

The Townships Sun

JULY 1976

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

Vol. 4, #1



PICK YOUR OWN STRAWBERRIES

JEAN DRAPEAU'S BILLION-DOLLAR GAME

THE BROMONT SET- THE DESOURDYS

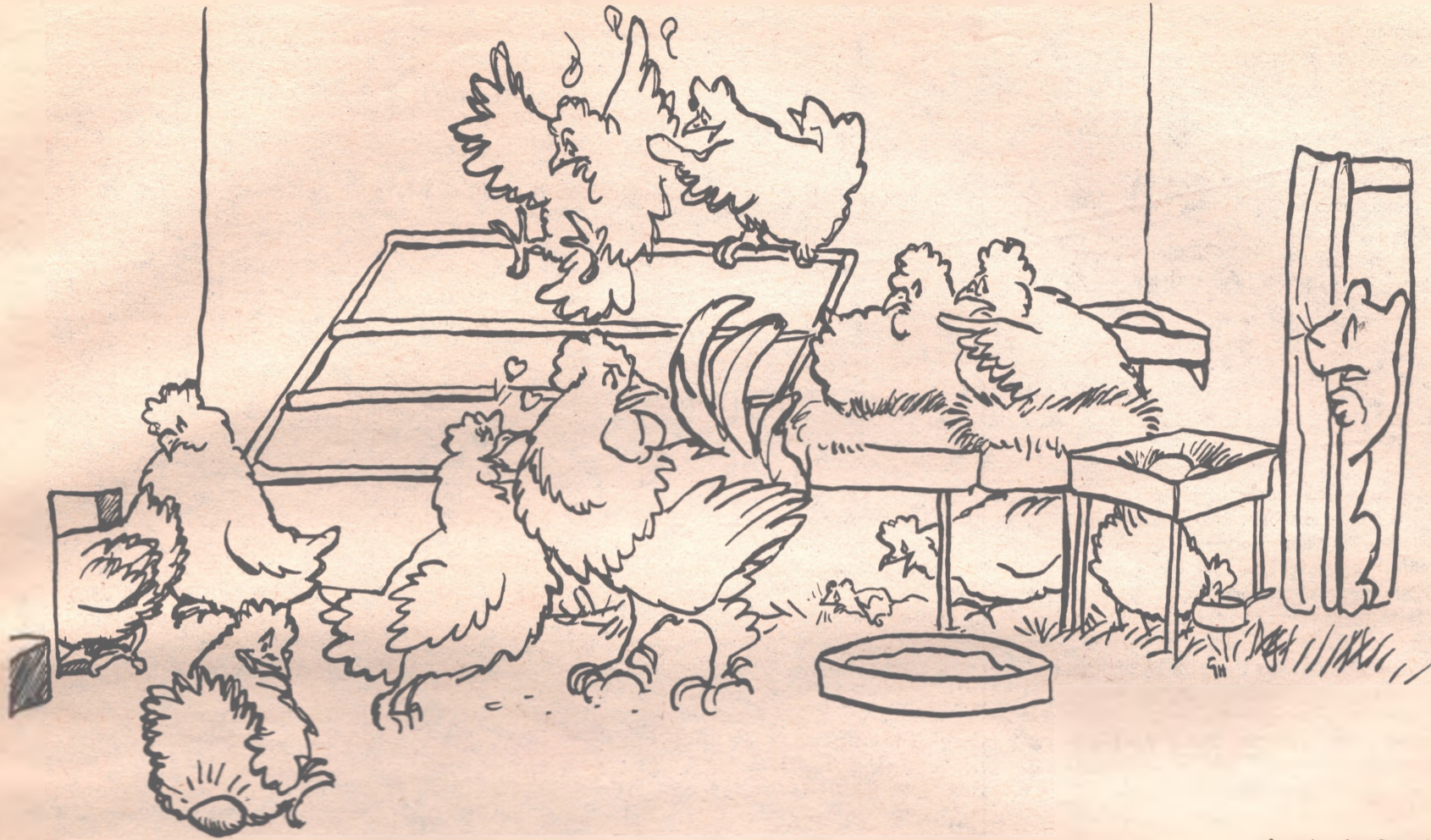
DAIRY FARMERS: PART II

THE OUTLAW OF MEGANTIC- CONCLUSION

TEACHERS- FAIR OR FOUL??

plus Townships letters, short notes, classifieds and much more

<p>Dear Young People,</p> <p>This is to say thanks for your large printed page 2 in this last issue of the Sun. My intuitions have been to send my subscription for some time, but just kept forgetting. Here is my cheque for a paper well worth receiving.</p> <p>My paper goes on to my brother in Ontario as he was brought up in Coaticook and is still very interested in everyone living around here.</p> <p>There are so many interesting events in the past and present in this beautiful Eastern Townships- you are doing a wonderful job in delving into so many interesting articles.</p> <p>Keep up the good work and may success follow you all the way.</p> <p>Sincerely, Mrs. A.N. Gregoire Lennoxville</p>	<p>Dear Editors,</p> <p>Having been the owner of the store and gas station in Hatley Village for 10 years, and having made many good friends while there, it was with great interest to my wife and I that we read your fine report on Hatley.</p> <p>I often think, as I recall all those fine people in Hatley, and surrounding districts, that those were the best 10 years of my life!</p> <p>I was also glad to see Mr. Allan Wheeler being mentioned for his very faithful delivery of the Mail. Yes, I could go on and on about what has been in the issues of the Sun. However, I am sending a cheque for a year's Townships Sun.</p> <p>Wishing you every success with your lovely paper, I remain,</p> <p>Yours truly, John R. Currie Lennoxville</p>	<p>Chers Editeurs,</p> <p>Je suis commis à la bibliothèque de Farnham. Un membre m'a apporté votre deuxième exemplaire de Townships Sun, car il voulait qu'on me fasse venir le livre écrit par M. Bernard Epps. J'ai apporté le journal à la maison- mon mari et moi nous l'avons lu du commencement à la fin. C'est très bien, et j'abonne mon mari, un de ces cadeaux de fête qui appréciera pour un an.</p> <p>Je vous souhaite bonne chance, et je vais faire circuler l'exemplaire à d'autres membres anglais, peut-être qu'eux aussi l'aimeront et je vais commander le livre de M. Epps pour la bibliothèque.</p> <p>Bien à vous, Mme. Lina Patch Farnham</p>
<p>Dear Editors,</p> <p>I have liked the Townships Sun since I saw the first issue. I particularly like being able to read about matters that are of interest to us people on an individual and community level, at the same time giving the facts pro and con. Keep the content about the same.</p> <p>I agree and feel that a classified section of want ads might be helpful. I like historic items and old photographs from the area. I would not like to see too much commercial advertising, and please stay away from community gossip we read about repeated in the majority of other newspapers. Also perhaps you might have a partial column of coming events for the following months from charitable organizations trying to raise money, but not necessarily to include regular meetings.</p> <p>Here is wishing you success and thanks for the free copies.</p> <p>Sincerely, John G. Clifford Beebe</p>	<p>Dear friends,</p> <p>The enclosed cheque is for a life-time subscription to the Sun for my husband and me.</p> <p>We wonder whether the life-time will be ours or the Sun's! In any case, keep up the good work!</p> <p>With best wishes from both of us,</p> <p>Mr. & Mrs. Harry Milne Magog</p>	<p>Dear Townships Sun Editors,</p> <p>Find enclosed a cheque for my subscription to your paper which I enjoy reading every page from front to back. While I do enjoy a paper which is free from ads, I understand the necessity of having a certain amount of ads to help meet expenses. Today expenses are very high in any business.</p> <p>A big thank you for the free copies of the Sun already received.</p> <p>Every success to the Townships Sun and its staff.</p> <p>Sincerely, Carl Gibson East Farnham</p>
<p>To the Townships Sun,</p> <p>In the last issue of the Sun, you expressed a desire to know if people want your paper or not- I want it. I believe there is a definite need for a paper of its type in the area, at this time. I think there are enough people in the Townships who recognize this fact, to support your paper and make it a success.</p> <p>My uncle, who is visiting here from B.C., likes your paper too. I am enclosing the price of two one-year subscriptions, with a little extra for encouragement.</p> <p>Keep going, good luck!</p> <p>Harvey Lawrence Brigham</p>	<p>The Editor and Dear Reader:</p> <p>Mention was recently made in The Townships Sun of printing 20,000 copies, one for each family in the area.</p> <p>Most readers are in accord that this is a delightful small publication, SO let's do ourselves a double favour while assisting a venture that deserves to succeed.</p> <p>The formula is simple; we all have friends and relatives who have moved away from the area, while retaining a sharp interest in Eastern Townships affairs. I propose that we use subscriptions to The Sun as gifts to former residents. This will solve a knotty problem on gifts, please the recipient, and support The Sun that it may continue to our individual reading benefit.</p> <p>SORRY - I have miscounted; we do ourselves, not a double, but a triple favour. I am now so overcome by my own argument that I wish you to accept three subscriptions. Good luck with the project.</p> <p>Lawrence Purdy, Waterloo</p>	<p>Dear Sun,</p> <p>Your paper so thoroughly reflects the special ambiance of the Townships that you deserve all the support possible. The mood, pace and serenity that we poor city dwellers seek so avidly each weekend is perfectly captured in both picture and copy.</p> <p>Thanks, Eric Wiele North Hatley</p>
<p>Townships Sun 819-837-2864 Box 420, Waterville JOB 3HO</p> <p>This issue of the Sun was typeset by Moe's River Press. In-plant camera by Bob Lessard's Composition et Publicité, Sherbrooke. Printed by Eastern Townships Publishing Co., Ltd., Sherbrooke.</p> <p>The mast-head on the front cover was drawn by Stephanie Wells of Scotstown.</p> <p>The Sun's International Serial Number is 0316-022X.</p> <p>Nous sommes enregistré avec la Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec.</p> <p>Second Class Mail Registration Number 3764.</p> <p>This month's quote suggested by Miss F. Wright of Lennoxville is:</p> <p>'Have you had a kindness shown? Pass it on. 'Twas not meant for thee alone, Let it travel down the years, Let it wipe another's tears, Till in heaven the deed appears, Pass it on.'</p>	<p>Dear Sunners,</p> <p>Please find enclosed our check for 1 yrs. subscription and keep up the good work. It seems good to hear about different goings on and things which interest we Townshippers. Your paper is always well read in our home and also we have kept every issue that we've received, and enjoy reading certain articles. Here is hoping the English wake up and help keep the Sun in print.</p> <p>Good luck and we are anxiously awaiting our next issue.</p> <p>Sincerely Michael Harbinson Cookshire</p>	<p>Editors,</p> <p>I have enjoyed every issue since the beginning and should have sent my cheque earlier. We need this kind of publication in all the farming communities, also the small villages and towns. New Hampshire, Vermont and other places in North America, also towns in Ontario, have a weekly paper. I am French-Canadian but I am interested in the happenings amongst my English-Canadian friends and neighbours. I get the Record, the Montreal Star and the Tribune every day, La Presse on week-ends, but I enjoy the Sun because it is local news.</p> <p>Good luck, Zephirin Rousseau Sawyerville</p>
	<p>Dear Editors,</p> <p>Congratulations on your excellent paper- Being an inveterate collector for over 25 years, I have been forced through lack of space to be more discriminating in what I collect.</p> <p>After reading the first issue of your paper I knew that the Townships Sun was definitely a collector's item.</p> <p>I am enclosing a cheque for my subscription as I was every issue.</p> <p>My wholehearted wishes for success in all areas go to the Townships Sun.</p> <p>Sincerely, Allene Banks Brome</p>	<p>Dear People,</p> <p>You have a refreshing paper, a one-of-a-kind. I would like to see more articles of the rest of the Townships, not just the Hatley-Lennoxville area, i.e., it's West Bolton's 100th anniversary.</p> <p>Bruce G. Howard Knowlton</p> <p>Townships Sun:</p> <p>I'm not subscribing to your paper mainly because I just don't have the time to read it. I have several other magazines and papers to read and don't have the time for any more.</p> <p>It is a good paper, but I don't particularly like the novel part of it. If one wants to read a mystery story, they can buy a book.</p> <p>I do not want to run your paper down. I think it's great to publish another English paper around here. Keep up the good work.</p> <p>Judy White Black Lake</p>



drawing by Gretchen Hatfield

Dear Editors,

Please find enclosed my cheque for subscription to your very interesting paper.

My first copy on Hatley came at a most opportune time as I had just made a 'Sentimental Journey' to my old home town, Windsor Mills, all so changed; however, our roots are very deep there and I eventually, the last of the family, will be there.

My husband was from Newfoundland and came up to McGill, interrupted his studies to serve overseas in W.W. I. He returned to complete his studies and loved the Townships also and duck shooting, at that time a great attraction here. In 1949 we bought this home for his retirement. He enjoyed seventeen years of retirement, added to the house and built boats for the family.

Alas! We must grow older, but we are ever grateful to the fine people who played a great part in our formative years, day school teachers and Sunday school ones too.

Wishing you all success with your paper,

I am,
Yours truly,
Adelaide M. Coughlan
Philipsburg

He was looking for a practice in Montreal when he received a letter from the citizens of Sherbrooke promising that if he would come and doctor Sherbrooke (then about 40 houses) and a circuit of some 40 miles around it, they would guarantee that in no week would he take less than \$25.00. He accepted the offer in 1839. His son, Dr. Wyatt Galt Johnston, became a prominent pathologist and the first professor of hygiene at McGill (he was also a friend and pupil of Sir William Osler). My husband's mother was Elizabeth Turnor, and came from Lennoxville, so my husband (although born in Montreal) always felt strong ties with the Townships.

Twenty-five years ago we bought an old stone farmhouse, built around 1845, about 1 and a half miles from Knowlton, just off the East Hill Road, and used it as a summer cottage. I am now living there permanently with my son and his family, so I feel that I have a right to call myself a Townshipper by adoption.

Best wishes for your efforts.

Yours very truly,
Beatrice L. Johnston
Knowlton

travel to other parts of the globe. Even Western Canada caught my heart and imagination with all its splendor and grandeur, but it is not like it is here. We all need to get away once in a while, if not for a rest but only to view our region from a distant vantage point, just as an artists might step back from his canvas to get his painting in perspective.

We have a real paradise here if only more people would stop to think it over. Of course, there are constant dangers to our serenity and future from outside sources who are only too happy to gobble up our natural resources for their selfish purposes. I will even go out on a limb and say it's okay for outsiders to buy 'a piece of the action' in the Townships as long as they prove it by living here either full-time or investing some of their dollars in local enterprise. We sure could use the change, buddy.

Here's when I get down to the nitty-gritty by putting my money where my mouth is. Enclosed is a cheque for \$7.50 for one year's subscription to the Sun. If your high quality editorial content remains at its present level, you can rest assured that I will renew my option on a fine endeavour. So long for now.

Love and Peace,
George Kammerer
Cowansville

Dear Editors,

I find the Sun most interesting. I am a Townshipper whose ancestors date back to before the Fenian Raids, so I certainly appreciate having our English heritage maintained.

However, I can understand the French people wishing to retain their culture, but instead of having a single culture, we would all be more greatly enriched by preserving and appreciating the varied cultures in this great and beautiful Province.

I shall look forward to your next copy-

Yours sincerely,
C.B. Macey
Foster

Dear Editors,

Congratulations! I have just finished reading another free copy of the Townships Sun and find it to be a superb publication. I would describe the general content of this paper to be true, honest, in depth reporting, even though I am familiar with only a very small part of the Townships, namely Cowansville and 'environs'. While reading of some of the plights of our various residents in this region, I felt very sympathetic towards them, while my interest was firmly embedded in the past history of the area, especially the 'Outlaw of Megantic'.

While Donald Morrison was considered a desperado by the law enforcement agencies of that era, surely anyone with any sense of justice and compassion would have instantly identified with his hopeless situation. I too felt that the CBC was trying to slander his reputation and distort the true happenings of that saga when they broadcast that garbage on TV a few years ago.

I was born in Montreal some 33 years ago but came to the Townships at the age of 10 to reside on a farm with my folks. Now, some 23 years later, I consider myself a country boy and a true Townships dweller. Let anyone, whether a descendent of several generations of Eastern Townships residents or a relative newcomer try to prove otherwise. Home is where the heart is and I know where mine is at this instant.

I have been fortunate in having had opportunities to

Dear friends:

I have been reading the letters to the Editor in The Sun. Why not do an article on our quaint situation here between the U.S.A. and Canada? Canusa Street is exactly on the border belonging to both countries, as you probably already know.

People here are not exactly pleased with our location and zoning. We are in Zone 5 but do not get the advantages the Ayer's Cliff and Magog or Coaticook gain. All phone calls are LONG DISTANCE at considerable expense, yet wages are not as high, except in the Construction Industry, which are the same as in Montreal. Don't ask why! People have to build their own homes or they can't build them at all.

Then there's the matter of going 30 to 35 miles to hospital and rest homes.

Anyway, here's our subscription and hope we're in time for the next issue. We really enjoy it.

By the way, we are in the construction business and so know how people feel about the cost of building homes.

Mrs. H. Taylor,
Beebe

Editors,

I enclose a cheque for my subscription.

I am not a Townships (3rd generation Montreal), but my late husband, who died less than two years ago, was very proud of his Eastern Townships background. His grandfather, James Bell Johnston, who was, I believe, the first Canadian to graduate in medicine from Edinburgh University, was the first doctor in Sherbrooke.

Dear Townships Sun,

Here is our cheque for a lifetime subscription. We certainly enjoy the Sun, especially since that is about the only sun we've seen so often this spring!

By the way, the little boy on the sidewalk in front of the County & Municipal Bldg. in Bedford is my Dad. He was the paper boy and his bike is laying on the steps. The lady whose bike it was is still living in St. Armand- she is Lila Burrage.

I certainly hope that something is done soon on the Quarry road. I drove by there this spring and it gave me the willies.

Alice Guthrie
St. Armand

Editors,

Please find enclosed my subscription. I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the free copies and please understand they were appreciated.

My grandfather's name, I am told, was given to Martinville and my grandmother died in Moe's River where my father's brother ran a sawmill and kept the postoffice.

I mention this to show why I so strongly appreciate what you are doing for the small Eastern Townships towns.

I was impressed by your small footnote at the end of Mrs. Bladon's letter. Knowing that she was a real estate agent helped one to understand her remarks.

Yours truly,
Abe Martin
Lennoxville

Dear Editors,

At one of our recent meetings, the members of the St. Francis Fifty Plus Club (senior citizens group) voted to send a donation to the Townships Sun in support of its work in providing a monthly paper for the English population of this area.

Enclosed is a cheque which goes to you along with our wishes for your continued success.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Crystal Dapp,
Secretary,
St. Francis Fifty Plus Club
Melbourne

The Townships Sun,

Being one of those 'Absentee Landlords' in Hatley, we do feel that your reporter might have contacted a few of us to find out why we are here- obviously we love Hatley and the Townships as much as those born and raised here, and are envious that we haven't had the same.

We have made many new friends in Hatley and hope to make many more.

Good luck with the Sun and I hope you get enough subscriptions to continue.

Beverly Pringle
Hatley

Dear Editors,

Congratulations and every success with your English newspaper. As my birthplace was Coaticook, the Eastern Townships will always mean 'home'.

The name Sleeper and Akhurst may revive memories of the older E.T. residents as having the first iron foundry in the town. My grandfather who came over from England and settled in Coaticook was E.W. Akhurst whose son E.A. Akhurst was my father, who spent his lifetime of 91 years in Coaticook.

Sincerely yours,
Mrs. Ruth F. Hannaford
Eastman



drawing by Stephanie Wells

Dear Townships Sun,

We have enjoyed your unique publication and since 'now is the time to subscribe', our subscription is enclosed.

We moved in 1972, after retirement, from Leeds, Megantic County, to the pleasant town of Cookshire. Both places are capable of revealing history stronger than fiction. Hopefully you will delve into their past when the opportunity is ripe.

Best wishes for continual satisfaction,

Charlie and Ethel Cruickshank
Cookshire

Editors,

You are indeed worth more than a tank of gas- enclosed my cheque. Just keep on reminding everyone that we live here too. Or, as my friends put it, 'on est dans bain ensemble'.

By all means, solicit some advertising- it keeps the creditors at bay! Just keep it neatly on one page, that makes the paper more readable.

Good luck,
John Kirstein
Asbestos

Dear Editors,

Enclosed please find our subscription to your interesting paper.

Our forefathers came to the wilderness of Shefford County (mine in 1794) and helped to make roads, clear land, build dwellings, etc., and endure the hardships of pioneer life.

Now their descendents feel a different kind of isolation and all but lost in the wilderness of the other culture.

We surely need a unifying voice to present the English viewpoint as never before.

On the question of annexation, expropriation, etc. You have summed it all up in the Editor's note to Bill and Linda Lodge of Danville, Que.

My husband joins me in wishing you continued success with the Sun. We have enjoyed every copy. The articles and pictures bring back memories of our youth.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. L.A. Gallagher
Granby

Gentlemen;

I find your paper very interesting and thought-provoking. I am saving all issues for reference and as a record of present day conditions.

Your past articles on road construction, libraries, power line construction, and beautiful Hatley interested me a great deal.

Good luck for the future as your paper fills a vacuum that has existed in the Eastern Townships publishing field for far too long.

Thanking you for your good efforts in giving the public and informative paper with fresh viewpoints, I remain,

Yours truly,
Norris H. Wilson,
Ayers Cliff

The Townships Sun,

The Townships Sun seems to be improving with age and I sure hope its life span will be extended well into the future.

The future of the farmers seems to be in jeopardy for the time being at least, but if we can get a lot more Sun and get people drinking more milk perhaps the future will be a little brighter.

Best of luck,
George Allen
Foster

Dear Sun,

I like flowers and was delighted to find some from you via the letterbox when I got home from school today! How relaxing to read the letters, immerse myself in a sense of community and friendly gossip via the article on Hatley, and finally escape into adventure in the excerpt from **The Outlaw of Megantic**.

With the discouragement and frustration of Bill 23 a constant tension at school, and the difficulties of establishing a sense of community in a large regional school in mind, the important of having a voice such as the Sun becomes doubly important. The local rags are such a hodge podge of French and English ads and articles. One is quite helpful in publicizing local events and has quite a nice layout, but it doesn't have the artistic appeal, journalistic depth or atmosphere of the Sun.

Good luck in the fund-raising!
Elaine Petterman
Cowansville

Dear Editors,

Thank you for your free papers which I found interesting. However, I shall correct you, if I may, on two points of interest dealing with 'Hatley' and question a letter in the last issue which unfortunately was the last free one and was well-circulated.

First and most important- the letter. Although a former Montrealer, I believe, after fourteen years permanent residency, I qualify as an E.T.'r and disagree with Mr. K.E. Clayton-Kennedy's letter that 'most E.T. people with guts were killed off in two wars'. I was somewhat amused to find the 'testing' grounds had been enlarged to include the entire E.T.

It is not my intention, Editors, to use your newspaper as a 'Battlefield' (nor to take advantage of my ancestral background of which I too am very proud) but as Mr. Kennedy's letter was published by you, given away free, I request the right to challenge Mr. Kennedy's statements- OPENLY- so that no stigma, of any kind, be attached to my name as a former Secretary-Treasurer of the Municipal Corporation of the Village of Hatley.

Therefore, to Mr. Kennedy: Remember, Colonel, you fired the cannon- in full view- and I refuse to be a target in anyone's mind.

FORGERY OF MUNICIPAL ARCHIVES? FALSIFICATION OF COUNCIL MINUTES? THEFTS FROM MUNICIPAL ARCHIVES? Between Dec 5, '67 and Nov. 22, '71? During my term of office? Under the watchful eyes of a Colonel? a Batman? a Platoon of attorneys? **NO WAY**- I'd have to rate 'tactics' as 'G' but those were skirmishes that you lost. **Sabotage?** Wouldn't even a 'Buck Private' know that was customary for both sides? **Perjury?** Allegations from a personal civil case prior to my term? Come, come, Colonel- if so- you disappoint me. Unless, of course, my meagre legal knowledge is incorrect, I believe the Statute of Limitations for trying to prove that one has run out. **The Famous Mail Case?** Unfortunately, after my term of office. However, **IF AND WHEN** this so-called pending case is ever declared **'LOST'** and **IS** appealed- according to resolution- then someone will have shown their 'guts' (as you put it) by bringing out the reasons **WHY**, I believe, the Town should not pay such a lawsuit. It could

Dear Townships Sun,

In reply to a letter recently published in the Sun- I don't agree that all the men with guts were killed in two wars. I believe that maybe their guts for killing and fighting their fellow man, yes!

I would suggest that anyone that wishes to see what the peacetime veteran is doing should visit one of the Legions in the area. Here you will find men and women regardless of race, colour or creed working together to help their fellow man.

They support the Cubs, Scouts, youth groups, hockey and other recreations for the young Canadians. The March of Dimes who help so many crippled and ill children and the elderly who may need crutches, artificial limbs, wheel chairs, hospital beds, etc, provide bursaries for school children.

They work together to build attractive and useful Legion Homes where they not only meet to hold meetings, but gather to play darts, pool or to dance, and other recreations.

So God Bless all our War Veterans- may be never have another war. On this 50th anniversary of the Royal Canadian Legion may your flame always burn brightly to help all Canadians to a peacetime of love and harmony.

(name withheld by request)

Dear Townships Sun,

I read about absentee landowners- and while driving through some country roads in the Townships in a distance of 50 miles there were 20 or more new homes, and with the new bylaws they sure cost plenty.

The same laws apply to summer cottages, and as for spoiling the view, is it not better to see a nice cottage than a wood lot full of dead trees? And are our country roads not better than they were ten years ago? It's our tax money that does it.

And another thing, some say the Montrealers buy their groceries there instead of local. Who is to blame- the vegetables are the same imported from Ontario or the USA, even Mexico (tomatoes), and chain store prices cheaper. Who patronizes the restaurants, where are the market gardens, do local farmers raise any?

I was a Caretaker at the Hermitage Club in Magog for 27 years, and believe me, there was no difficulty in

also bring out the reasons **WHY**, I believe, 'these' people shouldn't have paid even **FIVE CENTS** for a **WATERWORKS**. It is my belief that judgements are rendered, even La Tribunal de l'Expropriation, upon the evidence presented. Just as Lawyers can only present what their clients wish them to present. It could, I believe, and should- in my opinion- have been appealed and all the true facts presented. Rather odd, Mr. Kennedy, that we should not have met in a Court room other than two water board hearings. The first one, July 1969, was when you asked for an increase in water rates and were given **ONE MONTH** to come up with receipts to substantiate your request. The second time was Sept. 1970 when your request was denied; the expropriation order was changed to read 'expropriaite against all and any owner or owners of the aquaduct system.' **WHY-DUBIOUS DEALINGS**. Not on the Town's part. I presume you knew, Mr. Kennedy, I would not ignore your comments; however, it is up to the People of Hatley and-or their present Council if they wish to do so. I am only interested in my term of office and good name.

So- Townships Sun- I am enclosing a cheque for \$20.00- \$7.50 of which is for a year's subscription; sufficient to ensure that Mr. Kennedy be sent by registered mail a copy of the next edition which I trust will rightfully include this entire letter and the balance as a donation to help keep your paper going.

Your Ed. note following Mr. Kennedy's letter was absolutely correct- it did take a book- I have been writing one, starting with one subject only- showing **ALL** sides from 1901 and am now awaiting the final chapter (I hope).

Now for the two points of interest which I feel should be corrected:

1. The paper received Apr. 2nd re. Hatley Library- let's give credit where credit is due. Understandably, everyone has their own method of listing things but to state 'organizing the books' is unfair, in my opinion. 'Re-organizing' would have been more accurate. I personally donated several boxes of books which included Shakespeare, children's books, mysteries, murders, westerns, etc. Several people were waiting in the library for Westerns and not one of mine went out until Mrs. Olive Bray, the then faithful librarian

selling fresh vegetables.

City people will travel miles to buy them, especially sweet corn, tomatoes, cucumbers, carrots, beets and berries.

And as for the price of land, if you have any to sell, why let Real Estate sell it for you- why not advertise it in your local papers?

Maybe Trudeau will buy it for the immigrants he wants to bring in, with living as it is- what next.

Yours truly,
Kenneth MacPherson
Ayers Cliff

Dear Editors,

Great to get your paper and hope that you will be able to continue. As an ex-patriate Eastern Townshippier I still feel linked to that land.

Your exposure of bureaucracy at anything but its best is characteristic of that basic premise of 'political science'. Government (bureaucracy) continues to expand until it is destroyed. Such is the pattern of history from Greece to America.

In encouraging the people of the Townships to organize against these injustices beware of encouraging values which will be no further reaching than the ones that are being replaced. Time goes forward. There is no going backwards in any sense of the word.

The evolution of consciousness requires something more than mere willing of concepts and attempts to snare moods in time. Politics will never replace physical, mental and spiritual evolution as the most enduring and effective way to establish harmony between man, man and nature, and man and beast.

Ultimately, we are responsible for everything that involves us. The blame is all too easily passed along when the inward glance would suffice to resolve the problem.

A little stimulation on the art of becoming integrated would serve to further the interest of the country more than anything.

Peace,
Norman Singfield
Singfield, Alta.

diligently had them listed. The Town Hall as well as the Library had a previous 'face-lifting' during my term of Office as S.T.- Stage drapes, new blinds and wood for more shelves were on hand (I believe from the A.C.W.). The new shelves were too long and, strange as it may seem to some, the same Mr. Kennedy- upon coming to the hall for one of his many check-up visits- did the sawing in the presence of the then Mayor's wife, Mrs. Bray and myself.

2. The issue received Apr. 20th stated: 'It is a fact that 'Hatley' is not even supposed to be used as a postal address, as if the place didn't exist'. -**WRONG**. Anyone having attended the 1st July celebrations in 1969 heard the M.N.A. Georges Vaillancourt read a communiqué from the then Hon. Postmaster Eric Kierans- advising that Hatley's correct mailing address would **OFFICIALLY** be, and still is: 'R.R.1 (Hatley), Ayer's Cliff, Que. in order to retain Hatley's identity. The same communiqué granted the same rights to West Hatley, more commonly known as (Massawippi). They too were sent a copy. Public Notices were posted on both the Town's bulletin boards- at the Town Hall and in the store, as well as at the still-existing Post Office- in Both Languages. If, in my humble opinion, these Two Municipalities loose their official names it will be the fault of the people alone for not including proper return addresses. I suggest you check the telephone book for residents of Hatley- verify how their bills and Hydro bills are addressed to them. Both these Firms cooperated. While you are at it- check the Montreal phone book- how many different small municipalities do you find? God- help us inflation-wise if each demanded their own phone book.

No newspaper, Firm, Post Office or Individual has the right to remove (Hatley) from the mailing address. I for one am very proud of my efforts to have it retained and will continue to use it on all my mail and references. I trust you, the Sun, will correct this error by ensuring it appears on your 'Hatley' subscribers' papers.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. Jessie Bervaldi
(Hatley) Ayers Cliff

Dear Sun,

I have enjoyed the issues you sent me very much. One article about Palmer Cox touched a tender chord in me. As children living in Massachusetts, my brothers and sisters and I joined with friends of ours, who owned two of the large Palmer Cox Brownie Books, in pouring over the pages together. We would each select a special brownie- Irishman, Dutchman, Chinaman, etc., and look for him and point him out in each picture. There were so many of them doing comical stunts, that there was excitement in trying to find our 'own' brownie before the page was turned by eager hands.

My father was a Granby boy and knew Palmer Cox, as they attended the same church together. Also, after I had grown to adulthood my father and I visited Granby and Palmer Cox in his Brownie Castle. Mr. Cox quickly drew a picture of a Brownie and gave it to me. He started drawing with the tassel on the brownie's cap and went on down to the pointed toes, with hardly lifting his pencil from the page, it seemed.

I know I shall enjoy the Sun very much for its interesting articles and drawings.

Sincerely,
Olive C. Vaudry
Sherbrooke



Editors,

Enclosed in my subscription. I greatly enjoyed your last issue. It was your best yet as far as I am concerned. However, may I bring your attention to an error in Edward Brown's 'Traveller's Tales'.

In his poem Mr. Brown refers to Hiawatha as a girl ('Here Hiawatha spent her girlhood days').

Well, Mr. Brown, I have news for you! Hiawatha was a man. Perhaps Mr. Brown was thinking of the lovely Minnehaha (laughing water) who was Hiawatha's woman.

Whatever- it was still a good poem, and yes, I can see it all happening on Memphremagog, or should I say 'Gitche Gumee'.

Good Luck,
Eve Hauser
Cowansville



Dear Editors,

I am sending the money for my subscription for 12 issues. I really enjoy the Townships Sun, especially the letters that people write. It is very interesting to hear other people's opinions on different subjects.

It is nice to know that the English people have a paper that they can call their own.

The story, 'The Outlaw of Megantic', sure was good reading. I hope you will be able to print another story soon.

In one of your recent issues was a write-up about land expropriations for land building. Here in Island Brook the people are faced with quite a problem. The road through the village is lined with beautiful old maples and other trees which will be destroyed when the road is widened. This will destroy the beauty of the village as well as taking away from some people the enjoyment of making a little maple syrup in the spring.

It takes years for a tree to grow but when the machines move in, they are destroyed in minutes. I wonder if any of the heads of the road department ever take time to look at some of the natural beauty along our roads?-- the ones that are left yet! Maybe if they did, they would not want to destroy so much of the lovely scenery around us.

Another thing I've been wondering is, why make so many high-speed ways when the speed limit may be lowered soon and they won't need such wide roads?

Oh, well. I guess progress is all that matters anymore.

Yours truly,
Mrs. Gerald Goddard
Island Brook,
Cookshire

Ed. note. We sympathize with your situation in Island Brook, and hope that the efforts of the citizens to stop this road-widening will be successful. We witnessed first-hand recently the destruction of nature and beauty which follows. The lovely, old sugar maples trees lining the Cochrane Road in Compton were cut down to make way for widening and flattening of some hills.

If, as you say, the speed limits are to be lowered, then this slaughter has also been in vain. It is for the convenience of some fast and incautious drivers that the road in Compton is being leveled---

And to the misery of the residents along this stretch of the road. Many will lose garden space, carefully planted trees, entire front yards, not to say privacy. The view now, which makes one dizzy from the front porch, is spectacular, but it does not compensate for the loss of the trees, in summer, winter and fall, of their shade and colour and the birds which made their home there for so long.

Dear Editors,

I have been reading your last issue in which you printed a letter from Bill & Linda Lodge about the number of expropriations that have affected the area in which they live, their property in particular. Knowing them, I can understand their attitude, and as I have looked at a diagram of the proposed road, I can sympathize with them. Adding to the misery is the fact that they would be denied access to the new public road, and it would require a ten-mile trip to pass across their own property on it.

Two miles the other side of Danville a series of good farms are being cut into worthless plots by the TransQuebec and an access cloverleaf to make connections with Asbestos. However, an historic local cemetery will almost be touching the new road and will provide an immediate burial spot for those speeding drivers who get killed nearby (Castlebar Corner).

Between Danville and Asbestos there will be another big junction and two productive farms so cut up as to be unworkable. Besides the junction, the road will expropriate about 40 acres for each mile of length. I do not know what kind of development the Quebec bureaucrats expect to see, and if there is any truth in the news about fuel shortages it may easily be a long lonesome trail.

Looking to the other side of town, where the present road has the most curves per mile of any road I know, the people had to protest strongly a few years ago because where the present right-of-way is listed as 26 feet, the engineers wanted to put a 100 foot wide road, even if it meant nailing the front doors shut on the homes for the first half mile. What has been repeatedly suggested by residents is leaving it as a residential section, and building a new road across nearly abandoned farm land, to connect the nearly straight sections of route 255 to route 116, at some point less than a half mile from the present junction. Perhaps we've got a chance coming up as I heard this week that a bridge had been condemned for truck use.

What does this all mean? That the bureaucratic group at Quebec should all be dishonorably discharged, and the M.L.A.'s required to do some work to get what their constituents want done, done.

Sincerely,
George Skilling
Danville

The letters printed in the Sun do not reflect the editors' opinions, but rather are a sample of the letters received.

SAVE

THE TOWNSHIPS

Dear Sirs,

It's time that someone let it be known how Hydro works. They are giving us the shaft and have been for five and a half months, over a telephone we broke, and it took them five and a half months to send us the bill. In the meantime, the cops came and took my husband's license and plates off our car, truck and cycle. Thanks to Hydro, us and our three kids are completely stranded.

Mrs. Roger Carrier,
Nantes

Editors,

Enclosed is a cheque for a two years subscription. It's most interesting, well-written and beautifully illustrate.

I am at present one of those 'non-residents' of whom you wrote so unkindly in a recent issue. Much of what you said is true but, as with all generalizations, the non-residents and their presence is not all bad. For example, it was largely 'non-residents' who had enough vision, drive and a willingness to financially support the Massawippi Water Protection, Inc., who got this effort off the ground. For the last six or seven years this group has accomplished a great deal in stimulating awareness of dangers to the lake and incidentally to the livelihood of many permanent residents- of pollution. In the case of most permanent residents, as well as non-residents, there was no awareness of the threat posed by local sewage.

Since then, sewers systems and disposal systems (that don't just process the sewage and add it back as nutrients for algae) have gone in at Ayers Cliff and North Hatley. Additions are also pending.

The battle is not over. The Tomifobia supplies most of the water entering the lake and continued efforts, which involve a considerable input of one's limited leisure time, are needed to have similar sewage systems installed in communities up stream and to have excess drainage from pig 'factories' and dairy farms reduced or cleaned up if needed.

It is a dedicated group of non-residents working with dedicated residents that has started and sustained this drive. Without the non-residents, efforts in making people aware of the danger down the road and their support, I suggest the waste disposal by-laws and the sewage systems in the lake area would not have materialized.

Cordially,
Kenneth B. Mathewson
North Hatley

Dear readers,

On behalf of Bury, I, the undersigned, urge that a moratorium be declared on the licensing, construction and sale of nuclear power plants until full national, public and parliamentary debates are held.

Since nuclear power plants have not been proven to be safe, efficient or economical;

Since such plants produce long-lived, highly radioactive wastes which have no safe disposal, and which will be dangerous to all life for thousands of years;

Since ways of saving energy and better ways of producing energy exist as outlined by the Science Council of Canada,

Danny Dougherty
Bury

P.S. I am a 13 year old crippled boy who cares for a clean environment for my friends and generations to come.



photo by Peter Hutchinson

To the Editors,

To my surprise I have been receiving the Townships Sun through the mail for some time free of charge, have enjoyed its contents, so thought it was about time I write you a line to thank you, as nowadays we all know or should know anything we get free of charge is worth at least a thank you.

I have enjoyed it so much I decided to forward to you the price of a tank of gas and expect to receive it for at least a year, but I must here say that I am unable to fill my tank with gas for the price of one years subscription.

I spent all my life on a third generation farm, which makes it more interesting- the following is one verse of a poem which I memorized many years ago which of course is all out of date in these modern times, but which applied to my way of doing farm work for a long life time.

I am not so much at singing
As those high fluteing chaps
My voice may be husky, or a little loud perhaps
For I have been ploughing with a lazy team you see
And I have been very busy with my git-up, haw & gee
So in dealing out your praises
I will tell you all right now
Too often you forget the man
That walked behind the plow.

Warren W. Watson
Bedford

Dear Editors,

We agree that we need an English magazine in the Townships.

Starting off as you people are in a new brand of local newspaper, there are areas where you could run out of topics. I refer to a.) original settlers, b.) historic highlights and other nostalgia. The foregoing is very interesting to many of the E.T. residents- may you never run out of subject material.

We cannot agree that the E.T. Farmer is a downtrodden, beaten, picked-over individual. This is the picture that one gets from reading past issues of the E.T. Sun. Please try to present a rosier picture. Your reporting seems to say: The bad news is on-on and on, there is no good news.

Randy Knapp
Lennoxville

Dear Sun,

I enjoy your wonderful paper. It is good to read something where there is no pornography, everything is so clean and good reading.

I want to mention about the Government and the Roads. When they put the new road through here, they took some land of my farm, and had two beautiful elms, one on each side of my driveway, and they took both of them. I wouldn't have taken five hundred for them and all they gave me was 65 dollars for them and the land they took.

And about the Hydro. About 20 years ago I was away working and when I came home at night there was a gang of men working and they cut a sixty foot right through my maple woods and they never asked if they could go. I went and saw a lawyer and he said they could go anywhere they wanted to and I couldn't do a thing.

I forgot to say that 5 years after the Hydro put the line through the sugar place they took it down and put it on through the fields near the road...

I have a small farm and I used to keep seven or eight cows and send my milk to Carnation and they told me I would have to put in a bulk tank and I had to stop farming.

Yours truly,
W.T. Higgonson
Ayers Cliff

Dear Editors of the Sun,

I am sending along my subscription, and also my two cents worth of ideas.

First, thanks for all the free copies I have received. I am part Scotch, so I waited to get as many free copies as possible.

I always read the letters to the Editors first, and often think there may be just a little too much criticism of all levels of government. After all it is we who elect these governments. Perhaps, because farmers and other workers did not have the opportunity to get enough education- we elect lawyers, etc., who do have the education necessary to talk and write, and so win our confidence.

Now if we elect these people, can we blame them if they do not know much about farming or building roads?

Someone has suggested that there is something sinister about the Ministry of Agriculture hiring all the best men away from the Farmers Union. Now that would look to me like a good idea for the government, if the members themselves do not know much about the problems of farmers, to hire someone who has worked

with the farmers, and so are familiar with the problems.

Now I have heard some farmers complain about the 2.5. cents they pay for advertising. I am a great believer in advertising, and I would like to suggest that you, through your union put on a real campaign even if it cost you 10 cts. per hundred, or even 25 cents. Don't wait for the Government to do it.

Let the consumers know just how much better it is than Pepsi Cola. Also suggest to your own members to use more milk themselves. I know of some farmers who use neither milk, nor butter, and buy Pepsi for their children's lunches at school.

Regarding price: I bought one 26 oz. bottle of Seven UP this week, 51 cts., this comes to a little over 63 cts. for forty oz. At the same store we get good milk for 51 cts. a quart.

Mr. MacPherson says that the Government ordered us to buy milking machines, and put electricity into our barns. WOW! I am glad he did not accuse them of ordering us to put in oil furnaces, and electric stoves. They just made it possible for farmers to get low interest loans so they could buy such things. I farmed when, if you wanted a loan, you went to the bank and paid 7% interest, if you were good enough talker or liar to make the Bank Manager believe that you did not really need the loan.

Then, we were selling butter for as low as 27 cts. a pound, which I believe would give you about \$1.35 to 1.50 per. hundred for milk. Of course you had the skim milk to feed to the calves and pigs, but about all you got out of a pig was the pleasure of his company, and a good two year old steer brought \$60.00.

When I was stumbling around the barn with only the light of a kerosene lantern, I would have been glad of a farm loan at 2.5% interest to put in electric lights.

Now, two more suggestions if I may. Sit right down Now, and write to your Member of Parliament at Quebec, and tell him that if he lets the Department of Agriculture close down the small abattoirs, that you will vote against him when the next election comes along. He will understand that kind of talking, whether you write in English or French.

Next get out to those union meetings, and make your presence felt. Even if the majority is French speaking, you will find like Doug Mackinnon that you will be well-treated, at least that has been my experience.

Thanks for your space,

Sincerely,
Leonard G. Henderson
Coleraine Station

OUR SENIOR CITIZENS

by Ilana L. Burns

Like the weather, we talk a good deal about the problems of our elderly folk, but seem unable to do anything about them. True, we may visit them in retirement homes and offer tea and cookies, or their equivalent. Golden Age Clubs have also been formed in many communities where members may gather for companionship and relaxation. But is this enough?

Let us pause for a moment and ask ourselves why, in our society, the aged are accorded such a low status. And why is aging something that we dread, and hate to admit that we all face? After all, the only alternative is to die young!

In other times and other societies the aged have been cherished and cared for tenderly by their own families, respected and even revered. What has caused the great change that has taken place? We hear many reasons why the aged are shunted into institutions in today's society- smaller homes, the nuclear

rather than the extended family, different life styles, a more mobile society, all situations into which the elderly cannot easily be fitted.

My thoughts on the subject are rather different. I believe that the real reason why the elderly are no longer accorded respect is that they have lost their former functions in society.

In olden times, and especially in non-literate societies, the chief function of the elderly was to pass along the conventional wisdom of the society. Those in their productive years were kept busy providing food and shelter for the family. But the elderly, the grandfathers and grandmothers, were the ones who passed along to the young the family history, the tales of their own struggles and achievements, the folklore, the songs and stories and poetry. In this way a continuity of knowledge was kept up from generation to

generation, and it all depended on the elder citizens, whose role was truly a vital one. Think, for example, of the many generations the stories of the Old Testament were probably passed on by word of mouth before they were ever set down in writing.

In today's world young and old watch television, read newspapers, watch movies, listen to records or car radios, but there is very little communication verbal within the family. There is absolutely no opportunity for the elderly to communicate with the young or pass along the knowledge they have gained through a lifetime of experience.

Even in more practical matters, and in times nearer to our own, the elderly performed a teaching role. It was the grandmother who taught the girls to sew and knit, make a sampler or piece a quilt, while the mother was busy with the say to day work of the home. And

many a grandfather taught the young lads to use saw and hammer, plane and other tools. No one then thought the elderly a burden when they performed such useful functions.

Perhaps what we need to do now is to look for ways in which the elderly, to whatever extent they are capable, can contribute to our communities. They do not want to be pitied, they want to be useful. And the longer they can perform a useful role, the longer will they retain their health and the use of all their faculties. After all, the brain cells are the only non-renewable cells in the body, and if they are not used, they will be lost. Surely we can find ways in which the elderly can participate more in community life, and we should offer them such opportunities, rather than tea and cookies.

SUTTON SATURDAY MARKET

When the Sutton Saturday Market opens June 19, it will begin its seventh year, writes Eve Gossage, Honorary Director, Sutton Valley Council. 'I well remember the first year! Just a half a dozen or so of us in the boiling sun in front of the school and dashing for cover in the auditorium when it started to rain. Outside we had customers, but when it poured no one would come. We ended up swapping and selling to each other some afternoons. A pie for a bread and a little painting for some pottery,' Eve relates.

'The second year things were a bit better. We were in front of the Town Hall and could use the cool grass and the shade of an old tree, dashing up to the meeting hall when it rained. That flight up was hardest on the potters, heavy ware and pots sometimes full of water. And we hugely added to the Saturday afternoon traffic jam.

In the third year our luck changed. Harold Boyce of Sutton loaned us a little barn, way back on a property of his. We called it the 'lost barn', since no one seemed to remember that it was indeed there. So we plied our trades on that spot for three summers more- lots more customers, lots more vendors and lots more fun.

Last year we built our own small barn on the grounds of the Legion on Curly Street, just a stones throw from the 'lost barn'. And that's where we hope to be for years and years to come.

The town is proud of the market- we did it all ourselves, lots of people doing things.

We want to keep to the original idea, to have an outlet for our own many crafters and artisans from everywhere, but we haven't forgotten others. There are vegetables and homebake goods and maple products...we even have a fleamarket at the back, where anyone can buy and sell.

This year we hope our Saturday Market will grown again, as it has each year over the years. For more information for visitors and vendors call: 538-2906, von Glasow- Erhard is our market director this year and assisted by his wife Inge more than ably.'

GLOBAL CITIZENS UNITE

From Duncan Graham of Stanstead we received the following item of possible interest to Townshippers:

On Aug. 7, 1975, we formed a planetary consortium for four billion human beings who form a global constituency with common concerns. This first declaration has resulted in the formation of the Global Citizens Association. The purpose of the group is to focus and present the perspective of the global citizens wherever possible and to channel the efforts and energies of all those concerned with the primacy was the planetary environment.

OF LOCAL INTEREST

It was announced in Philadelphia, linked as it is with that great leap forward in the development of constitutional government 200 years ago. The events of that year promoted new ideas and possibilities in the route to equality, liberty and democracy and contributed to world social change.

The global community may have first been conceived 455 years ago when Magellan's crew first circled the globe but it was supremely emphasized when Yuri Gagarin lifted off from Baikobour in mankind's first journey into space of the 12th April fifteen years ago,

For further information contact:
Duncan Graham
Executive Secretary
Global Citizens Committee
819-867-5438

COOKSHIRE'S LIBRARY

Dear Sun,

In a former issue you did an article on E.T. libraries and asked anyone to write if their library was not mentioned.

Cookshire has had an English library since the 1930's, maintained by a few loyal members and also supported by a trust fund left to us by Mamie Osgood who founded the library.

We did have a room over the old Post Office but due to a sudden raise in the rent about 20 years ago we had to move first of all the the Anglican Church Hall, then the Protestant school. When we had to leave there, we appealed to the Town but no space was available, so we moved to the basement of the Walter Hamilton Home. After several years when we still had no other place available, the library was moved to our basement and has been there ever since.

Three years ago the Opportunities for Youth employed several students to start a library in Cookshire and the town supplied a room in the former Convent. The library of French books has continued and we have been offered a room in the same building but our members have preferred to stay in our basement as we use all our money to buy books and do not employ a librarian- all work is voluntary. We have a membership of between 25 and 40 families, have about 2000 hard-backed books and 600 pocket books. Last month we received 100 English and 100 French books from the Canada Council for which we are very grateful.

Anyone wishing further information about our library please contact me at 875-3138.

Good luck with your publication,
Joyce Standish
Cookshire

LENNOXVILLE VOLUME I

Lennoxville nestled between hills, where the Massawippi River joins the St. Francis, has been a settlement since the beginning of the nineteenth century. To this date, its early history has not been recorded.

With the organization of the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical Society in 1970, an awakening interest in the early days of Lennoxville was a natural development. In 1971 a Committee was appointed to gather all available historical records for the purpose of preparing a pamphlet on the history of Lennoxville.

During the past four years, this Committee composed of Miss Kathleen Atto, Chairman Miss Joan Halls, Mrs. Jane Pearson, Miss Dorothy Dutton, Miss Wendy Lessard and Mr. Eckhard Rothe, aided by several members of the Historical Society, have searched for material that would throw some light on the early settlers and their way of life.

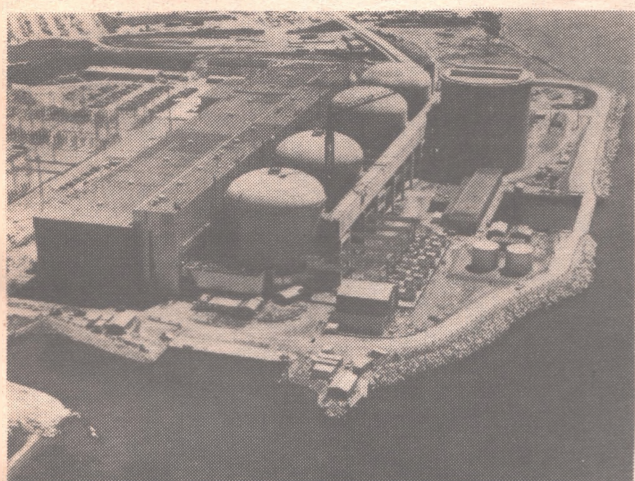
Unfortunately, it has not been easy. Older residents who might have recalled tales of the early days are gone and few personal or municipal records have been preserved. In 1874 a fire destroyed a large part of the Main St., Queen St., including the Town Hall with all early records.

The material which has been collected has been put together in a small booklet called 'Lennoxville Volume I'. It is not complete but it is hoped that with this publication more material may be brought forth and another volume produced.

'Lennoxville Volume I' includes a brief history of the early settlement and the beginnings of the municipality as well as the development of our Churches and Educational Institutions. Commerce and Industry, Cultural and Recreational Activities are here recorded. There are also articles on the Street Railway and Post Office. Interesting sidelights deal with Military Units, the Jefferson Davis Story and the Fire of 1874. Personal glimpses are found from memoires and the occasional document, while some biographical material is included, especially in connection with the medical profession.

Residents of Lennoxville, past and present, and many others who recall their student days spent in this area, will find something of interest in its pages. 'Lennoxville Volume I' may be obtained at a cost of \$5.00 per copy (plus 50 cts. where mailing is necessary) from the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, P.O. Box 61, Lennoxville, Que. JIM-1Z3.

Kathleen H. Atto
Lennoxville



Pickering Nuclear Station, Lake Ontario

Dear Sun Editors,

I attended the annual meeting Apr. 2 and 3 of the Quebec Council of the Environment in Montreal whose theme was 'Le Québec face à l'Option Nucléaire' - Quebec Faced with the Choice of Nuclear Power. Since many of Quebec's scientists were present, as well as representatives of government actually involved in planning Quebec's nuclear future, perhaps your readers would be interested in what I observed.

Last year on May 27, 1975, this same council passed a resolution soundly rejecting the installation of any nuclear power plants, and emphasizing the need to develop alternate, safe forms of energy. A plant ecologist, a geneticist, a physicist, a paleontologist, a medical researcher and a soil scientist all stressed the extreme danger of the existence, storage and transport of radioactive wastes, an unsolved problem, and the repeated failures in all the reactors built to date. They stated that already evidence showed an alarming increase in radioactive diseases such as cancer and deformed infants in the regions where nuclear installations were present. They warned that by adopting nuclear power with its present dangers, we were choosing a source of power that could mutate the human species into extinction; that it could not be adequately controlled, or guaranteed secure in terms of sabotage, or war, let alone in times of peace. Dr. Bernard Lapointe spoke of the frightening experiences they have had with nuclear development in France, stating that there, too, there had been no public or parliamentary debate. He urged us to fight very seriously against the nuclear installations, as were others in Sweden, France, the U.S., Japan and many other parts of the world.

But three speakers were in favour of nuclear plants since they felt the need for energy was 'so great'. They stated that the problems in present nuclear reactors were only 'minor', but admitted that there was no solution to the problem of the radioactive waste they created. Dr. W. Paskievici of the Institute of Nuclear Engineering, University of Montréal, said that we must trust the scientists, as they really had everything under control.



He and the other two felt that the public should not be consulted about the matter, as they just couldn't understand the complexity of the issues involved. It was interesting to note the employers of the other two pro-nuclear speakers: Dr. P. Marchildon, Scientific Advisor to the Canadian Atomic Energy Control Commission; and Claude Turgeon of the Energy Directorate, Quebec Department of Natural Resources, past director of Shell Oil's Marketing Board for Eastern Canada, and a Shell employee from 1952-1971. How do they feel about genetic and other environmental risks?

In response to a question by Dr. D. Waltz, plant ecologist, Mr. Turgeon stated that the maintenance of life, or environmental factors were 'interesting but not a major constraint' in planning for nuclear plants.

Aside from these words, Turgeon arrived late, talked only 10 minutes of his allotted hour, and left before more than 3 questions could be asked. As for Hydro-Quebec, the agency responsible for the planning and construction of nuclear plants in Quebec, they had refused to send a speaker to this scientific debate.

But many issues were not discussed, such as: What is it that needs more energy? What is it to be used for? Who is to get the energy Canada produces and who will take the primary risks? Is increased centralization of energy production the answer?

Do we want large companies, whose only goal is profit, to control our energy resources? What is Canada doing to research and promote other, clean sources of energy? How can the public be involved in this discussion and planning? What can be done to 1.) stop the present secrecy and development of nuclear installations 2.) force a public debate and 3.) re-direct government funds towards developing alternate energy sources? What role were the scientists themselves willing to play other than having an academic debate?

In closing, I came away from the conference convinced that it is crucial that we stop nuclear installations. I urge everyone to learn as much as they can and get involved. It is our health, our safe farm production, our very existence on this planet that is at stake.

J. Olafson
St. Isidore d'Auckland

PUBLIC MEETINGS ON NUCLEAR ENERGY AND A MOVIE— LOVEJOY'S NUCLEAR WAR

by Frances Elliott

These meetings are being made possible through the services of 'The Canadian Coalition for Nuclear Responsibility', an organization of citizens across Canada concerned about the dangers of nuclear power development, the building of 100 new nuclear plants all across Canada, some 20 or 30 of them in Quebec and probably one in the Townships.

From the Montreal office of CCNR we are receiving two well-informed bilingual speakers and one or more films. The movie, Lovejoy's Nuclear War, has French sub-titles.

Plans have been made for meetings and a workshop in the week of July 5:

At Lennoxville [at the United Church Hall], 8 pm., Monday, July 5

At Sawyerville [at the Elem. School], 8 pm., Tuesday, July 6

Bury [at the Elem. School], 8 pm., Wednesday, July 7

A workshop:

Nichols Bldg., Bishop's Univ., 2-5:30 pm., Wednesday, July 7

Later plans may be finalized for further meetings in that week of July 5. These will be announced in the newspapers and over the radio and by posters. Other possible meeting places known so far are Lake Megantic and Scotstown.

If anyone strongly desires other meetings in their neighbourhoods, please write to P.O. Box 211, Sawyerville, Opponents of Nuclear Energy, or phone 819-875-5118.

The newsreports of recent weeks point up the need for understanding what is going on; and a background knowledge of nuclear energy risks is helpful.

For example: why was the breakdown of a truck carrying a particular radioactive material near the Chalk River Laboratories last week such a hazardous thing that the truck had to be cordoned off until it was later removed?

Why was it so newsworthy that there was a secret meeting in London of western countries that make nuclear reactors and that now they are worried about sabotage of radioactive material?

What is the real significance of the report that a Greenpeace person has proof that there is a black market in plutonium?

These reports are truly hair-raising for they give a hint of the accidents and dangers of sabotage that will multiply if the Canadian government goes ahead with its program of building 100 new nuclear plants.

The speakers will discuss not only the hazards of nuclear energy, of living near nuclear plants and working in nuclear installations, and their expense, but also the studies about the real need for energy and how conservation methods can help and what other sources of energy can be developed to meet our needs (if money for research and development is not practically all used for nuclear research as at present).

An aroused public can influence the government's plans. There has never been an issue that needs public concern more desperately.

VELVET TOUCH

DECAPAGE DE MEUBLES
PROCEDE UNIQUE D'ARROSAGE
UTILISANT AUCUN CAUSTIQUE
OU BAIN DE TREMPAGE
TOUT TRAVAIL GARANTI
ALLONS CHERCHER ET LIVRONS
ESTIMATIONS GRATUITES

D. LORIMER, PROP.

35 ACADEMY, SUTTON

538-2530

Mon - Thurs 9 to 6
Fri. 9 to 9
Sat. 9 to 6
Closed Sundays

Come and see us at the
Bromont Flea Market on Sunday

FURNITURE STRIPPING
UNIQUE FLOW-OVER PROCESS
USING NO CAUSTICS
OR DIP TANKS
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
PICK-UP & DELIVERY
FREE ESTIMATES

Draper Insurance Agency Inc.

INSURANCE BROKERS - COURTIER D'ASSURANCES

311 MAIN STREET

COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

J2K 1J4

INSURANCE BROKERS TO EASTERN TOWNSHIPPERS
FOR OVER 60 YEARS

R.J. Hauser
President

E. Draper-Hauser
Secretary-Treasurer

Commercial & Residential Insurance, Farm Insurance Specialists

STRAWBERRIES

Last year 15,000 people picked
150,000 pounds of berries
at Wera's farm in Lennoxville



Joseph Wera beside one of his strawberry farm buildings, next to irrigation pipes

Wera's farm, a familiar landmark to all those in the area, provokes a lot of speculation from the curious- hey, look what they're doing there, watering, laying down hay, look how many people are there, boy, they must make a lot of money, how do they do it-

The best way to learn about the operation is to go to Mr. Wera himself, but he's a hard man to get a hold of, as he's often at his new farms in Chambly and St. Jean. If he is there in Lennoxville, you can be sure that he's

not lazing around the house, but he is out in the fields, supervising the activity, seeing what needs to be done, and often doing it himself.

Last year was a busy one. 15,000 people came to pick 150,000 pounds of strawberries at the farm. And it wasn't a good year for strawberries. Still there were enough big ones to go around.

Picking strawberries at Wera's is a treat- you are especially encouraged to take the big ones. This is not the usual case, even with other growers in the

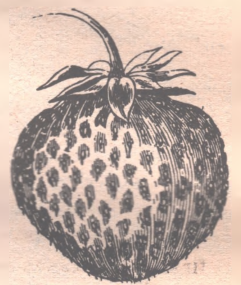
Strawberries. To some people this time of year means swimming in the lake, or sunning in the garden- but to many Townshippers, it means only one thing: Strawberries...strawberries with milk, strawberries with sugar, strawberry shortcake, strawberry jam.

When the 'pick-your-own' strawberry farms open their gates, berry lovers descend in hordes with buckets, pails and limitless energy. Before dawn the cars, chock full of strawberry fans, begin to line up near the farms- no sleepy heads, these, but eager and determined strawberry pickers.

And it's the early birds who get the berries, too- stragglers may get no closer to the gate than a mile. The biggest traffic jam ever in the Townships, you see, forms back from the strawberry farm of Joseph Wera in Lennoxville, stretching almost into town two miles away.

It's hard to get people out these days for a meeting, concert or what-have-you, but for strawberries, they'll come out in droves!

The really phenomenal success of strawberry picking farms can't be denied- but exactly why this 'pick-your-own' is so popular defies rational explanation. Perhaps it's just because it's fun, so they say, to wake up at the crack of dawn, go out and get a sunburn or sore back picking. Being summer, too, maybe it's somehow our natural urge to somehow to close to the earth and its summer fruits. Or it could be to have a mouth full of sugar-sweet strawberries! Whatever the reason, agreeable farmers like Wera are working hard year-round to meet this incredible demand for strawberries in season.



BOTH: MAIN STREET PRESS



photos by Charlie Simkin

Joseph Wera and his strawberries



region. Wera relates how this policy has added to his farm's popularity and good reputation- 'Most growers pick the best ones for the market, but we don't do that, in fact, we do the opposite. We encourage people to pick the biggest ones. It leaves the smaller ones to mature later- so the pickers are happy, and we're happy.'

They go home, their friends and neighbours see those big strawberries and they want to come to. That's how it all got going here.'

Those big strawberries have attracted many to pick. In fact, Wera tells us that 'in the past three years, we only have spent \$15.00 for publicity, and that was to tell the people to stay away!'. That's not to say Wera doesn't want pickers to come. He likes them,

understands them, as only a fellow berry-lover can. 'We have faith in them,' says Wera. 'we don't have any problems with the pickers- they come to pick- they're most interested in picking the best and most strawberries, too busy even to eat many, although we don't mind if they sample some.'

In season the atmosphere at Wera's is busy, absorbed and friendly. There are no guards carefully observing that only certain berries are picked and none eaten. The same kind of consideration given to pickers is given to the strawberry plants of which Wera is understandably proud.

The berries hang heavy on the plants, the foliage is full and green. This state of health does not occur by itself, however. Almost constant and continual care is



necessary to assure a good crop, and even then you can't be sure to succeed. Over the first year it takes for a plant to begin production, weather and insects can take their toll.

The new plants Wera obtains the first spring from a government regulated strawberry farm. These are then planted in a well-cultivated field. Wera practices field rotation- he presently has one large field in wheat which will be used as a green manure to be plowed in this year. This will provide the strawberries which the nitrogen and nutrients they need. Wera also applies chemical fertilizers to obtain a good growing medium.

The first-year plants are not allowed to produce that year. The blooms are cut off to allow all the plant's energy to be used by the leaves. There is a special machine that is towed along slowly through the rows from which the blooms are snipped off by helpers.

There are also cultivators which work in between the rows, a machine which puts the strawberry runners back into the rows and yet another to trim the leaves into a good straight shape, then in the autumn there's a machine to lay the straw down for wintering over and in the spring another to remove it: altogether 900 tons of straw are needed for Wera's three strawberry plantations.

All this work and investment in equipment with no guarantee of return! The second year even more measures are necessary to insure a crop's success. Irrigation becomes important at this stage. Wera has three pumps which pull water from the Massawippi River up in the fields through a series of pipes at 3,000 gallons per minute! A sprinkler system gets the water to the plants.

When there is a danger of frost, the plants are especially well-watered. A thin layer of ice forms on blossoms or buds and acts as a protection against the cold. The warming-up process also takes place more slowly preventing cell break-down. Sometimes even these measures fail- one year Wera lost tens of thousands of new plants due to a too cold night at the wrong time.

Cold is not the only enemy of the plants- insects can become a real threat. Wera admits judiciously using insecticides to control insects, for without them, he believes his mass production

would not be possible. Still, last year an insect attacked for which no successful insecticide could be found. The changeable, hot weather made for these bugs which bored down through the flowers into the stem. The flowers then fell off. Wera lost 50% of his crop in that way.

A plant that survives the first full year is ready to produce. Its blooms are not removed but allowed to be pollinated. Wera has 115 hives whose bees pollinate the flowers better than the wind or other insects. They move all around in the flower and thereby equally pollinate. This helps to produce the large, well-formed berries for which Wera is known.

From the end of June to about the middle of July the strawberries become red and ripe. The farm is not open every day, however, because after a particularly hard day of picking, it might take a day or so for the next ones to mature.

There are about 500,000 plants as Wera's, only a part of which are producing each year. At 50 cts. a pound, the business seems lucrative, but the

initial investment and risks are great. During the harvest and at other times, up to 40 people may be working at the Lennoxville farm- that's a heavy overhead to meet when your season is only 3 weeks long and so uncertain.

After the rush is over, the pickers plump with strawberries, Wera still has work to attend to. The third year plants, overrun with weeds, are taken up, and the ground prepared for a cover crop or the new plants in the spring. The straw must be laid down, then finally the equipment cleaned. From December to the beginning of spring, it's quiet, time to take a little vacation.

Despite the work involved, Wera seems to be enthusiastic about expanding. Every year, some more of his 300 acres is drained and deforested in preparation for strawberry fields. He doesn't think, even so, that he will ever have more than 100 acres in strawberries at one time, simply because of the rotation necessary. 100 acres is plenty in any case, about 250,000 pounds of berries in a good year, enough to fill up every reader of the Sun!

HAPPY STRAWBERRY SEASON!!



a machine towed along the rows on which 5 helpers sit and snip off strawberry flowers

**IF YOU WOULD
LIKE TO SHARE
THE SUN
WITH YOUR
FRIENDS AND
RELATIVES
NO LONGER
IN THE AREA,
WE WILL SEND
THEM A COPY,
ABSOLUTELY
FREE.**

**JUST SEND
THEIR NAMES
AND ADDRESSES
TO THE SUN**

DOVER PUBLICATIONS, INC.



RECIPE CORNER



drawing by Gretchen Hatfield

next issue: Pickles, Relishes, Jams; hints on Canning
Send in your recipes and suggestions today!

FRESH FRUIT CAKE

- 1 C. oil
- 1 C. nut meats in pieces
- 1 C. raisins
- 1 C. coconut
- 2 C. rolled oats
- 3 C. crushed fruit (pulp and juice)
- one-half t. salt
- 1 t. honey
- 2-2 and a half C. wholewheat flour

Mix all ingredients together to form soft and slightly crumbly dough. Press or spread into greased pans. Bake in 350 degree over 40 to 50 minutes until sides and bottom are golden brown. Take a peek. Let cool in pan 10 minutes. Turn out onto plate or board for further cooling. Frost with date filling and decorate with pieces of fresh fruit.

(to make date filling, place one half lb. of pitted dates in saucepan with water to cover, simmer 10-15 minutes until soft. Mash into paste with hand masher or whip in blender)

use any nuts: walnut, almond, cashew, brazil, hazel or toasted sunflower seeds.
for crushed fruit use fresh strawberries, pineapple, peaches, nectarines or plums. Apples or pears may be used if first cooked in water and mashed into sauce, or grated with juice.
the amount of flour will vary with moisture content of the crushed fruit.
makes 2 9" rounds.

OLD FASHIONED STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

- 2 C. flour
- 4 t. baking powder
- one-half t. salt
- 1 T. sugar
- one-third C. shortening
- three-fourths C. milk
- Butter
- Strawberries

Mix and sift the dry ingredients and work in the shortening with the fingers or a knife. Gradually add enough milk to make a soft dough, mixing with a knife. Toss the dough on to a floured board and tap and roll to one-half inch thickness. Bake in sheets for a large shortcake or cut with a biscuit cutter or bake in a muffin tin for individual shortcakes. Bake in a very hot oven (450-460 F.) 12-15 minutes. When done split into 2 parts, butter and put crushed sweetened fruit between the layers and on top. Serve hot with cream.

FRESH FRUIT JAM

- fresh strawberries or raspberries
- 1 package pectin
- honey to taste

Mash berries, than place in blender with honey. Add pectin and blend briskly for about 2 minutes. Make small batches and pour into sterilized jars and store in the refrigerator.

STRAWBERRY PIE

- 1 C. sugar
- 1 T. cornstarch
- one-eighth t. salt
- 3 C. fresh strawberries (or raspberries)
- 1 recipe plain pastry
- 1 t. butter

Mix sugar, cornstarch, and salt together and add to berries. Line piepan with pastry, add filling, dot with butter and cover with top crust. Bake in very hot over (450 F.) 10 minutes, reduce temperature to moderate (350 F.) and bake 30 minutes longer. Makes 1 9" pie.

SUN-COOKED PRESERVES

- 3 lbs. strawberries
- 6 C. sugar
- 3 C. water

Wash berries, pick over and weigh. Combine sugar and water and cook until it spins a thread (228 F.); remove from heat. Add berries and let stand overnight. Then skim berries from sirup and place in deep platters in a single layer. Cook sirup again to 228 F. and pour over berries. Cover with a piece of glass or cheesecloth and let stand in direct sunlight 3 to 4 days. When sirup has become thick, pour into clean hot jars and seal. Since dampness causes mold to form very quickly on this type of preserves, they must be brought indoors each night. If the sun does not shine, the cooking must be finished indoors. Makes 4 pints,

COUNTRYSIDE SCHOOL IN SUTTON

ECOLE LA CAMPAGNE—

by Connie Norris

Ecole La Campagne Countryside School is a nursery school operating in Sutton. The school developed out of 'playdays', weekly days of getting the children together at alternating homes. Mothers and-or fathers came with their children and during these get-togethers we often discussed school. After about a year, three of the parents, Lynda Fichman, Lisa Merovitz, and Connie Norris, formed a 'Board of Directors' and actively began 'making' the school with much help from all the other parents and many friends: finding and making materials, hiring a teacher, renting space, and getting the philosophy of the school down on paper. The school opened in the fall of 1974, and we are now completing our second school year.

The school has been renting space from the French School Board in Ecole Ave Maria, no longer in use. We have at present two large classrooms, a kitchen, and an office, all on the second floor of the building. We also have the use of a large room downstairs and a fenced outdoor play area.

The school employs two full-time teachers, and each day two parents come in as helpers. One member of the Board of Directors is also present each day, acting as an administrator. The Countryside School is open three days a week, Monday, Wednesday and Friday, from 9:30 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. A nutritious snack is provided in the morning by the school, but the children bring their own lunches. The only requirement for admission to the school is the parents' agreement with the educational philosophy of the school and the child's desire to come.

A few months ago, eight of us took a trip to the Early Learning Center in Stamford, Connecticut for a workshop. This trip strengthened many of our ideas, as well as giving us new ones and a new direction. The school has undergone major changes in methods and materials used in addition to changes in the physical set-up. To find out more about how we feel about our school, we suggest you read *To Start a School* by Margaret Skutch, founder of the Early Learning Center, and *Liberated Parents, Liberated Children*, by Adele Faber and Elaine Mazlish.

A good way to learn about the school is to look at a typical day.

Teachers and helpers arrive around 9:00 a.m. and quickly meet to discuss the day. Each adult is assigned a certain number of children with whom he will attempt to work on a one-to-one basis at some time during the day. Then the children arrive at 9:30 and are greeted downstairs by an adult. They head upstairs and choose an activity, either in the 'quiet room' (named that by the children) or in the 'art room'. The quiet room is set-up with carefully chosen learning materials which are out on shelves. There is a reading corner, a language area, which has games to play with letters and short words, a math area, which has cuisenaire rods, unifix cubes and other math-related materials, and several sensorial areas, with games to develop perception and concentration. The art room has a collage table, easels set-up with paints and paper, a sand table, a climber, large wooden blocks for building, and other active materials.

The adults approach children, or join a child in what he is doing for the individual work, usually with a learning material, that either follows a past encounter or that involves a new area for that child. This goes on until 11:30, when a recorder is played as a signal to the children to gather for 'circle', during which there will usually be two activities— one fairly quiet— a song, story, puppet show, or group discussion, and one more active— dancing, bean bag games, gymnastics. Around noon the children go to the kitchen to eat lunch.

At 12:30 or so, the three year olds are picked up by their parents, while the four, five and six-year olds either go outside, or do more work with the learning materials, or go to work on a crafts project. The children are always free to choose their own activities (within the basic ground rules) and no child is ever forced or pressured to do any activity. Suggestions are made, but 'no' is as acceptable a response as 'yes'.

We believe in the child as an individual being, who is open and receptive to each new thing (whether intellectual, sensory, physical or social) when he is ready for it. The key is the recognition of this readiness and the ability to present the particular means with creativity, sensitivity, enthusiasm, and support, but without pressure.

The materials with which we work in the school are conceived with these goals in mind. They are used in such a way that the child finds or is given the 'answers'

through working with concrete materials. We do not question or test a child, but use clear, descriptive, positive statements: 'You saw the matching cards', 'You added two and two to make four', etc. The chief goal is to help the child feel good about himself, to encourage self-confidence. The materials, as all of our activities, are means to this goal, and provide intellectual stimulation along the way.

Almost all of the children presently enrolled come from English-speaking families, and there is a unanimous desire for the children to learn French. Our two teachers this year are French Canadian, and have felt that the best way to do this for now is to use French in 'small-talk' type conversations with the children and to do as many songs, stories, and games in French as possible. We consider the relationship between the teacher and child to be of primary importance, and hope that as this grows, so will the French language usage, until the school is truly bilingual. We would like to have more French-speaking children at the school, too.

Next year we plan to have two groups: an 'older' group of five and six year olds, and a 'younger' group of three, four and five year olds. Each group will have its own teacher and space, though some equipment and activities will of course be shared. We plan to develop into an elementary-level school as well.

Ecole la Campagne has a very low budget, and is supported by tuitions, donations (which are tax deductible), and fund-raising events. We have been making quilts as a group and raffling or selling them, having rummage and bake sales, and we participate in local crafts shows. Recently we hosted a 'Festival of Spring' evening at L'Escale, a Sutton restaurant, with live entertainment and dinner served, which was quite successful and really fun. We hope to have another evening in the fall. Most of our learning materials are made by the parents, but some we must buy and for this we need help. If you might be interested in contributing to the school, please contact a member of the Board of Directors: Lynda Fichman, 538-5810, Betsy Cox, 292-5867, Michael Merovitz, 539-1946, or Materials Chairperson, Connie Norris, 538-3733.

For information about tuition costs, enrolling a child, or about the school in general, please contact any of the above. Visitors are welcome by appointment, so be sure to call and arrange a convenient time.

THANKS TO:



FOR CONTRIBUTING GIFTS
TO TOP STUDENT SALESPeOPLE
IN THE
Townships Sun-Townships Student
Subscription Campaign

THE SUN NEEDS CORRESPONDENTS
IN THE DIFFERENT TOWNS
TO TELL US WHAT IS GOING ON

TAKE SUBSCRIPTIONS

SOLICIT ADVERTISING

EVEN WRITE ARTICLES.

ANYONE IN GRANBY?

COWANSVILLE?

RICHMOND?

CALLS US COLLECT AT THE SUN

OR WRITE US A LETTER — TODAY!!!



DAIRY FARMERS PART II

by Lynn Pageau

Can the Consumer Afford To Remain Uninformed?

In the last issue of the Sun, certain aspects of the problem confronting Quebec dairy farmers were discussed. Since the UPA is the official farmers' union in Quebec, and since membership in it is mandatory, the first question that comes to mind is whether the UPA has the power in the government necessary to fulfill its role. The Sun interviewed Mr. Clément Lanoue, regional director of the UPA in Rock Forest, about this and other problems concerning agricultural producers. We were especially interested in the plight of the dairy farmers, since Canada's new milk policy has provoked great conflict in this sector.

The UPA vs. a Government that Doesn't Care

Mr. Lanoue maintains that the power of the UPA depends directly upon the amount of pressure the farmers themselves exert on the government. 'In 1974 when the farmers applied a lot of pressure to get \$40 million for the beef producers, they got it. If they hadn't done this, they certainly wouldn't have succeeded. The UPA is a negotiating body; its purpose is not to overthrow the government.'

The biggest problem as Mr. Lanoue sees it, is the lack of political awareness among the majority of farmers, and their lack of foresight concerning agricultural issues. 'Even though the UPA has been saying since last December or January that their quotas would be decreased and their export tax increased, it isn't until the dairy farmers are confronted with a reduction in their revenue that they react.'

The peculiar situation of the farmer, as opposed to most other members of our society, automatically puts him in a weak position. He has a large investment. He can't walk off the job like people who are employed by someone else. 'When things can't be arranged by negotiation,' declared Mr. Lanoue, 'when the farmer isn't satisfied, he leaves his farm. It's as simple as that.'

Although one is naively inclined to exclaim: but this is bad for the country!, apparently it isn't so bad for politics. 'For the federal government,' said Mr. Lanoue, 'agriculture has a rating of zero. It's painfully clear that the federal government has no interest in agriculture.' The current policy in agriculture seems to be (if one can judge by its actions): we'll import whatever we lack— until we have the same problem

in agriculture as in the petroleum industry. What worries Mr. Lanoue is that until the black day when nearly all of Canada's agricultural produce is imported, the UPA can't justify its position on trade embargos.

'If we stop producing milk, we can buy it as cheaply as we can produce it. But come and see me in three years— what will the consumer pay then? The sky's the limit! The federal government doesn't want to hear anything about agriculture. Even the rural MP isn't elected on his views concerning agriculture, but rather on those concerning social and national problems. For him, agriculture is very, very far away. How many consumers realize that we can have a serious food shortage?'

Inter-Provincial Rivalry

Some farmers protest that the UPA encouraged them to increase their quotas last year when all along it realized this would create a surplus of milk. However, Mr. Lanoue explained it this way: in 1974 the federal government asked milk producers to increase their production and raised the quotas of the dairy farmers across Canada. What was the reason for this increase? According to Mr. Lanoue, as markets for other agricultural produce became less favourable, more farmers in other provinces turned to dairy farming. Nine provinces now produce milk, though only Quebec produces industrial milk in any appreciable amount. Moreover, in 1973-1974 Quebec produced 48% of the milk and milk products consumed in Canada.

Although the UPA objected to this increase in milk production, knowing it would create a surplus, the federal government refused to change its policy. The Canadian Dairy Commission distributed quotas right and left nationwide. Therefore, milk production increased 12% on a nationwide basis. Some provinces increased their milk production as much as 40%. This forced the UPA to encourage Quebec dairy farmers to increase their production as well. The UPA knew that cutbacks would inevitably follow in the face of such a weird policy, and that they would be made all across Canada on a percentage basis. Had Quebec not increased its production, it would have

lost on the order of 8 billion pounds of milk when the cutbacks came.

'I have the impression that last year there was a production race between the provinces,' said Mr. Lanoue. 'In this case, we couldn't tell our dairy farmers not to increase their production. There would have been an additional penalty— some of the quota which belongs to us would have been given to other provinces.'

Money for Wheat- Penalties for Milk

The Sun also asked Mr. Lanoue whether the wheat farmers must pay an export tax. This is especially important, in that wheat accounts for over 50% of Canada's exports. Mr. Lanoue seemed surprised that one would even consider such a question: 'Ah, no! Not at all! Hey! The MP's are sensitized to that problem! From the federal point of view, agriculture equals wheat, and after wheat— nothing. Not even beef. When there was a surplus of wheat, the federal government paid the farmers not to produce it. What do they do in the east? They penalize the farmer to force him to lower his production. This year we are sure that among 2,200 dairy farmers in Quebec, at least 300 will go out of business. The dairy policy that is being advocated is not a policy of stabilization, but one of forcing producers out of business. In June, when the farmer who has a lot of commitments realizes he isn't going to have any pay, what else can he do?'

Such an unjust policy in Ottawa is all the more disturbing when one considers that if the UPA's prediction is correct, over 13% of Quebec's dairy farmers will be forced to abandon their farms.

Cheese— a Caveat

Last year Canada imported 50 million pounds of cheese. Mr. Lanoue estimates that this accounts for roughly 8% of the nation's consumption— enough to upset the Canadian market. The UPA had asked the federal government to reduce this to 40 million pounds. The government refused. Cheese, of course, comes from the industrial quota on which there is an export tax of \$1.35 per cwt. Not only is this penalty imposed in the industrial dairy farmer, but as Mr. Lanoue puts it: 'We are competing

with other governments such as those of France, Holland, Denmark, etc., who subsidize the milk surplus of their farmers. As far as the cheese market is concerned, the competition is dishonest. Canada imports cheese in big wheels. It is transformed here— cut into small pieces and packaged, and sometimes even fermented a bit. The nature of certain types of imported cheese is changed. From the time it enters the country, the consumer doesn't even know what he is buying. Whether or not it is transformed depends upon the quality of it when it comes into Canada.'

The same thing is apparently true of butter. All imported butter is re-churned in Canada before it is sold and is, Mr. Lanoue claims, of inferior quality.

ADVERTISING—

How Much Should the Farmer Pay?

As mentioned in the last issue of the Sun, dairy farmers now pay 2.5 cts. per cwt for advertising. This results in a net advertising budget of 1800,000 annually for dairy products. Yet how much of this advertising do we really see? This does not, of course, include that done by private firms to sell their products, but is used for the purpose of encouraging the public to buy dairy products.

It could certainly be stated that milk is not 'pushed' as are other beverages. For example, as far back as 1970, Coca-cola spent \$12,414,000 that year on advertising, Molson Breweries: 4,362,000, Canadian Breweries: \$5,655,000, etc. Mr. Lanoue feels that until the federal government is prepared to increase milk subsidies, the farmer can't be expected to pay more for advertising.

The Canadian government has some responsibility there. The consumption of milk products is lower in Canada than in nearly any other country in the world except the United States. In other countries, for example in Denmark, the government has educated their people in the nutritional value of milk and milk products. We can't convince the Canadian government to do this. Why? Because the government is interested in importing because it exports. That pays. As long as we keep up our present policy, the minister of commerce has more power than the minister of agriculture. Listen— the surplus of milk we have now, I'm telling you, it was

drawing by Gretchen Hatfield



created on purpose by the federal government!

Montreal- Dumping Ground for Produce

Before leaving Mr. Lanoue, we talked a little about other problems relating to agriculture. One is the flagrant injustice of dumping surplus produce in Montreal. If one looks at the figures, it may seem insignificant, but according to Mr. Lanoue, only a 3% surplus is necessary to upset the market.

The Quebec government does not defend its farmers; in the federal government the Quebec government isn't important; and the UPA is stuck in between. Three or four years ago there was a chicken surplus in Quebec. We got a permit to sell our surplus in Ontario. That didn't last long. The Ontario government put on an embargo and stopped it. They seized the trucks and sent the chickens back to Quebec.

On the other hand, the potato market in Quebec suffered last year: the UPA wanted to Quebec government to require that wholesalers but Quebec potatoes, and then when the supply got low, purchase those from other provinces. 'What did the Quebec government say? We can't do anything about it. Moreover, the federal government gave

a special transport subsidy for potatoes from PEI and New Brunswick, and they came into Quebec by the truckload. Then they let the wholesalers get potatoes from Maine, from the US quota surplus. We had potatoes coming out our ears.'

'What was the result? This year the consumer is paying through the nose for his potatoes, because producers around here had losses of \$35,000 to \$40,000. This year they've reduced their production and sell their potatoes at a high price. They've wised up. The government is going to have to start importing only what we can't grow here. There's no reason why Quebec should be a dumping ground for all the surplus agricultural produce of Canada.'

If the consumer isn't aware of this, and if he is unaware of the indifferent attitude in Ottawa towards agriculture (with the exception of wheat), can he be blamed for buying the cheapest product, regardless of its origin? When supermarkets have those specials on eggs: 79 cts. per dozen, limit 3 to a customer, just where do you suppose they come from? Better check before you buy.

Correction: due to a misprint, the federal subsidy to industrial milk producers was reported as being \$2.26 per cwt. The correct amount is \$2.66 per cwt.

TEACHERS—

FAIR OR FOUL??

Are teachers a bunch of irresponsible money hungry disturbers of the peace? Some of you may have lost your faith in teachers. The statistics of illiterate high school graduates makes many people wonder what teachers are doing in the classroom. 'There's not enough discipline! The kids are allowed to do anything

they want!' cry frightened parents. There are many rumours about what happens at our local regional high school and about the kinds of teachers found there. This article is intended to give you an insight into the kind of teaching that occurs in the Eastern Townships.

Pure Bred St. Bernard Puppies for sale

6 females, 4 males Vaccinated

Call 875-5181



A while ago, someone visited Alexander Galt for a day and then wrote an article about how much Galt resembled a prison - the fence, grey cement walls, few windows, masses of people, loud bells, and so on. That person observed external, physical details only. All he could see were many bodies sitting at desks facing another body at the front of a small grey room. What he didn't know was that those bodies were interacting. They may not have been moving very much, but there was something happening between them.

Come into my class and see what I mean. Jack sits up at the front almost behind me. He is having a lot of problems. His mother wants him to go into the metier program to study electricity. He usually sits though class without speaking to anyone. He doesn't do any homework and he looks very dejected. He loves animals though and he reveals his sensitive intelligence when describing their traits and habits.

Mark sits on the side. He loves skidoos and he writes poetry. He is quiet and undemanding. I must make special efforts to get him involved in class discussions.

Cathy sits further back. She is friendly and smiles at me with bright eyes. She is writing a book (and doing quite well at it.) She is looking out for her little sister because some kids were making fun of her.

Christa isolates herself at the back. She rarely smiles. She has tried to commit suicide several times. Christa has been taken out of her parents' home and has not yet found a permanent foster home. She tries very hard to do her assignments well and becomes very discouraged and upset when she doesn't succeed. Her mother tongue is French. She writes very sad poetry.

Jim sits in the middle. He tries hard too, although he has difficulty writing clearly in English. (His native tongue is French too) He is eager and gets really nervous when he has to give a speech or read his composition out loud. The other kids like him and enjoy his naturalness.

Bill sits at the back corner. He is unique and the others know it. He has a keen wit and a real talent for creating absurdly humorous stories.

Peter's intellectual sophistication is respected by the class. He is somewhat bored by it all and at times it is hard to realize that he is still an adolescent only verging on adulthood.

I could go on to describe the others because each one is as much an individual as the ones I have outlined. Their personalities and physical features are etched affectionately in my heart. They each have problems and joys. Some of their problems are minor - like getting sulky if they have to do something they don't want to do. Some of their problems are tragically major - like trying to gain confidence in themselves as human beings when their parents continually belittle them at home. Their joys vary, too, from having a spark of interest in a hobby to being fully and vibrantly alive to everything life has to offer them.

Is this person a psychologist or a teacher, you might be asking. Enough of this personality bit; tell me what you teach. Before discussing content matter, I will point out that a teacher must be more than a transmitter of facts. Were I to teach merely nouns, verbs, and Shakespeare, my classroom would indeed be a prison. The human beings in

my classroom come first; the knowledge I have to offer them comes second. If I cannot show them that I respect them and like them for what they are, then I will never be able to penetrate their protective walls.

But yes, I do teach them things as well. I try to teach them to be confident in themselves, to say what they think and not what they think I want them to think. I try to teach them to respect me and each other. Through discriminating discussions, I hope they will adopt some new and better values. I try to teach them to think logically and to read with understanding and enjoyment. I want them to become better writers and communicators.

I say 'try' because my methods are not always successful. I turn some students on; others I leave cold. I have been teaching for five years and yet I feel I am only beginning to learn what 'teaching' is all about. Each student in my class is an intensely alive, warm, personal human being. Each one demands attention in a distinct way. Each one responds to a different approach. The key is to find an approach that is all encompassing yet uniquely personal.

To discover the teaching methods which will best convey the content matter is another aspect that takes years to master. Each year I try new approaches. Some methods work with one class and not with another. It is extremely difficult to plan an imaginative lesson or curriculum which students will relate to and which will get across the course content. This is the area which I need to spend much time and energy developing.

Finally, the content must be mastered. I feel frustrated at times because so much that has been written and that is being written, that is impossible to read everything. However, even if I haven't read all the latest novels or poems, I still am gaining an understanding of what literature and language are all about. What makes English such an ideal course to teach is that the content relates directly to the kids. Books are about people - about our joys, our sorrows, our struggles, our failures, and our successes. Young people can identify with it because they are living it. Some of them know more about it than I do, in fact. Actually, literature is a way of expressing what we have perceived about life. I don't know that I will ever be able to 'master' the content of the English curriculum, but I know I am sensitive to the life that it deals with.

I do not teach in a prison, nor do I teach imprisoned minds. I reach out to receptive individuals and stimulate some of them to learn more than they knew before they encountered me.

If any members of our community are interested in acquiring more information about Galt courses, classes, or teachers, I would be pleased to talk to them.

JoAnne Kingsley
Lennoxville



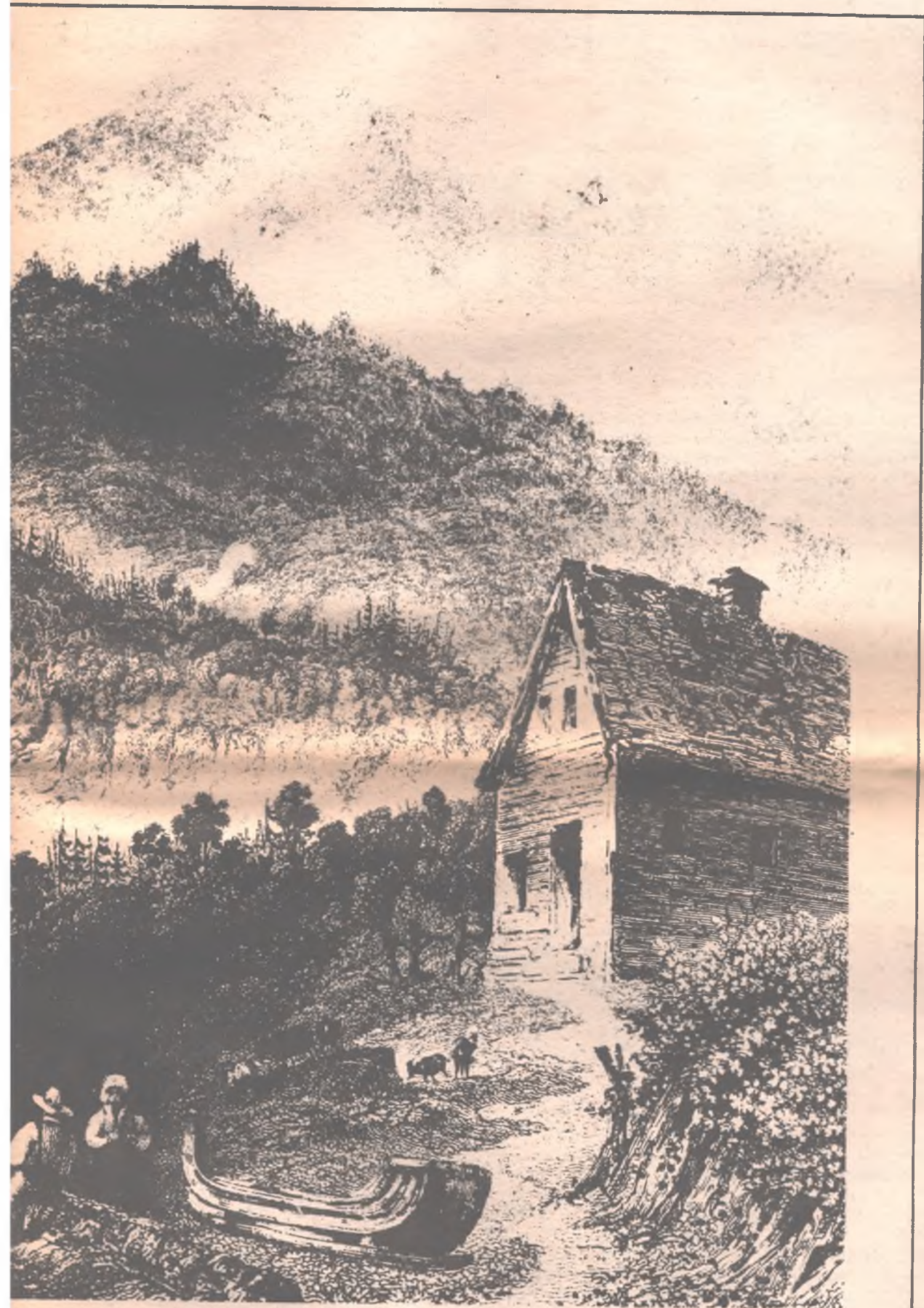
Subscribe to the



W.H. Bartlett.

Pass of Bolton, East

Townships Sun



Jno. Smith.

tern Townships

And we want to wish all the residents, past and present, of West Bolton a very successful Centennial year and celebration.

Reprinted from 'The Eastern Townships, A Pictorial Record', edited by Charles deVolpi and P.H. Scowen. This fine book is available from Page & Sangster, Sherbrooke, and many bookstores.

Readers can help The Sun get subscriptions by putting this page up as a poster.

This month, Montreal will host the 21st Olympic Games. A two-week event, the Games are going to cost the taxpayers \$1.4 billion. Quite a price for a two-week event.

Nick Auf der Maur is a Montreal City Councillor with the Montreal Citizens Movement. He's recently published an

excellent book called *The Billion Dollar Game - Jean Drapeau and the 1976 Olympics*.

For anyone who wants to know the real story behind the Games, and the controversy surrounding them during the past few years, the book is a must. It's published by James Lorimer and

Company, Toronto, and the cost is \$3.95.

Following is an article I've prepared using information from Auf der Maur's book and elsewhere. A chapter in the book deals exclusively with the Desourdy family and Bromont. With permission we're including this chapter in full. It's dedicated to all of the little people of

the Cowansville-Bromont area who've been fighting Desourdy's shadow for some years now.

The rest of it is dedicated to all of us in Quebec who seem to be destined to forever labour and sweat to fulfill the whims and desires of madmen like Jean Drapeau.



THE GAME



'Cities should not waste their resources on expenditure for a large number and variety of Games, lest the exhaust themselves in futile exertion and quarrel over unreasonable desire for glory.'

-Gaius Maecenas, Roman statesman, 70 B.C.

If the ancient Greeks had foreseen what the Olympic Games would turn into they probably would have stoned the inventor with fifty pound shot-puts right then and there.

But it can't really be blamed on them and the modern-day perverts who've made the Games into what they presently are would probably find even more devious ways of expressing their frustrations if they didn't have the Olympics to kick around.

Some idiot by the name of Baron Pierre de Coubertin is responsible for reviving the ancient Olympic Games in 1896 after they'd been properly put to sleep centuries before by a Christian Roman Emperor who didn't believe in pagan ritual.

Those first Games were held in Athens at a final cost of one million drachmas after an original estimated cost of 200,000 drachmas and the stadium wasn't finished on time. (Sound familiar?)

It went on from there and took a new twist when Hitler used the 1936 Olympics in Berlin as a vehicle for Nazi propaganda. He used the Games to further his sick sense of nationalism and racial superiority.

In Rome in 1960 they spent half a billion dollars on roads and buildings for the Games and the builders of the Olympic Village were sent to jail for using lousy materials.

From then on the Games were seen as an opportunity for hosting countries to boost their egos with a world-wide display of their abilities to throw a good party with lots of flash and glory.

In underdeveloped Mexico in '68, students protested against the Olympics being held in Mexico City and more than a hundred of them were fatally gunned down in the city square by Mexican militia.

Munich, as most of us will well remember, turned into another nightmare with terrorists killing athletes in Munich's Olympic Village.

So Mayor Jean Drapeau of Montreal decided to make himself the saviour of the Games by re-instigating the true Olympic spirit of amateur sport competition and toning down the other less desirable aspects of modern Olympic history. This was why the International Olympic Committee decided to award Montreal the 1976 Olympics, knowing that the Games had become too big. Drapeau's promise sounded good-

The Games, Drapeau said, would be modest, and they wouldn't cost the taxpayers a cent.

'In Montreal the Games are assured of conserving a human scale with a nobility of character marked by simplicity. The IOC can count on the fact that all required installations will be ready long before the inauguration.'

Drapeau wasn't always the self-destructive masochistic misguided fellow that he is today. On the contrary, when he first entered city hall he was a crime-busting young lawyer who was to clean up Montreal, then as badly riddled with corruption as it is today.

That was before Drapeau began his relentless drive for immortality and invited all kinds of people of questionable ethics onto his train bound for glory. (Maybe we should save ourselves a lot of grief and give the mayor what he wants by offering to entomb him forever in one apartment of his Olympic Village - Mummify him first and cut off the telephone!)

Drapeau was out of power between the years 57-60 due to a confrontation with Maurice Duplessis and didn't return until 1960 with his own party - the Civic Party. Observers noted that Drapeau would have returned without a party or any elected councillors at all except the law stipulated that it be that way.

Auf der Maur quotes a former friend of Drapeau's who says that Drapeau sees Quebecers as royalists and in want of a king. The mayor's version of democracy is that one is elected to rule as opposed to any notion of participatory democracy that only leads to confusion and mismanagement.

After his stint of crime-busting,

(Drapeau advised the provincial government that the recent crime probe was unnecessary because he'd cleared up organized crime years ago), the man turned to giving Montreal the international reputation it enjoys today.

Being a lover of the finer things in life, Drapeau first built beautiful Place des Arts, then the much-needed Metro, and then pumped new investment dollars into the city core through revitalization projects. He called it Montreal's Golden Age and Montrealers loved it.

It wasn't until the success of Expo '67 went to his head that Drapeau became dangerous. Expo cost \$430 million after an original estimate of \$164 million but Ottawa and Quebec bailed the city out and everybody had a good time. Drapeau was so infected by his own brilliance that he believed that people from all over the world would flock to Man and His World each year as a permanent attraction. Of course, it loses money every year. He also tried to convince NASA to plant the Man and His World flag on the moon instead of the U.S. Stars and Stripes.

But it was with the Olympics that the mayor decided to firmly establish his and his city's reputation once and for all.

'Call Them the Mafia Olympics'

-London Evening News

'The Mafia is in charge of the Olympics'

-L'Express (France)

'A miracle is needed to save the 21st Olympic Games from becoming an unmitigated disaster, a French-Canadian farce that will leave no one laughing save the Russians who seem to be already better prepared for Moscow 1980 than the Canadians are for Montreal 1976.'

-Dublin Evening Herald

'There is a stench of pork barrel and maggots about this summer's Games'

-London Times

It was with the Olympics that the mayor started playing the Game for real. It wouldn't be easy. He would have to take a proposal to the IOC of a modest self-financing Games and turn it into an opportunity to establish himself forever in the history books of mankind. He

would also have to do it in a time of recession when most of North America is being penny-conscious and governments at all levels are being heavily criticized for frivolous spending.

How well Drapeau succeeded is obvious. The Olympic Village, Velodrome, and Olympic Stadium all stand as incredible monuments and architectural wonders on the island of Montreal. Drapeau's ego is carved in the sky forever by the magnificent stadium tower. Of course it cost a little more than originally planned (\$1.4 billion) and there were a few scrapes and bruises along the way, but money and criticism will soon be forgotten while future generations will marvel at Drapeau's erection forever.

'That's all Canadians and Americans think about, - money, money, money - It doesn't interest me at all. When you look at the Eiffel Tower, what remains to think about? The honorarium Eiffel received or the structure he created?'

-Roger Taillibert

Roger Taillibert and Jean Drapeau think alike. Taillibert is an architect who operates out of La Rue de la Pompe in Paris. He was chosen by Drapeau to be the artist of the Olympic facilities, to put his dreams into pre-stressed concrete reality. Taillibert was paid handsomely for his designs for the stadium, velodrome and other assorted wonders. In the end the figure sets somewhere between a fee of \$45 and \$50 million. But of course, money is no object to an artist like Taillibert who is only concerned with the beauty of his creation. He and Drapeau think alike.

Drapeau gave Taillibert complete artistic and economic freedom to construct the buildings he wanted. The only request on Drapeau's behalf was that they be magnificent and spectacular, and that the stadium would have a looming tower that would make men gasp with wonder.

Drapeau has a thing with towers. One of his original plans for Expo '67 was a Paris-Montreal Tower that would stand as a momento to him and the fair just as the Eiffel Tower does in Paris. He was refused his wish then because of the cost.

It's hard to keep a good man down, and by golly, there's that crazy tower again, right in the middle of the world's most expensive stadium, holding up the roof!

Taillibert's fee of 45 to 50 million dollars is quite a monument in its own right. Auf der Maur notes that the highest architectural fee paid in North America to date was \$9.8 million for the Air Force Academy in Colorado Springs. Quebec's 1200 architects combined only had an income of \$24 million in 1974.

Taillibert personally oversaw Olympic construction as a full-time employee of the city since 1971. He operated out of

Sogena Inc., which owns Place Dupuis in Montreal which collects \$3.5 million in rent from the provincial government each year. All of this while Desrochers is employed full-time by Bourassa as special adviser.

The premier named Desrochers to the board of directors of COJO at the very beginning to keep an eye on things.

COJO, well-aware of Desrochers's talent, put him in charge of selling the Olympic television rights, an important source of income for the Games.

Auf der Maur tells the story of how badly ABC, NBC, and CBS wanted the lucrative contract. NBC and CBS waited

land? Those facts are insignificant to the successful player of The Game who has managed to turn an unpromising, unspectacular first move in Olympic construction into a victory for himself. Neither do the facts that the building is unsuitable as a Village - where 14 athletes will have to crowd into a 2 bedroom apartment, and that after the Games, the pyramids will be all but useless as \$20,000 to \$30,000 condominiums in an unattractive location for that kind of housing.

The story of the Village is riddled with robbery and scandal from the very beginning when the design was stolen

What more can be said about Drapeau's clincher - the Stadium. It's the Stadium and its tower that stands as the crowning achievement. It may also be Drapeau's undoing.

Construction on the stadium lagged behind, bogged down in confusion and nightmarish complexity of design. The money ran out and contractors threatened to halt progress until bills were paid. Trudeau refused to bail Drapeau out, and Bourassa had no choice but to move in and allow Victor Goldbloom to take over.



the Queen Elizabeth Hotel and an office adjoining the mayor's in city hall.

On the Olympic site he insisted that every last detail of his architectural wonder be implemented including the wooden plank walkways made out of a certain cherry wood imported from rare exotic trees in certain African rain-forests. Or the water cascades that use 30 million gallons of fresh water every day (equivalent to a city of 200,000) at a cost of \$8 million. Or how about the 2 parking garages that cost \$60 million which works out to \$13,000 for every car space?

Consultants, contractors, and workers protested the extravagance and needless complexity of the design. They were fired. Taillibert had complete control thanks to his patron in power - Jean Drapeau. They had an understanding.

The provincial government took over control of the Games when it became obvious that it was better to suffer the wrath of Drapeau than the embarrassment of failure or disaster. Taillibert was sent home.

Paul Desrochers is worth talking about in that he represents another kind of man who is always found behind every successful player of The Game. Also, since the Cliche Commission of recent fame, Desrochers is a popular Quebec personality in his own right.

Auf der Maur calls Desrochers 'the greatest of the backroom boys'. He was one of the men responsible for Daniel Johnson's election victory over the Quebec Liberals but upon Johnson's death he switched parties and later engineered Robert Bourassa's rise to power. For people like Desrochers, what party banner you're under doesn't really matter. The power is the thing - and he has it.

The Cliche Commission revealed that Desrochers oversaw everything on the James Bay site from buying nails to buying out Indians. In allowing Bechtel, the world's largest engineering firm, to take over the project, Desrochers acted over the heads of both the James Bay Development Corporation and Hydro-Quebec, the two departments responsible for the decision. The officials who complained were replaced.

The Commission also revealed that Desrochers owns 20,000 shares in

for the call for open bidding in vain while Desrochers made a secret agreement for \$25 million with ABC. The other networks were furious and sent telegrams to Lord Killanin and COJO demanding an explanation. 'One NBC executive said specifically that he was told that a \$5 million contribution to the Quebec Liberal Party would cinch the deal.'

'The president of ABC sports publicly denied any hanky-panky, but privately told confidantes, 'I've dealt with banana republics before, but never have I encountered a nest like the people up there.'

ABC soon sold all of the commercial spots for \$41 million, which includes a built-in profit of \$3.5 million.

Roland Desourdy is exemplary of the kind of Quebec contractor who also has played an important role in The Game. Men like Desourdy and Charles Duranceau, with whom he shared the Olympic Stadium cost-plus contract. Men like Desourdy have always known the classic tradition, where by choosing your friends carefully you may also choose yourself money and power. You may even be able to acquire your own little fiefdom like Bromont in return for proper service to the rulers of larger territories.

See 'The Bromont Set'

'There is no reason why life, even for the poor, must be depressing. We need things like Expo and the Olympics because of the spiritual values they represent and inspire.'

GAMEPLAY 1: THE OLYMPIC VILLAGE

In his original proposal, Drapeau said the village would be an opportunity for Montreal to provide 4,000 units of low-cost housing to the city. Central Mortgage and Housing was ready to supply 95 per cent of the clearance cost and 75 per cent of the building cost with a 50 year mortgage. Drapeau had even suggested that the Village be distributed throughout the east-end where the housing is badly needed. This was all to be done in the spirit of the 'modest games' that wouldn't cost the taxpayers a cent.

So how do we end up with 2 pyramids built by private developers at a cost of \$95 million on expropriated city park-

land? Those facts are insignificant to the successful player of The Game who has managed to turn an unpromising, unspectacular first move in Olympic construction into a victory for himself. Neither do the facts that the building is unsuitable as a Village - where 14 athletes will have to crowd into a 2 bedroom apartment, and that after the Games, the pyramids will be all but useless as \$20,000 to \$30,000 condominiums in an unattractive location for that kind of housing.

Three months later the offices of the four Zarolega partners were raided by the RCMP as were those of COJO's Roger Rousseau and Simon St. Pierre.

There followed a series of 40 such raids as the mounties gathered evidence to support their suspicions of fraud and corruption. Proceedings on the evidence have been delayed until after the Games. It was 2 Montreal policemen who tipped off the Mounties after the city's police force refused to move on their request.

Zappia disappeared. In April, 76, the province expropriated the Village.

GAMEPLAY 2 THE VELEDROME

The velodrome was one of Taillibert's elaborate designs. It was basically a bicycle track that was supposed to be ready for the World Cycling Championships in 1974. It wasn't, so a temporary outdoor track was constructed at a cost of \$400,000. Competitors all agreed that the temporary track was good enough for the Olympics.

Maybe so, but one doesn't go down in history with a mere 'good enough' attitude. Drapeau and Taillibert wanted a spectacular Velodrome, the first covered track in Olympic history, and awarded Charles Duranceau the only tendered contract of the Olympics (later ripped up) on a bid of \$12 million. The final cost for the 7,000 seat Velodrome was \$70 million and Auf der Maur points out that a domed stadium with a capacity of 60,000 seats was built in Seattle at the same time at a cost of \$60 million.

GAMEPLAY 3 THE STADIUM

'The ugliness of slums in which people live doesn't matter if we can make them stand wide-eyed in admiration of works of art they don't understand.'

-Jean Drapeau, 1967

'The future will be the judge. Every time a man tries to do something that lasts beyond his own time, he has troubles. At the time, I'm sure no one understood the significance of the Sphinx, the Pyramids or the Eiffel Tower.'

-Jean Drapeau, 1976

Whether or not Drapeau will regret playing the Game is hard to say. Most likely he's going to endure even more criticism than he has to date but I bet he'll get a rush every time he sees that 50-story tower looming over Montreal and chuckle inside knowing that he pulled it off against incredible odds. Mayor Drapeau is certainly a winner. He's getting away with spending \$1.4 billion on the Olympic Games.

And we're the losers, especially Montreal where most of the debt lies. Think of all the other ways the money could have been put to use on badly needed projects.

Auf der Maur points out that the St. Lawrence Seaway only cost \$470 million (1.23 billion in today's dollars). The Trans-Canada gas pipeline cost \$970 million in today's dollars. Nationalization of Quebec Hydro companies only cost \$600 million.

It could have provided badly needed low-rental housing in Montreal for 120,000 people. 'Montreal is a city where 15,000 housing units don't have hot water and 11,000 don't have a tub or shower.'

Or it could have built 400 community arenas in Quebec. We're the losers.

Queen Elizabeth is too. Someone noticed that the royal yacht Britannia pours the Royal feces directly into the water it's travelling in.

Auf der Maur reports that because of a new law prohibiting the direct disposal of all sewage into Canadian waters, the Royal Yacht will be pulling a Royal Dingey behind it to carry the Royal Sewage.

Once ashore, the Royal Sewage will be deposited into Montreal's sewage system which empties all Montreal sewage directly into the St. Lawrence, including Jean Drapeau's. Because of the Olympic deficit, Montreal's Sewage Filtration Plant has been postponed for another five years.

Drapeau will probably reply to the criticism much as he did to the Board of Trade meeting in Montreal:

'They criticized Pericles too, when he built the Acropolis instead of warships.'

'You must know where the doors are, and which ones open. That doesn't apply to politics only, that applies to business in general. I think when you buy a dress or a hat you want to know the clerk... I don't see why it's so different when it comes to politicians. They're our employees, and we must know our employees.'

-Rolland Desourdy, on CBC's 5th Estate, 1975

Olympic planning and construction have been characterized by a chummy, old-boy atmosphere, and at the centre of the old-boy network is a powerful Quebec family, the Desourdy's, and particularly its patriarch, Rolland Desourdy.

The Desourdys operate out of Bromont in the Eastern Townships. The family, Italian in origin (the name was Dejordy before it was changed), consists of nine brothers and an assortment of wives, sons, daughters, sons- and daughters-in-law, and they run the Bromont area as a fiefdom reminiscent of the small towns dominated by rich families in the U.S. South of the 1930s.

Two of the Desourdy brothers joined the priesthood. The other seven took the construction company they inherited from their father, transformed it into one of the largest in Canada, getting major contracts in Quebec and the Maritimes, including Churchill Falls, Fort Chimo and James Bay, as well as highways and autoroutes, and made it the basis for an empire that now comprises eighty-two companies concentrated mostly in construction and development.

In building the family fortune, the brothers understood the necessity of good political connections. Germain Desourdy is Mayor of Bromont, a town almost wholly owned by the family, while brother Rolland was for nineteen years Mayor of neighbouring Cowansville, where the family also has extensive interests. A third brother used to be Mayor of Chambly, on the South Shore.

A project the size of the Olympics was bound to involve the Desourdys in a variety of ways. And so assorted Desourdy companies have been heavily involved in the construction and management of all manner of Olympic facilities. The family construction firm is a partner in the consortium that was awarded the largest Olympic contract, the \$650 million-plus Stadium. And the Olympic equestrian events will be held on Desourdy land in Bromont - the first Olympic competitions ever to be held on private property.

At the Olympic sites, Desourdy equipment could be seen rumbling to and fro. Desourdy cranes littered the site, while Desourdy trucks loaded with equipment purchased from Desourdy suppliers rolled in. And Desourdy managers, engineers and draughtsmen checked shipping orders, invoices and blueprints. The Desourdy name was as pervasive as the Montreal Olympic logo.

The key to how Rolland Desourdy and his family have managed to manoeuvre themselves into such a favorable position was provided by Desourdy himself. He knows his employees, the politicians, well.

By the time the Olympic project was getting off the ground, Desourdy was acquainted with everyone important in Quebec. He took part in the preliminary philosophic discussions of what the Games could do. He knew the people at COJO, having done business with some of the directors.

Many of the old boys involved in the Olympics are frequent visitors to Bromont or even have houses there. Perhaps the chief beneficiaries of the Games will be the Desourdys and their friends - the Bromont set.

The Desourdys started Bromont in the early sixties when they, along with Montreal businessmen Marc Carrière and Charles (Jack) Johnson, bought up virtually the entire village of West Shefford, one of the many tiny United Empire Loyalist settlements in the rolling hills of the Townships.

In 1964, West Shefford and parts of neighbouring Brome and Shefford townships were amalgamated into the new Town of Bromont. This was unusual in that the Quebec Cities and Towns Act stipulates that a town must have 2,000 population, while Bromont was well under that figure: old West Shefford had barely 500 souls. An exception was made in this case by the then Minister of Municipal Affairs, Pierre Laporte, a family friend.

Soon afterwards, Laporte acquired a home in the area.

The new name of Bromont came from the family development company, Bromont Inc., which in turn came from a ski hill the Desourdys were developing. The Mayor of the new town was Germain Desourdy.

The Desourdys proceeded to expand Bromont through a series of annexations and an aggressive development policy, aiming to turn the town into a major industrial and recreational centre. The federal government obligingly provided a major airport with a 6,000-foot runway, suitable for executive jets. The airport was built on land belonging to the Desourdys, who also conveniently provided contracting services. Next, the E.T. Autoroute was pushed through, with two exits for Bromont, one more than was provided for several larger towns. Major contracting work was once again done by Desourdy companies.

Throughout this boom period the Desourdys worked relentlessly to buy up all Bromont land, including the new farmland acquired by annexation.

'A couple of people refused to sell out,' Mayor Desourdy told the Montreal Gazette 'grimly' in a 1970 interview. 'We just told them they would either have to sell at the price we offered them or we would expropriate.'

'That made them settle in one hell of a hurry.'

And so farmers were forced to sell their land to make way for Desourdy projects, including an industrial development park.

The industrial park soon bore fruit when IBM announced it was moving into Bromont with a \$21 million electronic circuit factory, to be built on land purchased from the Desourdys, courtesy of a \$6 million grant from Ottawa's Dept. of Regional Economic Expansion.

The recreational aspect of the Bromont development was coming along well too. By 1970, the Desourdys' riding stables were filled with thoroughbreds, their farms stocked with purebred Black Angus. The Bromont Golf and Country Club was doing nicely, as were the three ski hills and the snowmobile trails.

The area started attracting people with money and connections. Robert

Boyd, president of the James Bay Development Corporation, bought a farm in annexed Adamsville, along with Claude Breton and Laurent Beaudoin of Bombardier, the Ski-doo people who turned to subway-car manufacturing. (They got the contract to build the new subway cars that would be needed when the Metro extension to the Olympic site opened, but unfortunately the cars couldn't be made ready in time because of labour problems.)

Niding until this writer brought the subject up at a Montreal Council Meeting, says the construction was paid for by a third party, neither Niding nor Desourdy. The original excavation work was done by Desourdy employees, who were engaged in building a guesthouse near the Desourdy riding site.

Architect Charbonneau soon bought a lot across the street from the Niding house and proceeded to build himself a home, in what is fast becoming one of

THE BROMONT SET

From Nick Auf der Maur's book, *The Billion Dollar Game*, reprinted with permission from the publishers, James Lorimer & Company.

In September of 1973, Gérard Niding, chairman of the Montreal Executive Committee, decided it was time to move to Bromont and he bought a small parcel of land from the Desourdys, paying \$7,208.50 to Bromont Inc. and \$1,791.50 to Desourdy Inc.

The purchased property has an interesting history. On June 12, 1965, it was sold by Bromont Inc. to Madeleine Favreau-Desourdy. She sold it on Dec. 18, 1967 to Patrick Cullen, a Montreal businessman who also happened to sit on the Desourdy-controlled Bromont Town Council. He sold it back to Madeleine Favreau-Desourdy a little over five months later, on May 31, 1968. She in turn sold it back to Bromont Inc. on June 29. Finally, Gérard Niding bought it on Sept. 18, 1973.

The notary in all these sales was one Raymond Boily, a former classmate of Premier Robert Bourassa and Jean-Noel Lavoie, Speaker of the Quebec National Assembly. Boily came to Cowansville in the early sixties where he slowly, painstakingly made himself a millionaire.

Immediately after buying the land, Niding engaged architect Charles E. Charbonneau, of the firm of Bédard and Charbonneau, to design him a house. This is only natural since Charbonneau had built a previous house for Niding, on a farm property he had bought in the Bromont area in 1969. He paid \$8,000 for the property with a seven-percent mortgage; three years later, he sold the house and land for \$65,000 cash to someone who later sold it for \$42,500 with a six-and-a-half-percent mortgage.

Niding's new home is a plush brownstone complete with heated indoor pool, on a hill with a spectacular view of the Bromont area. Its cost was estimated in the neighbourhood of \$150,000 to \$200,000. It was built by Lecavalier Construction, an outfit that specializes in commercial construction and rarely builds residential buildings.

Claude Lecavalier, who says he did not know the home was being built for

the most exclusive recreational and residential areas in the province.

A short time after that, the Montreal Executive Committee, headed by Gérard Niding, awarded two lucrative Olympic contracts, without benefit of public tenders, to Bédard and Charbonneau. Not long after that, the Executive Committee awarded the biggest Olympic contract of them all, the Stadium, to Desourdy. Because of the complexity and magnitude of the project, Desourdy shared the contract with another major Quebec contractor, Charles Duranceau.

The cost-plus contract guarantees them \$9 million profit, plus a million-dollar bonus if the site is ready on time.

The Desourdy-Duranceau contract, one of the heftiest construction contracts in Canadian history, came as a surprise to a number of people, not least the directors of two companies who thought they had the inside track on the stadium work as a result of a secret entente with Desourdy.

It seems that Rolland Desourdy entered into a private agreement with the contracting firms of Simard-Beaudry and Dumez (Canada) Ltée., a subsidiary of one of France's largest construction companies. As far back as May 1972, the three companies got together to plan joint undertakings on the Olympic project. They signed a series of agreements, in which Rolland Desourdy was named the principal of the group, and responsible for all their submissions and negotiations.

While Desourdy was negotiating with Dumez and Simard-Beaudry, Charles Duranceau was building the Olympic Velodrome (the Velodrome was the only major Olympic contract obtained by public tender; this contract, however, was later torn up and replaced with a cost-plus contract).

At the end of May 1974, Montreal's rubber-stamp City Council empowered the city Executive Committee to award all Olympic contracts without public tenders. Two weeks later, the Execut-

ive Committee awarded the Stadium contract to Desourdy and Duranceau.

Needless to say, Dumez and Simard-Beaudry were shocked. So much so that they both launched damage suits against Desourdy Construction and Rolland Desourdy. Simard-Beaudry asked for \$1 million, charging that Desourdy had led it down the garden path while he was secretly negotiating with Duranceau and the city.

Dumez claimed \$6,158,971 damages, alleging that Desourdy had acted illegally toward it - violating its rights, abusing the mandate it had given and 'ignoring' it, thus depriving it of its chance to participate in the profits of the 'gigantic works of international stature for which the construction of the Olympic quadrilateral calls.'

It is logical that Rolland Desourdy and Charles Duranceau should be working together since they have been partners in the past, and are both directors of Sogena, a management firm headed by Marc Carrière, a charter member of the Bromont set. One of the founders of Sogena, along with Carrière, was Paul Desrochers, the Bourassa adviser and COJO director, who still sits on the board of the firm. Rolland Desourdy became a vice-president of Sogena in 1962.

Carrière, until late 1975 when he got into financial troubles, controlled Sogena which in turn owned the Dupuis Frères chain of department stores and the new Place Dupuis, a huge real estate complex which includes the main store in east-central Montreal (Place Dupuis houses, among other things, a Holiday Inn and the James Bay Development Corporation offices.) He is a long-time associate of Pierre Elliott Trudeau, who has cited him as an example of business success whom his fellow French Canadians should emulate.

Another Sogena director is Jack Johnson, one of the original Bromont investors. Johnson also happens to share Desourdy's passion for horses, being a director of both the Mount Royal Jockey Club and Blue Bonnets Raceway.

(The Sogena band seems to have a penchant for dealing with sporting gentlemen. Carrière also shares ownership of a furniture factory in Sherbrooke, with the Molson family.)

The pride of Bromont is the Montreal Hunt Club, the first stag-hunting club in North America. And Rolland Desourdy is Field Master, a position that allows him to ride in a fancy red tunic to the sound of British hunt trumpets and baying hounds.

Being an aficionado, he has made it a point to introduce many of the Bromont set, including Gérard Niding, to this gentlemanly sport. When the location of the Olympic equestrian events was first being discussed, he travelled to the great equestrian centres of the world with Niding, showing him how wonderful a playground they could all share together.

COJO vice-president Simon St-Pierre so took to horseback riding that he spent most of his weekends in Bromont. And on his birthday, his staff bought him a horse and took it up a freight elevator at COJO headquarters to present it to him. A year later, in mid-winter, St-Pierre fell off his birthday horse in Desourdy's indoor riding range and injured his brain. He died a few days later of a massive blood clot.

Desourdy and his friends are naturally habitués of the Bromont Golf and Country Club, and indeed many of them are directors of the same club. It is not

quite Desourdy's own private club, as it is sometimes described; it is rather the club of the Bromont set.

Now when it finally came to pass that COJO had to decide where to hold the Olympic equestrian events, is it any wonder that its eyes fell on Bromont?

The Canadian Equestrian Federation was consulted, and it recommended St-Lazaire, near Hudson west of Montreal, the fiefdom of the English Quebec horsey set. One of the advantages of St-Lazaire was that it had the proper soil conditions: it was sandy, unlike the rock-and-clay composition of Bromont. Clay gets very hard in the summer heat, and can injure the delicate legs of prize riding horses, while in wet weather it has an equally unfortunate tendency to get very soggy.

These arguments didn't faze COJO, the Desourdys and their friends, who were pushing for Bromont. Actually, COJO had its mind made up when the head of the International Equestrian Federation showed up to inspect Bromont. Prince Philip was greeted at Montreal airport and rushed off to Bromont in a helicopter by Rolland Desourdy. After a tour conducted by Desourdy at his charming and gregarious best, Prince Philip pronounced himself and the International Equestrian Federation happy with Bromont.

Originally, most of the Olympic equestrian events were supposed to be held on St. Helen's Island, part of Man and His World site, and at the Autostade, also left over from Expo. Only the cross-country competition was scheduled for the 9,000 acre tract of Desourdy land, with the team jumping events set for the Olympic Stadium on closing day.

The Autostade is situated right next to a busy expressway, and the Montreal STOLport and the St. Lawrence River are both close by. When Prince Philip saw the Autostade, he casually wondered how the horses would react to the noise of the cars, planes and ships. Using that remark as an excuse, COJO decided in March 1974 to hold the events originally scheduled for the Autostade, and those scheduled for St. Helen's Island as well, at Bromont instead. As a result the cost of the facilities to be constructed (by Desourdy Construction) was upped to more than \$4 million. Where COJO had originally intended to build 9,000 temporary seats, it was now to build a 15,000 seat permanent stadium.

It was all to be constructed on Desourdy-owned land, an opportunity the family was quick to turn to its advantage. Two Desourdy-owned companies, Domaine Bromont Inc. and Bromont Estate Inc., took out a first mortgage bond on the Olympic site for \$1,850,000 through Trust Général du Canada, which sold the issue to the Quebec Deposit and Investment Fund, a government organization charged with investing Quebec people's pension money. This means the Desourdys were able to borrow money at relatively low interest with an investment by COJO as collateral.

It might also be noted that the late Marcel Faribault, once touted as a great Quebec Conservative party thinker, was a top man in Trust Général du Canada. He was also a director of IBM, and as such helped negotiate the deal that brought IBM to Bromont.

(The IBM plant was supposed to employ more than 1,000 people, but employed fewer than 300 and was about

to decamp until the provincial government came across with more subsidies. It now has 175 employees.)

With the aid of CMHC and Quebec Housing Corporation money, Desourdy and COJO built a mini-Olympic village for the equestrian competitors in a tranquil setting, facing the Bromont ski hill, not far from Bromont Farms, owned by brother Claude Desourdy.

The units are designed to accommodate 310 riders participating in the three-day competition in apartments and sixteen independent houses, all of which are tastefully decorated and faintly reminiscent of ski-resort lodgings. But since they were built with the aid of federal and provincial funds, they are supposed to be used for low-rental housing. Bromont being the kind of community it is, low-rental housing is not one of the crying needs. The best guess is that the mini-village will eventually serve as low-rental accommodation for workers at the nearby IBM plant.

To accommodate other visitors to Bromont during the Olympics, Desourdy is evacuating entire families to nearby places. They 45 Olympic hostesses for the equestrian events are being charged \$1,500 per double bed for the month they will be at Bromont; in one case, a single house is fetching \$12,000 for the month. COJO is picking up the tab.

One wealthy Brazilian horse fanatic, however, is a little more stubborn about these things. Although he likes to lodge near the horses in international equestrian events, and could afford the price Desourdy is demanding, he is refusing to pay it, saying that it is 'not only excessive, but immoral'. He opted for nearby Sutton instead.

Indicative of the kind of power Desourdy exercises at the Bromont site is the fate of Robin Hahn, a Saskatchewan farmer who was a member of Canada's equestrian team at Munich in 1972. Hahn's specialty is an event called the military, and COJO engaged him to advise it on that event. He hired someone to run his farm and came east.

During a competition in 1975, Hahn suggested that the course at Bromont be changed in two aspects. Desourdy told him, 'this is Bromont, not Montreal.' 'But sir...' Hahn said. The next day he was relieved of his job and sent back to Saskatchewan.

There are a few questions about what will become of all the stables and riding facilities after the Games. The cross-country course and some of the other installations will be part of the private club. But the permanent stands and course pose a problem; luckily for the Desourdys, who might get stuck with it all, there's a possible solution in sight. The Sherbrooke Race Club, a horse-racing track, is looking for a new location. Bromont, located right on the Autoroute, is very conveniently situated and could draw upon Granby, Drummondville, St-Jean, Cowansville and Sherbrooke as well as communities in northern Vermont and New York State.

Bromont set member Jack Johnson, a director of Blue Bonnets Raceway in Montreal, might help advise on the matter.

The strange thing about it is that COJO went ahead with the whole project without signing a contract with the Desourdys. COJO Secretary-Treasurer Howard Radford said in the late fall of 1975, well over a year after all the decisions had been made and the

building undertaken, that a contract was 'in preparation.'

COJO consistently refused to release details of its agreement with Desourdy and his Bromont affiliates. Incredibly COJO, a public enterprise, never felt obliged to reveal the exact nature of its undertakings. If COJO is to be believed, it engaged in large-scale planning and construction on private property without any signed contracts or guarantees. Everything seems to have been done on the word of honour of the old boys, and the old boys always seem to come out of it with a substantial benefit.

As a result of the secretly negotiated ententes, the Desourdys will wind up owning without any cost one of the finest equestrian centres in North America.

'It's like throwing a big party and not having to pay any of the bills,' Rolland Desourdy told the CBC's Adrienne Clarkson.

Montreal's largesse toward the Bromont set doesn't end with the Olympics.

The city owns other leisure and recreational facilities that attracted the eyes of that group of men who are so well connected with their friends and employees, the politicians. As part of Expo 67 a large marina, with docking facilities for some 200 pleasure craft, was constructed at the southeastern end of St. Helen's Island. With construction costs and operating expenses, the marina represented will over \$4 million of public investment by the taxpayers of Montreal, Quebec and Canada.

Until Olympic year, the marina was open to anybody who sailed a boat into Montreal. But in March, just four months before the opening of the Olympiad, the city Executive Committee pushed through Council a lease turning the whole marina over to a rich man's club, Le Club de Yacht de Montreal. The directors of the club include Marc Carrière and David Molson.

In Olympic year, few people in the Civic Party found it distressing that public-financed recreational facilities would be transformed into a preserve of the privileged.

In the spring of 1976, Mayor Drapeau sent out a series of glossy brochures extolling things Olympic. Included in his mailings was a COJO publication on 'Bromont, site of equestrian competitions.'

The expensively-printed brochure is a straight hard-sell commercial promotion for Desourdy holdings, using the Olympics as a blatant come-on.

'Located at the foot of Brome Mountain, a child of nature endowed with a beautiful profile, Bromont is now home for 2,000 people,' the brochure reads.

'Planning has been forceful, determined and controlled in order to provide residents and businessmen alike with every opportunity for comfortable co-existence.'

'Located midway between Montreal and Quebec... Bromont is less than one hour away by air from the markets of Toronto, New York and Boston...'

The brochure goes on to talk about air and rail facilities, warehousing and roads. It concludes:

'Bromont, site of the equestrian events during the 1976 Olympics, has a date with destiny, a role to play as a major industrial and recreational centre... Free from pollution and governed by strict planning regulations, it is a good place to live, to work and to enjoy life to the fullest.'

WANT ADS

COMMUNITY SERVICES

Jack and Jill Nursery School for children two and a half to five yrs. old. Location at YM—YWCA, Sherbrooke, 4 half days a week at \$30 monthly. Information, mornings only: 563-8021 or 563-5957. (O)

FOR SALE

OLDIES but GOODIES: Quilts, frames, crocks, dishes, clocks, rugs, jewelry, furniture, advertising tins, farm implements. Anything old or interesting. Brian DuMoulin, Ayer's Cliff 838-4925 d

SPEAKERS - hand-built custom or ready-made, and name brand stereo components at wholesale prices. For information call Brian Pombiere at 889-2788, R.R. 1, Sawyerville

For Sale - Sideboard bureaus, beds, lamps, lanterns, chairs, stoves, copper boilers, irons, kettles. Come browse around. Danforth Antique Shop, on the Capelton Road. Tel. 567-6491

FOR SALE - nice barrels - 45 gal. plastic; 90 gal. wood. Francis Ingalls, Sutton, Que. Rt. 4

AUCTION SALES

If you are auction sale minded make a visit to Alfreds Auction Barn, Sutton Jct, on the road leading to Mt. Echo ski resort. Each & every Sunday afternoon local folks from many towns gather at Alfred's for an afternoon of commission auction sales and visiting XC

WANTED TO RENT

5-6 room tenement in Waterville area wanted. Call 837-2936. For July 1st

ROOMS TO LET

Furnished. Bedroom with kitchen. On river. East Farnham. I. Coveduck 263-2169

ART GALLERY

SUTTON ART BARN (Dyer Road, Domaine Laplante, Sutton) — new prints by Canadian artists, open week-ends, 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. 538-2417

LOTS FOR SALE

Bromont, on river 100 X 150 lot. Wooded. I. Coveduck 263-2169

NATURAL FOODS

The Corner Store in Eaton Corner is waiting for you. Owned and operated by the Sawyerville Co-op. Go past Bishop's towards Cookshire, turn off to the right at Birchton, and you will thereby reach Eaton Corner. Can't miss it.

As spring is a time for new and fertile beginnings, the Bardane, Sherbrooke's vegetarian and naturist restaurant, has reopened in new cafeteria style with a variety of fresh vegetable and fruit salads, light grain meals and sea food on Fridays. You can also catch some sun on our café terrasse while sipping some fresh fruit juices and non-alcoholic beer. La Bardane, 895 Belvedere, Sherbrooke

WANTED

Wanted- Pictorial postcards of Eastern Townships villages, towns and cities prior to 1930. Will pay fair prices. Also - old used envelopes with advertising for Townships enterprises, used stamps, stationary items, historical documents, old cheques, all types of postcards. Best references. PHILMAR REG'D, Dixville, 849-4071

Wanted- enthusiastic people in the Magog area who like to participate in a food co-op. Call Homer Dingman - 843-3751 or Pyteke Blaauw - 864-9596

Wanted- ladies, gents raccoon fur coats. Francis Ingalls, Sutton, Que. Rt. 4.

Wanted- second hand American car, top condition, with about 30,000 miles. Call 835-5682 or 837-2864

MISC.

Golden Fabian, Registered Belgian Stallion now standing at Abercorn Satsang Farm. Stud fee \$40. Room and board \$2 per day. 514-538-3400. Also registered yearlings for sale.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Hatley: Two special events coming up in Hatley: An ice cream social on July 10 at 5 p.m., for the Hatley United Church, at H. Ayers residence in Hatley. AND an auction sale on July 24 at 1 p.m., at Hatley United Church.

FESTIVAL LENNOXVILLE is offering a special deal. For only two dollars, you can get a sneak preview of this summer's plays at Bishop's. On Thursday, July 8, it's Sqrieux-de-deux, an outrageous comedy that turns the eternal triangle inside out. On Monday, July 12, come and see The Secret of the World, an intense drama set in Montreal in the 1950's. On Tuesday, July 27, it's The Great Wave of Civilization, a world première that examines how the west was really won. All plays at 8.30 p.m. For these previews only, it's first come, first serve to get in.

SPECIAL EVENTS will be published by The Sun free of charge, for non-profit groups. Tell us about your Special Events (no regular meetings, please) by the 15th of each month for the next month's Sun.

PRENATAL CLASS

Another prenatal class is forming for natural childbirth. The first meeting will take place at Champlain College, Lennoxville, in the faculty lounge on Monday, July 5 at 8 p.m. Interested couples are invited to attend. A movie, 'The Story of Eric', will be shown and Lamaze exercises begun.

The course will meet once a week for 8 to 10 weeks for movies, discussion and exercises. The cost for the course is \$15, which covers the cost of instruction and audio-visual aids.

Call Jill evenings at 835-5682 for more information, or come to the first meeting.

SHORT NOTE

HOUSING COSTS

The price of new houses in Montreal increased by an average of 90 per cent between 1972 and 1975, while the average increase in the income of people was 45 per cent. In Montreal, Hull and Quebec City, during 1974, there were more houses demolished than built. Eighty per cent of the houses demolished were torn down by the government to make way for roads and government buildings.



Hard covers, paperbacks & children's books
Write, call or drop in
20A Main St. N., Sutton (514) 538-2207

FORM FOR WANT ADS

WANT AD RULES

Send us in your want ads on this form or on any piece of paper.

The price is five cents per word, a minimum of one dollar. Now that's a good deal so don't pass it up.

For want ads, send your money along with the ad, to save us time and billing costs for small amounts.

If you are a commercial dealer, name your company or say 'Dealer' at the end of the ad.

Send in your ad by the 15th of the month for the next month's magazine.

DISPLAY ADS

As for display ads, which means big ads, you don't have to send the money in advance. A full page costs \$150, a half a page \$80, quarter page \$45, eighth page \$25, sixteenth page \$15. Lower rates for repeating ads. We can send a sales representative to see you, if you want. For display ads, reserve your space by the 10th of the month and have the copy in by the 15th of the month, for the following month's magazine.

**THE TOWNSHIPS SUN,
MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, QUE
JOB 3H0**

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TEXT OF MY AD:.....

.....
.....
.....

THE OLYMPIC GAMES, ACCORDING TO A PASSENGER ON FLIGHT 731

Met a guy a few years ago on an airplane. He was balding, middle aged, looked like a diplomat. He said he was from Interpol, the International Police Agency that connects together the world's police forces. He was some kind of liaison agent, so he had to fly around the world all the time. He toured the world about 20 times a year and had been doing this for a long time.

We got to talking about the Olympic Games, and he said that the Olympics is the most mind-boggling thing in all creation.

Now here was a man who had no interest in sports, had never been to the Games; he had seen every wonder in the world - the Pyramids, the Andes, the Ganges, Victoria Falls, the Himalayas, the whole world was his stomping ground. And through all that, he thought the Olympics are the tops.

So of course I had to ask why.

Because, during the last Olympic Games, it just so happened that he was flying around the world. In every country, on every continent, he found that almost everyone was watching the Games on television. In India, peasants gathered around TV sets in village squares, in Brazil, the bars were crowded with Games-watchers, in Europe, government office workers brought portable TV's to work with them, in Africa, TV's were set up in market places and trading would stop when an African was winning a race in the Games. Hundreds of millions of people, of every race, creed and religion, looked up from what they were doing, and watched the Games on TV.

To this man who travelled around the world endlessly, it was a very startling sight to find the whole world watching men and women running around in circles, jumping in the air, and swimming. Hundreds of millions of human beings watched television to see members of all the races in the world **play games together**. Black, yellow, white, brown athletes from poor countries and rich, communist and capitalist, dictatorship and democracy, the athletes not paid a cent, the quest for excellence the only aim. The Olympic Games is the only time when every race in the world gets together peacefully and meets on equal terms. A symbol, not of what is, but of what could be.

And this man said that, for the Games to uphold this symbol, three things have to be kept out: violence, politics and money.

Terrorists fighting what they see as injustice who attack the Games, as at Munich, are attacking the wrong symbol, the Games are a symbol of peace and brotherhood.

Politics has no place in the Games: no athlete should be barred from the Games because he comes from racist South Africa or from a dictatorship. The Games are precisely the place where a man or woman should be accepted as an athlete, as a fellow human being, regardless of what stupid government rules over him at home.

And money. If you spend billions on the Olympics, you are saying to the poor countries: 'See, you could never afford to do this, we are much better than you are.' The Games are supposed to be anti-violence, anti-politics, and anti-money.

And what do you think of that?

QUEBEC FARMERS TRY HARDEST

'In relative terms, it is the farmer in Quebec who invests the most to improve his enterprise... with such a high rate of investment, Quebec farmers would far surpass the farmers of other provinces in terms of productivity, if only their revenue was higher...

Unfortunately, the lack of government aide, the absence of a coherent policy for Quebec farmers does not increase their revenue. The open market, with the competition and dumping of farm goods from other countries and provinces... does not allow Quebec agriculture to reach a profitable level that would allow its expansion.'

-From a study by Frank Denton, David Freshwater, Leslie Robb, for the Commission on Prices for the Federal Government.

WHO DONE IT?

In a recent issue of The Sun, we reported in the Short Notes that Perrettes Dairy had been found guilty of adding two per cent water to their milk, and had been fined \$75. This was an error. In fact, Perrettes was found guilty and fined \$75 for **having in its possession** milk to which water had been added. No proof was found to show **who** had added the water to the milk. A Perrettes spokesman suspects that it could have been the farmers who added water to the milk.

ANTI-INFLATION NEWS

In a brief to the government on the causes of inflation, the Canadian Chamber of Commerce recommended that family allowances be abolished, the CBC be closed down if it can't pay for itself, the Dept. of Regional Economic Expansion be abolished, unemployment regulations be tightened up, and the bilingual program be abolished. The report asked 'If perhaps we should propose legislation for a unilingual country', although they did not specify whether they want to make Canada unilingual English, unilingual French, or unilingual Eskimo.

FARMERS GRANTED PAY DECREASE

La Terre de Chez Nous, the Bible of the UPA farmer, predicts that the net income of farmers in Canada will decrease by 25 per cent this year. One case is that of a farmer in Compton who tried to get a \$25,000 farm loan from the government a few years ago. Instead, they gave him a \$100,000 loan, and said it was that or nothing - they would not give him a smaller loan. Also, to get the loan, he had to promise the government he would increase his herd of milk cows, in order to be able to pay off the loan at \$10,000 per year. So he bought a lot more cows, more land, built a new barn. And now the government has cut his milk quota, so he is forced to get rid of many of his cows. And he still has the loan to pay off. 'Why didn't they just lend me the \$25,000 like I asked,' he wonders. Because they wanted him to be a big farmer, so they built him up, but not too big, so now they cut him down. Like a puppet on a string.

SILENCE IS GOLDEN

Thirty-two backbenchers in the Quebec National Assembly made only 1.5 per cent of the speeches during the year 1974. Most of these silent backbenchers were from rural areas. Jean-Paul Pepin, representing Sherbrooke, was one of two deputies who managed not to say a single word during the 324 sessions of Parliament that year.

Among the list of the 32 members who used less than one-thousandth of the time of the National Assembly were Omer Dionne of Megantic-Compton, Glen Brown of Brome-Missisquoi, Georges Vaillancourt of Orford, Yvon Vallieres of Richmond, and Zoel Saindon of Argenteuil.

On the other hand, the most long-winded speaker was opposition leader Jacques-Yvan Morin, who spoke four times longer than the 32 backbenchers combined.

It should be added that the full measure of a deputy is not necessarily measured by how long he talks in the Assembly.

WESTERN BEEF

The percentage of beef consumed in Quebec which was produced in Quebec dropped from 27 per cent to 22 per cent last year. One reason is that the large meat packers, such as Canada Packers and Burns Foods in Montreal, have decided to bring most of their beef in from the West. Beef production in Quebec is concentrated largely in Pontiac, Gatineau, Richmond, Stanstead and Wolfe counties.

NATURAL FOODS

Under the guidance of the UPA, and with a \$25,000 grant from the Quebec Dept. of Agriculture, eight farmers in the Gaspé have formed a company to grow natural foods, without the use of chemicals, on 300 acres of land.

CHEMICAL FISH

Warning from Quebec for fishermen: Do not eat pike, dore, perch, catfish, sunfish, sturgeon, or white suckers caught in Lake St. Francis, Lake St. Louis, the Ottawa River or the St. Lawrence River. These fish contain polychlorinated byphenyl, a chemical widely used in the manufacture of paints, caulking and sealants, which causes still births, bone and joint defects, nervous disorders and liver cancer. The government refuses to reveal the levels of pollution which have been found in these fish.

ONE MORE

The U.S. Food and Drug Administration has ordered that as of July 8, all companies cease to use chloroform in the manufacture of toothpaste, cough remedies, ointments and food packaging, because it has been found to cause liver and kidney cancer.

KEEP 'EM IN THE KITCHEN

Quebec Minister of Social Affairs Claude Forget says that the government does not want to set up day care centres, partly because day care centres encourage mothers do go out and get jobs. And when women get jobs, he feels, it's bad for the family. He apparently feels that men should work, women should stay at home and mind the kids and make the meals. Like they say in the Western song, 'Woman, put your bread in the oven and your buns in the bed.'

Ironically, at the same time, another report has come out from Quebec to the effect that Quebec will have a labour shortage in the 1980's. The report recommends that the government set up day care centres in the 1980's, to encourage women to leave the home and get jobs, to avoid the labour shortage.

In other words, women, stay at home in the kitchen for now. We will call you when we need you.

BLACKFLY SPRING

OK, country folks, answer this one. Is it or is it not a proven fact that there were more blackflies in the Townships this spring than in any year since Rogers Rangers swatted their way down the St. Francis River? The Townships has long been known as an area relatively free of blackflies, compared to Pontiac or Argenteuil, where, the locals say, the blackflies are so thick you can shovel them with a pitchfork. But this year we had a lot more blackflies than usual. Lots of tadpoles too, but very few field mice. Right?

WHERE ARE THE OXEN OF YESTERYEAR?

In the notorious Hatley issue, we asked what had happened to all the oxen there used to be in these parts. Reader J. Springate wrote to tell the reason. 'Those oxen were so stubborn,' he says, 'it took a mule to convince them to do anything. Any farmer with an ounce of sense went right out and shot the damn things soon as he could get a horse.'

Now that we have that mystery settled, here is another important farm question for you. Why do cows chase cats? Seriously. You'll see a cat walking across a field, and the cows will take after it. Seen it many times. Now what do you suppose cows are trying to prove, chasing cats, anyway?

THE CASE OF THE DISAPPEARING DEPARTMENT

As farmers decrease in numbers, the Quebec Dept. of Agriculture is being accorded less importance.

In 1962, the Dept. of Agriculture received 6.2 per cent of the budget of the Quebec government. In 1966, this figure had dropped to 4.5 per cent. In 1970, it dropped to 2.3 per cent, and in 1975, it was down to 2.1 per cent, and for 1976, it will be 1.9 per cent. The Dept of Agriculture is also firing 600 of its employees.

Rumours persist that eventually the Dept of Agriculture will disappear altogether, perhaps being merged with the Dept. of Industry and Commerce.

Crafts in the Townships are developing as an industry and a local source of livelihood. Independent, self-employment is becoming more and more of a rarity- farming and small business, as we all know, are disappearing. But crafts continues to offer possibilities to many, and the country surroundings in the Townships provide quiet places for craftspeople to work and live.

These craftspeople, young and old, are situated here and there, from Megantic to past Sutton. They are often hidden from view and unknown to their neighbours who may regard their activities with a bit of curiosity or even suspicion. The craftspeople of the area are trying to come out in the open, ply their wares in the Townships and build up a local market and interest.

They participate in county fairs, farmers markets, sell their goods in handicrafts stores, like the Bootik in Lennoxville or Lucie Casavant in Granby. There are the occasional chances to exhibit as in Sherbrooke's Centre Culturel or at the Festival des Cantons. These opportunities are few and far between and often the craftspeople have no say as to the terms of their participation.

As part of this effort to involve themselves and others in the exhibition and quality of their work, the craftspeople of the Waterloo-Bromont Granby area have organized the Mount Shefford Exhibition which will open July 17 and run until August 1. This exhibition is not destined directly for the people coming to Bromont for the equestrian events, but hopes to attract a wider Townships audience.

What also makes this show very unusual is that it is totally organized by the exhibitors, no middle man to deal with. 'It is an experiment in mounting a show through cooperative use of energy and resources,' says Paula, 'to create something of our own specific taste instead of leaving the organizational hazards to the pro.'

There are craftspeople from all

different domains participating: there will be pottery, glass blowing, ceramic murals, handweaving, photography, batik, ceramics, and more. Most the the exhibitors are from the immediate area, and all of them are serious about their art form. They think about what they do and how it relates to the world around them- they are not pursuing some artistic and unreal world, but are

perhaps closer to life and nature than many of us. 'Earthenware is my chosen clay,' explains Paula about her pottery, 'because traditionally it springs from the simplest cultural roots and because it is traditionally in function for domestic service. The red clay gives warmth in glazes, durability in the oven and the most delicious cup of tea- from tea pot or cup!'



Paula and Eva beside the Mount Shefford Exhibition barn

COJO has approached the Association des Artisans de Granby, a group of craftspeople around Granby, to exhibit in conjunction with the Olympic events. The negotiations are not going well, however, for a variety of interesting reasons.

The exhibition in Bromont would be located at an arena about 4 miles from the main events. This area is to be devoted to the special cultural events for the entertainment of the various delegations and visitors to the Olympics. The crafts exhibition would be inside this building, in the back opposite the area where the other 'spectacles' will be held. It is an area 80 x 20 which is small for the 45 craftspeople who might chose to exhibit there. In the last 9 days of the month-long exhibit the craftspeople would be re-located in 3 kiosks outside the arena, each with a floor diameter of only 15 feet, hardly large enough to exhibit tapestries or large ceramic sculpture.

COJO is also suggesting that, in return for this inadequate space, the participants each give one workshop during the exhibition. They would provide an interpreter for the audience, transportation of materials used on that day only- reimbursement would not be included in the deal.

And it is unlikely that the participants would be able to earn back their investment in time and energy or materials. Most of the visitors would not be there looking for souvenirs of native handicraft, but for distraction. Those craftspeople who exhibited at the Olympic trials in Montreal last year estimated that they earned about \$3.00 a day, and this is an 8-hr. day, from 4 pm. to 12 am.

COJO says that 70,000 people with money to spend will be in Bromont, but most feel this is an unrealistic estimate based on the total figure of people coming to the Olympics- some 4,000 there primarily for the events themselves would be a more accurate one. Whether or not those who do actually come to Bromont would receive publicity about the exhibition is unrepresentably there are no official pamphlets on this, although COJO promises there will be. Can they believe them? Can they trust an organization which began making arrangements for the exhibition a mere 3 weeks before its commencement? one which makes no arrangements for payment of time, materials or even insurance for the participants? The central association of craftspeople in Quebec has recommended that its members boycott COJO-organized exhibitions as this sort of situation has marked their relationship with COJO.

Most of the Granby craftspeople who have been invited to participate have not been interested in exhibiting. Those that will are basically hobbyists and not earning their living through their 'métier'. Most do not wish, as one involved said, to be 'decorative wall-hangings' in the arena, nor to they wish to exhibit in such 'nebulous circumstances'.

Most of them would prefer an exhibition like the Mount Shefford, organized back in January, by themselves, in aimable and secure surroundings. The exhibition will be housed in a barn so as, says Paula Carter, a potter active in the show's organizing, 'to present a show in an appealing and relaxed pastoral environment, very similar to which we, as craftspeople, have chosen to live and work in.'

COOPERATIVE CRAFTS EXHIBITION IN BROMONT MOUNT SHEFFORD SHOW

A Positive Alternative

to COJO

Paula tells that the Mount Shefford exhibition is important to all of the participants because 'we have worked together as individuals in our crafts and as a group to bring people sense of our work. We hope that in our presentation a sense of the reality, of the joy and usefulness will come through, something that cannot often be grasped when crafts is taken from its organic origin and put on a concrete pedestal.'

Paula, along with others in the area, would like to continue the spirit of the Mount Shefford exhibition into the organization of a cooperative gallery where exhibition and exchange of their

art could take place- perhaps there could be a coffee-house and facilities to hold crafts workshops. This is still very much in the planning stage- but it is another sign that these artists who have much in common in spite of their different crafts are getting together and organizing themselves to collectively offer the Townships local cultural experience.

The Mount Shefford Exhibition can be reached from Bromont Exit 44 following the signs from Foster & Lewis in Waterloo. Call Eva Knips at 539-0312 or Paula Carter at 539-3426 for more information.

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

McAulay makes Donald an offer on the farm which he considers his- it is refused. Donald visits Augusta McIver who agrees to wait a little more. In his anger Donald cuts McAulay's telegraph poles and further arouses his wrath. Donald tries to retain possession of his farm through all this, but on one of his trips the Duquettes unknowingly buy the farm from McAulay and move in. In a mad moment Donald shoots at Mme. Duquette and barely misses her. That same night their farm burns down and the suspicion falls on Donald who is innocent. McAulay swears to get Donald back when he flees. When Constable Edwards is unable to bring him in, McAulay forces him to enlist Jack Warren, who vows to kill Donald.

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

The Outlaw of MEGANTIC

Bernard Epps



drawing by Stephanie Wells

Part Two

One man's fight against injustice: a Canadian legend

Donald remains in hiding and cannot be apprehended. Silas H. Carpenter, Chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau, and his assistant, James McMahan, are called in. They face overwhelming obstacles in their hunt for Donald. They sometimes are unable to even recognize him face-to-face. The \$3,000 reward is not enough to entice Donald out of hiding or the local people to help, so the QPP and the militia are called in.

Donald's exploits were beginning to be heard in Montreal and a reporter, Peter Spanjaardt, from the Montreal Star, comes to find out the facts and gives Donald many new sympathizers from his article. The Attorney-General Turcotte makes plans, too, but nothing works. 'Nothing had changed but the weather...'

Winter gives advantages to Donald who manages to steer clear of Carpenter's men. If Donald would leave, the search would end, so much do they tire of it, but Donald cannot go until he settles with McAulay, clears his good name and regains the farm. Norman McAuly, Donald's friend and companion out West, comes to try and lure Donald away to no avail. Neither does the 'return' of the original \$800 from the community succeed. Donald will not leave- he fears that in the continuing battle Augusta McIver will be harmed so he makes plans for her to go to Boston. The detective McMahan more than once almost catches up with Donald who escapes by the skin of his teeth.

On his Birthday Donald eludes the forces again, and this is, as Carpenter puts it, 'the straw that broke the camel's back.' C. Aimé Dugas, Judge of Sessions and Extradition Commissioner, is called in to have full authority over a new expedition to capture Donald.

He intends to get to the bottom the matter, extracting information and issuing arrest warrants from all those who have had contact or helped Donald. People still continue to aid Donald but the dragnet is tightened, his friends are harrassed and even imprisoned. Donald contacts John Leonard, a lawyer of local origin, to give him advice. Donald is angry at the new turn to the events, but he cannot give himself up for lack of defence funds- he especially is worried that some harm might come to his father.

High Constable Bissonnette, who is investigating Donald's whereabouts, comes finally to search Donald's father's home and seize some papers- in this is his picture which is then distributed.

John Leonard goes to Dugas to see if a truce can be made so that they can talk to Donald and arrange for him to speak with Dugas on the terms of his giving himself up. Dugas himself is curious to meet his adversary and Donald agrees to meet him in the Galson schoolhouse. A meeting with Spanjaardt is also arranged.

The classroom door opened without warning and two men walked in. The first was a tall man with a square jaw, blue eyes and a large moustache. The second was smaller and sported a full beard. The first strode straight to the front of the room, mounted the platform and sat on a corner of the desk. He looked down at the judge and held out his hand.

'I am Donald Morrison,' he said.

Galson

On the afternoon of April 11th, 1889, Judge Dugas and John McIver, a well-to-do farmer from the area, arrived at Galson schoolhouse for their meeting with Donald. It was a square, two-storey clapboard building with an excess of windows and a paucity of paint. The entrance hall doubled as a cloakroom and smelled of wet rubbers and mittens. The large classroom downstairs smelled of ink, woodsmoke, soap. An oil lamp had been left burning for them.

'It's been a long time since I was at school,' said MacIver.

'See if you can get a window open,' grunted the judge to forestall any nostalgia. 'Let's get some air in here.'

The judge walked up between the desks to the front of the room where a portrait of Queen Victoria hung over the blackboard. He took the chair behind the teacher's desk, sat down and looked around. Yes. That was the only place in the room for him. The desk stood on a raised platform and afforded psychological advantages well known to a judge. Donald would either have to stand before him like a prisoner in the dock or sit at one of the desks - ridiculously too small - and listen to him like a disgraced schoolboy. Either way, Dugas ruled the roost.

MacIver had a window open and sat on a wooden bench beside the iron stove. Someone had thoughtfully kept the fire going after class was dismissed and the room was quite warm. They waited in silence. The wall clock already indicated five minutes past the hour of their appointment. The judge picked up a pen and tapped it on the desk in time with the brass pendulum.

'What if he doesn't show up?' asked MacIver.

'He will,' said the judge.

It was all to Donald's advantage. He had nothing to lose and everything to gain by this meeting and he was

no fool. He had obviously picked the schoolhouse so no one could be charged with harbouring. It was neutral territory and further proof (if any was needed) that Donald was nobody's fool. Right now he was probably making them wait his pleasure for the same reason the judge had chosen to sit at the teacher's desk - psychological advantage. Dugas would be doing the same, now that he thought of it, and using the delay to make sure that no treachery was afoot: no officers hidden in the woods or moving down the roads to block his escape.

The clock indicated ten minutes past the hour of their appointment. Dugas took out his watch and found the wall clock was four minutes slow. This was over-doing things a little. MacIver sat against the wall cleaning his fingernails with a pocket knife. The judge tapped his desk.

The classroom door opened without warning and two men walked in. The first was a tall man with a square jaw, blue eyes and a large moustache. The second was smaller and sported a full beard. The first strode straight to the front of the room, mounted the platform and sat on a corner of the desk. He looked down at the judge and held out his hand.

'I am Donald Morrison,' he said.

By sitting so casually on the edge of the desk, Donald had immediately overcome the judge's attempt to belittle him and, by holding out his hand, had offered forgiveness. It was the judge who had to rise politely take the proffered hand.

'Judge Dugas,' he announced gruffly and sat down again to reorganize his plans. Things had begun all wrong.

'And this,' said Donald, 'is John McLeod.'

McLeod nodded and went over to the bench where MacIver was sitting. He offered him the makings of a cigarette and the two rolled and smoked in silence.

The judge felt a need to do something with his hands and reached once more for the pen but Donald had already picked it up and was chewing on the end. Dugas, forestalled again, pushed back his chair and abruptly



[PH]

stood up so the man did not tower over him so. He paced up and down in front of the blackboard and below the portrait of maternal dignity.

'Morrison,' he began, sharply, 'I am here to offer you one last chance to give yourself up.'

Donald smiled and chewed his pen.

'You will be given a fair trial and your voluntary surrender will count heavily in your favour. The charge, and I have this on the authority of the Attorney-General, will then be manslaughter in the shooting of Lucius Warren and all else - resisting arrest, threatening bodily harm, arson and assault - all the rest will be dropped.'

'Will that get my farm back?' asked Donald.

'On the other hand,' the judge continued sternly, refusing to have his speech side-tracked, 'on the other hand, should you continue resistance to lawful arrest, matters can only go harder for you in the long run. I can fill these woods with armed men if necessary and it will only be a matter of time before you are either caught or killed.'

He stopped on these last words less than a yard from his adversary and glared into those cool blue eyes. Morrison stared as steadily back. The clock ticked.

'All right,' said Donald softly. 'Now you've had your say and you will kindly be sitting down and letting me have mine.'

He waited, unmoving. The judge hesitated, but he could not help but admire the man's coolness and so drew out the chair and sat obediently down.

'Firstly,' said Donald, 'I'll be telling you my story because you may not have been hearing it right.' He got up and paced in his turn before the blackboard. 'I am guilty of shooting through a window and destroying a perfectly good clock and I'm sorry for that. I am guilty of frightening Madame Duquette and I'm sorry for that too. My fight was not with her. I'm also guilty of threatening Malcolm B. McAulay and I'll do that again if I'm seeing his swindling, miserly, ugly red nose on this side of the Atlantic. He stole my farm and threw my old parents out into the road. The law backed him up every step of the way. That's the truth and so it is. But,' he said, pausing in his march, 'I have burned no barn and I have burned no house. I was ten miles away at the time it happened.'

'Who did it, then?'

'How should I be knowing that?'

'But, after your threats, anyone burning that house and barn would know the blame should fall on you.'

'I'm not saying anyone did it.'

'How then? Does a barn set light to itself?'

'Could be,' said Donald. 'Spontaneous combustion. A man puts in a bit of hay that's not quite dry, puts a bit more on top and, what with the weight and the lack of ventilation, fermentation starts and the hay heats up. You take a bit off the top one day and - poof! There's your fire. Happens all the time. I could show you a dozen barns that were lost like that and sometimes they took the house down with them when the wind was right.'

The judge considered and nodded. 'That makes sense except for one thing. There would be little hay left on the thirtieth of May.'

'Try it the other way about, then,' said Donald. 'Could have been a chimney fire in the house. The old lady got a good hot fire going for supper and it got out of hand and took the barn with it. That happens too. Could have been lightning, a bit of carelessness with a lantern or a match. Could have been kids smoking on the sly or an old tramp, maybe, wanting a warm place for the night. Whatever it was, I had nothing to do with it.'

'You're not on trial here,' said the judge.

'I'm telling my story,' said Donald and resumed his pacing. McLeod and MacIver smoked and softly discussed the fishing. The clock ticked on.

'I am also guilty,' Donald continued, 'of killing Jack Warren. I did not want to do it and had no intention of doing it but it happened. I tried very hard to stay out of his way. Lots of people will be telling you that. When it came right down to it in the end, I had no choice. It was self-defence.'

The judge clamped his pince-nez on his nose and snorted.

'Killing a deputized officer of the law who was attempting to make a lawful arrest can never be self-defence.'

'I agree.'

The judge removed his glasses and frowned. Donald watched the toes of his pacing boots and let him puzzle a moment before explaining.

'Warren was not out to arrest me. He was out to shoot me.'

'How can you prove the man's intentions?'

'Maybe I can't be proving it. Not in your courts of law, anyway, but he intended to shoot me none the less. I could see it in his eyes. He was several times heard boasting that he would blow my head off. When he put up that target behind the hotel, he was practising shooting, was he not? He was not practising **arresting**.'

The judge nodded and permitted himself a smile.

'You have spies everywhere, it seems.'

'Friends,' retorted Donald. 'It is you who have spies.' The judge still smiled.

'Nevertheless, Chief Carpenter claims your intelligence system was often as good as his own.'

'Better,' said Donald and this time he returned the smile.

'All the same, Warren was a deputized officer. He was authorized to shoot only in self-defence.'

'A man like that should not be trusted and you are knowing it. He should never have been deputized in the first place. The law just gave him an excuse to build his reputation by killing me and that's just what he was intending. I was lucky enough to kill him first and that, your Honour, is self-defence, be he deputized or not.'

'I'm not sure the law would agree with you on that point.'

'That's no surprise. The law never agrees with me. It backed McAulay on the mortgage. It got me fined for cutting up telegraph poles and let McAulay off for breaking down my door. The law deputized Warren. The law bullied my old father, stole my love letters, arrested my friends, hounded me all over the country. The law, sir, is an ass!'

The judge cocked an eyebrow.

'An outlaw quoting Dickens?'

'Outlaws have a lot of time for reading.'

He resumed pacing and studying the toes of his boots.

'I may take it, then,' said Dugas, adopting his official manner along with his pince-nez, 'that you are refusing to surrender.'

'You may,' said Donald. 'I'll not surrender until there's a chance of justice and there's no justice in your courts for a man like myself. It is no more than a game to see who has the best lawyer and that's always the man with the most money. Right now, I haven't a red cent. McAulay's got it all. When he stood up in court that day, any fool could see by his face that he was guilty.'

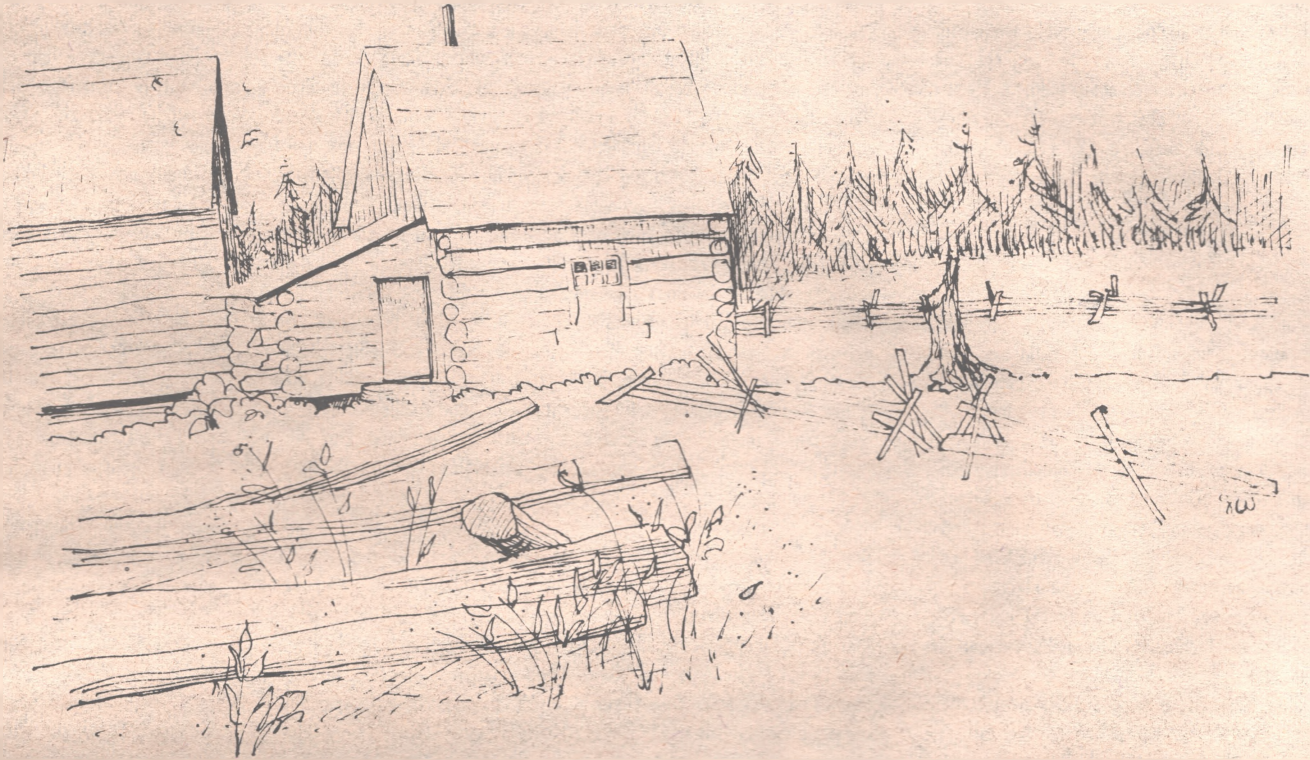
'The courts do not judge a man by his face.'

'No. Maybe they should. All I know is a poor backwoods Scot like myself hasn't a prayer of justice.'

'I'd remind you that Major McAulay is also a Scot.'

'So was Monteith but we don't brag on it.'

Again the judge smiled in spite of himself for he recognized Monteith as the man who betrayed William Wallace to the English. And he was beginning, now, to understand the quality of the man he had to deal with.



Where Donald fell

drawing by Stephanie Wells

He was stubborn and determined, surely. He cared nothing for the rule of law but, just as surely, he believed in right and wrong. He had a strong sense of justice inherited by hundreds of years of honest Scotch forebearers, a sense that saw things all in simple terms of black and white, right and wrong, and all his prattle of lawyers and courts of law was simply bitter disappointment that Old Testament values meant little in the field of jurisprudence.

And Dugas, no matter what his own feelings were on the matter, recognized this belief as a weakness that might be exploited.

'Then I have no choice,' he announced with his gravity restored. 'We have many new warrants ready for execution. The charges are of harbouring a felon which is a felony itself but, should you shoot and kill someone in your continued resistance to arrest, those charges might well become accessory to murder.'

He glared at Donald. Donald glared back. The clock ticked.

'I'll shoot no one,' he said at last with a terrible weariness.

'But I, on the other hand, must fill these woods with armed men ordered to shoot you on sight.'

'Yes,' said Donald bitterly. 'And that gives me no choice either. My friends would not be respecting me if I gave in to your injustice and I couldn't be respecting myself, either. I'd sooner be shot on the run than spend the rest of my life in some stinking jail.'

Judge Dugas rose from his chair with immense dignity.

'Good-bye,' he said.

He did not extend his hand.

'Soiridh!' said Donald with defiance. McLeod was already checking outside. He stuck his beard back in and signaled to Donald that the coast was clear and they both slipped out to the darkness. When Dugas and MacIver emerged a few moments later, they had faded already into the woods.

Peter Spanjaardt

John McLeod sent off his messages. Mayor McMinn informed the judge that Donald had been found and the meeting arranged for Thursday afternoon. Dugas asked where it would be but McMinn would not say.

'John MacIver will pick you up and take you there,' he said.

The judge permitted himself to smile.

'You don't trust us, do you?'

'I'd trust you with my life, Your Honour,' said McMinn. 'But this life isn't mine.'

'I'll be there,' said Dugas. 'Just make sure I'll not be wasting my time.'

Peter Spanjaardt received a curious telegram from his head office written in a semi-cipher. It stated that if he should take the train from Scotstown to Marsden, he might there learn something of interest from 'a small man with a large beard'. Spanjaardt hopped a horse and raced to Scotstown immediately, for there was nothing he loved more than intrigue. He had stuck close to Judge Dugas ever since their arrival at Megantic but His Honour had little use for reporters and kept most of his activities strictly secret. Nevertheless, Spanjaardt had been filing stories every day, sometimes twice a day, on what he could pry from the officers, figure out for himself, or gain from interviews with the settlers. He continually dreamed of another interview with the outlaw and this was his first solid lead. He took the train to Marsden and there was met by John McLeod.

John looked him up and down and asked for identification. He asked questions about his first interview with Donald to be sure the man was who he represented himself to be and not some spy of the police.

'Fair enough,' he said at last. 'I reckon you are the right man. Let us be taking a walk in the woods.'

'I'm afraid I'm not much of a woodsman,' said Spanjaardt. 'I get lost on Mount Royal.'

'It's just to be making sure we're not followed,' said John. 'You can hear those big-foot detectives crashing through the brush half a mile behind. Are you carrying a weapon?'

'No,' said Spanjaardt and his companion nodded. He had one of his own and might just be using it if need be but he did not say so. Instead, he led the reporter a long roundabout way to a woodcutter's shack that was actually little more than a hundred yards from Murdo Morrison's cabin and right in the heart of the detective's territory. They had a bit of supper there, waited until dark, and then Spanjaardt was led to the centre of a large field and left alone with his thoughts.

Within a few minutes Donald and another man rode up in a buggy. Donald jumped down and extended his hand.

'Good to see you again, Peter,' he said.

The buggy was driven a little distance away and the two men talked.

'I asked for this meeting,' said Donald, 'to be getting my position across to the people again. I know I can be trusting you, Peter, and this might be the last chance we have for a bit of a talk.'

'I'll do my best by you,' Spanjaardt said.

'I know you will.' Donald seemed depressed and tired. He kept passing his hand over his eyes. 'This meeting with Judge Dugas; I've agreed with it only to please my friends but I've little hope. Nothing will come of it. I'll not surrender without some sort of justice from Major McAulay and the judge can't guarantee that. Then, if they're letting me back to the woods, they'll be hunting me down soon for sure. It won't be long now. I hear there's more arrest warrants waiting to be served and I can't be getting any more of my friends in trouble.'

'The last I heard there were forty-five warrants,' said Spanjaardt.

Donald was shocked.

'That many, eh?'

'So I hear.'

'Can they really be arresting that many, then?'

'I think they're picking them up for bad reasons,' said Donald, rubbing his eyes again. 'Finlay McLeod, for instance. I only had but one meal from him and paid for it, too, but I was bound to have that meal and he couldn't have stopped me. It's not right.'

He stroked his moustache and studied the stars. Spanjaardt was silent.

'I don't blame the policemen,' he continued after a moment. 'And I don't blame the soldiers either, for they're only doing their jobs after all. It's those detectives. They're forever skulking about in the dark looking for a chance to kill me. I'm afraid I might be shooting one of them if ever I get close enough. That trunk of mine - they broke it open and took love letters and everything. I might have knocked a few down, then, if I'd been there.'

Again he looked up at the stars and around to the shadows of the encircling trees and his expression was, for a moment, wild and desperate like that of a trapped animal. He had been hunted for eight full months. The strain was tearing him apart but when he faced the reporter again he was calm once more.

'So tell the people,' he continued, 'tell them I'm as strong and determined as ever I was. You can say from personal experience that I'm approachable to my friends. My enemies, I think, will not be taking me alive. Soiridh, Peter. I'm afraid we won't be meeting again.'

They shook hands and Donald strode to the waiting buggy and rode away. Spanjaardt remained where he had been left, mulling over the words and impressions he had been given and writing his story in his mind. He stayed too long and nobody came to lead him back to Marsden. He tried it alone but could not find his way through the ring of woods and blundered about in the dark until morning.

He filed his story, then, and returned wearily to Gould. When Judge Dugas left for his meeting at Galson schoolhouse that afternoon, he gave orders that Peter Spanjaardt was to be detained in the hotel - by force if necessary. He wanted no one talking to Donald but himself. He had no way of knowing the reporter had already scooped him.

John McLeod

The truce was over. Each knew where the other stood and there would be no quarter. John McLeod, the small man with the large beard, was arrested very early the next morning. He had been expecting it and did not resist. Willie Matheson was picked up at his smithy and they would have taken Peter, too, had they known where he was hiding. They arrested Murdo McArthur of Winslow, Murdock McAulay and Murdock McLeod and charged all five with harbouring. They were taken by train in the custody of Sergeant Clarke and Constable 'Tall' McKeown and joined their three friends in Sherbrooke Gaol.

Finlay, Mac and John Hamilton had finally had their preliminary hearing. They had been brought before Messrs. A.G. Woodward and Israel Wood, Justices of the Peace, and were officially remanded in custody at the request of Judge Dugas. Broderick requested bail once more. John McIntosh, Member of Parliament, came forward with personal bail bonds of \$1,000 for each of the three men but Judge Dugas insisted bail be refused. It was, he informed Broderick, 'in the interests of your clients.'

The truce was over. Donald had refused to surrender. Dugas had to get tough and there was scarcely a man in the district who was not expecting momentary arrest. Eight were now in jail but fifty more were quite ready to join them rather than turn against Donald. The judge, however, would make no martyrs. He decided that these arrests were sufficient for the time being and let the others sweat for a while - knowing that there was nothing like time for turning adventure to boredom. He reorganized his forces into groups of five men each. These were posted on the Marsden Road, at Spring Hill, North Hill, Red Mountain and Marsden itself. He considered a plan to use bloodhounds in the woods, left High Constable Bissonette in charge and journeyed to Montreal to consult with Fitzpatrick and Turcotte.

Mr. McLean, the advocate, had wanted to leave Winslow for some time but was afraid to travel without an armed escort. He was still under the impression that Donald intended to kill him. Bissonette had found him more a hindrance than a help to the investigation and was as eager to be rid of him as he was to leave. Constable Gordon, in full uniform and carrying a loaded carbine, accompanied McLean on the stage to Sherbrooke.

The truce was over. The foxhunt ran on.

Donald MacRitchie

The foxhunt ran on, over hill, over dale, into the woods and out again. While the hounds sniffed here, the fox lay there - watching from a covert or a window or a knothole in the wall of a barn. When the hounds searched there, the fox was here once more. He sometimes ran ahead of the hounds but more often followed behind at his leisure. Occasionally, he even joined them.

A party of soldiers stood in the road one night surrounded by settlers and all discussed the hunt in progress and wondered just when and where their quarry might be unearthed. At the edge of the circle, listening with polite interest, stood Donald himself.

He visited McFadden's store at Bishop's Crossing one cold afternoon with Donald MacRitchie and Angus McLeod. Several travellers sat around the stove discussing the hunt and wondering aloud what was the matter with the police that they had not yet captured this outlaw. They had his description and they had his photograph but they never seemed to recognize their

man. It was just too much to believe, they said, and Donald, warming his hands over the stove, heartily agreed with them.

The MacRitchies never wavered in their support of Donald and always had a welcome for him in their home. John and Donald MacRitchie, both in their late teens, helped the outlaw out of tight corners again and again. It was Donald MacRitchie who had raced on his sleigh from the church to John Hammond's door and it was he again who spotted a party of officers approaching from the south when Donald was expected down from Red Mountain in the north. He ran across the fields and intercepted Donald on the road ahead of them. He told him to get in the woods quick for the police were right behind and then he hurried on up toward Red Mountain. The officers spotted him on the road ahead and raced in pursuit. They overtook him, stopped and questioned him closely. He claimed to know nothing of the outlaw but kept glancing apprehensively up the road toward the mountain as if expecting him at any moment. The officers were convinced. They put him under guard, hid their horses and waited for hours in the bushes.

Donald, meanwhile, had come out of the trees and was comfortably drinking tea at the MacRitchie homestead.

J.N. Greenshields

J.N. Greenshields, of Messrs. Greenshields, Guerin and Greenshields, had business at the Excelsior Copper Mines in Broughton, sixty miles north of the hunt. There had been a rumour - as there were rumours everywhere - that Donald had been seen working in the mines, and Greenshields jokingly mentioned to the telegraph operator that three men had gone down the Kent Shaft and only two had returned. 'Could be,' he said, 'that third man was Donald Morrison.'

He returned to Sherbrooke and thought no more of his chance remark until he received a desperate telegram from the mine supervisor saying that Bissonette and four constables were demanding to search the Kent and Fanny Eliza Shafts and threatening prosecution if this permission were denied. 'Let them go,' Greenshields answered. 'But warn them of the danger.'

He meant the danger of wandering about underground but if they cared to interpret it as meaning the danger of meeting a crack shot in a narrow tunnel, that was their business. He was, nevertheless, convinced that they might search the mines for a month and find no trace of Donald.

But it was an indication of a new desperation on the part of the police that they ran down every stray rumour - even if it were sixty miles from Donald's territory and 1,600 feet underground. And it was an indication of the old audacity on the part of Donald that he was, at that time, hiding once again in the barn close to Leonard's Hotel and watching activities through a keyhole.

The Associated Caledonian Societies

On Thursday, April 18th, Dugas returned to Sherbrooke and had all eight of the prisoners brought before him. Finlay, Hamilton, Willie Matheson and Murdock McLeod were all released on their own recognizance. Mac McLean, Murdock McAulay, John McLeod and Murdo McArthur were released on bail bonds provided by John McIntosh, Member of Parliament. Finlay, Mac and Hamilton had been in jail for sixteen days, the others for six. They went home on the evening train to a hero's welcome and the pipes wailed on into the wee hours of the morning.

Few thought to question the judge's sudden magnanimity in letting all his hostages go but those who did noted that Bissonette had received a visit from two representatives of the Associated Caledonian Societies that same day. Doctor Graham and Captain Richardson of Richmond, guided and accompanied by the Reverend McLeod, presented their authority in a letter from the Premier himself. Bissonette read it quickly, aware already of the message it contained, and turned to the delegation.

'I am at your disposal, gentlemen,' he said. 'Tell me what I can do.'

Dr. Graham answered. 'We bear a letter,' he said, 'from the Honourable Mr. Blake to Donald Morrison. If you would be so kind as to declare a moratorium, we should like to contact this man, arrange a meeting and acquaint him with the terms Mr. Blake has presented.'

'May I know those terms, gentlemen?'

'Of course. They are not secret. Mr. Blake assures Mr. Morrison that the Associated Caledonian Societies will guarantee all the expenses of his defence of he surrenders himself to us.'

'I see,' said Bissonette. 'And so you think he will accept?'

'We have every reason to believe so,' said Dr. Graham. 'It is all he has asked for.'

Bissonette examined this delegation. Dr. Graham was a rather quaint, old-fashioned gentleman and Richardson a military man who had declined a chair and remained standing stiff as a post. He had already met the Reverend McLeod with his great shock of white hair who was sitting a little behind the others and munching on his spectacles. And he already had his instructions from Judge Dugas so there was really nothing to discuss but the details.

'When would you like this truce to begin?'

'Tomorrow is Good Friday. We think it would be a Christian gesture if mercy began at dawn and lasted until such time as we have met with Mr. Morrison and received his answer.'

Bissonette tugged at the lobe of his ear.

'Our forces are scattered,' he said slowly. 'It will take some time to inform all of them. It would be a more secure truce, I think, if I give orders tomorrow for it to begin on Saturday morning. Would that be agreeable, gentlemen?'

Dr. Graham looked enquiringly up at Captain Richardson who stiffly nodded.

'It would,' said the doctor.

'And, instead of leaving it open, I will give you three days with the understanding that if you need more time, you have only to ask for it. That will be until midnight on Easter Monday. I can issue seventy-two hour leave to some of the men and let them visit their families.'

'Excellent,' said Dr. Graham.

He stood up to take his leave but the minister of Gould had a word to say.

'One more thing,' said the Reverend McLeod. 'We'd like to be having Chief Carpenter withdrawn from Marsden while the truce lasts.'

Bissonette glanced sharply at the man while his mind raced through everything that might have prompted that request. Was it simply a cautious distrust of Carpenter's undercover tactics? Was the meeting to be in Marsden? Was Donald hiding there right now and the minister aware of it? Did he have reason to suspect treachery?

The minister blandly smiled and chewed his glasses. Dr. Graham and Captain Richardson were waiting.

'Agreed,' said Bissonette and it was all arranged.

He gave leave to all but sixteen of his men - a skeleton force in case of trouble. He sent Constable Giroux to bring Carpenter back from Marsden to the Winslow Hotel and then Bissonette himself left for a weekend with his family in Montreal.

The Reverend McLeod next led the Caledonian representatives to a meeting with the mayors of Gould and of Winslow where they discussed how they might best locate Donald, notify him of the truce and arrange a meeting. Good Friday saw messages carried from house to house the length and breadth of the country. Volunteers went once more into the woods and to sugar-camps, woodcutter's shacks, remote farmhouses and empty barns. Once again the woods and hills rang with the call for Donald Morrison. Once again, it proved no easy task.

Carpenter arrived at Winslow on Saturday morning but he did not come alone. Two men arrived with him and shadowed the three gentlemen of the Caledonian Society wherever they went. Whether this was simple habit or some underhanded plan, nobody knew; but Dr. Graham spotted his tail and became incensed. He marched before Chief Carpenter and made everything very plain.

'I have authority from Premier Honoré Mercier himself to affect this meeting,' he cried, red in the face and waving his cane. 'And I demand that your men be called off immediately and that you do not interfere with us in any way. Do you understand?'

Chief Carpenter did not deny that the men were his detectives. He did his best to calm the good doctor, summoned his men and cursed them roundly for getting caught. He sent them back in disgrace to Marsden.

The search for Donald went on.

Easter Sunday

The day of resurrection was a day of uncommon rejoicing in the County of Compton in the year 1889. Congregations in every church from Megantic Lake to Bishop's Crossing, from Red Mountain to Megantic Mountain, from the Chaudière to the Saint Francis, heard officially announced from their pulpits that a truce had been declared. All were asked to search for Donald and to inform him, if he were found, of a meeting scheduled for Monday morning in Winslow.

The Companions of the Iron Stove went hunting. Malcolm Matheson visited his camp. John Hall made enquiries around East Dudswell. The MacRitchie brothers* took a walk up to Red Mountain. Colin Campbell went out to his cabin and the little French Canadian out to his barn. Dan and Bob MacDonald searched the North Hill. Mrs. Buchanan walked in the woods. The Matheson brothers, Willie and Pete, toured around Spring Hill. Murdo McArthur looked in his cellar. Mac McLean travelled the roads. Old Mrs. Campbell looked under her bed.

John McLeod borrowed a hand-car once more and pumped up the railway line hullooming into the woods.

'Donald Morrison! Huloo, Donald!'

But only the woods answered back.

Then Augusta's father visited his sugar camp and found the outlaw fast asleep on a bench.

He was dirty and haggard. He sported a week's growth of beard and was badly in need of a haircut but he grinned when he heard the news. He got up and went home.

Even the little rough cabin near Marsden could look like home to a man who had been denied one of any sort for ten long months. He arrived about seven in the evening. His father greeted him gruffly, as if he'd been gone just a few days, while his mother took one look and began preparing a good meal on the stove. What she had was plain enough but her son was home and safe at last and that seasoning made the poorest meal a feast.

Donald washed up and changed his clothes and talked with his father and the weather and the new spring coming. They spoke of harrowing and of planting and of breaking fresh land as soon as the ground permitted. Old Murdo became quite soft and sentimental.

'If the Lord spares me a few more years,' he said, 'I might just have a bit of a farm to be leaving you after all.'

'Just be keeping yourself healthy,' said Donald with a grin. 'Don't be working yourself into an early grave.'

'Early, you say?' The old man wheezed with pleasure. 'I'll be seventy-seven in a few weeks, boy. Are you knowing that? Seventy-seven.'

'I know that,' said Donald and he also knew that his father was beyond breaking new land and building yet another farm. He might still manage a kitchen garden, but that would be the extent of his agriculture for he had faded rapidly in the past year. His skin was mottled with liver spots and his hands trembled and his eyes were pale as water. Donald sat down astride a chair to eat a bite of supper.

'We'll whip them yet, Donald, me boy,' said the old man, completely lost in his pleasure. 'They can't catch us, shoot us, drown us or starve us and we'll whip them yet. You'll see. A Lewis man, they say, goes in hard and keeps on going. Yes, sir! He does that and so he does!' He wheezed and chuckled again.

Donald told them of the proposed meeting with the Caledonian Society and that he intended to give himself up. His father grew grave. His mother inspected the collar of his shirt to see that it was clean and not frayed - no son of hers was going to go to jail with a dirty collar if he could help it. His father got out his Bible and his spectacles and laboriously went searching for a few comforting words he could carry along. His mother, far more practical, gave him a packet of biscuits and a small bottle of milk - and then she kissed him on the head - something she had not permitted herself since he was a lad of five or six.

Murdo accompanied him to the door, still searching rather desperately for inspirational luggage.

'Good night,' said Donald. 'I'll be seeing you both again just as soon as I'm able. Good night and take care now.'

He stepped out into the darkness and was shot down.

Leroyer and McMahon

They suspected Donald might come to the cabin for his best clothes and they lay in ambush all day Saturday and

most of Sunday. On Sunday evening they saw him enter and Leroyer crept to the window for a closer look. He saw Donald straddling a chair and eating his supper but thought he looked too old to be the man they hunted. McMahon came up for a look just as Donald's mother gave him the milk and the biscuits and knew him for sure. They drew back to a corner of the house and waited.

Donald came out.

'Up with your hands,' roared McMahon.

Donald bolted. Both detectives fired their rifles at him and both missed, drew revolvers and raced after him firing as they ran. Donald kept on going in spite of the hail of bullets and then dropped so suddenly that McMahon fell over him. Leroyer shoved his revolver in Donald's ear and ordered; 'Keep your mouth shut or I blow your damn brains out!'

McMahon found Donald's pistols inside his coat wrapped up in a cloth to keep them from the damp and them jumped to intercept old Murdo who was hurrying from the cabin.

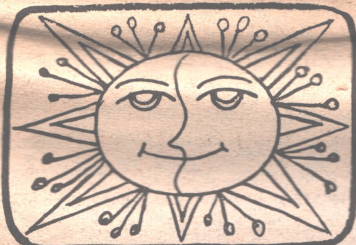
'Get back to the house,' he roared, 'Or I'll put a bullet through your head!'

The old man halted but did not retreat. He watched them pick up his son by the arms and the legs and he came two steps closer.

'Can you speak, Donald?'

'Yes,' said Donald. He wasn't dead.

'Get back,' yelled McMahon once more and they carried Donald some twenty yards to the top of a knoll. Leroyer ran off to bring help from the encampment. Murdock Murray, hearing the shooting from his house close by, came to see what was happening. Constables McKeown and Lessard, who had been stationed on the road a short distance from the cabin also in ambush, ran up to lend a hand. They wrapped Donald in a blanket and carried him to a house in the village and laid him face down on the floor. There was little blood. The bullet had entered his left buttock and emerged from his right hip. Donald made no moan.



MT. SHEFFORD EXHIBITION
 JULY 17. - AUG. 1
 12 p.m. - 9 p.m. daily

You are invited to the opening of the
 MT. Shefford Exhibition - Vernissage July 17 at 2 p.m

BUTTON functional pottery	CASAVANT ceramic murals	C. HARWOOD weaving
E. KNIPS pottery	MITHRIL STEVE & DOUG jewellery	LEN KORAEN photography
MAYA ceramic figures	ALFIE Glass	PAULA functional pottery

Follow the signs from Bramant East 44
 " " " " Foster & Lewis Waterloo

For further info
 Paula - 539-3426
 Eva - 539-0342



**There's more to you
 than meets the eye**

We specialize in individual and family portraits that are as unique and sensitive as their subjects. In-studio or on location, we'll work with you to create a portrait that's honestly you.

So get your family together. Or get yourself together. Stop in today and let's talk about your portrait.

Ferry Beaton

Photography

100 Queen St., Lennoxville

563-5633

Carpenter arrived to take charge. Peter Spanjaardt, never far behind the action, showed up a few minutes later. Donald was given brandy and sugar under all these eyes and made as comfortable as possible.

A special train was sent from Sherbrooke to pick him up. Donald was carried to the station on rugs and blankets.

While Sophie, his mother, broke down and wept and Murdo, his father, sat in his rocker and grimly stared at the wall...

While Augusta brushed her dark hair in a Boston room and hummed of Colin's Cattle...

While Dr. Graham became so upset at the news of his betrayal that he took to his bed and stayed there...

While Judge Dugas deserted his guests and remained secluded in his study...

While High Constable Bissonette poured himself another whiskey and his wife pleaded with him to retire...

While Spanjaardt toured the scene of the shooting, found blood spots on the cold ground, empty cartridge shells, McMahon's hat frozen in a puddle, a packet of biscuits and a small bottle of milk.

Sherbrooke Courthouse

Dr. Graham recovered sufficiently to set up a 'Morrison Defence Committee' with Hugh Leonard as Treasurer and Malcolm Matheson one of its most active supporters. By the time of the trial, they had collected over \$2,000 and John Leonard, with this money, had hired two of the best trial attorneys in the land: Messrs. J.N. Greenshields and F.X. Lemieux. The prosecution was to be led by Charles Fitzpatrick, Deputy Attorney-General, and it was noted that these three - Greenshields, Lemieux and Fitzpatrick - had been the defence team for Louis Riel. Some took this as an indication that Donald had the very best. Others pointed out that Riel had been convicted and hanged.

Just before midnight on the eve of the trial, flames were spotted on the hilltop north of Megantic. Duquette had tried hard to sell - the place being nothing but bad luck from the beginning - but could find no one willing to take the farm at any price. He had stocked the remaining barn with a summer's hay and it all went up in smoke that night. It was the very last of Donald's property.

Fierce, big-bearded, ham-handed Highlanders began drifting into Sherbrooke from the settlements. They spoke a strange language, kept to themselves and were curt and brusque with curious strangers. Old Murdo Morrison did not come. He claimed that he had his potatoes to dig, but actually he lacked the money to be spending time in the city. Matheson understood his pride and did not offer charity. Malcolm B. McAulay came, but only because he was summoned as a witness, and repeatedly grumbled that he did not know why he had been brought into it all for the trial had nothing to do with him. Reporters, lawyers, judges, police, detectives and hundreds of onlookers who had followed Donald's odyssey in the public press, filled the streets of Sherbrooke and could talk of nothing else.

The trial began on October 1st, 1889. After five months in Sherbrooke Gaol, Donald was led into the prisoner's dock by the jailer and two uniformed constables. They were taking no chances. He leaned heavily on a cane and dragged his right leg but otherwise appeared cool, calm and in good health. Before Mr. Justice Brooks and Mr. Justice Wurtele, he was formerly arraigned for the wilful murder of Lucius Warren on June 22nd, 1888.

He pleaded 'not guilty'.

He was next arraigned on two counts of arson. The first in the burning of a barn belonging to M. Auguste Duquette on May 30th, 1888.

He pleaded 'Not guilty'.

The second in the burning of a house belonging to M. Auguste Duquette on May 30th, 1888.

He pleaded 'Not guilty'.

He was arraigned for shooting at James McMahon and Pierre Leroyer on April 21st, last, with intent to kill or maim.

He smiled bitterly and pleaded 'Not guilty'.

It was understood by almost everyone that conviction on the murder charge would result in all the lesser charges being dropped and, likewise, all charges against the harbourers. Mac McLean was taken before a Grand Jury, just in case, and a true bill was brought against him for 'Having feloniously aided and harboured Donald Morrison against the Queen's writ and warrant' but few supposed he would ever actually face trial - let alone his seven companions. All hinged on the result of the murder charge.

The prosecution attempted to prove that Warren was shot and killed by the defendant while engaged in the lawful performance of his duty as a Special Constable. The defence did not deny that Donald had done the shooting but insisted that he had excellent reasons for believing that Warren intended to kill him. They also maintained that the deputization was itself unlawful because Warren was not a British subject, not of good character and because the warrant was incorrectly filled out. Several character witnesses were brought forward, Malcolm Matheson foremost among them, and all testified that Donald was a man highly esteemed and respected in his community.

The trial lasted eight days. The jury was out for twenty-three hours. They returned with a verdict of 'Guilty of manslaughter' but hoped the judge would 'give him the lightest penalty which you can conscientiously give.'

That penalty lay entirely at the discretion of the court and could range from a fine of five cents to imprisonment for life. Most believed he would receive a term of two years. Some expected the recommendation of clemency to be disregarded in the face of Donald's long defiance of the law. Detective McMahon told reporters that even so, he did not believe Donald would receive a long sentence. Precedents were eagerly hunted out and discussed where men had received even less than two years for much harsher crimes.

On Friday, October 11th, the court reconvened to hear sentence passed.

The court was packed with spectators but all were dead silent.

'The sentence that this court pronounces on you is that you be confined to the Provincial Penitentiary at Saint Vincent de Paul at hard labour... for eighteen years!'

'Good God!' exclaimed the foreman of the jury. 'We never expected that!'

Sherbrooke Gaol

Donald's lawyers immediately advised an appeal against the harshness of this sentence. The recommendation of clemency had been entirely ignored and the penalty reflected less the crime of manslaughter than that of resisting arrest, for which he had not been charged, but Donald flatly refused. It was over. His friends had already suffered far too much on his account and could be allowed to suffer no more. He could not put them through additional expense and additional trials. It was all over. He was less affected by the sentence than were his lawyers, for he had never expected justice, and though they begged and pleaded, he could not be moved. He thanked them all warmly for their efforts on his behalf and bade them a last goodbye.

Donald was transferred to the penitentiary. They shaved off his proud moustache and dressed him in a coarse grey prison uniform. They took away his name and gave him a number instead.

He was now number 2329.

St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary

Eighteen years was a bleak long time and prison life was very hard on a man who had run free in woods and prairies for most of his days. It has been said that he was stubborn and determined but is it any wonder that his spirit failed him and he despaired in the end? He would be nearly fifty when he got out and too old then for a wife, a farm, a family. He decided to die.

He refused all food. He weakened steadily. Officials and friends attempted to argue him out of his resolve but he would have none of it. It was all over. He wanted it finished. Peter Spanjaardt was summoned to lend his weight to the appeals. He insulted Donald, called him a coward and a quitter, but Donald merely smiled and would not relent. He embraced consumption like a lover and failed visibly. Spanjaardt published his condition to the world and once again people flocked to his aid. Hundreds upon hundreds petitioned the Governor General for a pardon before it was too late.

But the wheels of the law move ponderously and are impersonal. The case was dusted off and examined. Details were discussed and discussed again. Political pressures were quite evident in the sentence, for it was Donald's long defiance of the powers of law and order with an accompanying threat to the entire judicial system of Quebec that had been held most against him. Mr. Justice Brooks had summed it up in his charge to the jury. 'When a Queen's writ is issued,' he had said, 'the writ must be enforced, cost what it may, otherwise there is an end to all personal and social safety and order.' Donald was imprisoned, then, less for the crime of manslaughter than for that of defiance.

On June 16th, 1894, when it became evident that Donald was dying and could no longer recover to threaten authority once more, the Minister of Justice signed a recommendation for his release. Peter Spanjaardt brought the news to the prison hospital. He found Donald pale, drawn and very weak, gasping for breath and coughing up blood. The Deputy Warden informed them that orders for his release were expected within three or four days and Donald whispered his thanks. If he could last that long, he might not have to die in prison after all.

He was released on the nineteenth of June and taken to the Royal Victoria Hospital around eleven in the morning. By then he could not speak and was hardly able to breathe. He died less than four hours later.

His estate, as reported by Spanjaardt, consisted of ten dollars given him by the penitentiary, another dollar contributed by an anonymous lady and a single penny of his own.

Gisla Cemetery

In a rosewood casket with a fine glass lid, Donald suffered through a brief service at the hospital and was then escorted by nearly two thousand mourners to Windsor Station and the train back to his beloved hills. He arrived at Marsden about four in the morning and was met at the station by Norman and Murdoch, his brothers. They loaded him aboard a buckboard and carried him to the little cemetery of Gisla.

There, surrounded by the woods and hills of home, Donald at last lay down to rest. There the people bade him a last **Soiridh!** - the friends and relatives who had sheltered him, his father, now eighty-two years old, who would lie beside him in less than a year, his mother, seventy-six, destined to go in hard and keep on going for twelve years yet, John Leonard, his friend and lawyer, and Augusta McIver still waiting for a question she would never hear.

Cost Acctg. Systems Admin. control systems

Management info systems

designed, refined, installed.
25 years experience - all types & sizes
of companies and industries
Computerized or manual.
Excellent references
Reasonable rates.

Bill Mahood
RR 1, Melbourne
819-826-2748

WANTED
DOWN AND DEAD
HORSES AND COWS
24 hr. 7 day a week pick-up

call promptly
call collect
JACK WELLS
Stanbridge East
248-2747

OUTLAW CONCLUSION

FEETNOTE

For all readers among us who go out of our way not to read footnotes, errata and addenda are lumped together here so they may be not read with convenient ease.

Not all the characters in a book such as OUTLAW die off with the final page. Many are met again in other books and articles, cropping up like restless ghosts to haunt an author's sleep. Here, hopefully, they are laid to rest for the last time.

Silas H. Carpenter, chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau:

After his spectacular lack of success in chasing Donald Morrison, he returned to Montreal until he was appointed Chief of Police in Edmonton in 1912. Edmonton was a wide-open frontier town in those days which owed a great deal of its growth to liquor, gambling and prostitution.

Carpenter's predecessor understood this fact and arrested a drunk or jugged a prostitute only under extreme provocation. Carpenter, however, went on a crusade.

In two years he arrested 5025 drunks, 106 brothel keepers, 185 inmates, 282 customers, 642 vagrants, 352 gamblers and 80 smokers of opium. At the end of his second year in office, the businessmen and politicians had had enough of him and ran him out of town.

James McMahon, Carpenter's lieutenant and the man who shot Donald from ambush:

Persistent rumours insist that McMahon was shot himself, later, by an irate Scot on the streets of Montreal for his part in the affair. If this is true, he was not killed for he retired from the force at the age of sixty and died peacefully at seventy-five.

Pierre Leroyer, hunter and guide, McMahon's companion in that final ambush. He died at the age of eighty-five.

His famous tame moose bears mention. He said he killed her mother, unwittingly, for meat and the orphan wandered all the summer of 1882 in Hathan Bog, out near Spider Lake, beyond Megantic.

In the late autumn, he went after it on snowshoes, chased the Indian way until she floundered in a deep drift, jumped on her back and dragged her back to his camp.

They fought each other for a considerable time but the moose eventually surrendered to domestication. When she broke down her pen, when Pierre was away from the camp, she wandered only as far as the edge of the lake and was browsing quite contentedly in the shallows on his return.

After that, she was allowed to roam free and sleep in the woods but never wandered far and always returned at his call.

He took his pet to St. Albans in Vermont and was there persuaded to race her. She ran the mile faster, he said, than any horse or dog. When asked her age, she would tap three times with a front hoof.

He displayed her in the Carnival at Montreal, broke her to harness and drove her everywhere. She always stopped, he said, when she passed a schoolhouse for the children sometimes shared their lunch with her.

At Sorel, she attracted a great deal of attention for the inhabitants had never seen anything like it and were forever asking what sort of beast it was. Pierre told them it was a donkey, the last of that breed that carried the Virgin Mary to Egypt. They believed him.

Peter Spanjaardt, the adventuring reporter for The Montreal Star who managed two dramatic interviews with the fugitive:

He went on to become something of a legend in his own right. Even today, newshounds in the local bars near that newspaper tell anecdotes of his famous scoops.

C. Aime Dugas, Extradition Commissioner and Judge of Sessions who proclaimed Martial Law in the district and headed the final hunt after Donald Morrison, made a name for himself as a judge in the Northwest Territories. I like to think of him sitting in judgement of all the thousands of drunks and prostitutes that Carpenter brought in.

Charles Fitzpatrick, Deputy Attorney General and leader of the prosecution in the Morrison Affair, was later rewarded by becoming Sir Charles Fitzpatrick and Administrator (the equivalent of Governor General) in 1907 and 1908.

Major Malcolm B. McAulay moved to Scotstown in 1890 where he carried on his contracting, lumbering and money-lending business.

By 1896, he was Justice of the Peace and a Lieutenant Colonel in the 58th Battalion of Militia. The people called it the 'Summer Army' or the 'Boys' Army' for they were only playing soldier.

The Colonel, they said, couldn't drill a bull to a cow! **Augusta McIver**. Oscar Dhu protected her by using the name Marion McKinnon in his book on Morrison - and thereby started a great deal of confusion. Henry Kidd used the same name - either for the same reason or because he knew no better.

Augusta returned to Boston after Donald's funeral and there remained. Some time later she was persuaded to marry a man named Dean and, Augusta McIver Dean, I am delighted to report, lived to a ripe and comfortable old age.

John Leonard, friend and lawyer of Donald Morrison, was later Mayor of Sherbrooke. In the book, I have called him the son of Hugh Leonard, Mayor of Winslow, but this is an error. Correspondence with his daughter, Norah Leonard of Sherbrooke, reveals that he was actually a younger brother of Hugh. There were ten children, all told, born to a fine old Irishman named Thomas Leonard who settled among the Scots at Winslow in 1854 and won everyone's respect.

Gisla Cemetery. The date of death on the tombstone of Donald Morrison is June 25th, 1889. Anyone may see this stone, half-hidden in the long grass of an almost forgotten cemetery in the woods a few miles from Milan, but the date is incorrect. At that time, Donald was in jail awaiting trial and he did not pass away until the 19th of June, 1894.

There are many theories as to the reason for this meaningless date but the most touching is an attempt at obfuscation - that it was intentionally done so that no one from the outside world would connect this grave with the known criminal - that Donald Morrison might rest in peace.

Bernard Epps
Lindisfarne

We Live Here

We have chosen to live and work in the Townships because we love it here. We want to see the Townships develop to the advantage of everybody.

A.E. LEPAGE

IMMEUBLES WESTMOUNT REALTIES

OFFICES	AGENT	RES. NO.	AREA	AGENT	RES. NO.	AREA
KNOWLTON 243-6125	Mrs. Emma Aitken	372-6212	Granby	Mr. Denis Blanchette	248-2974	Bedford
	Mrs. Joanne Blanchette	248-2974	Bedford	Mrs. Win Chaplin	538-2206	Sutton
COWANSVILLE 263-5969	Mrs. Madalene Darrah	538-2805	Sutton	Mr. Peter Dobbin	263-1568	Cowansville
	Mr. Peter Dunn	378-9466	Granby	Mrs. Laurette Dwyer	298-5341	Bedford
SUTTON 538-3444	Mr. John Ferrabee	826-5417	Richmond	Mr. Steve Hartley	263-5920	Knowlton
	Mrs. Karen Ingimundson	826-3162	Richmond	Mrs. Noreen Galletly	372-7986	Granby
BEDFORD 248-3346	Mr. Ed Jahn	243-6307	Cowansville	Mrs. Patti Macaulay	843-2330	Magog
	Mrs. Dorothy Macintosh	843-3130	Magog	Mr. Peter Marsh	243-6087	Knowlton
	Mrs. Denise Pagé	243-6843	Cowansville	Mlle Andrée Plamondon	243-6901	Cowansville
	Mr. Gib Rotheram	243-5712	Knowlton	Mr. Richard Stachecki	243-5134	Mansonville

MONTREAL LINES:

KNOWLTON - 861-6253

SUTTON - 861-6419



[PH]

So ends the story of Donald Morrison, one of the many E.T. legends we hope to be bringing you in the coming months.

In case you were wondering, the Sun's survival is already assured for the coming year thanks to the many subscriptions and donations that have been showing up in our mailbox each morning.

This is the first Townships Sun paid for entirely by you, our readers, with a few ads on the side to help pay the rent.

But we could use many more subscribers and we've found that word of mouth is the best way to get'em.

So spread the word- tell your friends, neighbours, relatives (far and near), pussy cat, milkman, candlestick maker and all the rest to-

SUBSCRIBE TO THE TOWNSHIPS SUN TODAY

Our representatives:

Mabel Boyce,
Sutton, 514-538-2946

Barbara Harvey
Dunham, 514-295-2348

commissions from her subscription sales will be given to a worthy child at the Dixville Home

Kathy McLellan
Bedford [R.R. 1, Ste. Sabine], 514-296-4759

Doug Putney
Stanstead, Rock Island, Beebe, 819-876-2338

Linda Rowe
Lennoxville, 562-6269

advertising:

John Ferrabee
Box 159, Melbourne
819-826-5417

Yes, I would like to subscribe to the Sun-

Enclosed please find check, money order or cash.

- \$7.50 for a one-year subscription
- \$25.00 for a two-year supporting subscription
- \$100.00 a life-time subscription

Name:.....

Address:.....

Postal Code:.....

Send to Townships Sun, Box 420, Waterville JOB 3HO

The Townships Sun



SPECIAL HISTORY SECTION

THE MYSTERY STONE

NORTH HATLEY UNITARIAN-UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

TRADITIONS '76- SAVE THE HUNTINGVILLE CHURCH

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS IN THE TOWNSHIPS

SCHOOLHOUSES OF WEST BOLTON 1876-1976

THE POT A GOLD- short story by Bernard Epps



Photo taken sometime before 1910, in front of the Farmhouse of Ludger Soucy near Bromptonville. Farmhouse is now gone, but the Mystery Stone is in Sherbrooke Museum.

The Mystery Stone

Voyage on the St. Francis River 500 B.C.

Five hundred years before Christ, some 2,000 years before Christopher Columbus sailed the ocean blue, a small fleet of strange ships entered the mouth of the St. Lawrence River. The ships were made of fir, the masts were made of cedars of Lebanon, the oars were made of oak.

On each ship there were two decks of oars. The men on the lower deck had the worst of it. They were in cramped quarters where they had to sit and row while bending down, because of the lack of headspace. Above them, the upper deck of rowers had the advantage of sitting in the open sun and wind, where they had plenty of space and fresh air, but the upper deck rowers had the hardest job, because their oars were at a steeper angle to the water.

The ships were 'fifty-rowed', which means that either there were a total of fifty oarsmen, or that there were fifty oarsmen on each deck.

Each ship also had a sail, to be used when the wind was right, to give the rowers a rest. The sail measured 380 square yards.

This strange little fleet of ships silently rowed its way up the St. Lawrence. At Tadoussac where the mighty Saguenay flows in, the captains of the ships would probably have seen the Indian gathering place, and perhaps they took on board a few Indians to guide them up river.

Into Lake St. Pierre they rowed, and here they found the mouth of another river, the St. Francis, and they entered it. Perhaps to get to the meeting place of the Indian tribes at Sherbrooke?

They were aided in their navigation, because in 500 B.C., the sea-level was 15 feet higher than it is today, and this meant that there were fewer waterfalls and rapids on the various waterways.

The ships, 100 to 130 feet long, 26 to 33 feet wide, with a draught of 8 feet and a displacement of 400 tons, rowed up the St. Francis River. On the deck of the leading ship stood a man with a beard, bare to the waist, purple robe covering the rest of his body.

He took his ship as far as he could without getting it grounded, then he got off and explored further by foot. He reached a place which is today called Beauvoir, and he chiselled this message deep into a rock, for future generations to read: 'Hanno, out of Tamu, reached this mountain.'

And further along the river, near Bromptonville, at a place seven miles from Sherbrooke, Hanno's compatriots wrote messages on two more stones.

One said: 'Recorded by Hata, who attained this limit on the river, moored his ship and engraved this rock.'

The other stone said, 'Expedition which crossed the sea in the service of King Hiram, conqueror of territory.'

The messages in the rocks were in the language of the ancient Phoenicians, a language which today is virtually unknown, because it has been a dead language for the last eighteen centuries. And the moss and the trees and the dirt covered the rocks, and the rocks were hidden from the sight of man for two thousand, four hundred years.

Ludger Soucy, where are you now that we need you?

In 1966, Thomas Lee, of Laval University, took a trip down to the Townships. He came to the museum of the Sherbrooke Seminary to study Indian artifacts that the museum has in its glass display cases.

While walking through the museum, he noticed these large stones with bizarre inscriptions on them. The writing on the stones, according to the museum, was of Viking origin, meaning that Nordic Vikings must have visited the Townships 900 years ago.

But Thomas Lee did a double-take. He was startled. Because he knew that this was not Viking writing, he knew it was some ancient language, much older than the Vikings. But he could not read the

language. He copied down the text of the inscriptions.

Nine years later, Thomas Lee found someone who could translate the bizarre inscriptions. Barry Fell, a New Zealander working at Harvard, identified the language as Phoenician and translated the messages that were chiselled in the stone.

And so the mystery of the Sherbrooke stones was revealed. Hanno and Hato, ancient Phoenicians, visited the Townships 2,500 years ago.

No one knows exactly when the stones were placed in the Sherbrooke museum. Old photographs of the interior of the museum showed that the stones had been there many decades. The files of the museum revealed that in

1910, the director had written to Ottawa asking for identification of the messages on the stones, and Ottawa had written back saying that the stones were probably of Viking origin. But no one could translate the messages on the stones.

And so the mysterious stones sat on the museum floor, decade after decade, their secret message calling out mutely to generations of tourists. It seems that for 70 years, no one in the Townships had enough curiosity to make a concerted effort to find someone who could translate the mysterious stones.

It is known that the stones were found in the farm of Ludger Soucy, sometime before 1910, and there is an old photograph showing the stones

sitting on the lawn in front of Soucy's old farmhouse, where he had placed them before giving them to the museum.

But the old farmhouse, located near Bromptonville, is gone. Ludger Soucy is gone, and all of his relatives are gone. The museum has been unable to find out exactly where and when Ludger Soucy found the strange stones.

But at least now, thanks to Thomas Lee, who came only to look at Indian relics, and Barry Fell, a New Zealander who had never visited the Townships, we know what the stones were trying to tell us.

The stones were trying to tell us that our history books are all wrong.

Haystack full of needles

The Phoenician stones found in the Townships are not alone. Others have been found on Cape Cod, near Philadelphia, in the Yucatan in Mexico, in Brazil; all over the place.

A century ago, a stone was found 100 miles north of Rio-de-Janeiro, Brazil. In the Phoenician language, the stone said:

'We are Sidonian Canaanites from the city of the merchant king. We were cast up on this distant island, a land of mountains. We sacrificed a youth to the celestial gods in the 19th year of our mighty King Hiram and embarked from Eziongeber into the Red Sea. We voyaged with ten ships and were at sea for two years around Africa. Then we were separated by the hand of Baal and were no longer with our companions. So we have come here, 12 men and three women, into this 'Island of Iron'. Am I, the admiral, a man who would flee? Nay! May the celestial gods and goddesses favor us well!'

When this stone was discovered, in the 1800's, the message on it was sent to France to be translated by Ernest Renan, the top expert at that time. He said that the stone was a fake, a forgery, a hoax.

But in 1967, Cyrus Gordon of the Dept. of Mediterranean Studies at Brandeis University, re-examined the stone, and found that Renan had misread and misunderstood the text. Gordon explained that the study of ancient languages has advanced greatly since Renan's time, and he said that the stone was authentic, the real thing.

The stone mentions Hiram, King of Tyre, who ruled around 950 B.C. And it says the voyagers left from Eziongeber, on the Red Sea, for a trip around Africa. It had previously been believed that the first trip around Africa was made by the Phoenicians 350 years later. The stone mentions 'this Island of Iron', and iron ore has recently been discovered in that region of Brazil.

Another stone, found near Rio-de-Janeiro, said, in Phoenician:

'We are here, sons of the land of Canaan in Syria. We are pursued by misfortune. It is terrible to be stranded as we are. We certainly have not much longer to live. Despair has seized us - what despair! We shall soon see the ninth, yea the tenth year of our sojourn here draw to a close. Unbearable heat reigns here. The little water that here is to drink is quite bad... What an accursed land this is! Fever consumes us and it is like a glowing oven here. We have no other consolation than Baal...'

One hundred miles from Philadelphia, 400 stones have been found, and Barry Fell says that they are written in a Basque language heavily influenced by Punic, the language of the Phoenicians from the ancient City of Carthage.

Typical phrases on these stones include, 'Alas' and 'I remain in tears' and one says 'Anez, a little girl of three summers'. Fell concludes that these are tombstones from a graveyard, indicating that these ancient visitors to America were settlers, not explorers.

Three thousand feet up on a stone cliff in Brazil, engraved in Rock: 'Tyre, Phoenecia, Badezir, Firstborn of Jethball...' Badezir was King of Tyre from 855 to 850 B.C., and he was in fact the son of Jethbaal.

Other stones found in Yucatan, Cape Cod, and the Townships, speak of Hanno, the great navigator, who lived around 500 B.C.

So it appears that the stones are from different dates... 950 B.C., 850 B.C., 500 B.C.... So the Phoenicians didn't come here once, they came often, over a

period of five centuries.

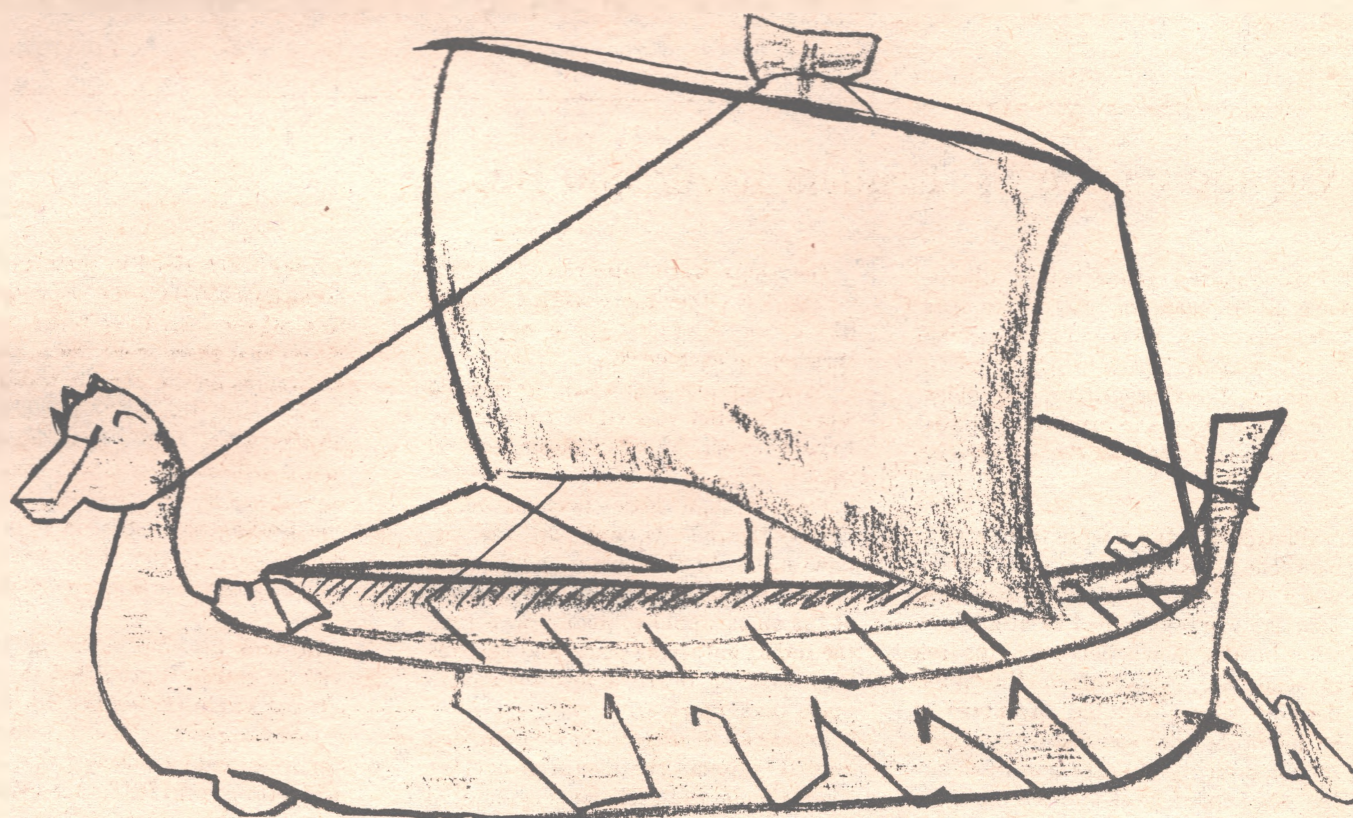
And they stayed a long time. Investigation of Indian languages along the coast of America shows that some of them contain Phoenician words, and some of the place names on the maps of America, originally thought to be Indian words, turn out to have Phoenician meanings.

If the Indians learned words from the Phoenicians, it means that the Phoenicians were here for a long time. The Phoenicians lived with the Indians, long enough for the Indians to pick up some of their language.

And the 400 tombstones mean they stayed here - for generations.

If you look for a needle in a haystack, and upon scooping up the first handful of hay, you find 500 needles in it, chances are the haystack is just loaded with needles.

[Continued]



-Phoenician ship, 800 B.C.

[Continued]

If you look for rocks with Phoenician writing on them, and you find dozens of these rocks, chances are the soil of America is just littered with rocks with Phoenician writing on them. The Phoenicians lived from 3,500 years ago to 2,000 years ago. Over a period of 2,000 years, most of the rocks they wrote on would have been buried under the earth and moss, hidden in the trees.

Chances are, there are more Phoenician rocks buried in America, and in the Townships. Lots more.

A century ago, Bernardo de Silva Ramos spent several decades tramping through the steaming jungles of Brazil. He was looking for writing on the rocks. Whenever he found one, he would write the message down and send it off to be translated. He claims to have found many Phoenician inscriptions.

The scientific world laughed at him;

Is this a hoax?

The story of the Phoenician rocks is greeted by some experts with snorts of contempt. One of the Townships stones says, 'Hanno, out of Tamu, reached this mountain.'

'A Phoenician inscription that sounds as if it came straight from Admiral Byrd is obviously a hoax,' says Yale history professor Robert Lopez. 'They just didn't write that way.'

Some experts doubt the translations of the messages on the rocks, others doubt that the language is Phoenician at all. Much more research and debate among the experts will be done, and it is still possible that the stones are not Phoenician at all.

But other experts are convinced that the Phoenicians rowed their boats all up and down the coast of North and South America and ventured far inland, and probably built settlements.

Swiss linguistics professor Linus Brunner says of Barry Fell's interpretations of the Townships stones, 'He strikes me as very original, very much a genius.'

Everyone agrees that there is writing on the rocks. The messages are chiselled half an inch deep, and they look like letters of an ancient alphabet. There is no possibility that the markings were put there by accident, by the wind and rain. Human beings definitely wrote on those rocks.

And experts on Phoenician language have translated the messages into intelligent, coherent sentences.

Is it possible that someone, Ludger Soucy maybe, wrote those messages on the rocks, as a joke? There are very few

he was the butt of many jokes. Obviously, the experts thought, Christopher Columbus discovered America, and it was impossible that primitive Phoenicians could have crossed the Atlantic thousands of years ago.

The defenders of Bernardo de Silva Ramos point out that the Phoenicians had ships as large as those used by Columbus, and the Ancient Romans had ships ten times larger than that, so lots of ancient nations possessed the means to come to America. But still no one believed poor old Bernardo, with his crazy stories about Phoenician rocks, and he died a broken man.

But today the experts are taking the story of the Phoenicians seriously and they are looking back to Bernardo's work to see what he found.

What Bernardo found was 2,800 different rocks with ancient writing on them, scattered all over Brazil. The haystack is full of needles.

people in the world who understand the Phoenician language. Can you imagine someone in Bromptonville, in 1910, writing on rocks in the ancient Phoenician language, as a joke? And writing on other rocks in the U.S.A., Mexico, Brazil? And accurately mentioning obscure kings and navigators from ancient Phoenician history? A very elaborate practical joke, indeed.

'In the words of expert Paul Herrman, 'Even with the present state of our knowledge of ancient Phoenicians, it would be immensely difficult for someone to forge a text that made sense.'

Thomas Lee, the first visitor to the Sherbrooke museum to do a double-take when looking at the rocks, says that much more study will have to be done, but in the meantime, he sees no reason to doubt that the messages on the rocks were written by ancient Phoenicians. In the next few years, as more study is done, we will probably have a clearer picture of the story of the Phoenicians in America.

If, then, fellow Townshippers, we are squatters on the land of Hanno, out of Tamu, and Hata, then let us learn a bit more about these Phoenician tourists who came to the Townships 2,500 years ago, so we will know what to expect when the ghost of Hiram, king of the merchant city, shows up at the Sherbrooke registry office carrying a perfectly valid deed for all of America, and proclaims himself to be our rightful king and ruler, and declares that Phoenician will be our only official national language.

Hiram, King of Tyre

'O Tyre, thou hast said, »I am of perfect beauty... glorious in the midst of the seas»'.

—The Prophet Ezekial, Old Testament

Hiram, King of Tyre, dressed in purple robes, looked out over the wine-dark seas of the Mediterranean from his tiny island kingdom near the coast of Lebanon. The year was around 950 B.C.

His people were called Phoenicians by foreigners, but they called themselves Canaanites, because they came from the Land of Canaan.

But the Land of Canaan had been invaded by newcomers, the Hebrews, and there had been war and bloodshed in The Promised Land, much as there is today. The Phoenicians had increasingly retreated to their harbour cities along the coast, such as Sidon and Tyre. David, who had killed Goliath, had become leader of the Israelites, and had taken over control of a large part of the mainland.

But Hiram, King of Tyre, had made peace with the Israelites, and the Bible reports that Hiram was 'a lover of David'.

But now David was gone, and his son, Solomon, was the new leader of the children of Israel.

And Hiram was searching for a way to become friends with this powerful new king. Hiram had heard of Solomon's great wisdom. Was it not Solomon who was called upon to decide the rightful mother of a certain child, and he had threatened to cut the child in half with his sword, and one woman prevented him from doing it, and so Solomon knew that this woman was the real mother, because she so loved her child? Was it not Solomon who was said to be the wisest man in the world?

And so Hiram of Tyre hit upon a solution. He sent a message to Solomon, and the message was a riddle, and Hiram said that if Solomon could solve the riddle, Hiram would pay him a sum of money. It was a bet.

And Solomon solved the riddle, being a wiseman, and collected the money, being very wise, and then Solomon sent the messenger back to Hiram with another riddle, saying 'Can you solve this one?' Hiram tried to figure the riddle out, but he couldn't, so he had to pay up again.

And the messenger continued to go back and forth between the two kings, carrying riddles and puzzles and tricky questions, until Hiram had almost lost his shirt. But by using this game, Hiram became good friends with Solomon.

And it came to pass that Solomon

wanted to build a temple and a palace, and so Hiram of Tyre sent to him ships carrying cedars of Lebanon, the finest wood in the world, to use in the construction. And Solomon was so pleased, he sent Hiram an annual gift of wheat and oil, and he also gave Hiram 20 cities in Galilee. But the Phoenicians were not accustomed to having an empire, so they gave the cities back. The Annals of Tyre recount:

'But when Hiram went to them and looked these cities over, he was ill-pleased with the gift and sent word of Solomon saying, I have no use for these cities.'

The same story is told in the Book of Kings, Old Testament.

But still the friendship grew.

'And King Solomon made a navy of ships in Eziongeber, which is beside Eloth, on the Red Sea. And Hiram sent in the navy his servants, shipmen that had knowledge of the sea. And they came to Ophir, and fetched from thence gold, and brought it to Solomon. And the navy also of Hiram brought in plenty of almug trees, and precious stones. For Hiram had at sea a navy of Tarshish, once in every three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks.'

And so Hiram became friends with the Israelites. He sent them riddles. He sent them gifts. He sent them shiploads of precious goods.

In doing so Hiram accomplished three things. He opened the Israelite port of Eziongeber to Phoenician merchant ships. He prevented war between the two kingdoms. And he made the Israelites increasingly dependent on his fleet of Phoenician ships to import their wood, gold, silver, ivory, apes and peacocks.

Because the Phoenicians were interesting above all in trading - that is how they lived. The main purpose of a Phoenician king was to open up international trade for the Phoenician merchant fleet. And so although Hiram may not have been very good at solving riddles, he knew how to swing a trade deal.

Hiram is mentioned in several of the stones that have been found in North America, including one in the Townships. It is hard for the imagination to grasp that Hiram was a man of the Old Testament, a friend of David and Solomon, a thousand years before Christ, at the dawn of recorded history, at a time when, our history books tell us, the whole of the known world consisted of the Mediterranean area, and the Atlantic Ocean itself had supposedly not yet been discovered, much less crossed by ship.

Cost Accounting Systems

Management Information Systems

designed, refined, installed.
25 years experience all types & sizes
of companies and industries
Computerized or manual.
Excellent references

BILL MAHOOD
R. R. 1, Melbourne
819 - 826 2748

WANTED DOWN AND DEAD HORSES AND COWS

24 hr. 7 day a week pick-up

call promptly
call collect
JACK WELLS

Stanbridge East

248-2747

Men Famed for their Ships

'Phoenicians, men famed for their ships, greedy knaves, bringing countless trinkets in their black ships.'

—Homer

When Alexander the Great or Julius Caesar saw a foreigner, they thought, 'Conquer him.' When the Phoenicians saw a foreigner, they thought, 'Sell him something.' This idea was the commercial equivalent of the invention of the wheel.

The Phoenicians were travelling salesmen. They would sail their ships around the coast of the Mediterranean, and stop wherever they saw signs of life. They would lay out samples of their wares on the shore, and local people would come and buy from them.

All travelling salesman jokes probably originated at the time of the Phoenicians. One ancient writer refers to them as being 'wiley, devious and unscrupulous.'

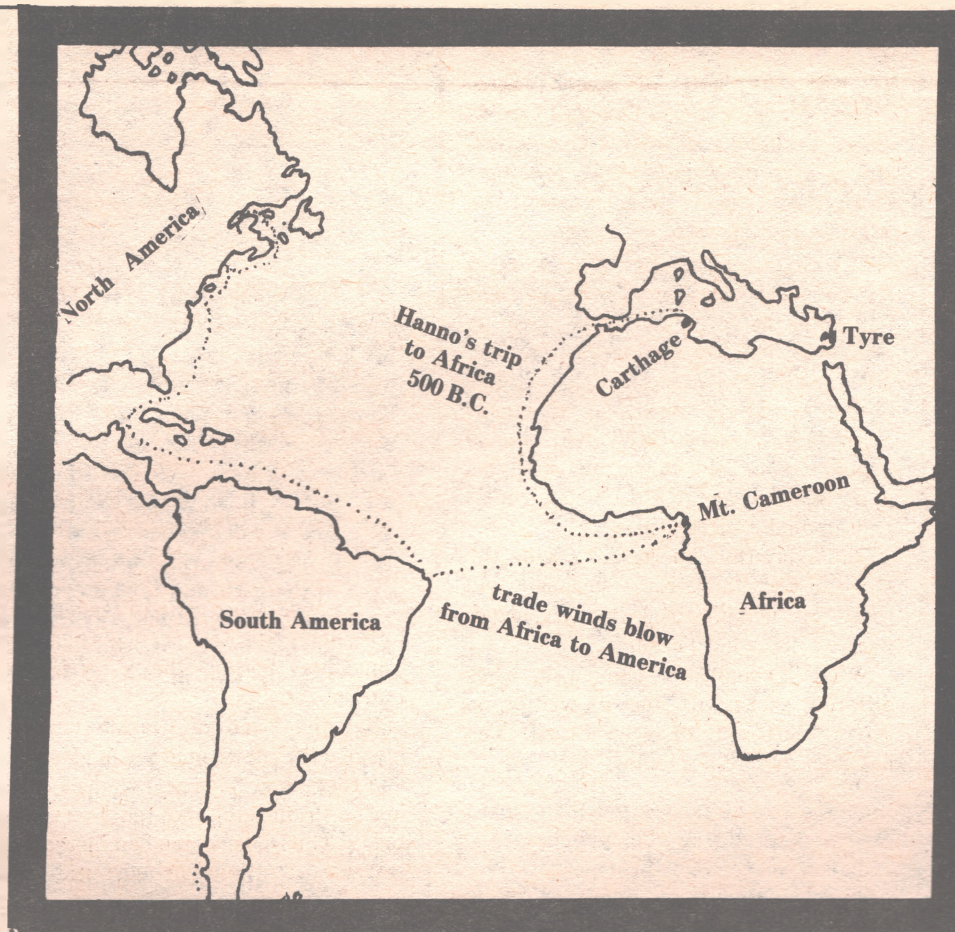
Another writer warned to watch out for your wives and daughters when the Phoenicians were around. Herodotus said that Io, daughter of Inacus, was kidnapped by the Phoenicians, who took her to Egypt, and the beautiful Theban priestesses were kidnapped and shipped to Libya by the same gang.

The Phoenicians were the export-import agents for the ancient world. They would buy and sell anything that wasn't nailed down, and they understood the concept of the mark-up.

Your average Phoenician travelling salesman carried two lines of goods: the deluxe line (Would madame prefer diamonds or rubies?) and the K-Tel line (Only \$4.99 at Woolworth's Woolco, Zellers)...

The most expensive thing the Phoenicians had for sale was purple dye. They were the only people in the world who could make purple. That is why foreigners called them 'The Phoenicians' because, according to recent research, the word 'Phoenician' means 'purple'. For 1,000 years, the Phoenicians had a monopoly on purple.

At first the Phoenicians made purple dye from shells of a certain kind of fish found in the water near Tyre. When this juice was exposed to the sun, it turned



lemon yellow, and then green, violet, red, purple, then black. The colour depended on how long you left it out in the sun.

This method took along time, and the worst thing was, you couldn't get the same shade of purple every time.

But then the Phoenicians discovered the Atlantic Ocean and the Canary Islands and Madeira. On these islands, they found moss and sap from a certain kind of tree, which produced mass quantities of purple dye, of consistent quality that made the same shade of purple every time.

Now the Phoenicians knew that they were the only people in the world who could make purple, and they realized they had a good thing going. Even though they were getting the purple very cheaply, they sold it as a luxury good. Purple became the colour of royalty, and still is to this day, because of the Phoenician mark-up. Every king in the world had to have purple robes, just to show that he was a king, and all the nobility wanted to imitate them by dressing in purple as well.

When the Romans asked that all the officers in their huge army be provided with little arm badges made of purple, the Phoenicians sold them purple silk at the stupendous price of \$50,000 a pound.

The Phoenicians refused to reveal

how they made purple, and they refused to reveal where these secret island were located. They virtually had a patent on purple. And all of the other weavers and cloth makers in the ancient world, in Greece and Rome and Egypt, banged their heads against walls and tried every mixture and concoction they could think of, but it always came out red or blue or green, but never, never purple. It drove some of them mad.

But if purple was the top-of-the-line item in the Phoenician trade, they also had plenty of other goodies to tickle the fancy of the wealthy lords and ladies. They sold colourfully painted ostrich eggs, floppy women's hats and embroidered silk cushions, fine clothing for chariot riding, embroidered linen from Egypt, ivory and ebony, emeralds and rubies, monkeys and apes, and slaves. They had a monopoly on the famous cedars of Lebanon, which they used to build temples, palaces, ships and furniture.

At the same time, the Phoenicians had their K-Tel line to sell to the average housewife. The Phoenicians set up textile factories to make cheap clothing, and while the Greeks were making expensive pottery with exquisite paintings on it, the Phoenicians set up factories to churn out hundreds of thousands of cheap pottery items made

of unadorned red clay. They also sold iron, tin, glass, lead, horses, mules, vessels of brass, lambs, goats, spices, coral, honey, oil, balm and perfumes. Something for everyone.

The prophet Isaiah complains about the Phoenicians buying up the Egyptian grain harvest and shipping it out to sell.

The Phoenicians expanded their trade by travelling to countries where no one had been before. In each country, the Phoenicians bought the cheapest goods available and took them to other countries to sell at high prices. It is recorded that when the Phoenicians discovered Spain, perhaps as early as 1100 B.C., they found that the natives had lots of silver, but did not know that silver was of any value. The Phoenicians bought millions of dollars worth of silver from them for a few trinkets, and then took the silver to other countries and sold it for a fortune. They bought ivory, ebony, ostrich eggs and slaves in Africa, paying for them with a few cheap trinkets.

As empires rose and fell, the Phoenicians traded with all of them. They traded with Egyptian Pharaohs and Persian kings. When an Assyrian King in 1100 B.C. wanted some wood to build a temple, they sold him cedars of Lebanon... and took him out on one of their ships for a bit of deep sea, dolphin fishing, as a sales pitch... the Lockheed pay-off of that generation.

When the ancient Greeks were emerging from the Bronze Age and struggling to get their culture off the ground, the Phoenicians kindly went in and taught them the alphabet, and once the Greeks had learned enough to read a contract and a sales bill, the Phoenicians formed partnerships with them. The Phoenicians would import goods to Greek ports, and their Greek partners would sell the goods to the local Greek population.

The Phoenicians spread their alphabet all over the ancient world. Previous alphabets were too difficult, with thousands of symbols, often a different symbol for each word. The Phoenicians had invented an alphabet with just 22 simple letters, which were easy to learn and easy to write. They spread this alphabet everywhere as they travelled, and the words which you are now reading use an alphabet that is descended from the Phoenician one.

When the age of Greece was over, and the Roman Empire grew, the Phoenicians were there to trade with them. Empires rose and empires fell, but the Phoenicians just kept on tradin'.

VELVET TOUCH

DECAPAGE DE MEUBLES
PROCEDE UNIQUE D'ARROSAGE
UTILISANT AUCUN CAUSTIQUE
OU BAIN DE TREMPAGE
TOUT TRAVAIL GARANTI
ALLONS CHERCHER ET LIVRONS
ESTIMATIONS GRATUITES

FURNITURE STRIPPING
UNIQUE FLOW-OVER PROCESS
USING NO CAUSTICS
OR DIP TANKS
ALL WORK GUARANTEED
PICK-UP & DELIVERY
FREE ESTIMATES

D. LORIMER, PROP.

35 ACADEMY, SUTTON

538-2530

Mon - Thurs 9 to 6
Fri. 9 to 9
Sat. 9 to 6
Closed Sundays

Come and see us at the
Bromont Flea Market on Sunday

Draper Insurance Agency Inc.

INSURANCE BROKERS — COURTIERS D'ASSURANCES

311 MAIN STREET

COWANSVILLE, P. Q.

J2K 1J4

INSURANCE BROKERS TO EASTERN TOWNSHIPERS
FOR OVER 60 YEARS

R.J. Hauser
President

E. Draper-Hauser
Secretary-Treasurer

Commercial & Residential Insurance, Farm Insurance Specialists

The Orchards of the Sahara

When Agathocles, tyrant of Syracuse, invaded North Africa and marched on Phoenician Carthage in 310 B.C., he marched his soldiers through what is now part of the Sahara Desert. As his soldiers approached the Phoenician city, they were amazed by the system of irrigation canals and dams that the Phoenicians had built. This is how Diodorus described the march:

'The intervening country through which it was necessary to march was divided into gardens and plantations of every kind, since many streams of water were led in small channels and irrigated every part. There were also country houses one after another, constructed in luxurious fashion and covered with stucco, which gave evidence to the wealth of this people. The farm buildings were filled with everything that was needed for enjoyment, the inhabitants had stored up an abundant variety of products. Part of the land was planted with vines, and part yielded olives and was also planted thickly with other varieties of fruit-bearing trees. On each side herds of cattle and flocks of sheep pastured on the plain, and the neighbouring meadows were filled with grazing horses. There was manifold prosperity in the region... the Carthaginians had laid out their private estates and beautified them for their enjoyment...'

One of the farms the soldiers marched through may have belonged to Hamilcar, the son of Hanno, our Townships visitor. For when Hamilcar was not away on some great voyage, he liked to farm. He wrote several essays about methods of farming.

The real farm expert, though, was Mago, whose books on farming sold very well in Greece and other countries.

Mago insisted it was a point of honour

Elections for Two Kings

At a time when most nations were ruled by tyrants, the Phoenicians had an unusual system of government. Each Phoenician city was independent from the others, and each city had two kings.

The kings were elected by the general population and the elections were held once a year. Popular kings could be re-elected as long as they could get the votes. Slaves could not vote.

There was also a Senate of 300 members and a Council of Elders of 100. The Senate was the most powerful political body. The kings had to get permission from the Senate for all major political and administrative decisions. The Senate passed laws, controlled the treasury, and assessed the performance of military leaders. If generals of the army or admirals of the navy were not up to par, the Senate fired them.

The population was called upon to decide whenever there was a difference of opinion between the kings and the Senate.

The kings and the members of the Senate were almost always people from the rich families, that is, from the families that had done well in trade and commerce.

The main purpose of Phoenician government was to promote free enterprise. Phoenician kings would

to grow your own:

'One who has bought land should sell his town house, so that he will no longer desire to worship the household gods of the city rather than those of the country; the man who takes great delight in his city residence will have no need of a country estate.'

Mago recommended methods of plowing and planting, how to make good compost; he advised on the use of lime, explained how to store the crop for the winter, the fruits packed in sawdust, the grains in underground silos. Mago also listed the 37 things to look for when buying a team of oxen, so you don't get ripped off.

Mago explained how to grow grapes and how to make wine. The Phoenicians planted lots of grapes and made lots of cheap rot-gut wine, but people of good taste in the ancient world all agreed that Phoenician wine was simply awful, and even the Phoenician upper class continued to drink only the imported wines.

The Phoenicians also developed a superb race of horses by careful cross-breeding.

Hannibal, to keep his soldiers from twiddling their thumbs before his attack on Rome using elephants to cross the Alps, set his army to work in North Africa planting olive groves. They grafted from wild olive trees, to produce a strong breed of olive, then planted the trees 22 metres apart.

The Phoenicians imported fig trees to North Africa, and also grew dates, walnuts, pears, many types of vegetables and medicinal herbs, along with flax for their textile industry. In addition to cattle, sheep and horses, they raised chickens, doves and pigeons, and they were great bee-keepers; they exported their honey and ancient Rome used Phoenician bee wax as a medicine.

negotiate trade agreements with other countries. One treaty signed with Rome gives the Phoenicians a complete monopoly over trade in a large part of the Mediterranean, and forbids Roman ships from using some of the Phoenician's most profitable trade routes, while giving Phoenicians full rights to trade in downtown Rome.

The armed forces of the Phoenicians usually did not try to conquer other countries or build an empire. The main purpose of the military was to protect Phoenician business - to patrol the trade routes, to hold on to strategic harbours.

When a war started, the Phoenician government considered it to be part of business. They would sign a contract with a general to fight the war for them, and the general would go out and hire mercenary soldiers to do the fighting. Phoenicia did not have military conscription for its own men, except in time of extreme crisis.

The Phoenician navy was the best on the seas. It sometimes earned a lot of money by hiring itself out to other countries to fight their naval battles for them. The Persian empire hired most of the Phoenician fleet at one time, and an Egyptian pharaoh hired Phoenician navigators to sail around Africa for him, to glorify his name. A publicity stunt.

My Lady Baalat

'I have invoked my lady Baalat and she has heard my voice. I have made for my lady Baalat this altar of bronze that is in the courtyard, and this gate of gold, and the winged disk of gold that is on the stone above the gate, and this portico with its pillars, this I have done for my lady Baalat, and she has heard my voice and done good to me. And my lady Baalat may grant me favour in the eyes of the gods and in the eyes of the people of this earth, and may the favour of the people of this earth be with me.'

Yehimilk, king of Phoenician Byblos,
920 B.C.

Lady Baalat was a Phoenician goddess, the earth mother, the mother of all men, all animals, all plants. She was beautiful.

El, also called Baal Shamin, was the name of the male god, 'The master of the heavens.' The rocks found in Brazil say the lost voyagers 'found consolation only in Baal' and they were separated from their companions 'by the hand of Baal'.

Adonis was a young god, who walked on earth, was killed, and was resurrected from the dead.

That was the main Phoenician trinity.

There were also lesser gods, who had come up with good ideas for man. For example, there was Reshef, god of fire, who gave the Phoenicians fire to keep warm and cook fish, and Dagon, god of wheat, who first invented wheat and then the plow, a great combination for people who were sick and tired of eating fish.

Chusor was the god who invented iron, and all methods of making iron into tools, and he was also the god who made up all the wise proverbs.

Shadrappa was the 'spirit of healing' for sick people and he always had serpents or scorpions with him, much as today serpents are often used as a symbol for medicine.

Usoos was the god who invented clothing, from animal skins, a very

useful thing. Sydyk was the god of justice and Misor the god of righteousness.

As for the origins of the universe, the Phoenicians had two schools of thought. One held that the universe originated from wind and chaos, much like the Hebrew belief that before the Creation, everything was very murky.

The other Phoenician theory held that the universe hatched from a cosmic egg. There is no written record that they ever wondered about the size of the original chicken.

The Phoenicians kept converting people to their religion, and the Old Testament frequently warns us not to build temples to Baal. One of the sins of Solomon is listed as being that he took 'after a goddess of the Canaanites'.

The Phoenician religion specialized in human sacrifice, that is, killing people during a religious service, to show the gods that you are sincere. An animal or a vegetable sacrifice would do during a normal church service, but in times of crisis, human sacrifice was absolutely necessary.

The adults usually did not like to sacrifice themselves. They sacrificed children, from the best families. When war broke out in Africa in 310 B.C. and Carthage was threatened, the priests told the Carthaginians they could appease the angry gods by sacrificing 200 children in the temple. The Carthaginians were so eager to please, they volunteered up over 300 children.

Sometimes the Phoenicians also chose to sacrifice adults, but not themselves. They used foreigners. When Carthaginian general Hannibal won a battle in 409 B.C., he sacrificed 3,000 prisoners of war in a temple, during a religious service in memory of Hamilcar, son of Hanno, the navigator.

The priests traditionally demanded ten pieces of silver for each person sacrificed. The priests, quite literally, made a killing.

RESTAURANT VEGETARIEN
VEGETARIAN RESTAURANT

la bardane

un coin de nature en ville,
et dans votre assiette...

for healthy foods,
and more freshness in town...



895 BELVEDERE SUD
(COIN SHORT-BELVEDERE)
SHERBROOKE 567-6226

Overseas Settlement

The Phoenicians grew food on small areas of land around each of their cities, but they never settled far inland. Their heart was on the sea.

They were the first people in the world to have a deliberate policy of overseas settlement. As their ships travelled to Spain and Africa to trade, they needed harbours, and so the Phoenician kings sent out settlers to start new cities all along the coast. Each city was one day's sea voyage from the last; each city was founded at a site with a suitable harbour, or if no natural harbour was available, they built one. Each new Phoenician city was independent of the others, and each new city in turn sent out settlers to start more cities.

The Phoenicians did not conquer other countries. They did not even have a homeland of their own. They lived in their harbour cities, on the sea, on their trade routes, but they did not capture land away from the sea. In each country, they traded with the natives rather than conquer the natives.

The Phoenician settlements gradually moved westward. They build scores of cities in Cyprus, Malta, the Greek Isles, Ibiza, Libya, Spain and Morocco, and the Phoenician navigators sailed out beyond Gibraltar into the Atlantic, one small step for the Phoenicians, one great leap for mankind, and they made daring voyages of discovery that would eventually lead them down the coast of Africa, and we believe, to America.

The Navigators

In 600 B.C., a Phoenician fleet sailed all the way around the continent of Africa. The voyage took them three years. Phoenicians had no compass. They navigated by the sun, moon and stars and their descriptions of the positions of the heavenly bodies as they circled Africa convince some modern experts that the Phoenicians really did make it all the way around Africa. The voyage of 600 B.C. was paid for by the Egyptian Pharaoh Necho, who didn't think his own navy would be good enough to make the trip. It is possible that the Phoenicians had already made the trip several times before, as the stones found in Brazil indicate that these voyagers were lost on an earlier trip around Africa.

It was a common belief at that time that the world came to an end beyond Gibraltar, the Pillars of Hercules. But the African voyage, plus other voyages to the Canary Islands, convinced the Phoenicians that there was a lot of ocean out there, and that meant a lot of places to set up trade routes.

In 450 B.C., Himilco made a celebrated voyage along the coast of Europe, to Britain and Ireland. In Britain, he purchased tin from the natives.

And in 425 B.C., Hanno, our Townships visitor, took off, either from Carthage or Cadiz, with a fleet of ships and settlers, to colonize Africa.

Hanno chiselled the story of his African voyage in stone. This is what he said:

'The Carthaginians decided that Hanno should sail beyond the Pillars of

Hercules and found cities of Libyan-Phoenicians. He set sail with sixty ships and thirty thousand men, women and children, and provisions and other necessities.

After sailing beyond the pillars for two days we founded the first city which we called Thymiaterion. Below it was a large plain.

Sailing further, we came to a prominent point covered with trees. There we built a temple to the gods. Settlement there we called it Cerne. We reached a river, and up the river was a lake, not far from the sea, covered with a growth of tall reeds, where elephants and many wild animals fed.

A day's journey beyond this lake we founded cities on the coast which we called Karikon Teichos, Gytte, Akra, Melita and Arambys.

Passing on from there we came to a large river, beside which African nomads pastured their flocks. We stayed sometime with them and became friends.

Inland from there dwelt inhospitable people in a land ridden with wild beasts and hemmed in by great mountains. They say that among these mountains

there and came back to Cerne.

We sailed south for 12 days from there, clinging to the coast, which was all occupied by Africans who did not stay their ground, but fled from us. Their speech was unintelligible, even to our interpreters.

On the last day we came to anchor by some high mountains clad with trees whose wood was sweet-smelling and mottled.

Sailing around these for two days we reached an immense gulf, on either shore of which was a plain where by night we saw big and little fires flaming up at intervals everywhere.

Taking on water here, we sailed for five days along the coast until we came to a great bay which our interpreters called the Horn of the West. In it was a large island and in the island a salt-water lake, within which was another island where we disembarked. By day we could see nothing but a forest, but by night we saw many fires burning and we heard the sound of flutes and of beating cymbals and drums and a great din of voices. Fear came upon us and the soothsayers bade us leave this island.



-Phoenician bronze dinner plate

beasts of strange appearance dwell, who can run more swiftly than horses.

Taking African interpreters with us we sailed south along the desert shore for two days and then for one day eastward and found a small island one kilometer in circumference at the farther end of a gulf. We made a settlement there and called it Cerne. We judged from our journey that it was directly opposite Carthage, for the voyage from Carthage to the Pillars and from there to Cerne seemed alike.

From here sailing up a big river we reached a lake, in which were three islands bigger than Cerne. Completing a day's sail from here we came to the end of the lake, overhung by some very high mountains crowded with savages clad in skins of wild beasts, who stoned us and beat us off and prevented us from disembarking.

Sailing from there we came to another big wide river, teeming with crocodiles and hippopotamuses. We turned from

We sailed thence in haste and skirted a fiery coast replete with burning incense. Great streams of fire and lava poured down into the sea, and the land was unapproachable because of the heat.

We left there hurriedly in fear and sailing for four days we saw the land by night full of flames. In the middle was a high flame taller than the rest reaching as it seemed, the stars. By day it was seen to be a very high mountain which we called the Chariot of the Gods.

Thence sailing for three days past fiery lava flows we reached a gulf called the Horn of the South.

At the farther end of this bay was an island with a lake, and on this island were many savages. By far the greater number were women with shaggy bodies, whom our interpreters called gorillas. Chasing them we were unable to catch any of the men, all of whom, being used to climbing precipices, got

away, defending themselves by throwing stones. But we caught three women, who bit and mangled those who carried them off, being unwilling to follow. We killed them, however, and flayed them and brought their skins back to Carthage. For we did not sail farther as our supplies gave out.'

And so ends this unique account of a voyage made thousands of years ago. The river Hanno travelled up has been identified as the Draa, the island on which he founded Cerne is an island off the coast of Senegal, and the end of his voyage, in the land of flames and lava, has been identified as Mount Cameroon, the only active volcano on the Atlantic coast of Africa.

Two thousand years later, it took the Portuguese 70 years to travel this far south in their 'discovery' of Africa.

Whatever happened to the half dozen settlements Hanno founded on the coast of Africa? What happened to the men, women and children that Hanno left there?

It seems unlikely that Hanno would have just left them there and never seen them again. It is more likely that these new cities were treated the same way as the scores of previous cities the Phoenicians had founded: the Phoenicians would regularly send out fleets of ships to take supplies to the new colonies until they got on their feet, and then the colonies would be used as trading posts to buy goods from Africans, and Phoenician ships would take these goods back to the Mediterranean to sell.

If Hanno did make further voyages along the African coast to visit his new-founded cities, what would have happened if he had headed further out to sea, or if a storm had driven him out to sea? The trade winds and currents would have picked him up and driven him across the Atlantic to America.

That this voyage across the Atlantic is possible has been proven by Dr. Louis Bombard, who allowed the trade winds to drive him across that same part of the Atlantic, on a little rubber raft.

And when Hanno came to America, did he come accidentally because he was driven by the wind? Or did he come, as he did in Africa with thousands of men, women and children, to make new settlements and further extend the Phoenician trade routes?

And did Hanno chisel on rock a complete account of his voyage in America, as he did with his voyage to Africa? And if he did, is this rock still buried somewhere, covered with dirt and moss, waiting to be uncovered by someone digging a foundation for a house?

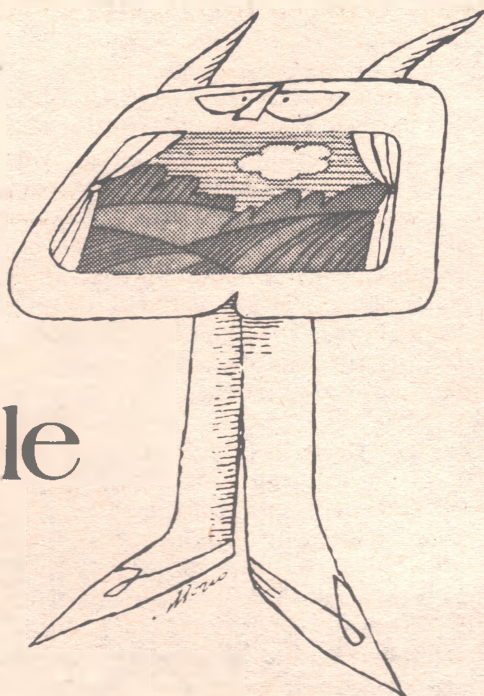
In the Phoenician pattern of settlement, a great navigator such as Hanno would take settlers to a new land, leave them there, and then the navigator would return to his home city to prepare for his next voyage. Did Hanno leave settlers in Canada? Did Hanno then get back on his ship and return back across the Atlantic? Or when Hanno visited the Townships, was he completely lost, with no hope of ever returning to the warm blue seas of his home?

The Phoenicians wrote everything down, so that future generations would marvel at them. From the very beginning, the scribes of each city would keep the annals, the history of the city, carefully written down in great detail.

Hanno was a great hero of the Phoenicians, and it is likely that the story of his African voyage is not the

AH!

festival Lennoxville



SUBSCRIBE NOW!

festival Lennoxville is
your ticket to entertainment

- up to 20% discount
- exchange privileges
- special accommodations package
- reserved seating
- & much, much more

Opening July 9th

SQRIEUX-DE-DEUX (Skroo-de-doo) by Betty Lambert

An outrageous comedy about middle-age marriage & life in the suburbs... a highly entertaining but nasty play about nice people.

Performance dates: July 9, 10, 15, 17, 21, 23, 24, 29, 31

August 3, 5, 7, 11, 13, 15, 19, 21, 26, 28

Opening July 13th

THE SECRET OF THE WORLD by Ted Allan

A compelling portrait of a family during the mid-50's in Montreal. A major work by the author of "Lies My Father Told Me"

Performance dates: July 13, 14, 16, 17, 20, 22, 24, 30,

August 1, 5, 7, 12, 14, 18, 20, 22, 24, 27

Opening July 28th

THE GREAT WAVE OF CIVILIZATION by Herschel Hardin

World Premiere—This highly original play invites you to enter the Old West on a route never taken by "Wagon Train", to learn how the West was really won.

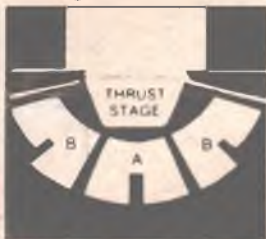
Performance dates: July 28, 29, 31,

August 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 17, 19, 21, 25, 26, 28

Tickets — Single and Subscription

SECT.	ADULTS		STUDENTS	
Tues. — Thurs.				
	Single	3-Play Subs	Single	3-Play Subs
A	\$6.50	\$16.50	—	—
B	5.50	13.50	\$2.75	\$7.50
Fri. — Sun.				
A	\$7.50	\$18.00	—	—
B	6.50	16.50	\$2.50	(Standby only)

Seating Plan



Tickets are also available

TRANS
At all TRANS outlets

To reserve your tickets
call (819) 563-4966 or write:

FESTIVAL LENNOXVILLE

P.O. Box 60, Lennoxville, P.Q.

JIM 1Z3

only record he left. Either Hanno wrote the story of his voyage to America, or if he died in America, it is likely that the scribes of Carthage would have recorded the fact that Hanno had left on a voyage and never returned.

It is possible, that somewhere in the city of Carthage, there exists a complete description of the St. Francis River, chiselled in stone by Hanno. Or the date of his disappearance may be recorded there.

But when the Romans finally conquered Carthage, they butchered the men, women and children, burned the city to the ground, smashed down all the

buildings and took them apart, stone by stone, they plowed the remains of the city under the earth, then they spread salt on the ground so that nothing would ever grow there again, and today the farmland and orchards and vineyards of the once-beautiful Carthage are buried under the sand of the northern edge of the Sahara Desert, and very few of the written records of the people who invented the alphabet are still in existence.

Perhaps the answers to our questions lie buried under the drifting sands of Northern Africa, forgotten and lost forever.

Driven Off the Sea

Gone is Tyre, captured by Alexander the Great, who built a causeway to the island kingdom and slaughtered most of its people, so that the world would know he was Great. Gone is Carthage, plowed and salted under the earth by the Romans. Gone is the Phoenician language, religion, culture, gone is the Phoenician race.

Some peoples have been destroyed when they were pushed into the sea by their enemies. With the Phoenicians, it was just the opposite - they were pushed off the sea.

The Phoenicians were masters of the sea, no one could beat them on the water. But eventually their enemies found a new trick - if you can't beat them on water, attack by land, and destroy their harbours. In the Third Punic War, the Romans captured Phoenician harbours, destroyed Carthage and burned most of the Phoenician fleet of ships. (Although there is some speculation that some of the Phoenician ships escaped - and fled to Brazil).

With the main Phoenician harbours in Roman hands, the Phoenician trade routes were broken. And since the Phoenicians had no country, no homeland of their own, they had no where to go. Their trade routes were the links of

their civilization, and now the links were broken. In a few isolated harbours, the Phoenician Punic language and religion lived on, but because there was no longer any contact between the different Phoenician groups, they gradually lost their religion, then they lost their language: they were assimilated and their race ceased to exist by about 200 A.D.

It is said that when the Romans burned the Phoenician fleet at Carthage, destroyed the harbours, and kept the Phoenicians off the sea lanes, the Phoenician civilization died of a broken heart.

For 1,500 years, through the Persian empire, and Egyptian empire, the Greek empire, Alexander the Great's empire, and the Roman Empire, the Phoenicians had always lived on the sea, and now the Romans had driven them off the sea, and ordered the survivors in scattered harbours to settle down and live under the dictatorship of the Roman empire.

But if the Phoenicians could not live on the sea, they could not live at all. They were like gypsies, and they could not settle down. And besides, by this time, the rest of the world had figured out how to make purple, so what was the use of being a Phoenician any more?



Phoenician - Canaan family at home, from a drawing on a tomb

Historical Sketch of the North Hatley Unitarian Universalist Church



contributed by Margaret R. Stoddard

The following excerpts are taken from 'An Historical Sketch of the North Hatley Church, 1895-1940, by Rev. Robert Lewis Weis, February 20, 1940.

A considerable portion of the Eastern Townships was settled largely by Americans who crossed the border in greatest numbers between the years 1790 and 1835.

The religious affiliations of the old Township families for a long time continued to be the same as they were in New England, notably Congregationalist, Methodist, Baptist, Adventist, Episcopalian or Universalist. Quite a number of the first families were of the Universalist persuasion and this was particularly true of the people who settled in and near that part of the Townships of Hatley which is now incorporated as the village of North Hatley.

Mr. C. C. Lebourveau Sr., in a newspaper article which appeared many years ago had this to say about the Universalist families in the pioneer days: 'Among the most substantial men among the early settlers were many Universalists; men that were ready to battle for their faith, for they had opponents on every hand. In Sherbrooke most of the first settlers were Universalists: Dr. Nichols, Messrs. Moe, Wilcox, Terrell, James Gordon, Alger, Goodhue, and others. In Ascot, Compton, Hatley, Eaton and Dudswell there were the Spaffords, the Dormans, Websters, Stones, Kendalls, the Farwells, Huntings, Wadleighs, Lothrop's, Colbys, Abbotts, Caswells, and many more. Somewhere about the year 1830 the Rev. C.F. Lefevre, the first Episcopalian, if not the first minister, in Sherbrooke, began to preach the broader faith, so much so that the Church excommunicated him, and he came over to the Universalist Church and faith.'

The writer has been informed that the Rev. Mr. Lefevre referred to was minister of St. George's Church in Lennoxville and founded St. Peter's Church in Sherbrooke, but after a ministry of several years he was drawn to the Universalist faith, remaining a staunch Universalist divine for the rest of his life and doing a great deal of journalistic work and other writing for the Universalist Church in the United States.

Among the important families in Stanstead County were the LeBarons, who are descended from Dr. Francis LeBaron of Plymouth, Mass. It was natural enough that members of such a prominent family should have been Universalists and they played a leading part in establishing our North Hatley Society. Other prominent Universalist families were the Jacksons - who have always been represented by able men and women - the Calls, the Hawses, the Wadleighs and the Hoveys. The Reed family too, have long been conspicuous among our North Hatley Universalists and in numbers have replaced the LeBarons who are not so well represented today. A number of the Kezar family have been Universalists, the name appearing many times in our church registers.

The Huntingville Church is by far our oldest Quebec society. Other Churches in the Province have been the Waterloo, Moe's River and Johnville parishes.

A changing population caused the Waterloo and Johnville societies to be disbanded, while the removal of the Ayer family and their glove factory from Moe's River to Lennoxville made it impossible for that little society to continue.

Although there were Universalists in Stanstead County from the earliest days of its settlement, the present Vermont and Quebec Convention dating from 1833, there is no extant record of a

parish organization dating prior to 1870. In that year such a society called 'Hatley-Parish' and embracing Ayer's Flats, North Hatley and Massawippi was organized at Massawippi, August 20, 1870, though the first members of the parish - mostly North Hatley families - did not join until 1891. The Hatley-Universalist-Parish Church was organized on Nov. 3, 1886, a number of Universalists joining the society on that day.

It should be understood that these Hatley organizations of Parish and Church were really 'paper churches' for there was no actual Universalist Church building until the North Hatley church was organized in 1895 and built in the same year. Prior to 1870 the Universalists and others worshipped in the old North Hatley school-house, but after the early 1870's when the Union Church was built, they had their share of the preaching and finally engaged a pastor, the Rev. Fred W. Millar. Services were also frequently held in the Abbott's Corner school-house and occasionally in the Massawippi Union Church.

The writer has been told that Mrs. Benjamin LeBaron, a very enthusiastic Universalist, was the one most active on establishing the new Universalist organization in North Hatley in 1895.

Mrs. Ben LeBaron was an aunt of Rev. C. Huntington Pennoyer. Ben LeBaron was notable for his excellent judgment. He prospered in everything he engaged in which included a general store, dairy and real estate. He was the first Post-master in North Hatley. His wife who was a Huntington was sister to the Hon. Lucius Huntington, Post-master General of Canada, and for about a quarter of a century a Member of Parliament.

Perhaps the most prominent woman member our church has ever had was Mrs. Alexander Plumley LeBaron (nee Caroline Jackson) born in Hatley in 1842. She was an indefatigable worker in many good causes, including the church and temperance. Although as was generally the rule in those days, her education was not very extensive, Nature had given her a fine mind and the writing of verses came easily to her. It is gratifying to know that several of her grandchildren are members of our church.

Brief mention has been made of some of the early day members to show the calibre of the founders of our Society. Perhaps the real character of the Universalists of North Hatley and the prominent part they played in this village can best be shown by the following record of their achievements in the political sphere. For example, it is interesting to know that while Dr. C.J. Edgar, a non-Universalist, was the first mayor of North Hatley in 1897, every subsequent mayor has been a Universalist! (Ed. note: Remember that this was written in 1940). Most of the Secretary-Treasurers and councillors were Universalists. All the Post-masters (with the possible exception of one who served only very briefly) were Universalists. These facts are mentioned not from any sense of vanity but simply to show the substantial character of our Universalist citizens.

The Secretary's records go back no further than October, 1903, but the

following account of the dedication of the church was taken from the Sherbrooke Record:

'According to previous announcement the new Universalist Church was dedicated on Nov. 3, 1895, sermon by Q.H. Shinn, general missionary agent of the General Convention of the U.S. and Canada. Sentence of dedication by Rev. S. A. Parker of Bethel, Vermont, Secretary of the Vermont and Quebec Convention. Rev. J.F. Willis of Huntingville was present on Saturday and preached an excellent sermon in the afternoon. At the business meeting, representatives of the different churches in the province united to form the Quebec Association of Universalists. Two young children were baptized. The choir discoursed sweet music under the leadership of Freeman Smith of Johnville. The Ladies' Aid furnished refreshments in the vestry several times and a sale was held which amounted to \$75. The church is a fine one. The outside is pure white, the inside divided into vestry, kitchen and an auditorium capable of comfortably seating 175 people. It is beautifully finished in black ash and heated by a furnace, and I understand it is free of debt.'

Suggestions for a parsonage were considered at a business meeting held on June 14, 1904, and a Parsonage committee was appointed. Benjamin LeBaron had offered to donate a lot adjacent to the church property and his offer was accepted. At the annual meeting on Oct. 4, 1904 it was reported that the Parsonage had been completed and that it was 'free and clear from debt'.

It would be interesting to know who presented the fine old Communion service to the church. The set consists of a flagon, two chalices and two patens, all made by Reed and Barton, perhaps America's leading silversmiths. The flagon bears the inscription 'Hatley U.C.S. 1888'. The patens are still in use but the individual cup service has superseded the rest of the set, for ordinary occasions at least.

The bell in the belfry, manufactured by the McShane Bell Foundry, Baltimore in 1899, bears this inscription: March 1899. Presented to the Universalist Church, North Hatley, by Lestina LeBaron, wife of Samuel Bean.

Full-time ministers continued to be employed most of the time up until 1953, when lack of members almost forced the closing of the church. Since then, summer ministers only have been employed, with lay speakers or ministers for occasional meetings during the rest of the year.

In 1961 the Universalists merged with the Canadian Unitarians to form the Unitarian Universalist Association. A steady increase in members since 1962 has re-vitalized the church.

This church might be called the Unitarian Universalist Church of the Eastern Townships, since it is the only one. Its members cover a wide area, coming from Sherbrooke, Lennoxville, Rock Forest, Magog, Ayer's Cliff, Stanstead, Island Brook, Waterville, Waterloo, Knowlton, and Newport, Vermont, as well as North Hatley. During the summer many visitors help to increase the congregation.

Save The Huntingville Church

Save The Townships' Heritage

The Huntingville Universalist Church lies set back on a hill along the Lennoxville-Coaticook road. Built in 1844 it is the legacy of the Huntingville Universalist Congregation to today's Eastern Townshippers. Can we take our responsibility to the past so lightly that we let this fine Church which served a community for decades be torn down?

In 1844 the local Universalist Society drew together in Huntingville to worship at their new church. Early families connected with this congregation, whose names are still familiar ones, were: Hunting, Mallory, Dyer, Ford, Ayer, Farwell, Libbey, Nutbrown, Lebourveau, Spafford, Pierce, Lothrop, Winslow, Kendall, Loomis, Stokes, Colby, Caswell and Stone. They were liberal believers with roots in the New England States.

The simple lines of the Huntingville Church suited their ideas well, and reflected their New England heritage. The closed, square pews of the church and the many-paned windows bring to mind the clean architecture of their forebears.

The Universalist Society became formally organized in 1868 and in 1877 the church was designated the Universalist Church of the Province of Quebec of Huntingville by an act of Parliament.

Early church records offer us a glimpse of the Church's vitality in those days. According to the Ascot History, back in 1844 Caleb Perrin Mallory, first pastor of the church, had 'presented proof of his ordination to the Honorable

Robert Hunter Gardner, one of the Justices of Her Majesty's Court of Queen's Bench for the District of St. Francis. He prayed to be allowed to take oath of allegiance and that he might be duly authorized to keep an 'authentic register of Baptisms, Marriages and Burials which shall take place under the ministry as the Minister of the Universalist Society of the Townships of Ascot, Compton, Eaton, Shipton and vicinities.' He was granted this authority and during his service as pastor from 1844 to 1882 he duly kept his records. During this period he recorded 245 Baptisms, 410 marriages and 272 burials.

The cemetery behind the church is spacious and well kept-up, flowers lying before many markers, new and old. The Huntingville Cemetery Association, an incorporated body, has an annual 'bee' to keep the grounds in order. There are headstones here for many of the families whom the Huntingville Church served for many generations, some recording sad testimonies. One Mrs. Hunting lost her husband and three grown children all to typhoid at the same time; another lost four young children to illnesses. A small stone marked 'Brother' marks the grave of a newborn. Now they all lie together in the peaceful Huntingville Cemetery. New burials occur from time to time, although the church ceased holding regular services in 1951.

Families moved from the family farms, the character of the countryside changed: the congregation that had faithfully responded to the ringing bells

on Sunday were no longer plentiful enough to sustain the services.

From 1955 to 1970 the Grace Chapel Society held Sunday school and services in the church and adjoining community hall (formerly the school house). In 1970 they moved to new premises. Since 1970 the church has been quiet.

Now only the occasional visitor and Halloween vandals disturb its tranquility. Last Halloween the bell rope from the tower was hung down so that the trick-or-treaters could easily ring the bells. The Huntingville Cemetery Association had to remove the cord altogether, thereby silencing the church bells.

Is this how the Huntingville Church is to go? Piece by piece until nothing remains? The Association would rather it be torn down than to see it slowly fall into ruin.

Presently the outside of the church with its immaculate grounds belies the disrepair of its interior. The church is essentially in good condition but needs immediate renovation- plaster work completed, floors sanded, pews straightened and a thorough cleaning done. More than this, it is the prospect of the church's upkeep, once renovated, which distresses the Huntingville Cemetery Association and the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society.

Fire insurance, plumbing work, electrical bills, heating- these must be taken care of. Even if the church is accorded status as a Historical Site, the church may not receive a grant that would



cover this upkeep. A Province that is on the brink of bankruptcy won't lay aside much money for the upkeep of old churches, unless the community demands it. Elections, not history, is what MP's listen to. Letters of support should thus be sent by all Sun readers to Mr. Irenée Pelletier, Member of Parliament, Parliament Buildings, Ottawa, Ont. (no stamp is necessary), and calls made to his office at 565-1363.

Before government help is available, the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society is trying to assure the Huntingville Church a secure future in the Townships. The church upkeep, however, is too great a task for them to assume indefinitely and the community must respond with its interest and donations. Tax-free donations for the Huntingville Church may be sent to the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society, Box 61, Lennoxville, JIM 1Z3.

THE COUNTRY CUPBOARD ANTIQUES

Specializing in Old Bottles

R.R. 1, North Hatley
From Sherbrooke-
6 miles south on University Road
From North Hatley-
1 and a half mi. from Minton Church
Carole Cilles: 567-6475
Sandra Stafford: 562-5712, 838-4868

LA BOOTIK

*Handicrafts and Antiques
All Canadian Crafts*
Corner Queen & Belvidere
Lennoxville
569-2627

COIN CENTER SUPPLY Reg'd and Antiques

We Buy and Sell
233 Queen Street
Lennoxville
565-8188

From the Constitution of the Universalist Society 1831

We the subscribers feeling desirous to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ do hereby form ourselves into a Society that we be helps to each other that by our united energies we may better serve the purposes of religion and truth.

We cheerfully adopt and subscribe the following constitution as the basis of our government.

- 1st This shall be called the ~~First~~ Universalist Society of Huntingville.
- 2nd The object of this Society shall be the promotion of truth and morality among its members and also in the world at large, and as the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ is calculated above all truth to inspire the heart with the emotions of benevolence and virtue, this Society shall deem it one of its main objects to support the preaching of the Gospel according to the Society's ability, and aid in any other practicable way in spreading a knowledge of it among man.
- 3rd ... and all who live in accordance with his gospel find rest unto their souls; though God is the Saviour of all men he is especially so to the believer, and that whoso looketh into the perfect law of Liberty, and continueth therein, and is not a forgetful hearer but a doer of work, this man shall be helped in his deed. We also believe ... that the wicked are like the troubled sea.
- 5th It shall be the duty of every member to adorn the doctrine of the Lord Jesus with a Godly life and conversation, to attend upon the exercises of the Sanctuary and a habitual neglect of this duty shall be regarded as a sufficient reason for striking the name of any member from the role, by a vote of the majority...

HOMESTEAD ANTIQUES

China - Glass - Primitives
"Something for everybody"

D. Pope
5009 Fontaine St.
Rock Forest
562-7740

VILLAGE HANDICRAFTS

Knitting - Fine China
Stamps - Coins - Antiques

Murray and Dorothy Woodman
Dixville
849-4958

GABRIEL'S TRUMPET

Antiques and Hand Painted Crafts
upstairs at

276 Main Street
Magog
843-2991

We support the Huntingville Church

ROD'S ANTIQUES

China - Glass - Clocks - Fine Furniture

227 Queen Street
Lennoxville
Open 9 - 5
563-1549

LINGER LONGER, Reg'd.

Furniture Stripping

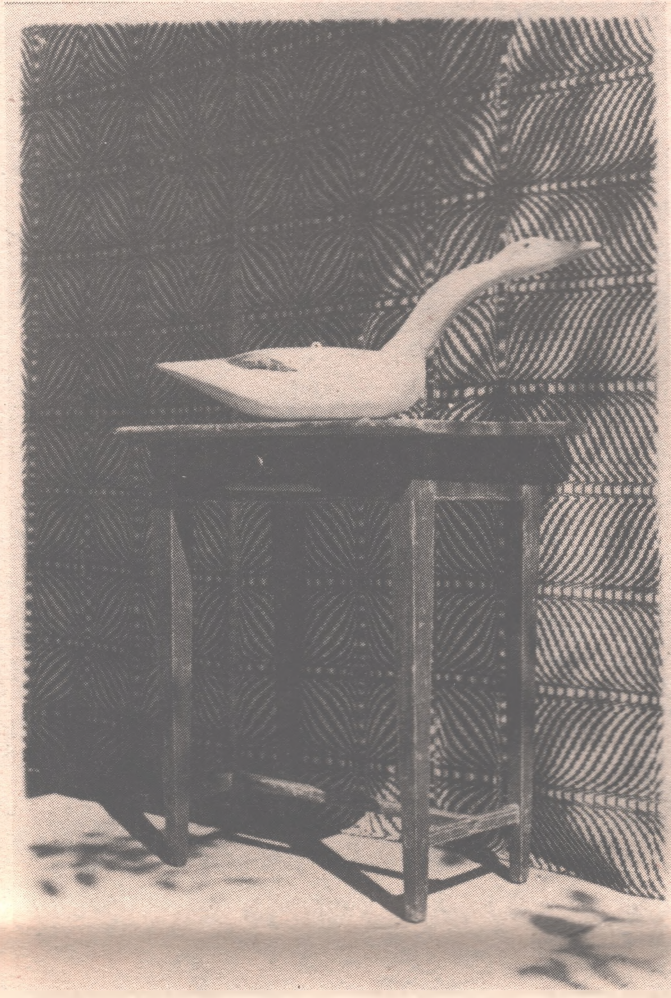
11 Queen Street
Lennoxville
569-3701

MACLEOD'S ANTIQUES

Glass - Pine Furniture
Pitchers - Basins

176 Queen
Lennoxville
567-7510

Traditions '76



photographs by Josée Coulombe

Another way you can help save this church is by visiting the Traditions '76 antique exposition on Aug. 7 and 8 in Norton Hall of Bishop's University. The Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society has collaborated with Mrs. Ann Beaulieu of North Hatley in organizing this antique show, part of whose proceeds will go toward the Huntingville Church.

Eastern Townships antiques will highlight Traditions '76. Twenty-one antique dealers from the Townships, Montreal and Ontario will display their collections. There will be primitives, fine antiques, antique jewelry, glass and china, early pine, armoires, books, prints, old tools and much more.

Pictured in the Sun are two of the antiques which will be on display at Traditions '76. The white snow goose is a one-hundred year old hunting decoy. It rests on an early French tavern table with a backdrop of a handwoven turkey-foot coverlet in blue and white.

And here you also see a straw crusher, from B.W. Mosher's collection of old tools. It made the straw used to make the two hats beside it. The large one is what is called a 'bride's hat', and the other is a small doll's hat.

These are only two of the many interesting pieces at the show. You can attend Aug. 7 from 11 a.m.- 9 p.m., or Aug. 8 from 11 a.m.- 5 p.m., the admission is \$2.00. For a preview you can attend the Gala Cocktail Party on Aug. 6, from 5 p.m.- 7 p.m., which will feature special Townships delicacies (marinated fiddle-heads, for example). The party costs \$7.50, for reservations contact Ann Beaulieu at 819-842-2643.

It's very fitting that the sale of antiques should support the preservation of the Huntingville Universalist Church. Our heritage can work for us, and we should work for it. Kenneth Hunting, great-grandson of one of the Huntingville Universalist Society's original members, once remarked that, 'Anything that can be done to preserve our heritage is important. Part of that heritage rests in that little white church on the hillside and if keeping that in good condition can assure its continuance, then that should be worthy of consideration by the community.'

Plan to attend the Traditions '76 show.

Write or call Mr. Pelletier today!

Send your donation to the Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society.

'We deal in The Past'

HUSK'S

Used Furniture and Antiques

Ulverton (R.R. 1, Melbourne), Route 143
Gault R. Husk, Prop. 826-5423

CHUTE'S ANTIQUES

Antiques of all kinds bought and sold

Birchton (R.R. 5 Cookshire)
Call collect day or night 875-3525
Open Sundays and Holidays

We support Traditions '76

YOLANDE VAN ZUIDEN

Antiques

456 Main West
Magog
843-9557 Res: 843-4529

M.H. GRAHAM

*Antiques and Coins
Bought and Sold*

*Nous achetons et vendons
antiquités et vieilles monnaies*
1561 ouest, rue Galt St. W.
Sherbrooke
562-6759

THE LOFT ANTIQUES

Glass - China - Furniture - Stoves

Route 108, formerly Route 28
Bury
Ron & Ina Stokes
872-3641



MOSHER'S ANTIQUES

*Pattern Glass - China
Clock - Tools - Coins*

B.W. Mosher
Box 53
946 Child Street
Coaticook
849-6181

DUMOULIN'S ANTIQUES

*Early Country Furniture, Glass
and Collectables*

Brian and Joan Dumoulin
Pleasant Street
Ayer's Cliff
838-4925

See us at Traditions '76

MAURICE LEMAY

*Antiques
Quebec Pine, Period Furniture
Folk Art, Old China, Glass, Lamps*
56 Armstrong Street
Sherbrooke
569-1512

CAMPBELL ANTIQUES

100 Pope Street
Cookshire
Bill & Betty Campbell, Prop.
875-3049

THE OLD OAKS

*ANTIQUES
and Collectables*
293 Tyler Street
Box 66 - Ayer's Cliff
838-4720



reviewed by Audrey Martin McCaw

MISSISQUOI LOYALIST LEGACIES.

Volume Fourteen published by Missisquoi Historical Society, Inc., Stanbridge East, P.Q. 1976. Edited by Doris Jones McIntosh. Printed by Payette & Simms Inc., St. Lambert, P.Q. Soft cover, 287 pp. \$7.50.

Missisquoi Loyalist Legacies, as Herb Derick of Lennoxville says in his Forward, is an 'appropriate theme for the fourteenth report of the Missisquoi Historical Society', for in this year of 1976 Missisquoi County in general and the Cornell Mill Museum in particular, are paying special homage to their Loyalist past and the settlement that began around Missisquoi Bay during the American Revolution. Following this theme, there are historical articles by Donald McCallum whose Loyalist-built home at Noyan overlooks the site of the Battle of Valcourt Island, and an article on United Empire Loyalists in the Eastern Townships by Audrey Martin McCaw (also published in this issue of the Townships Sun). Selections from the papers of Christian Wehr, a prominent Loyalist of the Missisquoi Bay settlement who is buried at Philipsburg, are accompanied by a biography of him in French by Arsène Galipeau, whose wife is a descendent of the pioneer.

Those who know Bedford will enjoy a reprint of part of a 1905 booklet by Arthur T. Gould, entitled 'An Illustrated Souvenir of Bedford', with its many photos of gracious old homes, still standing today. 'A Day in the Life of Dr. Erle Draper', formerly of Bedford, is entertainingly described by his daughter, Catherine M. Draper.

Speaking of old homes, the fascinating story of the Whitwell House in Philipsburg, occupied from 1826 to 1916 by the Reverend Richard Whitwell and his family, of Church of England, is told by its present owner, United Church clergyman Keith Eddy who, with his family, are presently restoring it to its original condition. One of Cowansville-Sweetsburg's stately homes, now the Robinson Residence for retired Protestant teachers, has an interesting history which is recounted by Hobart Greene.

Our local historical societies deserve much credit for their continuing efforts in encouraging some of us to write, and the rest of us to read, stories and reports of bygone days in the Eastern Townships. This is how we build up a written history of our area and become acquainted with our forebears as living personalities. The two new volumes listed here, from Brome and Missisquoi, are recommended reading.

New Books on the History of Brome and Missisquoi



Much genealogical information is offered on area families, with anecdotes of their daily lives: the Rowells of Frelighsburg by Homer Bedee; the Blinns of Stanbridge East by Kate Wescott Blinn; the Shand, Vaughan and Bissell families of Noyan by Douglas Shand Tucci, Herbert R. Derick, Darby G. Livingston and H.M. Cockerline; notes on several Stanbridge East families- Chandler, Scagel, Beatty, Anderson, Bullard- by Janette Bullard.

Early days in North Stanbridge are entertainingly recalled by M. Estella Primerman in 'Reminiscence Along with Me', and Francis Walbridge of Mystic offers a lively portrait of her great-grandmother, Estey McKinstry Walbridge.

Railway buffs will be interested in the exceptional story of the old Montreal, Portland & Boston Railway by Norma Whitcomb Young, especially the section of the line once known as the Hibbard Road, after promoter Ashley Hibbard of Frelighsburg.

There is an historical sketch of the early postal service on Quebec's frontier by R. Patterson. There are poems, drawings, diary excerpts, histories of towns and churches, sketches of interesting old-timers and, as our auctioneer friends are wont to say, 'other articles too numerous to mention'.

Missisquoi Loyalist Legacies may be purchased at the Cornell Mill Museum at Stanbridge East, Que. Please add .25 if ordering by mail.

YESTERDAYS OF BROME COUNTY. Volume Two. Published by Brome County Historical Society, Knowlton, Town of Brome Lake, P.Q., 1976. Edited by Clifford W. Smith. Printed by Payette & Simms, Inc., St. Lambert, P.Q. 190 pp. Soft Cover \$4.50; hard cover \$8.00.

Yesterdays of Brome County is aptly subtitled 'County Roads, Friendly Folk and Other Stories of the Past' and is a sequel to Volume I which was published in 1967. As Editor Clifford W. Smith says in his Introduction: '...the stories, written years ago, like properly cared for wine, have mellowed with time and have lost none of their flavour or color'.

Ruby G. Moore's reminiscences of Brome Center Folk is a travelogue of the Brome Center Road of the 1930's where she and her husband farmed during the depression years, as well as the story of the families along that well-traveled thoroughfare who shared in their struggles and pleasures.

Iron Hill is represented by a reprint of a long out-of-print booklet about Holy Trinity Church, written in 1907 by its first incumbent, the Reverend Thomas W. Files. He called it 'An Account of the Early Days of the Mission of Iron Hill and West Brome in the Diocese of Montreal' and it describes the labours of a young missionary in the late 19th century and the dedication of local families as they strove to finance the building of a church.

Two colorful characters of the past were 'Old Anse' of Bolton Pass and Carl Wheelock of East Potton who brought his violin to Canada during the American Civil War. Their stories are entertainingly told by Gordon Duboyce and Mrs. Ray Gardner.

Marion L. Phelps, who Curator and Archivist of Brome County Museum and to whom this volume is dedicated, contributes an article on Orville Sweet's Barns which, in the words of the editor, 'should renew your interest in those lofty structures that are so much a part of the the Brome countryside'.

Changing life along another country road is described by Evelyn Wilson in her article on The Brill Road which is in the West Bolton area.

The second part of the volume is devoted to stories and anecdotes of The Lost Nation, written by Pearl Mailloux Grenier. Lost Nation is a neighbourhood in Brome County where the townships of Bolton, Sutton, Potton and Brome touch, and the author recounts the interesting legend of how it got its name. Mrs. Grenier draws on her own childhood memories, as well as those of old friends and neighbours whose ancestors were among the early settlers, and she includes the genealogies of a number of the original families.

There are some interesting old photos in the book and biographical sketches of well-known Brome citizens such as: R.F. Cowans, Howard Eldridge, Janet G. Martin, Major General C.B. Price and Harry B. Shufelt.

Yesterdays of Brome County may be purchased at the Museum in Knowlton, or ordered by mail, adding .25 for postage.

UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

by Audrey Martin McCaw

If Governor Haldimand had had his way in the 1780's the southwestern portion of the Province of Quebec would have been out of bounds for many years to settlement by the Loyalists. Fortunately for the development of this area, there were a few independent and determined refugees from the revolution torn northern states who refused to be sent on to Upper Canada and remained to put down roots and become the founders of the Eastern Townships.

The Bicentennial celebration in the United States has a very real significance for Canadians, for the earliest non-French settlement of Ontario, the Maritimes and the Eastern Townships of Quebec came about as a direct spin-off from the American Revolution. I say 'non-French', for in addition to the thousands of English who suffered great hardships to remain loyal to the British Crown, were many pioneers of German, Dutch, Polish, French, Negro, American Indian and other extraction.

As a general definition, the term 'United Empire Loyalists' was given to those who, as British colonists during the revolution, refused to take up arms against the forces of the Crown. Many suffered persecution as a result, especially those who joined Loyalist regiments, and were forced to abandon often prosperous farms and businesses. Some returned to their mother countries, but the majority came to Canada where, in time, the Government helped them out with land and supplies.

Here in Quebec, Missisquoi Bay at the Northern end of Lake Champlain was the gateway to settlement of what we know as the Eastern Townships. Indeed, many of the Ontario settlers had originally come up this way, for the water route north from New York and Vermont, through Lake Champlain and the Richelieu River, was a direct and logical entry into Canada and the great St. Lawrence River. During the French regime a few seigniories had been granted in what is now Missisquoi County but very little settlement had resulted. However, after 1759 certain of the British generals had dreams of becoming landed proprietors. In 1765 General James Murray bought the Seignior of Foucault. In 1774 it was leased to Colonel Henry Caldwell and eventually it became known as Caldwell's manor. At the same time General Gabriel Christie acquired several seigniories and that of Noyan became known as Christie's Manor.

With the forts along the Richelieu River now manned by British troops, Caldwell's Manor in particular became one of the main settlements for the Loyalists, as well as a stopping-off place for others moving further north. Merrill Denison, in his 'The Barley and the Stream', a history of the Molson family, records that in the summer of 1782 a party of 197 Loyalists, then camping at Burlington, Vermont, agreed to go to Caldwell's Manor. Family names that occur on lists up to 1784 include: Barron, Struthers, Friott, Linton, Cameron, Stillman, Scott, Ward, Leech, Dunham,

Stone, Clapper, Schoolcraft, Salls, Curtis, Wilcox, Tryon, Vaughan, Ruyter, Dewar, Filer and Griffs. There were soon followed by Derik, Mosher, Beerworth, Hawley and others.

The first Loyalists in the Philipsburg area of Missisquoi Bay were a group of German Palatines who felt a strong attachment to the English Crown because of their earlier escape from repression in Germany through the good offices of Queen Anne. Some had been forced to leave New York State in 1780 and 1781 under a State law passed expressly for the removal of families who had 'joined the enemy'. According to George H. Montgomery in his *Missisquoi Bay*,

'They were to be given twenty days' notice to depart and the authorities were empowered to take and sell their goods and chattels and apply the money to the expense of their removal. Lampee* cites returns made under these laws as to wives who had been ordered to depart within twenty days. Among them are names which appear later in the early history of Missisquoi Bay- Rebecca Ruyter, Catherine Best, Elizabeth Hogle, Jane Hogle.'

*Thomas C. Lampee, 'The Missisquoi Loyalists', published in 1938 by the Vermont Historical Society.

They were transported on British vessels or 'flags' from Crown Point to St. Johns. In fact, throughout the war, there was a constant movement north of refugee families from New York and New England via Lake Champlain. Others, in Major Jessup's Corps of Sir John Johnson's regiment, found themselves at the end of the war in 1783 stationed at Isle Aux Noix on the Richelieu River and were disbanded there. They liked the Bay area with its fine timber, its lakes and streams, its abundance of fish and wildlife and its proximity to the friends they had left behind, but as Governor Haldimand believed that the frontier for reasons of safety should be 'kept uninhabited as long as possible', this group had a long struggle to obtain permission to make permanent settlements. Haldimand favoured moving the Loyalists to Kingston and the Bay of Quinte and it was the large migration to the Upper St. Lawrence in 1784 that gave Upper Canada its start.

However, the Palatines were determined squatters and remained where they were despite the fact that Haldimand used every means short of violence to discourage them, such as cutting off their allowances and threatening to burn their houses. A detailed report of their struggles is described in *Missisquoi Bay*, mentioned above. Montgomery gives the following names as a partial list of the early settlers in the

Philipsburg area who were 'no doubt the leading spirits of their time': Wehr, Best, Haver, Ruyter, Deal, Cole, Streit, Feller, Drow, Strit, Thomas, Van Horst, Henderson, Taylor. The Loyalists sent numerous petitions to the Governor and to his successors over the next several years and eventually with added pressure on the Government for settlement of lands east of the Bay by influential gentlemen at Quebec. A Constitutional Act was passed in 1791 making possible the division of this frontier territory by Townships. It covered that part of southern Quebec lying east of the Seigniories of Foucault, Noyan and St. Armand. Meetings to consider applications for Crown land and for the taking of oaths of allegiance were held at Missisquoi Bay from 1792 to 1797.

In each proposed township the petitioners formed a group of 'Associates' under a leader and the first grant, that of the Township of Dunham, entitling each settler to 200 acres, was made in 1796. The leader of the Associates was the Hon. Thomas Dunn, who had acquired the Seignior of St. Armand in 1789, and this first deed is preserved in the Archives of the Missisquoi County Historical Society at Stanbridge East. Stanbridge Township itself, being the 17th grant, was given in 1801 to Sir Hugh Finlay and Associates. Among the family names were: Martindale, Boomhower, Sax, Wightman,



W. H. Bartlett.

J. Couser.

A Lake farm on the Frontier.

HUTTE D'UN COLON, SUR LA FRONTIÈRE.

EIN PACHTHOF MIT EINEM SEE AN DER GRANZE.

"CANADIAN SCENERY," 1839-1842, by W. H. Bartlett



A Settler's hut on the frontier

UN HUTTE DE VIEUX SUR LA FRONTIERE

UNE HUTTE VIEUX COLONISTE AU DAN QUINCY

From "CANADIAN SCENERY," 1839-1842, by W. H. Bartlett

Lampman, Kruller (Crell), Neer, Primmerman, Westover and others whose descendants still live in the area today. The first settlement in the village of Stanbridge had been made in 1797 by Caleb Tree from Massachusetts and Nathan Andrews from Rhode Island. Following the building of a grist and saw mill where the Cornell Mill Museum now stands, the community grew very rapidly.

Several Townships were granted in 1797: Bolton to Nicholas Austin and his 54 Associates; Potton to Capt. L. McLean of the 84th Regiment, but the earliest pioneer was Moses Eldridge; Brome to Asa Porter and 32 Associates, its first settlers having been Henry and Ebenezer Collins in 1795-6. The Township of Sutton was not granted till 1802, to a group of 170 Loyalists whose names included Spencer, Griggs, Shepherd, Allen, Gibson, Marsh, Miller, Sanborn, Hawley, Huntington, Smith and Westover. According to Belden's Historical Atlas of the Eastern Townships, Sutton was granted to them 'Not as Associates, but in independent portions to individual grantees. By this means the agrarian difficulties that curses some other Townships were averted'.

In some of the Townships the eventual grantees had often settled years before, so that date of the grant does not always indicate date of settlement. Despite prompt efforts at surveying the territory, many settlers suffered a good deal of frustration while waiting for the Government to finalize the grants.

A typical example was that of Gilbert Hyatt, a Loyalist who is recognized as the founder of the City of Sherbrooke, first known as Hyatt's Mills. In 1792 he and Josiah Sawyer opened a wood road from Missisquoi Bay to the Ascot area beyond Lake Memphremagog, a dis-

tance of some sixty miles. Hyatt had been born in Arlington, Vermont. His father, Abraham Hyatt, had fought in Burgoyne's army in 1777 for which he was sufficiently persecuted by the Americans for his loyalty that he moved his large family to Missisquoi Bay in 1780. Hyatt himself fought till the end of the contest in the Regiment of Loyal Americans under Major Jessup.

In 1792, after pushing his road through to Ascot, he obtained a Warrant of Survey for that proposed Township and, anticipating that the grant would be made soon, he invested personal funds not only in the survey but in the construction of roads, bridges and mills. Eight years went by. In his petition of 1800 he recounted his grievances: how he had not received lands upon his discharge from the military; how he was the first person to settle the wild lands of the Crown in the County of Bedford and open a road to encourage other settlers; how he had not received lands upon his discharge from the military; how he was the first person 'to settle the wild lands of the Crown in the County of Bedford and open a road to encourage other settlers; how, despite his zeal in conforming to regulations he 'has been greatly distressed in mind since he has understood that he has acted prematurely and done wrong...that this is the fifth journey that Your Excellency's Petitioner, to his great cost and waste of time, has made to Quebec to prosecute this business and should he now fail of obtaining a grant to the whole Township, he must be a considerable sufferer...'

Sad to say, the decision went against him, and even though in 1803 the Townships was finally erected and parts of it granted to Hyatt and some 30 Associates, his holdings were eventually

seized to satisfy his creditors and Gilbert Hyatt was financially ruined. Samuel Gale of Farnham, who worked for the Surveyor General's office, indicated that in many cases grants were deliberately delayed so that 'other persons might put in claims for grants...after improvements had been made', and the land thereby increased in value.

Perhaps better publicized is the story of Nicholas Austin who, as a Quaker loyal to the Crown, disposed of his estate in New Hampshire and moved his family with great hardship to the wilderness of Lake Memphremagog. Like Hyatt, he invested personal funds in opening up the area and encouraging other settlers, but he died in 1821 'ruined in fortune and disappointed in hope'.

During these years settlement had been fanning out in all directions from the Missisquoi Bay area. Caldwell's Manor and Christie's Manor, mentioned above, had been attracting settlers right from the start. There was a rush of applications for land from below the border and the Bay area was the most sought after in the beginning because of the quality of the land and its proximity to the United States. The record of 'land grabbing' is not a pretty one and the motives of certain immigrants in the last decade of the 18th century could hardly qualify them as United Empire Loyalists.

Exactly who did qualify for the distinction of the title 'U.E.L.? It was not easy to draw a line. At the end of the Revolutionary War Guy Carleton, now Lord Dorchester, held that the unity of the empire was a supremely important policy for Canada. In his Order-in-Council of 1789 he sought to recompense those 'who joined the Royal Standard in America before the Treaty of Separation

in 1783 and had adhered to the empire' by conferring on them, in addition to grants of free land, the designation of U.E., 'alluding to their great principle- the Unity of Empire'. While this seemed to imply that only those who had joined the military forces of the Crown could qualify, it was realized that many loyalists who did not enlist in a regiment did, however, join the Royal Standard for protection in New York and other areas where the British were still in control before 1783. Some were friends and relatives of the Loyalist soldiers and were granted lands near them. Others, known as 'Late Loyalists' were equally disenchanted with the revolution but for a number of reasons did not join a regiment or make a move north as soon. Dorchester, concerned about keeping Canada within the Empire, decided that not only the fighting men, but all former British subjects who cherished the British connection must be encouraged. While 1796 is generally regarded as the cut-off date for qualification as a Loyalist, some historians feel that 1800 would be more appropriate and fair.

Regarding the use of the Letters 'U.E.' after their name, there is no evidence that the early Loyalists used it as a status symbol. The chief value for them was their entitlement to free land. It is probably of more significance to their descendants of this century, who, from the vantage point of nearly 200 years, can appreciate the tremendous contributions that these loyal settlers made to the building of our nation, and therefore can cherish with pride this 'badge of courage'.

As a tribute to the memory of these pioneers in Eastern Canada, the United Empire Loyalists' Association was formed and was incorporated by an Act of the Dominion Parliament in 1914, with headquarters in Toronto. The first branch in the Province of Quebec was formed at Stanbridge East in 1967 and was named the Sir John Johnson Centennial Branch in honour of a very distinguished Loyalist leader who was buried at Mount Johnson in the Eastern Townships. His gravestone, damaged in later years by vandals, was removed to Stanbridge East in 1971 where it was erected on the outside wall of the Cornell Mill Museum.

Sir John was the son of Sir William Johnson, who had brought many settlers from Europe and the British Isles to the Mohawk Valley of New York and was active in the French and Indian wars of 1755-1763. Sir John succeeded to the Baronetcy upon his father's death in 1774 and inherited vast properties along the Mohawk River which had to be abandoned when he was forced to flee to Canada at the start of the American Revolution. He organized the King's Royal Regiment of New York in which so many of our Loyalists served and which, with Indian allies, carried out many significant raids in the Mohawk Valley. After 1783 his estates were confiscated by the Americans but he was granted a number of seigniories in both Lower and Upper Canada in recognition of his valuable services. For many years he was Superintendent of Indian Affairs and had a home in Montreal near Bonsecours Market. He died in 1830 at the age of 88.

Many of the descendants of Loyalists who settled in the Eastern Townships are now members of Sir John Johnson Centennial Branch or the more recently-

formed Heritage Branch in Montreal. Indeed, many still live in the area. The opening of the Missisquoi County Museum in the old Cornell Mill at Stanbridge East in 1964 sparked the donation of much U.E.L. memorabilia, and at this and other neighbourhood museums one can see treasured mementoes of early pioneers, such as tools, furniture, clothing, military and other documents, etc. In June of 1971 a ceremony was held at Noyan, Que. (Caldwell's Manor) for the unveiling of a commemorative plaque. The inscription reads:

CALDWELL MANOR

ONE OF THE FIRST UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST SETTLEMENTS WAS FORMED HERE DURING AND AFTER THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION (1775-1783) MANY SOLDIERS AND OTHERS WERE TRANSPORTED BY THE WARSHIP MARIA

Over the years many of the old battleground fell into a sad state of neglect with stones broken and decayed by time and weather and in some cases rudely mutilated by vandals. A project of the U.E.L. members has been to restore these memorial grounds to the dignity they deserve and to make a permanent record of the tombstone inscriptions wherever possible.

Wording on gravestones is often an extremely useful clue when one is tracing one's line back to a U.E.L. ancestor, especially if it indicates the names of parents. To become a member of the United Empire Loyalists' Association it is necessary to show proof of descent as part of the application and it is through these proven 'family trees'

that the Branches as well as headquarters in Toronto have built up their files of very useful information about the Loyalists. Indeed, the National Archives in Ottawa is constantly on the lookout for family histories and encourages all citizens who have researched for their genealogies to contribute a copy to the Archives for the benefit of generations yet to come.

One of the Bicentennial benefits to Canadians is that renewed interest in the events of two hundred years ago has stimulated the fascinating hobby of family research. The most intriguing way to make history come alive is to be able to visualize a particular ancestor in a particular historical setting and tie him in with the events of his day. Just as an example: I was recently reading the chapter in 'Those Damned Rebels' where Michael Pearson describes the events of June 8, 1776 when rebel troops landed on the north shore of Lake St. Peter and were advancing to attack Three Rivers. Newly arrived British troops were still on board their transport ships. They were hurriedly rushed ashore to support the local militia and they took part in a brief but costly clash in the nearby woods. Struck by the familiarity of the scene, I looked up one of our treasured possessions, an old hand-written, leather-bound diary of an ancestor who served on a British transport ship bringing troops to Quebec in 1776. Sure enough, under the same date, he describes the very engagement from the point of view of a vastly concerned spectator.

Yes, it is an interesting and rewarding bit of sleuthing to trace one's line

back, generation by generation, to one's Loyalist ancestor and guidance in the task is provided by the Genealogist of the local U.E.L. Chapter.

If those loyal and hard-working settlers of two centuries ago could look down the span of intervening years, I wonder what they would think of the heritage they left? Would they be amazed or flattered to see the interest shown in their activities by historical meetings and conventions, costumed re-enactment of their first landings, the building of pioneer villages and museums, the erection of plaques and monuments? Some of their tombstone epitaphs might be a clue to their hopes:

'They toiled that we might reap'

*'Stop Travellers as you pass by
As you are now so once was I
As I am now, you soon must be
Prepare yourself to follow me'*

'Be ye also reddey'

I think they would be glad that the freedom they paid for so dearly is something we still cherish, even if too often taken for granted. I think that in this year of 1976 they would be astounded to see us cross and recross so easily our 'long undefended border' to visit our American cousins and help them celebrate their Bicentennial in a spirit of friendship and goodwill. Perhaps even Sir Guy Carleton would be satisfied with the long range results of the exhortation he made to the regiments who accompanied the Loyalists from New York:

'You are to provide an asylum for your distressed countrymen. Your task is arduous; execute it as men of honour. The season for fighting is over. Bury your animosities and persecute no man. Your ships are ready. May God bless you.'

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The Eastern Townships - A Pictorial Record - Charles deVolpi and P.H. Scowen

Illustrated Atlas of the Eastern Townships and South Western Quebec - H. Belden & Co., 1881

Missisquoi Bay - George H. Montgomery Publications of the Missisquoi County Historical Society:

Vol. 8: The Seignories of Noyan and Foucault - Donald MacCallum

Vol. 11: The Impact of the Past upon the Present - Gerald P. Hawke

My Loyalist Heritage - John Fisher. in the Loyalist Gazette, Autumn, 1975

TO ANYONE INTERESTED IN THE EAST DUNHAM CEMETERY

An appeal is being made for donations to the East Dunham Cemetery Fund in order to keep the grass mowed, and keep up its general maintenance. As the funds are low at the present time, it is hoped that anyone interested will acknowledge this appeal and contact Mrs. Lyle Dymond, (Secretary of this fund), at R.R. 1, Dunham, JOE IMO. Further information may be had by phoning her at 514-295-2114. Thank you.

We Live Here

We have chosen to live and work in the Townships because we love it here. We want to see the Townships develop to the advantage of everybody.



OFFICES	AGENT	RES. NO.	AREA	AGENT	RES. NO.	AREA
KNOWLTON 243-6125	Mrs. Emma Aitken	372-6212	Granby	Mr. Denis Blanchette	248-2974	Bedford
	Mrs. Joanne Blanchette	248-2974	Bedford	Mrs. Win Chaplin	538-2206	Sutton
COWANSVILLE 263-5969	Mrs. Madalene Darrah	538-2805	Sutton	Mr. Peter Dobbin	263-1568	Cowansville
	Mr. Peter Dunn	378-9466	Granby	Mrs. Laurette Dwyer	298-5341	Bedford
SUTTON 538-3444	Mr. John Ferrabee	826-5417	Richmond	Mr. Steve Hartley	263-5920	Knowlton
	Mrs. Karen Ingimundson	826-3162	Richmond	Mrs. Noreen Galletly	372-7986	Granby
BEDFORD 248-3346	Mr. Ed Jahn	243-6307	Cowansville	Mrs. Patti Macaulay	843-2330	Magog
	Mrs. Dorothy Macintosh	843-3130	Magog	Mr. Peter Marsh	243-6087	Knowlton
	Mrs. Denise Pagé	243-6843	Cowansville	Mlle Andrée Plamondon	243-6901	Cowansville
	Mr. Gib Rotheram	243-5712	Knowlton	Mr. Richard Stachecki	243-5134	Mansonville

MONTREAL LINES:

KNOWLTON - 861-6253

SUTTON - 861-6419

WEST BOLTON CENTENNIAL 1876...1976

'The territory heretofore known and distinguished as the Township of Bolton, in the county of Brome, is from and after the passing of this act divided and erected into two separate and distinct municipalities, in such a manner that the first four ranges on the West side of the said township shall form one municipality- West Bolton. Assented to the 28th of December, 1876.'

by Rena Marsh

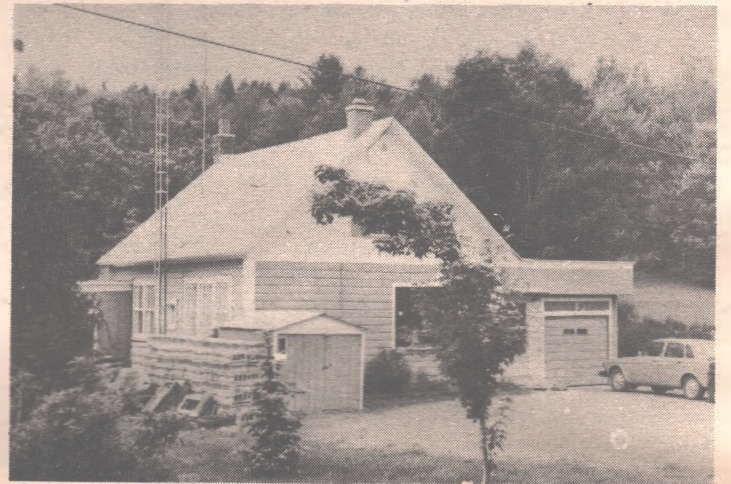
The Township of West Bolton is celebrating its Centennial this year. A Centennial celebration should look ahead; but, it is also a time to appreciate the past. A very important facet of West Bolton's past is its schools. All children now attend school outside the township. It was not always so.

During the early years of Reverend E.M. Taylor's service as 'School Inspector' (1889-1930), there were nine school in operation. They were Creek, Duboyce, Ralston, Old Road or Lost Nation, Brill's, Hall's, Fuller's, Gidding's and Mooney's. By 1934, only five schools were in operation. The Gidding's and Hall's schools had been united with the Brill's. Fuller's, closed, was moved about a mile from its original site, altered and reopened as the China Church. Lost Nation and Ralston Schools had ceased holding classes. A new school, the Badger school had been opened. By 1948 all of these were closed.

You may see here 'before and after' photographs of these schoolhouses which allow us to see what their past and present has become. Many thanks to Miss Marion Phelps, Archivist for the Brome County Historical Society for her invaluable help in gathering pictures and information, also to Mr. D.H. Gallop for the loan of several photographs.



Badger School in Bolton Pass. Named such due to its proximity to the farm of a Mr. Badger. This was sold in 1948 and is now owned by L. Paige.



Mooney's School in Bolton Glen was sold in 1948 and is presently owned by Mr. J. Eaton.



Duboyce School at Duboyce's Corner was built shortly after the land was purchased from Martin Duboyce in June 1856. Since 1963 it has served as the West Bolton Town Hall.





Brill's School appears in H.F. Walling's Atlas of 1864, on the present site of the Brill Church. In 1881 or 1882, when the first church was built, it was moved about 300 yards to the present site. Classes stopped in June 1947. It was later sold to the Roman Catholic Church and services were conducted for about four years. The present owner is Mr. Jean-Paul Bessette who is West Bolton's first policeman.

Schoolhouses Then and Now



Lost Nation School was built in 1928. Mr. W. Roone is the present owner.



Creek School closed in the late forties and was sold for a private home sometime later. The school building burned before the new owner could move in.

A busy planning committee has organized an interesting program in honor of West Bolton's Centennial. Former residents and friends of West Bolton are invited to attend some of the events.



Hall's School in the Brill was moved across the road to its present location in the early thirties and is now part of the Schwartz Farm.

The Duboyce Cemetery Committee has already organized a Tree Planting which took place on May 26. Trees and shrubs were planted by relatives and friends in the Duboyce Cemetery.

Events planned for August, 1976 follow:

August 2, 7:00 p.m.
At West Bolton Town Hall, Tree Planting and Dedication Service. Former residents and friends especially invited.

August 8, hour to be decided.
Afternoon Ecumenical Service at Clergy Reserve Brook on Lawrence and Mary Rhicard's farm. Everyone invited- please bring your chair and cup- coffee is being served. Rain or shine.

August 14
Children's Field Day, near Thirsty Boot. For children of West Bolton residents.

August 21, 12:30 p.m.

West Bolton is hosting its Senior Citizens at Luncheon at Dressler's Restaurant at 12:30. Everyone is invited to join in the tour of West Bolton roads afterwards.

August 28

Fun Day at The Glen, at Glen Skit Chalet.

A showcase in the Brome County Museum, Knowlton, holds a display from residents of West Bolton. It is very interesting, showing many treasured articles, representing many old families from this area.

Thanks to the Centennial Planning Committee formed back in May, consisting of the following residents of West Bolton: Elsie Stanbridge, Shirley Chamberlain, Lucille Vaughn, Rena Marsh, James Pratt, Lawrence March, Arthur Mizener, Judy Beauchamp, and Grant Bush. This Committee has had to report to Councillors, Cecil Marsh and Ormonde Brown.



THE POT A GOLD

The Oldtimer was riding a rocking-chair on the porch of the little cabin he'd built himself. He had his pipe going, too, and the smoke coming out above looked like it had something to do with the rockers going up and down.

'Good morning,' said I.

'Eh?'

'I said, Good morning!'

'Eh?'

'Good morning!'

'What do you want to know that for?'

Eagle-beaked under shaggy gray brows, he rocked and puffed with a sombre face but there was no mistaking the devilish twinkle in his eye. He was having me on again. Sometimes it seemed he spent all day just thinking up tricks to play on me. Today, he was pretending to be deaf.

I sat down on the porch steps and leaned back in the sunshine.

'And how are you today, then?'

'Eh?'

'How...are...you?'

'Seventy-nine.'

'Eh?'

'Getting deaf, are ye?'

He'd caught me again.

'You've caught me again,' said I.

'Tain't hard,' said he.

'Seventy-nine?' said I.

'If ye don't believe me,' said he, 'ask me mother.'

'Your mother?'

'She'll tell you.'

'Who is she?'

'Eh?'

'Who is your mother?'

'Fine, thanks. Hoo's yersel?'

The corners of his mouth twitched that time which made him stick the pipe in and bite down hard. Barrel-chested still, huge-handed with the tip of his right index-finger gone as sacrifice to the saws, he was full of vinegar yet. He'd done many things in his time - soldering, lumbering, farming, brick-laying, store-keeping, railroading, horse trading - until he'd reached sixty-five and had got this job, as he said, for the government. They sent him a cheque each and every month and never a lay-off. Sweetest job he'd ever had, he said, and he only wished he'd found it sooner.

'You got a story for me today?' I asked.

'Eh?'

'Let's not go through that again.'

'What's the matter? You can't think up your own stories?'

'I like yours better.'

'Don't blame you,' he said. 'Mine is true stories,' he said. 'True as I'm settin' here. You ever know a Scotsman tell a lie?'

I wasn't going to answer that!

'I'm not going to answer that,' said I.

'Keep comin' round here, boy, and you'll get an eddication.'

'And it's cheaper than night school.'

'See that?' he crowed. 'you're smarter already!'

'Tell me about The Pot of Gold,' said I.

His cabin had but one room - 'Only one a me, ain't there?' - and was neat as a pin inside. He slept on a cot against the wall, cooked on a huge black-iron stove decorated with cast flowers and leaves in the Victorian manner. A small sink stood against one wall with shelves above and a pail of cool water beside. The water he carried from a spring a dozen yards above the cabin, a spring he'd opened himself.

'Like Moses,' he told me once, 'and the Rock of Horeb. I smote the rock with my stick and sweet water gushed out. One a them there miracles, I shouldn't wonder,' he said, 'Cept that my stick was a stick a dynamite.'

He had been born and raised near Lake Megantic and never learned English until he went to school, so he said. Gaelic was his first tongue - 'the language known to Eve, before the Serpent did deceive.' He claimed it was nourishing as mother's milk.

'Often enough it was all we had for breakfast,' he had said, 'a good slab a the Gaelic. Swaller it down with your tea and it'd lay in your stomach all day long and so it would. That and a bit a buckwheat,' he said. 'Barley-bread,' he'd said. 'Buttermilk. Cold porridge.'

'Cold porridge?'

'Aye. Never had a taste a warm porridge 'till I left home. Father'd say a grace in the Gaeile every morning, you see, and he'd spend so long at the saying, the porridge was always cold.'

'Tell me about that Pot of Gold,' I said once more.

'The what?'

'The Pot of Gold.'

'Heard about that, have ye?'

I settled more comfortably in the sunshine while he rocked back and forth and peered toward the mountain. He

always looked off to the mountain when he was assembling words for his stories as if he could read the tales in the rock. Or perhaps he was looking across years instead of miles to where the mountain stood. It was there when the story began.

'That was a long time ago,' he said softly. 'A long time ago. Back in my grandfather's time.'

'How did it start?'

'Fella came around recruiting men to work in the woods down across the line, so he did. I won't tell you his name. He's still got a few relatives around, see, and you're likely to put it down in one a your stories and then they'd sue me.'

'Fair enough,' said I.

'Anyway, he was offering good wages. Good for those days, they was. Lot a young men heard about it and went off with him down across to the States. They signed up. Most a them couldn't read too well - leastwise, not the English. Oh, they could decipher the Gaelic Bible well enough with the help of a following finger, like, but they were no great shakes at reading the English. Especially contracts. It was all Greek to them, anyway, and the only thing they could see was the money.'

He puffed his pipe a while.

'So they looked around for an axe and were handed a gun. 'What's this?' they said. 'We got to shoot the trees afore we cut them down?'

'Turned out they were signed up for the Union Army and were all dragged off to war.'

'That fella, the recruiter, was getting eight dollars a head, you see, blood-money.'

He thought about that for a while.

'Awful man, he was. Awful man. He'd steal the Lord's Supper and go back for seconds, so he would!'

I thought about that one for a while.

'Anyway, the story goes he buried all that ill-gotten gold in a sap-kettle on his farm down there by the Lake. That's why they call it The Pot a Gold. Tainted gold. 'Tain't mine and 'Tain't yours. And he was happy as a toad in Glory.'

'Then he took off somewhere for a few years. Some a the boys he'd sold, you see, ran off and sneaked back across the border. They told the tale, I reckon, and he figured it wasn't such a good idea to show his face around for a while. Not a good idea at all. Then, when he came

drawing by Stephanie Wells

back, - years later, it was, - he couldn't find where he'd buried his gold.'

'They'd cut the trees, you see, cleared the land, blew up a few rocks and a couple of these, I guess, were his landmarks, like. They were gone. It was all changed. Near drove him out of his mind with worry, so it did, and night after night he'd take a lantern out and dig all over the land.'

'Did he never find it, then?'

'Never did. Night after night creeping round, afraid someone would see him, starting at every sound in the nigh', scratching in the dirt, filling in the holes again and creeping to another place. Night after night in all weathers until he died. May have been the damp that killed him. Or the worry of it all. Anyway, the story is, you can still see his ghost wandering down there by the Lake at night, down there by Echo Vale. Lots a folks say they've seen him when the moon's dark and the mist comes off the water, seen him drifting through the trees, carrying a shrouded lantern and a spade, muttering to himself in the Gaelic, still searching for his Pot a Gold.'

He was quiet awhile. His rocking chair no longer creaked.

'Do all ghosts speak the Gaelic?' I asked.

'Round here, they do.'

A hummingbird hovered over a bloom beside the porch, wings doing sixty, feathers shimmering in the light. I watched a moment and then it was gone.

'Did I ever tell you of the Monster of Moffat Lake?'

'No,' said I. 'Tell me that one.'

I was still thinking of the ghost wandering aimlessly through the trees beside the Lake, mist-wraiths drifting here and there, wind sighing in the branches, hunting endlessly for his lost gold.

'What monster is this?' I asked but the Oldtimer didn't answer. His pipe was out and his rocker still. He was fast asleep.

I got up and stretched, looked around and started softly off up the hill. It was a beautiful day. I was passing the spring when I heard him chuckle behind me.

'Caught ye again, didn't I?'

Bernard Epps
Lindisfarne
R.R. 3, Bury