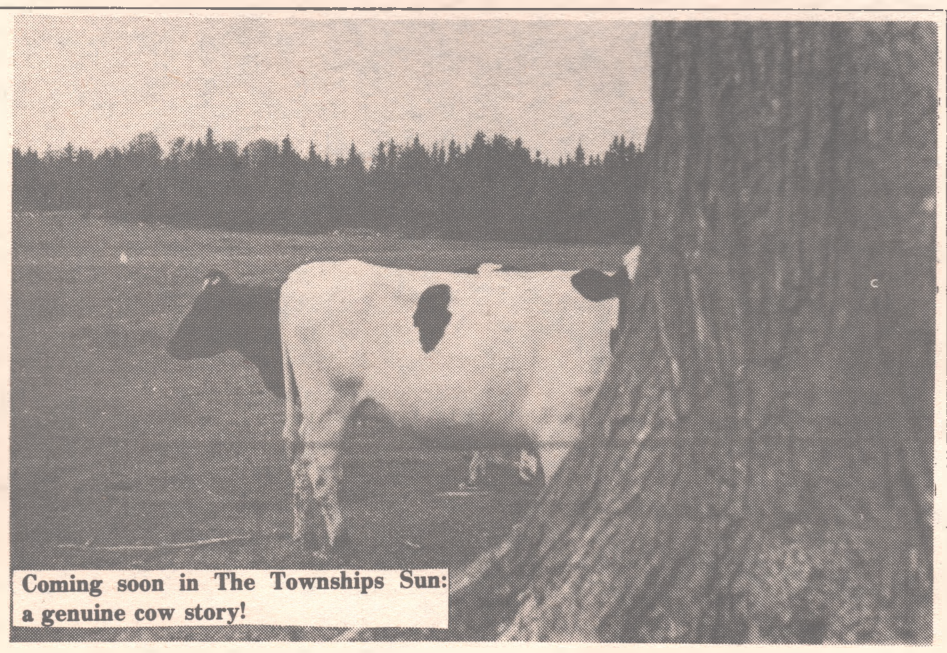
All the road-building going on and the general spring bumpiness makes for hard going in the Townships. When you hit an especially bad 'cahot', you can only pray that your car is in one piece, but what if it's not? Whom is to be held responsible in that case- you or the Ministry of Transport, which never warned that the road would be so bad (an certainly never did anything much to improve it(??

Well, you, the driver, are going to have to pay for whatever repairs are necessary...this came out when one us broke both shock absorbers on the bad stretch of road from Milby to Compton (and if you live in that area, we need say no more about it). There was no sign indicating the road was almost impassable, no way off once on. It was like a rough ride on the Mekong Delta in Vietnam, or even worse.

When the bill for the new shocks and installation- not counting the trouble- came to over $40.00 the poorer-but-no-wiser staff member wrote a kind letter to the Ministry of Transports asking for a reclamation. Time passed, and the new shocks were even beginning to go.

Then the answer came. A form letter (as they must get many such requests) in which we learned that damage to car shock abosorbers 'ne sont pas imputables a un defaut d'entretien de réparations de la route ou du chemin ou au pont ou ces dommages ont été subis'. (freely translated this means it ain't their fault if the road breaks our shocks).

So this is just a word of warning to the rest of you to walk, or ride bikes, or hitch up the ole horse until spring thaws end!



Coming soon in The Townships Sun: a genuine cow story!

MISSISQUOI COUNTY RESIDENT PUBLISHES NEW AREA HISTORY

by Audrey M. McCaw

Of interest to our readers, and especially to those with roots in Mississquoi County, is a new volume of local history published in 1975. The author is Ruby Laduke Moore of Stanbridge East and her book is entitled: **'Family Happenings in Missisquoi County'**.

Mrs. Moore is well known and admired throughout the Eastern Townships for her lively and informative articles on local history, her warm welcome to visitors to the Cornell Mill Museum at Standbridge East where she served as archivist and genealogist for a number of years and for her active involvement in church and other community activities. In her book she has drawn on her own vivid memories of the past sixty years as well as a wealth of research material she has been compiling on several local families to whom she is related.

Mrs. Moore's interest in local history began in 1946 when she joined the Women's Institute at Fordyce, Quebec, and helped to write the Tweedsmuir History of that area. Her own family has been connected with the life of Mississquoi County since the last 1700's and, as she says in her Forward, 'For some time I have been longing to tell what I have found out about my ancestors.'

'Family Happenings' begins with a description of life in the pioneer days and Mrs. Moore includes photos and anecdotes as she vividly portrays her forebears at work and play. This is followed by her own 'Memories- Past and Present', beginning with her early days in the area of Pearceton Township of Stanbridge, where children were thrilled by the visits of the gypsies, the pack pedlars, the banana man' and the sight of the 'red coats' riding off to summer camp at Farnham. But the best memories are of the fun children created for themselves, summer and winter, without benefit of radio and television.

In recent years Mrs. Moore has travelled widely seeking information about her forebears and the remainder of her book is devoted to a number of genealogies. As she is related to many of the orginal families of Brome and Missisquoi Counties, these should be of considerable interest, especially to the descendents of the following families: Laduke, Mandigo, Ellison, Ingalls, Fordyce, Lewis, Marsh, Kennedy, Stanton, Orcutt, Cory and Moore-Hearne.



Mrs. Ruby Moore

The author, daughter of Herbert J. and Luella Kennedy Laduke, was born at Pearceton in Stanbridge Township in 1908. She married James B. Moore Fordyce in 1930, and after farming for twelve years at Brome Center, they bought the old Hearne home at Fordyce which had been in the Moore family for over 100 years. Mr. Moore died in 1962 and Ruby sold the farm in 1968 when she moved to Stanbridge East. She has written many articles for publication and has published a previous book: **'Historical Sketches of the Churches in Cowansville and Dunham Change.'** In 1975, on the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the United Church of Canada, she co-authored a history of Stanbridge East United Church.

As a tribute to Mrs. Moore's active association with the Missisquoi County Historical Society and her work in the Cornell Mill Museum, the Society dedicated their 1974 publication, 'Water by the Mill', to her 'to show the appreciation and high esteem, with which Mrs. Ruby G. Moore is held by its members.'

Having retired last year from her duties at the Museum and her position of enthusiastic genealogist for the Sir John Johnson Branch of the United Empire Loyalists' Association, Mrs. Moore has spent recent months completing her volume and the result is a very readable addition to the archives and personal collections of local history.

Family Happenings in Missisquoi County' by Ruby Laduke Moore, published 1975, contains 224 pages. It may be purchased at the Cornell Mill Museum in Stanbridge East for $5.00(plus .25 postage if ordered by mail) or direct from Mrs. Ruby Moore, P. Box 102, Stanbridge East, P.Q.

REMINISCENCE AND PROGRESS

Reminiscence:

Driving a horse along a country road,
Drinking from a spring by the way,
Retarded Progress?? Maybe...
But it made a pleasant day.

Teacher, walking to school
In weather cold and mild;
Teaching seven grades alone,
Considering every child.

High school for the very few,
College near a myth.
Yet we gathered know-how
To meet life's problems with.

We had no organized games,
No sponsor backed our play;
Chores, school and a little fun
Made up an average day.

We slid down snow clad hills,
On homemade sled and skis;
Swam in unpolluted streams,
Dried off in sun and breeze.

Dad's trips to the wood shed
Have been greatly overtold;
But the filling of the wood box
Sure bound us to the fold.

When father used straight razors
Straps did more than hone the blade;
Now dads use electric gadgets
For which no straps are made.

T.V's were not invented then,
Radio's were very new;
When we got a car or telephone
We felt quite rich- it's true!

Your neighbour was the man
Who exchanged works with you;
You little cared what was his race,
English, French or Jew.

You judged him for his honesty,
His muscle and his skill;
(Not for his church or homeland)
More for his determined will.

We knew little of distant lands,
Journeys were but dream inspired;
If we cared to travel far
We lacked the money it required.

Mother was in the kitchen
And Father home at night;
We did our studying
By a kerosene light.

Poor perhaps, but priviledged
In a special way;
So unlike the lifestyle
That we know today.

Progress:

The cutting down of stately trees,
Building roads from coast to coast;
So that we can travel, avoiding asphyxiation
A few years at the most.

School buses running, busily to and fro,
Picketing, strikes and disinclination;
Teachers gathering in large schools,
Trying to further education.

Hockey rinks and curling clubs,
Skidoo and motor races;
Drive-in movies in the summer,
Winters spent in warmer places.

Fewer jobs for young and old,
Ambition losing pace;
Government paying people
To run a slower race.

Cost of living rising,
More surely than the sun;
Taxes soaring yearly
For the working one.

Cost of burial too
Climbing toward the sky;
Takes a lot of saving up
To get rich enough to die.

M.P.'s have kept their promise
Of a fowl in every pot;
taxpayers are finding that M.P.'s
And chickens cost a lot.

Air traffic getting faster
Drawing distant places near;
Wars and uprisings
Causing hunger, death, fear.

The French are crying culture
Seeking heredity some claim they never had;
Outside forces prod French and English
Into thinking the other bad.

Pollution is the watch word
That no one cares to heed;
While oil and energy shortages
Seems such a distant need.

Yet there is a challenge
Not found in days of yore;
A healthy zest for living
Canadians never knew before.

Mable Boyce
Sutton

The Outlaw of MEGANTIC

One man's fight against injustice: a Canadian legend

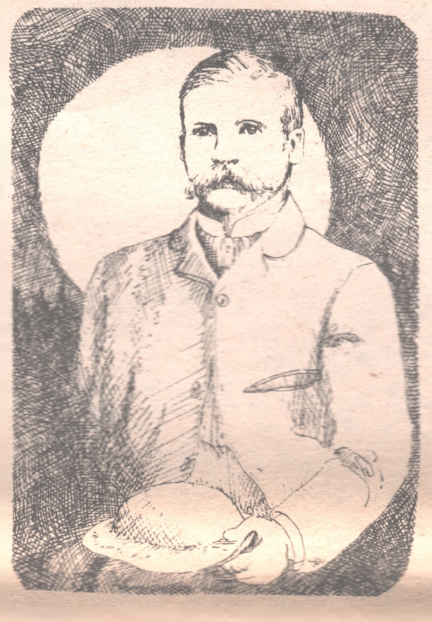
Bernard Epps



THE OUTLAW OF MEGANTIC to this point-

The year is 1885, the place, Megantic village- there is a dispute over the terms of a mortage. Donald Morrison has accused the village Money-lender, McAulay, of cheating Murdo Morrison, his father, for the family farm. Donald consulted McLean, a lawyer, through whose legal machinations the farm ended up in McAulay's hands after an auction. During these troubles, Donald still has the time to visit his sweetheart, Augusta McIver...both the mortgage dispute and the question he longs to ask Augusta weigh him down.

McAulay has made Donald an offer on the farm which he considers his- it is refused.Donald visits Augusta McIver who agrees to wait a bit more. In his anger Donald cut the telegraph poles and further aroused McAulay's wrath. Donald tried to retain possession of the farm, but on one of his trips the Duquettes unknowingly bought the farm from McAulay and moved in. In a mad moment Donald shoots at Mme. Duquette and barely misses her. That same night their farm burns down and the suspicion falls on Donald who is innocent.McAulay swears to get him back- when Constable Edwards cannot bring him in, McAulay forces him to enlist Jack Warren, who vows to kill Donald.



Donald for his part believes that a man has a right to defend himself, so when Warren finally confronted Donald in Megantic, and pulled his gun first, Donald had to shoot him dead.

Part Two

Donald remained in hiding and could not be apprehended. Silas H. Carpenter, Chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau, and his assistant, James McMahon were called in. They faced overwhelming obstacles in their hunt for Donald. They didn't even recognize him sometimes. The 3,000 reward could not entice Donald out of hiding or the local people to help so the QPP and militia were called in.

Donald's exploits were beginning to be heard in Montreal and a reporter, Peter Spanjaardt, from the Montreal Star came to find out the facts and gave Donald many new sympathizers from his article. The attorney-General Turcotte was making plans too, but nothing worked. 'Nothing had changed but the weather...'

Malcolm Matheson

Winter gave all the advantages to Donald. He could scurry through the woods on snowshoes with the speed and ease of a rabbit while the police floundered around as helpless as hens. He could travel wherever and whenever he wished while they were often bogged down on impassable roads. He had food and shelter for the asking while their patrols were sometimes snowbound and their outposts abandoned in the face of frostbite.

Carpenter adopted a different tactic and sent for Malcolm Matheson.

Turcotte and Mercier had suggested an end to their embarrassment at bargain rates and Carpenter was to establish secret and unofficial contact with the outlaw. Matheson was the logical contact. He was known to be a long-time friend of Donald and his store a clearing house for local news. The comparative ease with which that newspaper reporter had interviewed the fugitive indicated the existence of an underground organization of some kind and Carpenter suspected - although he could not prove - that messages and supplies went rather regularly out from Matheson's store to wherever Donald was hiding. He now wanted to open this channel of communication for a message of his own choice.

Malcolm, however, would be hurried by no man. He sent the detective's messenger back with word that he was busy for the moment but would try to squeeze the Chief into his schedule when he had time. Carpenter on his hat and crossed the street himself.

Malcolm, however, would be hurried by no man. He sent the detective's messenger back with word that he was busy for the moment but would try to squeeze the Chief into his schedule when he had time. Carpenter put on his hat and crossed the street himself.

'Mr. Matheson,' he said. 'I would like a word with you in private.'

Malcolm was seated by the stove with his feet on a flour barrel, his pipe going full blast, embroiled in a game of cribbage. He studied the detective with one eye closed against the smoke and then took the pipe from his mouth and examined the bowl.

'I'm awful busy,' he said at last.

Three other men sat by the stove pretending absorption in their cards but Carpenter would not go away. He stood where he was and waited. He said nothing, did nothing, simply stood where he was and waited. Malcolm laid down his hand.

'All right,' he said, getting heavily to his feet. 'Let's be going back to the store room, then,'

Chief Carpenter followed him through a rear door to a room piled high with sacks of feed, kegs of nails, boxes and bins, bottles and barrels. They found seats on a couple of sacks and Carpenter got down to business.

'Sometimes,' he began, gently, 'a policeman's job is a very thankless one. I know we're not popular here for trying to arrest Morrison but we're not popular at headquarters either for failing. They keep clamouring for results. They can't understand why it is taking so much time, money and manpower to bring him in.'

Malcolm had his pipe going again and sat with his hands on his thighs and his elbows wide squinting at the detective through the fumes.

'I have a wife and kids, Malcolm. I'd like to be home with them right now. Trouble is, as long as Morrison remains in this area, I have to keep right after him. We can't very well go home and ignore a man who keeps popping up under our feet and making fools of us. We have to keep trying until we catch him no matter how long it takes, no matter how many men we have to use. We'll get him sooner or later, too. You know that.'

Malcolm took the pipe from his mouth. 'You weren't just wanting to tell me your problems, were you?'

'On the other hand,' said Carpenter, still gently and pointedly ignoring the remark, 'if Morrison left the district he'd be somebody else's problem. I and my men could go home.'

Malcolm eyed the chief thoughfully for a long moment. He was beginning to get the drift of the man's talk. Carpenter sat still and waited.

'Would they not be hunting him just as hard wherever he went?'

Carpenter scratched his chin.

'Well, Mr. Matheson,' he said, 'just between you, me and the tom cat, I sincerely doubt it. I don't think they'd be eager to mount such an expensive search again. It's a matter of economics, do you see?'

Malcolm nodded. He understood. It's a matter of political expediency, he thought, but he didn't say that. 'It's a matter,' he said, slowly, 'of saving face all around.'

Carpenter stood up.

'Well,' he said, 'it's going to be a nice day, seems like.'

'That all you wanted to tell me, was it?'

'Unless it snows again,' said Carpenter.

He put on his hat and he left.

The Schoolteacher

Donald, next morning, was escorting a lady down a lonely country road. She was the schoolteacher at Galson and knew nothing of her companion except that he was a friend of Murdo McArthur's and had offered to walk her to the school since it was on his way. She was glad of his company for she had heard hair-raising stories of a murderer loose in the countryside and her pupils were sometimes stopped and questioned and it was getting so bad a girl hardly dared set foot outside her lodgings alone any more for fear she'd be jumped on and murdered and she was very glad Murdo had a friend to accompany her this morning for she'd had a dream last night that the outlaw was in the vicinity and she really appreciated the protection of his broad shoulders and sincerely hoped she wasn't putting him out at all.

She chattered away in time with her high buttoned trotters, glancing frequently up at Donald's fine moustache and easy smile. Donald kept an eye peeled for the police, said no word and let her run on and she stopped only at the door of her schoolhouse to turn and thank him kindly and hope they might meet again some time. Donald removed his hat and hoped so too. She bobbed her head and blushed and retreated to the schoolroom. Safely ensconced at her desk she made a mental note to enquire more about the gentleman next time she spoke with McArthur.

John Hamilton

John Hamilton was the shoemaker at Gould. He was a long-faced, taciturn man who lived alone and was always glad of a bit of company. It was there that Mac McLean

caught up with Donald.

'Good day, John. Good day, Donald.'

'Nice one,' they said.

'Cold as a witch's tit,' said he.

'Pull a chair to the stove,' they said. 'Take your boots off.'

'I've news from Malcolm Matheson. It seems Chief Carpenter came to see him the other day and made it plain they'd be letting you go it you've a mind to leave the district.'

'There you do,' said Hamilton.

'Aye,' said Donald but he did not seem to share his friend's enthusiasm. 'Why would they be doing that, do you suppose?'

'Politics,' said Mac, 'and money. They figure they've spent too much on you already. Malcolm says they could have sent you to college for less.'

Hamilton laughed but Donald was thoughtful. McLean went on with his news.

'And you know Green? Him that has the pulp mill at Marsden?'

'The Yankee?'

'That's him. He's got a scheme all worked out to be smuggling you across the line on snowshoes. You'd be safe enough in the States, they reckon.'

Donald got up and walked to the window where frost ferns were scaling the panes. He stared out for a ling moment.

Mac watched him grimly. He turned to Hamilton.

'What is the matter with the man?' he asked. 'I'd thought he'd be jumping at the chance.'

'I think,' said Hamilton, 'that he's grown awful fond of my cooking.'

'Your cooking is enough to drive anyone abroad.'

They studied Donald's back but could learn nothing from it.

'He's a very stubborn man,' said Hamilton.

Donald turned from the window and faced them.

'I can't be doing it,' he said.

'Why not, then?'

'If I run away, it'll be like admitting I've done something wrong. They'll all be nicely forgetting about the farm that was stolen, about the old folks they threw out of their home,about Major McAulay's grasping ways I can't be letting them do that.'

'You stay here,' said Mac, 'and they'll shoot you down or lock you up sooner or later.'

'I know it,' said Donald. 'But I have to stay just the same.'

'Is that what I should be telling Matheson, then?'

'Tell him,' said Donald, tugging at his moustache, 'tell him thanks very much but I can't be leaving without my eight hundred dollars. When McAulay gives back what he stole, when he makes things right, then I'll go away and leave him in peace.'

Mac shook his head. 'He won't like it,' he said.

'But somebody's got to be standing up for what's right, don't you see? I can't just be forgiving and forgetting and running off as if nothing happened. They'd be no meaning in it all. How about my old dad? How about my old mother, then?'

McLean and Hamilton looked at their boots and thought it over. There was sense to his stubbornness.

'That eight hundred would see them comfortable for a good long time,' said Donald. 'I've got to stay and fight,' he said and it sounded like an apology.

'Okay,' said Mac. 'I'll see that Matheson gets the word.'

Donald slapped his friend on the shoulder. 'I'd appreciate it,' he said. 'And thank Mr. Green for his trouble, will you?'

Norman McAulay

The detectives, as if to add weight to Carpenter's offer, got lucky and arrived to search Gould while Donald still stayed with Hamilton. They were hot on his heels. He avoided them in the cemetery and fled south through the woods to Spring Hill. A couple of days later they pried him out of hiding once more and again he fled, dodged them on the roads, lost them in woods but was kept constantly moving, continually in danger until he wanted nothing more than a good night's rest and a day or two of peace.

He was asleep in Colin Campbell's camp when the door burst open in the night. He came up from the cot with a pistol in each hand, dropped to his knees and prepared to sell his life dearly but a voice he remembered held his fire.

'Don't shoot, for God's sake! I'm carrying a bottle!'

'Norman?' asked Donald, hardly believing. 'Is that Norman McAuly?'

'The one and only,' said Norman, 'and it's a very nervous man you are, Donald.'

'Stand still while I get a lamp lighted, you rascal. I don't want you falling down and busting that jug.'

The lamp revealed Norman's wry grin and tousled hair, his broad-brimmed hat and jug. Donald slapped him on the back, pumped his free hand and opened the jug. They had grown up together, gone westward together and ridden all over the plains and Donald could think of no man he would rather see at that moment than Norman McAuly.

'But what are you doing in this part of the world?'

'Well,' said Norman. 'I was hearing of your troubles and thought I'd come make you an offer.'

Donald leapt up and went to the window. He was worn and haggard, red-eyed and weary, and his ear identified every unusual sound in the woods outside while his eye flicked from door to window and back again.

'Actually, Malcolm Matheson wired me,' said Norman, watching his friend with concern. 'He thought I might persuade you to come back to the cowboy's life.'

Donald checked the door again. 'Aye. Malcolm wants me to run away, so he does.'

'You're in poor shape, Donald.'

Donald stopped, grinned, passed a hand over his head and sat down on the cot.

Sometimes I fancy a policeman behind every tree and bush,' he said. 'And I fancy they're all drawing a bead on my belly. It's no good for the digestion, Norman.'

'It's a good drink, you are needing.'

'Aye. And one of your silly stories.'

Norman passed him the jug of apple-jack and Donald took a good long pull and tried to relax. His hands were trembling slightly.

'Did I ever tell you about my uncle Willie, then? Wille the Crump they called him, although I never did know why. He was a terrible man. A terrible man, was Willie. Shingle-weaver by trade. Used to carry his teeth about in his pocket, so he did, and whenever he was around something that needed eating, he'd take them out, polish them up and put them to work.'

Donald laughed and had another drink.

'We stole them on him one day and hid them. Poor Willie thought he'd lost them in the hay, so he did, and he went through three loads of the stuff, straw by straw, cursing a blue streak. When we took pity on the poor old man and gave them back, he was mad enough to chew nails and spit rust. Always wore them on his watch chain after that, like a pearl brooch.'

Donald was beginning to relax.

'Was there a point to that story I might have missed, Norman?'

'None that I know of,' said Norman. 'Pass the bottle.'

Donald chuckled. 'Ah, you're very good for me, Norman. How's things in the west?'

'Quiet,' said Norman. 'Awful quiet since they hanged Riel.'

'Hanged the rascal, did they?'

'They did that. What's this? Books?' You are reading books on the sly and secret, Donald Morrison. Oh, it's a sad thing you've come to. Charles Dickens and the **Tiomnadh-Nuadh**. I never did think to see the day you'd become the fool of books and that's the truth.'

'I've given up drinking and dancing for a spell,' said Donald with a grin. 'Have to do something in the evenings.'

'But it's terrible to see a good man going to the bad.'

'Did you never read a book yourself, Norman?'

'Aye. I did once, I must confess. Stole it from my sister. Had an awful lot of kissing in it, as I remember. Kiss, kiss, kiss. Awful, it was. I had to read it out of the edge of my eye, I was that embarrassed.'

They talked and joked and teased each other far into the night and Norman kept passing the jug. Donald could feel the strain of the past few days leaving his body and being replaced with warmth and good fellowship and eventually he fell asleep- slept witha smile on his face and more soundly than he had for weeks- while Norman kept the watch.

He was wakened in the morning to the smell of a hearty breakfast. Norman had eggs and ham and strong coffee all ready and Donald felt like a new man. They talked of bunkhouses and of breaking horses, of trail camps, and roundups and people and towns but Donald could not be budged. He had made up his mind to stay in the district as a terror to McAulay and a thorn in the side of the authorities, to get as much publicity and sympathy for his cause as he was able and see it through to a finish. He would not run.

Norman suggested they borrow horses and go riding together- hoping the squeak of leather and the pounding of hooves might yet do what words could not. They raced each other down empty roads, shouted and laughed and remembered old times. Donald chattered along with some of his old cheeriness but still kept a wary eye out fore and aft, to left amd right.

He was first to spot the buggy cresting a rise ahead of them. He reined and scrutinized its passengers.

Neither of the two men were detectives or even constables but it was a moment before he could make out just who they were. One was Major Malcolm B. McAulay and the other his bodyguard.

Donald's face split into a wide grib.

'Norman, my lad, are you ready for a bit of fun?' he asked.

'I am,' said Norman.

'Then do you see who that is coming towards us?'

'I do,' said Norman.

'Then whip up your horse and we'll give them a scare!'

They raced ahead side by side and were upon and right past the buggy in an instant. Donald reined in suddenly as if recognizing its passenger. The passenger had done some recognizing of his own and dived for the floor-boards to make himself as small a target as possible.

'It's McAulay,' yelled Donald at the top of his lungs. 'After the devil!'

Norman gave an ear-splitting imitation of an Indian war-whopp and the buggy shot off with the bodyguard whipping the horses unmercifully and the major rattling about in the bottom while the cowboys sat their mounts and laughed and laughed until the buggy was out of sight.

A half a mile further on, John Buchanan remarked to his wife that he had just sen Major McAulay go by the store as if he'd seen a ghost.

'More likely,' she answered, 'he's just seen Donald Morrison!'

Mac McLean

McLean found Donald and Norman eating dinner in the kicthen of Finlay McLeod's Hotel in Spring Hill. Norman say by the window and watched the road. Donald had his back to the wall. McLean walked in and began pulling money from his pockets right and left and scattering it on the table- drawing bills from his coat, his trousers, his shirt, one after the other and letting them fall like leaves about Donald's plate, narrowly missing the gravy.

'There,' said Mac, making sure all his pockets were empty at last. 'That is eight hundred dollars.'

Donald looked up and waited an explanation.

'Well, McAulay had a change of heart, so he did,' said McLean, rubbing the back of his neck with a horny hand and keeping his eyes on Donald's plate. 'Says he's not had a good night's sleep since he cheated you of your money and so he's paying it all back.'

Donald glanced at Norman who grinned and shrugged. He squinted up at Mac McLean, took a mouthful of potato and began gathering the money into a neat pile. When it was all in, he handed it back to McLean.

'Send it back to them, will you?' he said. 'Thank them very much from me but tell them it's my own money I'm wanting and not theirs. I can't be taking it.'

'Them?' said Mac, his honest face working in all directions at once under Donald's smile. 'But I said, McAulay...'

Donald grinned, 'You are a very poor liar, Mac.'

McLean protested to Norman who merely shrugged once more. He sighed, pulled out a chair and sat down astraddle. He munched morosely on a bit of Donald's bread.

'I told them it wouldn't work, so I did.

He told how the hat had been passed among the Companions of the Iron Stove in the hope that it was only eight hundred dollars that stood between Donald and his freedom. The Companions had gone off in separate directions with hats of their own and sugar bowls and mattresses were very soon up-ended from Mount Gosford to Weedon Lake. Letters went out and letters came back with enclosures. Even the detectives had been subtly touched for a donation. They were told it was for a poor homeless orphan.

My apologies to your wife and kids and all but I'm thinking this outlaw of yours is not likely to be leaving.'

'And why not?'

Again Malcolm thought things over while filling the room with smoke.

'He belongs here,' he said.

'But I told them it wouldn't work,' said Mac, again as he wistfully examined the pile of bills.

'I seem to have a great many friends,' said Donald. He was genuinely touched by the gesture and sorely tempted but his mind was made up and he had to refuse. 'Give them back their hard-earned money, Mac. Tell them I'm very grateful but I can't be taking it.'

McLean turned to Norman.

'Can't you do anything with the man?'

'I've been trying for a week,' Norman replied. 'He has the hardest head in the county.'

They finished their dinner while Mac stuffed the money back into his several pockets, distributing bills here and there according to a system of his own. Norman kept his eyes on the road.

'Look out,' he said. 'Here's Mrs. Finlay back from the store.'

Donald jumped up and searched his pockets for coins. Police and detectives were one thing but Mrs. Finlay McLeod was something else altogether. She was a niece of Major McAulay and had no love for Donald or for anyone else for the matter of that. Finlay had sneaked them into his kitchen for a meal without her knowledge. He burst in all excited.

'Quick! She's back! Out this way! Quick, now!'

They followed him out through the side door and across the yard where the washing hung, hopped over a fence and reached the road. Norman stopped to catch his breath.

'Oh, it's an exciting life you lead, Donald.'

Donald grinned and held out his hand.

'Forgive me for not coming to the station with you,' he said. 'I hear Carpenter has a man watching the trains.'

'Good-bye,' said Norman, 'And good luck.'

He turned back toward the station. Donald went off with McLean.

Major Malcolm B. McAulay

Major McAulay checked through his window every night to make sure his guard was at his post, slept with a revolver beneath his pillow and awoke each morning with a pain in his ear. His nerves were frayed. His temper was terrible. He was afraid to go anywhere without a bodyguard and his business was consequently suffering badly. Sherbrooke hotels were expensive. Constant vigilance was wearying. He tried pressuring Carpenter for more ruthless action in bringing that outlaw to justice the way he had pressured Morin but Carpenter's temper was short, too. He kept a soft pillow on his office chair but still could not seem to get comfortable. He had simply given McAulay notice that he could not spare men to guard his house much longer and had summarily thrown him out.

It was time to beat a tactical retreat. The major decided to close up his residence and inform his neighbours that he was returning to Scotland for a few weeks on a matter of business. A bit of an estate left to him in a legacy or something. They should believe that. Then he could go to Cookshire where his men were constructing a sewerage system, live with his father-in-law and lay low until Donald Morrison was killed or captured.

Malcolm Matheson

Malcolm Matheson went across to see Carpenter, sat himself down on a chair with no cushion and dug for his pipe. He waited until it was well lit before he said what he had come to say.

'Chief,' he began, 'I've been thinking about that little chat we had in the store a while back.'

'Yes?'

Malcolm puffed and deliberated for a good long moment.

'My apologies to your wife and kids and all, but I'm thinking this outlaw of yours is not likely to be leaving.'

'And why not?'

Again Malcolm thought things over while filling the room with smoke.

'He belongs here,' he said.

Pierre Leroyer

Carpenter had his answer. Donald would neither be driven from his home by police nor by promises and the citizens would continue to back him to the hilt. This answer called for another change of tactics.

His men had been probing here and there, wandering about, making sporadic raids and getting nowhere. It was time for a retrenchment. He set up a detective encampment in the woods not far from Marsden so that his men might more easily wait and watch Murdo's cabin and the home of Augusta McIver. He sent others to lie hidden at crossroads, hilltops, the approaches to settlements and villages and the order of the day was patience. Sooner or later, Donald would blunder into firing range. He took another trip to Montreal and, at his return, hired an experienced hunter to guide his men on occasional forays into the woods.

Pierre Leroyer was tall, dark, wiry and wore his hair cascading over his shoulders in the style of Buffalo Bill. He looked and behaved like an Indian or a halfbreed and was often called such although he had actually been born in Chateauroux, France. As a soldier, he had three times been wounded in the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71 and then had hunted and trapped for the Hudson's Bay Company before settling down near Megantic. There he served as a guide for the Megantic Fish and Game Club and lived in a cabin with four bears, two deer, a brace of monkeys and a porcupine.

This colourful character walked in on Carpenter one afternoon and offered his services.

'I'ear you lookin' for a good guide, eh?'

'That's right. Are you Pete Leroyer?'

'You bet.'

'Chief Hughes has mentioned you. He says you know your way about these godawful woods. That right?'

'I've 'unted and trapped these woods a long time, eh?'

'Right,' said Carpenter, measuring his man and liking what he saw. He had the reputation of a remarkable shot and a tireless hunter and Carpenter was tired if his flatfoots getting themselves lost whenever they wandered out of sight of a road. Leroyer could lead them to places they had never been before, places where Donald Morrison might well be hiding.

'You're on,' said the Chief. 'I think I saw you once at the Winter Carnival driving a time moose.'

'You bet,' said Leroyer with a broad grin. 'Only man ever broke a moose to 'arness, eh?'

'Right,' said Carpenter sourly, seeking a more comfortable position on his pillow. 'You might be of use just the same.' He bellowed for McMahon.

'This is Pete Leroyer, Jim. He's going to help us catch Morrison.'

'Glad to have you with us,' said McMahon. They shook hands.

'Take care of him, will you? He can pitch his tent in the woods with your lot.'

'Yes, sir,' said McMahon.

The Reverend McLeod

Donald was staying once more with John Hamilton and learning the shoemaking business to pass the time. Avoiding the law was a temporary trade at best and cobblers were always assured of work. He had a mouthful of brads, a rubber apron and the good smell of new leather about him when the Reverend McLeod came calling.

'Good morning, Donald,' he announced. 'We aren't seeing much of you in church these days.'

'We aren't seeing much of you in the cobbler's shop, either,' said Donald. 'Those shoes are a disgrace.'

'Aye,' said the minister, morosely inspecting his feet. He was a long thin man with a great schock of white hair and a habit of chewing on his spectacles when he was thinking. He munched away now as he took a chair and studied Donald. 'I heard you were wanting to see me on something.'

'I was,' said Donald and he laid a bulky envelope on the bench. 'My friends are telling me that the Caledonian Society has shown some interest in my perdicament and might be willing to help. They are saying you're the man who knows them.'

'Yes. I have had some dealings with them in the past,' said the minister. 'It is a very worthy and worthwhile organization.'

He replaced his spectacles and examined the envelope.

'I've gathered all the papers that have to do with my troubles,' Donald said, 'and I'd appreciate it if you'd see they get into the hands of Mr. Blake.'

'I'll do that and gladly.'

'Thank you,' said Donald.

The minister removed his spectacles and chewed once more.

'Will you not be giving yourself over to the police, Donald?'

Donald shook his head and picked up his hammer.

'I can't. Not yet. Maybe if the Caledonian Society sees their way clear to helping me out in the courts, then I might do it yet. Not now. I've no money and no hope for justice.'

'Aye,' said the Reverend McLeod. 'These are troubling times for all of us, Donald.' He watched the hammer for a moment. 'How long will it take you to give me a good sole-and-heel job?'

Donald laughed.

'Better see the boss when he comes back,' he said. 'It might take me longer than I care to stay in one place.'

And that Sunday, when the folk were all at service-coats and gloves and boots all steaming from the heat of the woodstove in the corner- the Reverend McLeod, still in his disreputable shows, cleared his throat to announce a hymn when the door burst open to admit an excited William MacAuley.

'Is anyone knowing where Donald is this day?' cried Willie to the congregation. 'I've just seen nine officers about two miles off and they are coming.'

'He's at John Hammond's. I'll be warning him if someone'll give me a hand with the team.'

There was a general exodus of men from the church as they grabbed coats and hats and ran out to help. The minister closed his mouth, lowered his white head and munched his spectacles while the women and children whispered excitedly one to another. The men in the snow outside helped MacRitchie back his team from the church shed and harness it to his sleigh. They saw him off and trooped back to the church. The Reverend McLeod smiled softly down until all were reseated and the buzz of questions stilled and then he cleared his throat once more.

'We will now sing hymn number one-thirty-one,' he announced. 'Ride on! Ride on in Majesty!'

MacRitchie rode on in haste and reached Donald a few minutes ahead of the law. They headed off, looked back from the top of a hill and saw John Hammond's house surrounded.

'That was a close one,' said MacRitchie.

'Close enough,' said Donald quietly. 'Look there.'

A second group of officers had appeared suddenly on the road ahead of them.

'Just let the horses walk,' said Donald. 'don't be hurrying.'

MacRitchie did as he was asked although every nerve in him wanted to go like the wind. The officers halted and awaited their approach.

'Morning,' said Donald, right out. 'Cold day to be out, so it is.'

'We're out after that damned Morrison again,' said an officer with a very red nose who was stamping his feet to stay warm. 'I don't suppose you'd be knowing anything about him, eh?'

'As a matter of fact,' said Donald, 'I heard he was to John Hammond's place just over the hill there. But I wouldn't be knowing that for sure. You know how rumours fly.'

The officer flapped his arms and thought a moment. Even if Donald was not at Hammond's- which was more than likely- they'd at least be sure to get a cup of tea and a few minutes by the stove.

'I suppose we'd best go down and see,' he said.

The other officers sat hunched on their sleigh muffled to the eyes and taking no interest at all in the talk.

'Good luck to you then,' said Donald and MacRitchie clicked the team on. He heaved a deep sigh of relief and shot a sideways glance at Donald.

'Oh, you are a cool customer, Donald Morrison,' he murmured.

Donald grinned. 'Drive on, Mr. MacRitchie,' he answered. 'And don't be looking back.'

'But you'll have to watch it,' MacRitchie whispered. 'You're about the only man in the country ever helps them in their hunt and someday they'll catch on.'

'Hey! You two! Stop!'

MacRitchie was lifting his whip when Donald's hand restrained him. He didn't want his friend exposed to a

shower of bullets. He pulled back on the reins and turned in his seat. The officer came running up behind them with a carbine in his hand. They sat still and waited.

'Either of you two spare a match?' he said. 'Ours are all wet from the snow.'

'Surely,' said Donald. 'Here.' He handed over half-a-dozen from a tin box in his pocket while MacRitchie stared straight ahead and desperately wanted to do something with his hands. 'You should be keeping them in a little tin box like I do.'

'Much obliged,' said the officer and he tipped his hat and stamped back to his men. MacRitchie stirred the horses but it was quite a while before he could bring himself to glance once more at his passenger. Donald was smiling at him.

They went on to MacRitchie's place but Donald wouldn't stay. He claimed it far safer to be one step behind the police than a mile in front and so he borrowed a pair of snowshoes and walked back throught he woods to John Hammond's. The two parties of officers had met there, searched the place from cellar to attic, had a drop of tea and went on their way. They were accustomed to failure.

'Well,' said Hammond as Donald re-entered and hung up his hat, 'this is a Sunday for visitors.'

Augusta McIver

Augusta's father came in from putting the horses to bed and sat down to remove his boots. Augusta was helping her mother with the supper dishes.

'There's something hiding in the bushes just across the road,' he said with a wink at his daughter. 'Something keeping an' eye on the house to see we don't get robbed. The old dog keeps running over to play with them, so he does. Thinks it's a game of Hide and Go Seek, I shouldn't wonder. Whenever he's getting to close, a size fourteen boot comes out of the bush and kicks at him! He chuckled and Augusta smiled. Her mother laughed out loud. 'Oh, he thinks it's great fun, so he does. He caught hold of a pant-cuff a while ago and was almost dragging an Indian into the road!'

He bent to get his boots off, chuckling and wheezing. When he straightened again his face was red and his tone more confidential.

'Augusta,' he said, 'I left my old snowshoes down at the sugar camp a while back and I'll be needing them come morning. Would you mind slipping down there before it gets too late and be fetching them for me?'

Augusta looked curously at her father and he met her gaze full on with a twinkle in his eye. She understood him a rush and blushed as quick. 'All right,' she said and reached for her coat.

'Better slip out the cellar door,' said McIver. 'Don't want to be spoiling the old dog's game, do we?'

Augusta blushed once more and nodded and stepped into her boots.

'Be careful, dear,' said her mother. 'And don't you be staying too long, you hear?'

'I'll hurry,' she said and she ran all the way to the sugar camp throughthe snow. It was cold and dark and terribly empty and there was no sound but her own panting. Then Donald was suddenly beside her with the light of the moon on his face and everything was just fine.

They didn't speak. They didn't touch. They merely stood smiling rather foolishly at each other for a long, long moment. He looked fit but a little tired and that was only to ber expected the way he was hunted day after day with never a minute's safety or a moment's rest. His eyes and his smile, however, were just as bold as ever they were and she felt her colour rise and broke the silence.

'The police are watching the house,' she said.

'I know,' said Donald. 'They're having a high old time with that dog, eh?'

'Dad says there's an Indian with them.'

'That's Pete Leroyer,' said Donald. 'He's a very good man, so they say.'

'Yes,' she said in a very small voice and then, 'Oh, Donald! What are we going to do?'

He took her hands, then, and sat her down on a bench against the wall. He squatted down in front of her, still holding her hands in his.

'I can't be giving up just yet,' he said. 'I'd stand no chance in the courts of law and my only hope is to keep running and hiding a while longer. If I can get the Caledonian Society to help, there might be a chance for justice in the end.'

She bit her lower lip and dropped her eyes. But what if you are shot down first? she was thinking. What if you are shot and killed? He reached out a finger and touched the tip of her nose. She smiled and sniffed and looked at him once more.

'But you,' he said, 'you are going away for a while.'

Her face showed pain.

'Oh, no, Donald! No! I want to say here. I want to see this thing through.'

'You want to help me, don't you?'

'Yes,' she said. 'But, I'm not...'

'Then you must be going away for a while. There's nothing at all you can be doing here except getting into trouble on my account and Im not wanting that. Anyway, it's all arranged. Your father and I have talked it over and we are agreeing you should be going back to Boston for a time.'

Hwe eyes misted over and she averted her face once more. She wasn't at all sure she wanted his man ordering her about and arranging her future as if she owned her yet but yet she could see sense in his scheme. He ran terrible risks each time he came to se her and the police might find a way to use her, sooner or later, as one more lever to pry him out of hiding.

'All right. 'I'll go. But please be careful, Donald.'

'Don't you worry,' he said and he kissed her on the tip of her nose. She held her breath as he drew her up, wondering if he were going to kiss her again and properly this time and wondering just what she should do about it if he did but he only said 'Don't you worry' again and smiled and let her hands go. She wanted to hit him. She turned slowly to the door. She wanted to say good-bye but she couldn't trust her voice.

'Hey!'

She turned.

'You were forgetting your father's snow-shoes.'

She snatched them out of his hands and ran all the way back to the house. He was the most aggravating man she had ever had the misfortune to meet and she just couldn't wait to get to Boston.

Carpenter had his answer. Donald would neither be driven from his home by police nor by promises and the citizens would continue to back him to the hilt...

His men had been probing here and there, wandering about, making sporadic raids and getting nowhere...

Sooner or later, Donald would blunder into firing range.



James McMahon

McMahon was a good detective. Whatever he might have lacked in imagination, he more than made up for in courage and tenacity. He had been born and raised on a farm near Sainte-Monique, Nicolet, and had joined the police only three years before. He was six feet two inches tall, broad-shouldered, ham-fisted and had already made a modest reputation for pluck and brawn by seizing run-away horses in the city and assisting Carpenter in the arrest of McGrath, the murderer. Now he and Leroyer were living in tents in the snowy woods near Marsden. They had spruce boughs and buffalo robes for sleeping and an open for cooking their meals. Their days were spent spying on houses, kicking at dogs or in search ing the woods where they succeeded only in frightening a good many deer.

Occasionally, they raided places where they had reason to believe Donald might be sheltered. More often than not, their leads proved false but sometimes they were lucky.

While Leroyer watched outside, McMahon questioned old Mrs. Campbell as that lovely lady sat in her cabin by her bed and answered all his queries in the Gaelic. He asked if she'd seen Morrison at all and she invited him to have a drop of whisky against the cold. He couldn't understand a word of it and asked if she didnt speak a bit of English. 'Pull your foot in a bit, Donald,' she answered in her mother tongue. 'I can see it sticking out from under the bed.'

McMahon asked her to repeat that, slow and easy, and she obliged him, smiling up into his face all the while as Donald carefully removed his foot from view. McMahon gave up trying to understand anything she said and shoved his rifle under the bed. He reached an empty chamber-pot, probed no further and left the old lady rocking back and forth in peace. He never knew how close he had been to a three-thousand-dollar reward.

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Or a bullet between the eyes. For Donald let it be noised that he always had his pistols with him and would never be taken alive to hang. This had the effect of making hunters over-cautious and affording him precious moments in which to get away.

McMahon led a party to Willie MacDonald's place on the North Hill. Willie, his son Dan, and Donald himself were seated at the kitchen table while Big Bob MacDonald, another son, was out in the barn attending a sick cow. When the dog began his clamouring and McMahon began his hammering at the door, Donald ran upstairs. Mrs. MacDonald put the kettle on. Old Willie scowled up from his Bible. Daniel unfastened the door.

'Come in,' he said. 'Come in and sit yourselves down. Will you be having a cup of tea?'

McMahon and his men came in all right but ignored any further invitation. Constables were sent to search the house from bottom to top , leaving wet tracks from their snowy boots all over Mrs. MacDonald's floors, while McMahon remained in the kitchen. Daniel showed him a revolver he had brought back from the west and asked his opinion about the piece, him being an expert and all. McMahon exhibited his Colt and proclaimed it a better weapon. Daniel absent-mindedly loaded his piece and argued over the comparative merits of hand-guns while Old Willie recited a psalm in the Gaelic. Then men returned from clomping about upstairs and reported finding nothing. McMahon led them out and elsewhere. Daniel unloaded his pistol and went on a search of his own.

Hearing the dog and spotting the officers, Big Bob MacDonald had sprinted up from the barn with a ladder. He guessed Donald would hide upstairs, propped his ladder against a second floor window, helped the man down and returned the ladder without anyone being the wiser.

to be continued in the next issue of the Sun



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SUBSCRIBE TO THE SUN

A couple of readers have written us and asked if we're going to become a newspaper full of advertisements.

It's true that we'll soon be accepting advertising to help pay for the paper but the amount of advertising depends on how many subscriptions we get.

If we were to receive a lot of subscriptions, then we might not need many ads. But we might need ads simply to pay for the cost of printing and mailing The Sun, if few subscriptions arrive.

We don't want people, especially advertisers, to think that we don't like ads in our paper. Ads can be interesting and do provide a service. However, all too often, a publication like ours is dominated by ads to the extent that it becomes a mere 'advertising rag'.

That's not our intention.

There's also the problem of a paper becoming so dependent on businesses for their income that they are no longer free to publish things that might offend the hand that feeds them.

That's not our intention either.

Our intention is to serve you the people of the Townships by trying to give you the news and information you need to make decisions affecting your neighbourhood and community. We want to be free to call the shots as we see them [even if it sometimes offends someone who could feed us an ad.]

But the key to all of this is having your subscription. Only with enough support from you, the readers, will we be able to have an honest and forthright community newspaper.

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