The Townships Sun

October, 1976
75 cents



Townships Fire Protection
Bees and Beekeeping
Mad Scientist of Cowansville
Windpower
John Henry Pope
Stanbridge Stone Chapel
Mayor O'Bready of Sherbrooke
Agricultural Research Centre
Early Automobiles
Notre Maître le Futur
The Two Witches
Protests and Petitions
Mindbending: Shopping Lists
Watchdogs
A Tree for the Cutting
The Falcon
Ayer's Cliff Fair Pictorial
Bishop's Sports Centre
and more

cover photo by Roseann Hutchinson

LETTERS



[RH]

Dear Sun:

One of the articles caught my eye in particular, since I've been championing this cause for quite some time - namely AMBULANCE SERVICE, - or lack of it.

As an immigrant I hesitate to speak my piece, since I'm certain that the old 'Why don't you come back where you came from' feeling exists every time I op-en my mouth - however, I feel that this cause is a need for all humanity - and I am merely trying to make a helpful suggestion.

The place 'from whence I come' is almost identical to Compton including it's distances from Coaticook and Sherbrooke... in New Jersey it was a farm hamlet lying between Hackettstown and Phillipsburg, both with hospitals.

The Hamlet of Broadway was even smaller than Compton and the Township it rests in is comprised of dairy farms.

They have a self-contained Rescue Squad (Not a 'company'), operating out of a small wooden firehouse - with funds obtained from annual donations, vehicular highway donations (the highway being Rt. 57 - about the same as Rt. 147 here) bingo parties, square dances, etc. etc.

Many a highway auto accident victim was rushed to the hospital via this rescue squad - and they never contributed a dime.

Don't you think that families who would be making use of this service would be willing to donate an annual amount of from $10.00 to say $100.00?? A person in business for himself can make the larger donation, since such a donation would reduce his taxable income?

The volunteers were trained in all phases of life-sustaining techniques as well as fire-fighting, first aid, etc.

In 10 years I had to call them twice - once for a brush fire, and the other for an electrical fire caused by lightning- each time they came within 5 minutes with a rescue vehicle (better equipped than an ambulance) and eight men, plus the fire truck. BUT, the fact that I knew they were there when I needed them prompted me to mail a check each year as little as $10.00 one lean year to $25.00 and $100.00.

Villages within a radius of say 10 miles could all support one centrally located service - and since the vehicle purchased would be equipped according to Government specifications, perhaps might even receive a subsidy - only if all else fails.

At the present time I'm not sure if the volunteers receive any pay - but it would seem that if enough funds are collected, each man could receive a fee for every call that he attended. (I'm writing for information on the entire operation).

Since first coming to Quebec, I could hardly believe my eyes when I read that ambulance service was offered by Funeral Homes. If my life were hanging in the balance, I certainly wouldn't want an undertaker's help.

If this sounds like a good idea to your staff, or to your readers - couldn't we all do something about it? Not like the trees that we talked about **after** they were gone, not like the mourners at a funeral wishing that something **had** been done - or the shoe salesman left with singles of a pair.

If the snowmobile clubs can afford expensive equipment, trail deputies and scouts all just for the fun of it - can't something be done for the **life** of it?

I hope so.....

Sincerely,
Pauline Barnes Keenan
Compton

Dear Townships Sun:

I would like to congratulate the Honourable Warren Allmand for his wonderful success in protecting the public with his gun controls and capital punishment bills he so successfully by hook or crook got through the Commons. You certainly deserve credit for your efforts. Did you hear that up to date there have been only eighty murders in Montreal? I would like to know what your objective is for 1976. Whatever it is I am quite sure you will go over the top; one is or should be proud of going over its objective. I would also like to give credit to our local M.P. after making harsh comments in the press, crossing the floor and giving you his full support to help pass your very worthy bills in the house. I have personally replied to the press comments of you both and up to date you have neither comdemned or approved of my opinion. I just happened to think the possible reason for not replying is that I forgot to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope - perhaps at the present rise in postage your reply would not be worth the cost. Did you boys read of the slaying of a prison guard in Cowansville and the axe slaying of a Farnham taxi driver in the Township of Dunham? If you have not heard about it I am taking the liberty of informing you both. The slayers were caught and convicted, got a short sentence, escaped prison and have since been caught for more misbehavior. Of course this will not happen again when Warren gets his dozen or more multimillion dollar prisons built.

I would suggest that both you boys get a bag of answers ready for the many questions you will be asked before the next elections. You must be very proud of your efforts to protect your many supporters in the last election. However, in the meantime, keep up the good work for the Good Book speaks of rewards for well-doing.

Warren Watson
Bedford

Dear Townships Sun,

My interest is specially Stanstead County as my mother's family were all early settlers there. My family's names on her side are Ayer, Boynton, LeBaron and Bowen.

I have a membership to the Stanstead Historical Society, although do not often go to the meetings.

My father's family settled near L'Aviner in the Borthwill area - in 1832 - although he was the youngest son born in 1847. So my interests are Eastern Townships. I have records that I am going to give to Stanstead Historical Society and a few things to Richmond Historical Society if they are interested as I am the last of my generation and they might like them. Many of my friends take your paper. Wishing you continued luck with 'The Eastern Townships Sun'.

Yours truly,
Evelyn Bradley
Sherbrooke

Dear Editors,

The Townships were developed and made important by the efforts of those pioneers, who hewed them out of a wilderness, and we, their descendents, should make sure that we continue to have a voice in the affairs of this province, even if we are so greatly outnumbered today.

This is a policy to which all fair-minded Quebecers will subscribe, and we will hold the respect and admiration of our fellow citizens if we stand up and are counted.

F. Allen Field
Philipsburg

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Getting sick of it.

To:
Mr. Jean Cournoyer
Min. National Resources

Dear Mr. Minister:

I would like to bring to your attention an incident that happened in our community Aug. 21 and 22. It involved a loss of Hydro-Quebec power to over 25 farms and families. I believe Hydro-Quebec is under your ministry.

About 14:20 Saturday a Mr. Rousseau cut down a white birch tree on a lot he bought in Brigham. Part of this lot is under an 8,000 volt Hydro-Quebec power line. The top of the tree hit the line, burnt off and fell to the ground, opening a breaker switch on a nearby transformer.

Some people affected had herds of cattle to water, deep freezers full of perishable foods, young children on formulas and elderly people desperately in need of fans and air conditioners. Air temperatures were running about 80-90 degrees farenheit. Damages are not totaled up yet, but there are some.

A Hydro worker, looking up at the transformer from the ground, estimated that two men with a truck could come and put the line back in service in an hour. Hydro people told me they asked permission of union technical representative Claude Morriseau to do this about 15:00 hours Saturday. Apparently no permission was given.

Sunday evening, Mr. Rouillard, a Hydro representative in St. Jean told me that he had made the request to Mr. Morriseau again, after getting a call from Mr. Glen Brown M.N.A. Mr. Brown tells me this is the seventh such incident in Brome county. One in the Sugar Loaf hatchery district, the request went from Premier Bourassa's office to the union, and was ignored.

On Sunday while some of my neighbours went around with tractors and generators, cooling milk, deep freezers, pumping water etc. I spent most of the day talking to as many people as I could. Some were Hydro workers. All were Hydro customers. I found nearly all agreed on two important points.

1. Not more than 50 per cent of union members agree with their leaders on refusing service to customers in these conditions. (This can only be determined fairly by secret ballot, which should be mandatory in determining all union policy).

2. No public utilities employees should have the right to strike.

I repeat nearly all agreed on those two points. Many expressed bewilderment that things had reached a point where a small repair could not be done in the interest of good service. Power was restored after 10 A.M. Monday.

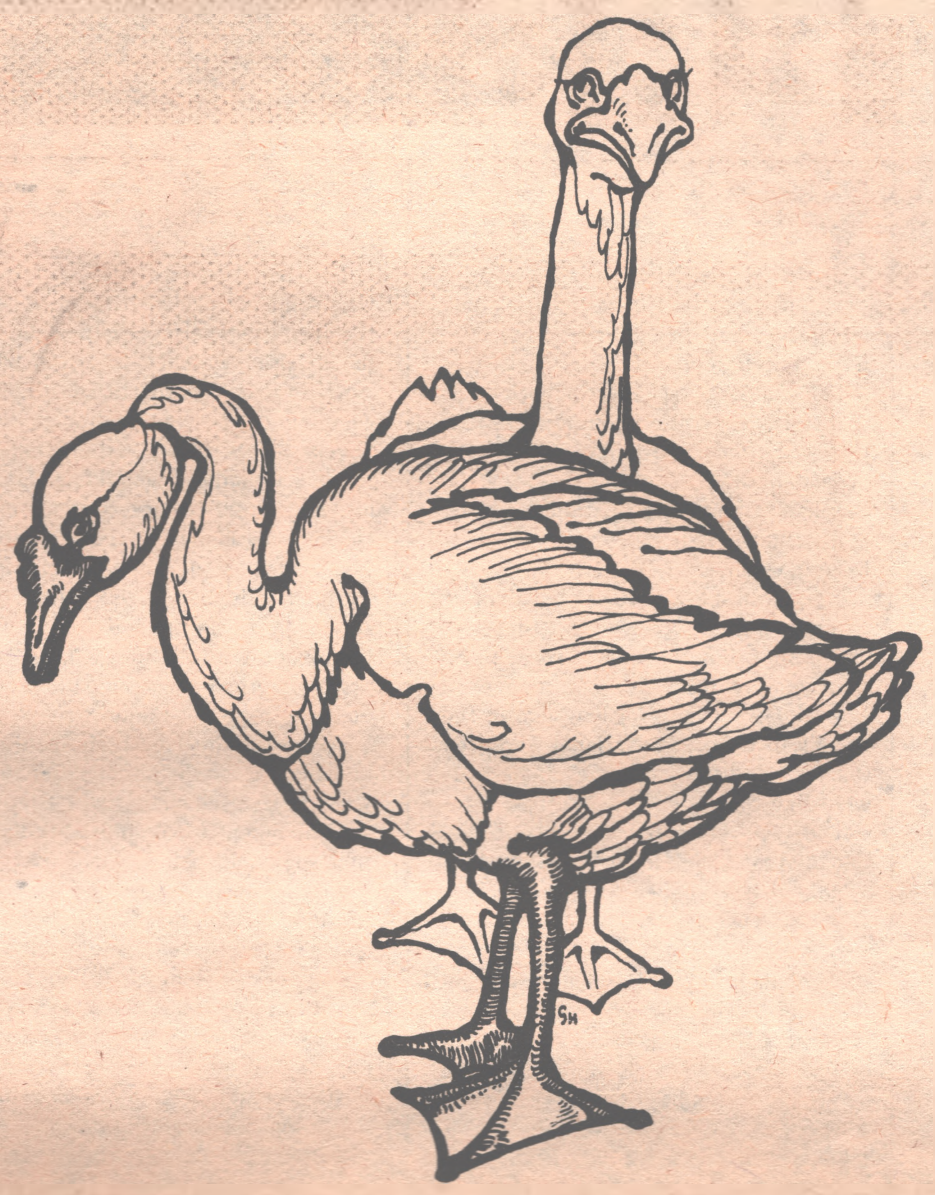
Monday morning I tried to find out what had actually been done. Hydro told me the requests were made, union people say there were no requests made. Obviously someone is lying. Mr. Minister, we are asking you for a credible answer, why things are being done this way.

Many of us can remember the days of the cooperatives, when service was good at half the cost. When a small repair was done in reasonable time. Without the decision being made by some unreachable person miles away, abusing their privileges to gain as much political advantage as possible. We the taxpayers, are getting damn sick of that.

Yours sincerely,
Harvey B. Lawrence
Chairman Brigham Citizens Committee

cc
Premier Bourassa
Dr.V.Goldbloom
Glen Brown

drawing by Gretchen Hatfield



Dear Sun,

I read with interest Ron Sutherland's controversial article on Bill 22 in your last issue. Bill 22 is justified in wanting to preserve their culture and language against the inroads of the overwhelming majority of English in North America.

However, the spectre of the government laying down the law on five year olds, forcing them to take absurd and unfair language tests, is something else. Bourassa could enforce the strength of the French people, language, culture and economy in many different ways, but he has guts only when dealing with five year olds. Easy to push around.

Bourassa has a knack for projecting the negative. He could have offered all English and immigrants free French instruction as a positive, useful thing... Quebec, the only place in Canada where the government offers to make your children bilingual. This is a great advantage. But no, he always emphasizes the negative. The guy is really a drag.

The shallowness of the man, his utter lack of imagination, vision, insight, leadership and depth, coupled with his petulant ego and thirst for power, make Bourassa the number one political problem in Quebec today.

George P. Fitzsimmons
Granby

Dear Editors,

When you give us something besides trash in your paper I'll be glad to subscribe. (2) When you print 'brickbats' as well as 'bouquets' in your paper, I'll ditto. (Note how Macleans rag prints critical letters as well as laudatory ones...)

Why didn't you let 'The Megantic Outlaw' lie in peace after all these years, instead of digging him up again. Why the emphasis on the English instead of stressing Canadians as we all are here in the Eastern Townships? Since I'm a desendant of both United Empire Loyalists and British subjects who settled here, and a good Irishman who came here in the 19th century with no predjudices and got along marvellously with his English and French neighbours, I dislike the **Anglophone** slant to the letters, articles etc.

Also about this $100 life-time subscription - how do you know you'll be 'in business' even another year?So —

Ann Meredith
East Angus

Dear Editors,

My husband, who died two years ago, knew Palmer Cox personally as a young boy. He spent summers at the Grier home at Bondville, on Brome Lake. He was an elderly man then and showed his fondness for children as he often took my husband fishing and also taught him to draw Brownies. We are the proud possessors of some of his original sketches and verses. But we never knew much about his earlier life. I hope your interesting paper may continue.

Yours truly,
Ruby Greer
Stanstead

Dear Editors,

I sure enjoy your paper. I read all of it and think it is good, so keep up the good work. I have lived in the Eastern Townships most of my life. We came to Stanstead when I was 8 years old - I was born in 1904. I had two sisters and one brother when we came to Stanstead and one sister and one brother born after we came here. My mother died in 1925 with cancer and my oldest sister died about the same time - my father died in 1944. I farmed all my life after I came to live where I am now. I had a small farm, kept 7 cows and a few hens and pigs and drove the mail for 27 years. When the government wanted me to put in a bulk tank I had to stop farming. All they paid me to drive the mail was $61 a month and when I wanted $100 they wouldn't give it . They never gave me any notice and got someone else so I applied for welfare and got $65 and in a few months I was getting $90 till I got the old age pension.

Yours truly,
W.T. Higginson
Ayer's Cliff

Dear Editors,

I was fortunate enough to learn about your paper through two highly respected and hard working ladies of that territory, who I am proud to refer to as being my neice and the other a very dear friend, namely, Elaine and McGee.

Being of the second generation born and brought up in the Eastern Townships, and futhermore in the vicinity in which the Megantic Outlaw Donald Morrison made history, it is only natural for me to still have fond memories of that district and territory, and to have some of them refreshed through the medium of your paper and those who help put it all together.

I wish to congratulate you on the splendid job you are doing and sincerely hope you will continue the good work for years to come, due to the many miles that now separate me from the Townships, and to enlighten you on the manner in which subscriptions are obtained, may I through this letter be granted the opportunity of publicly thanking Elaine and McGee for their interests on my behalf, both of these ladies have roots of long standing in the Townships and are certainly a credit to the communities in which they now serve so honestly and honorably, God Bless them.

Donald MacLeod (Bard)
Victoria, B.C.

QUEBEC

Notre Maître Le Futur ?

by Ron Sutherland

What with the Official Language Bill, labour unions under trusteeship, teachers and nurses constantly on strike, drastic new laws to govern the film industry, the continuing James Bay madness and the Olympics money game, it is clear that Quebec is no longer hesitant about toying with its present and future. But even more startling, perhaps, is that Quebec has also begun to remodel its past. In recent years, politicians, theologians, novelists, poets and comedians such as Yvon Deschamps have been busily engaged in dismantling many of the hallowed myths and traditions of French Canada. The historians themselves have been doing much the same thing.

Frankly, I have always had great pity for historians. It seems to me that the historian is confronted with a dilemma - either he can be objective and scientific and run the risk of being dull and unreadable, or he can be exciting and inspirational at the expense of objectivity and accuracy.

Canada has had its share of both kinds of historians, and my impression is that the scientific and dull ones have predominated in English Canada, while the inspirational and unscientific have, at least until the last few years, **mené la balle** in Quebec.

My impression, of course, need not be taken as anything more than that - an impression. But there does seem to be something amiss with the image of English Canadians. Not long ago in the American magazine **National Lampoon** there was a little joke on Canadians. It went like this:

'Did you hear the one about the Canadian and the farmer's daughter?'

'No, what happened?'

'He married her.'

Now obviously the French-speaking Canadian also married the farmer's daughter, but in order to get to the ceremony, as the Quebec historian sees it, he had to trudge through a howling blizzard, cross a river on drifting ice, climb a mountain and fight off a pack of wolves, escape hunting parties of Indians and Orangemen, then be led the last ten miles to the church by an angel of God hovering in the air before him. In other words, written history and literature have been intertwined in Quebec. Much of the historical writing has been highly imaginative and fictional. On the other hand, a good deal of the fiction writing has been historical and close to reality.

Perhaps Lord Durham was right. His famous remark about 'a people without a history or a literature' was what motivated François-Xavier Garneau to become a historian and Philippe Aubert de Gaspé to become a novelist. But Durham also observed - a remark not nearly so well-known in English Canada - that French Canadians were more cultivated, more refined and more capable of speculative thought than their English-speaking compatriots. And certainly a number of Quebec historians have not gone out of their way to prove him wrong, exhibiting in fact a considerable capacity for speculative thought.

The pattern was set by historian Garneau and novelist Aubert de Gaspé. Garneau's pioneering **Histoire du Canada** in three volumes is a remarkable work in many respects, inspirational, containing lofty ideas, but it is the novelist Aubert de Gaspè in his **Les Anciens Canadians** who left us fascinating and detailed descriptions of the Quebec of his day. The clergymen historians, among them Jean-Baptiste Ferland, Etienne-Marcel Faillon, Henri-Raymond Casgrain and Canon Lionel Groulx, were all inclined to adapt history to their own convictions, religious or otherwise. Canon Groulx, to be sure, was the most influential in articulating the themes of nationalism in Quebec. He used history as a weapon, as an instrument to communicate his own philosophy, including some pretty unsavory notions on race. And the process continues today, despite the fact that a group of highly competent historians are at work and many excellent volumes are being produced. An example of history as a weapon or vehicle in our own day is Marxist Léandre Bergeron's **Petit manuel d'histoire du Quebec**, which has reputedly sold more than 75,000 copies. It has also done well in comic-book form, which might be an idea for the publishers of Lower, Careless, Creighton and others to investigate.

But I do not mean to be disparaging about the historian who superimposes his own ideas on his subject matter. As you will soon see, I think that the myth-makers are important and necessary. If, however, I were advising someone on what to read to know the history of Quebec, I would definitely include the novelists and poets as recorders and interpreters of reality, both social and psychological. I would suggest works like **Maria Chapdelaine**, **Trente arpents**, **Bonheur d'occasion**, **La Bagarre** and **Prochain épisode**. In these novels, the reader would actually relive some of Quebec history, he would feel what certain generations of **Québécois** have felt rather than be told what ideally they should have felt. He would see the influence of the myth-making historians such as Garneau and Groulx in the erstwhile sense of mission and attachment to **notre maître le passé** effectively dramatized in a book like **Maria Chapdelaine**, when Maria resolves to stick with the hard life in Quebec rather than go to a modern New England town with wooden sidewalks and street lights. The book expresses the sentiment in the phrases: **'Rien ne change. Rien ne changera'** - Nothing changes. Nothing will change. Ringuet's **Trente arpents** depicts the break-up of the old Quebec rural order, the moving away from the farms. Roy's **Bonheur d'occasion** goes a step further and studies the displaced people in the slums of the big city. Bessette's **La Bagarre** illustrates changing attitudes toward the Church, morality and education. In a book like Hubert Aquin's **Prochain épisode**, about a would-be terrorist, the reader experiences the frustration and desperation of many young contemporary **Québécois**. He sees that an enormous social evolution has taken place since **Maria Chapdelaine**. Whereas the Chapdelaines lived by **'la certitude'** - the certainty that they were in accord with the design of Providence, Aquin's hero is certain of nothing. The Chapdelaines want to preserve the past, while the hero of **Prochain épisode** proclaims: **'Nous n'avons pas d'histoire'** - we have no history.

To my mind, then, Quebec written history and literature are complementary, and I imagine the rule is a general one. With some historians, those who stray furthest away from the strict presentation of documented fact, the two fields overlap; such historians are in a sense creative writers, which is as it should be. I believe that the scientific, objective historian is necessary - he collects, sorts out and presents the facts about our past which help us to understand ourselves. But the other kind of historian, the one who uses history as a vehicle for his own philosophy, is equally necessary. It is he, along with the creators of literature, who helps to build the myths which become the sustaining force of any culture. Man cannot live by facts alone. Nor are truth and reality sufficient to provide a **raison d'être**. Pretense is the defense of the sober and sensitive against the emptiness of demonstrable truth.

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I must add, however, that while I think that both kinds of historian are necessary for any society, it is essential to have both, so that they may counterbalance each other. The myth-maker may sometimes turn into a propagandist, distorting and deforming in the interests of mind-control. It was Paul Valéry who wrote: 'History is the most dangerous product which the chemistry of the intellect has elaborated.' In Quebec, fortunately, there is now the necessary counterbalance.

But to get back to the relationship between history and literature, I can perhaps summarize my thoughts by saying that the difference between historians and creative writers is not one of subject matter, but rather of degree of artistic intervention. The creative writer allows his imagination full play; he tries to shape his raw materials into an artistic whole. If he is a good writer, he does not deform or falsify - he shapes. The historian, so far as I can determine, is usually less artistically involved. He may arrange, but presumably he does not shape his materials. Which, then, arrives at the greatest truth? I should think that it depends upon the individual historian or creative writer.

Besides, there are different kinds of truth. A poet and a historian are talking together, and the poet mentions a girl he knew many years ago. He especially remembers one June night, when he and the girl were sitting on the old swing behind the house. The lilacs were in bloom and the air was perfumed. In the soft moonlight flickering through the leaves of the trees she ran her hand through the hair he used to have and whispered, 'Johnny, I love you.' She was the most beautiful girl in the world, recalls the poet.

But the scientific historian, being the sort of man he is, cannot accept that statement. He does a little research. School records show that the girl was ten pounds underweight and had trouble with her left eye, which was slightly crossed from birth. Old order slips at the local pharmacy reveal that she used to buy a lot of brewer's yeast and elastic stockings, indicating that she had skin problems and varicose veins. There can be no doubt that she dyed her hair. A trip to the dentist's office provides proof that she had 20 percent more cavities, probably bad breath besides. She could hardly have been even an attractive girl, let alone the most beautiful girl in the world. The poet is wrong.

But then again, maybe he is right. His truth is one of feeling rather than fact, and feeling can often be more vital than fact. Life without poetry is a drab business. It is bad enough that hockey has gone down the drain. In Quebec, Saturday night hockey used to be as much an integral part of life as eating, drinking and trying to effect the revenge of the cradle. But not anymore. When the Russian poet Yevtushenko was visiting Canada, someone asked him who was his favorite Canadian poet. 'Phil Esposito,' he replied, and perhaps he touched upon a greater truth than he realized. With hockey essentially dead, a lot of the poetry has gone out of the lives of the people of Canada, and of Quebec in particular.

Along with the poetry, a lot of the magic and mystery has gone too. Mastering the past instead of being mastered by it, healthy as the process may be in the long run, inevitably has the effect of demystification, removing the protective cover of mystery and sacredness. It is almost like discovering proof that the mother you adored cheated on the father you respected. So you must go through a period of angry readjustment, tossing out the old furniture and mementoes, burning the album with the yellowing photographs, even throwing the old portrait of papa into the flames.

Quebec is definitely going through such a period of angry readjustment. Take the traditional St. Jean Baptiste parade, for instance. From the time of the original colony there has been a celebration on June 24th, the feast day of the patron saint of Quebec. Generally the parade featured a cherubic, blue-eyed, curly-haired child riding the last float with his arm around a terrified white lamb. In 1963, pressures were successfully brought to bear to get rid of the lamb, and not by the S.P.C.A. The lamb, it was argued, might be construed to symbolize Quebec, and that was a little too much. A tiger would be better, but it might take the notion to eat the little boy. Then a compromise was struck - sculptor Gaetan Therrien produced an eleven-foot papier-maché statue, which he himself discribed as 'strong, powerful, dynamic,' and in 1964 the statue replaced the curly-headed child. Despite its aura of strength, however, the statue did not survive the St. Jean Baptiste riot in 1968, when Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau was on the reviewing stand. Unable to get at Trudeau, who remained on the platform defiantly, the frustrated mob toppled and decapitated the statue of St. Jean. Alleged relics of the missing head of the saint were passed around Montreal for weeks afterward. And there has not been an official St. Jean Baptiste Day parade in Montreal since.

The celebrations, of course, have gone on - only the parade has been discontinued. This year and last there was a five-day bash on top of Mount Royal with hundreds of top professional artists, a veritable showpiece of Quebec culture. More than a million people climbed the mountain to take part in the festivities, of each of the last two years, and they included thousands from the Italian, Greek, English, Ukrainian, Haitian and other ethnic communities of the metropolis and province. Thus despite the sharp break with tradition, in many respects it was a return to a distant and misty past, to the celebration of the Summer Solstice and the return of the Sun by the ancient Gauls, the event which was transformed into the Feast of John the Baptist by the Christian Church. In other words, there was a jumping over of the immediate past to an older, tribal past, and to something imbedded in the collective unconscious of many tribes.

And I have a good feeling that the same process is happening in the wide areas of contemporary Quebec life. The present is being manhandled and the past is being reassessed, to be sure, but the future may well reveal that the current demystification has led to older, deeper and greater mysteries.

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TOWNSHIPS LIFE

Mindbending:

Why do you need

a shopping list ?

by Lynn Pageau

Birthdays roll around every year. Forgetting your husband's is suicidal, because it's almost a surefire guarantee that he will forget yours when your turn comes.

Well, I almost forgot this year, but not quite. And being in hurry, I made a bee-line for a certain store where I was sure to find just what I had in mind.

To my great surprise (I don't go 'downtown' very often) I discovered that Sherbrooke has what is probably the world's largest discothèque. The name of it is The Wellington Street Mall.

Tastefully decorated with curved brick planters and benches where the weary shopper can relax, the Mall has an additional convenience - a tinted plastic roof that protects shoppers not only from the rain but from the harsh sun's rays. However, installed in this roof at unnervingly close intervals are loudspeakers which broadcast a local radio station at a deafening volume. Not only is there a type of music, there are commercials as well.

Strangely enough, in this place that is meant to be pleasant, the people who throng the streets bear a close resemblance to the actor in a Dristan commercial - the one who has not yet taken the product, of course. Faces tense, they stride purposefully to their goals. If you are in their way, better step aside, or else stick out your elbows. This is the place calculated to bring out aggressions.

The business world is based on buying and selling: the merchants **want** to sell and you and I **need** to buy. Who really decides what we need? It would be foolish to expect that the sellers would not try in some way to influence the buyers; they have to live, and so it's them against us. This, of course, leads to the multi-million dollar 'world of advertising'. Products are temptingly displayed in the media, and the basis on which the need for them is created is usually subliminal. In addition, the social pressure attached to such advertising is tremendous. You can (and must) succeed in your role as mother if you feed your children a certain breakfast food, in your role as ideal wife if you use a certain laundry detergent, in your business and social life if you drink a certain brand of beer or drive a certain kind of car.

You have, however, the freedom to choose whether you will allow yourself to be manipulated in this way. You don't **have** to read commercials in magazines and newspapers, and you can turn off the audio or go to the kitchen for a cup of coffee when the TV commercials come on.

In many of the stores and supermarkets in our area, pleasant background music is still used and is kept at a level below awareness. Shopping in these places is pleasant and one can make intelligent decisions in tranquillity without feeling harrassed. But have you noticed that in addition to our king-sized discotheque, many stores have a noise level that is so high that you can't think? And this is deliberate.

The conscious level of the brain, the cortex, has as one of its most important functions the ability to discriminate. It is with this part that you not only make your decisions, but that you perceive and feel pain as well. That is why some dentists, when they are drilling a tooth, prefer to have their patients listen to loud music or to disturbing noise through headphones instead of administering an anaesthetic. The cortex is so busy with the noise that the patient is unable to feel the pain on a conscious level. In this sense, noise has the same function as an anaesthetic.

It is not difficult to understand, then, why a high noise level in some stores is a definite advantage to the merchant. Not only is the customer visually fatigued by a display of a great variety of merchandise, his power to buy with discrimination is crippled.

In this case, the shopper can no longer make a free choice - unless it is to boycott the store in question. In a town such as Lennoxville, for example, one supermarket has a noise level of such amplitude that it is essential for the sensitive shopper to make a list before he goes into the store, buy **only** what is on that list, and get out as rapidly as possible.

The consumer is being fogged and mind-boggled to confuse his value-judgements. His subconscious reaction is to reach out and take goods from the shelves without price-comparing. If the particular brand of a product he needs is not on a shelf, his reaction is to blindly accept whatever is there. Under ordinary circumstances he might well go to another store to get what he really wants. When he is harrassed in this way he is usually too tired to think of anything but getting home.

Perhaps the worst offence, however, is the playing of a radio station rather than recorded music in public places. To be sure, it is cheaper. But the freedom of the consumer to ignore the commercials he doesn't want to hear is absolutely extinguished. And the claim that if he doesn't want to hear it he can just ignore it is ridiculous - the information enters the subconscious nevertheless.

This infringement of the right to a quiet environment in which to live is creeping into other parts of our lives as well. Bishop's University has just spent from $1.5 to $2 million on a beautiful new sports complex. Part of the package deal up to the present time has been the constant and inescapable presence of a local radio station in every faculty, often at extremely high noise levels. Last year repeated complaints were made about this noise, and they were ignored.

In how many restaurants and pubs can you talk without raising your voice? What is the reaction of the manager if you request that the volume be lowered? Even in the bus from from Sherbrooke to the CHU, where presumably at least some of the passengers might be feeling quite ill, one is subjected to music and commercials from a local radio station whether one wants it or not. To add insult to injury, smoking is allowed in this confined space as well. It is no wonder that 'stress' seems to be the topic of the year. How long will it be before the music that is played in these places will be replaced by political propaganda? After all, 1984 is right around the corner.

Needless to say, I vowed never to subject myself to The Discotheque again. I did my grocery shopping right after that in a supermarket I knew to have a reasonable noise level.

There are some defences still left to the consumer who is anxious to preserve his rights. He can, as mentioned before, boycott places that refuse to change their policy about noise. In addition it is always wise to keep a store list conveniently placed in the kitchen. When you run low on an item, mark it down. Watch the specials in the paper every week, adding to the list you have started. Buy only what is on your list, not just what catches your eye. Especially in an environment that has excessive noise to fatigue and confuse, these two things are the only protection the consumer has.

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[RH]

Restaurant Review:

Restaurant Review

After the Fall

in Magog

If Adam and Eve had this new restaurant in Magog to go to, then maybe we shouldn't feel too badly for them. After The Fall at 276 Main Street West is an inviting place.

The old gabled home which houses the restaurant has been carefully restored and furnished- it stands out along the street for its quiet good taste. The closed terrace in front looks out on the world. Sitting there you have a fine view of the passerbys and the restaurant's brick courtyard with its colourful variety of flowers, shrubs and changing leaves. The inside of the restaurant is cheerfuly decorated with antiques and stained glass here and there.

Owners, Lionel and Robin Comolli, and Paul Huylebroeck spent one year creating the good atmosphere of the restaurant before it opened its doors in June of this year. The Comollis have brought their experience at the 'Old Spaghetti Warehouse' in Montreal with them to After The Fall and have succeeded in their selection of dishes offered.

That the food is as pleasant as the interior comes as a surprise: often restaurant-goers are deceived by appearances. Much case has been put into the menu which is satisfying and reasonably priced.

The 'amuse-gueules' or appetizers range from homemade pâté at 11.50 to snails bourguignons at $2.55 or shrimp cocktail at $2.75. There are soups, sandwiches and salads to chose from for a light meal at about $2.00 or $3.00. A Greek Salad at $2.75 would be one possibility.

We ordered the Gypsy's Shishkabob at $5.75 and Shrimp Creole at $4.50 and found these entrées a full meal, passing up the à la carte vegetables that can also be ordered. The shishkabob, skewered ...nks of beef grilled with large ...shrooms and onions, was generously ...ved. The creole shrimp was a ...derately spicy combination of ...imp, peppers, onions and olives in ...nato sauce over white rice. Both came ...ompanied by buttered carrots and ...e slaw. That, with the warm rolls ...ich arrived, made a good meal.

The desserts, such as homemade pie ...80, were not to be skipped- we ...mpled the Baba au Rhum, two ...m-soaked sweet donut-like pastries ...ating in whipped cream. Then we ...ere full!

Afterwards we climbed the winding wrought-iron staircase up to Gabriel's Trumpet, an antique and handicrafts boutique above the restaurant. A pleasant hour and a half was spent in the boutique and restaurant.

It's not often these days that you can relax in a restaurant and take your time eating. We recommend After The Fall for a leisurely and good meal. The food is certainly some of the better in the area and perhaps even worth the drive to Magog for those who live elsewhere. Downtown Magog, not renowned for its beauty, seemed to appear in a different light after the meal- 'Magog is nice, after all!'

In summer After the Fall was a popular place and that is easy to understand. Thirty people sometimes waited in the courtyard for a place in the restaurant which seats 70. In the autumn the atmosphere is more peaceful and after the fall, there will be the winter spectacle to watch from the restaurant.

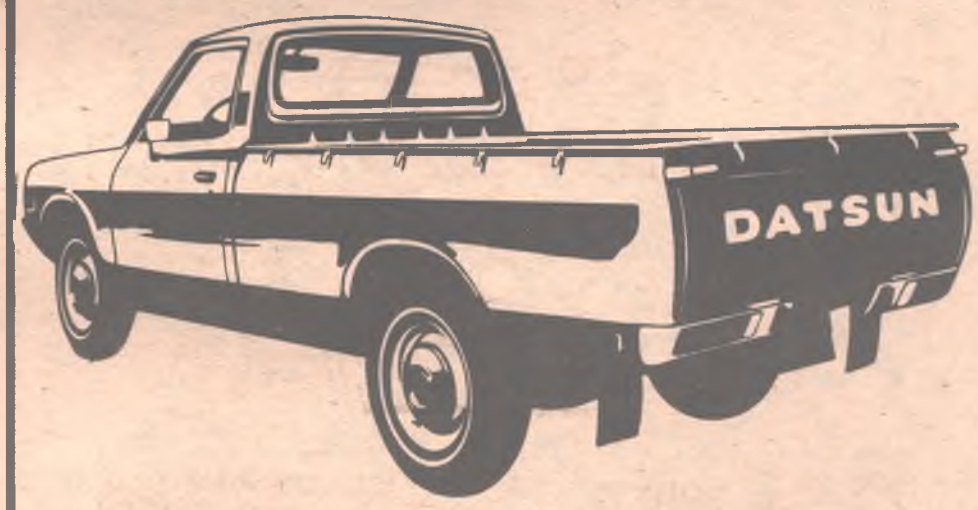
Daily specials will be offered, price variable, but soup, main course and a desert will be included. After The Fall is also available for receptions, being able to handle 25-30 people comfortably.

After The Fall is fully liscenced. Mastercharge and Chargex accepted. Open noon-10 p.m., Tuesday-Thursday, noon-midnight, Friday and Sunday, noon-11 p.m. Closed Monday.

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GET FIT

Bishop's University Sports Centre

by Bruce Porter

While radio commercials have been telling us over the past year that a 60-year-old Swede is in better shape than a gasping 30-year-old Canadian, that office workers have started taking the stairs instead of the elevator and that some guy named Ralph has a fantastic time eating his napkin, more and more Canadians are heeding the Participation call and becoming more active.

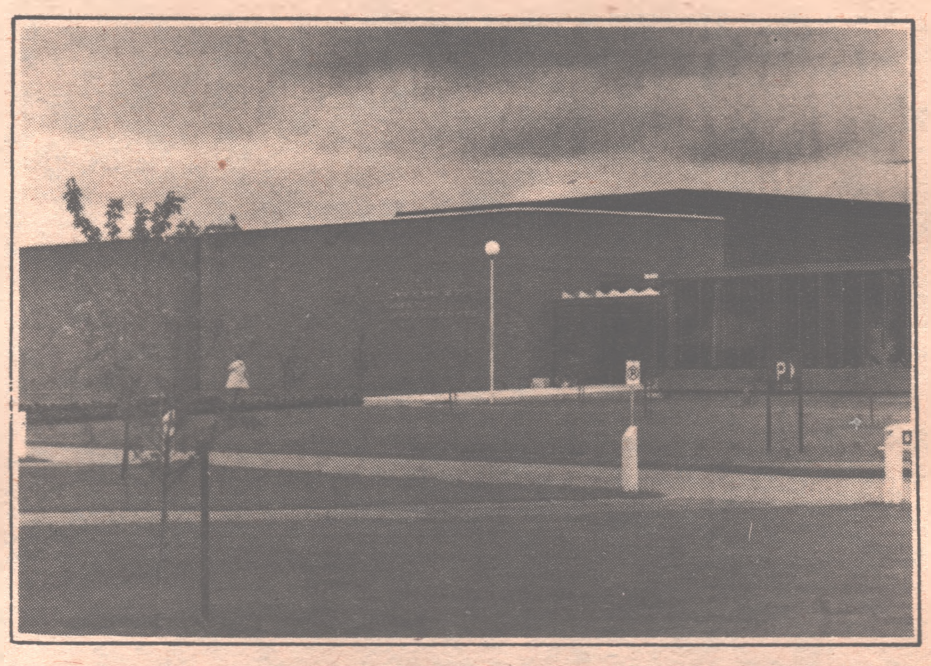
Many Eastern Township residents in and around Lennoxville have utilized the John H. Price Sports and Recreation Centre on the Bishop's University campus to fulfill their physical fitness requirements.

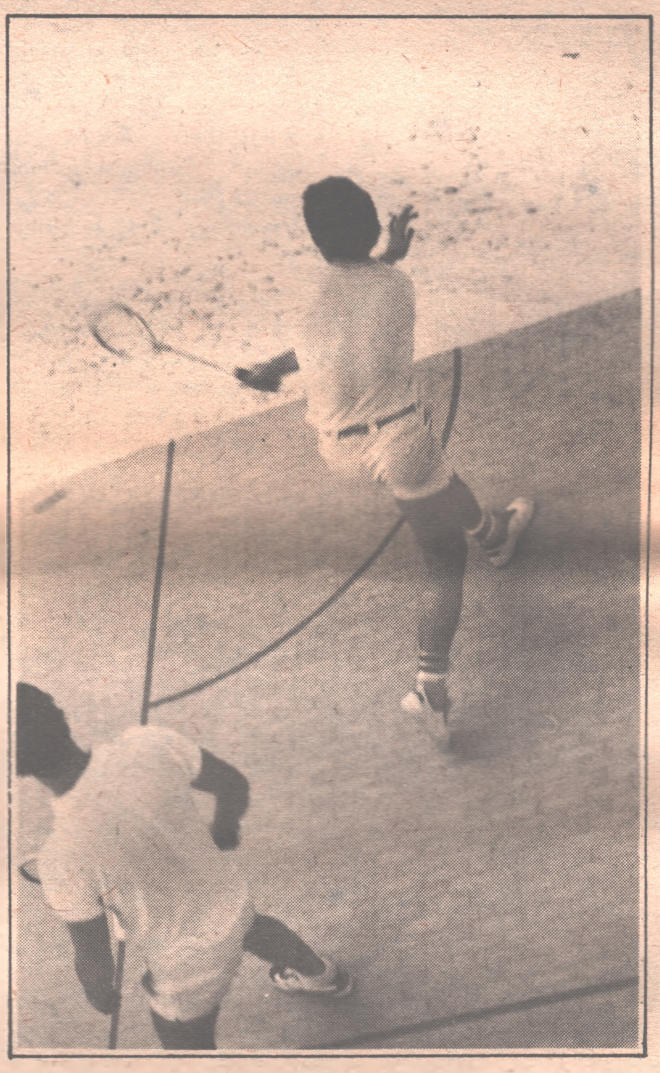
In its first 10 months of operation, the Centre had 300 full-time members, 60 high school student members and 65 summer members. In addition to this, over 9,000 non-members used the facilities on one-day guest passes. In those ten months, close to 121,000 people passed through the control centre to participate in one of the many athletic areas.

Twelve years ago, Bishop's Director of Athletics, Bruce Coulter, sent a letter to the university principal suggesting that an athletic complex be considered in foresight of increased enrollment. At that time, provisions were to be made for a double gymnasium, roll-out bleachers for gym spectators, modern dance room, squash courts, wrestling, judo and weight-training rooms and a six-lane 25-metre pool.

When the Sports and Recreation Centre opened last fall, all of these original ideas were realized, along with other innovations to widen the recreational possibilities of the building.

'For Lennoxville and the immediate area, it's like having a 'Y', a squash club and a tennis club right in their backyard,' states Al Grazys, director of athletic facilities at Bishop's,' ... 'it's the first time that such a wide variety of activities from which to chose has been made completely open to the community in the area.'





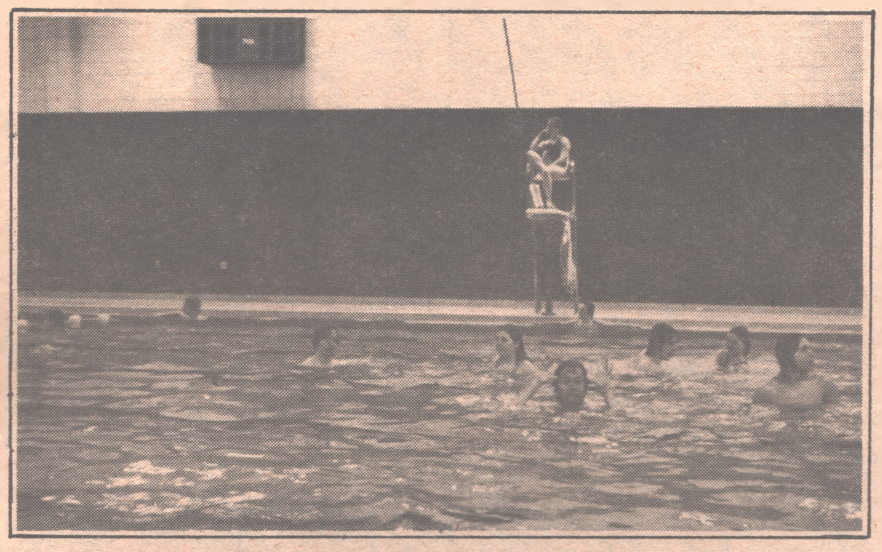


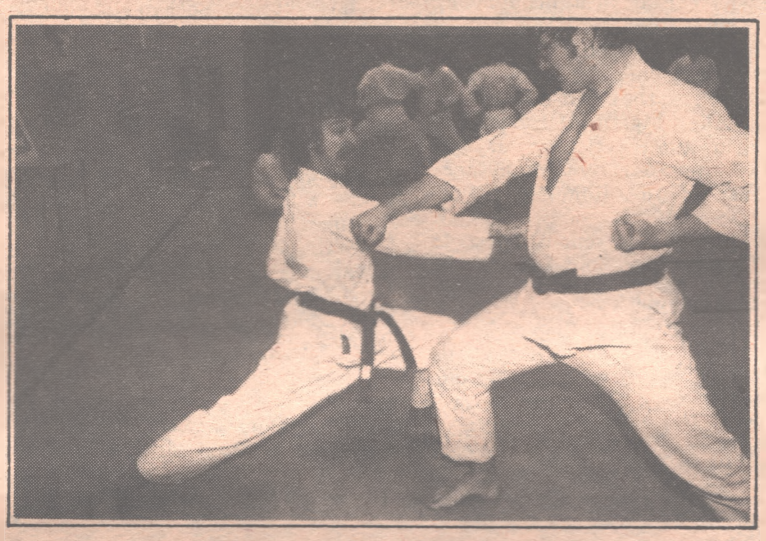
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Community in Mind

Mr. Grazys feels that the number of members this fall will increase mostly by word of mouth from present faculty users. 'We kept the community in mind from the outset,' he said, 'and the Centre has been made as available as possible at times most convenient to the public. During free-time activities, every member, be it student, adult or guest, has equal privileges in all areas of the building.'

Children of members (under 15 years old) may use the facilities free of charge. Except for attending instructional classes or unattended swim periods (three times weekly), the children must be accompanied at the Centre by their parents. Teenagers 15 years and older must become members by paying a regular membership fee.

Membership prices increased slightly this year, but Mr. Grazys added that such augmentations will not be a regular occurence. The reason for the increase was that last year's fee did not reach budget expectations. He feels the rates are in line with other area facilities which have less to offer their members.

Naturally, some areas have been given priority to Champlain Regional College classes and for intercollegiate teams for practice. Most classes have been scheduled to provide maximum usage to members during peak hours and it is only the gymnasium which is basically not availably to members in the early evening when basketball teams have practices.

Several members from the community were interviewed to find their reactions about the need of the Sports and Recreation Centre and why they participated in its activities.

All of those Centre users agreed that the facility is indeed a great asset to the community (Lennoxville and area) and without it, they probably wouldn't have the incentive to start themselves on a physical fitness or recreational program.

The people talked to covered a wide variety of ages and interests, but everyone conceded that the conducive type of environment which surrounds the Centre eliminates any shyness that they may have had in other facilities.

A large number of interviewees turned out to be high school teachers from Alexander Galt Regional who found it extremely convenient to drop in for an hour or so at 4 p.m. after school. Several stated that part of their routines include jogging - no doubt to enable them to catch students faster - as well as swimming and working in the weight-training room. A couple of the men spoken to were working on flabby muscles with the Universal-Gym, while a couple of the women, aged 52 and 61, said the stationary bicycling appealed to them.

Families of professors on campus also make good use of the facilities with regularity, averaging four visits every week.

Probably the most indicative factor for the necessity of a structure like the John H. Price Centre was revealed by a 42-year-old gentleman from Sherbrooke. He realized the importance of fitness after he suffered a heart attack eight years ago. Though forced to take up a physical fitness program during a convalesing period, he maintains a regular four-times-a-week schedule to eliminate another attack.

This man termed the Price Centre as an 'unbeatable facility'.

Jogging, squash, tennis and swimming rate among the most used areas of the Centre and are not limited to any specific age group. The weight room is also popular with both sexes, not necessarily for building muscles, but for getting some unused muscles into better condition.

Recreational activities such as basketball, badminton and volleyball may be played in the gym, while the dance, gymnastics studio and combatives rooms are used for groups which want to work out. Six table tennis tables are also available during building hours.

The Centre can also provide prospective members with tours and instruction on how the various areas may be used. Athletic staff from Champlain College will assist those interested in setting up a fitness program for specific individual needs.

Members who enjoy group sports, be it recreational or competitive, are invited to join Bishop's and Champlain students in an intramural program. The program is broken into four sections: co-ed recreation, competitive leagues, special events and tournaments and clubs.

Under the first category, inner-tube water polo and volleyball will be starting on October 7 and 12 respectively. Fall competitive leagues will consist of hockey, starting Nov. 2, for the men, while women will have the opportunity to play ringette, which starts on Oct. 25.

The five mile relay on Oct. 4 and a swim night on Nov. 18 will give both men and women a chance to compete in special events and tournaments.

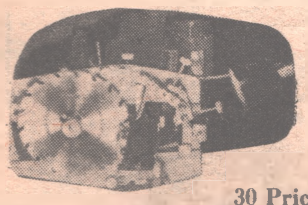
Several clubs commenced in September, including tennis, karate, dance and rugby. The outdoor club, which consists of hiking and backpacking, will start soon. Other clubs which will be organized later on include scuba, swimming, diving, curling, gymnastics, jogging, badminton and skiing.

Carol Gregson, in charge of coordinating intramurals, reminds members that they are welcome as long as vacancies are not filled by students. Further information concerning intramurals may be obtained from Miss Gregson by calling 569-9551, ext. 336 or at her office, Room 117, in the Sports Centre.

Throughout the year, clinics and children's programs are offered by the Centre for members and the public, with members being enrolled for a smaller fee than non-members. Clinics include swimming, weight-training, fitness, squash, badminton, cross-country skiing and tennis. The children's classes include swimming, gymnastics and dance lessons. More information is available by phoning 569-9551, ext. 293.

Yearly memberships are currently available at Room 105 in the Sports Centre. Rates and other information can be answered at Room 105 or by calling Bishop's University (569-9551) and asking for extension 293.

GENERAL SHARPENING



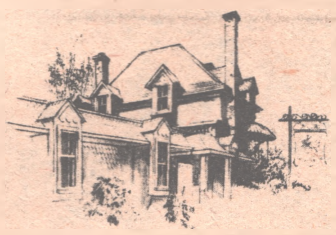
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Citizens' opposition to nuclear plants pleases Minister of Natural Resources

At the Cookshire and Ayer's Cliff Fairs held in August Opponents of Nuclear Energy had an information booth on Energy. They used the frame of an 18 foot dome decorated with information on the value of conservation of energy and the value of solar, wind and other safe forms of energy. They stressed the dangers and risks of nuclear energy. Literature was distributed and a letter to Cournoyer urging him to continue to oppose building nuclear plants in Quebec was available for all concerned people to sign. Two hundred signatures were obtained to the following letter:

Honourable Jean Cournoyer
Minister of Natural Resources
Quebec, Quebec.

Dear Sir:

We urge you to continue to resist the building of **Nuclear Plants** in Quebec,

1) because they risk the safety and health of us all and our children and generations to come, and

2) since the predictions of the enormous needs for energy made by Hydro-Quebec are questionable, and

3) since a sound conservation policy could replace the need for nuclear power plants and allow time and money so that safe techniques for energy production could be developed, such as, solar, wind and liquified coal.

Respectfully yours,

The following is Mr. Cournoyer's answer:

Dear Mrs. Elliot:

I wish to thank you for your letter dated August 26, 1976, as well as the letter signed by citizens having attended the Cookshire Fair, held during last month, approving my opposition to the building of Nuclear Plants in Quebec.

The support from your region is highly appreciated and it incites us to motivate our scientists in the research and application of other techniques for safe energy production and at the same time filling the needs of the population.

When the announcement was made in early August that Quebec had finally decided to plan many nuclear plants at the cost of 51 billion dollars by the year 2000, one feared that all opposition in the government had been overcome, so this response from Mr. Cournoyer is very encouraging. Plans for building Nuclear plants require many years and surely the raising of $51 billion should cause some hesitation in proceeding. In these times of waiting it is up to us to continue to explain to all Canadians why a nuclear future for Canada would be devastating and to get this message to the government and all the powers that make the decisions.

In previous articles on nuclear energy we have stressed the dangers from the radiation leakage at the plants, the risks of radiation from accidents at the plants and the menace of the radioactive wastes, mainly plutonium, which lasts forever as a grave danger. But there are many other hazards that should be understood.

In a pamphlet entitled **The Threat of Nuclear War** four former high officials in the United States Government concerned that the uncontrolled growth of the nuclear power industry will lead to nuclear war, have spelled out their dreadful fears. Dr. Kistiakowsky warns: 'The present gradual slide of humanity into nuclear war can be stopped only by the voice of the people. And it can be stopped, for nuclear installations take many years to build, and there is still time to act. A broad public movement must tell the governments of the seller countries (and Canada is one) that present policies of foreign trade in nuclear technology must change.'

In the coming fall we intend to circulate a petition planned by The Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility. We urge all to help get many signatures. Copies can be obtained from Opponents of Nuclear Energy, P.O. Box 211, Sawyerville.

Firing of bus driver protested

Donald Clark was a school bus driver for 27 years in the Bury-Bishopton area. During that time, he never had an accident. He had no discipline problems with the kids on the bus. He navigated the bad roads and big hills carefully. He was well-liked by the students and he had the confidence of the parents, who knew that their children had a safe hand at the wheel. At the end of July, Donald got a letter from Wendell Sparkes of the Eastern Townships Regional School Board, saying that his services were no longer needed.

The people in the Bury area are angry about this. They have sent a petition to The Townships Sun and The Sherbrooke Record, protesting the firing of Donald Clark and stating their confidence in him.

The town is abuzz with talk about Donald, and the unanimous feeling is that he has been unfairly treated by the school board. Donald was told that 'the cost of running his bus was too high'. But he had the oldest bus in the fleet, and covered some of the worst roads. He had no idea how much it costs to run his bus, because the school board has its own garage, and Donald never signed any bills or saw any evidence of how much it cost to run his bus.

In one case, the police demanded that he have new tires put on the bus. So the school board garage put on new tires, and charged the cost of the tires to the cost of running his bus. Two months later, at the end of winter, the school garage took the new tires off Donald's bus and put old ones on. Was Donald's account charged for the new tires that he barely used?

Donald was told that occasionally his bus was dirty. But he had never been given any warning, any reprimand, to this effect.

Donald had one half-hour to get from his place to pick up the children in the afternoon. The school board ordered him to cut this down to 15 minutes. Donald said, okay, but if I go over those back roads in 15 minutes, the repair costs on the bus are sure to go up. The folks in Bury feel that the school board administration took this as some kind of threat, when in fact Donald was simply saying that you can't drive fast over those back roads and still drive safely.

Another time, Donald was given a bus with faulty brakes. He took the bus back and refused to drive it. Was this kind of attitude held against him?

The people in Bury feel that there was never any real, valid complaint against the work done by Donald Clark. The decision to fire him was apparently made by Wendell Sparkes, and the question was not at first brought up before the school board. 'It's a lack of human relations on the part of the school board,' say people in Bury, 'it's a clique in there and they just didn't want Donald.' J. Allen Martin of Bury says, 'We think (this affair) reflects a very low standard of administrative competence on the part of the Regional School Board.

Donald says, 'The school tried to make a liar out of me, and I can't take that.' He went to a meeting with Wendell Sparkes and school board members to find out why he was being fired. 'They had me in the meeting for a while, and then they sent me out and had the real meeting after I was out.' Donald might have been able to get his job back, but he feels they used him badly, and he doesn't want to have anything more to do with them, unless perhaps they treat him with the respect due to a man who, good weather and bad, has got those kids safely to school and back for 27 years.

At the time of writing this article, The Sun attempted to contact Wendell Sparkes for his side of the story, but he was out of town, and our advanced printing deadline doesn't allow us to wait. However, The Sun offers the E.T. Regional School Board and Mr. Sparkes the full right of reply in our next issue.

As for the people in the Bury-Bishopton area, they are gathering together to show their respect to Donald Clark, and their appreciation for his work. Donald won't be getting any pin or wrist watch or token of thanks from the school board for his 27 years of service, now that he has been bounced out. The people in Bury feel this is an injustice, so they are organizing a dance on Friday, Oct. 1, at the Bury Town Hall, starting at 8.30 p.m. They told The Sun that 'the dance is to show our appreciation for the valuable service that Donald Clark has performed over the years in safely transporting the local children to school.'

The kids on Donald's bus:
Mary Lebourveau
Tommy McNab
Roddy McNab
Jonny McNab
John Lowe
Sherri Addis
Shelly Addis
Susan Ward
Penny Ward
Wendy Main
Mike Main
Chris Main
Kendrick Bennett
Tony Lancaster
Pam Lancaster
Stephen Stacey
Karen Coates
Donna Coates
Mick
Carol Coates
Connie Coates
Don W.
Susan Batley
Debbie Batley
Penny Bailey
S. Strapps
David Taillon
Danny Taillon
Holly Gillam
Shelley Dougherty
Tracie Dougherty
Anna Pehleman
Wendell Pehlemann
Terry Hartwell
Sandra Seale
Tony Hartwell
Kim Seale
Ginette Lecours
Larry Parker
Mark Goddard
Bruce Keats
Patricia Dougherty
Ricky Coates
David Coates
Danny Coates

Former kids on Donald's bus:
Melanie Wintle
Randy Hartwell
Arthur Seale Jr
Malcolm MacLeod
Doris Enyou
Henry Lebourveau
Burton Lowe
Linda Lowe
Rosemary Lowe
Shirley Addis
Osborne Lowe
Ellen Bennett
Louise Guimond
Arlene Rolfe-Pollick
Muriel Boynton
Beth Strapps (nee Allison)
Randy Vintinner
Karen Dougherty
Betty Dougherty
Walter Doughterty
Wendell Joyce
Lynn Grapes
Bonnie Everitt
Larry Everitt

E.T. Regional School Board,
Director of Personnel:

We have heard that Donald Clark will not be driving our bus this year. We are sorry about that because:
-he was always on time (if that old bus would start!)
-he found shelter for us while waiting for help (because the bus wouldn't start!)
-he stayed cool (while the radiator heated)
-he took us safely over some of the worst roads in the Townships (Try the Fisher Hill road and North Hill in the springtime)
-he joked with us and understood us
-we could depend on him to get through winter roads even when the plow didn't.

For this year we would have liked a new bus and the same driver.

Sincerely
The kids on Donald's bus

E.T. Regional School Board
Director of Personnel:

We have been informed that the school bus driver on this route, Mr. Donald Clark, has been told that his 'services are no longer required'. After 27 years of faithful service we believe he deserved a full explanation for his dismissal in your letter of July 26.

We have been completely satisfied with Mr. Clark's discipline, punctuality, and reliability even during very poor road conditions.

This letter is to protest his dismissal and especially your method of doing so.

Yours very truly,
Parents and Ratepayers

Ratepayers:
Dany Eryou
Doris Eryou
Milton Eryou
Ona Eryou
Reg Lebourveau
Eric Batley
Ethel Martin
J.A. Martin
W.R. Batley
Alfred A. Martin
Robert Henfer
Clifford Lowe
Sidney Ward
Bob & Lorna Bennett
Arlene Pollick
Ernie & Elvie Bennett
Stuart & Lena Joyce
Ronald Poore
Jimmy & Betty Dougherty
Keith E. Bennett
Claudine Bennett
Ray & Florence Harrison
Thomas & Florence Lowe
Lucie M. Stewart
H. Duff
Clayton Grey
George Everitt

Parents:
Rita Lebourveau
George Lebourveau
Betty Grey
Mr. & Mrs. George McNab
Jean Batley
Serena Wintle
Rosemary Lowe
Osborne Lowe
Eileen Lowe
Shirley Addis
Wilma Ward
Alma Pehlemann
Lorna Bennett
Bob Bennett
Myrtle Lancaster
Alick Lancaster
Greta Lancaster
Edna Coates
Allen Coates
Cecil Coates
Hazel Coates
John Coates
Madeline Coates
Peg Whitney
Ray & Beth Strapps
Irma McDonald
Charles & Carole Taillon
Elsie Vintinner
Diana Gillam
Joan Dougherty
Clifford Thompson
Doris Thompson
Ruby Pehlemann
Bruce Pehlemann
Keith E. Bennett
Donna Hartwell
Clemence Lecours
Emilien Lecours
Ralph & Faye Coleman
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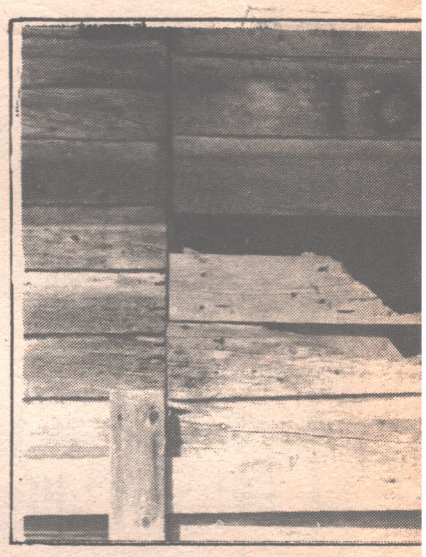
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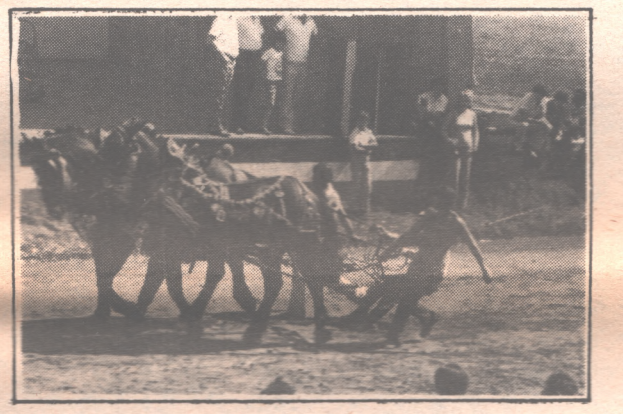


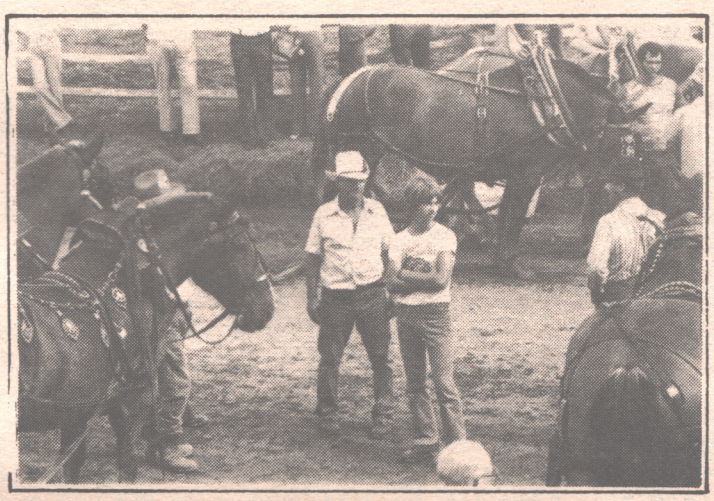




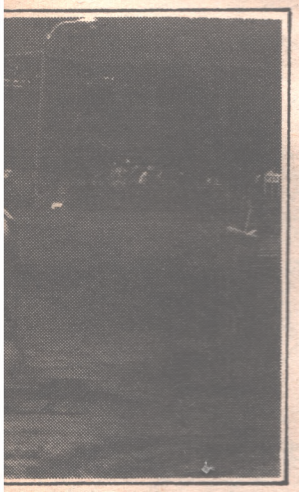

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THE STATE OF

Mayor Jacques O'Bready at the half-way point

by Michael Isaacs

October brings to a conclusion the first half of Sherbrooke Mayor Jacques O'Bready's four-year term. Elected in 1974, O'Bready had served previously as a city councillor and, in that capacity, had taken responsibility for overseeing municipal financial matters and for negotiating collective agreements with municipal employees. The Sun talked with the Mayor about his first two years in office and about his approach to municipal affairs during a recent interview at City Hall.

When Jacques O'Bready ran for Mayor in 1974, his campaign emphasized the need to come to terms with problems relating to municipal finance, industrial development, transportation, leisure and loss of confidence by the population in the city council.

Today, though he remains modest and objective, O'Bready feels his administration has made real progress in these areas. The breadth of his philosophy and his level-headed resolve indicate that further significant advances will be effected under his leadership.

When he became Mayor, O'Bready asserts, he knew 'pretty well in what sectors we needed to work harder and this is what I've been trying to do. I've always been concerned by the financial situation of the city and I've continued my work in that field. We've made a few reforms in our own taxation system, we're looking at the public transportation system very closely right now, I've kept on with the efforts of my predecessors to develop the industrial park, and I've made myself very available to the citizens of Sherbrooke.'

Among fiscal reforms, one of the most important has been the development of a three-stage plan for abolishing the tenant's tax. The move, expected to be complete in 1978, will entail a fall of some $1.5 million in revenues for the City. This reduction has been partly offset by increasing property taxation and, therefore, by increasing the amount paid by landlords. One of the benefits of the change, O'Bready argues, is that tenants are not being taxed twice. 'Though landlords pass on their taxation, it's not a double taxation,' he notes. 'The way it was before, they would pass it on to you and you would pay a tenant's tax just the same. At least you're paying only one tax.'

It must be noted, however, that increases in property taxes have not been made to compensate fully for losses from tenant's taxes. 'We've re-organized the taxes for removal of garbage and provision of water,' the Mayor explains. 'All these departments were bringing deficits and these deficits had to be paid up with the general funds. By trying to have these departments finance themselves through services taxes, we've covered part of the loss.'

O'Bready is a firm believer in the principal of applying users' taxes wherever possible and it is this concept which has been applied to the system of service taxes. 'I don't believe that we have to give anything for free. If it costs so much per head to pick up your garbage, I think you should pay for that and if it costs so much to give you a decent supply of water, I think you should pay for that,' he contends. 'The theory of the users' fees should be applied more and more when it's feasible to do that because then you're having the right people supporting the cost.'

Transportation Study Underway

At present, the City of Sherbrooke is awaiting the results of a private firm's study into public transportation within the City. Completely financed by the provincial Ministry of Transport, the investigation is expected to finalize its recommendations in the very near future.

When the report is presented, O'Bready explains, the City will proceed, with assistance from Quebec, to implement a new system. 'We'll have to form a commission in accordance with the new project of law not yet finalized by Quebec and try to get all money available from Quebec.' The key decision, he says, will revolve around the way in which the system will be operated - whether it will be completely administered by the municipality or jointly administered with a common carrier. At present, the system is operated by such a carrier.

An improved system will provide an important addition to the municipal infrastructure and will assume an important role in the planning and development of Sherbrooke. In general, O'Brady argues, planning should follow a master program which is based on the premises that land and nature must be protected and that expansion should be closely related to human instead of merely technical needs. 'You have to try to make a happy marriage between residential, commercial and industrial areas without placing them in each other's backyard,' he asserts.

Sherbrooke has had a master plan to guide its development since 1960 and O'Bready says city technicians have been working on a revision expected to be complete by the end of 1976. Much of their work, he explains, has been oriented to a study of the entire area within Sherbrooke and in nearby surroundings. 'We have to be realistic and admit that these municipalities will also expand. We have to try to make a region which will involve compatibility between the actions of adjacent communities,' he believes. 'If it would be better for us to develop a certain area for residential purposes, it could be better to leave it that way and instead try to sponsor a commercial development in St.-Elie d'Orford or Rock Forest or Fleurimont.'

While he feels that expansion is a necessary part of any community's existence, O'Bready argues that it should take the form of gradual development. 'I don't believe in a booming expansion, but in one based on good conditions of life.' he explains, 'and I think if it's a nice place to live and if you can find a decent job and if your kids can get a decent education, you're going to be attracted to go to a municipality or to a city.'

'As well,' the Mayor observes, 'I think it's better to have a steady expansion than a rapid one based on something which may last for a while but that eventually will disappear - such as the phenomenon that occurs in places where mining industries are very important.'

Development Strategy Outlined

It is this last concern which underlies O'Bready's ideas on the route which Sherbrooke's development should follow. Rather than grasp for a single avenue of growth, the Mayor argues, the City should aim at encouraging a diverse pattern of industry based on existing infrastructure and on significant regional characteristics. He favours an expansion of high technology industry which would give direction to Sherbrooke's educational facilities, supply the region and other markets for high precision items, and encourage younger members of the population to remain in the city and in the region generally.

'A lot of people were trained to work in the pulp and paper industry and in the textile business and now you're trying to diversify so you're not going to be stuck with the problem that if textiles go bad here in the region everything goes bad,' O'Bready expounds. 'We're trying to sponsor the coming to Sherbrooke of industries with a high level of technology so then you're going to have to teach youngsters to be interested in these trades.' Specifically, electronics, high precision sophisticated instruments, metallurgy and rubber products industries are among those cited by the Mayor as potentially desirable areas for expansion.

Despite his observation that Sherbrooke may have become a city of professional men during the 'sixties, O'Bready feels that efforts made since 1970 to create industry have partly succeeded in keeping young newly-trained technicians in the area. Generally, he claims, a trend arose during which the services or tertiary sector grew at the expense of the secondary industrial sector. Now, with the assistance of concerted effort by municipal authorities, the trend appears to be reversing itself. He credits the development by the Université de Sherbrooke of a work-study programme with being partly responsible for keeping young persons here, and for directing them toward employment in the secondary sector.

As well, he is hopeful that an integrated approach by the provincial government will assist development. 'There's more co-operation between different ministries,' he states. 'The Minister of Industry and Commerce and the Minister of Education and the Minister of Social Affairs have more discussions between themselves so that one ministry will influence the other one. If, for instance, the Ministry of Industry and Commerce says that in the Province of Quebec or in a certain region we should have this or that, I think that his colleague at Education should say 'fine' and in a certain way influence the programmes of the schools in that region so that we will develop more people for specific purposes.'

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Mr. and Mrs. O'Bready in the rumble seat. -Photo, Doug Gerrish

Relations with Quebec Highlighted

In other ways, however, O'Bready is less satisfied with the provincial government. The legal parent of municipalities, the province is responsible for regulating the areas and conditions of municipal action. A traditionally trying element of interaction between municipalities and the provincial government, financial matters provide the focus for much of O'Bready's discontent.

'I think municipal fiscality is very sick,' the Mayor contends. 'We have been fighting for the last five years trying to get Quebec to make a complete study of financial structures of municipalities. Personally, I don't feel that the municipalities should go to Quebec and ask for grants and for money because we're going to be in the same mess as the school boards are right now. If you become dependent on Quebec, if you're getting all your money from Quebec, Quebec is going to look after everything and there will be no more municipal autonomy.'

Rather, O'Bready feels, the approach toward municipal finances should stress the provision of tools by the province for the municipalities to utilize in order to equip themselves with revenue. At present, municipalities are permitted to employ the means of property taxation, though they must share this field with school boards. In addition to suggesting that property taxation be retained and the revenue-sharing concept considered, the Mayor proposes that municipalities should share in the proceeds from gasoline taxation and license plate fees since they attend to the upkeep and maintenance of streets.

Further, O'Bready argues municipalities should either share in proceeds from court decisions or should benefit from a programme for sharing costs for maintaining a police department. 'Part of the cost of a police department should be supported by the federal and the provincial governments because we're spending money to apply provincial or federal laws. We're doing the work: we have to pay for a municipal court, we have to pay for lawyers, we have to maintain a police force, and this is to apply, in a good number of cases, provincial or federal laws so I think that these two levels of government should split the cost.' When fines are imposed for violations of provincial laws, he notes, proceeds must be forwarded in entirety to Quebec though the City has incurred the costs for enforcement.

The Mayor is skeptical about the likelihood of change. 'The response we've been getting from Quebec for the last 10 years is very disappointing because the priority has been education and after that it was social affairs. Municipalities have always been dragging,' he argues. 'It's very funny to see municipalities are not a priority because municipalities in good health mean a province in good health.'

It is this skepticism which flows over into O'Bready's discussions about the scope for widening the services provided by municipalities. In broad terms, the Mayor divides these services into two areas. The first he terms 'essential' and, in it, he includes police and fire protection, waterworks and sewers, roads maintenance and planning. The second he describes as a 'new category' which has gained importance during the last 10 to 15 years. It includes services related to leisure - provision of parks an d of opportunities for recreation, sport and culture - and to industrial development.

'There seems to be some kind of decentralization by Quebec and Ottawa concerning what you have to give to your population in a city like Sherbrooke,' he explains. 'For instance, you can't rely on the provincial or the federal government to have a decent recreation service in a city or to have a decent department that will look after your parks and green areas - the city has to take the responsibility for that. The same example would apply for industrial promotion. Fine, there's the Ministry of Economic Expansion or the Ministry of Industry and Commerce in Quebec but if the city doesn't have an appropriate industrial commission I don't think it's possible to promote industries.'

New Municipal Services Foreseen

O'Bready believes, however, that other concerns should also be dealt with by municipalities. Chief among these, he says, is the growing problem regarding housing. 'I think that municipalities will have to get involved more in this because it's becoming a major problem for most cities in North America. To now, the only intervention of the municipality has been for housing for low income people. Soon we're going to run short of decent housing facilities in Sherbrooke, like the problem you're getting all over Canada,' he elaborates. 'This is because money comes from either Ottawa or Quebec and goes directly to the promoters so they're only interested in doing what's profitable for them, not necessarily working according to a global plan which will serve best the interests of the community.' Consequently, he feels, the municipalities must enter the area in order to establish and enforce such a plan.

The Mayor also argues for municipal involvement in a partly decentralized social welfare programme. 'Social welfare, in my opinion, should be a little more than giving money to poor people to get them out of the ditch, and it is in this way that I think that municipalities should get involved in social welfare: not necessarily to distribute cheques to poor people or to ladies that are stuck with their kids, but at least to provide decent housing conditions and recreation facilities for any citizen, whether he's rich or poor, and maybe also to assist with manpower programs.'

'Instead of trying to create programmes which we sometimes have to take advantage of because they're bringing in money, such as the Opportunity for Youth Programme, why don't they give us the money so that we, in turn, would try to use it to cut unemployment in a way that would serve the community better than it does right now?' he wonders. 'Sometimes, because we're trying to take advantage of these programmes, you're doing work that you wouldn't even think of doing because it's not necessary.'

O'Bready is unhappy about the extent to which limitations on revenue-enhancing mechanisms prevent municipalities from being able to operate beyond the more traditional services. 'The story proves that over the last 10 years all we did was get more responsibilities - we haven't let any go - and we're not getting more money,' he notes. 'If originally the municipalities were created to make sure that citizens would get police, fire, sewers and waterworks, well now the municipalities also have to assume the cost of things like planning and leisure and they're not necessarily getting more money.'

He makes it clear that his concern is not with the fact of assuming responsibility in these areas but with the availability of resources. Using the example of social welfare, he observes: 'Ten or 12 years ago Quebec took it all on its shoulders and said no more municipal funds will be spent for social welfare. I'm not too sure this is serving the interests of the people the best way possible because I'm getting at least 10 phone calls per week from people that would need immediate help and have to wait two, three, four and five weeks before they can get anything from the provincial welfare department.'

'I know the provincial welfare department is a big operation and there's a lot of red tape but sometimes people need help immediately. I think part of this will have to be decentralized from Quebec and given back to the municipalities so that we'll be a bit more able to act in the field of social welfare concerning the citizens of our municipalities. As far as I'm concerned, housing and social welfare are two responsibilities that will be turned on to the municipalities but we'll have to recognize that if we're getting more responsibilities we don't mind - we're responsible men and we're going to look after that - but we'll have to get the necessary money to look after them.'



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The firemen in front are spraying water on the fire; the fireman behind is spraying them with water to protect them from the heat.

Why am I a fireman?

by Jean-Jacques Bertrand

Why am I a fireman? Now what kind of a question is that? Why is a taxi driver a taxi driver? I mean why not join the foreign legion instead or something?

I guess I'm in it for the money. Oh sure, us firemen are just rolling in it. Who else could afford to ride around in those big trucks, eh?

Maybe when I was a kid I liked to hear the sirens and see the fire trucks go by, I don't know. It's a funny job. It's a strange feeling sometimes, you are running into a building when everyone else is running out. You are going to fight the thing that everyone else is running away from.

My first fire, I was real nervous. My knees were shaking. It all happens so fast. Everybody's got an assignment. A guy hooks up a hydrant, guys are rolling out hose, a guy's on the nozzle, I'm on the nozzle, a guy's putting on an air pack. I was afraid of heights. But in the Fire Dept., you got to be able to come down a five storey building on a rope. You get used to it.

There's no two fires the same. Most of them are pretty routine though. But you do get the bad ones. The first thing is to save lives. You get to the fire, the first thing to know is there anybody in there? Are there any children upstairs asleep? There's often complete confusion when you arrive - people gathered around, cars stopped, nobody knows what's going on. Is everybody out? Sometimes a guy will run out of his house, and the neighbours saw him come out, and they say, yeah he got out and he must have gone in to one of the neighbours houses to get warm. But sometimes you find that the guy ran back into the burning house to try to save something, and you find him knocked out by the smoke. If there's somebody still in there, you almost forget about the fire while you try to get him out.

It's a bad feeling when you lose someone. We had this big fire, cold night in January, we didn't find anybody in the building, we put out the fire, and then we found the body of a guy curled up behind a door. He was right near where the fire started, so he must have died early in the fire. The lieutenant kept saying 'We lost a guy.' How could you know there was a guy in there, behind the fire, curled up against a door? But you feel bad about it.

Sure it's a dangerous job. They tell us, for a full-time fireman, he will die an average of nine years younger than any other job. It's the most dangerous job there is. They got a saying in the firehouse, 'Tonight could be the night.' There's accidents, and then there's just the smoke. You eat so much smoke through the years, it's not good for you. You're spitting black after the fire, you smell smoke for days.

Smoke is the big killer. Smoke kills a lot more people than fire. Every fireman knows the feeling. You're crawling along the floor in a smokey room and you turn to call for more hose. As you open your mouth to breath, it feels like someone has stuck a fist down your throat and is trying to pull out your lungs. It knocks out more firefighters than any other hazard.

You don't want to hang around a smokey room too long. Just the lack of oxygen can get you. And then carbon monoxide from the fire is the worst. It has an attraction for blood cells 210 times greater than oxygen. It justs gets in your blood and knocks the oxygen out, and you go out like a light. With only five percent carbon monoxide in the air, your blood will be 50 percent carbon monoxide within thirty to ninety seconds. Two or three breaths can kill you. Two or three breaths. Now you see why people die in fires just a few feet away from the door.

Of course you've got the Scott air packs. It's a tank of air you carry on your back to go in there. It gives you air for 20 minutes. Just before you run out of air, there's a buzzer goes off. That buzzer says, mister, get out of here quick. There's so much action and so much noise, sometimes I'm afraid I won't hear the buzzer. I might hear it but not really react to it, you know. You have to be thinking all the time in there, you have to stay alert. The smoke can affect your judgement.

Your mind is working all the time. You're talking to yourself.

I was crawling down this long hallway dragging the hose, and into this big room where the fire was in the far corner. All of a sudden there was a flash-over. The room and the gases in the air just heat up to a certain point, and it just goes WHOOSH, and you've got flame all over the place. Through my mask and through the smoke I could just see this huge orange glow. I could feel my hair and eyebrows burning off. I was saying to myself, 'Hit it with the water,

Jean, hit it with the water,' It was no longer me putting out a fire, it was me fighting for my life. I swing the hose to the base of the fire. A hundred pounds pressure coming out of the nozzle, my hands were getting burned and I was having a hard time holding on to the hose. It bucks and kicks around like a snake, and you have to hold on there, because the hose is your lifeline. You can use the water to protect yourself, and you can't see anything at all, you may need the hose just to crawl back along it to get out. I'm backing away from this fire and my hands are hurting and I lost control of the hose. It flew around all over the place and so I just beat it out of there. I crawled back down the hallway and I was saying to myself, 'It's going to be alright, it's going to be alright.' I got to this window and I smashed it open. I leaned out the window, almost fell out, this was on the third floor, I was leaning out the window and my helmet fell off into the street. I was gasping for that fresh air, it really tasted good. I blacked out and was just hanging there, half in the window and half out. The guys put up the ladder and carried me down. I don't remember a thing of that. They took me to the hospital - smoke inhalation. Oh sometimes you have three or four guys suffering from smoke after a bad fire.

Another time we had a guy up on an aerial ladder and there was a flash-over on a floor below him. The flames came pouring out of this window below him - the flames were covering the ladder, and he was up higher on the ladder, starting to get roasted. We played a stream of water on him to cool him down, and then we moved the aerial ladder a bit to the left. We couldn't move the ladder any further because of electric wires overhead, and we couldn't bring the ladder down, because that would bring him right through the flames. You're not supposed to move the ladder anyway when there's a man on it, but we did this time because there was no choice. But then we got two or three streams of water going in the window, and it beat down the fire enough for this guy to come down off the ladder.

There's a lot of spirit among firefighters. They may be guys who don't always get along with each other out of uniform, but in a fire, they'd die for each other without even thinking about it.

About ten years ago, this firefighter went through the floor. He was just dangling there, holding on with his arms, and his feet and most of his body were through the floor. Three other guys grabbed onto him and they just held him. The floor started to creak like it was going to give way, and this guy says, 'You guys get out of here,' but they said, 'No way, buddy, you go, we all go.' Then they got him pulled out, and he went downstairs to get back his helmet, which had fallen down the hole. It was only then, when he went downstairs, that he realized the drop was not one floor, but two floors, straight down.

People don't realize what we are up against sometimes. They say, those firemen, they sure like to break windows and chop holes in the floor and the roof. They get mad at you for the water damage, and you're trying to save their house. Well sometimes you have to chop a hole in their living room floor to let the water out into the basement. If you don't, the weight of the water you are pouring in there is enough to make the whole house collapse. The floor could go right out from under you.

It's the night fires are the bad ones. Two in the morning, forty below zero, and the alarm goes off. People in the house may still be sleeping, you have to get them out. About half of the multiple death fires happen between midnight and four a.m., because people are sleeping.

The job has changed a lot. In my day, when they hired a guy, it was because he was big and strong and that was it. Now they ask Grade Eleven, and pretty soon they are going to ask college training in fire fighting. They have special courses for that. A firefighter will be a technician.

You have to be. There's a lot to know. They have all these new plastics and synthetics. You have to know what might explode, what might make poison gases. You know those foam mattresses? Well there are some of those, when they burn, they give off a nerve gas like the stuff they use in the war. And polyvinyl chloride in a lot of plastics - there was a small fire in an office in New York where a photocopy machine caught fire - it was just a small blaze that wasn't spreading, so the firefighter walked in with a fire extinguisher to put it out. It looked like a simple job, but he leaned over the photocopy machine and he keeled right over and in three minutes he was dead. The poison fumes from the burning plastic killed him just like that. Who would ever have though of it? Well, a firefighter has to think of these things every time he sees smoke.

In the old days the fire department didn't have much in the way of training. There was no qualifications for officers. Heck now, to be an officer, there's a two hour written exam, then they take you out in the field and they tell you, there's a hotel burning here, you've got so many men and so many trucks, so many ladders and so on, now where are you going to place your trucks, what orders do you give the men, how are you going to fight this fire. It's like the military, you attack in an organized way. And then they also give you a physical test and then you are interviewed by a psychiatrist. Not easy to get to be an officer today.

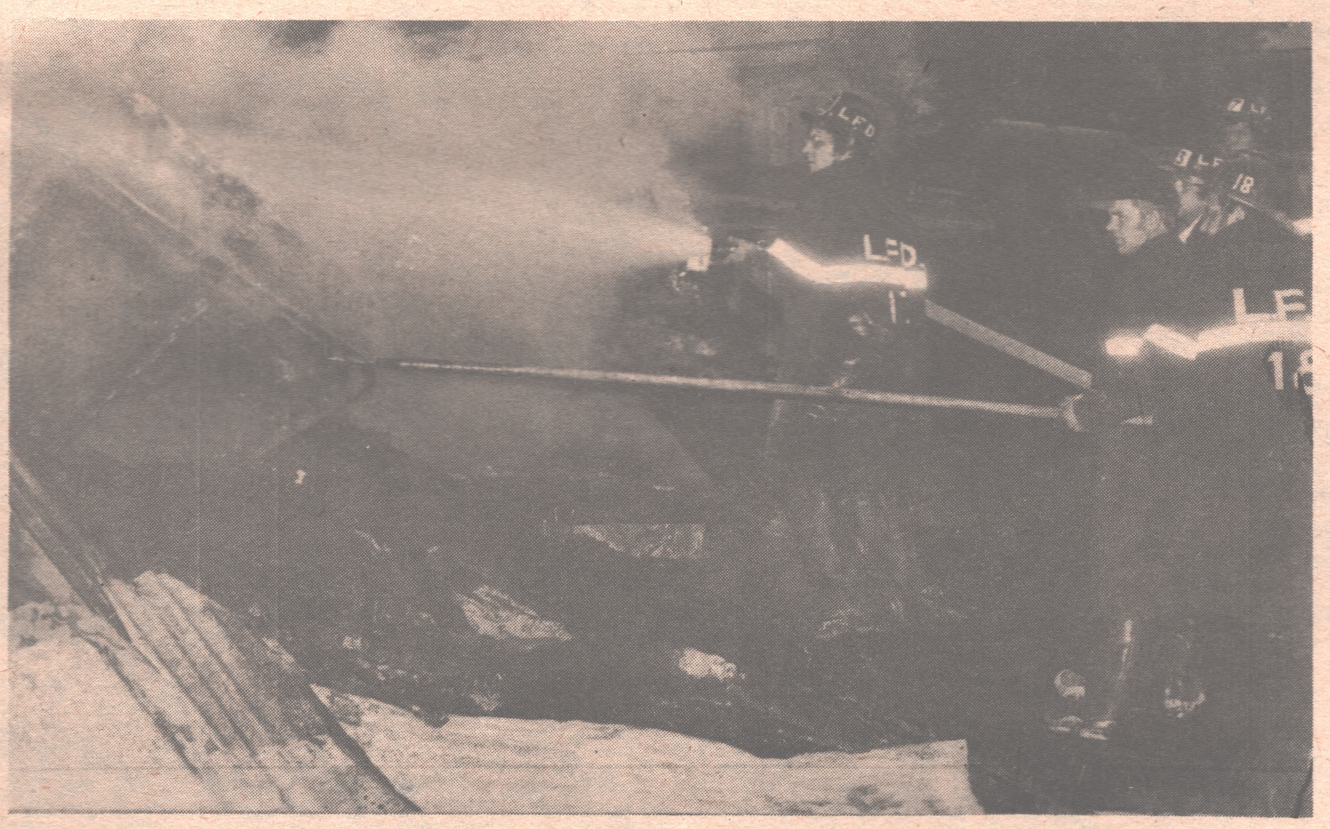
And we have all sorts of things now. Maintenance programs, hose testing, courses in firefighting techniques. We do physical exercise three times a week to stay in shape. We have Pre-Attack Plans - an attack plan for every big building with a map showing the doors of the building, the nearest fire hydrants, where the furnace room is, the location of propane tanks and so on. And we do door to door fire safety inspection, we investigate the causes of fires, and so on. It's a big business these days.

It's getting to be a profession, not just a job. It used to be part of the job to get hurt sometimes, and it still is. But now they talk about aiming at Zero Casualities. Firefighting is like war, and in any war, you figure there is an acceptable casualty level. Now they tell us not to think like that any more. If you get burned on the ears, now the officer will ask you, did you have your ear flaps down? Did the ear flaps fail to protect you? Why were you so close to the fire? They are working on reducing the injuries.

I have a lot of respect for the officers. In the army, the officers were bums. I had no respect for the officers. The generals behind the lines looking at maps while the grunts on the front go for a Burton. In the Fire Dept., the officers are the ones with the highest death rate. The officer is usually the first guy in the burning building and the last guy out. He checks to make sure all the other firefighters are out before he leaves. Some of those guys are real heroes, they are supermen.

Me, I'm no superman. I'm just a regular smoke eater. I don't take the chances I used to. It depends on the fire. When I was younger, if there was an old abandoned building, I would still take chances. Now I figure, no use risking your life for an old abandoned building. You have to measure and weigh the risk. If you are going in to save a person, that's a different thing.

Yeah, I figure through the years we've saved a lot of lives. In my young days I worked a couple of years in a factory, and I couldn't say that then. I go out and fight a fire, I help people, and I can feel that I've done something. It's real.



Lennoxvile firefighters got up at 5 a.m. for this one.

The year of the barn fires



The barn fire at Miss von Speyer's, Massawippi.
-Photo, Bruce Porter

It's been the worst season in memory for barn fires. In a fifty mile radius around Sherbrooke, there have been twelve barn fires this summer, six within ten days in September. Barn fires in St. Isidore, Martinville, Sandhill, Tomifobia, Barnston, Birchton, Compton Station, Massawippi, etc.

An unusually bad year. Maybe because of the wet hay. It ferments as it dries, the fermentation causes it to heat up, and it can virtually explode in spontaneous combustion.

Blowing straw

Up at Murray Powell's place in Compton Station, they were putting up straw into the barn, using an old corn blower that works with a belt. All of a sudden, it wasn't straw they were blowing, it was flames. Hard to say how the fire started. Some oldtimers said maybe the blower wasn't properly grounded, so you would get a spark of static electricity. But the Powells are pretty sure the machine was grounded okay. It could have been something caught in the machine - a stone, an old rake tooth, a piece of wire - anything you might pick up in a field. If the stone jammed in the machine, it would make a spark, and straw dust, when it is blowing through the air, is explosive. Murray says he heard a clanking sound in the machine just before the fire started - could have been a stone.

Well, they got the tractor away from the barn and got the bull calves out, but the pigs, as usual in a barn fire, just wouldn't get out. There was not much hope of saving the barn, but the house was in danger. Compton and Waterville Fire Departments showed up, and they did a good job of saving the house.

Everybody for miles around came to help. Local guys with milk trucks hauled water - this is a great idea, and it made a big difference. Some of the men stayed around from suppertime to 2 a.m. to make sure the fire was safely under control.

The Powells have not had an easy time of it, but they aren't giving up. All the friends, neighbours and relatives have pitched in to help, in true Townships style. 'That's where we've got it over the city,' says Mrs. Powell. Murray is out cutting lumber on his own land to build a new barn, and everyone is helping out. 'The main thing is not to give up,' says Mrs. Powell. With the strong spirit shown by the Powells and their neighbours you can be sure that they will be alright.

12,000 bales

At Neil Taylor's place in Birchton, they had a good 12,000 bales of hay put away for the winter, and now it's all gone. The fire in the hay barn started at 3:30 on a Tuesday afternoon. No way of saying for sure how it started, maybe because of the wet hay. Wet hay heats up as it ferments, and away it goes. They dairy barn was right next to the hay barn, but what could they do against 12,000 bales of burning hay? Some of the equipment was saved - all the milking equipment, the bulk tank, and all the animals were saved. Two hay wagons burned.

The Taylors are lucky, if you can say that after a fire, in that they have another old barn. They can only milk 18 of their 47 head at a time in the old barn, using a temporary milking system. This takes a lot more work, and the cows don't like being divided into three shifts. They jump over fences and get riled up.

The Taylors are sure going to need some hay. They will buy some, and neighbours and friends have offered to lend them some, to be paid back next season. The Taylors usually have a surplus of hay, so it shouldn't be too bad.

A pond saved the day

When Miss Ellin Beit von Speyer's barn in Massawippi caught fire, the Ayer's Cliff Fire Dept. was there within a very short time. Miss von Speyer is full of praise for the work they did.

Like the Powell's fire, this one started when the men were cutting and blowing straw. The barn and two silos, all the hay, all the straw, and three animals burned. No machinery burned, and they got the bulls out.

The main thing is, the Ayer's Cliff firemen saved the nearby house, and other buildings as well. A manure shed, only about five feet from the blazing barn, was saved. The Ayer's Cliff truck showed up with a 500 gallon reservoir of water. Fortunately, there is a pond across the road from the barn, and this pond provided the water needed to save the other buildings. There's a lesson to be learned from this fire - make a pond near your buildings.

Some of the firemen stayed until 3 a.m. to make sure, and local people provided food, kindness and support. The two bulls are not very happy in the other barn where they have been placed, but what can you do?



The remains of Neil Taylor's barn in Birchton.
-Photo, Bruce Porter

Light a fire under your local council

by Chuck Farina

Fire Prevention Week is from Oct. 3 to 9 this year, and in many rural areas, there are partial municipal elections early in November. I think that the two should be connected in some cases. During Fire Prevention Week, think about lighting a fire underneath your municipal council. Not literally of course. I mean get them fired up about fire protection.

This doesn't apply everywhere. There are many towns with good fire services. But throughout the Townships, there are many rural areas with lousy fire protection.

Now of course you don't want your taxes to go up, but that's not always the point. Many improvements could be made at no extra cost.

Ascot Township is a fine example. Ascot has no fire department of its own - it relies on firemen from Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Waterville, Cookshire and North Hatley. That's fine with me - but a problem arises - who do you call if you have a fire? It depends on where you live in Ascot Township. The Sun phoned five people in the 'in-between' areas of Ascot, and three of them did not know where to call if they had a fire. New residents especially have no idea. And there is no one to tell them, because Ascot has not divided its territory into regions.

So here is a typical scene: there is a fire in Ascot Township, and the panic-stricken family call Lennoxville for a fire truck. Lennoxville is put on the spot - Fire Chief John Nichol has to decide whether it is part of his area or not. If it isn't, he may have to call another fire dept. - Sherbrooke maybe, but the Sherbrooke Fire Dept. isn't sure what part of Ascot they are supposed to cover either. While these telephone conversations go on, the house burns.

For many years, Lennoxville has been urging Ascot to sign a written document outlining the exact fire services to be provided, but there has been no reaction from the Ascot Council.

The Waterville Fire Dept. at one time had a verbal agreement with Ascot to cover fires in Huntingville and even further away. Yet these places are closer to Lennoxville than to Waterville. And if either Waterville or Lennoxville send their fire trucks too far away into Ascot Township, it leaves their own people with less protection, in case of another fire at the same time.

In Albert Mines, Capleton and Eustis, there is real confusion as to where to call for fire protection.

And Ascot Council doesn't even have a fire committee.

The same situation prevails in many rural areas. People just don't know where to call. Each municipality should take the time to divide up its territory and tell people where to call for a fire truck, and they should sign written agreements with the towns that are to provide them with fire services. The territory should be divided into a block or grid system, so that someone living in area seven, for example, would call the fire department nearest to him and say, 'Fire in area seven,' in addition to giving his name and address. This would help the firemen know just where the fire is. At the same time, municipal councils should get rid of the ridiculous situation where you have to get permission from the mayor before calling a fire truck. The time it takes to track down the mayor and get his permission, the house burns.

You should find out what the fire protection situation is in your community. People affected by a lack of fire protection should group together and get it going in relation to their local council. And the municipal elections coming up in many areas would be the perfect time to do it.

If you have a fire in Val Racine, tough luck

It was Christmas Day, and Bill Everitt and Bill Easterday, along with nine guests, had just finished having Christmas dinner. There was a candle burning upstairs, and the candle fell over. The flame touched the synthetic curtains, which went 'Whoosh'. Within minutes, the whole upstairs was on fire. They tried beating out the fire with blankets, but it was no use. They barely had time to get out of the building. Just before leaving the blazing house, Bill Everitt dialed O for Operator and asked that she call the nearest fire department. A neighbour also called the firemen.

At this point, Bill learned that, in the Municipality of Val Racine, (out towards Megantic country) if you have a fire, well, it's just your tough luck. The Municipality of Val Racine has no fire department, no fire budget, no volunteers, no fire committee, no arrangements with surrounding municipalities to fight

[continued next page]

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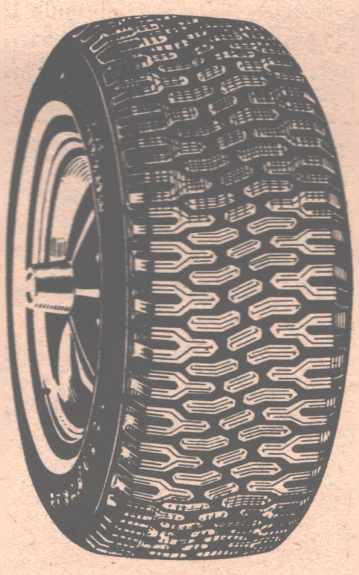
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No fire protection...

[continued]

fires. The nearest fire truck is in Notre Dame des Bois, about eight miles away, over some of the worst roads in the world. And even that fire truck is a small and relatively ineffective one.

And that's not all. If you are in Val Racine and call the Notre Dame des Bois firemen to come to your rescue, you have to negotiate the price. You will have to pay the bill for the firemen yourself, and they will want to know in advance whether you can afford to pay it or not.

In Bill Everitt's case, they told him that it would cost $250 an hour for them to fight his fire. It would take them an hour to get there, an hour to fight the fire, and an hour to pack up and go home, so the minimum charge would be $750, and it could turn out to be much more than that.

So you can imagine how Bill Everitt felt. He didn't have any money to pay a bill like that. He looks at his burning house : the fire is probably too far advanced for them to do much about it anyway. He would have liked to have the firemen there to save the barn and the toolshed, but there was no wind - maybe the barn and the toolshed were safe. Bill told the firemen not to come. And his house burned to the ground, with all their clothing, furniture, wood for the winter, and food. They were completely cleaned out.

Bill thought of sueing the town or the fire department for the lack of protection they gave him. He also thought of simply moving out of the area. He was very upset. He finds it hard to believe that a community would have no fire protection whatsoever.

Bill had no insurance. Most of his neighbours have no insurance. They can't afford it, or they don't believe in insurance, or they think it can't happen to them, or they think that a fire is an Act of God and there's nothing you can do about it.

The Mayor of Val Racine was unavailable for comment, so The Sun talked to Victor Dube, the secretary-treasurer of the municipality. Mr. Dube confirmed that the community has no fire budget, and will not pay for a fire truck to come from another town. He says the roads are too bad for the truck to get there anyway, and there isn't much good fire fighting equipment in that whole region to begin with.

We asked Mr. Dube how people in Val Racine should act if they have a fire, and he says they should try to put it out themselves. He says they should buy a fire extinguisher.

Fire Prevention Week doesn't have much meaning in Val Racine.

HEY!

How does this thing work, anyway?

It wasn't a bad fire to begin with. Smoke was coming out of the kitchen of the Roy home in the Township of Magog. A fire truck was brought in from the City of Magog, and it looked like they would be able to put the fire out without too much trouble.

But, to the horror of spectators, the Magog firemen didn't know how to get the pump going. They didn't know how the equipment worked. They fiddled with it while the house burned. Spectators began to make angry comments, flames were now beginning to pour out of the house, but still no water.

Finally, fireman Gerard Parent, who happened to be in his cottage not too far away, showed up, and he flipped a key and got the thing going. But it was already too late. The interior of the house was completely destroyed, only the outer brick walls still standing. Spectators agreed that the house could have been saved if the firemen had known how to use the equipment.

How can such a thing happen? How can you send firemen rushing to a fire, with thousands of dollars of equipment, and neglect to show them how to use the equipment?

A series of unfortunate circumstances. First of all, a lot of Magog's firemen were sick or on holidays that day. Second of all, the pump was a relatively new one, and the men who showed up didn't have much experience with it. Third of all, obviously, they had not been properly trained for the job. They didn't know how to make the pump work, and that's that.

Fernand Lacasse, Mayor of the Townships of Magog, was none too happy about the whole thing. 'I sympathize with the Roy family,' says Mr. Lacasse. 'I deplore the late intervention of the firemen. If they had known how to make the pump work, they could have prevented the house from being completely destroyed. I consider that it is criminal for the responsible authorities to have abandoned the firemen with a fire truck for which they did not have adequate training. It's a good thing that there was no one trapped by the flames in the Roy house. What would have happened if children had been trapped on the second floor?'

Mayor Lacasse told The Sun that he considers this unfortunate incident to have been a human mistake, and he adds that in general, the City of Magog provides good fire protection service to the Township of Magog.

Assistant Director Stephan Roy of the Magog Fire Dept. told The Sun that Magog has now begun a new training course for its firemen, and in the future they will have more intensive and more frequent training.

'This kind of thing shouldn't happen,' says Mr. Roy, 'but unfortunately it did.'

The house could have been saved

The house could have been saved, if Eastman and Magog had their fire protection services figured out properly.

It was a big, beautiful old house at Crows Nest, above Lake Orford. About two o'clock in the morning, a 14 year old girl sleeping upstairs awoke to find her mattress on fire. The drapes and curtains were also burning. It appears that there had been a short circuit in the electrical system upstairs.

This 14 year old girl saved the rest of the people in the house. She had the presence of mind to try to wake up her 11 year old brother, who was also sleeping upstairs. But he wouldn't really wake up, either because he was tired after a long trip from Toronto the night before, or probably the smoke had already made him groggy. So the girl dragged him by the heels down the stairs. She woke up her parents and the other adult guests who were sleeping downstairs.

They managed to save some valuables from downstairs, but they couldn't go upstairs, and a great deal was lost.

The father called the fire department in Eastman. After all, they pay their taxes to Eastman, and there is a place on their tax bill where it says 'for fire protection'. But Eastman didn't come to the fire. Eastman phoned Magog, and quite a while later, Magog sent one small fire truck, with a small amount of water on board. This water was soon used up, so the fire truck left to get more, and came back a long time later.

People watching the fire pointed out that there is a pond of water right near the house - why couldn't the firemen use that water. But for some reason, the firemen didn't want to do this.

More frantic phone calls were made to the Magog fire department. Finally Magog's fire chief showed up, with a larger truck. By this time, nothing much could be done except watch the house burn. But the Magog firemen did succeed in saving other nearby buildings. The house was insured, but will cost far more to rebuild.

Louise Harvey, who owned the house, doesn't blame the firemen themselves. But she points out that nobody ever told them that there is some kind of agreement between Eastman and Magog as to who will fight what fires where and when. Nobody ever told the people around Lake Orford where to call for fire protection.

We would like to hear more stories, good and bad, about fire protection services in the Townships. Write to: The Townships Sun, P.O. Box 420, Waterville, P.Q.

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Bert and the fire truck

by **Norma E. Holmes**

I was sorry to read that in one Province the Government is going to curb the activities of the municipal governments. The doings of municipal councils provide some of the brightest shades of color to rural life.

It is usually pretty quiet at election time, with no aspirants whatever seeking the vacant seats. In fact, the town clerk has been known to have to haul in an innocent passerby on the street to present the slate of officers.

But sometimes, something stirs things up. There is an **issue** - like, for example, in one small town, the new fire truck.

The terms of three of the six councillors were up and the mayor was up for re-election, and they were divided fairly evenly - For and Against. That's what made it so interesting. The outgoing councillors had been working for a new fire truck for a long time, and they weren't worried - at first - because the mayor was also in favour of a new truck, and as he was pretty likely to get re-elected, all would be well.

Then at the last minute nominations began to come in for the new councillors - eight, no less, an unheard of thing. **Then**, someone brought in a nomination for mayor. It burst like a bombshell on the Fors. When they recovered, they gave a grand imitation of a disturbed ant hill.

The election was to be Monday. On Friday night the local weekly had a long piece from the Againsts listing the good points of the old truck - and the new candidate for mayor - and hinting darkly of wastage of the good citizens good money in other directions. It was a deep, dark plot. Too late for a reply in the paper, which the villians knew, the Fors sat up until the wee hours getting out a reply which they set out to deliver personally to the citizens homes.

Meetings were held on every street corner and in the homes of the Fors. Scouts brought word that some **known** Againsts had nominated **known** Fors. The Fors read their black minds. It was just another proof of the enemy's cunning. They did it to split the Fors vote, while **they** would vote solidly for their own slate of three.

So the Fors chose three they thought stood a very good chance and let it be known to the faithful that these were the councillors to vote for. Then an embarrassing thing happened. Too late, a scout reported that one of the Chosen had stated that he was voting for the **new** candidate for mayor.

Out came the Voters list again. They eliminated all the known Againsts and the voters who spend the winters in warm climates, and it looked pretty even. One worker pronounced several times, in case afterwards anyone shouldn't remember his prophecy, a majority of 15, but another said 3. So you can see it was a very nervous group. For the 50th time they went over the List. It went like this. 'What about So-and-So? He's for Bert' 'Well, I don't know. Yor remember he was pretty mad about the dog tax.' It was a bit embarrassing for Bert, the mayor, who was present, but he realized that this was true Democracy at work.

Then they would get to arguing over a name on the List, taking up where he lived, did he or didn't he own the home, where did his parents come from, and a wonder as to how much the property was worth. They finally decided all the probable Fors had to BE SEEN, to be confirmed in their allegiance as it were, and to make it **plain** who they were to vote for.

Sunday night there was a fire and the old truck broke down.

Monday, Election Day, dawned bright and fair and all the voters were out. It was a record. The streets were full of cars and groups of people talking. At the last minute a scout brought word the Againsts were going to have a lawyer present to rule on votes they challenged, but no lawyer appeared.

The votes were duly counted. It was a good thing, perhaps, for the Fors, that they **hadn't** called on the Againsts, because, without any instruction whatever, they went to the polls and voted in the Chosen Three and returned Bert for mayor with a big majority.

When the new fire truck arrived, they had a parade and, led by the band and the majorettes, the shiny red truck rolled down Main Street, bell clanging, and aboard were the mayor, the councillors and, of course, the firemen. At the last minute one of the former Againsts managed to climb on. But of course there were really no longer any Againsts. In fact, they couldn't even remember then they hadn't been For.



Lennoxville Press explosion and fire, 1954. The wall in the background is the back of the Nichol's building.
-Photo, Gerry Lemay

Let's teach the kids

by Captain Edward Penmore

Let's get right down to the nitty-gritty of this fire prevention business. Thousands of Canadians die in fires. During the period of the war in Vietnam, 45,000 Americans died in the war, 144,000 Americans, three times as many, died in fires, most of them in their own homes. Billions of dollars damage every year. Serious injuries.

Eighty percent of fires are preventable. Many fire deaths would be prevented if people did the right thing when the fire started.

Fire safety can be taught. It can be learned. It is a question of changing attitudes - people who smoke in bed are fools - and they would know it if they had seen what I had seen as a fireman. It is a question of learning what to do in a fire situation - how do you open a door in a fire? Touch the door first to see if it is hot. If it's hot, don't open it. These things can be learned. It's a question of being fire conscious.

It may take a whole generation to change attitudes towards fire prevention. Let's start now, and let's start in the schools. Let's teach the kids a few elementary survival tactics.

It's important. A bunch of us fire officers got together about a year ago and sent out questionaires to 4500 students and 1500 teachers coast to coast, asking elementary questions about what to do in a typical fire situation. The results were bad. They flunked the test. The teachers too.

Three-quarters of fire deaths are because of smoke inhalation. But three-quarters of the students did not know that in the presence of smoke, they should keep low, stooping or crawling below the smoke, on their way out of the building.

Worst of all, one-quarter of the students said that in the presence of smoke, they would stay where they were and try not to panic, waiting until help comes. They wouldn't try to get out of the building. Do you remember the fire in Our Lady of The Angels school in Chicago, where 72 students died sitting at their desks, some of them with their hands neatly folded? They stayed there and tried not to panic, but help didn't come on time.

It would cost the schools two cents to teach young children what to do in the presence of smoke. You need two posters, one saying 'smoke', the other saying 'No smoke'. Have the kids get down and crawl under the sign saying 'Smoke', then get up and run when they reach the sign saying 'No smoke'. Make them do that four or five times, and they won't forget. They will remember when a real emergency occurs.

But it goes on and on. Thirty-eight percent of the students, and these were high school students, and 20 percent of the teachers, said that they would stop and try to save pets or valuable items if their house was on fire. People have a tendency to do this, to delay getting out of the building. They spend time carefully putting on their clothes, tying their shoe laces, looking for their wallet, shoving the cat into a pillowcase to carry out... many deaths occur because of this. They don't seem to know that fire can spread FASTER THAN YOU CAN RUN.

Most of the students did not know that the flames and heat are not the biggest danger. It's the smoke. Sixty-four percent of the students didn't know that fire produces carbon monoxide - and yet carbon monoxide is the biggest killer in fires. This tasteless, odorless gas, which gives no warning because it does not irritate your eyes, can knock you out before you even see the flames. So if there is a fire in one room, people often think they have the time to save things in another room - but they don't know that the gas may get them.

Even worse, the carbon monoxide can affect your sense of judgement without you knowing it. It can interfere with your vision and affect your co-ordination, so that you are likely to act in an irrational and ineffective way - hiding in a closet, or clawing at a door with your fingernails instead of turning the knob.

As for electrical fires, 38 percent of the students didn't know whether it is more dangerous to have overheated electric wires or to have a fuse blow. Fifty-four percent did not understand the purpose of a fuse. Half did not know that it is dangerous to overload electrical circuits by plugging too many things in one socket. Half did not know that a hot electric wire is a bad sign. One quarter of the students did not know that it is dangerous to touch a live electric wire in water.

When students were asked 'What would you do if a frying pan of fat in the kitchen catches fire?', only 45 percent knew that they should turn off the heat. Thirteen percent said that they would try to carry the flaming pan out of the house, or to the sink, unaware that they might spill the burning fat on the floor or on themselves, or of the danger that the handle might become too hot to hold. Many of the students said that they would 'throw flour' on the burning fat. Apparently they had been told to throw baking soda, and they had this confused with flour. Anyway, throwing flour would be a very dangerous thing to do, because flour thrown in the air can be explosive.

Concerned by the high-rise fire in Brazil, where 40 people jumped to their deaths, the survey asked students and teachers from what height they could jump with a 50-50 chance of surviving. Nearly half the teachers and 65 percent of the students had a wildly exaggerated idea of how far they could drop without being killed. Many students thought they could jump down from a height of ten or twenty floors, some teachers thought they could drop off an eight storey building and survive.

The students were asked if gasoline fumes could explode. Twenty-one percent said no, and 25 percent were unsure. Seven percent of the teachers thought that gasoline fumes could not explode.

How would you know which escape route to take out of a burning school or other public building? Three-quarters of the students and half of the teachers said that they could count on seeing the EXIT lights, because these emergency lights stay on even when the other lights go out. They were not aware that in a fire, the EXIT lights are often not visible through the smoke, and your eyes may be so full of smoke, you can't see anyway. Teachers and students should know their exit routes well enough to be able to crawl, blindfolded, out of the building, and you should be able to do the same thing in your own house. Like to try it, anybody?

One gratifying thing - 96 percent of the students knew that if their clothing catches fire, they should 'drop and roll'. It's good that they know this, and it shows that fire safety attitudes can be learned by children.

To teach fire prevention, we should start in the schools. But even that isn't enough. There are the younger ones, who don't go to school yet.

Everytime I see a kid under the age of seven, I offer him a quarter if he can tell me what he should do if his clothes catch on fire. I haven't lost a quarter yet. Virtually no kid under the age of seven knows that he should drop and roll. But the statistics show that most victims of burning clothing are children under the age of seven.

They are the ones who need to know. Why don't we tell them?



A car on fire. When will the gas tank explode?

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Don't love a fireman



Fire at Audet Plastics, December 22, 1960. Burning plastic produces poisonous fumes. Photo, Doug Gerrish

Hotel fire in Sherbrooke. Way up at the top of the ladder, there's a fireman in a cloud of smoke.

by Catherine Ford

Never fall in love with a fireman. There are too many disadvantages.

You're listening to the radio and you hear that there's a big fire, and you know he's out there riding on the back of that fire truck, riding to God knows what kind of fire. Insurance statistics show that firemen have the most dangerous job of all, even worse than that of policemen. Unlike policemen, they rarely get shot at, but they do fall through floors, out of windows and breath too much bad air.

In 20 years, he's managed to ruin his golf swing completely. Mostly by injuring both shoulders by falling down a set of concrete stairs wearing 40 pounds of air equipment. His subsequent trip in a burning house from the main floor to the basement the short way - straight down - merely made it worse.

Firemen will arrive home smelling of smoke. You can put them through the bathtub as often as you want - you'll still smell the smoke. And they arrive home burned in strange places. Like hair and eyebrows. Now what was he doing with his eyebrows in a fire?

They will arrive home with enough scare stories to give you a heart attack. And they won't understand why you turn white after a particularly horrendous tale.

If you fall in love with a fireman, be prepared for bouts of depression. Be prepared to pour him a scotch at three a.m. after a night fire when the crew hasn't been able to save a child. When he's found the tiny body only a few feet from the door - a few feet from safety - overcome by smoke.

Be willing to understand when he confiscates your cigarettes at night. There just isn't any percentage in falling in love with a man who goes around unplugging the toaster, checking the wiring, and removing two or three plugs from the extension cord. He'll never allow you to empty the ashtray at night and you'll have to check every time you leave the house for cigarettes left burning.

You'll have to get up at 2 a.m. to deliver clean clothes to the firehall after he's been soaked to the skin and is in danger of catching double pneumonia. He'll arrive home exhausted in body and spirit.

When people talk about the fantastic salary he makes working just a few days a month, you will understand why he gets mad. He'll be a member of a union, if there is one, that legislates against itself so it can't call a strike and which accepts automatic compulsory arbitration, having followed the anti-inflation guidelines long before they existed. And the Fire Department, which won't go on strike, will end up being the last one to get a raise.

If you love a fireman, you will have to somehow understand when he questions the age 65 retirement, and asks what 65 year old man should be anywhere near a fire truck, let alone clambering up and down ladders and carrying heavy equipment.

Falling in love with a fireman is falling in love with a square. He will probably not have long hair or sideburns. If you ask, he will tell you that hair burns.

He'll be stable and secure, he'll care about his family and his community. What excitement is there in that?

There's only one advantage to loving a fireman. He's your man.



The Townships Sun

Second Section

Peregrine Falcon



Catch a glimpse of the falcon (while the supply lasts)

Look to the sky and catch a last loving glimpse of the falcon. Its speed, grace, and beauty have held man in thrall for thousands of years. At high altitude the falcon cruises, scanning the earth below, with eyesight of unimaginable accuracy and focus. Spotting its prey, the falcon dives at speeds of 200 miles per hour, a hurtling wedge of streamlined feathers, feet lying back against the tail, wings half closed. At such speeds it delivers a killing blow to its prey with a half-closed foot, then swoops skyward with its victim clutched in powerful talons.

Fearsome and fearless, this noble bird has been master of the skies all over the world since the dawn of history. Three thousand years ago, the nomads of Asia tamed the falcon and used it as a hunter. In Europe, the falcon was the bird of aristocracy, hooded and trained to kill by the elite, as a sport. Soaring high in the sky, the falcon has captured the imagination of many a young boy or girl, lying in the grass, watching the clouds.

Look to the sky for your last loving glimpse of this creature of beauty. Once it hovered over every part of the earth, but in the last twenty years, the falcon has been disappearing. In another twenty years the falcon will be gone. Look to the sky now, so you can tell your grandchildren that once you saw a bird, a graceful and rapacious blur of feathers, dropping out of the sun at 200 miles per hour. They may not believe you, but at least if you have seen it yourself, you will have a memory to cherish. After millions of years of flight, after thousands of years of watching men watching falcons in wonder, this may be the last generation to see these birds alive.

Pesticides and chemical pollution are wiping the noble falcon off the face of the earth.

Life History

The peregrine falcon prefers to build its nests on precipitious cliffs. They are very concerned about protecting their territory during nesting. Even in areas where falcon nests are very numerous, they are usually a mile, or much farther apart. Each falcon protects his mile of territory and thus his food supplies, against intrusion by other falcons. The falcon also protects its nest against raid by eagles and ravens.

The falcon chooses a spot on a ledge of a cliff, inaccessible to man and beast. The falcon does not build a nest with building material as other birds do. It simply scrapes a shallow hollow in the loose soil, sand, gravel or dead vegetation on the cliff ledge, usually under and overhang. Sites with a southern exposure to the sun are usually chosen - so if you are falling off a cliff and see a falcon's nest on the way down, it is reasonably safe to assume that you have fallen off the south side of the mountain. It is comforting to know such things in times of crisis.

Within its several square miles of territory, a falcon will make two or three different nesting places. If it is disturbed in one nest by photographers from National Geographic, it will move to another, less picturesque, location. A single pair of falcons have been known to use from one to seven nesting sites, always the same ones, over a period of 16 years. When the birds die, some of their offspring will return to use the same 'family home'.

This is an extraordinary thing about falcons - the way they always choose the same ledges to live on. There is one cliff ledge on the island of Lundy, off the coast of Wales, on which sucessive pairs of falcons have been observed on the same nesting site since 1243.

A most intriguing departure from the falcon's habit of nesting on cliffs is the peregrine's penchant for nesting on the ledges of skyscrapers. Falcons like to eat pigeons, and our cities are full of pigeons, so the falcons have moved into the city where the hunting is good. Falcons have taken up housekeeping on the window ledges of City Hall in Philidelphia, the Post Office in Washington DC, and the City Hall in Frankfurt, Germany. Window washers on skyscrapers have to watch out, because if the falcon's nest is disturbed, it will attack the window washer, slash him to the bone with talons and beak, and try to knock him off the building. Several window washers have refused to work on skyscrapers inhabited by these feathered furies. Workmen's compensation does not include 'Attacked by Falcon' on its list of imaginable work accidents.

The most famous skyscraper-dwelling peregrine was undoubtedly the 'Sun Life Falcon'. In 1937, when the Sun Life building in Montreal was still the highest building in Canada, a female yearling peregrine made a nest on a window ledge on the 20th floor of the Sun Life headquarters. She was an



agressive bird who disliked any invasion of her family life, but she had her babies, right there in full view of the office workers inside. She remained there for 16 years, had three successive mates, and reared 21 young. Her readily observable nest resulted in a host of admirers, considerable newspaper coverage, and a breeding record which, for a single falcon, remains unmatched in the annals of bird study. She and her mate and her young would swoop down from the Sun Life building, through the canyoned streets of Montreal, and eat many pigeons, much to the chagrin of the little old ladies who were feeding the pigeons popcorn.

The adult male falcons are 15 to 18 inches long and weigh one and a quarter pounds. The female is 18 to 21 inches long and weighs two pounds. During spring courtship rituals the male chases the larger female. It is said by those who should know, that the two mates sometimes couple in mid-air, with much spectacular aerobatics. Soon after, three or four mottled brick red or mahogany eggs are laid, one every second day. If the eggs are destroyed by other predators, the falcons will move to an alternate nest and lay three or four more eggs, as if nothing had happened.

The male and the female share babysitting duties more or less equally. They sit on the eggs for 32 days. Although 3 to 4 eggs are laid, an average of 2.5 hatch, and an average of only 1.5 of the babies gain flight.

Falcons become excited and aggressive if humans approach the nest. They will dive at intruders and flap over their heads with a frightening, high-pitched scream, The attack scream of the male is wheezy and high-pitched, that of the female grating and coarser. The two together would scare the fleas off a dog. It is unlikely you will have the time to notice the difference, because when the falcon attacks you, you are in real danger of getting clawed and pecked. It is advisable not to insist upon further investigation of the nest.

The newly hatched baby falcons are awkward bundles of creamy white down with disproportionately large feet. At about three weeks, the first baby feathers begin to appear, and feathering is complete after six weeks. Thirty-five to forty-five days are spent in the nest. The young males usually take flight a few days ahead of the females.

The parents take turns hunting for the young. They go out and catch a tasty sparrow, pluck all the feathers off it on a nearby, handy plucking perch. A pile of bird feathers may be found beneath this perch. The parents then take the food to the babies in the nest.

When the babies begin to fly, it is a proud day for the parents. The young one is allowed several days flying practice to get the feel of it, then the parents begin instructing it on the fine art of aerial aerobatics and catching food on the wing. The parents and the baby will fly together, and a parent will catch some food. The young falcon will then make passes in the air and try to grab the food away from the talons of the parent. Sometimes the parent will drop the food from a high altitude and the young falcon will try to catch it in mid-air at a lower altitude. Power diving and pulling out of a dive are soon learned, and the baby makes hundreds of practice attack dives to sharpen its accuracy. After several weeks of intensive instruction from the parents, the young falcon is given its wings, so to speak, and takes off on solo attack missions to catch its own food. A proud mama and papa are then freed to lead their own lives until the next batch of babies arrives the following year.

The young falcon's plumage is worn for a year, and then is replaced by adult feathers. The young reach materity in two years. The adults moult and replace their feathers one by one, during the summer. Falcons can live as long as 20

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years, but the average life span is probably much shorter.

The falcon's reputation is that of the hunter. It is a highly specialized bird, with a small head, firm compact plumage, and long pointed wings - adaptions which allow them to fly at great speeds. In flight they have quick, powerful wing strokes. The strong, hooked bill and powerful taloned feet are effective weapons. Tamed falcons, however, are said to display a very gentle disposition to people they like.

The falcon prefers to eat birds, and prefers to catch them in flight. It specializes in direct pursuit in the open, and thus hunts over open fields, marshes, shores, and river valleys. Its level speed of flight exceeds that of most birds, and its manoeuvrability in the air is breath-taking. But it is the 200 m.p.h. dives that astound the aerodynamics experts; how can a two pound bird with fragile bones fly at those speeds, control its flight, and pull up out of the dive, without ending up buried ten feet in the ground? Little is known. One thing that is known is that the falcon has a system of baffles in its nostrils that allow it to breath at these high speeds.

Despite its reputation as a killer, the falcon misses more times than it hits, and has to make a number of attack runs before succeeding in catching something. If the intended victim can see the danger coming soon enough, he can twist around in the air and the high-speed falcon will zoom right past him. It has been said that for this reason falcons prefer to dive out of the sun, with the sun behind them, so that the bird they are attacking won't be able to see them coming. I know of no proof of this.

Most of the hunting is done around dawn or dusk. The extremely acute eyesight of the falcon seems to be just as good in dim light as in bright light.

There are 22 species of falcons around the world, five in Canada. The one we are talking about is the Falco Peregrinus, the peregrine falcon. The Latin adjective peregrinus means wanderer, coming from foreign parts. Their migrations are legendary - falcons which have been foot-banded in the Northwest Territories turn up in Argentina a few months later.

There are many recorded instances of falcons boarding ships at sea. In one instance, a peregrine boarded a Dutch factory ship 800 miles off the coast of Africa, and remained on board until the ship was 600 miles away from South America.

Towards Extinction

Falcon populations have long been noted for their stability. In Great Britian, for instance, where a host of birdwatchers and aristocratic falconers have studied them for centuries, the breeding population of some 600 pairs of falcons changed little from Shakespeare's time until the 1940's. Since 1945, however, the population of falcons has been declining rapidly. In large parts of Europe and America, the falcons have all but disappeared. In the Eastern United States, where at least 300 nests were once known, the peregrine is now extinct.

The problem with the falcon is that it is very high on the food chain. Insects are hit with insecticides, small birds eat the insects, and the falcons eat the small birds. The accumulation of pesticides increases with each step up. Pesticide levels in the blood of falcons is hundreds of times higher than the pesticide levels in their environment. Falcons in Alaska and the Northwest Territories have been found to contain alarming levels of DDT and other pesticides and chemicals. The disappearance of the falcons corresponds closely with the timing and geographical use of pesticides since World War two.

The pesticides interfere with the falcon's reproductive abilities, and make the shells of its eggs much thinner than usual. These shells are not thick enough to protect the embryo, and so falcons are stillborn.

Cynics have suggested that, since the Quebec government spent $80,000 in an unsuccessful attempt to get rid of the pigeons that dirty the statues of National Heroes in front of the National Assembly in Quebec City, and since falcons are pigeon-hunters, a National Falcon should be presented to Environment Minister Victor Goldbloom. The falcon could nest on the outside window ledge of Goldbloom's office in the government building, and the falcon would keep a watchful eye on the statues to make sure the pigeons don't dirty on them. Presumably Goldbloom's office window would have to be kept closed, to protect him from any possible attack screams, should the falcon realize that its own species is becoming extinct because of the inaction of Goldbloom's Environment Department.

Flight Silhouette of a Peregrine Falcon



But one does not elect an Environment Minister for the purpose of blaming all environmental problems on him. Mr. Goldbloom does not by himself spray all the insecticides, pollute with all the chemicals, and use all the underarm deodorant. He is but one, if a somewhat slippery, pebble on the beach. The rest of us, the whole society, are busily polluting, consuming, destroying. It is no simple problem, but for the falcons, it's quite simple: they are not going to exist any more.

Say goodbye to the falcon, its young stillborn, its eggshells thin and cracked, its instincts rotted away by chemicals. The falcon has no fear, is fierce against its enemies, and other birds flee in terror before the shadow of the falcon against the sun.

But against pesticides, against chemical pollution, against progress, against man, the falcon doesn't have a chance, doesn't have a chance at all. Only a drastic change in industrial society, only a rapid reduction in pollution levels, can save the falcon now.

Insecticides and chemicals are wiping out hundreds of species of wildlife, but the problem did not start there. Even before industrial progress, man was laying waste to the good earth and destroying God's beautiful creatures. Witness the dodo bird, blugeoned to extinction by men using only sticks as weapons.

We have not learned to accept, love and protect the tattered remnants of the Garden of Eden. Has man learned anything at all since the Creation?

DENNIS GLEZOS

Chartered Accountant Comptable Agrée

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COUNTRY & ECOLOGY



photos by Roseann Hutchinson

Bees and Beekeeping in the Townships

The insect world is not a familiar one to most of us and the idea of working intimately with insects is not especially attractive. Usually we are trying desperately to rid ourselves of insects, swatting flies, setting ant traps, knocking down the bees' nest under the attic eave. That some people are actively keeping and working bees, may surprise us: we all know that honey is from bees and milk from cows, but the process of honey's gathering is certainly more foreign to us than the milking of cows.

But perhaps you have seen white tiered boxes by a house or in a field and wondered what they were. Here and there you will see these bee hives. These are the hives beekeepers tend. They are the bees' permanent homes where they live and produce honey. The world contained within each hive, although different, is not so very strange when seen closely: we can appreciate their tasks and the activities which comprise their lifecycle and social structure.



Bees do sting but this man caged the queen, tied her to his chin expecting to get a set of bee whiskers but got a bee suit instead. The bees were removed by smoking and brushing.



Jay Smith had a dressy bee-beard known the world over.

The Bee

Bees sting. This is the most publicized characteristic of bees and makes most folks shy away from closer friendships with them. In the news nowadays we hear about the migration of 'Killer Bees' from South America. Well, you can begin to sleep more soundly if their arrival in our parts has been bothering you. They can't take the cold weather of our Townships. Their danger has been exaggerated anyway - these bees aren't killers, they are good honey producers. Their sting is just more serious than the other South American bees and that is why everyone got so excited down South. These bees do attack in a swarm when they get riled, rather than one at a time. But we won't get excited about that here, because they really are worlds away from the benevolent honey bee of our area.

Not even all honey bees sting: only the industrious worker bees who gather pollen and nectar are equipped with stingers used on human folk. They will not usually attack unless they feel their carefully-gathered food supplies are in danger. 'But it came right towards me and stung me!', you will say.

Yes, this does happen too, but it is only the bees survival instinct at work. They want to protect their food and young. We can all sympathize with that. And the bees die after they sting - it doesn't seem right to harbour a grudge against them when they die in the line of duty, does it?

There are two other sorts of bees in the hive which will never sting you. In fact, the hive is composed of these three kinds of bees, some 60,000 bees in different stages of development. They are, namely, the worker bees, drones and the omnipotent Queen bee.



Can you spot the Queen Bee?
The Queen Bee is easily distinguished bv her size. The Beekeeper may mark her for quick identification.





Worker

Next to the Queen the most important bee in this structure is the worker bee, and not just because of his stinging ability. Besides being the guards of the hive, the little worker bees flap their wings around its entrance to provide ventilation. Little, because there are 50,000 of these workers in a pound and a hive needs many pounds of these hard-working bees to attend to its chores. The workers are the busy housekeepers of the hive: they clean the hive, feed the young larvae. Among other duties they collect the pollen and nectar, then build the comb of beeswax to make food for the young. They are the honey-makers. The nectar they deposit in the comb when evaporated at the 97 degree temperature of the hive becomes their honey. And ours. They are busy making this honey because they must make great quantities of it.

During their lifetime, shortened to a mere 40-46 days during summer, they will make only .03 ounce of honey, about half a teaspoonful. The workers have to to make one pound of honey, a distance equal to about three times around the earth. So that is why they are busy.

Like our factory and service workers or homemakers, they labour so that others will have what they need. And similarly to our society, not all work as hard as they do.



Drone

Bigger and much lazier than the workers are the drones, or male bees. Their only real purpose in life is to fertilize the Queen after which they die. The drones gather around her and eat honey. Being truly big eaters they are quite a bother to both bees and beekeepers alike.



Queen

Bigger even than the drones, but vastly more productive is the Queen bee (she also has a stinger but will only use it on other bees, usually another Queen). She is the mother and leader of the entire colony: all activity in the hive revolves around her. For two to five years she will assure the hive's future by laying 1,000-2,000 eggs a day. It is the Queen who decides the destiny of each egg she lays, by feeling around in the honey comb cells where eggs are laid, determining its size and laying the proper-sized egg.

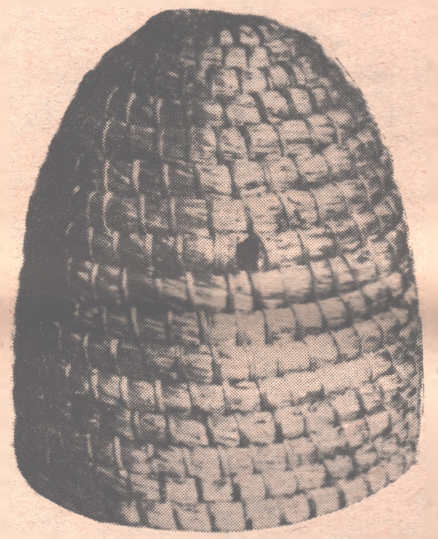
The early life of these larvae is quite similar (see diagram). Bees remain in this larvae stage from 16-21 days when they emerge as a mature bee. The worker's life is well-ordered right from the beginning. The first days of life they spend cleaning the hive and caring for the other larvae. Then they have a period of wax secretion and the little chips of wax they produce are made into the comb. Days 19-43 are spent gathering pollen and nectar from flowers. And then on some following day there is an excursion from which the bee fails to return. A bee resting on a wall or hidden underneath a flower is probably out on its last trip and will not return again to the hive.



The development of the honey bee in the egg, larva, and pupa stages.



Honey in History



Old-fashioned hive or Skep

In ancient times honey was considered so valuable that it was used in place of gold to pay taxes.

Roman hosts greeted their guests with fresh honey saying, 'Here is honey which the gods provide for your health.'

Mead, the drink of strong and brawny Europeans in early recorded history, was a blend of honey and diluted fruit juices which was fermented.

Aristotle, the Greek Philospher, called honey the 'dew distilled from the stars and the rainbow.'

In the days of Mother Goose, 'The Queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey.'

In ancient Egypt honey was offered to the gods, buried in tombs with the dead as food for the hereafter and given to newborn babies to ward off evil spirits. Unearthed some 33 centuries later, burial tombs have contained jars of still edible honey.

Greek athletes ate honey before entering the arena.

A prehistoric painting found in Spain and recorded as 15,000 years old depicts a woman gathering honey from a hole in a cliff.

The hive in action

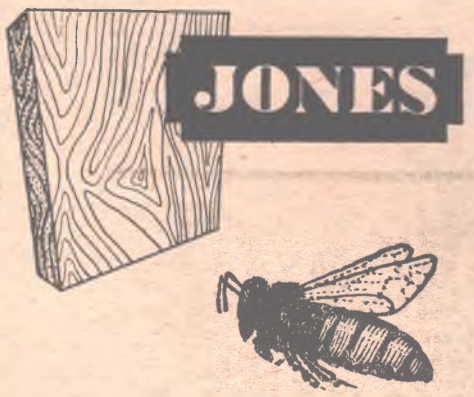
A good example of the complex interaction which goes on constantly within the hive is illustrated by the 'swarming' action which takes place occasionally. A swarm of bees comes out of the hive and flies off in search of a new home.

Bees swarm for many reasons, usually because the hives have become overpopulated. The temperature within the hive then rises; the nectar and larvae cannot be kept at the proper temperature. Swarming is a means of reestablishing the proper conditions. It is also a natural means of division and increase of the hives.

A swarm of bees resembles a quivering black mass in the air or a heavy covering on a tree branch. The bees follow where the Queen goes. She may be a new Queen made for the departing swarm, or the old one who has gone on a quick reducing diet to allow her to fly gracefully. The bees follow her and will usually land on a nearby tree close to the ground, unless the Queen is a virgin and not laden with eggs, in which case she may lead her swarm high up into the tree, a bother to beekeepers.

Once the bees have settled they will send out worker scouts to find a new home. These scouts report back and perform a figure-eight dance on the backs of other bees to tell them about what they found and where. The bees may listen to the dances of many scouts before they decide to follow one's instructions. Then all the bees pick up the figure-eight dance and repeat it. After dancing together, the swarm heads off to its new home. The hive operating under instinct with great skill sets up there to produce its supply of honey and young again. An amazing process.

Beekeepers, whose livelihood depends on the bees' good production of honey, spend much time trying to avert this natural swarming. If the bees swarm too late in summer they will not have the time to put away enough honey for winter meals. 'A swarm of bees in May is worth a load of hay, a swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon, but a swarm of bees in July isn't worth a fly.' goes the old saying. The beekeeper's role in the bees' lives is one of guaranteeing healthy existence for the hive, sufficient food for the year and a good working environment in the hive during the honey production period.



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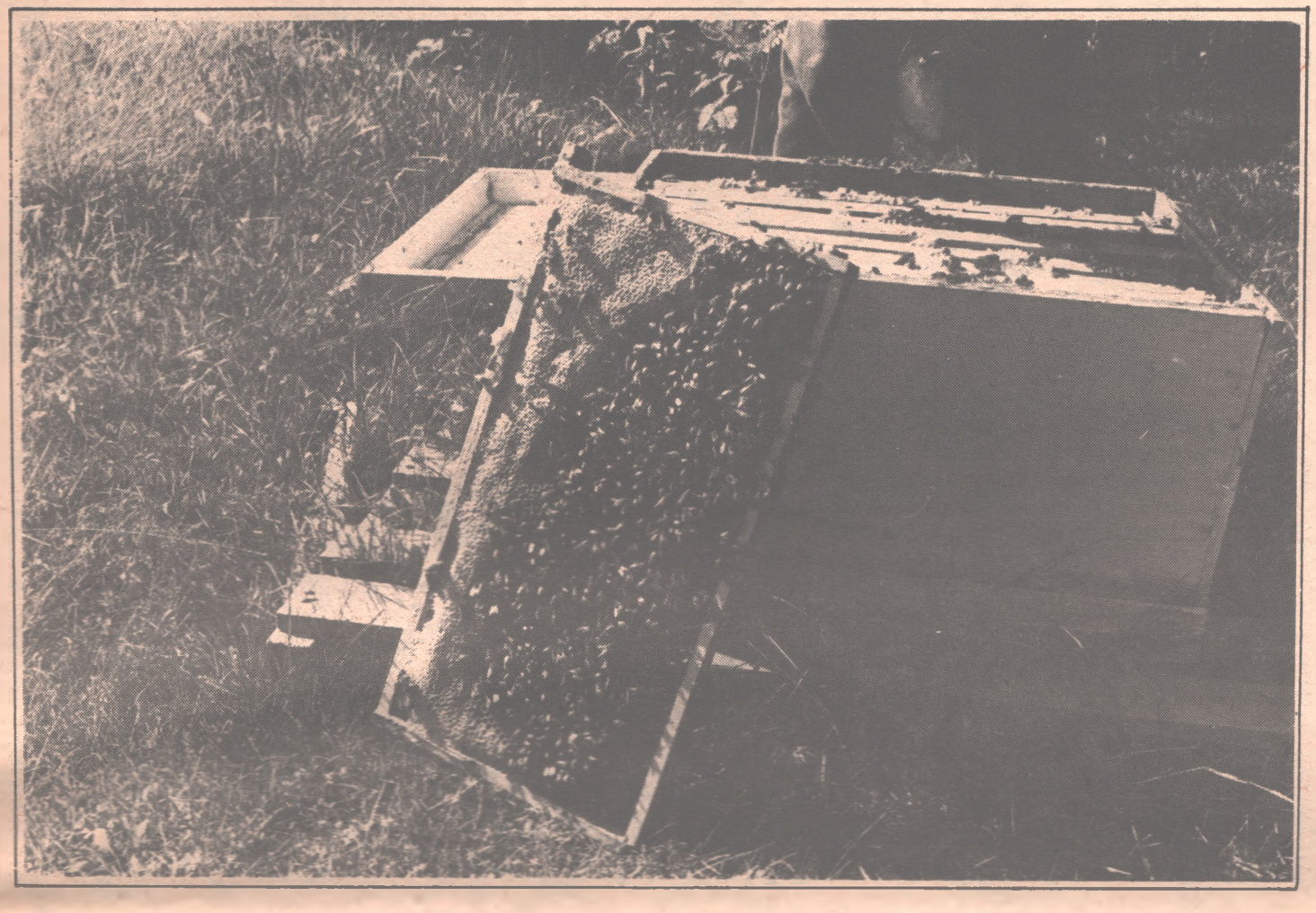


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Beekeeping

Equipment



Frame of Bees near Brood Nest

The hive

The bees live in the bottom part of the hive box called the **brood chamber**. Above it are several other boxes called **supers**. In a super are **frames** which hold comb forms on which the bees will build up their cells for nectar storage.

The bees will build combs regardless of the frames' presence, but the straight frames insure that the combs will be uniform and easy to get out of the hive. The straw **skep** which we associate with beekeeping is more an insignia and not practical because the combs are difficult to extract or examine for disease. The hive box, on the other hand, is a clean efficient home for the bees.

The bees like this kind of order. They dislike distractions. Their structured world is well-suited to the environment the beekeeper supplies for them.

Intrusions and interference are not welcomed by the hive. A curious snake or mouse which makes its way into the hive is liable to be entombed in **propolis**. This is a sticky substance secreted by the workers. Then the marauding animal, like the bear often pictured, will have to withstand the bee's stings.

The beekeeper is on the same level as the bear, at least to the bees. He is after their store of honey. He will have to come to terms with his bees and learn their ways.

Certain equipment helps the beekeeper with his craft, and certain of the bees' instincts also help. To protect himself against the stings which are less of a help, the beekeeper is recommended to wear white, light clothes. The bees like white. A veil attached to a hat that protects the face and neck is advisable. Gloves are also useful, although handling bees with the gloves is similiar to wearing mittens. Bees are more easily squashed and angered.

A smoker is the most useful tool of the beekeeper and perhaps without it and an instinctual response from the bees, beekeeping would not be possible. Before opening the hive to examine the frames or extract them, the beekeeper puffs in some smoke. The bees' reaction is to enter the hive and dive down into the honey. For all they know it might be a forest fire and would try to take as much of their honey supply with them in their flight from the flames. For the beekeeper their actions help him to look at the hive in relative peace.

Other equipment is necessary for the beekeeper. When you ask what kind of person becomes a beekeeper, he is thus someone who has the possibility of making a small or large investment in equipment. A hive with a package of bees runs about $125.00. Extraction equipment (recommended for 10 or more hives) is around $125.00 and miscellaneous about $200 if one kept a couple of hives. If you have put out about $300-$400 for two hives, the first year you might only get back 150 pounds of honey, that's about $150.00. So it might take a year or two to earn back the investment.

So the beekeeper is firstly someone with money to invest in equipment, at least $300 for two hives, not counting extraction equipment which could be borrowed. But more importantly the beekeeper is someone with time and the desire to spend this time working with bees. What kind of person would this be?



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The Beekeeper

The Beekeeper is a person with some physical and mental resistance to bee stings. But he is above all a person who is meticulous, with an accurate sense of observation. A beekeeper, as different from a bee-haver, can develop a rapport with his bees and through them, with all of nature. He begins to understand and appreciate the wonder of the hive and honey: economic lures cannot provide the beekeeper with his only satisfaction.

We talked with several beekeepers, new and experienced, young and old, to learn about their experiences with the craft. They were all in the midst of extracting honey when we paid our calls, for now is the time of year when the frames full of honey are taken from the supers. Some combs from shallow supers will be cut and sold as comb honey. Other combs will be **uncapped**, that is the top taken off the cells, and then placed in an extractor. An extractor looks like a barrel and inside the frames revolve around and the uncapped honey is pulled out by centrifugal force. The honey is then strained into reservoirs, the wax and impurities removed, and put into containers. For most small commercial beekeepers that ends the processing, but many larger companies like Kraft, pasturize the honey, removing many of its valuable trace elements and destroying its flavour. The honey will crystallize if not pasturized but the beekeepers we met felt that the improved flavour, more than storage capability is the most important consideration.

We first visited Norman Benoit in his honey house near Magog. Norman has been keeping bees for seven years on the farm that has been in his family for four generations.

Before Norman began to keep bees, he was the manager of the Bank of Montreal in Sawyerville. Now he manages the hives, pretty much full-time, with the exception of farm chores and haying. He finds there is great satisfaction in working with the bees and understanding them. 'The question I am most frequently asked,' Norman relates, 'Is it true that bees recognize their master?' to which I reply, 'No, it is their master who learns to know them.' A beekeeper, to avoid needless stings, learns to work his bees at their speed and when they want to be worked. In this situation, a novice beekeeper accepts to do things when nature lets him, and at her own speed. Man's tempo is then geared to that of nature's and the rapport begins. Next, the beekeeper learns what his bees are looking for - namely, flowers for nectar and pollen. At this point he starts looking around and a new awareness of nature begins to develop. Now he sees and smells flowers which he previously did not know existed. Next comes a consciousness of their relationship to the fields, the trees, the birds, and the valleys. Eventually the beekeeper wants to know which flowers grow where and why. He learns about soil types, moisture conditions, species of plants, and so on. He becomes knowledgable ab out those things in nature over which he can exercise control, as well as those he cannot change.'

As a beekeeper Norman has also been particularly interested in improving the reputation of honey, starting first, of course, with his own product which is unpasturized. He believes that 'if people had an easier access to taste good tasting honey they would eat it more.' The per capita consumption of honey is presently about one and a half pounds per year, against 12 of catsup and 108 of sugar. The folks who come to buy honey from him, Benoit estimates, eat about 30 pounds a year.

Many people are probably turned off by honey because they think it tastes all the same, that is, sweet. That is true because most of the honey available in the stores has little flavour remaining after processing. There are, Norman tells, about as many different kinds of honey as there are sources of honey and locations. He offered us asparagus honey, strawberry honey, buckwheat honey and clover honey. Each honey is different in colour and has a different tang. The asparagus is rather dry and light, the buckwheat strong and dark. These are the subtle flavours lost during processing, but which make the buyer of unpasterized honey become a honey-lover.

Honey can be used in many ways and not only as a spread on bread. For instance, baked goods made with honey absorb moisture from the air and so they taste better longer. We also sampled some left-over icing from one of Norman's children's birthday cake and it was delicious. To encourage the use of honey in baking, this year at the Ayer's Cliff Fair there was a category of prizes for those baking with honey.

Benoit has also been trying to encourage more people to take an interest in beekeeping. He is offering a course through the E.T. Regional School Board and hopes this will stimulate interest. He also taught a beekeeping section in an Agricultural Course last year. When Norman started keeping bees there was no such access to information, nor any association except those primarily for hobby beekeepers. There is a real need for beekeeping to become a more popular enterprise.

Honey is popular in Quebec. In fact, the province consumes some 12 million pounds annually. However, 9 million pounds are imported and only 3 million are locally produced. Much honey comes into Quebec from the Peace River region of Alberta.

Bees could be of great use too, he stresses, to our area where apple orchards and strawberries are big business. Bees are excellent pollinators and every spring Norman travels around with his bees from the orchards to the strawberry fields. Pollen, to refresh our memories, is the powder-like substance that is produced on the stamen or male part of the flower. The bees store this pollen in pockets on their back legs and it is common to see bees going into the hive with large balls of pollen on their legs. But only a small portion collects on the legs, the greater part remaining on the bee's body and this is dusted on the female parts of the other flowers as the bees go from flower to flower, thus cross-pollinating. The blossoms that are pollinated in this way by bees produce even fruit because the bees turn around in the flower and evenly pollinate.



Norman Benoit smokes beehive before opening it



Norman prepares to lift a frame out

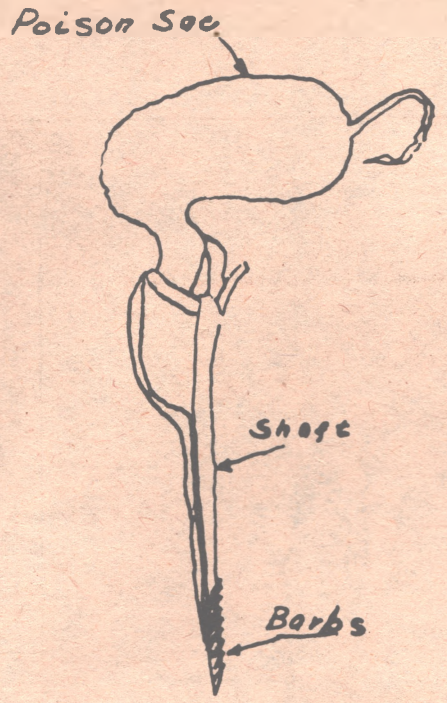
In fact, if we did not have bees to cross-pollinate, we might be forced to subsist on nuts and cereals. Wind contrary to common belief is not a good pollinator. Bees are responsible for 80% of all pollination that occurs in nature.

The only problem with the use of bees in commercial pollenation is the presence of insecticides to which, naturally, the bees are highly sensitive. It has happened that a beekeeper lost 50 hives through insecticides. The 15 dollars cultivators pay for the use of each hive covers some loss and transportation, and of course the beekeepers get to keep the fine honey.

The season for Benoit and other beekeepers begins early in the spring, when the bees are roused from their winter inactivity. The beekeeper then checks the hives for health and vitality. To help the hives increase in good numbers, Benoit feeds his bees sugar and sulfa. The sugar is to provide the bees with some extra food energy, the sulfa to prevent a disease called 'American Foul Brood' which can spread from hive to hive and destroy them. 'Natural Food Faddists are shocked when they learn that the bees have been given sulfa and sugar,' he says. But Norman points out that it is the second generation of bees who has never seen medication or sugar which gathers the honey for human consumption.

In early spring starting with the dandelions the bees gather the nectar and pollen. Clover in late June and then goldenrod in late summer, as well as wildflowers and other sources, provide the bees with food in this region. Norman's work, other than checking the hives regularly, does not begin until extraction time. When the extraction is over he again feeds the bees sugar to replace the honey he has taken. Then the hives are prepared for the winter.

Large-scale beekeepers put their hives in special caves, but nowadays many hives are being left outside, not even insulated. The bees form a cluster in the hive and keep warm in this way. As they cluster they move from frame to frame and so eat through the winter. Bees that do not survive the winter were not left enough honey to carry them over. In the spring this cycle of activity begins again, with an occasional wasp nest to bring down or swarm to be redirected.





Even experienced Beekeepers get stung-
A friendly bee lands on Norman Benoit to say hello



The Dezainde brothers of Magog have been busy with their beekeeping for over 50 years. When they were young they would gather honey from wild bees- now their carefully cultivated bees produce honey which takes the first prize at the Ayer's Cliff Fair. The brothers have 70 hives and produce about 5,000-10,000 pounds of honey depending on the year. This year will not be a very good year for them, they say, although all their honey has already been spoken for. Orders with them are placed one year ahead.

The Dezaindes do their extracting in the basement of their home. It's crowded but cool there, here an extractor, there a reservoir. They also build their own hive boxes there in the basement. They attribute their success to this custom-made material and the care they take to cleaning their equipment. Some beekeepers, they believe, expect to get high-quality honey without cleaning, but they'll be disappointed according to the Dezaindes.

The Dezaindes love beekeeping. Their eyes sparkle as they talk about some swarms they dealt with a while back or the 20 boxes of bees to arrive later in the day. But do the bees love them? 'Many people think that the bees love you like their mother, but no way, sister, brother, what have you, they'll sting.' Expert beekeepers like the Dezaindes do learn to remove stingers in a way that releases little of the poison into the skin. The stinger is scraped off with the thumb nail quickly so most of the poison drops to the ground with the sac (see diagram).

We wanted to find out what it's like to be a novice beekeeper perhaps not so familar with the tricks of the trade. Lin Jensen of East Hatley has six hives. He began three years ago with two and then expanded. At first six were too many for him to handle, but now he feels comfortable with them. Through trial and error Lin has learned a lot about bees which is the only way. As Norman Benoit says, 'Bees haven't read any beekeeping manuals and they'll break every rule in the book.'

Right off, where to place the hives was a problem for Lin whose land lies on a windswept hill. To provide the protection needed by the hives he thought it would be best to put them a ways from their house near a windbreak of apple trees. It turned out that crossing two electric fences whenever he wanted to visit the bees wasn't convenient, and so come winter the bees were moved next to the house where they were insulated by hay bales and the house wall. But then in the spring that turned out to be a mistake because when the bees woke up they buzzed around the house. That was a problem because the bees can only be moved a few feet a day, otherwise they get lost. Now the bees are some feet from the house.

And then there was the time Lin dropped a super full of bees. A super weighs about 70 pounds and if you don't have exactly the right way of lifting it, then it's a superhuman effort. And if you should drop a super, then be prepared for the onslaught of bees. It took quite some time for Lin to get them all out of his clothes as they had crept into all the layers. After that it took him a while to face the bees again.

Other setbacks were the late receiving of bees so that the hives could not make enough summer honey to tide them through the winter. They died and that was depressing. 'But don't give the impression that we don't want to go on,' Lin adds, 'because we do!'

Oliver Drerup of Scotstown is another whose interest in bees goes back only a couple of years. He has ten hives and expects to have around 500 pounds of wildflower honey for sale this year. At first he and a friend each kept one hive apiece to learn as much as they could from each other's experiences. Oliver was at first hesitant to use the sulfa recommended by most beekeepers, but has decided to follow some advice he received- to keep the bees on the medication until he learns to recognize a healthy hive, then stop it. He plans to continue the use of sulfa until he is no longer expanding his operation and the chance of the American Foul Brood Disease being brought in with new bees is minimized.

Since Oliver has been keeping bees one of the most striking features he has noticed is their sense of order. In a world that seems, frankly, upside down and chaotic, there are the bees. They are calm and know where they're going and what they're doing. They force you to cool down. At first Oliver used to say, 'Well, after lunch I'll go up and I'll do this and that with the bees', but now he has realized that this hustle and bustle has no place when dealing with bees. This hives and their set nature constantly fill him with wonder. And then he is amazed at the vision of the master beekeepers who have written the manuals beekeepers read so intently. Their power of observation is astounding. The ghosts of these beekeepers past, as it were, help him to understand the 'bee-ing' of bees.

The Royal Bees

But then there are those who seem to take literally to heart the intriguing power of bees. Amongst many people 'Royal Jelly' is revered for its power to give people bee-like characteristics. Royal Jelly is a substance produced by the workers to be fed to the larvae. It is fed in great amount to the Queen and helps develop her into the productive mother she is.

Now some beekeepers, responding to what Norman Benoit calls 'charlatans' demand for Royal Jelly', use their hives just for the production of this royal jelly. From one hive which might produce 100 or more pounds of honey they get only 2 pounds of royal jelly. This in turn is mixed with up to 500 parts of honey before it reaches the distributor and it is perhaps then cut further before it reaches the consumer. The consumer, convinced of the royal jelly's power, is then receiving only bee-sized quantities of the substance. It is doubtful, however, that in any quantities the royal jelly can work in increasing potency and general body vigor. The royal jelly seems to be fit for only Queens. It happens that sometimes drones laid in a royal cell by mistake will receive a Queen-sized dose of royal jelly, but it doesn't seem to change the drone in any way. Becoming like the Queen is not as easy as that.

Bees have intrigued many- if for the mythical value of royal jelly- or the terrifying vision of killer bees- or perhaps for the storybook appeal of their social structure with its Queen, lazy Kings and devoted workers. A glimpse of these bees here has perhaps shown you that the makers of honey are interesting and not too hard to understand, and nothing to fear. Experience with hives might bring us, like many beekeepers, to a better view of nature and ourselves.

So make a trip to see your local beekeeper. Have him show you the hives. Buy some real honey- or maybe try keeping bees yourself next year.

Information for this article from:
American Bee Journal, June 1975
How to Keep Bees and Sell Honey, Walter T. Kelley
Beekeeping Manual, Henri-J. Plourde, Ministry of Agriculture, Quebec
Helpful and Friendly Beekeepers

Recipe Corner



drawing by Gretchen Hatfield

Cooking with Honey

CHOCOLATE CHIP COOKIES

One-half C. honey
One-half C. butter
1 egg
I and one-quarter C. sifted flour
One-quarter t. salt
One-half C. chocolate chips
1 t. baking powder

Cream honey and butter together; add egg and beat well. Sift together dry ingredients and add to creamed mixture. Blend well. Add vanilla, chocolate chips and mix well. Drop by rounded tsps. onto greased cookie sheet. Bake at 375F for 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 3 doz.

HONEY OATMEAL CHEWS

One-half C. butter
One-half C. honey
One-half C. sugar
1 egg
1 t. vanilla
Two-thirds C. sifted flour
One-half t. baking soda
One-half t. baking powder
One-quarter t. salt
1 C. quick-cooking rolled oats
1 C. flaked coconut

Cream butter, honey and sugar until light and fluffy. Add egg and vanilla; beat well. Sift together flour, soda, baking powder and salt. Add to creamed mixture. Stir in oatmeal, coconut. Spread in a greased 13 and one-half" by 9" baking pan. Bake at 350F for 20 to 25 minutes. When cool, cut into bars about 1 and one-half" by 2". Makes 30 bars.

QUICK COFFEE CAKE

1 and one-half C. sifted flour
2 t. baking powder
One-half t. salt
1 egg
Two-thirds C. milk
One-third C. honey
1 T. melted shortening

Sift together dry ingredients. Beat egg. Add milk, honey and melted shortening. Stir in dry ingredients. Mix lightly (only enough to moisten flour). Spread in lightly greased 8" square pan. Bake in hot oven, 400F, 25 to 30 minutes.

BASIC SWEET DOUGH

1 C. milk
3 T. honey
1 and one-half cakes yeast
1 T. sugar
5 T. softened shortening
1 egg
1 t. salt
3 C. flour

Scald milk if raw, otherwise warm to 80F. Add honey to milk. Let stand 10 min. Add sugar and remaining ingredients to milk with enough flour to make a smooth elastic dough. Knead until smooth. Dough temperature shoudl be 85F. Place dough in a lightly greased pan, cover with plastic and let rise until doubled in bulk (about 2 hours). Divide into convenient sized pieces and allow a 15 min. rest period. Shape into rolls. Let dough double in size and bake in 380F oven approx. 20 min.

HONEY MERINGUE

2 egg whites
dash of salt
1 C. honey

Beat eggs whites with salt until stiff enough to hold up in peaks, but not dry. Pour honey in fine stream over egg whites beating constantly about 10 to 15 minutes or until frosting holds its shape, or beat about 2 and one-half minutes at high speed of electric mixer. This meringue makes a delicious topping for any cake or pudding.

Honey Facts

Since honey is about one-quarter liquid, it is necessary to deduct one-quarter cup of liquid from the recipe when using one cup of honey to replace one cup of sugar.

Honey will caramelize at a high temperature so use a lower oven temperature (about 30 degrees lower) when cooking cakes and other baked goods made with honey, or they may become too brown on top before they are done on the inside.

Honey should be stored in a dry place at room temperature, not in a refrigerator or damp basement.

Many people like to use crystallized honey as a spread on bread or buns. However, it can be easily liquified by placing the jar in a warm water bath (about 150F) until it liquifies.

Use one-quarter teaspoon of baking soda for each cup of honey in baking. This will help neutralize honey's natural acidity.

PUMPKIN PIE

2 C. pumpkin
2 C. milk
1 C. honey
2 eggs
One-half t. salt
1 t. cinammon
One-half t. ginger
One-quarter t. allspice, nutmeg

Mix ingredients in order given. Beat well. Pour into pastry-lined pan. Bake at 350F for one hour.

MINTED CARROTS

12 to 16 baby carrots
boiling salted water
3 T. butter
1-2 T. honey
1 T. chopped fresh mint

Scrape carrots and cut in diagonal one-half inch slices. Cook in boiling salted water until crisp tender. Drain. Combine butter, honey and mint in saucepan or skillet. Add the cooked carrots and simmer, stirring occasionally until glazed, about 8 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

FAMILY BEETS

Slice cooked beets, keep warm. Cover with the following sauce:

1 T. cornstarch
One-half C. vinegar
a few whole cloves
Three-quarters C. honey
1 T. butter

Add cornstarch, vinegar and a new whole cloves (mixed together) to honey. Bring to a slow boil and boil 5 minutes. Add butter. Pour over beets and let stand 20 minutes. Serve hot.

Honey as Medecine

When honey is mixed in equal proportions with lemon juice, it is a very good remedy for simple coughs.

Honey acts as one of nature's best laxatives.

Honey applied on burns stops pain and promotes healing.

For insomnia eat a little honey or drink milk and honey before retiring.

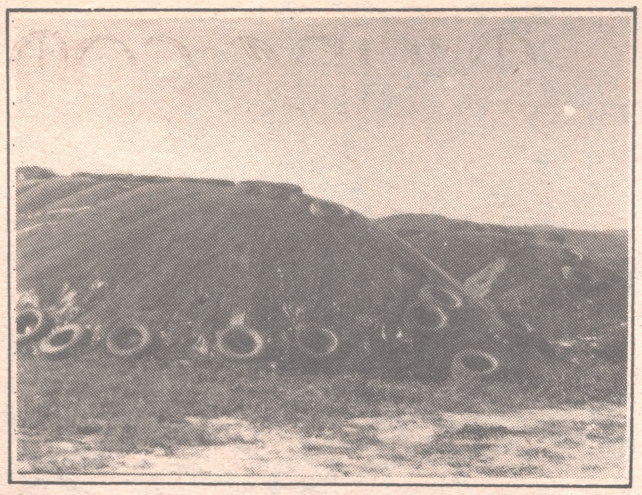
Scalp Conditioner

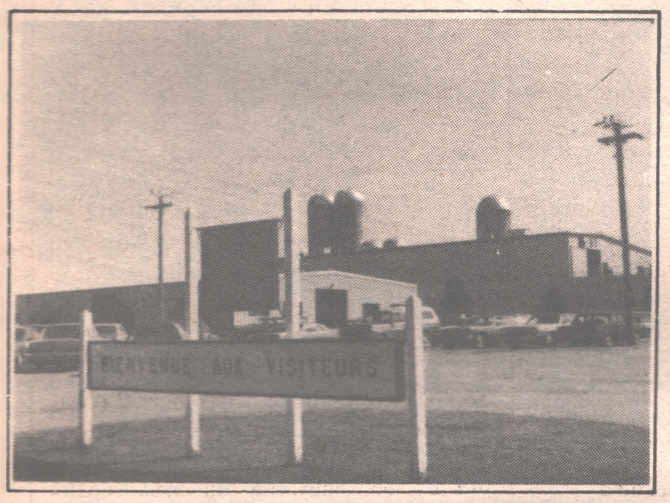
Before shampooing, apply approximately one-quarter cup of honey to the scalp. Massage well with fingertips, using small amounts of water. Leave on about 20 minutes.

Hair Rinse

To condition hair use 1 teaspoon honey in 1 quart of water in the last rinse.









What is the Agricultural Research Station in Lennoxville?

Near the turn of the century and for some time after that, farming was a varied and self-sufficient operation. A farmer with 100 acres grew a selection of crops and kept livestock and poultry. When one thing didn't grow well or thrive, the farmer always had another to fall back on. Crop failures or poor animal production might be passed off with 'Sure was a cold summer!' or 'They just didn't take to it'. No one had time enough to examine why some crops worked well one year and not the next or why some cows were better milkers than others.

Nowadays these questions have become of great importance to the modern specialized farmer. If his cows don't produce enough milk or gain weight for market, his livelihood is in danger. If his alfalfa consistently is frozen and heaved up year after year, then something is wrong and he wants to know why.

The Agricultural Research Station located 1 mile east of Lennoxville is one of a string of 26 federal installations in Canada and conducts experiments to keep Townships farmers in competition with other provinces' producers. The main thrust of the station, says Dr. Camille Bernard, its director, is on systems to improve livestock performance through improved production and handling of feed crops, and increased potential of livestock through cross-breeding.

The Research Station began 62 years ago more as an experimental farm. There farmers could come to see new equipment, shiny new tractors, balers, combines. These machines, common sights now in the country scene, were few and far between then. The Research Station was a popular place for local farmers to visit, to picnic at with their families while learning about modern innovations.

Around the time of the Second World War improved communications took over the role of the experimental farm-radio and TV told about new trends in agriculture. The Research Station began to turn from demonstration to real experimentation. Now there are 75 full-time employees who use the facilities of the 1,100 acre farm, which includes 2 dairy barns, 4 beef barns, 1 sheep barn, 4 piggeries, 7 laboratories, 1 plant and soil pavillion and a library of 1,800 volumes.

The Research Station is a big operation. Its buildings are visible to all passerbys who may read the outdoor landscaped clock outside to check the time. However, the activities within, although publicized regularly, remain a mystery to most of the public. What does the Station do?

Research is currently going on there in the field of Animal Science, including breeding and genetics, physiology, nutrition and management, as well as Crop Production, that is, annual crops, legumes, grasses, soil fertility and management. The Station's policy, according to Dr. Bernard, is to give special attention to high-priority questions and abandon dead-end lines of investigation.

Townships application of experiments is sought. 'We're not going to research on problems in Southern Manitoba,' says Dr. Bernard, 'although the results may have some bearing on them.'

For instance, underway now at the Research Station is a national project aimed at improving the production qualities of Holstein and Ayreshire cattle and their cross. This project began simultaneously at 4 other stations in 1971 and will go on for yet another 10 or 15 years. The results should provide some needed basic information of many traits of economic importance. How will a herd of Holstein cows and a mixed herd of Holstein x Ayreshire perform in Lennoxville? In this milk production experiment, a herd of 80 Holstein and 40 Holstein x Ayreshire will be selected for milk protein yield.

Experiments are also being done with beef cattle, pigs and sheep. For example they are trying to establish sheep with year-round breeding. Hopefully, the result of this experiment will be a line of sheep which, under natural conditions, will breed and conceive regardless of season.

Crop production experimentation is also going on. An important area of research is in the physical factos responsible for frost heaving of legumes. This is particularly relevant for the winter survival of alfalfa.

Then there is experimentation on the physical properties of soil in the Townships, effects of various chemical fertilizers on the soils and crops. Dr. Bernard relates the complicated procedure of experiments: there may be 3 different strains of corn, seeded 3 different ways and fertilized with 4 different strengths of fertilizer. In this way healthiest crops can be selected and the Research Station has gained an idea about what techniques are important in their production.

But at the Research Station the health of the animal fed these crops in the ultimate goal. A successful crop is worth nothing if the animals, and the farmer, can't benefit from it. So different groups of cattle will be fed the most successful crops and eventually after several years of this kind of painstaking selection, it may be possible to say one strain planted in such-and-such a way has better all round results.

It must be best for the health of the animal. The Research Station is looking for ways to reduce cost and increase productivity, but always with the animal first, Dr. Bernard emphasizes. Presently, the field crop scientists in Lennoxville are asking themselves whether the sides of bunker silos, put up with great expense, are really necessary. Can grass silage be stored cheaper and with less spillage in plastic sheets sealed to exlcude air? Will this silage support livestock? These are questions Lennoxville hopes to answer soon.

Matters that the Research Station does not apply itself to are those of individual farmers. It cannot do soil analyses except for experimental purposes, nor draw up a crop plan. The agronomes on the provincial level have ready access to the Station's research and results. They are the practical appliers of the theory developed there. They can help you with your problems on a personal level.

Small operations of those interested in organic farming methods may never benefit from the Station's research. The questions examined there are those more industrial in nature having an occasional interest for the large companies- the Station may sometimes find itself working in collaboration with Shur-gain or Olgivie. What is been examined at the Station is valid and of interest, but leaves to the side such questions as soil health after the use of insecticides and pesticides or human health after drinking milk from cows fed hormones and eating artificially raised beef. Maybe someday the Station will look at these questions too.

ROLLAND
REALTIES REG'D

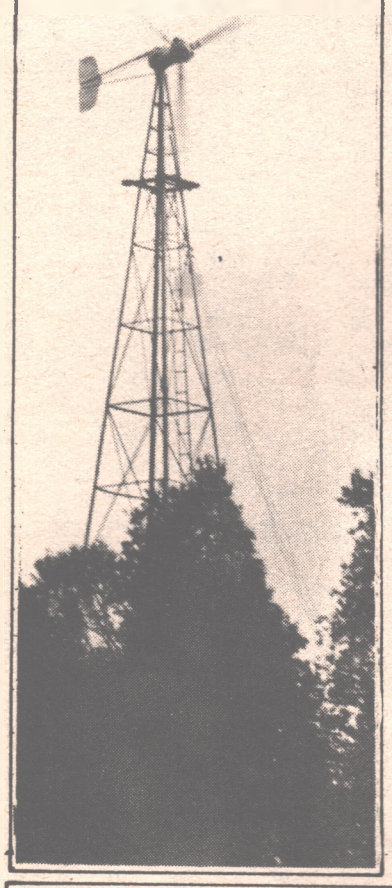
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Electricity from the wind

A solution to the energy crisis?

by David Simms

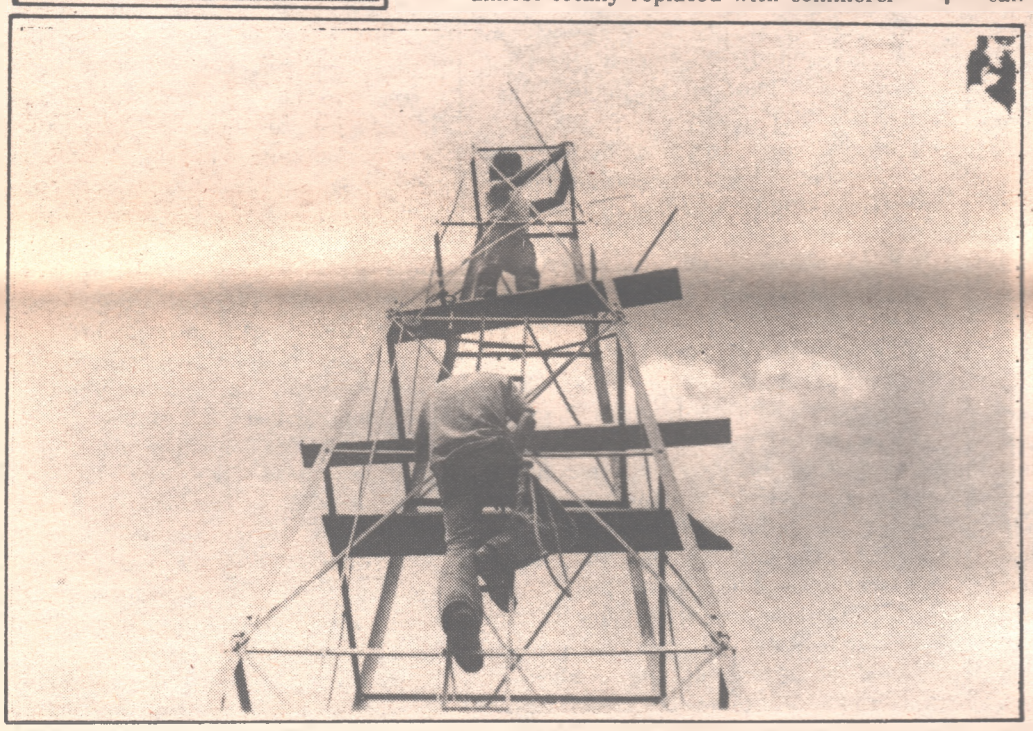
photos by Peter Hutchinson

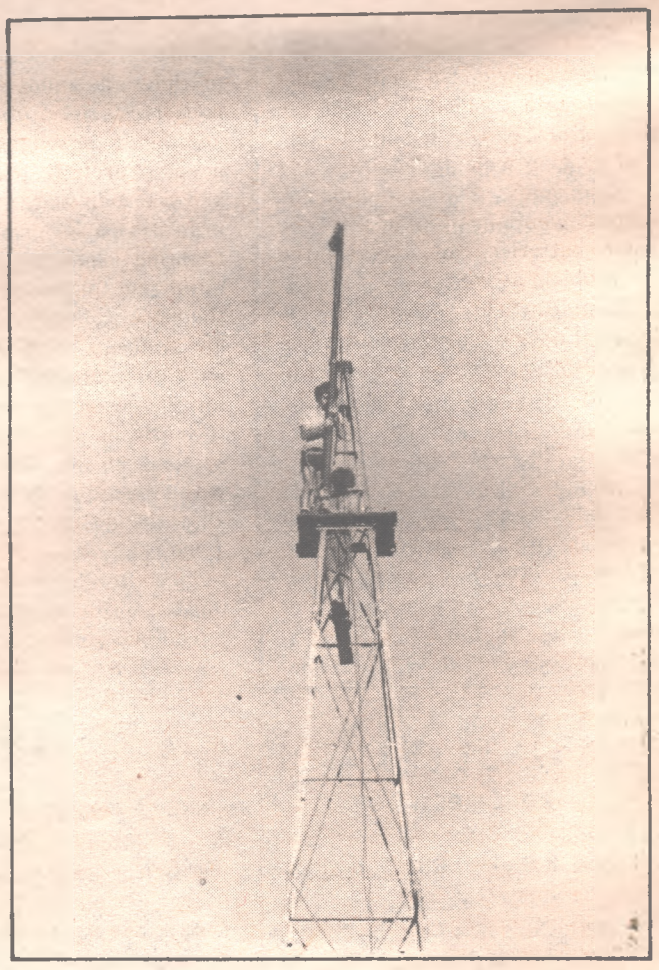
There is now a revival of interest in the decentralized production of electricity. Since the 'energy crisis' people have begun to be more sensitive to the cost of energy and perhaps more conscious of the need for conservation. Although individual wind power units used to be fairly common in rural areas, they were almost totally replaced with commercially available electricity. In frontier areas such as the Canadian north, diesel generators furnished by the government made wind power redundant. In fact, as late as the early 50's wind generated electricity was so widespread in Denmark that many large windplants supplied farms and estates while some even put their power into the national grid system. Wind power once flourished and then the world forgot about it for a while. But, things are changing...

In 1973 there was but one manufacturer of wind-driven electrical generators in the United States. Today there are perhaps eight or nine with more on the way. There are also a few companies and individuals involved in the importation of foreign hardware primarily from Australia, France or Switzerland. There is a flurry of plans available for the construction of home-built wind plants based on rewound automobile alternators or other common, low cost generators. Such plans can be had from groups such as Windworks (Muknowago Wisc.) or Earthmind (Acton, Cal.). Bibliographies listing all that has been written about wind power have also been compiled by Windworks. There are periodicals which specialize in articles about the decentralized production of power from renewable sources. Alternative Sources of Energy Magazine (rt. 2 Milaca, Minnesota) and Wind Power Digest (54468 CR3 Bristol, Indiana) both stress reader feedback, the descriptions of homebuilt projects, and much more. A.S.E. even has a lending library which makes available to readers a large selection of material on everything from rewinding generators to building heat exchangers for your wood stove.

It's difficult to say exactly why there's such an interest in these alternative sources of energy. Certainly wind power will never be able to compete with commercial electricity, except in rare cases, nor is it more convenient, nor does it usually supply as much as we're accustomed to using now. Perhaps it is partially a backlash against bigness, an expression of individual initiative saying that we don't have to be dependent on the power companies, governments or oil companies for our needs, that we don't want the risk and danger of nuclear power plants or the pollution of thermal plants. More than likely, it's probably the proof that society is beginning to want smaller units, and that we somehow want to free ourselves from the ponderous beauracracies that tend to smother individuality and turn us into ticky, tacky people with forty year mortgages on our lives.

The photographs included with this article show the raising of a reconditioned Jacobs Wind Electric plant. It's quite a job, especially the first time. Putting a four hundred and fifty pound generator on top of a fifty foot tower is a bit mind boggling but, in reality, it's not that difficult if the proper procedures and precautions are taken. In this case, a small tractor was used with over a hundred feet of three eighths of an inch of steel cable. One person drove the







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tractor, two were up top to move the generators around and to bolt it on, while a couple of others pulled on a rope which kept it from hitting the side of the tower. In fact, two people could do the whole job, if necessary. After raising the generator, we still had to contend with a tail vane of ten foot length weighing about 80 pounds and the propellor hub which weighed about the same. Putting on a tail vane is an arduous job because of it's unwieldly configuration. Installing the individual propellor blades is not difficult although great care is required to avoid damaging the delicate airfoil surfaces. In most cases, wind generator propellor blades are made of wood; finely shaped, straight grained, kiln dried Sitka spruce in this case. Damage to the surface will permit moisture to enter the blade. Any differential moisture absorbtion by the individual blades will most certainly cause the rotor to be put out of balance. This condition is a 'no no' as far as windmills are concerned. The tremendous vibration caused by these conditions will eventually put enough strain on the whole unit, tower included, that disaster is almost a certainty.

One thing about wind electric systems that is likely to get some raised eyebrows is the variety of voltages that they come in. Although today, most of the larger systems are standardizing on 110 volts D.C., some companies market systems of 12 and 24 volts. In the past, units such as the Wincharger and Jacobs were most popular in the 32 volt D.C. output. This is not quite the problem that it seems to be. In fact, most appliances (lights and heaters excluded) are designed to operate on 110 volts A.C., not D.C. So, the inconvenience is equal, in any case. Believe it or not, light bulbs are available in a variety of voltages; 6,12,32,110 and it doesn't matter whether it's alternating current or direct. Motors are also available in a variety of voltages and changing A.C. motors to the appropriate D.C. voltage is one way of getting your appliances working.

Generally, a bank of batteries is necessary for a wind electric system to function. This is needed to supply current when the wind isn't blowing and also to act as a cushion between the variable output of the windplant (because of varying wind speeds) and the variable demands of consumption. A marvellous invention now eliminates the need for batteries, and solves the voltage problem as well.

The Gemini synchronous inverter is an electrical device which connects the power grid to the windpower system in such a way that any voltage can be produced and it will automatically be changed to 110 VAC. In effect, the power grid is used as the storage medium. When the output of the wind power system is high, but the consumption is low, the excess is fed back into the power grid. Similarly, when consumption is normal or high but the output is low, the excess comes from the power lines. In either case, the meter will run forward or backward depending on the direction of the current flow. It is possible, if not probable for the electric meter to have a negative reading at the end of the month. In some places, the utilities have not only agreed to allow the use of the Gemini but they may even pay the customer for the power which he has supplied them with. This device is such a breakthrough that it may well change a few ideas about the feasibility of wind generated electricity.

Nevertheless, a lot of people entertain an illusion about how much power can be derived from a windmill. There are probably people naive enough to believe that if they set up a small generator with a six foot blade on the roof of their tree surrounded house in the valley their electrical ills will somehow be cured. Of course, they're wrong. For any windmill to be effective, it should have an **unobstructed** view of the prevailing winds and be mounted at least 25 feet above all objects within a quarter mile radius. It helps, in our area, to be on a hill sloping to the west and south where 90 percent of our winds come from. And then, it depends upon the average wind speeds and the size of the installation how much power will be produced.

All wind generators have what is called a 'rated wind speed'. This is of critical importance in the choice of a wind generator relative to a certain area. Most of the newer systems now produced have a R.W.S. of 25 m.p.h. This means that they would produce their maximum wattage in a 25 m.p.h. wind. However, this is not really suitable to our area because of our lower average wind speeds. A better choice would be a unit with a R.W.S. of 18 or 20 m.p.h., because it would be producing it's maximum much more often. This would result in a higher number of k-w-h per month.

Cutting down on electrical consumption is necessary, if one wishes to live only on the power produced by a windmill. Gluttonous power users such as water heaters, clothes dryers and electric stoves can easily be replaced. In the country, wood stoves are widely used and they can fill many needs from cooking the food, space heating, water heating to clothes drying. Solar water heaters are also an economical solution to heating water. They can be built at home, using readily available materials for $50 or so. Replacing the clothes dryer is easy. It's not that long ago that wind powered clothes dryers were most widely used.

Instead of relying upon electricity to provide the motive force for most household users, other renewable means should be sought to fill the various needs. Carefully planned architecture and site analysis can help immeasurably in heating and ventilation in buildings. Lighting loads can be reduced by the intelligent planning of interior space, the use of reflective colors and by using low wattage bulbs for overall lighting with the more powerful ones reserved for reading or task lighting. Demand for the use of electricity in the water system can be eliminated by locating with respect to the supply which would allow the utilization of gravity flow or of a hydraulic ram, it can be otherwise reduced by using a Clivus waterless toilet.

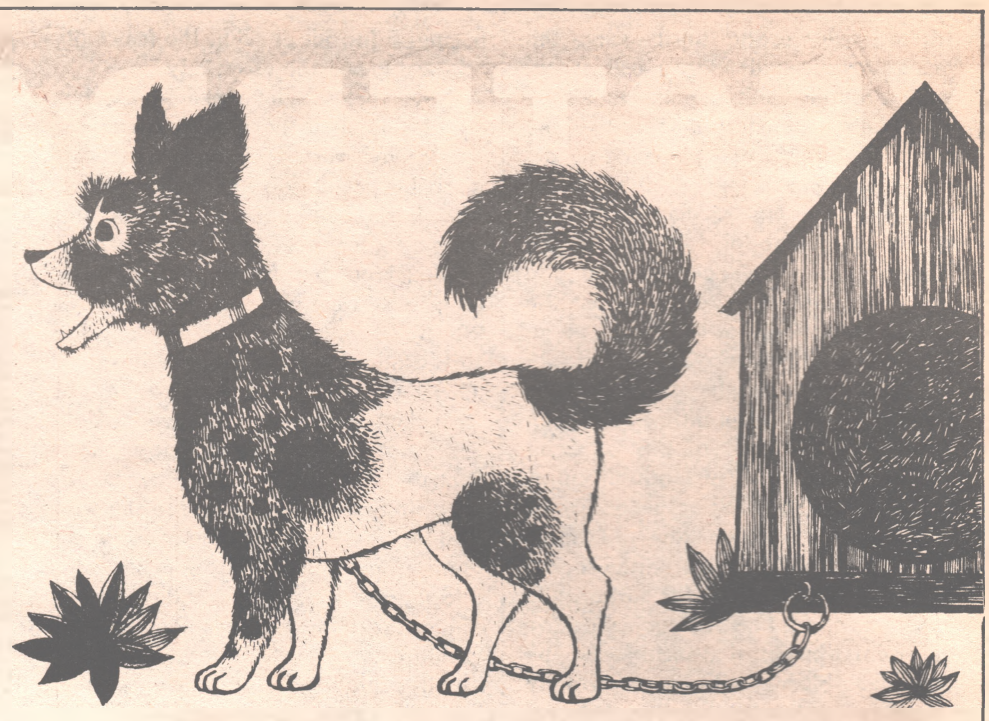
The use of electricity from the wind will neither be a panacea for our dwindling power reserves nor a substitute for the intelligent use of power. However, given the right situation, it's use in a well planned system employing other renewable power sources in a decentralized framework can more than justify the capital cost and personal energy required in setting up the system. As it's rewards, it can provide personal satisfaction, and freedom from power bills.







Pity the chained watchdog



by Lorna Casgrain

It seems to me that in recent years more and more people in the country are chaining dogs to outside kennels, where many of these animals spend their entire lives. In all good faith the owners feel that if the dogs receive regular food and some sort of shelter, this is all that is necessary for their well-being.

There are, however, several aspects which are overlooked.

A dog, like its ancestor the wolf, is a pack animal. The owner represents the pack leader. A dog is therefore a sociable animal, and enjoys companionship and affection. How miserable and lonely a chained dog must be, hour after hour, day after day, on its own.

A dog is built for running, and needs regular exercise. A permanently chained dog cannct get this exercise; its muscles weaken and it becomes prone to rheumatism and arthritis at a young age; its nails grow too long from lack of being worn down: this forces it to walk on its 'heels', further crippling it.

The temperament of a chained dog gradually deteriorates until it becomes a menace to anyone approaching too close; a trusting child can be badly bitten. The reason for this rotting of a normally friendly dog's disposition is easily understood, if one reflects that the severest punishment which can be inflicted on a human prisoner is solitary confinement: if continued long enough, the prisoner will go out of his mind. So it is with the animal. At least the human prisoner is presumed to be guilty of some crime!

The chained dog is expected to warn the family of approaching strangers. This is its 'job'. Is it fair to expect him (or her) to be on the job 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, with never any time off, never a holiday?

Many of these dogs have inadequate shelter. The kennels are out in the open with no protection from the hot summer sun or cold winter wind. On a scorching day the inside of such a kennel becomes an oven. The kennels are flush with the ground, so the dampness gets through the floor. Often there is no evidence of a water dish, or the dish is overturned.

Chaining a dog permanently is cruel and unjust. It amounts to life imprisonment. So much joy and companionship can be had with a dog who lives in the house as a member of the family - and better protection too!

If you **must** chain your dog, please bear in mind the following:

The dog should, of course, have naturally thick fur to withstand the Canadian winter. Start in the Spring or Summer so that he can adjust gradually to the cold.

The kennel should be well insulated and **raised off the ground to allow air** circulation underneath. It should be under a tree or somewhere similiar, to provide shade in summer - but with access to some sunshine. An extended roof and a 'sundeck' are added comforts - dogs shouldn't have to lie on the damp earth and they do prefer to be up off the ground.

The doorway should face away from the prevailing wind; in severe weather, a rug, sack or canvas over the door affords extra protection from the cold and wind.

The water dish should be kept full, and fixed in such a way that it cannot be tipped over. Regular daily feeding of good quality food is important.

The bedding should be deep and cosy, dry, and changed frequently. Wood chips or straw serve well.

Watch your dog for any change in appearance or behavior, and consult a veterinarian if medical attention is required. Your dog is dependent on you, and cannot even ask for what he needs.

The chain should be at least 15 feet long. A better way is to run a long wire between two trees or posts, and attach the chain on a pulley to that, with access to the kennel. This gives the dog more freedom. Have 'stops' on the wire to prevent the chain from becoming wound around the posts.

Remember that a puppy grows but a collar does not. Loosen the collar as the puppy's neck becomes larger.

Every day the dog should be taken off the chain and given a run, talked to and played with. A dog really craves attention and affection: personality and intelligence will develop and give you pleasure. If you do not trust your dog off leash, take him on a long (30 ft.) rope and let him run around at the end of that in the fields which abound in the country. Incidentally, it is much kinder to keep a dog kenneled in a fenced run, where he can move about more and in safety, than on a chain.

Give your dog a fair deal. The happy watchdog will still bark at strangers! Have a companion instead of a slave. It is much more rewarding for you, too.

Editor's note: Lorna Casgrain worked for 25 years as a Dog Obedience School Instructor, and is a member of the Canadian S.P.C.A. Education and Board of Management Committees.

For the 50th Anniversary of the Canadian Legion, help us document the personal history of the Townships war effort

BUSINESSMEN: You can help The Townships Sun document the history of the Townships war effort. The next issue of The Sun will have a special section to commemorate Armistice Day and the 50th Anniversary of the Canadian Legion. Included in this section will be the personal memories of Townshippers from the war years - the Hong Kong veterans, the men on the European front, the tail gunners, the fighter pilots, the folks working on the home front.

This special section will be a unique documentation of the Townships war effort, told in the words of the people who lived through it. It will be a collector's item that will be saved, passed from hand to hand, and looked at again and again by our 12,000 readers.

You can help in this special effort to preserve the oral history of the Townships by investing in a sponsor ad. Your ad will become part of this collector's item. Our deadline for this veterans' edition is October 15. Don't he late; this will be a one-time-only edition.

Contact **Al Fraser, Ad Manager, The Townships Sun, Waterville, P.Q. at 819-837-2864.**

We will also be asking businessmen to clue us in to the names and addresses of Townshippers who have stories to tell about the war years. The younger generation doesn't know what their parents went through. They are told 'Lest We Forget' but they never really knew. What they learn about the war in school textbooks is too general, too global. This up-coming edition of The Sun will tell the real, personal stories of the war years, as told by the people of the Townships. Stories that won't be forgotten. Limited space is available, so act now!

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YESTERDAY



The Stone Chapel at Stanbridge Ridge

by Audrey Martin McCaw

Between the towns of Bedford and Stanbridge East in Missisquoi County there is a slight rise of land known locally as 'The Ridge'. Along its winding contours runs the Ridge Road from which one can look eastward to Pinnacle Mountain and the Sutton Range of neighbouring Brome and south-eastward to the green mountains of Vermont. About one third of the way along this road as you head south towards the village of Pigeon Hill you suddenly come upon a charming old stone church, the Ridge Chapel.

You might think from its well-cared for appearance that this is an active church holding regular Sunday services, but actually it is now used only two or three times each summer and mainly for sentimental reasons. Originally built by Baptists, it is now used by several denominations and its present Board of Trustees is quite interdenominational. These rare services are always well attended as the folk born on the Ridge consider the chapel their 'home church' and willingly forego their own service in order to worship in this quaint and historic spot. In the past year services have been held by congregations of Baptists, United Church, Anglicans, Pentecostal and a Congregational church from Vermont.

The chapel was built in 1842 by members of the local Baptist congregation who had been holding services in the old Ridge School, as part of the charge of the Baptist church at Abbot's Corner near Frelighsburg. The latter had been organized as early as 1799 and members were mainly loyalists and other settlers from the New England States. Their first minister had been Rev. Jedidiah Hibbard who was born in Canterbury, Connecticut in 1740 and had done missionary work in Vermont and New Hampshire before moving to St. Armand in 1797. He served the Baptist community in the area until his death in 1809 and is buried in Frelighsburg.

The pioneer families along the Ridge, which included such well-known local names as Martindale, Corey, Johnson, Baker, Davis, deeply desired to have a more suitable place to worship than the local schoolhouse, and they pleged both money and work to achieve their aim. Writing in 1960 at the age of 87, Mrs. Edith Corey recalled memories of the chapel: 'I have seen an itemized account of the building of that church - so many loads of stone and so many days work by each man and the wages received. Some received fifty cents a day but they all wanted the church and it has been kept in good repair.'

The church was built of native stone with very thick walls. In the early days the large windows held stained glass panes. It never aspired to a bell or belfry. Each family who shared in the building 'owned' their own pews, actually square stalls with individual doors and each still bears its own number. Hymns are still played on the old organ in front of the choir and overhead one can still gaze on the black iron holders for the kerosene lamps. At the front one pew was curtained and served as a 'vestry' for the minister. Mr. Guy Martindale, now of Bedford, vividly recalls attending his first Sunday school class in one of these pews.

One of the original trustees was Nathan Manly Blinn, great grandfather of the present mayor of Stanbridge East, Donald Blinn. His dedication was such that he remained in office over fifty years until 1900, despite the fact that he was over ninety and blind.

According to the deed, the land for the chapel was bought from Benjamin Casey 'for the sum of three pounds and fifteen shillings current among the provinces of Canada'. When it was completed there was no Baptist minister available, so the Board of Trustees appointed Hiram Corey to go to Montreal to try to locate one. It happened that a New Connexion Methodist preacher by name of Francis N. Jersey was just off the boat from England with his wife and eight children. We do not know whether it was the persuasiveness of Mr. Corey, or the tempting offer of a small stipend, a house with some land in the Stanbridge area and a brand new chapel, but this stranger in a new land was within the year ordained and inducted into the Baptist communion. He served the Ridge congregation faithfully for fourteen years after which he moved to Potton where he died in 1860. His large family married among the local people and his descendents are still scattered throughout the Townships.

As time went by, other Protestant denominations shared in the use of the chapel and in a sense it became a union meeting-house. It was in constant use for over a century until recent years when one annual service is customarily held there by each denomination.

Not every Baptist, of course, was happy with the introduction of what we today call the ecumenical trend. Mrs. Bruce Kidd of Stanbridge East shares with us the story of everybody's 'Aunt Dora' who obviously felt that the Baptist sermons she had heard in the Ridge Chapel in her youth couldn't be improved upon. It seems that the congregation had always used a lecturn for their services and over the years it had become so shaky that the congregation was hard pressed to concentrate on the sermon, especially when the preacher banged his fist down to emphasize a point, causing the oil lamps to flicker and sway. Reverend J.F. Carleton, minister of the Methodist Dunham-Stanbridge charge, had noticed this, and when Dunham replaced their old but serviceable pulpit for a new one, he suggested that it might be offered to the Ridge Chapel. The offer was accepted and the pulpit installed. After the next service, some of the congregation went up to admire it and comment upon the improvement. Noting Aunt Dora's silence, someone asked: 'Well, Aunt Dora, what do you think of the new pulpit?' 'Humph!', replied Aunt Dora. 'If he thinks he can preach better from behind a Methodist pulpit, just let him try!'

Nevertheless, most people today welcome the interdenominational character of the services and many descendants of the first settlers, regardless of their religious persuasion, hold the little chapel dear. A group of local people voluntarily keep it neat and in good repair and maintain a Cemetery Memorial Fund.

In the words of Mr. Guy Martindale, who grew up next door to the chapel and whose great grandparents, Sarah Martindale and Reuben Corey, were the first couple to be married in the chapel by Reverend Jersey in 1843,

> 'It is endearing to the hearts of the faithful to realize that over a century of religious worship has been in this same edifice by the various communions...God willing, may the little Stone Church at Stanbridge Ridge serve the spiritual needs of the community for many, many years to come.'

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Kathleen Atto: History of Lennoxville

Kathleen Atto lives on Speid Street in a recently built brick bungalow, surrounded by roses in summer. She didn't always live on that side of town. As a young girl her family lived on a farm that included most of the land up Moulton Hill way between the railway tracks and the river (Atto Street).

Her father was an engineer with the Quebec Central Railway. He used to do the Quebec City-Sherbrooke run until a dispatcher's mistake in Thetford Mines meant death for him and his fire-man in a collision with another train.

Her mother must have been a remarkable woman. She used to say that 'hard work never killed you' and she thus worked hard until she decided that it was her time to die at the age of 98. 'That was her way,' says Kathleen, 'She just decided that it was time to go and stopped eating.' She was healthy right to the end.

Kathleen walked the mile to school every day except on occasion when the snow was too deep. Sometimes when there was something special going on in the evening she would stay overnight with her friend Mary White who lived in the big house next to the Bank of Commerce.

Bishop's University intrigued her even then. She passed by it each day to and from school, and wondered what it was like. Would she ever be accpeted to study there? Could her mother afford to send her?

She studied hard and in the fall of 1914 became one of the few women students to attend the then stiff-collared Anglican institution. War had been declared that summer and many of the male students enlisted that fall. That meant small classes as there remained only 50 students in the entire school.

Women at Bishop's suffered discrimination then. Life at the university was centered around the male students and only the annual ball allowed the women a chance to participate in extra-curricular activities.

Ms. Atto's profession became nursing. Her mother always wanted her to teach and she tried it for a year at Lennoxville Elementary but she found the discipline too much a problem for a 19 year old girl to handle.

She also worked in a munitions factory in Sherbrooke during the War, but her real desire was to become a nurse. She had a cousin who had been accepted at the Boston School of Nursing and on Dr. Winder's recommendation she went South and stayed there until 13 years ago when she returned to care for her mother.

Lennoxville had changed. The family farmhouse was gone. Her mother lived for another six years, but old friends had also gone and the new faces were unfamiliar. 'The children I had taught in school during my one year of teaching are grandfathers around here now.'

Kathleen joined the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical Society. In 1971 it was decided to concentrate some effort on documenting the history of Lennoxville and producing some kind of pamphlet or small book. Ms. Atto became chairperson of the Committee responsible for that project. She confesses that she never found history a very interesting subject when she was younger, but that her interest has grown through the years. Also, her mother once wrote a small history of Lennoxville when Kathleen was a girl, but she lent it to a student and it was never returned. She figures that has something to do with why she's involved in this one.

So the book was a long time in the making but it certainly reflects all the time and effort put into it. Many people were involved, each writing a certain section or covering one subject. The variety in the book make for interesting reading.

There are almost 200 pages on early history, covered bridges, churches, early automobiles, military, sports, education, different organization, etc. 'Lennoxville, Volume I', soft bound costs $5.00 (plus .50 where mailing is necessary) and can be obtained from the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, P.O. Box 61, Lennoxville, Que. JIM-1Z3.

But what about Lennoxville in the present? Ms. Atto is saddened by the fact so many of beautiful old buildings in Lennoxville are neglected or demolished. The Elmwood was once one of the finest homes around, built as a rectory by a former pastor of the Anglican Church. Another fine home was torn down for the Lenn Pub. There doesn't seem to be enough civic pride or care taken to ensure that Lennoxville's past achievements are preserved for the future.

Another concern of Ms. Atto's is that Bishop's and Champlain expand their effort to become more involved in the community, to allow the entire town to participate in the activities there.

She remembers living in a small college town in Massachusetts where a bulletin was sent weekly to every mailbox in town, listing all the forthcoming week's events and inviting all the townspeople to attend. Thinking back, when she was growing up in Lennoxville Kathleen remembers that no one had any idea of what went on at Bishop's and few felt welcome enough to ask- the place was arrogant.

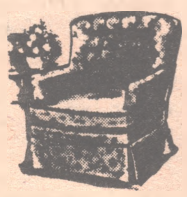
The situation has improved in that respect but there is still room for effort to make people aware of movies, concerts, plays and speakers who regularly visit the campus. It would be a benefit for everyone involved.

Perhaps the darkest fear of all for the future in Ms. Atto's mind is the possibility of annexation with Sherbrooke. She feels that the loss of the Post Office is the first step in that direction. 'People used to enjoy walking down to get their mail. You'd meet someone every day.'

Now the mail is delivered to the door and an important meeting place has been lost. Annexation could mean further loss of the town's identity and control over its own affairs. There seemed to be the suggestion that it's hard enough to get the present mayor and council to act on issues of concern. Ms. Atto is hoping that the next municipal election will see some new faces and blood in City Hall.

Kathleen Atto believes that the citizens of Lennoxville have real challenges to meet in the present and future and thanks to her and the Committee they may now look ahead with a sense of history behind them.

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Arthur T. Speid's 1903 Duryea with Ottilie Wright and Mary White (Mrs. A. T. Speid)

The Early Automobiles of our Region: from Lennoxville, Vol. 1

by Nelson Andrews

The concept of mechanized transportation came early to the Eastern Townships. The automobile in Canada really grew with the country itself. Henry Seth Taylor, a jeweller of Stanstead Plains, designed and built Canada's first horseless carriage. The forging was done by a skillful local blacksmith, Joseph Mosher. This wood-burning steam wagon was first exhibited at the Stanstead Festival of 1867 where it drew only faint praise. The vehicle resembled an ordinary buggy with a large boiler attached to the rear seat and a six-gallon water tank located at the front axle. Mr. Taylor had never considered a breaking mechanism for his vehicle and it met an inevitable end when the owner was unable to negotiate a sharp curve at the bottom of a steep hill. Today, this historic auto has been restored and is exhibited in the Toronto Science Centre.

A Sherbrooke resident, George Foote Foss, is credited with having built Canada's first successful gasoline driven car in 1896. Most of the parts for this one-cylinder auto were forged in Foss' bicycle repair and machine shop on Abenaquis Street, but some of the work is reputed to have been done at George Henry's machine shop, which was located just north of the present Georgian Hotel in Lennoxville. This first and only Foss automobile was capable of speeds to 12 mph., could be started from the driver's seat by pulling a leather strap and was steered by a tiller. Although it had no reverse gear, it had many innovations that were not tried by the auto industry until many years later, things like mounting the engine on the chassis and attaching the gear box and shift to the steering column. After 4 years of trouble-free driving, Foss sold his car for $75.00 and took over the agency for the Crestmobile, an auto built in Massachusetts.

The 20th Century had just dawned when two Lennoxville residents, Arthur Speid and Henry Downs, became the proud owners of new 1902 Crestmobiles which they purchased from the Foss agency. These one-cylinder, 8 h.p. automobiles carried four passengers, two of whom were seated behind the driver in seats that were accessible from a high buggy treadle and a rear entrace passage. Gasoline cost 8 cents per gallon and had to be imported from Boston. Mr. Speid described this car as a 'horrible thing' and he soon traded for a 1903 Duryea and then in 1908, for a Buick Roadster. Many years later, Ronald Deacon bought this Buick and resold it to Nelson Andrews who subsequently restored it and drove it regularly during the years 1940-41. This car is now in the hands of a Montreal car collector and was seen by thousands when it was exhibited at Expo '67.

Another early car owner in Lennoxville was George Henry who drove a 1902 Locomobile steam car.

Miss Donna Gamsby of Huntingville was the first lady to have a driving permit in Quebec. She had a 1906 Rambler shipped by freight from California. This topless, chain-driven car, without a windshield featured a right-hand drive. It had a wooden body painted scarlet red, carbide gas lights and a liberal sized tool box.

The first Quebec car permit plate, or license, was issued in 1906. From the years 1906-1911, these license plates were made of porcelain and were about the size of our present bicycle plates. During this five-year period, there were 535 permits issued in Quebec at $0.50 each. The 1911 plates were much larger and made of thick black rubber. From 1912 to 1924, they were made of pressed fiberboard and hand painted. The year 1925 saw the beginning of the stamped metal plate we know today. Only once, prior to 1950, was there any decorative feature apart from the numerals on the plates; in the year 1923, the black and gold plates sported the Provincial crest.

During the 1930's both village doctors - Dr. Henry and Dr. Winder drove current model cars. In this same era, Forrest Lord, a prominent Sherbrooke undertaker had his private residence at the corner of College and Queen Street. His garage housed a succession of autos that were unique in the area. When Mr. and Mrs. Lord returned from a world tour in the early 1930's, they brought with them a baby Austin that had been purchased in England. In 1934, Mr. and Mrs. Lord drove their 16-cylinder Cadillac, which had been custom made for Col. Sam McLaughlin, to the Chicago World Fair. Among other autos owned by the couple were a mauve-coloured Chrysler Roadster, and a 7-passenger Packard Limousine.

Many old automobiles saw the scrap heap during the two World Wars when metal was reclaimed for the war effort. However, as Lennoxville passed its 100th Birthday, a few antique automobiles were still in Town. Dominique Duval has a collection of old cars which includes a 1912 and 1922 Ford. Nelson Andrews drives a 1914 Ford and a 1934 Sports Model Rolls Royce. Donald Martin drives a 1925 Star which belonged to his grandmother. Those models manufactured before 1916 feature brass accessories and trimmings. Dr. H.I. McLeod owns a 1934 Chrysler Airflo, originally owned by Mr. F.E. Halls, a rare car which was manufactured for only one year, and Ralph Fletcher a 1934 Buick; Peter Denison a vintage Packard and Bruce Fowler, a Jaguar.

Many of the oldsters in our Town reminisce nostalgically of those days when Lennoxville 'took to wheels', spun the crank and leaped into the driver's seat before the jalopy took off, backing up the steeper hills, removing the front seat to fill the gas tank, and thawing out the engine with boiling water in the sub-zero weather.

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PEOPLE

The mad scientist of Cowansville (crazy like a fox)

by Terry Scott

In the greyness of a Saturday morning, with a thick crop of hair tossed wildly about his head, and a mischievious sparkle in his eyes, you can readily detect a marked resemblance between Walter Korman and Vincent Price, when he appears on those late night science-fiction flicks.

'Yes, I'm the mad scientist of Cowansville,' Korman chortles, as he leads the way down into his Veterans' Boulevard flat. 'Come on down to my workshop, and I'll show you what I've been working on.'

With the childhood memory of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde still imprinted in my mind, it was with some misgiving that I ventured down the darkened steps, all the while casting nervous glances over my shoulders for madly boiling test tubes, or, heaven forbid, a bubbling vat of acid. Instead, I found a conglomeration of nuts and bolts, washers and wrenches, pieces of pipe, and sheets of metal, and somewhere in the middle of this confusion, a gadget ressembling something I had once seen under the hood of my car.

'This is my latest invention,' proclaimed Korman proudly, as the device began a clockwise rotation, pumping a murky liquid through a compression chamber. 'It's a rotary pump,' explained the inventor, 'that can be used for all sorts of pumping jobs involving clean liquids, as well as for compressors for air conditioning, refrigeration, etc. I've got four years of hard thought and labor locked up in this machine.'

Immediately sensing my unmechanical inclination, he shut off the machine and suggested we go upstairs for a deeper look into the pastime that on occasion consumes eight of nine hours of his day, and has been known to occupy as much as 20 hours of intense concentration.

'Most of the time he babbles on about things that are so far above my head,' declared Korman's wife, Pat, as she joined us in a living room which lent an atmosphere of cosiness, while at the same time performing the function of a mini-laboratory, with half-completed devices, diagrams, and technical publications vital to Walter Korman's labor, scattered at random throughout the room.

'It would be real nice to have a filing cabinet, you know,' Korman nodded as the suggestion was put forth. He searched with growing annoyment through a pile of papers on a nearby paper, to locate a resumé he had prepared on the rotary pump, and many of his other inventions, which he modestly declared have now reached 97. But then, that figure is hardly astounding when it's considered that Korman has been dabbling in experimentation since the age of eight or nine.

'When I first had the idea for my current rotary pump project, it was way back in 1943,' he explained, 'but I never did get to work on it at that time, because I ran into a streak of bad luck. I was doing some work in the manufacture of styrofoam ceiling tile, but the place I was using was far too small, so my dad, who owned Mansonville Plastics at the time, invited me to move all my chemicals and equipment on the second floor of the plant. A short while later the plant burned down, and I lost everything. Then, after heading up to Sudbury, I suffered a broken leg, and was flat on my back, virtually penniless, and forced to work at jobs all over the place.'

Korman's employment itinerary reads much like a nomad's travel book in the years following the misfortune. He worked at a potpourri of jobs, ranging from a stint at the Old Mill Cafe on Ste. Catherine Street in Montreal, to a stay in southern climes with the Texas Refinery Corporation. At one point, he found himself listing his place of employment as the Douglas Hospital, 'where I was illegally detained for a spell.'

If there ever was a motivational force to steer Korman into the invention racket, his uninvited presence at an advanced technical training seminar in Camden, New Jersey, many years ago,

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must accept a large share of recognition. Though an intruder, since the convention was open only to engineers (including those of ABC and CBS television networks) it wasn't long before the ingenious and inventive mind of Korman caused the assembly to sit up and take notice.

'I went there the first day with a few reservations,' recalled Korman, 'but the organizers told me they would allow me to sit in on the convention for today, and if I wished to pay my own expenses, they would consent to let me remain for the duration of the event. After a couple of days, the executives of RCA told me I was in like flint, and eventually I got a certificate out of it, and was even offered a job working with practical engineers, although I later turned it down over a question of renumeration. Still, I found the whole thing very interesting and educational, and it certainly gave me adequate training in engineering and technology.'

With his analytical and scientific mind honed to an even greater sharpness as a result of the experience, Korman plunged headlong into his own creations, moving into the field of industrial electronics: a semi-conductor for motors and control circuitry, as well as an automatic flush-system for polyurethane foam machines. He delved into television and radio research and development, and turned out chemical projects such as light weight concrete blocks, and waterproofing for basements and exteriors. At the electrical level, he developed a variable speed electric motor (a.c.) which was exposed last fall at four Montreal shopping centres.

'The response I got from my exhibits at Place Vertu last year was excellent,' affirmed the inventor. 'I could have sold 10,000 units quite easily. 'I have a book here,' he continued, sifting again through that mound of printed matter, 'and you can see for yourself just how many people viewed my inventions.' Hundreds of names were scribbled on the pages of a thick ledger - high ranking officials in Hydro-Quebec, a delegation from Northern Electric, corporation presidents and industrial engineers, and somewhere in the middle of one page, the clearly detectable hand-writing of one Pierre-Elliot Trudeau.

The real McCoy? 'I have no way of knowing. I wasn't at the booth at the time when he was supposed to have visited, but I was told on good authority that the signature is legitimate. He apparently came with a cabinet minister after the exhibit was closed to the public.'

There is an invitation resting on the Korman coffee table to a similiar exhibition of inventions this month at Place Bonaventure, and the Cowansville craftsmen shrugs his shoulders apologetically as he fingers the letter. 'I won't be going to this one,' he stated. I just can't dig up the 150 bucks or so that it's going to cost me to get my inventions there.' The Kormans have thrown nearly all of their cash into the invention racket, and, as Pat Korman wanly smiles, 'our whole life is wrapped up in Walter's experiments.'

One day, perhaps one of Walter Korman's brainchildren will reward him for the exhaustive hours of experiment and research, and if there is a logical candidate in the group, the rotary pump must occupy centre stage. 'I wouldn't exactly call it my pride and joy,' Korman corrected. 'Let's just say it is the furthest advanced of all my inventions, and would take the least amount of money to get it going.'

For the creator, four years of toil and intense thought are inscribed in the plan 'When you consider that research and development do count, I would say that I have an equity of $100,000 in the model. If someone could come along to manufacture and market it, I have a well-documented projection on it which estimates first year sales at $835,000, rising to $3.6 million in the third year. My intention right now is to franchise it to a group of individuals who would display an active interest, and who had the resources. Through government organizations such as Local Initiatives there would be no problem setting up a shop which would employ 20-50 people.'

In Cowansville, where industrial development has been severely retarded over the past several years, Korman has not had a bite, but he does have the merits of his invention registered with the Industrial Commisioner of the area, as well as with the Industry, Trade, and Commerce department in Ottawa. In a monthly new products bulletin released by this body last March, the rotary pump description is prominently displayed on page 4, item 3333:

'Canadian inventor is seeking a licensing arrangement with a Canadian firm to manufacture his unique design of rotary pump which has only two moving parts. With a capacity of 350 U.S. gallons per hour at 1,000 r.p.m., it is claimed to be the simplest and most economical positive replacement rotary pump available. It can be used for all sorts of pumping jobs involving clean liquids, as well as for compressors for air conditioning, refrigeration,etc.'

Korman does not hold a single patent on any of his growing list of inventions, stating quite candidly that, 'out of worthwhile inventions, 996 out of 1,000 are stolen, with the originator receiving not a single penny, because only a few can ever be recovered. In order to patent legally, I would have to assign my idea to Ottawa, then they patent it back to me, which is both crazy and darn expensive.'

The conversational change to government and its regulations has struck a responsive chord, and you can almost see the inventor's mind shift into overdrive as he leaves his diagrams and formulas spinning in the sand while he pursues a new avenue of thought.

'Just to show you how the government tries to control our thinking, have a look at this,' he shouted, thrusting a Quebec government publication from the Civil Code Revision Office into my hands. 'Look at the way the words are structured,' Korman continued, pointing to a page long article which he had underlined showing how the words 'rule-law' had been arranged in a parallel structure so as to have a hypnotic effect when looked at for any length of time. 'That's the way it's meant to be,' emphasized the inventor. 'You're supposed to read only what they want you to read.'

In rare hours away from his basement workshop, Korman lapses into periods of deep study, picking up a publication, underlining and scrawling notations throughout the page, his probing mind performing mental gymnastics at every sentence. 'You'd be surprised when you study the dictionary thoroughly just how much of a history lesson you might derive. Even a phone book can provide you with some amazing facts. Did you know, for instance, the Ministry of Justice for the province of Quebec is actually the Montreal morgue?'

I would have hung around for the solution to this riddle, but fearing that the Montreal phone book may have been buried hopelessly under that massive mess on the living room table, I decided to let my mind (and your) curiousity go unappeased.

Seriously, I can hardly wait for Walter Korman to get a filing cabinet, so we can have a look at the Montreal phone book together!

FROM THE KORMAN WORKSHOP



Cowansville inventor, Walter Korman, poses with the product of four years labour, a rotary pump which he claims will bring in $3.6 million in sales after three years for a potential manufacturing concern.

War Veterans



H.M.S. Glory arrives in B.C., carrying most of the Townships survivors of the Hong Kong brigades.

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Lest We Forget

STORY-TELLING



Two Witches

by W.M. Elliot
Mr. Elliot lives in Sherbrooke. He is 79 years old. This article, in a longer form, was originally published in The Family Herald. It is the first chapter of his unpublished autobiography.

In an old gumbo-bog there dwelt witches. They were sisters and so much alike no one could ever figure out which witch was which. One witch was very rich but the other witch was richer and no one ever knew which witch was the richer witch.

My father was a homesteader and as lumber, money and building materials were very scarce, he used mud from the bog to plaster the cracks in the barn. It was my job to get the mud.

One day, because of a fog on the bog, I got lost and wandered right into the dwelling of the two rich witches.

That's how I got to know them and that is how I am so sure that that is where they dwelt.

They were very nice about the whole situation and made me a cup of tea and while waiting for the fog to leave the bog, one witch told me the following story:

There was once a chap, who having had a great sum of money spent on his education, was considered a very well-informed man; he held diplomas in at least 15 different subjects, including higher mathematics.

He married a very pretty girl who bore him 11 children, all looking just like him, except for the youngest one. The youngest one, a girl, looked just like her mother - very pretty.

It takes a lot of money to feed, clothe and educate 11 kids, so this man packed up a few worldly goods, left his native land and pulled out for the 'Land of Promise' - Canada.

Because of his 15 diplomas and his knowledge of higher mathematics he easily got a job as cashier in a shoe store; there he worked all day, taking in money and sweeping the floor.

Now don't forget I was sitting in a wet gumbo-bog in a fog listening to I don't know which witch, and sipping a cup of tea, and wondering why the eleventh child didn't also look like her father - and it seemed to me that the other witch suddenly took over her story:

This chap, one day as he was going home to dinner, just as he was about to leave the shop, right there on the floor by the toe of his boot, was a $10 bill. In those days, $10 was a week's wages.

He stooped down and scooped it up.

'Or would you have left it there because it did not belong to you?' the talking, grinning witch asked me.

And that is just what this chap in our story was wondering - Did this money still belong to the person who had dropped it? Or did it belong to the store in which it was dropped? Or did it belong to whoever found it?

Being a very honest man but in a hurry, he quickly looked at the note. He took out of his pocket a little notebook and jotted down the serial number, stuck the book back into his coat pocket and the bill into his pants pocket, and hurried on home to lunch.

Did you ever go into a house at mealtime, where husband and wife sit down to a quiet snack with 10 kids that look like their father and one that doesn't?

There wasn't too much to eat on the table this day, and the pretty wife said to her husband, 'The grocer says we can't have any more groceries until we make a payment on what we owe him.'

So he stuck his hands in his pockets to show her that he didn't have any money. But out came the $10 bill which he had found.

Now, he hesitated to give his wife this $10 bill for groceries, because he had found it, and so it didn't really belong to him. But he thought, if you had a whole pile of ten dollar bills, you wouldn't be able to tell which was which, and it wouldn't matter if you could - $10 bills are all worth $10.

So he thought, 'If I find the person who lost the $10 bill, I'll give him another $10 from my pay.' and he gave the $10 to his wife to pay for the groceries. 'What's the difference?' he thought.

But it was that word 'difference' that bothered him all afternoon.

'An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, and all Canadians have equal rights,' he thought, 'but if I were to lose a son, another son would not be the same even if he looked exactly the same.'

But it was too late to change his mind now. His wife had already taken the $10 bill and given it to the grocer.

There were a lot of people in the country store that day. The butcher had dropped in, a few farmers were there, the owner of the farm equipment store, a lumber man; all of them talking and chewing tobacco and carrying on about the fall cutting and the rain and the hail. The grocer took the ten dollar bill he had just received and gave it to the butcher. 'This is part of what I owe you for the cold cuts and sausages,' he said.

But the butcher didn't get very far with the $10. He turned around and handed it to the farmer, in payment for a 200 pound hog he had bought from him to make sausages. The farmer, in turn, gave the same $10 bill to the farm equipment dealer, for some bailer twine he had bought on credit. The farm equipmendt dealer handed the $10 bill over to the lumber man, to pay for 1,000 feet of crating strips. The lumber man gave the $10 bill to his wife, who hurried down to the store where our friend worked, to buy 5 pairs of shoes for her children.

Now the owner of the shoe store took the $10 bill and put it in the pay envelope for his only employee - our friend who had found this same bill on the floor of the store that morning.

Our friend looked at the bill. He took out his notebook, and sure enough, just as he suspected, it was the same serial number. The same bill he had found that morning had come back to him, after passing through most of the hands in the village and paying everyone's accounts!

He held the bill up to the light and he gasped. The bill was counterfeit!

Know what that stupid fellow did? He lit a match and put it to the corner of the bill and let it burn to ashes. But what difference did that make? That little counterfeit bill had kept business going all day in that little town, and nobody lost a cent. Everybody had paid a debt and went to bed that night thinking well of their fellow men. The chap who burned the bill lost nothing, either. His grocery account had been credited for $10, and there were groceries in the house so that supper would be ready when he got home.

The two witches began to laugh. Their glee was delightful to see. One witch looked up at me and said, 'Would you like another cup of tea?' I said I would, so she poured it and as she passed the cup to me a lock of her hair lightly tickled my forehead and ever so lightly her fingers touched mine. By gosh, she was a good looking witch at that! But so was her sister - she had to be - these witches were so much alike that nobody could tell which witch was which. Although, for some reason, I don't know why, I like best the one who let her hair tickle my forehead.

'What's the difference?' said the witch with a frown, as though she could read my thoughts. 'One cup of tea or another cup of tea, they both come from the same pot and even if they have been brewed by a witch, tea is tea and here it's free... don't take any notice of me!'

Again she let her hair tickle my forehead. 'There's a full moon tonight,' she said, 'And I can turn into anything I want, including myself. Did you ever look at your father's strawstack when the full moon hangs high?'

I went home with my wheelbarrow full of mud for the cracks in the barn. That night I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking, money has no value, money is just something to count with - it's what you do with it that counts; and the thing that drives men to different goals is determined by which witch tickles his forehead with her hair; finally I just had to get up and go look at that strawstack. It was midnight. I went as far as the corner of the barn, and the moon was sure full and high in a clear sky.

In the distance, the strawstack stuck up like the mountain, or a small tropical isle in the centre of an ocean ripening, waving grain and it seemed bigger and more tropical because of the flickering northern lights along the horizon.

The northern lights are timid this time of year, but a sure sign that autumn is tucking in. Dad was going to need some binder twine and I said a little prayer right there. 'Please God, make his credit good as the farmer's the witches told me about.'

There was a rustle of the breeze and I felt a tickling on my forehead and a head of wheat nodded in the wind, ever so lightly touching my fingers as it quickly straightened straight again.

Far over the hills on the other side of the strawstack, low in sound because of the distance, a coyote was calling to its mate, and by the light of the moon, I saw an object floating down softly from the sky. It landed right on the tiptop of the strawstack.

A strange strong urge sprang up inside me. I wanted to take the pony out of the barn and ride bareback and bare naked across the hills after the coyote.

I went back to bed.

One white owl looks just like another white owl, in fact, you could get a whole flock of them together and you wouldn't be able to tell which owl was which, and you can say what you wish, but you will never convince me that the owl I saw that night was an owl.

Next morning, the pony's mane and tail were a terrible tangle of witches knots.

While I was trying to untangle some of the knots I looked out of the barn at the strawstack. It looked just like a big pile of straw.

I turned to go in and see if Mom had breakfast ready and there at the toe of my boot was a $10 bill!

I grabbed it and was about to tear it into a million pieces when I heard my father say, 'Boy am I glad you found that! That's my binder twine money. I knew I must have dropped it somewhere around here but I was sure worried.'

At breakfast Mom said, 'Have any of you been over to see the new neighbours?'

Pa said, 'Nope, but it looks from here like they are building a barn before they build a house.'

'That's a house they are building,' said Mom. 'And they need a big one - they have 11 children.'

'And they all look exactly like their father,' I said, 'Except one.'

Mom dropped her pancake turner and glared at me. 'How on earth did you know that?'

John Henry Pope & the Great Compton County Gold Rush

by Bernard Epps

'Evening,' said I.

'Nice one,' said he.

It is a very strange thing but you can never get anywhere with a Scotsman without first discussing the weather.

'It has finally stopped raining,' said I.

He took his pipe out of his mouth, leaned forward on his rocking chair and peered up at a cloudless sky.

'So it has,' said he and he sat back in his chair and replaced the pipe between his teeth. 'Is there something I can be doing for you, mister?'

'You were going to tell me the story of John Henry Pope and the Great Compton County Gold Rush.'

'I was?' He rocked gently back and forth and stared at me with his head on one side like a sparrow. 'Live around here, do you?'

'Ah ha!' said I. 'So that's the game you're playing today. Pretending not to know me.'

'My memory is not as good as it used to be.'

'Cod's wallop! It's as good as it ever was.'

'What is?'

Caught again! I sat down on the steps of the porch and watched the evening swallows dancing over his vegetable patch. It was really the only thing to do.

'Did I ever tell you the story of John Henry Pope and the Great Compton County Gold Rush?'

'No,' said I, very carefully. 'You did not.'

'Oh,' said he and went right back to watching the mountain grow and puffing on his pipe. I tried to outlast him but lacked the patience.

'Why don't you tell it to me, then?'

'Tell what?'

He was indeed a very difficult man.

'And don't be giving me any more cock-and-bull stories about Moffat Monsters and feathered fishes!'

'Thought I told you that one already.'

'My memory,' said I, 'is not what it used to be.'

He chuckled. I'd scored a point somewhere in the games he played and deserved a reward.

'John Henry Pope,' he began, 'was a very great man.' He settled himself more comfortably in his old chair and I leaned back against the porch post in the declining sun. 'He's dead now,' he mused. 'Nearly all the great men in the country are dead,' he sadly said. 'And I'm not feeling so good myself.'

'Who was he, then?'

'Who was who?'

'John Henry Pope.'

'He was a Cookshire-man, born and bred - although it was called Eaton in those days. He went into the politics and did so well he wound up as Minister of Railways in John A. MacDonald's cabinet.'

'What about the gold rush?'

'The old Scotch settlers loved him. When this country was first opened to settlement, the government offered them fifty acres free for the clearing in some places. This was back in the 1850's. By 1855, there was near a couple hundred people settled round and about Winslow. That's Stornoway now. And they'd no sooner got the stumps out than the government turned around and tried to cancel all their grants.'

'So what did the settlers do?'

'They went straight to John Henry Pope and told him about it and John Henry Pope went straight to the government and dared them to try to throw all his Scotsmen off their land. The government hemmed and hawed and blustered and threatened but he stood firm and they finally had to back down. The settlers kept their land and John Henry was a hero. When he came to visit, they took his horses from his carriage and drew them three miles along the road themselves - whooping and hollering and playing the pipes all the way.'

'What about the gold rush?'

'Another time they tell about, John Henry wanted to cross a river in the wintertime - there weren't many bridges in those days. There'd been a thaw, you see, and the ice was coming down in great chunks bringing rocks and trees and everything else along with it the way it does. John Henry looked at that river, jumped off his sled and picked up his axe. He went to felling trees so they'd fall across the river and make a dam. The ice backed up behind it and had a chance to freeze solid and it wasn't very long before John Henry could drive across that water just as dry as you please.'

'About that gold...'

'He started the old Saint Francis and Megantic International Railway and the Compton Colonization Company and the Eastern Townships Bank and a whole lot of other things besides. This country is probably owing more to him than to any other man - except maybe James Watt.'

'Watt?'

'I said, this country...'

'I heard you. Tell me about the gold.'

'James Watt invented the steam engine.'

'I know.'

'Which started folk working in factories instead of on their crofts or at the loom in the parlour...'

'I know. I know.'

'Which made a great many of them decide to come to Compton County...'

'Yes. Yes. Now get...'

'Where they cleared away the wilderness and became ancestors.'

'Of really great men like you.'

'You've got it.'

'Good. Now tell me about the gold.'

'Gold? What gold?'

'The Great Compton County Gold Rush.'

'How can I be telling it if you keep interrupting all the time?'

I kept shut. He knocked the dottle from his pipe and meticulously refilled it from a plastic bag he had in his pocket. I said nothing. He put the pouch away and fumbled around for a match. I waited. He struck the match on the arm of his chair and thoughtfully puffed the flame into his tobacco while I kept still. He shook out the match, took a few experimental draws and I won.

'It all started with an old Indian,' he said. 'This old Indian came down to see John Henry and showed him a gold nugget he'd found. Probably wanted to trade it for a bottle of something. John Henry looked it over and asked where he'd got it and found out it was up along the Little Ditton River.'

'Where's that?'

'Out Chesham way. Up there between La Patrie, Chartierville, Notre Dame de Bois, there's the watershed. Some of the brooks run into the States, some into Lake Megantic, some into the Salmon River and the Saint Francis. Used to be Emberton Township and nobody lived there then. Nobody lives there now, come to think of it.'

'Plus ça change,' said I.

'You can say that again.'

'Plus ça change,' I said again.

'What's that mean?'

'The more things change, the more they stay the same.'

'You can say that again.'

'No thanks,' I said. 'Anyway...' I was hoping to get his train of thought back on the tracks before winter snowed in on us.

'Anyway,' said he, taking the hint, 'John Henry went up there with a couple of friends pretending they were on a fishing trip. They were keeping everything secret, you see. Bailey and Weston, they went fishing and John Henry, he went panning for gold in all the streams he could find. The fishing was very good up there. Still is, come to think of it.'

'But what about the gold? How did he do that?'

'He'd a done better selling second-hand coffins and so he would! After a few days he gave it up and decided to get in on the fishing so's the trip wouldn't be entirely wasted. He'd no sooner wet his line than Luther Weston came running up with a nugget the size of your thumbnail. Well, sir, that finished the fishing for sure.'

'And started the Great Compton County Gold Rush?'

'John Henry staked claims to all the brooks round and about that place and kept it as quiet as he could while he set up a gold mining company. But you can not be keeping news of gold quiet for very long. It whispers mighty loud. People heard it and caught gold-fever. That's a very contagious disease and so it is. Folk dropped their plows in the fields, left their cattle unmilked and hiked up there as fast as they could. There weren't any roads in those days. Just a few families down by the Lake and those around Winslow and Lingwick and the rest was as empty as a pauper's pocket. But when word got out, there were prospectors staking claim to any bit of land that had a trickle of water on it. They were picking and shovelling, fighting and washing gravel for miles around but old John Henry Pope had it all. They went home. He mined gold up there for twenty years or more. He used to wear a solid gold watch-chain up around Parliament. Claimed he got it wholesale.'

'What was the price of gold then?'

'Oh, it used to run eighteen, maybe twenty dollars an ounce. It's a sight more than that today, I'm hearing. They found one nugget up there that weighed nearly half-a-pound and that'd fetch about a thousand dollars nowadays.'

'Did the gold run out in the end?'

'Never did. That gold ain't run out yet. It just wasn't fetching enough in those to pay for all the machinery so they just quit but there's gold there yet. Every once in a while, when the fish aren't biting, somebody'll dip a pan in that gravel and come up with a bit of colour.'

'And John Henry Pope? What happened to him?'

'He died. April first, 1889. John A. MacDonald was one of his pall-bearers.'

'And you claim a bad memory,' I chided.

It was nearly dark.

'Did I ever tell you about Benedict Arnold and his invasion of Lake Megantic?'

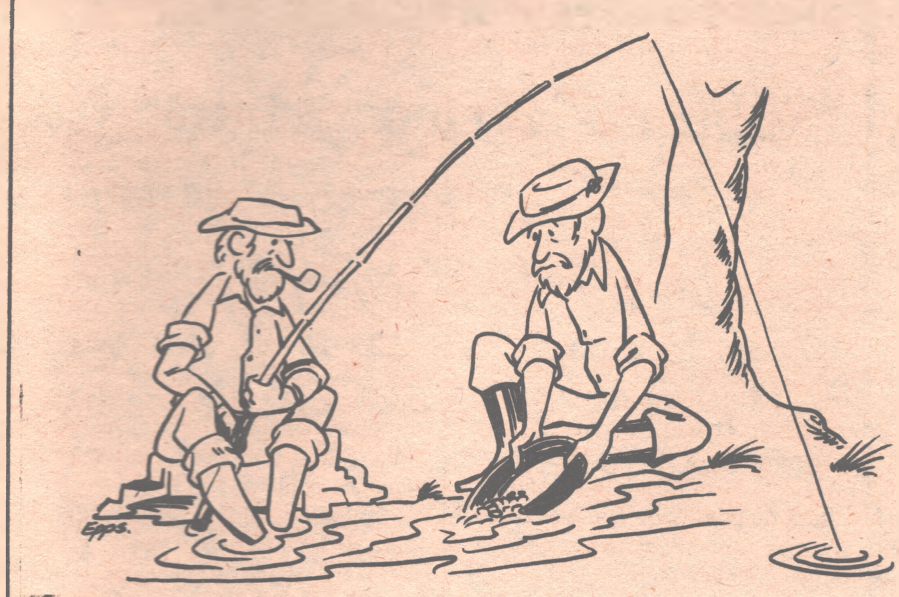
'Not yet,' said I.

'Not going to either,' he snapped. 'Haven't finished this story yet. There's a moral.'

'What's the moral?'

'The rank is but the guinea's stamp.'

'The man's the gold for a' that.'



A tree for the cutting



[JH]

by James Quig

He spotted it during the onion soup: 'That tree is dead.'

'Dutch Elm disease,' I guessed.

During the roast beef and robust little burgandy he noted that the dead tree spoiled the view of the lake and during coffee and cognac he came right out and asked why I didn't chop it down.

'It's a pretty big tree,' I said.

'There's nothing to it if you know how.'

'I'm sure.'

'Tell me where you want it and I'll drop it within a foot either way,' he said.

I should tell you about my brother and I. We have this little thing about organization. I accuse him of having too much of it and he gets me for not having enough. It all started when I was first married and he, younger but organized, was trying to fix a water pipe in my first apartment.

'Get me your pipe wrench,' he asked from an uncomfortable but strategic position under the sink.

'I don't have a pipe wrench,' I said.

'Everybody has a pipe wrench,' said my brother.

'Everybody but your brother,' I said.

There was a long silence under my sink.

'OK, let me see your toolbox,' he said. 'I'll find something.'

'Not in his toolbox,' said my new wife.

'He doesn't have a toolbox, right?' said my brother.

'Right,' said his brother.

But that was long ago and my little brother, like most of us, is taking on bigger things these days. Like my dead elm tree.

'I don't suppose you have a saw,' he asked.

I had a saw. He seemed surprised.

'But I thought we were going to take the kids swimming this afternoon,' I said. 'I'll handle the tree another day.'

'It won't take any time at all,' said my brother. 'We'll drop her before the women finish the dishes. What do you say, Rome?'

Rome is Roma, our friend. We grew up on the same street. Roma was game. One of the kids went for the saw.

'I wish I could help,' I apologized. I was running a temperature at the time. The doctor had recommended rest.

'You help with the dishes,' said my brother. 'Roma and I will handle the tree, eh Rome?'

'Take me to your tree,' said old Roma.

'We could borrow a chainsaw from a neighbour,' I suggested.

'Did the pioneers borrow chainsaws?' said my brother.

The three of us walked down the hill to the tree. One of the girls ordered the kids to stay on the verandah where it was safe.

'Dalton took off his shirt: 'How abou we drop her about five feet to the righ of those young spruce trees?'

'It looks a lot bigger down here than i did from up there,' said Roma.

'It's all in the way you hold your saw said my brother Dalton. 'Shall I g first?'

He went for 22 strokes and broke ou in roast beef and robust little burgandy

'Are you going to drop her now, Uncl Dalt?'

Dalt sat down on a stone. Roma tool over.

I should explain that they were on th primary cut - Dalton called it th horizontal - which is not to be confuse with your second cut - the insider which, according to my brother, 'is th one that gives you your direction.'

Roma lasted twice as long as Dalto but he always was stronger.

One of the wives came out on th verandah and reminded us we ha promised to take the kids for a swim.

'Dalt says we'll be finished by th time you finish the dishes,' I said.

'We finished the dishes 20 minute ago.'

But my brother, in a lather now didn't hear her.

'Maybe we'd better take a break,' suggested.

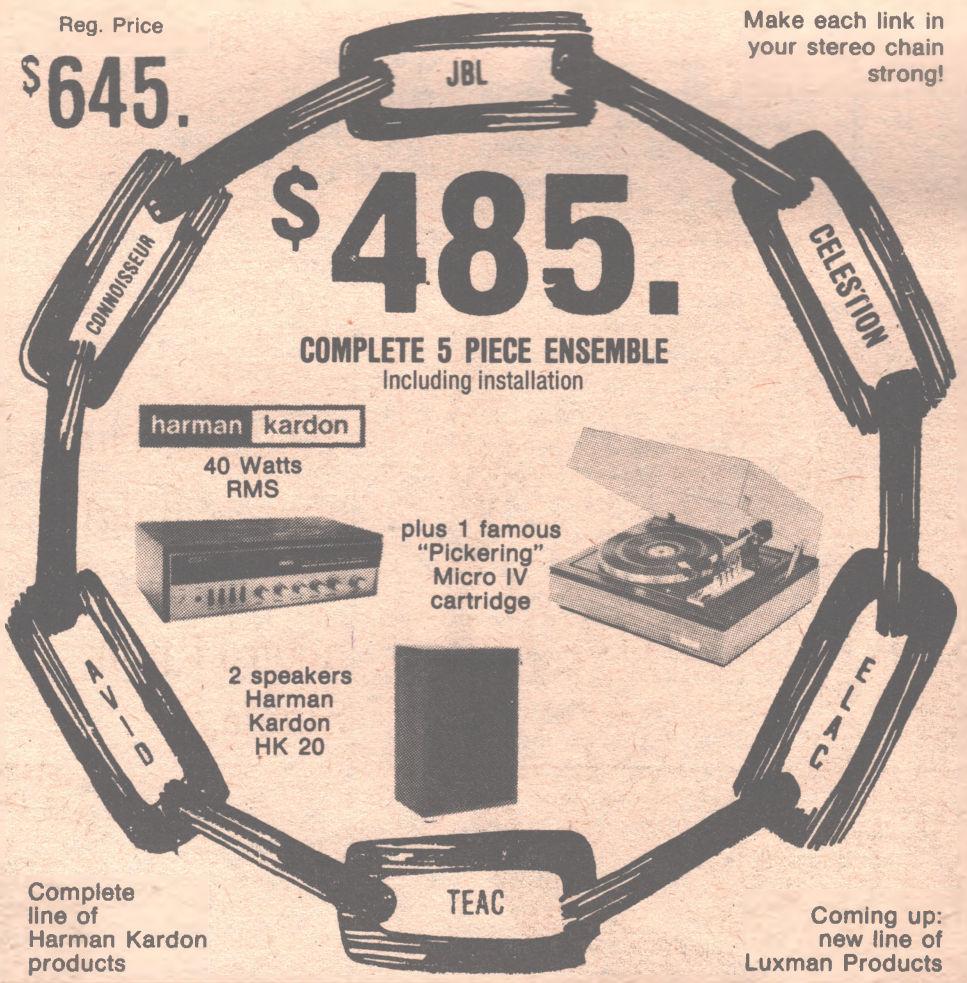
'Yes, why don't we,' he said, heavy o the we.

'Look, I didn't plan to be sick today. I was your idea to chop down the tree

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remember.'

'I said we'd drop her, we'll drop her.' said my brother.

'Are you going to drop her right now, Uncle Dalt?'

'In a while.'

'More than 10 minutes?'

'Go play with your dog,' said Uncle Dalt.

Roma was hitting the tree with my new Paul Bunyon axe.

'I'll get some beer,' I said. 'Don't drop it before I get back.'

The wives were drinking tall cool drinks made of gin and tonic and wanted to know how long it would be.

'I don't think we should ask,' I said.

'Tell them to watch out for their hearts,' one of them said.

When I got back to the tree Dalton and Roma were both sitting on the rock - panting. The tree hadn't moved.

'Having fun, Uncle Dalt?'

'Will you get those kids back up on the verandah,' said Uncle Dalt.

'Your wife says to watch your heart.'

'Thanks.'

'And Mom says you should remember your temperature,' one of my kids warned.

'You tell your Mommy your Daddy isn't doing a thing to endanger his temperature,' said my brother.

'How come the tree is all wet, Uncle Dalt?'

'It isn't as dead as your father said it was.'

'Does it take longer to drop them when they're wet, Uncle Dalt?'

'Go look it up,' said my brother. 'Whose turn, Roma?'

'Yours.'

'I wish I could help,' I said.

'W understand,' said my brother.

'The doctor said a temperature like this really drains the strength right out of you. It got up to 104 last night.'

'They say you don't die until it hits 106,' said my brother.

Roma suggested we start the inside cut but we needed a bigger saw.

We borrowed a bigger saw but it got stuck more.

'What we really need is a sledge hammer and a wedge,' said Dalton.

We borrowed a sledge hammer and a wedge.

'Sometimes you have to wedge them a bit,' said my brother

The wives were all sitting on the verandah now sipping tall cool drinks made of gin and tonic.

'Will it be much longer, dear?'

No answer.

'Will you be dropping it soon?'

'Take the kids swimming,' said my brother.

'They want to see you chop down the tree,' said one.

'...like you said you would,' added another.

The pressure was fantastic.

'Have you got a rope?' asked my brother.

We had a rope.

'All we need now is a little leverage to topple it over, Rome. There's nothing holding it up. It's just standing on its own weight.'

'What's the rope for, dear?'

'He wants to pull it down.'

'Pardon?'

'Uncle Dalt wants to pull the tree down.'

'Get one of the kids up the tree,' said Uncle Dalt.

We pushed one of Roma's boys up and he got a knot on one of the lower branches before his mother noticed him up the tree and ordered his father to get him down from there this minute.

'Do lumberjacks use ropes to drop their trees, Uncle Dalton?'

'Just heave when I say heave,' said my brother.

We heaved. But the tree won. The girls went back in to start supper. The kids got bored and went off chasing the dog. We sat down on the stone.

'I'll call a neighbour,' I said.

'Don't be silly,' said my brother. 'Who could you call?'

One of the girls wandered down with fresh beer and said the tree looked a lot bigger down here than it did from up there.

'Hmmmmm.'

'They say you can tell how old a tree is by the number of rings in it.'

'Hmmmmm.'

'How come it's all wet like that?'

'It's still alive.'

'Is that why it won't fall down?'

Nobody said anything.

'Why don't you tie the rope to one of the cars and pull it down?' she asked.

'Don't be silly,' said my brother.

'We could use my car,' said Roma.

'Get the car,' said Dalton.

My wife came out onto the verandah: 'What's the car for, dear?'

'Uncle Dalton is going to pull the tree down with the car.'

My wife ran in and rounded up the other women and kids.

'OK, when I give the signal, Roma, you throw her into reverse and back her up slowly. Jim, when she starts to go you drive the wedge in deeper and - will somebody get that dog out of here?'

Dalt gave the signal and Roma threw her into reverse and the rope broke.

'But it moved,' said one of the kids. 'I saw it move.'

'Of course it moved,' said my brother, 'there's absolutely nothing holding it up.'

But the rope broke again. Whatever it was that wasn't holding up our elm tree wasn't holding it up with vengeance.

'We'll feed the kids,' said the wives. 'Call us when it falls.'

'Feed them,' said my brother.

But the end was near and we finally dropped the elm at 6:55 p.m. - Dalton, Roma and me - by pulling it down by hand with the rope. She hit the ground with a crack and a thud just to the right of the young spruce trees.

'Well, you were dead right on the direction, Dalt.'

Dalt didn't say anything.

My wife was out on the verandah again. 'It's down,' she said.

'Yes, isn't it wonderful,' I said.

'You promised to call us....the children wanted to see it fall.'

'We didn't know it was going to fall,' I said but she slammed the door.

Later, when all was forgiven and we had returned all the tools, somebody not Dalton or Roma, I remember remarked that wasn't it a little sad how Mother Nature could spend 70 or 80 years building a tree and man comes along and drops it with a flick of the wrist.

You had to be there.

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