June 1976

The Townships Sun





The Townships Sun

THIS IS THE LAST TOWNSHIPS SUN YOU WILL SEE UNLESS YOU SUBSCRIBE NOW!

IS THE SUN WORTH A TANK OF GAS?

OK, folks — this is it! You are holding in your hands the last free copy of The Townships Sun. All future issues will be addressed and mailed to subscribers only. The first Townships Sun paid for by our readers will be in our subscribers' mailboxes on July 1st, and The Sun will appear on the first of every month after that. To subscribe, you must send us $7.50 for 12 issues, $25.00 for 24 issues (includes a $10 donation) or $100 for a life-time subscription. Send your subscription to The Sun, Main Street, Waterville.

Will The Sun survive? We think so. The reaction to the paper has been very good. You have nothing to lose, however. We are going to count our subscriptions at the end of May, and if we don't have enough, we will send all the subscription money back to you, and we will simply close down the paper. All we need to know is whether you want the paper or not. There is no use of us putting out a paper if people don't want it, if it is of no value to the community, if it is of no meaning to anyone.

This is what we are up against: we are trying to put out a regional magazine, of high quality, to cover a vast area, printed in the language of only ten per cent of the population. It's like going to Ontario to put out a paper in French — most of the population speaks the other language.

There used to be many English papers in rural Quebec — in Coaticook, Richmond, in any town of any size. But the English population has been declining constantly, and one by one the English papers have disappeared. One out of four of the English of rural Quebec are aged 65 or over, and so the readership of English papers is disappearing very fast. At the present rate of decline, the English will have all but disappeared from the Townships within 20 years. It is very difficult to start an English paper under these conditions. The Sun is the first new English paper to appear, outside of Montreal, in a long, long time. If we fail, don't expect anyone to try again after us. The Sun is the last best hope of having an English regional magazine in the Townships.

We are making the job extra difficult for ourselves by insisting on keeping the advertisement content low and the percentage of original articles high. Look at any other paper, even the Montreal Gazette: most of their articles come from the press agencies - CP, AP, Reuters, and so on.

The Sun prints original material, written by people in the Townships. The Sun specializes in in-depth feature articles that require much research and writing and work. The Sun presents a high standard of photography, drawings and lay-out.

Of course, we have many faults. Our quality has not been consistent, we have neglected some types of readers and some areas of the Townships, and often we have been young and naive. We hope to correct these faults in the future. If you give us a chance, we hope to present you with a better paper than in the past.

But there is no use of us working ourselves into the ground to do this if nobody wants it. We don't want to shove The Sun down your throats. So do you want The Sun or not? Is it worth $7.50 or is it a waste of trees? At $7.50 a year, The Sun costs about as much as one tank of gas for your car.

If you don't think The Sun is worth a tank of gas, then we are wasting our time doing it, so we might as well close it down anyway. So it is as simple as that. Do you want The Sun or don't you?

Send your vote to The Sun, Main Street, Waterville. Encourage your friends and relatives to vote early and often.

The following people are selling subscriptions to The Sun in their areas:

Doug Putney, Rock Island, 876—3228

Heather Hamilton, Granby, 372—7558

Mrs. Harold Boyce, Sutton

Mrs. Junior Harvey, Dunham.
Mrs. Harvey is contributing her commission for sales of subscriptions to the support of a child at the Dixville Home.

Choose one of A, B, C, D, E, F, or G

I want to subscribe to The Townships Sun:

[A] TODAY!
[B] NOW!
[C] THIS INSTANT!
[D] ON THE DOUBLE!
[E] TOUTE SUITE!
[F] RIGHT AWAY!
[G] WITHOUT DELAY!

You can use this form; or, if you don't want to cut up your copy of The Sun, just write the same information on a piece of paper.

THE TOWNSHIPS SUN,
MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, QUE
J0B 3H0

I WANT TO SUBSCRIBE:

—$7.50 for 12 issues
—$25 for 24 issues
—$100 for life

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
POSTAL CODE.....

'Sun Worshippers'

A Townships paper! What a blast!
We sent in our subscription fast.
We've given up the local 'rag',
Compared to yours!--- it's such a drag!

We're tired of reading the whole world's ills,
Pollution, politics and pills.
What big business does for profit,
Your paper--- well, we just 'hang off' it!

All credit goes where credit's due,
Thanks to the staff (and you guys too!)
In case you think our wits undone,
You're wrong! 'Cause we're 'up with the Sun'!

Anonymous

Dear Editors,

Enclosed please find a cheque for a subscription to your paper, which we do enjoy so much.

It's a relief to receive a paper that isn't mostly advertisements. Although a few want ads are interesting - and they could help with expenses.

As for the serial story, 'The Megantic Outlaw', it is a very interesting, clean story. We have the book and have read it in poetry form; also saw all we wanted of it on the CBC TV show. That was so disgusting and so far from the actual facts in the book.

We had lived in the Eastern Townships all our lives until we moved nine years ago from Huntingville to Ontario. When we received your paper we were delighted with its contents that bring back many pleasant memories. By the way, our copy of The Sun makes its rounds among other friends from E.T. up here.

Best wishes to Townships Sun and staff. Keep up the good work.

Rebecca Campbell
Grimsby, Ont.

Ed. note: Sorry that you had to leave the Townships, but it's good to hear that the lost tribes of the Townships are still interested in reading about their former homeland.

Editors, Townships Sun,

This is to let you know how much I have enjoyed receiving copies of the Townships Sun since the first edition came out. Visitors to my home in picking up and reading some have remarked, 'What a nice little paper!'

Please find enclosed my cheque. I want to become a subscriber to this fine paper. I want to say 'Thank you' for free copies received.

I want to congratulate you as a group of young people for having the ambition and courage to go ahead with such a fine publication, bringing before the public here and elsewhere our English culture and history of our beautiful Eastern Townships of the Province of Quebec. I have lived all my life in the Townships and have enjoyed its lifestyle to the fullest, and I have yet to see scenery anywhere to equal what we have right here in our midst.

The people of this region should get with it and help these young journalists to keep publishing our very own Townships Sun.

Mrs. Kenneth J. McLeod
Lennoxville

The Townships Sun,

My subscription is enclosed at last. Please don't feel that the tardiness of my response reflects any reservations on your publication. I have had good intentions all along.

Papers such as yours are very worthwhile and extremely rare. I wish you continuing success in the future.

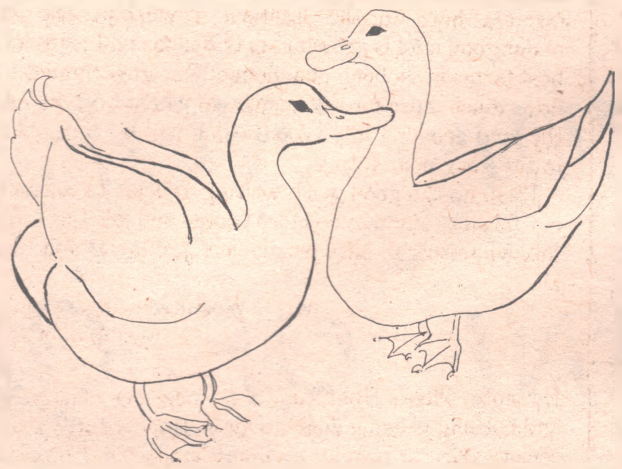
Bruce Little
Lennoxville

NOW IS THE TIME TO SUBSCRIBE

TO THE TOWNSHIPS SUN.

WE NEED YOUR SUPPORT.

SUBSCRIBE RIGHT AWAY!



Chers Editeurs,

J'aime 'The Townships Sun'- c'est le seul papier que je lis en anglais. Toute ma famille le trouve intéressant. Il est très informateur, historique et chaleureux parce qu'il touche notre région, ce que nous ne trouvons pas dans d'autres journaux.

Voici ma subscription,
Bien du succès,
Mme. Cécile Downey

Lennoxville

Dear Staff Members,

The Sun, Vol. 3, No. 5 arrived last week, a very welcome and bright surprise on a dreary day. Your remarkable journal brings in news of good, honest, unbiased opinions of wonderful people of the Townships.

To support your efforts for all you do to keep the Townships alive in the English tongue please accept our gratitude.

Heritage is our greatest trust, that we care and protect with devotion in all complete sincerity, the works of our forefathers.

Do not destroy on this earth the creation provided for us, because mankind today is so unconcerned, stupid and unrealistic in what he attempts to accomplish, if he has no ideals.

Your pictures and articles, especially of the village of Hatley, are so inspiring to us, that we can look forward to the continuation of The Sun for many years to come.

Keep up the good work. Your efforts are becoming known more and more to all Canada.

Our support is enclosed, that we have faith in all your hard work and concern to give us a life worth living.

Harry and Jennie Maslin,
Lachute

Dear Russell, Jill, Bob, Peter,

Have received and read three issues of The Townships Sun, through June (Pam) Kemp of Brigham, now my assistant editor here, and wish to extend congratulations and hopes for your continued success. You run one hell of a paper, about the best regional weekly or monthly or whatever that I've seen, and I do see quite a few. Though I've never been within a thousand miles of you since I've been old enough to remember, each issue leaves me feeling familiar with your land and your people, as if I myself once lived there. I find your historical and environmental features particularly fascinating.

Being myself editor-in-chief, publisher, and printer of SAMISDAT, a monthly literary series, I'm all too well acquainted with the troubles of setting up a publication. SAMISDAT drew supporting grants from the government once upon a time, but when we criticized corruption within the granting agency we found ourselves axed. Even with occasional grants, survival has been an uphill struggle. Still, we've found a way for over 40 issues now, and don't intend to quit so long as we're living. Hope you'll hang in there likewise. Freedom means independent, courageous media, whether artistic or journalistic; means small magazines, papers and presses covering what the big ones can't or won't. You fit the definition. With that noble sentiment, all the best from the west--

Merritt Clifton
San Jose, California

Dear Townships Sun,

I have lived in Moe's River and Compton. Now I reside in Sawyerville.

Enclosed in a cheque for my subscription to your paper. I have rec'd and enjoyed all the issues of the Sun, so Jill, Russell, Peter and Bob, I would like to voice my opinion about your wonderful paper.

These four young people
They got together and decided
That we all need something
a little different.
So they put their thinking caps on
And lo and behold they came up
with the Townships Sun.
These groovy youngsters Jill, Russell,
Peter and Bob set up the
Moe's River Press.
They all work very hard, went out
Into La Belle Province (Cantons de l'Est)
And wrote about the folks and
happens of the Eastern Townships.
You wrote the good news and the bad
And I am sure most of us have enjoyed
Them all.
You wrote such articles as about
the abattoirs, and your article
On obstetrics I'm sure was an interest
To all women as well as many men.
That sure was a grand bit on Sam Hopper.
I know that all who knew or dance
to the music of Sam Hopper
And the Hoedowners
Lay their toes to that fine article.
And I do really enjoy as I'm
Sure all do of reading about
Donald Morrison, the Megantic Outlaw.
You wrote in season many enjoy
New spring and the gathering
Of the Maple Sirple.
You even did a little bit on Regional
Dump of the quiet little village of
Moe's River which goes to show that
Even news can happen in small locations.
You really tell it like it is
And I could go on and on
But I think it time to end.
Hats off to you's. Keep up the
good works.
And Bonne Chance in all your
future editions.

Sincerely,
Louise Luce
Sawyerville

Dear Editors,

You have produced a most interesting paper and are helping to encourage and remind us of the background and heritage of the people and places of our Eastern Townships.

We are fortunate to live in this scenic and fertile area where grass is still green and plentiful in August most years and nor brown and parched, as in some areas, not too far distant from us.

Perhaps after people read of the difficulties and hardships the pioneers faced, there might hopefully be fewer strikes and more earnest negociations.

Best Wishes,
Mrs. Allan Norris
Waterloo



THE SUN IS A REGIONAL MAGAZINE

SERVING THE ENGLISH OF THE TOWNSHIPS...

THE ONLY PAPER OF ITS KIND

Townships Sun Editors,

You have a great paper- and best of luck! The articles on the village of Hatley were superb. I especially enjoyed the reference to Betsy Kezar and her school. Betsy later married Moses Bern and I am one of her many great, great, great-grandchildren.

I believe my farm is the only part of Moses's and Betsy's original homestead that has passed down to descendents - I am the sixth generation to farm here.

Truly,
W. McKnight
North Hatley

Ed. Note: Good to hear that Betsy's relatives are still around! Townships history is a living thing.

Salut Townships Sun!

You are doing well a needed job that no one was doing before; may there be more of your kind in other parts of Quebec.

My wish for us Anglophones is that we should become a far more vocal and powerful group in Quebec affairs, standing up for ourselves and for a truly bilingual Quebec, with the Sun as a voice, among other such voices.

We should be less fearful of Quebec government, and more ready both to support what it does to help the Francophone culture, and oppose what it does to harm either Anglophone interests or the interests of small groups of either culture, such as the owners of small abattoirs.

We should remember, and not let others forget, that it was through the efforts and courage of families and groups of our culture that the Townships was pioneered; we are by no means interlopers or intruders into this land. We have a proud heritage.

Long live the Sun!
John Windebank
Bishopton

Ed. note: We agree with you: we English have every right to be here, we have a proud heritage, and our road for the future lies in maintaining our English heritage, while at the same time fully supporting the progress of French Quebec, supporting what is good for the whole community, French, English, and others.

Dear Townships Sun,

Thank you for printing my letter in the Sun, Vol. 3, No. 4. I would only like to rectify your introduction to my letter where you state that 'driving back to Compton from out Sutton way' you noticed some signs in Russian. In fact the sign you saw is in Ukrainian. It so happens that both Russians and Ukrainians use an alphabet based upon the Old Slavonic alphabet just as the French, English, Germans use the Latin alphabet. Nevertheless the languages are quite distinct and should not be confused.

Yours truly,
Bohdanna Monczak
Montreal

Dear Townships Sun,

Just a note to say how much we enjoy your paper and how pleased we are to see your stand concerning our farmers here in the Eastern Townships. So much of our good land is growing up to bushes and many of our best farms have been abandoned. Our government could do so much more for the farmers and help keep people on the land growing more food which will be badly needed in the very near future.

Keep up the good work writing articles to encourage our farmers and maybe more people will join our country folk who work so hard on the land producing food for us all.

Wishing you every success,
Mrs. Lionel Allison
Bury

Ed. note: That's right, lots of farmers are disappearing, and nothing is being done about it. How strange that our society tries to provide so many modern services, from highways to schools to airports, but completely forgets about the most important thing of all - the people who bring in the food that keeps us all from going hungry. The Sun will continue to speak out for farmers, and we only hope that someone is listening, before it's too late.

Dear Foursome-

You are right, it is about time I quit 'kidding' around and got down to business.

I would like you to know that to date I have not heard one adverse or snide remark about your wonderful contribution to the history of our beloved Townships. In this day and age of finding fault as a national pastime that is something of a 'feather in your caps'. Keep up the good work.

Your paper is going into the files of the Museum here, and future readers who are doing research on the Townships will 'rise up and call you blessed' for retaining this history and folk lore.

Please accept my good wishes for your continued success and my cheque for a subscription.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Ruby G. Moore
Stanbridge East

Mrs. Moore is the author of **'Family Happenings in Missisquoi County'**, which may be purchased at the Cornell Mill Museum in Stanbridge East for $5.00)plus .25 postage if ordered by mail), or direct from Mrs. Moore, P. Box 102, Stanbridge East, Que.

Dear Townships Sun,

In one of your past issues, you discussed breastfeeding (see Sun, Vol. 3, No. 2). I have been breastfeeding our daughter for eight months. I am a strong believer in it, so if anyone in the area of Waterloo is in need of support, please feel free to contact me.

Wendy Irwin
St.Joachim de Shefford

Dear Editors of The Sun,

Your paper is a refreshing change from the usual.

I like it very much so am enclosing my subscription for a year.

I like the stories about interesting people and there is always at least one in every community - alive or dead.

The character I always think of in connection with Granby is Mr. Palmer Cox, author and illustrator of the 'Brownies'. Perhaps that is partly because I passed his 'Brownie Castle' every day on my way to school as a girl.

Also I watched eagerly for every copy of the 'Ladies' Home Journal' which in those early days (I'm no spring chicken!) had two full pages of the fascinating little pixies - climbing up famous buildings, sliding down church steeples, playing tricks on each other, etc. And what fun it was picking out the familiar ones - the Englishman with his monacle, the Chinaman with his pig-tail, the Indian with his tomahawk and the policeman.

I shall look forward to seeing your next copy. I sent my last one to a nephew in Ontario.

Mrs. Marjorie Coburn,
Granby

Ed. note: No sooner said than done, Mrs. Coburn. In this issue you will find an article on Mr. Cox and his Brownies. Glad you send copies to relatives - we like to know that news of the Townships is getting spread around. It's Townships Power!

Congratulations on a well directed series of articles. I have received your paper but so far I haven't had to contribute. This is the exception rather than the rule. So I am mailing to you a cheque. I think I owe most of it for your past issues. If so let me know.

Yours truly,
Glen Brown, M.N.A.

Ed. note: Your subscription goes for future issues, starting with the next one. All issues up to now have been free. All subscriptions we have received so far officially begin with the next issue.

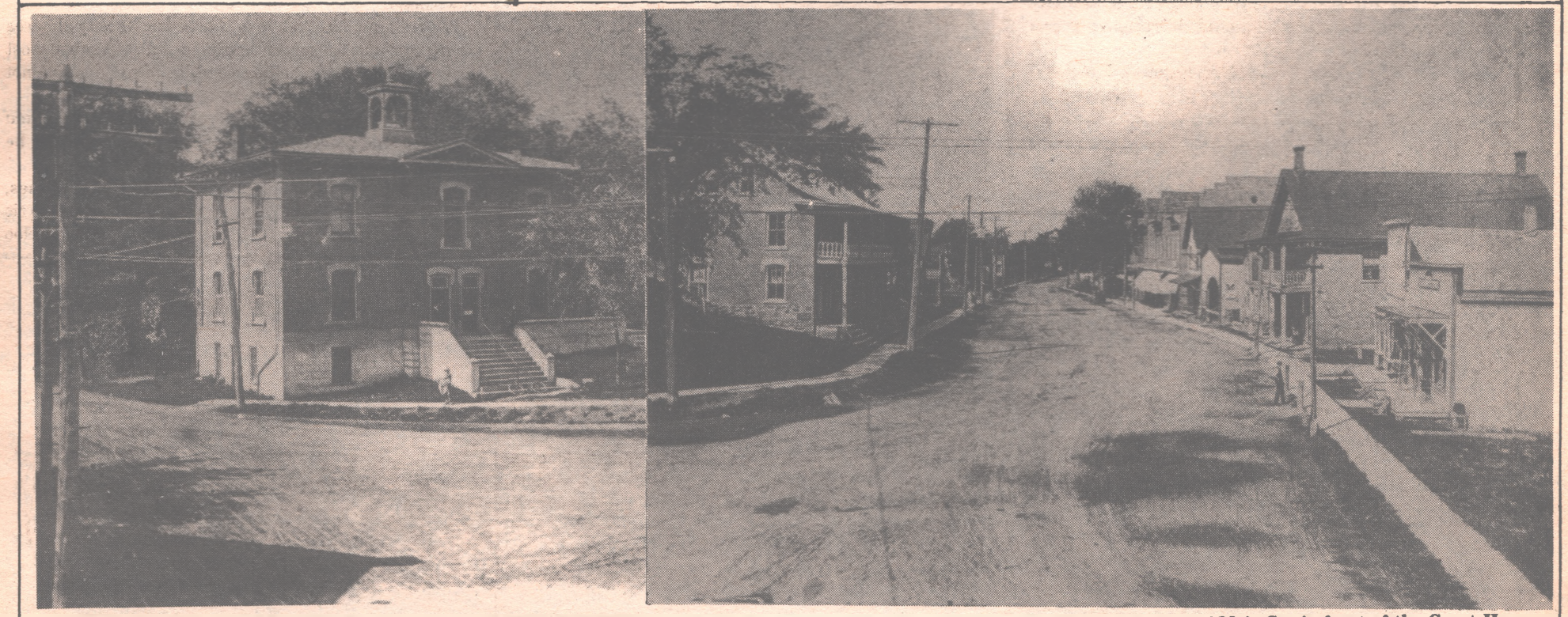
suggestions from readers:

As this is an Eastern Townships paper I would suggest you start a 'Swap and Barter' Column, such as 'I have a bicycle to trade for a baby car seat', or what-have-you, with a slight charge, of course.

Mr. Harold Near
Mystic

How about a Recipe Corner?

K.L. Bryant
Austin



panoramic view of Main St., in front of the Court House [built in 1874], Bedford



I am not quite ready to rent that big bedroom in the Stoddards' home for the aged, but I am old enough to recognize biased reporting when I read it... The article on absentee landlords is such an article, and as a Montrealer, a newcomer, a sometime absentee landlord's wife, and an ex-reporter, I wish to come to the defense of our neighbours, none of whom were interviewed.

Why pick on Montrealers? Hatley is composed of American, Dutch, Polish, French, Jewish and Black residents. None of us were forced to buy, we read the 'For Sale' signs, we came, we saw, and were conquered! If your reporters had spoken to these people, they would have discovered that they are all active in the church, the community; and it is these same people who are now forming the Hatley Municipal Association to help raise funds to restore the schoolhouse and community hall! You would have found some already members of the W.I., the local church, and the ranks of the Sunday school meetings almost doubled in size... Do I detect a wee bit of jealousy because these people are **all** working in town to be able to end their days in Hatley?...

They may buy their cars in other cities, but a trip to the local stores will dispel any worries about where they buy their food... Whose business is it but those people' where they come, go, buy and live? The money they spend renovating has given work in the area. Surely they deserve a vote of thanks for their big contributions to the coffers instead of a kick in the pants for their efforts!

Speculators we can do without - May I suggest a trip to the Registry Office in Stanstead and facts and figures instead of 'we have heard' and 'it has been reported', which only serve to arouse people and upset the older residents. Start passing by-laws telling us we have to become full-time residents? Twaddle my friends, and a sure means of making ghost-towns!!

One of the editors is a newcomer himself. He must know that the essence of good reporting consists of publishing factual, unbiased, newsworthy articles. Baiting residents without giving them a chance to air their views is not the way to run a successful newspaper.

I've seen this community in action whenever illness, death, fire or accident has occurred. There hasn't been one smidgeon of pettiness or jealousy, just a community where newcomers and oldtimers have helped by working side by side. So don't panic, Hatley's here to stay.

So I would ask you to remember that the old saying 'Do unto others as you would have done unto yourself' be borne in mind. The E.T.S. needs subscribers to survive, and we need your support to survive. I am sure the editorial staff was carried away in a fit of misguided enthusiasm, and forget that we newcomers are human beings trying to find our place under the sun. I feel sure that before long we'll be interviewed for our view - points about this lovely village. Then let's all get on with the business of neighbourliness, let's all grow old together, because that's what living's all about and to heck with where we've come from!

Mrs. Leigh Bladon,
Hatley

(Mrs. Bladon is a real estate representative.)

Ed. note: I agree entirely that newcomers have a right to find their place in the sun, that newcomers should be welcomed into the Townships. Even Ebenezer Hovey was a newcomer, and there have always been newcomers in the Townships - and many of them ended up being are best old-timers. As I said in the article: Sometimes there is friction between the old-timers and the newcomers, but the newcomers have come here to live full time, and gradually they do become part of the community. And after all, everybody was a newcomer at some time, except for the Indians, and as a matter of fact, the Indians came here from somewhere else too. So it is not a question of closing off the Townships to newcomers, on the contrary, we should welcome them and encourage them to integrate into our communities, as the people of Hatley have done by holding a get-together at which the newcomers are introduced to the old timers and vice-versa.

And as for absentee landowners, those who do not live in the community full time, I also agree that many of them are making a real effort to contribute to the local community. Many have done excellent renovation work on the old houses that need to be preserved for the future, and the Hatley Citizens' Association, bringing together the newcomers, the week-enders, and the local people, is an excellent example of community co-operation, an example that should be followed in other Townships communities, and our feature on Hatley should certainly have included an article on this.

The article on the absentee landowner situation was not intended as an attack against any individuals. Each individual person who comes to the Townships to invest in land or to buy a week-end home or to be a gentleman farmer, each individual is just trying to find his own place in the sun, and as individuals they deserve no criticism for doing this.

The article, however, tried to point out that it is question of percentage, a question of 'How far can this go?'

In West Hatley, the absentee landowners outnumber the full-time residents three to one, and the trend is continuing. The local farming population of the Townships, both French and English, has been declining rapidly over the last several decades, and it continues to decline. An in-depth UPA survey shows that one-third of the best farmland in Quebec is now in the hands of speculators and absentee landlords, and the trend is continuing.

There is nothing essentially wrong with this, but we should be aware of what it means. The land and the houses of the Townships are passing into the hands of wealthier people, and it is an upward spiral. Originally the Townships was nothing but a local community. As the people in the cities became wealthier, they could out-bid local Townshippers for land and houses. The sons of local people cannot afford to go into farming anymore, so the farms end up being bought by people from the city. So there was a trend, people from Sherbrooke and Montreal bought up a lot of house and land. But soon, they too, will be out of the picture, as the cost of land continues to rise. Two months ago a European company, said to represent Arab oil interests, went up and down two ranges in the Townships, stopping at every farm and offering from $1,000 to $1,200 an acre, and they bought a number of farms. One man has bought 14,000 acres.

At this rate, and at these prices, it is obvious that soon the middle class and upper middle class from Montreal will no longer be able to afford land in the Townships, either. The new buyers will be millionaires and oil companies. The largest farmland owner in the United States at the present time is Standard Oil of New Jersey. this is the trend that is coming to the Townships, and in another twenty years, it will be all over. This has already happened in many areas of the United States and southern Ontario, and many studies have been done on it. They point to the same conclusion: as the price of land rises, the local farmers and local community are replaced by week-enders, until gradually week-enders can't afford to buy here either, and then they are replaced by millionaires, land speculators, and large companies. As the article said, in some rural areas of New York and Vermont, land is now priced at $25,000 an acre. Not exactly the kind of prices that encourage the existence of farmers.

I expect that the fight against this development will eventually come from the Montrealers, the week-enders themselves. Last year The Sun ran a series of articles on the Sores report. This was a Quebec government study that proposed making much of the Townships into a national park, like Banff-Jasper in Alberta, and the report indicated that one advantage of this would be to open up the Townships to tourists from Montreal, New York and New England. Hundreds of thousands of tourists could be attracted, lake fronts would be made public beaches, camp sites would be set up for thousands, resorts and hotels would be built, and the economy of the Townships would be based heavily on restaurants, gas stations, hotels, and the tourist industry in general.

Now of course, each individual tourist has a right to come here - they are doing no harm and they come to enjoy the countryside - but what happens when hundreds of thousands of tourists come? What kind of Townships would we have then? The interesting thing is that the fight against the Sores report was lead by Montrealers, week-enders, in fact, some of the meetings to oppose the park plan were held in Montreal. These Montrealers came as individuals to find their place in the sun, but when they looked behind themselves and saw that a million other Montrealers might follow them to the Townships, they said, 'Hey wait a minute, we've got to preserve this local area as it is - we can't let the Townships become nothing but a playground for outsiders.'

So it's basically a question of numbers, of percentage. Tourists have a right to come here, and they add to the local economy, but would you want the Townships to be like Coney Island, nothing but a playground for the hundreds of thousands from the cities? And absentee landowners have a right to come here - many of them contribute to the local area, but what will the Townships be like twenty years from now when all the rural areas are owned by the few people or companies that can afford the prices - and what will the price of land be 20 years from now at the present rate of increase? $5,000 an acre? $25,000 an acre? What kind of community can survive the kind of price increases we have seen in recent years, what kind of farmer can afford, even today, to pay up to $1,000 an acre?

In West Hatley, 75 per cent of the land owners are non-residents, and that is not the fault of any individual. But how would the people in Montreal feel if 75 per cent of the homes and apartments in Montreal were occupied by people from New York City, who only came up on week-ends or in the summer? Would not the character and life of Montreal be drastically changed? And how will the week-enders who already have places in the Townships feel if 20 years from now 75 per cent of the land in the Townships is owned by a few oil companies or millionaires? Would it still be the same charming place?

Now we don't have any answers to any of this; probably these trends are inevitable, as they have been around most large cities. But we want people in the Townships to try to find out what the situation is and think about it. (BD)

We welcome more comments and letters on this topic.

Gentlemen:

Herewith cheque for $5.00. Please send me a few copies of your 'Hatley' number.

I admire your intrepidity and impeccable aspirations but judging by my experience during the last twenty years, you are attempting the impossible. Most E.T. people with guts were killed off in two wars.

You have overly gilded the Hatley pill by substituting the Megantic story. Early Hatley events included BOM gold bullion robbery, and sequel, the excellently forged $10.00 and $20.00 bills, the 'Runaway Murder', etc. More recently, forgery of municipal archives, falsification of Council Minutes, sabotage, perjury, thefts from municipal archives, abstraction of our mail by the municipality (actually a criminal offence) but now before the civil courts, etc., etc.

I sincerely hope your cerulean picture is now justified. I had intended squandering money on houses in Hatley - one built by a Kennedy who was a scion of the officer commanding 'Kennedy's Own' 43rd Regiment of Foot under Wolfe, and an original Hatley settler, but unless there is a real reformation I shall dissipate surplus funds elsewhere.

K.E. Clayton-Kennedy
Westmount

Ed. note: We were well aware of some of the differences of opinion, to phrase it delicately, between Mr. Kennedy and Hatley - but we didn't write an article about it - because it would have taken a book!!



Editors of the Townships Sun:

I think it is going some when a person sells land and a mistake is made in the deed, and the party who buys refuses to correct the mistake.

We sold some land to someone and as a favour because he wanted more roadside we let him have about 6 acres of land below our house to go with the land we sold him.

Now we thought we were dealing with an honest man, so the land was not measured, only on the deed was to be marked a part of a certain number.Instead of that the notary put all that part, and of course in French. So when we found the mistake we asked the other party to have the mistake corrected, he refused so it was taken to court. Meanwhile he up and sells the land which he didn't even buy.

This certain person knows exactly where the line was supposed to go, and he agreed to put a fence through, which he never has done.

Now we're not sure who made the mistake in the deed, but a mistake is a mistake, and why can't it be corrected. Notaries are not God. They can make mistakes but why don't they admit it.

I have found more than one mistake in our deeds.

Anyone who wishes to sell land, beware of the cards dealt under the table.

Mrs. Esther Marrotte
Ayer's Cliff

Dear Editors,

I read the last issue of the Sun and I cannot help but comment on the letter by Yves Vilandré of Waterville.

He mentioned that the PNP would have a deadline after which non-anglophone immigrants would be sent to French schools. He mentioned secondly persons from other countries cannot claim any right, they must abide by the rules of the province or decide not to come if they are not English-speaking and do not want to send their children to French schools.

I believe right of speech or language or religion should be everybody's. The world has had enough dictators. However, if we must stick by the rules, the battle of Quebec was won by the English, so let's obey what we signed, or are people to shallow to keep their word? People were a lot better off when they worried more about how to feed their family, than now when they just worry about where the neighbour's children go to school.

What does matter is a person or persons are only a minority if they allow themselves to feel like a minority. If we look back, France was taken from Germany in two wars and given back to the French each time. De Gaulle surely repaid us well in his speech in Quebec.

There is an old saying that everyone hates their benefactor which I guess is true.

The day everyone will stand up for their rights, most of the problems that are here now will disappear.

Yours Sincerely,
Herbert Beakes
Ste. Anne de la Rochelle

Dear Townships Sun,

Would you please send a free sample copy of the Townships Sun to these relatives?

They both have property here near Mansonville, and have had for some years now, and would gladly live here all the time, but economics decree that they live in Montreal. Our eldest son is preparing for his retirement here which is still quite some years away.

I read your article on absentee land owners and cannot agree entirely with the statement that 'Full-time residents make their life here, and spend their money here, but as they pass on or move out, their homes are sold to non-residents and local merchants suffer. The non-resident from Montreal who comes for the weekend buys his groceries, his clothes, his car, in Montreal. Merchants find they are serving a ghost town and they go broke.'

Not So! We were weekend residents for 10 years before my husband retired, and we renovated completely three houses using local lumber, fittings and labour, bought our groceries locally, and sometimes clothing, shoes, and all the other supplies one needs for weekends and vacation periods. A lot of the villages would be ghost towns now if not for the outsiders who buy land and build and spend their money locally including the taxes the municipalities are very gald to get.

Absentee land owners- I do agree with you, and a lot of the blame for the rising cost of land can be laid at the door of the real estate salesman who are more interested in the amount of commission they are going to make not the beauty of the environment. They charge more for a place with wonderful views and forget the sanitary arrangements the prospective buyer often neglects to install which could spoil everyone's lovely view in a very short time. Summer cottage developments are the biggest menace to any area in these beautiful Townships, and it is only now, within the past two years, that zoning regulations are being made, which is about 20 years to late. The damage in many places has already been done-

Yours very truly,
Mrs. M.E. Jefferson
South Bolton

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

SUBSCRIBE TO THE TOWNSHIPS SUN

Townships Sun:

I am one of the **weekend people** in the Townships. I would like to live here all the time. Unfortunately I built my house in 1974 when prices roses in land and buildings. I have to pay for it! Therefore, I work in the city.

I do not understand why locals resent weekend people. We are not all rich and we also work to pay our bills.

Shirley Raphael
Sutton, and Montreal

Dear Editors,

I was asked to retract my letter.

Here it is: the boy who was absent was my grandson, the girl that was hurt, lives here in the Cliff.

And if you were aware of what would happen to an informer in school. Look around you and see what is happening every day. Why is there so many young people or children going wrong?

Who can they go to for help? Not all but most parents are working or too busy to listen or too tired to care, so they expect the teachers to do most of it. No Way. They have their own work.

Kenneth Macpherson
Ayer's Cliff

Dear Sun,

I am one of the young townshippers who would like to be a farmer but can't afford the price of land. I wouldn't be too disappointed if I could rent a place, even if it was just a house and barn, but I haven't found one.

I had a good start in rabbits, but was forced to give them up for the time being because I had to move to town. There are many places in this area that have been sold or rented to people who only make an appearance once in a while. Mostly just a couple of times in the summer. Some of them don't come that often.

I don't have any answers to the situation, but I would like to see more farms staying farms, instead of retreats for someone who lives someplace else.

Yours truly,
Dan Bousquet
Sawyerville

Ed. note: Thanks for your letter, Dan. We've heard the same story many times over throughout the Townships - young folks who would like to farm, but there's no way they can afford the price of land and the cost of getting set up in farming. Anyone with enough money to start off farming, wouldn't want to farm. They figure if they have to put down $100,000 to start farming... why, they could live better just from the interest of their money than from farming. They say the average age of farmers in the Townships is now around 60. What does this mean for the future?

839,000 acres of farmland under speculation

Vol. 3, No. 6

From an editorial by François Dagenais, in La Terre de Chez Nous

For many years the UPA has been asking for a law to protect farmland. This law would protect Quebec agriculture. In view of certain facts recently brought to light, the UPA would like to communicate the gravity of the dangers which threaten Quebec society. According to FAO, the United Nations organization for agriculture and food production, Quebec is below par with regards to its ability to feed itself.

According to FAO, in order to achieve a reasonable measure of food self-sufficiency, there must be 2 acres of farmland per person, whereas Quebec has only 1.1 acre per person, that is, little more than 50 per cent of its needs.

In addition to this, there is another situation, more disturbing, namely the breakdown of farming and the loss of farmland because of speculation and land purchases by non-residents. Thus in Quebec, there are about 839,000 acres under active speculation and 500,000 additional acres which are in the hands of non-Quebec residents.

About 25 to 30 per cent of the best farmland in Quebec is now in the hands of speculators and non-residents. The consumers should react strongly because they run the risk of becoming the unwitting victims if there is a food crisis.

Moreover, farmers feel that this situation cannot go on any longer because it is bringing about the destruction of farming and important conflicts over land use.

Bill 12 was recently tabled, and in spite of the good intentions of its supporters, it cannot in any way protect farmland. We cannot believe that the municipalities will be able to settle the conflicts of interest between the development of farming and commercial and residential development, which brings in the municipal taxes. In any case, the municipalities already have the power to regulate the management of their own territory and have not been doing it to the advantage of farming. Until the law imposes priorities to the development of farming in regions most suited to it, the UPA will not rest in peace.

For several years now, the UPA has been demanding special protection for farmland. The union has been demanding that heavy taxes be imposed on the owner of good farmland who does not use it for farming, because he is abusing an essential collective resource. Moreover, the UPA has been demanding that absentee landownership be forbidden. All these demands have fallen on deaf ears.

Since the present government has been in power, the situation has been constantly deteriorating. Since 1971, the speculators have been buying, every year, twice as much land as they did between 1966 and 1970. Between 66 and 70, an average of 22,000 acres a year fell into the hands of land speculators; between 71 and 75, this had increased to 52,353 acres every year.

Such a zoning law would protect farmers against city people who settle in the country and then complain about the smell caused by manure. (In a recent case, still before the courts, a farmer has been sued by the Dept. of the Environment to remove the manure pile that is offending the delicate noses of his new neighbours.) In our opinion once a territory is a farm region, he who comes to live there must accept to bear the unavoidable odours and in no case would be justified in making a complaint. Or, we should prohibit city people from buying residential houses near barns.

If Prime Minister Bourassa is really serious, he should put into effect a law to protect farmland as soon as possible. As for Kevin Drummond, in his recent letter to Paul Couture, president of the UPA, he firmly took the stand in favour of the protection of farmland. The government has to help protect farming against speculation, and maintain good farmland in production.

Expropriated family of the year

Dear Townships Sun-

First, please find enclosed a cheque to pay for our subscription to the Sun. We feel your paper is very important in showing people that if they support one another in certain issues- especially concerning the government helping themselves to your land whenever they please, that they can fight and win!

We bought our farm a few years ago. We had plans to raise a family in the way we believe that children are happiest- on a farm. We have lived in this area all our lives and both have been raised on farms. We have three adopted children and are looking forward to more- there is a problem, however. We are wondering if we will be allowed by the government to stay here much longer.

The first year we lived here a mining company came to us for an option on our land. We didn't have to give them one, but the fact remains that if they had decided that they wanted the land around us, we would have had about as much chance as a snowball in hell of fighting the takeover. The following year Hydro sent us an expropriation letter and built a line right across our property, spoiling our view completely- never mind the health risks. The next year we found men measuring our seven large maples right in front of our house. When questioned as to why they were doing this, they calmly informed us that they would probably cut these down to widen the road- they were completely ignoring the fact that there was nothing but pasture and bush on the opposite side of the road and also that they would be straightening a bad curve at the same time if they widened in that direction. This past winter we have had men surveying and cuting a large swath through our woods (without one word to us) for the new trans-Québécois, we heard through the grapevine.

We are wondering is there is anyone that would like to build an airport here too- if there's enough land left.

The fact that the government can get away with this is frightening- what if they should decide they want our children for some unkown reason. As for putting up a fight- where do we begin?

Bill & Linda Lidge
Danville

Ed. note: Bill and Linda, you should be awarded a prize as 'Most Expropriated Family of the Year'. A mining company, Hydro, and the Road Dept., all hungering after your land! Your letter serves as a warning to all the people who think that expropriation will never hit them. Where do you begin to fight against this? It's hard to say. First of all, it's good to inform the public of what is going on, by making sure the problem gets attention in local papers such as The Sun. Then, individuals can try to take a stand to fight the land rip-offs, but usually you can only win when the whole community is behind you. It is important in things such as this to strike early - don't wait until the construction is already underway, because then it's too late. At the first whisper of plans for your area, you should organize your neighbours to find out what the plans are, what the effect of the plans will be, and whether or not, as a community, you are in favour of these plans going through. If you want to fight the plans, organize early: petitions, meetings, municipal council, member of parliament, the press - pull all the strings you can. It's time that the people of the Townships learn to speak out about what they want and what they don't want happening to their communities.

From generation to generation

To Mr. Rose of the Bishop's Geography Dept.:

I read the article about your report in The Townships Sun. Sure was interesting. But I think you should look a little more - not only Hatley, but how about Suffield, Rock Forest, Milby, Compton, Coaticook, and for 50 miles around in any direction. Where are the farms?

Let's go back a few years and see what happened. Remember when we milked 20 cows by hand, separated the milk, kept the cream in a water tank kept cool with ice? We put up in the winter, had skim milk for pigs and calves.

Cream was picked up by the butter factory. Some small farmers sold milk.

Whoops! Along came Carnation Milk, and then the government says all milk sold had to be pasteurized. That finished pedling milk. Why separate the milk when you can sell it? No more milk for stock feed. The government says you need milking machines, so that means electricity in the barn. Then the government says no more milk cans - you have to have a cooling tank, Ouch, from $2,500 up.

Before all this, the second generation would go into the woods with an axe and a crosscut saw to cut wood for the home. Now you must have a chain saw. Will he take horses to draw the wood out? Hell, no, buy a tractor, $4,000 and up. Come spring, machinery for the tractor - $12,000 and more.

Third generation says 'I am not going to work my ass off like Dad or Grandpa did' - so in goes an oil furnace, gas or electric stove. And so he has to get a job in town to pay for it all.

Dad can't raise enough grain for stock so buys it. Local grist mills go out of business.

Where are there any now? Flour mills are long gone, butter or creameries gone, cheese factories gone.

The abattoirs - you are not supposed to butcher anymore.

The same young people want a new car and camper. And with the cost of grain, gas, repairs on machinery, you sell out while you can. You are in debt for $18,000 or more.

So here comes the Auction: everything but the farm is sold. Grandpa and Grandma have a place to stay.

Then along comes a buyer with cash — more money than you ever expected to get. Why not, no more worry. No more out-house in the woodshed with the T. Eaton catalogue, or old newspaper or a bucket of corn cobs. Just move to town with polluted water and a store full of canned goods.

Take a look at Milby - a few years ago where the McVerity farm was, now there's a camp site and a little further a golf course. Both beside the river. Where did they get the permit? From the government.

What about Cherry River, where there was seven big farms - now an 18 hole golf course and a big hotel, and over 400 camp sites, all border on the river.

Why are all these things happening? Greed for money in all walks of life.

I hope I am wrong but the way things are going, when the fourth generation comes along, with the increase in population, and machinery taking the place of manpower, and the lacking of willpower to work — May the Lord help them — they will need it.

K. Macpherson
Ayers Cliff

P.S. We have 2 Dutch farmers here in Ayers Cliff, the Brus brothers- there are others and some French farmers too, and they are real farmers. We are lucky to have them.

And again a question of roads: St. Armand

Dear Editors,

Re: 'And once again- A Question of Roads'. The problems and debate involved with the Hatley, Kingscroft road struck a raw nerve in this neck of the woods. Ask anyone living on the St. Armand to Stanbridge Station road about road construction and see the disgusted look on their face. Problems, confusion- we've got them en masse!

To begin with I refer you to the letter to the editor I wrote a year ago. This will acquaint you with the crux of the matter as far as I am concerned. There exists on our road an exceedingly great hazard, several limestone quarries. The road passes within feet of a worked-out pit now filled to the top with water, continues right on through the work yard of the operation.

It would be difficult for a stranger to define the government road in this area, so criss-crossed is it with quarry truck ways. It isn't unusual for a car to suddenly have to slam on the brakes to let the trucks roll across the road, as they now seem to have the right of way (who is going to argue with a gravel truck loaded to capacity?). The government did finally put up a guard-rail along the put running parallel to the road. This is a temporary measure as far as I am concerned, as what is clearly needed is the road to be moved completely away from the area. All well and good!!!

It seems that all agree, the government, all local involved municipalities. The fall before last work began on the Stanbridge Station end. Within three months, the work was completed to the satisfaction of most. That is the old road bed was followed exactly, the road bed was built up, ditches dug out on each side and road paved. A perfectly adequate for the amount of traffic and use it receives. No trees out, no expropriations, no hassle.

A year later work begins at the St. Armand end. But here's where the fun begins. Supposedly new government regulations are involved now, ie., all new roads will be constructed by guidelines set out by Quebec, all roads will be eighty feet inside, and wider on the curves. This will effect practically any property owner along the road. Two barns will be torn down, two houses moved, front yards will disappear (as in our case, along with three trees), tile drainage torn up, etc., etc.

These new regulations have added enormously to the cost of construction which is reputed to cost $130,000 and is not completed. Meetings with Glen Brown, our M.N.A., have changed nothing. Mr. Brown's attitude seems to be, if you want a road, take what you can get or forget it- we'll build one somewhere else.
somewhere else.

I think Mr. Douglas Stoddard said it better than I in his comments in your article about the Hatley road- 'So when city people come out into the country to lay out a road, they don't know what's involved with the country people.'

I say to the engineers in Quebec, sure, we want good roads, safe roads for our school buses to travel on, passable roads for our milk trucks to come and get our milk, black-top so we don't have to choke on the dust in the summer and lose our muffler and tail-pipe in the spring pot holes. But don't tear up our countryside, never mind the eighty foot wide road, and invitation to speed. Don't forget these roads are still crossed by cattle and tractors pulling heavy loads.

Well, I could go on and on about this problem. I could tell you more but it's all the same old story! You can't fight city hall! As it stands now no construction will be done this year on the road. Lack of funds!! Quebec knows how--

Sincerely,
Elizabeth Biggs
St. Armand

IS TRAGEDY NECESSARY???

From the Sherbrooke Record, March 17, 1975

To the Editor:

Imagine opening up the **Record** tomorrow and across the front page read the following headlines: 'School Bus Plunges Into Limestone Quarry. All Children and Bus Driver Killed!' How could this ever happen? Consider these facts-

FACT: Rural Route 2 between St. Armand, Que. and Stanbridge Station, Que. passes along the edge of the Methes Frères, Ltée quarry.

FACT: The road comes within six feet of a pit at least 100 feet in depth and half filled with water.

FACT: A token barrier, a meager cable fence strung along half way, and a few scattered boulders provide the only and totally inadequate protection.

FACT: Dirt roads can be notoriously slippery, and treacherous in the winter months.

FACT: The road-way is definitely eroding into the pit.

FACT: School buses pass the hazard daily and

FACT: No one seems to want to take responsibility to correct the situation.

This has been a local problem for too long, brought up and passed along municipal council meetings for years, and always the question, where lies the responsibility? The municipalities say the gov't, the gov't says the municipalities, the gov't says the quarry, the quarry says the gov't, etc., etc., etc.

Our family lives along this road, and I have been involved with the school committee of Butler Elementary School, Bedford, to try to correct such a public hazard.

A petition was drawn up and signed by concerned parents of children who ride these buses past the quarry and local citizens who use the road, presented by a delegation to Mr. Glen Brown, MNA Brome-Mississquoi, on Feb. 8 demanding that immediate action be taken to correct the situation at the Methe's quarry, our proposal being, that the road be shifted at least the width of the road away from the pit and that a suitable barrier be placed alongside.

Mr. Brown seemed sympathetic to our cause and agreed to present our case to the proper authorities, in all to do what he could to rectify the situation. The same delegation met again a week later on Feb. 15 with Mr. Brown and received great assurances that **concrete** action would begin within the week, two weeks at the most, that is, actual work on the road.

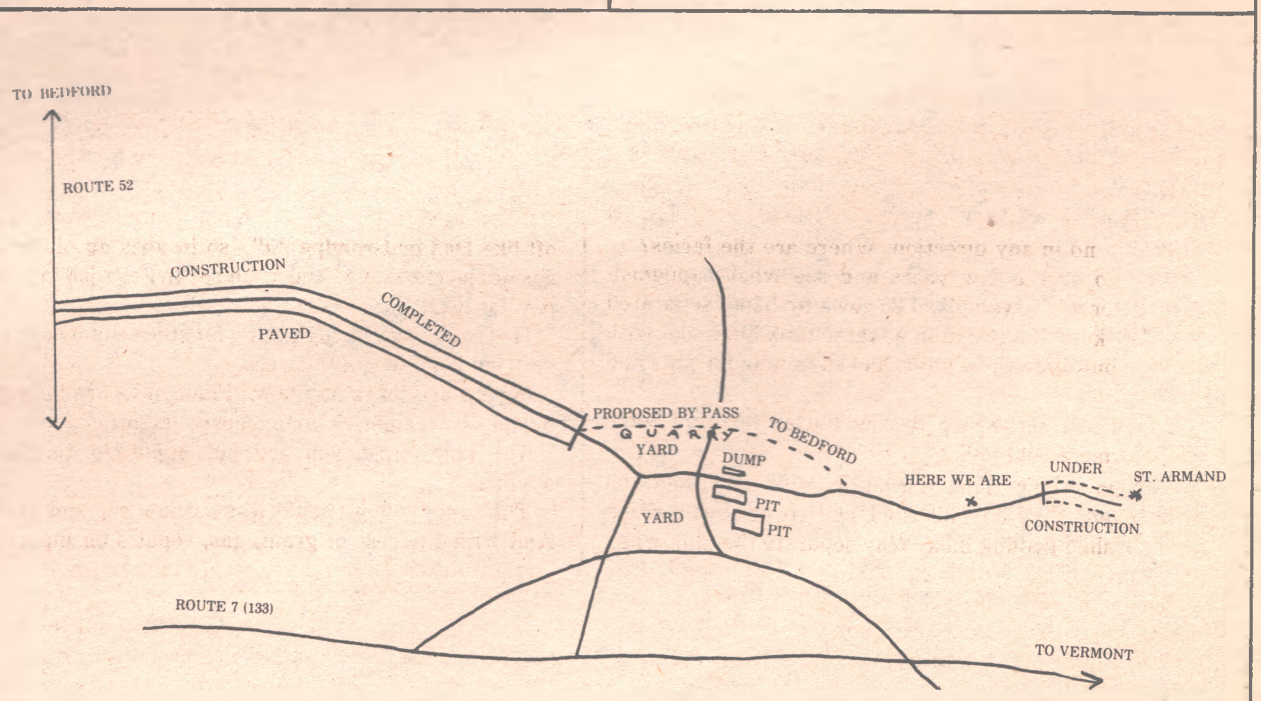
Mr. Brown explained that the proper authorities had been notified: ie, Claude Rouleau (sous ministre, Dept. of Transport). Mr. Rouleau then contacted Phillipe Bégin (chief engineer, district 6-Z-53) and said that our proposals would be acted on immediately. Can't you see the red tape strung out a mile, entangling untold departments and bureaucrats.

Perhaps I am unrealistic, too unsophisticated to the workings of government, but is not a man's word still worth anything? Glen Brown assured us action would begin within a week; it's been a month and the excuses have begun. The barrier cannot be placed until spring because of soil conditions. Also in a letter dated March 5th, Mr. Glen Brown has asked the school committee to secure written documents from the owners of the said properties so that road could widened (clearly not our responsibility)- what's the next excuse?

I am writing this letter for two reasons, First, to remind Mr. Brown that we took him at his word- when is he going to live up to it?

And secondly, I don't want a school bus at the bottom of Methe's quarry. Come on, let's face it. If such a tragedy did occur, that road would be repaired, and quickly. Waht does the Quebec Roads Department want, a body count? This buck has been passed around so long it isn't worth a plug nickel.

For once, let's not wait until it's too late. Or have we all forgotten the Dorion bus tragedy. They said that never should have happened!



Regional Folklore

PALMER COX the man, his Brownies and his castle

by Ariella Hofmann

Introduction

My 'inspiration' for this article came when I was thinking of folklore that I grew up with. In considering folklore, one memorable example came to my mind--- Brownie Castle and Palmer Cox's stories of the brownies. This is an example of regional folklore, of a folk group, of which I am a member.

My family came to Canada and Granby when I was nine years old. As a young child, finding myself in a new and strange environment, trying to learn a third and fourth new language (I learned French and English at the same time) and adjusting to the people, I tended to be a very receptive and impressionable person (Receptive and impressionable perhaps, because my lifestyles and environment had changed-- now for the third time). One of the things I remember quite vividly is having heard the tales of Palmer Cox and having had the 'Brownie Castle' several times pointed out to me both by my family and friends.

Where I first heard these delightful tales was in Brownies (a movement founded by Baden Powell). I joined the Brownies soon after I arrived in Canada in order to get to know other children my age outside of school and to learn and improve my use of the language. I remember then having heard the story about the little brownies who did good deeds to help the farmer and his wife with their chores; how industriously they laboured while the farmers were asleep; and of the delight of the farmer's wife when she awoke to find her house chores done. Some of these stories, in their various episodes, I became familiar with in the classroom. At the elementary school level, they were read outloud to us by our teacher.

It is perhaps of interest to point out here that Granby, today largely a French community, although it also has a sizable English group, was not always predominately French. The majority of the settlers at the end of the eighteenth century were of Anglo-Saxon descent- especially English and Scottish.Palmer Cox's family settled in the Townships in 1830 (South Ridge), when they arrived in Canada from Scotland. They brought with them all the old Scottish folklore of the Grampian Mountains, on which the young Palmer grew up.

Palmer noted in several of his writings the impact these stories, as well as those he heard from his neighbours, had on him as a child and it was from these stories that he drew his inspiration. He revived and added to them in his writings. It is in turn these stories that I remember and have passed on to my young sister...

PALMER COX

The town of Granby in Shefford County has often been remembered as the birthplace and home of Palmer Cox, the 'Father of the Brownies', by many of its older people of the community. It was among the older residents that I noted that the legend of Palmer Cox, the man and celebrity of Granby, was still alive. Most were able to tell me of him as a person, as they remembered him, and of his writings and activities. Among the young, it was the brownie tales and less about their author that was remembered and passed on; many were able to point out the 'Brownie Castle', although not always to establish a connection between it, the tales and Palmer Cox.

Palmer Cox was considered one of Granby's most prestigious personalities due to his literary achievements. He had elevated himself himself to the point of becoming the most widely known Granbyite in international literary circles, and even today his memory is perpetuated through his stories.

Palmer Cox was born on April 28, 1840 on a small farm at South Ridge, a few miles from Granby, the fourth son of Michael and Sarah (Miller) Cox, Scottish pioneers who had settled there in 1830. As a young child, he was told the mythological lore of auld Scotland, a recital to which he listened, night after night as the family gathered around the fire. The elders then set forth all the magic, all the gentleness and whimiscality of the 'brownies' who, in the early days, were so helpful to the good Scottish farmwives.

Palmer gave the little figures embodiment in his mind, and later at school, instead of proceeding sedately with his lessons, made drawings of his concept on the slate- to the delight of his classmates, but, needless to say, to the annoyance of his teacher. The curriculum made no provisions for these drawings. The caricatures which he produced were so telling that as a punishment, he was often made to stand on the schoolroom floor, exposing his work on his slate. Nevertheless he continued to draw-- slates and boards and papers were covered with the most whimsical figures (of which local art had previously no conception!). The 'brownies' that flourished in the fourteenth century in Scotland were reincarnated in the village of Granby. They were given form in his mind and embodiment through the medium of pencil and chalk. He often accompanied his sketches with verse.

A little episode of the sometimes roguish nature of the verse is epitomized in this well remembered example. While the family was sitting at the dinner table, Palmer, then eight years old, recited a poem he had written that afternoon on the back of a schoolbook cover. The piece of poetry was simple but to the point:

John Bell
Gave a yell
When he fell
Into hell!

It was a sketch of a neighbour which met with a sharp rebuff-- his ears were soundly boxed for what was considered in those days as 'unseemly levity'.

Palmer's education was scanty. He attended only formal school and later took additional courses when in California. At the age of seventeen, Palmer left Granby for Lucknow, Ontario and from there to California, where he worked at making railways.



portrait of Palmer Cox



There the thought of the 'brownies' was born. He began writing articles for the western papers and illustrating them. As a journalist, he established favourable connections in New York and decided to return to the East. In New York (1876) he was prevailed upon by an artist friend, Malcolm Douglas, to open a studio. Douglas, then the manager of the New Amsterdam Theatre, took him under his wings and established him in a studio. He asked Cox to write a book on any subject of his choice.

Cox wrote not only one but two, both of which immediately met with great success: **Hans Van Potter's Trip to Gotham** and **How Columbus Discovered America**. In 1880, Palmer wrote the first of a long series of books about the 'brownies'. The first of these was **The Brownies at Home**, published in New York. It enjoyed a tremendous success throughout the United States and obtained eulogious critiques in some of the most influential magazines. It was followed by many more books-- **The Brownies Around the World, Another Brownie Book, The Brownies Through the Union, The Brownies Abroad, The Brownies in the Phillippines, The Brownies' Latest Adventures, The Brownies' Many More Nights, The Brownies' Clown at Brownieville** and **The Brownies' Primary**. He then engaged in the production of three theatrical plays, also about the brownies and also very successful.

Other than the Brownie books, Palmer Cox wrote animal stories for children; he illustrated jokes, did political drawings, lampooning the famous political figures of the day, as well as advertising cartoons and their texts (It is interesting to note that he received royalties from manufacturers for the use of the word 'brownie' in cameras, carpets, calico, pins, etc.).

One of my favourite advertisements that I came across was the one for Ivory Soap. In his cartoons, sharks took the soap joyfully as bait, hungry Eskimos served it at lunchtime, frogs washed with it and mice ignored cheese to nibble at it. One cartoon shows the wreckage of a ship drifting toward an igloo-lined shore, while heavily mustached Eskimos pass up valuable cargo for Ivory Soap. The copy underneath read:

When ships are wrecked in Arctic seas,
By stress of wind or icy squeeze,
And stores for officers and crew
For miles the dreary coast bestew,
The famished natives quickly fall
On Ivory Soap, the first of all;
The pipes of wine unheeded roll,
The hard-tack drifts around the pole
But, ah! the cunning Eskimau
One carries off to hut of snow
What he esteems the greatest prize
That could attract a mortal's eyes
But not to clean his face or hair,
His outer garb or underwear,
He hastens home o'er frozen lands,
He bears breakfast in his hands;
For 'round the world the fact is known,
It comes from purest oils alone.



LIKE fairies and goblins, are imaginary little sprites, who are supposed to delight in harmless pranks and helpful deeds. They work and sport while weary households sleep, and never allow themselves to be seen by mortal eyes.



BROWNIES— Heroes of exploits

In 1865 Palmer Cox sketched a collection of impish characters called brownies'. This puckish people with oversized stomachs and match-stick legs cavorted in his brownie books that were written in the 1880's- it is interesting to note that he did not conceive of his brownies till the age of 40.

Basically the brownies were little fellows, 'big of belly, thin of leg, mischievious'-- adaptations of the old Scottish folklore that he had been brought up on. Many of the beliefs related to the physical attribites, the activities and the powers of fairies were contained in English and Scottish folklore and balladry. Palmer Cox retained many of the details about the brownies-- their diminuative size, their power to make themselves disappear, their love of music and dance, their social life (dwelling in 'fairyland'), etc. but changed other aspects about them. His brownie was a helpful good little creatire who was never seem, but who delighted in helping people out of difficulty. In this respect, he was differentiated from the fairies who, also known to Scottish folklore, would, if offended, break your window, spill milk, turn cows astray, spoil crops, etc.

In the first series of Cox's brownie stories, the brownies, small male spirits, were represented being all alike, going around in bands. Later as his ideas took shape, there were introduced one by one separate characters like the Dude, the Policeman, the Soldier, the Irishman, until there were forty-two different brownies. Cox felt that the interest would be slight if he only dealt with a single brownie or several brownies visiting houses and doing good, whereas it would be greatly widened if he formed a little band of them who would go about the world seeking to do good deeds.

The idea was a success. These brownies were very favourably accepted by the readers, as witnessed large correspondence that Palmer Cox received from children writing to tell how much they liked the brownies and their adventures. His brownies evolved to represent every nationality in the world. The Irishman was introduced wearing a swallow-tail coat that trailed a little on the ground. Then the Dutchman, a brownie with a big stomach and a ferocious mustache was introduced and so on. Representation of the various nationalities was often achieved by giving them headgear which corresponded to their nationality. All members of the band were always present.

Then the brownies went on a voyage around the world. Each national type acted as cicerone in the country which he represented. The Canadian was on snowshoes, and when they reached Canada, they went skating and tobaggoning. They travelled from country to country till they had circulated the globe.

The brownies each exhibited their national characteristics, which allowed for versimilitude in aspect, actions and sentiments. A distinctive feature of the verses that went with Cox's pictures, giving cadence to the visual plot progression was the cardinal rule that the people of performed. This created a problem in one episode, when performed. This created a problem in once episode, when Cox had the brownies wrecked on an island and not being able to build another ship or raft, they found themselves in a terrible perdicament. Children wrote to Cox, asking him how he was going to get the brownies out of trouble and begging him not to let them perish. The problem was solved: sea fowl of the Pacific Coast that used to go out to the islands to roost at night and fly out to the shores in the morning to pick up what the tide had brought in, became the saving grace,the brownies escaped by clinging on the birds' back in mid air and flying to shore.

There are so many other episodes that can be recounted, but in all cases, they are best done either through a personal reading, or orally when told by a storyteller, whose gestures, facial expressions, and intonation,etc. can capture the story. Both these methods were my contacts with the piece of folklore, the latter having left more of an impression on me.

And the meaning of this folklore? A moral sometimes ran through Palmer Cox's tales. They were intended to be read by children as well as adults. His brownies were fairy-like creatures whose biggest job in life was to be happy. Their adventures contributed greatly to the enjoyment and entertainment of children. But they also provided a message for grown-ups. Cox had a strong belief that all nationalities should live together in peace and his brownies symbolized these 'people of peace'.

There is much of life and human nature captured in folklore, and this any reader can identify with. Furthermore in Palmer Cox's tales there is, in addition, a real relation between the man (a Granbyite), his work and his castle that still remains. In my mind there was always that connection. The tales oftentimes are situated in the countryside and much of my childhood is associated with it. I fee a part of his tales and adventures when I read them.

BROWNIE CASTLE

Aside from his literary works, only two reminders of Palmer Cox remain today in Granby to attest to his memory and influence-- a huge white castle known as the 'Brownie Castle' and the imposing field stone which marks his grave a quarter of a mile away in the Cowie Street Cemertery.

The Brownie Castle was built in 1902 at the Northern end of Victoria Park on Elgin Street. The manor is a faithful reproduction of an old castle that Cox had admired during a stay in Scotland. Cox personally made the plans for its reproduction. He would often return to Granby, to stay at the castle, working in the turret where he set up his study. But here was more that prompted the building for this castle. Wealth, desire to give his brownies a little kingdom, a 'brownie castle', the fact that he liked the one he'd seen in Scotland, were all of great consideration- but there was an additional reason.

Palmer Cox had a vain yen for the secretary of his American publisher. He built it for her in the hope that she would one day wed him. But according to reports. she never even saw the huge white structure, apparently having little heart interest in the artist. Cox, nevertheless, called on her religiously over the years whenever he was nnew York and to make sure she would be around, he made a secret pact with his publisher. Cox padi part of the girl's salary for years, so that the amount would be so generous that she would never think of leaving her employer and thus possibly vanish from Cox's view. It was for Miss Unrequited that the castle was built, hoping that this proof and his renewed proposal would sway her.



It is about the brownie castle that I found the only example of an interesting 'variant' to the folklore. Stories circulated that I can remember growing up with, that since the death of Palmer Cox, the house is haunted. Because the secretary would not mary him, because he remained a lonely man and had not direct heirs to leave it to, it has since then become haunted. This was a widespread belief among some of my classmates and it probably merely an example of children's imaginations, dramaticizing an event they had heard of. It was also a way to add to the tales we'd heard so often and recreate them.

The castle today has been converted into three apartments, each on a different story, but it retains both the outside and much of its original inside structure. Pictures, sketched by the author, are on the walls, little brownies are ingrained into the wood on several of the doors, and a large stained glass window depicting a brownie adorns one room. There are eighteen rooms to the spacious castle and 38,000 sq. feet of land surrounding it. It is valued today at $75,000.

CONCLUSION

There are other things about the man that are of interest. His royalties, from as many as 40 publishing houses at one point, made him a very weathly man; he spent his money as it came. He made several trips around the world, meeting such people as Rudyard Kipling who became a personal friend of his. Cox was probably the first artist in Canada to make a fortune from his work and undoubtedly among the first of the comic artists whose work appeared nationally.

In 1902 he spent a sizable amount of money having 'Brownie Castle' built. He personally drew up the plans for the reproduction of an old castle that he had admired in Scotland during his travels around the world.

Throughout his stay in New York, Palmer Cox still faithfully returned to Granby. He remained a bachelor all of his life and died a lonely man on July 24, 1924 at the age of eighty-four, while vacationing near Quebec City. He was buried in the Cowie Street Cemetery. In conformity with his wishes he was buried there under a massive brown, high head field stone, weighing several tons, which Cox had selected personally a few years before on the family farm. The plaque reads:

Here lies Palmer Cox [1840-1924] poet, illustrator, creator of the Brownie Legend, who was the joy of children.

In creating the Brownies, he bestowed a priceless heritage on childhood.

This is the story of Palmer Cox as I was able to piece it together from fragments of information from the various people I contacted as well as from several articles written about him in some of the local town papers. In some reference books on literature I was able to find his name mentioned, a biography, as well as a lengthy list of his prolific writings.

In addition to that information, I was told by some of those I contacted a little more about the man and his personality. He was over six feet in height, a dark-haired commanding figure who was intensely fond of children. Many of the townspeople were invited over to the Brownie Castle where Cox read to them and took their pictures standing on the stairs to the entry of the Brownie Castle. He quickly made friends with the young people of the neighbourhood and romped with them and arranged their games. One of his favourite pastimes was to produce a 'Brownie play', in which the children took the parts of the brownies. These memories as well as several of the souvenirs he left (photographs he took of them, or his sketches) are still in the possession of many of the older residents of Granby.

His obituary read:

There is no doubt the numerous newspaper articles caused many a busy man or woman to pause with tender feelings to remember their own childhood, made happier by the numerous Brownie stories of Palmer Cox. His stories all carried a happy ray of sunshine which gladdened the hearts of millions.



This regional folklore is very much alive, I feel. It is alive at such meeting places as Brownies, Cubs, Guides and Scouts. In fact, because of the close connection between the Brownie movement, a movement which contained much of the English-Scottish folklore, its content is not so much different from the stories that Palmer Cox passed on in his writings of the brownies' adventures.

In Granby, because of that close connection between the author and the movement, many of his tales are read or told to the children, but this is not comparable to the Brownie craze that swept the country fifty to sixty years ago. Nevertheless, many vestiges of it are still around. I found it of interest to discover that the pin of the Curling Club in Granby was a little brownie holding a curling broom. Again, this could be the connection between the Scottish sport and the Highland brownies related to it– I was not able to find out its exact origin. It is possible, however, that it is related to Palmer Cox because half a century ago, many groups, companies, et were adopting the 'brownie'.

Of further interest was that I encountered this folklore only among the English community of Granby and of the neighbouring cities of the Townships. Although some of the French-speaking people had heard of 'Brownie Castle', they knew little more than the name. The fact that Granby is divided into these two groups(and until recently there were 'distinct' English and French sections to the town) suggests a very definite existence of regional folklore-- of many regional folklores, particular to the various folk groups.



Cornell Mill Museum in Stanbridge East A Summertime Delight

by Audrey Martin McCaw

Back in the 1830's a rural Quebec newspaper called the 'Township Reformer' carried the following sales pitch to local clientele:

> 'Call at the store of the subscriber at
> Stanbridge East village where an assort-
> ment will be found to satiate the
> fancy of the most curious.'

The assortment ranged from petticoats to plug tobacco. Today Hodge's Old Time Country Store, recently rescued from the brink of delapidation, is a nostalgic reminder of the unhurried days before the invention of the rat race and a charming addition to the Cornell Mill Museum in Quebec's Eastern Townships.

Like so many of the delights of rural Canada that lie off the beaten track, it is easily missed by the avid holiday-seekers who whizz along super highways, intent on getting from point A to point B. Too bad, for many of our historic treasures are within easy reach of the cities and make an excellent objective for a day's outing. Montrealers, for example, can pack a picnic lunch on a sunny summer morning and drive a mere 55 miles to Stanbridge East, exchanging the hectic pace of the autoroute for a leisurely meander through the byways along the Vermont border.

Turning off route 202, just three miles east of Bedford, the visitor crosses a bridge by the cornell Mill where Pike River (la rivière aux Brochets) falls in a pictoresque cascade over the dam, and enters the quiet, tree-shaded village of Victorian homes and historic churches. Stanbridge East in located in the heart of the United Empire Loyalist country near the rolling foothills of the Green Mountains and residents are proud of their descent from families who settled the area during and after the American Revolution. Much of southern Quebec was settled first, not by the French, but by English, German, Dutch and other immigrants from the US who struggled north via Lake Champlain and Missisquoi Bay and founded most of the communities of the Eastern Townships.

The Mill is a three-storey brick building built in 1830 by Zebulon Cornell, an immigrant from New York State, and his family operated it as a grist mill until 1947. It now houses the main part of the Museum. Following the purchase of the mill in 1964 by the Mississquoi Historical Society, so many donations of Canadiana poured in, that by 1969 remodeling and enlarging of the museum was undertaken, with the financial help of the Provincial Government. Today it is a storehouse of treasures, numbering close to 10,000 registered articles, arranged in attractive exhibits.

A modern museum that attracts visitors again and again must have flair and imagination in its presentations and the Cornell Mill constantly strive to offer something new. In 1976 the chosen theme is 'Loyalist Legacies' (which is also the title of the Missisquoi Historial Society's new publication of local history). The family rooms displayed of the second floor of the original mill, which are furnished in 19th century period, emphasize the lifestyle and memorabilia inherited from the first settlers of area. In the pioneer kitchen which features a century-old Prince Albert stove supper is laid for the farm family, displaying new acquisitions of the Museum- some interesting ironstone china and a pink lustre tea set.

The dining-room and parlour contain splendid pieces of Victorian furniture and antique china. The Lambkin Bros. Furniture Factory, which was a going concern in the 1800's in nearby Riceburg, is represented by a 6-piece stencilled bedroom suite and a balcony railing from the old Landsberg's Department Store in Frelighsburg, which was the biggest emporium in the Eastern Townships one hundred years ago. Another room on this floor contains displays of china, glass, coins, guns and military medals, Royal Dolton and Copenhagen figurines and intriguing personal collections of miniature jugs and salt-and-pepper sets.

On the third floor of the mill children are captivated by a two-room circus, entirely hand-carved by the late Mr. Charles Millard of Clarenceville and Sutton, who was inspired to carve his 40 feet of parade wagons when he watched the Old Barnum and Bailey circus passing through Sutton. For young visitors there are also exhibits of dolls, toy furniture and games that their great-great grandparents played. In one corner sits a 150-year old loom on which local ladies weave lengths of catalogne and nearby are some especially lovely quilts made in the district more than a century ago.

The basement of the mill is devoted to village life of long ago: cobbler's and blacksmith's shops, a printing establishment, the old Bedford stationmasters's office, the little red schoolhouse crammed with text books printed in the 1800's, a display called 'The Town Square' featuring a jeweler's and watchmaker's window, etc. The water wheel of the old mill can be viewed through an opening in the floor as the river courses beneath. There is also here a variety of carpenter's tools, old carriages and harness, a threshing machine transported from Scotland by a determined pioneer, and treadmills for horse, dog and goat-power. Local people remember a perceptive black collie whose weekly job it was to tread the mill that churned a primitive wooden washing machine; he had an uncanny way of disappearing on Monday mornings!

The enlargement of the Museum in 1969 provided space for an Archives and Reading Room. The bilingual receptionists are glad to answer questions and to put at your disposal any of the books, maps, old newspapers and periodicals, historical documents or other genealogical reference material. Visitors are encouraged to carry on research or to browse in the pleasant library. The Museum's Archivist offers, for a fee which goes to the Historical Society, a genealogical research service. At the reception desk visitors may purchase books of local history, early maps, cards and hastinotes, and souvenirs of the Cornell Mill Museum.

After a picnic lunch on the Mill grounds hard by an historic cannon dredged up from the Richelieu River, and a look at the water wheel, one can saunter a few yards along the main street to the Museum's newest attraction, Hodge's Old Time Country Store. Here the visitor steps into the relaxed atmosphere of the typical general store of the last century where folks would come to shop and remain for half a day, exchanging gossip and often settling their accounts with eggs or garden produce. Mr. Stuart Hodge recalls helping in his grandfather's shop as a boy. Despite the long hours- 7 am to 11 pm, six days a week- it was a happy place, where a young clerk could stick his fishing pole out the back door that overhung Pike River while he was waiting on customers. If it lacked the sterilized efficiency and rapid turnover of modern supermarkets, it compensated with a feeling of warmth and personal attention that in our day is disappearing all too quickly.

The original owner of Hodge's Store was a pharmacist and the only one for miles around. His Poison Book for the year 1874, still available, reveals that during spring housecleaning there was a rush of customers to buy sulphate of mercury. Obliged to sign for their purchase, the more fastidious customers indicated it was for the purpose of discouraging vermin, but the 'middle and lower class customers did not hesitate to state that it was for killing bedbugs'. If the truth be told, there was scarcely a family in the area whose name did not appear in the book.

After falling into unsightly disrepair in recent years, the old red brick store was salvaged by hard-working Museum members with the aid of a Federal Government L.I.P. grant. Amidst the debris they were delighted to find old inventories and record books as well as boxes of merchandise dating from the turn of the century. Indeed, 90% of the merchandise now on display was found intact in the old building. Today the visitor can examine the bustles and stays, the vintage bathing suits, the starched collars and stylish bonnets, the chelves of chemists' bottles and a variety of antiques that were household necessities in the cracker-barrel days of the last century. Operated as a general store by the Hodge family for over 77 years, this 'old time country store' has proven to be one of the Museum's main attractions.

Further along the main street is the Museum's large warehouse where more old machinery and farm equipment are housed, and these may be seen upon request.

When holiday time beckons, the country museums of the Eastern Townships can provide unexpected treats for families on a day's outing, for history and antique buffs, for anyone who is intrigued by a brief step into another era. Like the Cornell Mill Museum at Stanbridge East, a summertime delight from 1st June to the end of October, they do indeed offer 'an assortment to satiate the fancy of the most curious'.



Travellers' Tales



LAKE MASSAWIPPI
AYER'S CLIFF

I know a clearing high on Blueberry Hill
Where you can see on long hot summer days
The mountains, purple in the haze,
And time and history stand still.
Blue jays and robins, silent in the shade
Look down at me, bright-eyed,
As once, so long ago, they spied
The first white settler in the glade;
Here Captain Hovey paused to wipe his brow
And gaze, as I am gazing now
To find enchantment at his feet,
Lake Massawippi shimm'ring at his feet.

The pines grow thick beside Coaticook,
And black-eyed Susans vie with golden-rod
Where once the forest Indians' god
Invoked by warriors all along the brook
Urged Abenakis on to fight;
Saw them at Sherbrooke, dance and smoke and talk
Within the village of Great Fork.
But never dreamed of ambush in the night,
Of Roger's Rangers, grim and hate inspired
Who silent came, avenged and killed and fired,
And then retreated, fighting on the trail;
Owl Head and Orford know the gruesome tale.

Neath Bunker now the youngsters gather fruit
Where once the Indian children swam,
Across the Stanstead Autoroute
By Lovering Lake the golden orioles call
Beside the long-forgotten track
Where riders brought on pony back
The Mail from Montreal.
And legend says, on Memphremagog's shore
Near Georgeville, where the speed-boats roar,
And tourists fish, swim, and laze,
Here Hiawatha spent her girlhood days.
Come! Leave the highways and the modern thrills,
Re-live the stories of the everlasting hills.



GEORGEVILLE

by Edward Brown

ST. PATRICK'S COOPERATIVE PRESCHOOL:
PARENTS AND CHILDREN WORKING TOGETHER
COOPERATION AND PARTICIPATION THE KEY

**'I like the idea of a cooperative,
being able to be with my children,
and also for them to meet other children.'**
Nancy Thirion

Three years ago several English-speaking women in Sherbrooke formed together to create a cooperative preschool. They wanted this preschool to be available to everyone, to have a reasonable tuition, so that not just professional people could afford to send their children there. They wanted this school to be bilingual, and, perhaps most importantly, they wanted the parents to be active participants in the school.

The pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Sherbrooke, Father Brault, learned of this interest. He proposed to lend the preschool the basement of the church at 20 Gordon Street to them, free of charge. So the St. Patrick's Cooperative Preschool was able to begin in September, 1974.

Now, having just completed its second winter, the preschool is well-established. Thirty children come there three times a week (on Mon.,Weds., Fri.), for two and a half hours, morning or afternoon. The tuition this year has been $15.00 a month, which has covered the teacher's salary and some administrative expenses.

Understandably, the preschool relies heavily on outside aid. Last year's campaign netted $400.00,most of which went towards the purchase of new equipment for the preschool. Bazaars, potluck suppers and sleigh rides have also brightened the preschool's financial situation. The preschool does receive some scholarships contributed by such associations as the Oddfellows, the Catholic Women's League, which sponsor children who might not otherwise be able to attend. These children are often referred to the preschool by social agencies. Presently six children benefit from the scholarship program.

Children from two and a half to five are welcome at St. Patrick's Preschool, and that means **all** children- the physically and mentally disadvantaged or handicapped. At this time there is one little boy in a wheelchair who greatly enjoys the busy atmosphere of the preschool, and is learning how to function in a 'normal' school. No mentally handicapped child attends yet, but applications are invited. Pat Dupuis, a mother who is actively involved with the preschool, believes that 'all children should be in our group because this is the real world. We want them to learn not to discriminate, but to learn that this is the way life is.'

The basement of the church has become a lively and active place to be, as is the surrounding community. This is no quiet place- it is not for contemplation. This is a children's environment, bursting with the energy and noise of children at play. The children are sliding on a large slide, playing with trucks, creating a bright mural, using the real telephone (donated by Bell Canada) in the homemaking section. The teacher, Louise Goodman, who is fluently bilingual, her volunteer assistant, Dianne Demers, and a mother, help and encourage the individual children.

Partly because of financial limitations and then again because of their philosophy, St. Patrick's Preschool does not adhere to the Montessori method (see Sun, Vol. 3, No. 3). Pat's feeling is that in a Montessori school 'they're teaching three year old children first grade work, and then the children get into first grade, they become bored by the method taught in school. Whereas,' she feels,'in our group, we're teaching them social skills so they'll have confidence in themselves, so that they can succeed in school later...then at four years old, they're doing second grade work, so they're kind of lost. They're doing well at school, but I think their social development isn't stressed enough.' The preschool does make accomodations for the child that is ready and wants to learn. Pat tells that they have some children in the afternoon who know how to read. 'They learn mostly at home,' Pat says, 'but we teach them letters, we teach them how to spell their name, and the lower case letters also in the alphabet.' The school has made sandpaper letters, which also form part of the Montessori equipment, to encourage the children's interest in the alphabet and reading.

There are also reading sessions, which are done bilingually, stories with felt cut-outs used as illustrations. The children also take trips to visit various places of interest in the vicinity. For instance, they went to the fire station, having been prepared for the visit by tales of fires, fire stations and the like. They have also gone to the municipal greenhouse, to Howard Park to feed the ducks, on a picnic at a farm and for a story hour at the Sherbrooke Municipal Library.

The parents help design each month's program and activities. There are 6 meetings a year for the 24 parents in the cooperative, an exectutive meeting once a month, various get-togethers of other committtees and a planning day.

In fact, one of the biggest advantages to this preschool is the participation by the parents in the school's operation, on a long-term and day-to-day basis. Mothers help out at the school at least once a month, fathers and grandparents are welcome, too. The preschool becomes a learning centre for them, especially for the mothers. 'They learn how to deal with children,' relates Pat,'and they learn that there are other ways that hitting or demanding something to be done, that there is a nicer way to ask children. That's the biggest part of the preschool.' Because the mothers come in regularly Pat tells us that you also 'follow your children's progress, evaluate them better because you see them in relationship with another child at the same age. You can say, «Well, he's pretty good, he's developing normally«, or if he isn't developing normally, you can see in what area, and you can say, «Well, he should be doing better.«'

Closeness with their children, closeness with each other: this is what makes this cooperative work. Also important is the social aspect of the parents' participation- many of the parents come from different provinces, or even foreign countries, and their involvement in the cooperative offers them the opportunity to make friends and help each other. Cooperative baby-sitting arrangements have been one outcome of new friendships.

If this preschool interests you, and if you feel, as Nancy Thirion does, that 'I like the idea of a cooperative, being able to be with my children and also for them to meet other children', you should consider becoming a member of the preschool. There are openings for next year, especially in the morning session for the younger ones. The tuition will be $17.00 next year, due to rising costs, and the desire to pay the new teacher, Judith Moore of North Hatley, a decent salary.

There are children coming from Sherbrooke,Brompton ville, Rock Forest, Deauville and Lennoxville, with car pools available. If you have two children of different ages, but would like them both to attend at the same time, then the teacher will decide what group would suit them both best.

Call Pat Dupuis at 563-2227 for further information- there may be an outing this summer to introduce the old and new cooperative parents and their children to each other. Until the school year ends, you can always drop in at St. Patrick's Church basement and see this cooperative in action!





next issue: The Countryside School in Sutton

SUTTON
THE STORY OF A LIBRARY AND HOW IT GREW

by Mrs. Irene Phelps

There is an old quotation regarding success, the last two lines of which read like this **'Hitch your wagon to a star, keep your seat and there you are'**. This is very much the story of Bibliothèque Sutton Library Inc. as it is today.

Its prime objective is to furnish the people of the Sutton area with entertaining and informative reading material to enrich their lives. There is no membership fee, but a fine is charged for overdue books and books which are lost or damaged must be replaced. There are no paid Librarians,instead all of the work of maintaining the upkeep and care of the books, purchasing, cataloging, filing, mending, etc. is done by a very capable group of volunteers, who are on the job every week or whenever needed.

The library is situated in the rear of the Town Hall Building and is open two afternoons and one evening a week. There are at present 5,128 English and 8,626 French books to choose from. There is Fiction, Travel Biographies, reference books on almost any subject, a set of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, many children's books, books for young people and a shelf of Canadiana. Some of the latter are so rare that they cannot be removed from the Library, but the reading public can refer to them when they wish.

The Town and Townships Councils give us the use of the rooms free of charge, plus the heat and electricity as well as the cleaning. We also receive a grant of $125.00 from each and the Provincial Government also gives us a grant which varies from year to year- in February we received $557.00.

This is our situation as it is today, but we would like to do a little reminiscing and tell you about those early days, many of the facts being gleaned from a very carefully complied scrap book, the work of Mrs. Cecil Carr who is a charter member and one of the original workers for the library.

The original library opened to the public on Friday, March 18th, 1949. Visitors found it to be one of the most attractive small libraries in the province. The idea of a public library originated with the Sutton Farm Forum and the idea caught the imagination and initiative of a group of townspeople.

The search for suitable quarters then began. It took nearly a year, but finally a place was discovered, an



unused storeroom behind the Southern Canada Power Store, in what was the former Crowell Block. The rent was $10.00 per month and we furnished the heat. The hard-working committee transformed this dark room in such a cheerful welcoming style that one visitor exclaimed, 'It was as though the Spring Sunshine and Freshness had been transplanted inside.'

The ceilings and walls glowed with bright yellow, the shelves were bright green and the plank floor was terra cotta, with a few hand-made scatter mats in keeping with the brick chimney and Quebec Heater stove. Striped awning cloth was used for the drapes and some of the chair cushions- a few antique articles placed here and there added to the warmth of the room. That same visitor also asked about the cost of transforming the whole place and received the reply, 'Not very much really. You see we did most of the work ourselves. We did have some shelves and a book rack put in, but it cost just a little over $100.00 and half of that was for paint.' The rest was accomplished through sheer hard work, plenty of soap, water, elbow grease and the determination and generosity of the townspeople.Later expenses were met through money from bake sales, raffles, the membership fee we then charged and donations.

In giving this account of the early beginnings of the Library, it would be most neglectful not to mention the valuable help and advice we received from the Information Center of Macdonald College as to the indexing and filing of books. We also arranged for the service of the McLennan Traveling Library which we use to this day, the difference being that we now obtain the books by express.

When all these details were seen to and the books neatly in place, with no fan-fare or flags flying the people of Sutton had their Library. A little piece of history had begun for a town which then had a much smaller population.

But even then in the back of their minds Sutton was planning for the Library of the future. The Town and Townships were both growing and more French people were becoming interested in a library. It was therefore definitely the time to get together and form a completely bilingual Library Association. The response was most cooperative and by working together we now have such an association with a properly registered title.

To give French and English equal facilities, Bibliothèque Sutton Library has two secretaries for English and French languages. The executive and committees are chosen equally from both, and the offices of President and Vice-President alternate between French and English as their terms expire. The funds for the purchase of the books in divided equally and materials are purchased and shared as needed.

Moving to its new location was no small task but all worked together like true Canadian Beavers, proving that in Unity is Strength. We were as proud to open our new library as we were our first. It is still a pleasant place to visit and browse, cheerful colours predominate and paintings and bright posters cover the walls between the stacks. One can often find a chair tucked away in a cozy nook to scan through a volume and there are tables if one wishes to do a little reading.

In closing, one feels compelled to say that is left alone, there is no reason why people of different cultures cannot work together in peace and harmony. If we have differences of opinion we can always work them out. This has been proven over and over again in our Townships of Sutton.

Here we don't count noses, we count willing hands and open minds.

THANK YOU CULTURAL CENTER...

'Thanks for the tickets! Now talk about a lovely outing last night, it was great! Enrico Macias certainly has the 'know how' to stimulate a crowd. His orchestra is also great, his pianist and comic and the drummer-man in particular.'

Mrs. J.R. Gagnon
winner of a pair of tickets to Enrico Macias

The Centre Culturel in Sherbrooke has given many of the Sun readers an enjoyable night out on the town. Concerts, plays, rock performances, Sun winners of tickets have seen them all. Below is a list of events running through the end of June. We will have a pair of tickets for all events other than films. If you are interested in attending a particular event, send in a slip to Box 420, Waterville, and we'll contact you.

IT'S FUN TO GO TO THE CULTURAL CENTER!!!

Come to the Centre Culturel

MAY

Thursday, May 27: Cinémafeus, 'Que la fête commence' (France, 1975), directed by Bertrand Tavernier.

Sunday, May 30: L'Ensemble Classique Optimiste de Sherbrooke, conducted by Czeslaw Gladyszeweski. Program: 'The unanswered question' by Charles Ives, 'Concerto in Ré for two violins' by Vivaldi, 'Toy Symphony' by Haydn.

Saturday, May 15: Le Dernier des Don Juan by Neil Simon, adaptation by René Dionne, direction by Louis Georges Carrier, with Jean Duceppes, Monique Miller, Marjolaine Hébert.

Thursday, May 20: Cinémafeus, 'Duel' (USA, 1972), directed by Steve Speilberg.

JUNE

Thursday, June 10: 'Traitement de choc', (France, 1972), directed by Alain Jessua.

Sunday, June 13: Ballets de Sherbrooke, directed by Pierre Lapointe.

Tuesday, June 15: see Sunday, May 13

Thursday, June 17: Cinémafeus, 'Alice n'est plus ici' (USA, 1974), directed by Martin Scorese

Sunday, June 20: April Wine, British Rock Group, A Donald K. Donald production

Thursday, June 24: Cinémafeus, 'Flipper City' (USA, 1973), directed by Ralph Bakshi

Shows begin at 8:30 pm, movies are at 7:30 and 9:30 pm

The art gallery at the Pavillon Central is regularly open from Monday through Thursday, from 12:30 to 4:30 and from 7:30 to 10:00 pm., on Sunday from 1:00 to 5:00 pm and if there is a performance at the Maurice O'Bready Hall, from 8:00 to 10:30 p.m.. It is closed all day Friday and Saturday, except on the eve of a preformance.

Free admission.

May 6 to 30: Treasures from the Religious Communities of Sherbrooke

June 6 to 27: Portaits and Scenery before Borduas, works of art from the Sherbrooke Collection

Hall of the Pavillon Central

The Hall is regularly open from Mon. through Fri., from 8:30 to 10:00 pm., Sat. 8:30 to 5:00 pm, Sun. 1:00 to 5:00 pm., Saturday, Sunday nights if there is a performance at the Maurice O'Bready Hall.

Free admission.

April 1 to May 30: 'Art et Ordinateur'
June 3 to 27: 'Gens d'Images'- Quebec Photographs

Unlike most years, the Cultural Center will have performances during the summer season. In the month of July there will be the International Choir and programs included within the framework of the 'Art and Culture' of the Summer Olympics.

LES ATELIERS

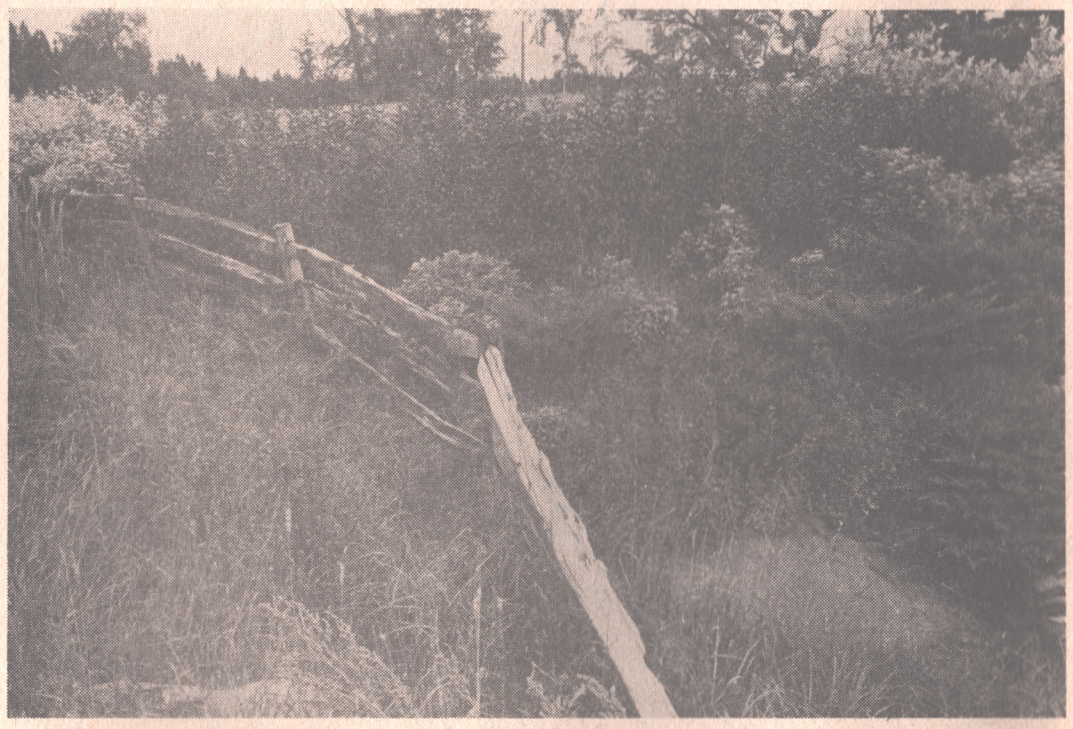
A joint project of the Cultural Center of the University of Sherbrooke and the Service des Loisirs of Sherbrooke are the studio workshops, **Les Ateliers**, offered each year to the community. You can learn ceramics, weavings, photography, dance, art. These ateliers are open to all ages, adults, young people and children. There are night and day studios, so almost everyone could find a time to attend.

Knowledge of French is essential for many of the ateliers. However, for children it is not so important. The Ballet class, for instance, has a bilingual teacher, but even in a unilingual class, a child would be able to follow along, learn some French and make new friends.

The cost of these courses is reasonable, ranging up to about $50.00 for the most expensive- remember, that this cost includes supervision, some materials and two semesters of the course! You can find out more about these courses, held at 1215 Kitchener Street, by calling 563-4066. English is spoken there, too.

Register now for next year!

THE FIRST ANNUAL
TOWNSHIPS SUN
— TOWNSHIPS STUDENT
SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN



From May 15th to May 30th the three English-speaking regional high schools of the Eastern Townships will be helping us sell subscriptions to the Townships Sun.

Students from Alexander Galt Regional in Lennoxville, Massey-Vanier in Cowansville and Richmond Regional in Richmond will be going door to door to ask you to subscribe.

Usually a subscription drive for a new publication is handled by a slick team of experts in selling and advertising. We're trying to keep this whole thing on a community level - person to person.

If this is to remain a true community paper, it's going to require real community effort on the part of all of us.

Please assist the students in any way you can. For our part, we're allowing them a commission for each subscription sold and at Richmond Regional some of the money will go to a scholarship fund.

Generous sponors are providing gifts for each student selling a certain number of subscriptions.

We're optimistic that it's going to be a success for all of us. After all, we're all here together, so let's make the most of it.



l'Union des Producteurs Agricoles





and old Mr. Peabody from Bulwer

Up until a few years ago, the only organizations representing the interests of Quebec farmers were the Union des Cultivateurs Catholiques and the Quebec Farmers Association. The U.C.C., in existence since the 1920's, was connected with the Catholic Church, and French-speaking. The Q.F.A., a relatively modern invention, operates out of MacDonald College and has always been English-speaking. For years, both of these somewhat parallel organizations peacefully trod along their separate paths working for similar ends while serving a different membership.

Then, the provincial government comes along and decides that it's easier to deal with just one farm producers' group and creates something new called the Union des Producteurs Agricoles.

To give the U.P.A. a real body to go with the official-sounding name, they took the old U.C.C., turned it upside down, shook off the clergy and the cobwebs and injected a heavy dose of Quebec-style bureaucratic management. Then, serving notice to the Q.F.A. that it no longer existed in the eyes of the Ministère, there legally sanctioned the U.P.A. as the only offically recognized bargaining agent for all farmers in the province.

At the same time as all this grandiose magic-wand waving was going on in the capital, the farmers, scattered across the hinterland, were nose-down in the business of ploughing, seeding, milking and harvesting- too busy to notice the grand designs being created in their interest.

Traditionally, the whole idea of a union doesn't sit easy with most farmers. They aren't just the flag-waving, slogan-swearing, radical type. Not yet, anyway. Place them next to school teachers, construction workers, or even mail carriers and you'll see that comparably they're a pretty quiet bunch. They're independent, keep their mouths shut and mind their own business. Besides, they're usually too busy to go to a lot of meetings or even read the papers.

And how does a farmer go on strike anyway?

So from the start the UPA hasn't been like most unions in that sense of the word. Its creation was somewhat artificial, from the top instead of the bottom-- even today a common problem is that the membership can't always tell where the Ministère d'Agriculture begins and the UPA ends- and the farmers themselves aren't by nature the 'jump on the bandwagon' type every time they have a beef (no pun intended).

Nevertheless, membership in the UPA was made mandatory for every farm producer and the dues were a heavy $25.00 a year. If you didn't pay, they threatened to no longer give you the benefits provided to farmers such as tax deductions and subsidies.

With all this dough, they began to arrange each region into federations and each federation into sub-groups and so on. At some time each form of farm production was being organized into its own syndicate, ie. dairy, beef, hogs, eggs, lumber, maple sugar, etc.

Now somewhere in this confusing shuffle of organizations and titles and papers and people was the English-speaking farmer. You know, old Mr. Peabody from Bulwer who milks thirty cows, doesn't speak or read a word of French, is a darned good farmer, gets along with everyone and enjoys going to the QFA meetings in the Bulwer Community Hall.

Well, it wasn't that no one knew about the QFA or of the existence of all the Mr. Peabody's in Quebec, it just didn't seem like he was a priority at the time. In fact, they were probably so busy trying to hold rein on the majority that the Peabody minority just didn't enter their confused minds.

So Mr. Peabody and his friends kept on going to the QFA meetings to talk about this and that and the other thing as well as those crazy buggers in Quebec who wanted $25.00 for their union that doesn't speak any English. .

Well, time went by and the UPA really is a democratic organization, at least in theory, and they finally got around to Mr. Peabody in Bulwer and found they had a problem. They talked and parleyed and jazzed a bit and realized that despite it all, a farmer's a farmer and milk is milk, whether the hand on the udder is Catholic, Protestant or Hindu.

They created English-speaking UPA chapters that would send bilingual representatives to higher local meetings to represent the interest of the chapter. So now in Bulwer, the UPA meeting is on the same night as the QFA meeting in the same community hall. The same guys show up and talk about the same stuff, only now they have some kind of representation in the official big union by sending a bilingual Peabody to the meetings in Sherbrooke.

But the membership fee is still something and they're putting it up to $50.00 a year and it's hard to see what you're getting for the money. The newspaper they give out is all in French and so's all the information they give you. The milk prices aren't that much better and the beef is worse.

So who needs the UPA???

Answer: Mr. Peabody does. Mr. Peabody does because he's no longer the independent, self-sufficient tiller of the soil that he once was. Now he's all caught up in a crazy mess of government loans and subsidies and quota systems and he can't operate without them. Maybe somebody planned it that way. He's no longer independent, but has to deal with the government and the only way he can deal with the government is with an awful lot of strength.

That strength can only come from the mouth of a union man who knows that just about every plowboy in the province is behind him when he speaks to Quebec City. That includes English farmers, French farmers and Italian spaghetti farmers.

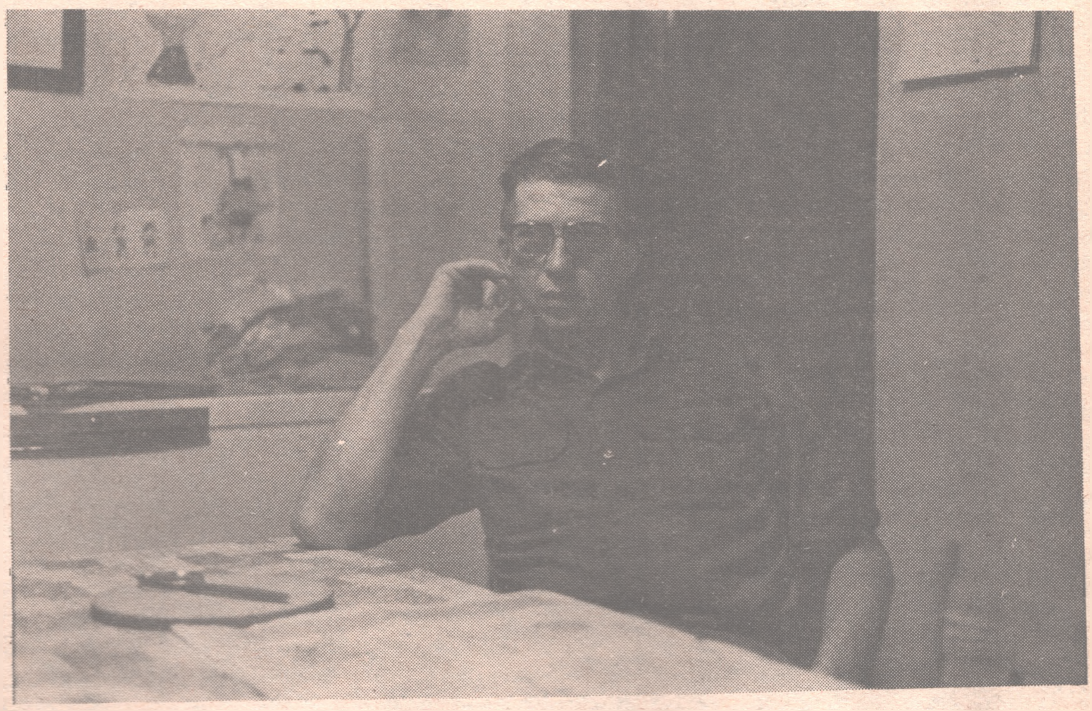
Agricultural producers of all shapes and sizes in this province have to organize themselves to survive. The consumers aren't aware enough to care and neither level of government knows what it's doing except trying to maintain control. Eugene Whelan's a rotten egg and Kevin Drummond doesn't know what end of the cow the milk tap is on.

Whelan was in Coaticook last week and I asked a couple of local farmers what they thought- they all felt that he was a courageous man who was lucky to get out of town alive.

Nope, farmers just aren't the union type- not yet anyway. But we may be in for some surprises.

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THE UPA TODAY
TALKING WITH
DOUG MACKINNON



To find out where the UPA stands today, we went to talk with Doug Mackinnon. Operating the family farm is a full-time job for dairy man, Doug, of Way's Mills near Coaticook, but he still finds time to serve as the President of the English sector of the Townships' Federation of the UPA.

Not totally bilingual, but trying hard, Doug believes that the UPA is the farmer's last chance and would urge his fellow English-speaking producers to involve themselves with the UPA as much as they can. In Doug's words, it seems that farmers 'haven't a ghost of a chance without it!'

What is the UPA like? How does it treat the English-speaking farmers? What is the UPA doing for all farmers, English or French speaking. Read on and learn the problems and plans of the UPA.

SUN: Is it hard getting information in English-speaking farmers out to participate in the UPA?

DOUG: They're still reluctant to come out, but it's improving all the time. You must remember that for the French-speaking farmers, the UPA isn't something new or strange because it came out of the UCC which began in 1929. So their fathers were in it and they grew up with it and it's a part of their community. But in our case, in the English case, it's been kind of thrust on to us and people feel like they have to go into it even if they don't really want to. It's an organization that didn't have its beginnings in our own community- it's not traditional.

SUN: What is the function of the Quebec Farmers Association now?

DOUG: It's more of a social-cultural thing. The rural English-speaking community has problems that the UPA isn't ready to answer yet. I'm a member of the QFA and go to their meetings. It's attached to Macdonald College and I was in there to a meeting last month.

SUN: Is it hard getting information in English if you can't understand French?

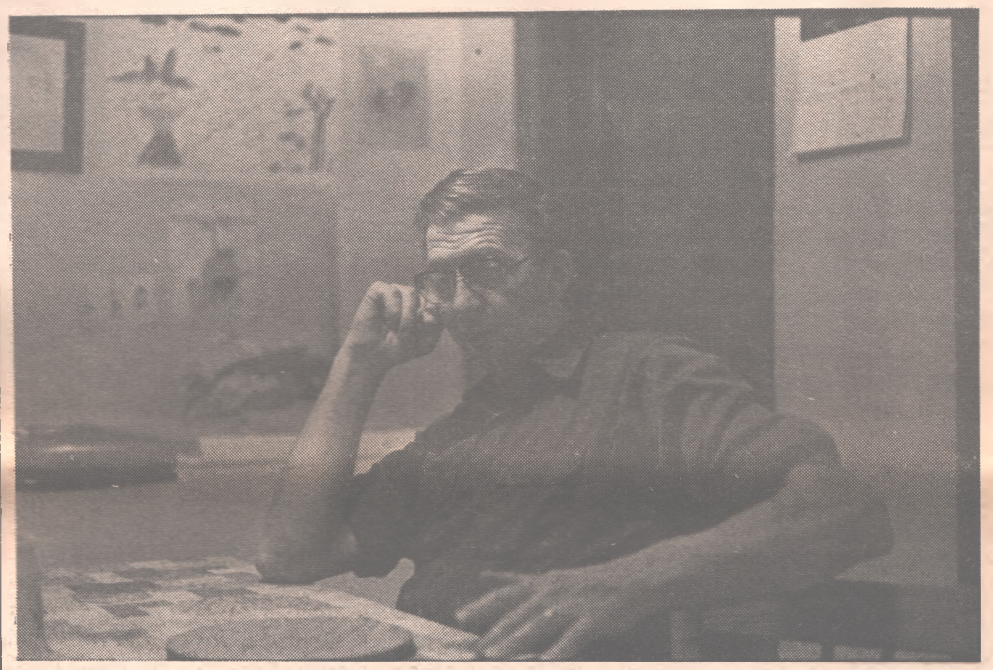
DOUG: It's improving, but there are still some problems. We've been trying to get a page in **La Terre de Chez Nous** which is the agricultural paper. We've been promised it for two years now, and promises and promises. But you see, they have a pretty close feeling for that paper because it's the only French agricultural paper in North America. They don't really want to introduce English too much.

The last I head they though they could insert a bleeder page and that way it would only be an insertion and not part of the complete paper. We haven't seen it yet.

SUN: What about participation on other levels- are you encouraged to participate at meetings?

DOUG: Well, I go to all of the meetings in Sherbrooke, and I'm well-treated. It's partly my problem because I don't speak French well enough. I speak French on my own level or in my own community, but I don't in there often enough to be well enough versed in what they're working with.

Those fellows, they're talking to each other all of the time, and the subject is fresh in their minds. I come in cold, I'm not in their community and it makes it a little harder. You spend the first half of the meeting listening to find out what the subject is and what the different opinions on it are. In a small group it's not so bad- like the other day a few of us got together to write up a press release and I got along alright. But when there's a bunch of us you have to be pretty good. But I can't complain- I'm well treated down there.





SUN: What do you say to a reluctant English-speaking farmer who can't see the point in participating in the UPA?

DOUG: Well, you know that every professional group has its organization and whether you're English or French your business is the same- selling 100 pounds of milk. As far as the UPA is concerned, it's an organization to further and protect the interests of the farmer. And if we don't organize, we're not going to have a ghost of a chance! Other groups are organized and we have to as well. And it's hard because we're all scattered across the province. Like the Ste-Hyacinthe QFA group has its centre in Ste-Hyacinthe but it includes most of Brome County right down there. Well, up until about a year ago, they didn't even know that the UPA existed. The UPA had never gone to bother them. They had no one in the office who could speak any English, but they still collected their fees. People were a little offended at that.

SUN: There was recently a UPA conference in Drummondville where farmers criticized the UPA for different reasons. Some farmers felt that all of the UPA's efforts were towards helping the dairy farmer. Others suggested that the leaders of the UPA were in the pockets of the Ministère d'Agriculture. Is it true that all of the good UPA men are hired by the Ministère in order to undermine the Union?

DOUG: Well, I know Tessier, deputy minister of Agriculture, was formerly working for the UPA. But I guess people have a choice where they want to work, too. The UPA is not under the influence of the government in any way at all that I can see. There are always some people who think we should be doing this and that. They don't really see the whole picture- they see it just from their own point of view.

I've quite a bit confidence in the executive. The farmer is pretty conservative and the leaders don't want to move unless they're sure that they've got the membership right behind them.

SUN: Does the UPA intend to help the farmer gain more control over the marketing of his produce?

DOUG: Well, that's their over-all long term objective- to act as a bargaining agent of the farmer, to increase the income of all farmers as much as possible. They want organize all farming industries- maple products, hogs, tobacco, corn, chickens, tomatoes. Now they're temporarily putting all of their effort into holding the line on milk prices, but they'll be going back to that.

That's their knitting as soon as there's a little slack time.

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DAIRY FARMERS — SHOT DOWN AGAIN?



by Lynn Pageau

On April 13th, Eugene Whelan, Federal Minister of Agriculture, announced an increase of 5 cents per pound of butter and 4 cents per pound of skim milk powder. This was to support an announced subsidy increase to dairy farmers of 43 cents per hundred weight of industrial milk.

It's tempting for the consumer to look at these increases in the supermarket and think: well, there goes more money into those farmers' pockets again!

And yet, not only does the farmer not see one cent of this increase, he foresees a loss of 10 to 15 per cent of his gross income. Several demonstrations have taken place in both Coaticook and at the offices of the UPA in Rock Forest. Just what is the cause of all this trouble among the dairy farmers?

The problem in a big nutshell (because like most government problems, it's pretty complicated) seems to boil down to this: last year the Federal Government encouraged dairy farmers to produce more milk. Since there was apparently a competition between provinces to see which could produce the most milk, the UPA in Quebec could do nothing other than follow the trend, knowing all the time that this would create a surplus the following year. Since cut-backs will be based on current production, at least the Quebec dairy farmer will not be penalized more than those in other provinces.

NOW

THE CRUNCH

HAS COME

Now the crunch has come. Although the federal government has not yet bothered to announce it, all dairy farmers expect their quotas to be cut by about 15 per cent. There will be a penalty of $8.60 per hundred weight on all milk that exceeds the newly assigned quotas, which were supposed to have been announced April 15.

To add insult to injury, the industrial dairy farmers, who have had to pay 65 cents per hundred weight on all their milk for export tax must now pay $1.35 per hundred weight. This is an increase of 107 per cent. One wonders where the anti-inflation board comes into this, as they are supposed to restrict increases to 12 per cent.

To make matters worse, there is division in the ranks of the dairy farmers themselves. This stems form the fact that there are two different types of quota that a farmer can have, industrial and fluid. The fluid milk producer has to produce a certain amount every month, as consumption of fluid milk remains pretty much constant. This is the milk as we see it in the supermarkets. Naturally, he pays no export tax on this milk. If he has any surplus, it goes onto the industrial market, and this surplus varies from month to month. For this reason, the fluid producer has an industrial quota too, although it does not represent anywhere near the bulk of his production on a yearly basis. It is only on this surplus that he pays the $1.35 per hundred weight tax.

The industrial dairy farmer has a quota calculated on a yearly basis. He doesn't have to worry about producing a constant amount of milk each month. His milk goes to such industrial concerns as Carnation, where it is transformed into canned and powdered milk, and to other industries which make butter, cheese, and other dairy products. Some of this transformed milk is exported, mostly in the form of powdered milk. The industrial producer has to pay this export tax on 100 per cent of his production, even though a good part of it is consumed in Canada. Therefore, he seems to be more severely penalized than the fluid milk producer.

Although the industrial milk producer receives a subsidy of $2.26 pre hundred weight on his milk, the government immediately removes $1.35, or over half of this subsidy, as export tax (whether the milk is exported or not!) Subsidies like that we can live without. This sort of policy used to be referred to as 'indian giving'.

Because of the lower quotas, the 107 per cent increase in export tax, and rising operating costs, some dairy farmers may not have any paycheck at all this coming June. The Sun interviewed three industrial dairy farmers who have large farming enterprises.

Donald Coates grew up on a dairy farm. He continued as his father did, to keep dairy cattle, and now has 68 registered Jersey cows and 215 acres of land near Lennoxville. He figures he has roughly a $150,000 investment on his farm in terms of agricultural value. Donald and his wife, Carolyn and I talked a bit about the problems connected with farming.

The dairy farmer, because of the nature of his work, is very much tied to his home. 'You milk twice a day, seven days a week,' said Donald. 'Come Sunday afternoon when we're out, we have to leave at half past three and come home. There's no choice. You have to face two to three hours of chores.'

'I'm sure some people don't realize that farming is a business just like any other,' said Carolyn, who does the book keeping. 'You have to have profits to make improvements. Our living expenses, farm payments, and machinery payments **must** equal our income. When they don't we live off our depreciation. When you have to have loans, it's very discouraging.'

'We don't always have a good year. A lot of it depends on the weather,' Donald added. 'The weather is a problem in all phases of farming -- it can make you or put you in the poor house. It's our living.'

One problem connected with all farming is increasing specialization. This means buying more sophisticated machinery as well as having more specialized help on the farm.

Mr. Josaphat Girard has a producing herd of 53 holsteins on his 475 acre farm between East Angus and Bury. One problem Mr. Girard sees is that when the government finally gets around to announcing the quota, everybody is going to be putting their cattle on the market at the same time. Under these conditions of forced sale, prices won't be as good. 'It's definitely going to be a problem,' he says. Unlike Donald Coates, Mr. Girard came into farming after having started out selling feed. He feels that life on a farm is good and secure as long as you have your health. He finds the $1.35 export tax especially annoying. 'It's not the wheat farmer, who is selling at a loss, that has to pay tax,' he declared. Indeed, this was borned out by Mr. Clément Lanoue, president of the local UPA, who stated that wheat farmers have absolutely no export tax to pay at all. This is entirely taken care of by the federal government. Wheat accounts for over 50 per cent of Canada's yearly exports.

Wells Coates, Donald's brother, has 50 holsteins. His 215 acre farm is just outside of East Angus. We talked a bit about farming expenses.

'Of course, when I say we have 50 cows, I am talking only about the ones we are milking now. There's young stock coming up, about 100 replacement stock to feed 365 days per year. You replace around 20 per cent of your herd due to sickness or age, and you have to have this other stock to fall back on. It'd be pretty expensive if I was going to go out and buy all my replacement cattle. That's why when a man says he has a 30 or 40 cow herd, it's just a part of the cattle he has on his farm. All the others have to be fed three years before they bring in a cent.'

In addition to the land, the buildings, and the cattle, there are many other expenses involved in running a dairy farm. Milking machinery and other farm machinery for planting hay and silage are necessary. Fire insurance is a big expense as well, but you have to have it. 'A fire can come along and wipe out a whole lifetime's work,' said Donald Coates.

I asked Wells is he had a generator: 'Oh, you can bet your life I do. It's necessary in a dairy farm because of the uncertainty of Hydro-Quebec for one reason or another. We are so dependent on electricity. If you have no electricity you have no water, you can't feed or milk, and one power failure can throw your whole production into chaos for several days.' Wells figures that to operate his farm he has to spend about 75 per cent of his gross revenue per year. 'It doesn't take too many occasions to boost that up to 80 or 85 per cent.' Of course, you have to try and look on the bright side of things. If you're not optimistic, don't get into agriculture of any kind!'

One point of controversy among dairy farmers is the amount of money being spent for advertising. At present, the dairy farmer pays 2.5 cents per hundred weight for advertising. Like some farmers, Wells would like to see this amount increased. He feels that the dairy industry has to keep up with 'the Pepsi generation'. Most big companies spend millions of dollars per year on advertising. According to Mr. Lanoue, the dairy industry spends only $800,000 per year for this purpose. It's ironical that Pepsi sells for 44.8 cents for 40 oz., while milk, if bought in the 3-pack plastic bag is 49.2 cents for 40 oz. Obviously, given a choice based on nutrition, there's little question as to which is the superior product (these prices were checked at the Metre supermarket on May 4). Other farmers, as well as the president of the UPA feel that the government should start a full-scale advertising campaign as do the governments of Holland, Denmark, and other countries whose exports of dairy products are an important part of the world market.

Extremely annoying to dairy farmers is the fact that Canada imports 50 million pounds of cheese per year. Certainly there are some types of cheese that cannot be made in Canada but there seems little logic in importing types of cheeses that are produced here and selling them at a price that is not a great deal above that of Canadian cheese. As Wells Coates put it: 'As a farmer, if I'm going to have to finance the exportation of my products, I damn well want to know why they're bringing in 50 million pounds of cheese to replace the cheese or dairy products I'm financing. If cheese we can't make here is imported, that's OK, but they're bringing in cheese that we could be producing, and then in the meantime they reduce my quota, or production possibilities.'

Indeed, it makes you wonder just what is the position of the federal government with regard to agriculture in general and dairy production in particular. In an interview at the UPA offices in Rock Forest, Mr. Clément Lanoue, the local president, had some very enlightening remarks to make on this subject. We will see what he had to say in the next issue of The Sun.

HAVE YOU SUBSCRIBED YET?

SHORT NOTESSHORT NOTES***

SHORT NOTESSHORT NOTES***

SUBSCRIBE TO THE TOWNSHIPS SUN AND DO IT NOW! WHY WAIT FOR SPRING — SPRING IS HERE!!

THE GRAY PANTHERS

An organisation of 8,000 senior citizens in the United States, calling themselves the Gray Panthers, have declared that the greatest form of discrimination in our society is the discrimination against old people, and they say it is time for an old people's liberation movement.

The Gray Panthers are taking action against the television networks for discriminating against the elderly on their programs and advertisements. The elderly are the fastest growing segment of the population, yet everyone on television is young. The elderly who are shown on TV are always shown as a stereotype - they are portrayed as senile, decrepit and meddlesome.

Lyndia Bragger, 72 year old leader of the Gray Panthers, charges that Carol Burnett and Cher have appeared in comedy scenes as toothless, troublesome old women who walk all bent over, and that Dick Van Dyke has similarly mocked old people, and that advertising glorifies youth. An entire generation of young people, growing up watching TV, have been brainwashed into accepting this view that all that is young is good, all that is old is useless.

'We are in an age of rebellion,' says Ms. Bragger. She points out that much is being done to improve the image of minority groups and women, and she says it is high time for the elderly to revolt as well. The vice-president of a major television network has agreed to co-operate with a media-watch committee, which will watch all TV programs and ads to make sure that the elderly are fairly and accurately represented.

HISTORY OF COMPTON COUNTY AVAILABLE

It is now possible to obtain a reprint of the excellent 'History of Compton County' by Channell. This book has long been out of print and what copies exist have been passed around. Still, not everyone has seen this interesting history. Many of those who have had the chance to see the History may want to see it again. Every resident of Compton County would do well to own one.

The reprint of the 'History of Compton County' can been obtained through Waymer Leberee, R.R. 5., Cookshire JOB IMO, tel. 875-3600.

The reprint will cost $25.00, of which $5.00 will go towards membership in the Compton County Historical Society and its activities. For orders of ten or more, there will be a 20% discount.

This reprint is really a bargain, when you consider that original editions go for $150.00 or more!

COURT RULES AGAINST ASBESTOS FIRM

A U.S. Court of Appeals, in the case of Karjala -v- Johns-Manville Products Corporation, has upheld a federal court decision to award $200,000.00 in damages to John Karjala, a Minnesota insulation worker who has contracted the incurable, fatal disease of asbestosis.

In Texas and New York, several hundred other workers who are dying of asbestos related diseases are also suing a number of asbestos firms, including one Eastern Townships asbestos company, for the sum of one million dollars per worker.

John Karjala began installing asbestos insulation in 1948. In 1959, he began suffering from shortness of breath, congestion, loss of appetite and general weakness. In 1966, his doctors told him he had asbestosis. In 1971, Karjala sued Johns-Manville, charging that the asbestos products are unreasonably dangerous and that the company had failed to warn him.

The workers union in Thetford Mines said last summer they would consider suing the Townships asbestos companies, for the hundreds of cases of asbestosis suffered by Townships workers. However, since that time, the union has said nothing further about these plans.

YET ANOTHER FARMER'S MARKET

This summer there will be a farmer's market in Montreal which hopes to obtain the support and participation of people in the Townships. All those who would have produce to sell, and would be interested in marketing in Montreal, should Contact: Don Young, St. Urbain Community Centre, 3553 St. Urbain, Montreal. Tel. 514-842-8836.

ONTARIO TOO

The best agricultural land in southern Ontario is disappearing at the rate of 26 acres an hour, according to La Terre de Chez Nous. For the construction of high-power electricity lines in southern Ontario alone, 50,000 acres of land are used each year, or a total of 5,500 square miles since 1960. That doesn't include the loss of farmland to roads, shopping centres, and urban and industrial development. Another generation or so, and we will have succeeded in eliminating farm problems by eliminating the farmers.

ANOTHER PRENATAL CLASS FORMING!

Another prenatal class for those couples desiring a natural childbirth is forming. This class will begin in July and be for those women due in August, Sept. or even October. The class will meet in Lennoxville once a week for movies, discussions and exercises. The present class saw films on Childbirth without Violence, Natural Childbirth, Use of Anesthesia in Childbirth, Breast-Feeding, the Newborn, had discussions with a doctor, experienced mothers and fathers, and learnt the Lamaze exercises used in natural birth. The participants exchanged books, information, old wives tales and had a good time, too.

If you would like to come to the next course or are just interested in natural childbirth, the Lamaze method, we invite you to attend a **movie on Monday, May 17, at 8:00 pm in the projection room on the third floor of the Lennoxville Elementary School. The movie is called 'The Story of Eric', it is a half an hour long and follows the pregnancy and birth of a couple who learned the Lamaze method.**

RESEARCH BREAKTHROUGH FOR FARMERS

It seems that there is still such a thing as progress in this world. Recently, a meeting of the American Chemical Society in New York revealed developments in agricultural science which may totally revolutionize methods of growing foodstuffs all over the world. It has long been known that plants have systems similar to those of humans, which build up immunity to diseases but only recently have researchers at the Unversity of Colorado actually isolated the chemical which triggers the plants defenses against disease. This means that a whole range of organic pesticides can now be developed which may be used to vaccinate crops against fungi, blights and other diseases thereby making the current use if poisonous chemical pesticides obsolete.

The society announced that the chemical, a poly-saccharide called beta-glucan, is not only non-toxic but also works on a wide variety of plants. It's also incredibly cheap and easy to mass produce. Another great advantage is that it decomposes naturally in the soil after use unlike present chemical pesticides which remain the soil sometimes for years.

COWS KILLED IN JOHNVILLE

The young son of Benoit Despres went out to the barn to milk his father's 57 cows, on the family farm at Johnville. Imagine the young lad's shock and horror, as while he was peacefully milking the cows, thirty of them dropped dead, one after the other, up and down the stalls. Electrocuted. Mr. Benoit estimates his losses at between $15,000 and $20,000 for the 30 dead cows, plus a loss of between $600 and $700 a week in production.

Hydro Quebec technicians scurried to the scene from Sherbrooke, and they concluded that somehow a powerful electric current had passed through the metal pipes, to which the cows were attached by chains. All the cows that had their feet on a wet surface were electrocuted instantly.

The cause of the accident remains something of a mystery. The Hydro technicians insist that they inspected Hydro's system and found everything okay. They say there is something wrong with the electrical system in Mr. Benoit's barn, although exactly what, they are not sure.

MILK IN THE SCHOOLS

Marcel Mailloux, president of the Quebec Milk Producers Federation, has applauded a decision made by the Catholic School Federation to subsidize the milk sold to school children in school cafeterias and to discourage the sale of soft drinks, candy bars and chips in the schools.

Mr. Mailloux noted that 15,000 Quebec dairy farmers have gone broke in the last 5 years, and another 1,500 are expected to give up this year. The average Canadian used to drink 133 quarts of milk per year - now we drink only 91. Sales of milk are about 25 per cent higher per capita in Ontario than in Quebec while Quebec has the highest rate of sales of soft drinks in the world.

Mr. Mailloux said that if our society spent one quarter as much money on advertising milk as it spends on promoting the Pepsi generation and the miracle of the Uncola, people would drink more milk, their health would improve, and there would be a better chance of saving the half-billion dollar a year milk industry in Quebec.

THE TOWNSHIPS SUN
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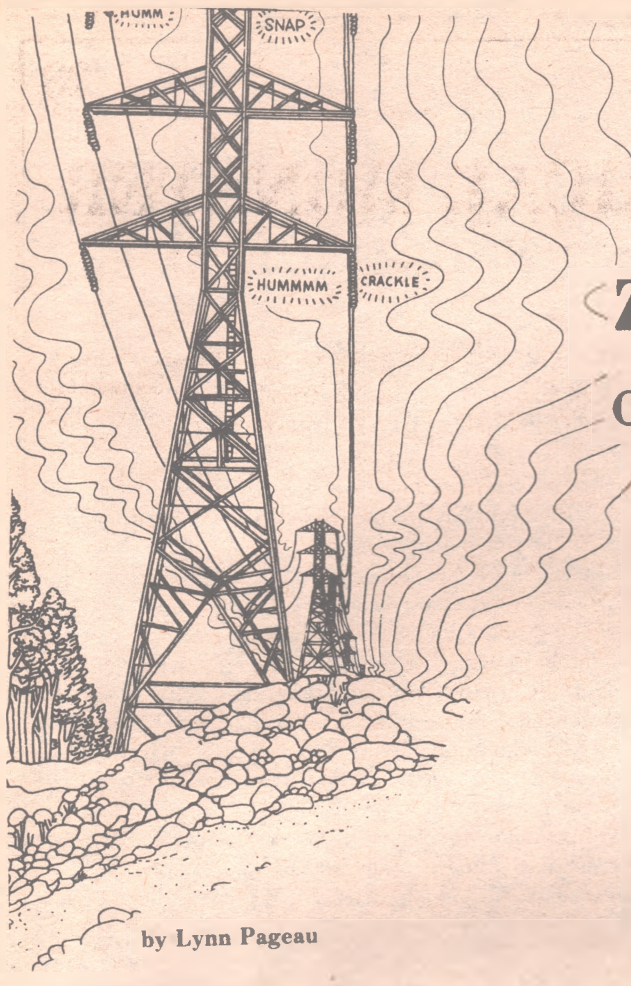
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R.R. 1, COmpton
835-5682

Russell Pocock,
R.R. 1, Compton
849-4314

Peter Hutchinson,
East Hatley,
838-5047

Bob Dawson,
R.R. 3, Sawyerville
889-2571

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



ZAP — Hydro-Quebec Sparks Again!
or: Hydro-Quebec, mon amour!

by Lynn Pageau

Once upon a time in the not-too-distant past, Hydro-Québec decided to run a 120,000 volt line from Bromptonville to a substation they planned to build just outside East Angus. The fact that they decided to place their eyesore just across the road from a tolerably decent 50 year-old home didn't, of course, bother them any. It was, they explained to the residents, a simple case of expropriating their land, that's all. It was also explained that Hydro didn't want to place it back off to one side across the road because it would involve cutting a very small wood (that was of no value to the home-owners), and Hydro has, according to one boss in Trois Rivières, 'gotten very environment-conscious'.

However, let's start at the beginning, or at least, along the way, as a surveying team, contracted by Hydro, hacks their way through the brush, bravely defending themselves against trees of all sorts.

One farmer reports that he got a notice that they were thinking of running a line steady through his fields. The notice included a number to call for further information. When he called, the farmer was then told:

'Oh, that's all been changed now. You can disregard that because they've decided to go somewhere else.'

The farmer said: 'Beautiful!'

The Hydro man said: 'You were probably looking for money, or something.'

The farmer said: 'God, no! I'm happy. You stay away as far as possible!' And he forgot all about it.

One winter morning, as the farmer was eating his breakfast, he looked out his window to contemplate the beauties of nature, especially a cedar grove that it the headwaters of the water supply for his farm. He had always maintained the trees there for that specific purpose, because it served as a protection for his spring as well as a source of fence posts from time to time as he needed them.

Suddenly he said to himself, 'By golly, how come there's a big hole in the cedar grove? Was there a big wind, or something?'

So he got on his snowmobile and looked and found that Hydro's survey crews had cut down a hundred of his cedars without a by-your-leave. Now, when the Roads Department does a survey, and there's a branch or two in their way, they just cut the branch so they can see through. But Hydro's not taking any chances with that taxpayer's money. They slashed their way right and left, chopping down those trees wholesale, cutting off the branches starting at the tree trunk so as not to take any risk, no doubt, that the branch might maybe grow back before they had finished their work.

Well, this farmer wasn't going to be pushed around by anybody.The next time they came, he went out to stop them, and they said he couldn't stop them, and he said he could stop them, and what with one thing another, the farmer finally ordered them off with a rifle. Then, since he's a smart farmer, he went to a good lawyer. And he found out some interesting information: you can't stop a licensed surveyor from coming on your land at any time, but you can stop anybody else. A licensed surveyor can't do anything alone; he has to have someone with him to help to establish bench marks. In the surveying crews, there is usually only one licensed surveyor in the whole bunch. Not everybody knows this, and in such cases the surveyors can usually rely on people's ignorance and bluff their way through.

Naturally this didn't stop the surveyors from Hydro, fearless as they were. But then, our farmer didn't expect to. They brought down two licensed surveyors so they could continue their work. Well, this farmers wasn't going to stand for any of that foolishness. He didn't want them hacking down the rest of his cedar grove, so he and his son went and stood right in front of their transit so they couldn't see anything. Of course, they couldn't throw the farmer off his own land, so next they tried to sneak in the back way, but there were no flies on our farmer. He caught them and ordered them off again, and they finally gave up. Some men from the Montreal Hydro office came down to see this farmer, and he finally got them to put the line where he wanted – or at least, they reached a compromise.

Of course, Hydro has so many Chiefs and so few Indians, as the saying goes, that their system is well-nigh foolproof. If you say I want this, well, it's Mr. So-and-So's department, and if you don't want that, it's Mr. Such-and-Such's department. And you can spend days on the phone making long distance calls to Montreal, Quebec City, and Trois Rivières just to find out you're not calling the right boss. Their right hand never knows what the left hand is doing, so the average person gets so sick of fooling with them that he finally gives in. And maybe that is what they're counting on, who knows?

Now, unfortunately for him, our farmer wasn't through with Hydro-Quebec. Nor were his neighbours, for that matter. The next year, after he had finished his fall plowing, and the land base was loosened up to let the air and water into it, Hydro pulled another big ace play. They drove all over his alfalfa field with their ten-ton trucks loaded with steel for their towers. Now this farmer restricts the number of times he drives over his fields with his own tractors, and doesn't even allow snowmobiles on his place, because he wants to prevent soil compaction. Hydro had agreed to stay within their right-of-way and repair any damages done to the fields. But our farmer hadn't hardly any time to attend to his chores, he had to spend so much time watching them to be sure they stayed where they belonged. And he hasn't yet been paid for the damage to his fields, nor has it been repaired.

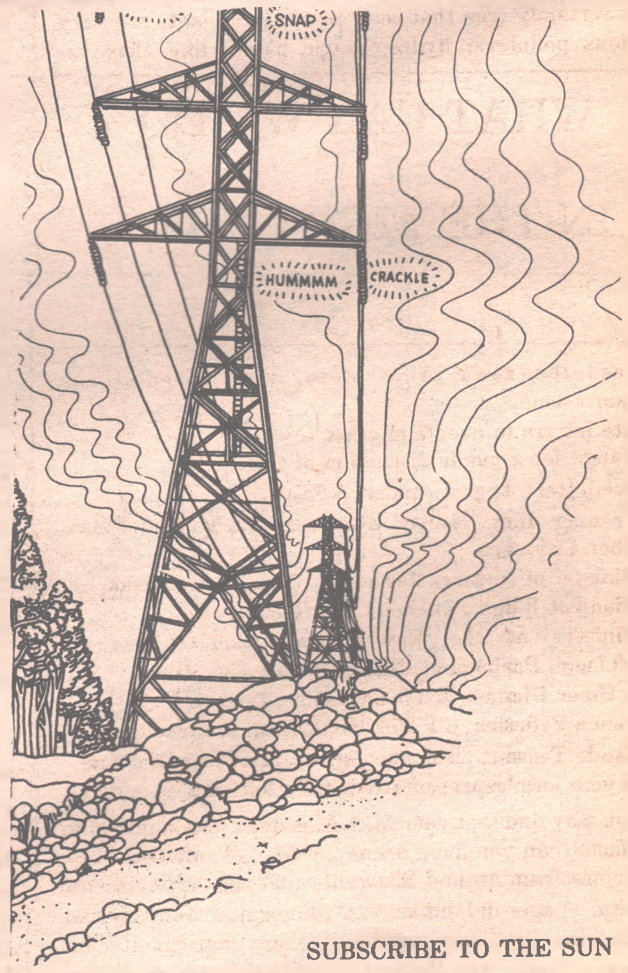
To further complicate the issue, when damage is done, you have to deal with the individual companies that Hydro sub-contracts. One of the bosses told the farmer that their orders were to go as far as they could until people started to object. That doesn't say much for individual freedom, but then, since when could you expect big companies to have a social conscience?

Now, that farmer's neighbour had a nice little sugar bush. He wasn't actually using it to make syrup, but that didn't mean he didn't want it. It's no secret that it takes 50 years for a sugar bush, but they did want to run a line over it, about 25 to 30 feet above the trees. Well, it didn't take them 50 years to cut a 100-foot swath right through the middle of the bush. Although the trees certainly weren't in the way at all. Of course, the man was paid for his trees, but that doesn't bring the trees back. He didn't particularly want to sell them, but then maybe that's a bit too much for Hydro to comprehend at one time, what with all the bosses they have.

And as for the substation -- well, it's being built, all right, although another boss who came out to see about running the lines out from it said it would have made his job a whole lot easier had they decided to put it in the little wood in the first place (which was of no value to the owners). Since they have to run their line right through the wood, it wouldn't be a great surprise to see the whole thing razed to the ground anyway.

Of course, Hydro had put into their contract that they would plant trees in front of the substation to hide it at least somewhat fromt he house across the way. And what do you think their 'landsacpers' decided to put as a cover? Good old Fraxinus americana, or ash trees, which, of course, have leaves only three and a half months a year, anyway. Some cover!

And the people that live across the road from it? Oh, they go out in their fields about three times a week to pick up the trash the workers throw around and the wind carries on. In a way, it's an interesting study: the guys with the big pot bellies are the ones who throw the soft drink cans and he potato chip sacks all over the place, while the thinner ones toss around tomato juice cans. They all throw empty cigarette packs around. Maybe it would be interesting to do a follow-up and see how many of them, what with all that smoking, combined with breathing in those diesel fumes, die of lung cancer and related diseases.



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NUCLEAR ENERGY A TECHNOLOGICAL MONSTER

by Frances Elliott

It appears that more Nuclear Energy installations are going to be foisted on the Quebec public without any warning if the federal government and Hydro-Quebec have their way. The danger of these plants is so great that it is up to all concerned citizens to warn our countrymen so together we can work against these new installations.

Remember, there are powerful groups who want many nuclear reactors installed, especially the multinational corporations who manufacture the parts for the reactors [like Exxon]. The Canadian government itself is in the business of selling CANDU's, nuclear reactors used in the installations, and making the heavy water, necessary for the CANDU's operation.

Those who have a particular concern in these new installations are:

1.] the Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd., a crown corporation which reports to the government. It carries out research and implements the setting up of nuclear power stations.

2.] the Atomic Energy Control Board, a crown corporation which issues permits for the construction and operation of reactors, directs, controls and encourages the development and use of atomic energy in Canada;

3.] Ontario-Hydro and Hydro-Quebec, crown corporations which build or operate nuclear installations;

4.] the Chalk River Nuclear Laboratories, one of the original places where research was carried on during the war, and where research continues.

These organizations have public relations personnel who publicize the virtues of nuclear energy in attractive pamphlets, available for the asking, as well as films. There is even a comic book for children, The ABC's of Nuclear Power, with cartoons of cute little uranium atoms.

One gathers from these pamphlets that nuclear energy is of benefit to Canadians and the rest of the world! They say that it is cheap energy, that nuclear plants pollute the atmosphere and waters less than plants making energy from coal, oil or gas, that they are less harmful to the land and its people than hydro-electric power plants and less expensive. As for this last claim, it is surely deceptive and depends on not counting the substantial government subsidies. As for the environmental effects, it is certainly true that coal, oil and gas plants are very serious polluters; hydro-electric plants like those at James Bay are very harmful, too- it's true that nuclear power plants don't have these particular polluting effects, but this doesn't mean that nuclear power plants are in any way superior. In fact, nuclear energy plants are so potentially dangerous that no other polluter in the world could match them for the devastation and horror that could result from an 'accident'.

At the end of the pamphlet, The ABC's of Atomic Energy, the main hazard of nuclear plants in touched on lightly-- 'The spent fuel for one year [for Toronto] would occupy very little space, about the size of an average garage. At present spent fuel is stored under water in the power station. Various methods of long term storage are being studied, including storage in strong containers buried deep in the earth.' This waste called 'spent fuel' is no innocent bunch of garbage, but a real witch's brew. It is essentially Plutonium, the most radioactive and long-lived radioactive element known, remaining active and dangerous for 250,000 years. Imagine admitting the need for studying the methods of long term storage, yet going ahead with the making of this waste, dangerous for a quarter of a million years! And they say that there is only a little bit, but that little bit will keep on increasing, and even now, waste the size of a garage is enough to kill all the readers of this article.

The sad and hideous fact is that Canada already has 5 nuclear power station;

Gentilly, 1 and 2, near Trois Rivières, Quebec
Bruce Nuclear Power Station and
Douglas Point near Port Elgin, Ontario
Pickering, near Toronto, Ontario

All these are making plutonium when in operation.

Now the Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd. is planning to build 14 in the Maritimes, 26 in the West, 56 in Ontario and 30 right here in Quebec!

In the article, Nuclear Energy in Canada, Potential and Problems, by T.L. Perry, you can find most of the arguements which typically support nuclear energy. Mr. Perry complains that the claims of nuclear energy opponents are exaggerated- he tells how the CANDU has better safety features that the US lightwater nuclear reactor, trying to silence arguements which point out the many breakdowns in US nuclear plants. But in spite of all the favorable remarks Perry makes, he does finally admit that 'in the last analysis the question of whether to accept the risks inherent in nuclear power is an ethical one which must be decided by a truly well-informed public.'

Even the most dedicated supporter of nuclear energy is hard pressed to deny the danger of environmental pollution, possible malfunctions in the reactors, the storage of waste plutonium. These are the overriding reasons to condemn nuclear power installations.

But the economics of these plants are also harmful to the Canadian people. It is reported that each installation will cost 1 billion and the 100 newly planned stations, 100 billion dollars of taxpayers' money.

This is more than Canada can afford.

For what purpose is this great expense planned? The government claims that energy needs are increasing at such a rate that only with the plants can it be met. A more plausible explanation is that the installations are for the export of energy [also presently taking place] and more the use of the uranium enrichment plants to be built in Canada for the production of the uranium needed by foreign nuclear plants. These plants require enormous quantities of energy and a large percentage of our total energy needs are required for one such plant. It is also a uranium enrichment plant that Bourassa is planning for France in the James Bay area--

The twisted priorities of Hydro-Quebec are already obvious in their plans for increase in Hydro rates. Analysis shows that householders and small enterprises will pay higher rates than large corporations and foreign companies. The ordinary citizen is actually subsidizing the large corporations and multinational companies- these new rates will perpetuate this injustice!

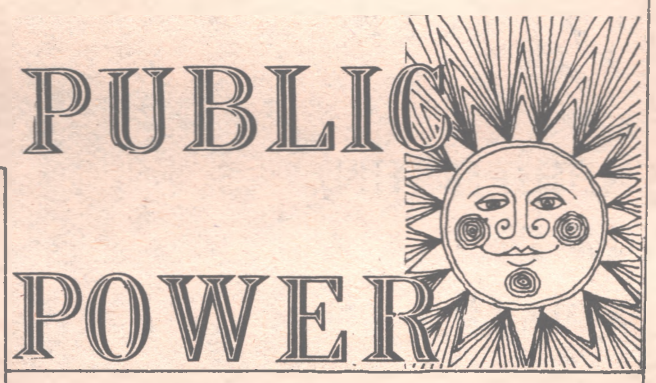
Environmental experts and even a cabinent report forsee the need to turn to solar energy, geothermal energy and wind energy as the long term solution to our energy needs. These forms of energy are reliable, inexhaustible and harmless. Although methods for using them on a large scale have not been devised, research could provide them. But if all our resources are wasted in building the new nuclear plants, the needed research for alternative energy usage will be impossible to carry out.

No doubt the main barrier to this sensible research is the realization by the multinational corporations that sunshine, and wind are free and can never be expropriated by them.

Many informed citizens claim that the multinational interests have such power, such control over governments that they are behind the scenes making all the important decisions that govern our lives. An aroused public, convinced of this can surely change this terrible situation. It becomes our duty to learn the facts.

WHAT CAN WE DO

IN THE FIGHT FOR



Spread the news to everyone, your friends, your organizations.
Write letters to people in other towns.
Arrange for a public discussion of this.
Write letters to government officials:

Premier Hon. Robert Bourassa, Parliament Bldgs. Quebec City, Que.

Minister of Natural Resources, Hon. Jean Cournoyer, Parliament Bldgs., Quebec City, Que.

Minister of the Environment, Hon. Victor C. Goldbloom, Parliament Bldgs, Quebec City, Que.

J. Omer Dionne, R.R.5 Cookshire, Que.

Irenée Pelletier, C.P.252 North Hatley, Que.

Claude Tessier, 2946, rue Agnes, Lac Megantic, Que.

Or your local representative in the National Assembly-

You may find that your M.N.A. is even less in grasp of the facts than you have been- one M.N.A., M. Jean-Guy Larivière from around Shawville told the editor of the Equity, a paper in Pontiac, that the plant at Gentilly was just a trial, that there would not be any more plants, but that the James Bay Project would take care of all our increasing energy needs!

Draw up and circulate the following petition, mail it to 'Opponents of Nuclear Energy', P.O. Box 211, Sawyerville, Que. JOB 3AO

We, 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 economic;

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

Since ways of saving energy and better ways of providing energy exist as outlined by the Science Council of Canada.

Here are some articles of interest-there are many more:

Macleans, Jan., 1975- 'Step right up and see the sale of Canada's 21st Century', by Wade Rowland

Macleans, Nov. 1974, 'How we stopped worrying and sold the bomb', by Walter Stewart

Science, Vol.185 20, Sept. 1974, 'Plutonium Questions of Health in a New Industry'

Science, June 1971, 'Radioactive Cargos. Record good but the problem will multiply'

A good source of environmental literatures is:

Enivironmental Action Reprint Service [EARS]
2239 East Colfax
Denver, Colorado 80206 USA

Their catalogue is free.

Two excellent books, which your local bookstore could obtain, are:

Perils of the Peaceful Atom, Richard Curtis and Elizabeth Hogan [Ballantine, New York, 1969[, Paperback, $1.25. An excellent and easy-to-read survey and history of nuclear power.

Poisoned Power, J. Gofman and A. Tamplin [Rodale Press, 1971], Paperback, $2.95. Important in-depth research on the health hazards of nuclear power and the covering up the relation of increased cancer, leukemia and birth defects to the presence of nuclear plants.

There is an excellent film available, called 'Lovejoy's Nuclear War', on No-Nuke protests in the States, also presenting interviews. This can be obtained through the National Film Board free of charge, 'a film about the citizen, our environment, the law, and nuclear power'.

SUBSCRIBE TO THE SUN

RULES FOR WANT ADS

*A want ad in The Sun costs $1.00 for 20 words, 5 cents a word after that.

*Write your ad down clearly on the form on this page or on a piece of paper

*Send your money along with the ad. YOU MUST PAY IN ADVANCE FOR WANT ADS, to save us time and billing costs for small amounts.

*If you are a commercial dealer, either name your store or business in the ad or write 'Dealer' at the end of the ad.

*Want ads must be in by the 15th of each month to appear in the following month's paper. (For example, the July paper will be printed in the last days of June, so your ads must be in by June 15th.)

RULES FOR DISPLAY ADS

A full page ad in The sun costs $150; half a page $80; quarter page $45; eighth page $25; sixteenth of a page $15.

Ads must be in by the 15th of the month for the following month's paper.

At the present time we can only accept a limited quantity of ads. Preference will be given to Townships small enterprise.

If you have a letter-head for your business, send it in to be used in your ad.

FORM FOR WANT ADS

THE TOWNSHIPS SUN,
MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, QUE
J0B 3H0

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TEXT OF MY AD:.....

.....

.....

.....

Recollections of a Townships aviator

by Frank W. 'Bud' McCrea

The first aeroplane owned and flown in the E.T. was a JN 4D Curtis which I bought from Cols. Bishop and Barker, both awarded the Victoria Cross for flying in World War I. They had purchased all of Canada's surplus planes at Camp Borden at the end of the War. I still have the Bill of Sale signed by Col. Barker, signed Sept. 13th, 1919.

The plane was licensed by the Dept. of Civil Aviation and given the number GC-ADD making it the 112th, other than military, ever licensed in Canada. The next nearest privately owned plane was that of Adelarde Raymond, of Montreal and owner and manager at that time of the Queens Hotel, Montreal.

Having flown in the R.A.F. as an Observer-Air Gunner, I had no pilot's license, so the late Lee McKay of North Hatley, who had several years as a flying instructor, became my pilot until such a time as I could qualify.

These machines had a top speed of about 70 mph but a very rugged undercarriage, else we would not have survived the many landings in farmers' fields. There were no proper landing fields at the time. Though very primitive by today's standards, they were fully aerobatic, having served as training planes for pilots who were to go into war-time combat. For controls we had only a joy-stick, rudder bar, and throttle. Instruments were altimeter, tachometer, air speed indicator, compass and gas guage. That's all you had to bother with so one could really pay attention to flying. Construction was entirely of wood, wings and fuselage being covered with Irish Linen stretched with 'Dope'. Applied with a paint brush and containing a high percentage of ether and hence highly flammable. There were no radio, parachutes or brakes. If you got into a field a little too short, it was just too bad. If you found yourself on a downward slope, you just kept going.

There being no airports in the area, flying was always from farmers' fields, often inhabited by cows, making it necessary to carry a few yards of linen, spool of thread, needles, a pot of 'Dope' and a paint brush. On rainy nights the cows would take shelter under the wings. Next morning, on rising, the dears would invariably punch a series of holes with their horns in the lowers wings. We didn't call them 'Dears' then.

On leaving Camp Borden with our proud possession, we flew to Peterborough where the Annual Fair was in progress and where we had been told we could make considerable profit on our way home, stunting and taking up passengers. Unfortunately, due to engine trouble, we had to land in a field about a mile away from the fair grounds. On taking off again we found the field slightly small, clipped the top of a fence and hit the far bank of a sizeable small brook and landed wrong side up. Hanging upside down I thought I saw smoke and started a great scramble to get unbuckled and out, only to hear Lee laughing his head off. What I saw was only steam caused by water from the radiator sloshing over hot exhaust pipes.

By the time we had replaced the propellor, rudder, one wheel, a few minor bits, the Fair was over and our hopes of a 'Profit' had vanished. Then we did what was a very thoughtless thing. We each had a suitcase strapped to a strut on either side of the plane. To save 'drag' we deicded to put part of our clothing into one and ship the other one home. At the same time I thought what nice souvenirs the broken propellor would make, so the clothing and broken prop were shipped together. Our poor families had heard nothing from us since we had left to buy an aeroplane, until the express delivered our clothing and broken propellor. It took a little time to live that one down.

From Peterborough we flew down the St. Lawrence to St. Lambert and home, after making numerous forced landings in hayfields or whatever. We found later that the carburetor should have had a hot-air jacket for fall weather. Hence our numerous unexpected landings, which ceased when we installed the proper jacket.

I shall never forget the kindness of the farmers in whose fields we often landed. Often the field was not as big as we'd have liked. Being near a town was quite important and near a road, most important. You could get into a field which you couldn't get out of. In such cases the farmer would often get a crew together and tear down his fence to allow take-off room. Apparently the honour of having a 'flying machine' on his property was sufficient compensation.

A good example was the late Richard 'Dick' Collins from whose farm we flew most often, on what is now Galt Street West in Sherbrooke. He had many acres of good, level fields and he, with his family, lived in the large brick house now occupied by the Restaurant 'Chateau-Gay'. For 3 years he allowed us to use his fields, to erect a canvas hangar of about 50x30 feet and, on Saturdays and Sundays, allowed hundreds of people to trample all over the place. Flying was such a novelty that there were days when you could not get a car within a half mile or more of the place, for parked cars. Mr. Collins welcomed us and was reluctant to accept, compensation. We also flew from the Experimental Farm, Lennoxville through the courtesy of the late John McLarey who was equally cooperative. At other times we used the Duplessis Farm in East Sherbrooke but found the take-off over the City not too pleasant. Taking passengers from Compton, Waterville and Coaticook vicinity we used the Menard farm at the top of Sand Hill, this side of Compton.

We made many visits to Northern Vermont and were usually paid to take part in a Fair or the 4th of July celebrations. Many were such visits to the '3 villages' operating from a field in Stanstead or from the fair grounds in Newport. Our first visit to Stanstead for a July 1 and 4th combined celebration was highlighted by an elderly citizen of Stanstead, the late Mr. George Channell, who, wanting to be the first of that area to fly, arrived in Sherbrooke the day before we were scheduled to go and presented us with $100.00 in lovely cash, is he could be a passenger from here. As we had to make th trip anyway, this bit of velvet was most welcome. Bless him!

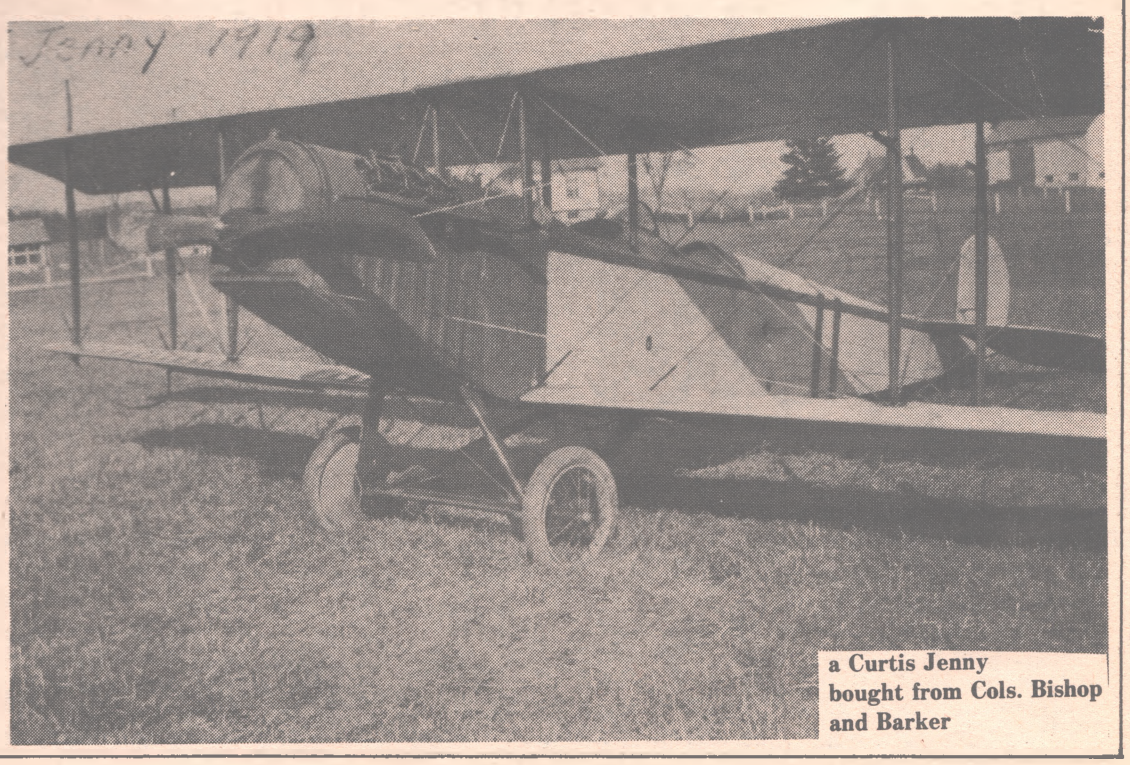
We could only use what was then called 'Aviation Gasoline' which was always made available to us by the late Mr. Ballantyne of Imperial Oil. The Railways would not take it by Express and freight was too slow for us, so I always followed Lee around with a couple of 45 gallon drums on a trailer. I don't know how many times I crossed the U.S. border with 90 gallons, which was never inspected and **in Prohibition days**. I think that we felt cheating would have let down our very good friends, the Customs Officers.

Our U.S. Barnstorming chiefly took place at Newport, Barre, St. Johnsbury, Morrisville, Stowe, Barton and Burlington. Being the Northern frontier part of the Eastern States, they had not previously seen a 'Flying Machine' as it was billed in their posters. Our visits to Stowe were frequent after Lee became enamoured of a daughter of the late Judge Powers who had us to dinner a couple of times at his home in Morrisville (nearby). Lee always insisted that there must be one more resident of Morrisville who hadn't yet flown.

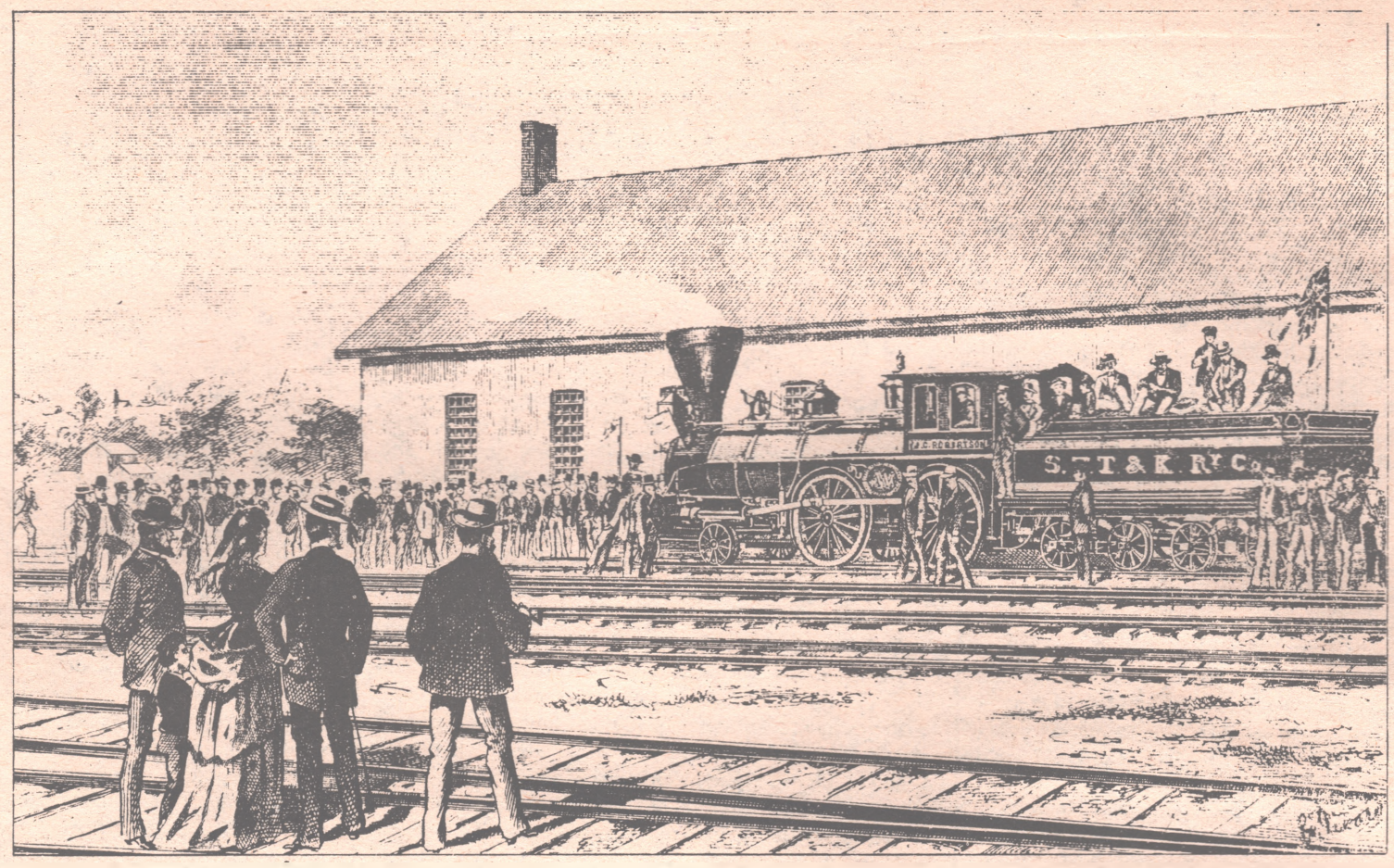
Judge Powers, a Mr. Whitcher and Frank Parlin, owner of the Barton Hotel, had an interest in the 'Summit House' on a shoulder of Mount Mansfield. They offered to build us a landing strip up there and form a partnership with us if we would locate in the vicinity and carry tourists daily to the Summit House, which they would enlarge and which could then only be reached by a very steep and rough gravel road that was always washing out. This sounded pretty good until we found, after 3 days attempts, that we could not reach the necessary altitude of 4,000 feet. The plane normally had a ceiling of about 10,000' but it was very hot, humid weather and if we had one weak plug or the carburetor was not exactly adjusted,a loss of 50 or 100 revs. per minute made a great difference. Perhaps we missed our chance to become involved in New England's greatest Ski development. In all, about 1,500 residents of the Townships and Vermont had their first flying experience in this machine. Roger Smith of Coaticook, who became Air Canada's chief pilot, learned to fly on this Machine.

The late Mayor Fred. H. Bradley of Sherbrooke was, I think, our first passenger and a great believers in the future of flying and of help to us. At his instigation the City of Sherbrooke passed By-Law 488 in 1920, authorizing an expenditure of $25,000.00 for the purchase and conditioning of a flying field, to put 'Sherbrooke on the Aviation Map of Canada'. We and the Mayor has intended Collins' field to be it and to be the far the most suitable in the area. It was later found that a few aldermen had taken an option on the Duplessis farm in East Sherbrooke and from which we had flown a few times and given up. When representatives from the Department of Transport came to town and refused to license this field, the whole thing was dropped and stayed dropped.

In the winter of 1923 we had stored the wings of our plane in a barn on the farm of the late E. Wynn Farwell, manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, which farm took in the present Terrill Street. A fire destroyed it and the wings that winter. Being then married and perhaps a bit more responsible, I gave the whole thing us, but those days are still cherished.



a Curtis Jenny bought from Cols. Bishop and Barker

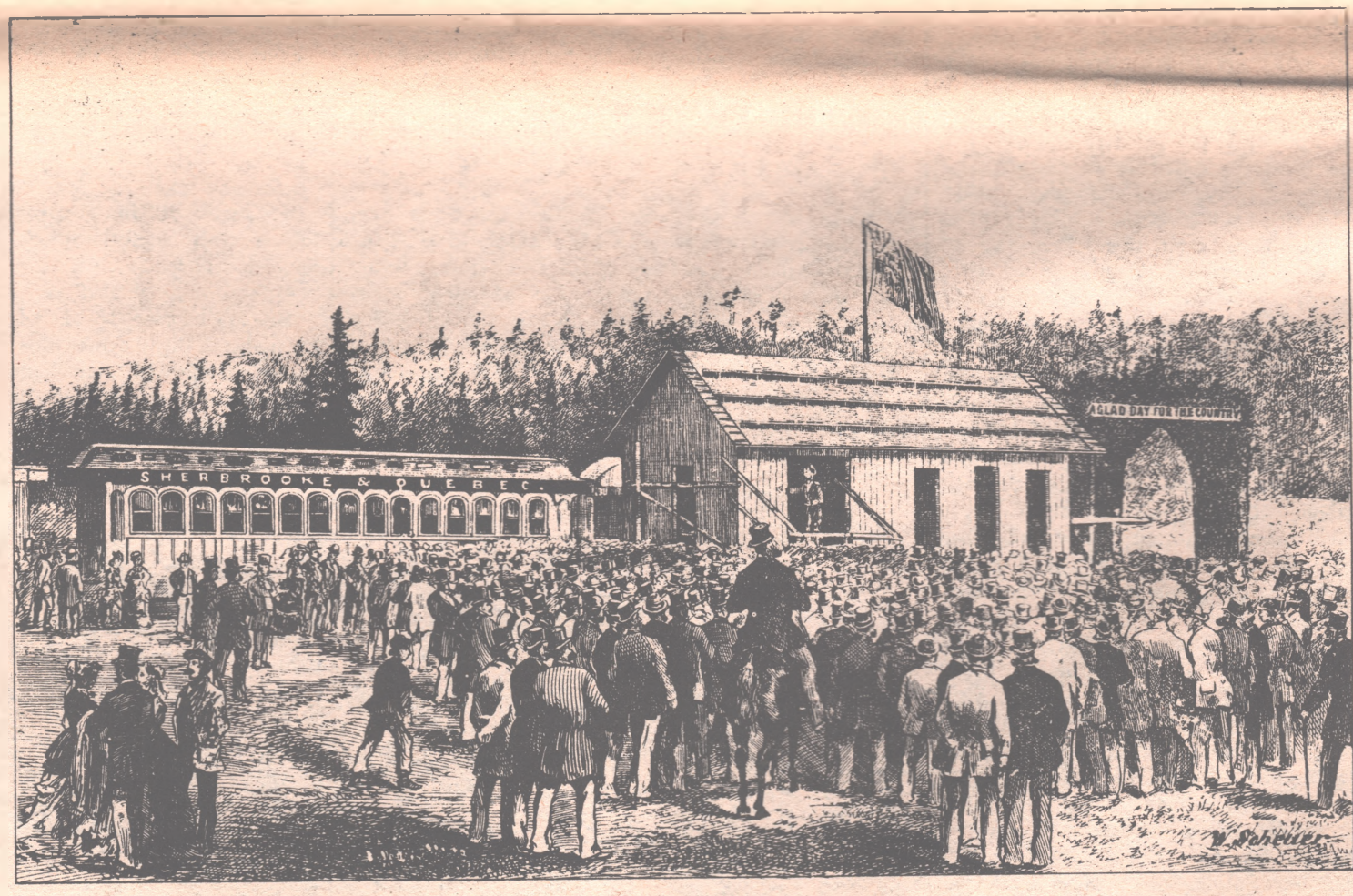


OPENING OF THE SOUTH EASTERN TOWNSHIPS & KENNEBEC RR. AT SHERBROOKE, JULY 2

INAUGURATION OF THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS AND KENNEBEC R.R. 1874

On Thursday the 2nd ult., the Sherbrooke Eastern Townships and Kennebec Railway was inaugurated with the customary ceremonies attendant on laying the first rail and driving the first spike. This road runs from the active and ambitious town of Sherbrooke where the inauguration took place, in a north easterly direction towards Quebec. It will open up a large extent of fertile country, and is destined one day to become a great highway of travel and traffic between the New England states and the lower St. Lawrence. The programme began at 4 p.m. with an address from the vice-president of the road, R.D. Morkill Esq., Mayor of Sherbrooke, expressive of the pleasure of the Directors at the success with which the work had been pushed, and of their hope that its first section of 37 miles would soon be open.

Canadian Illustrated News, Aug. 8, 1874

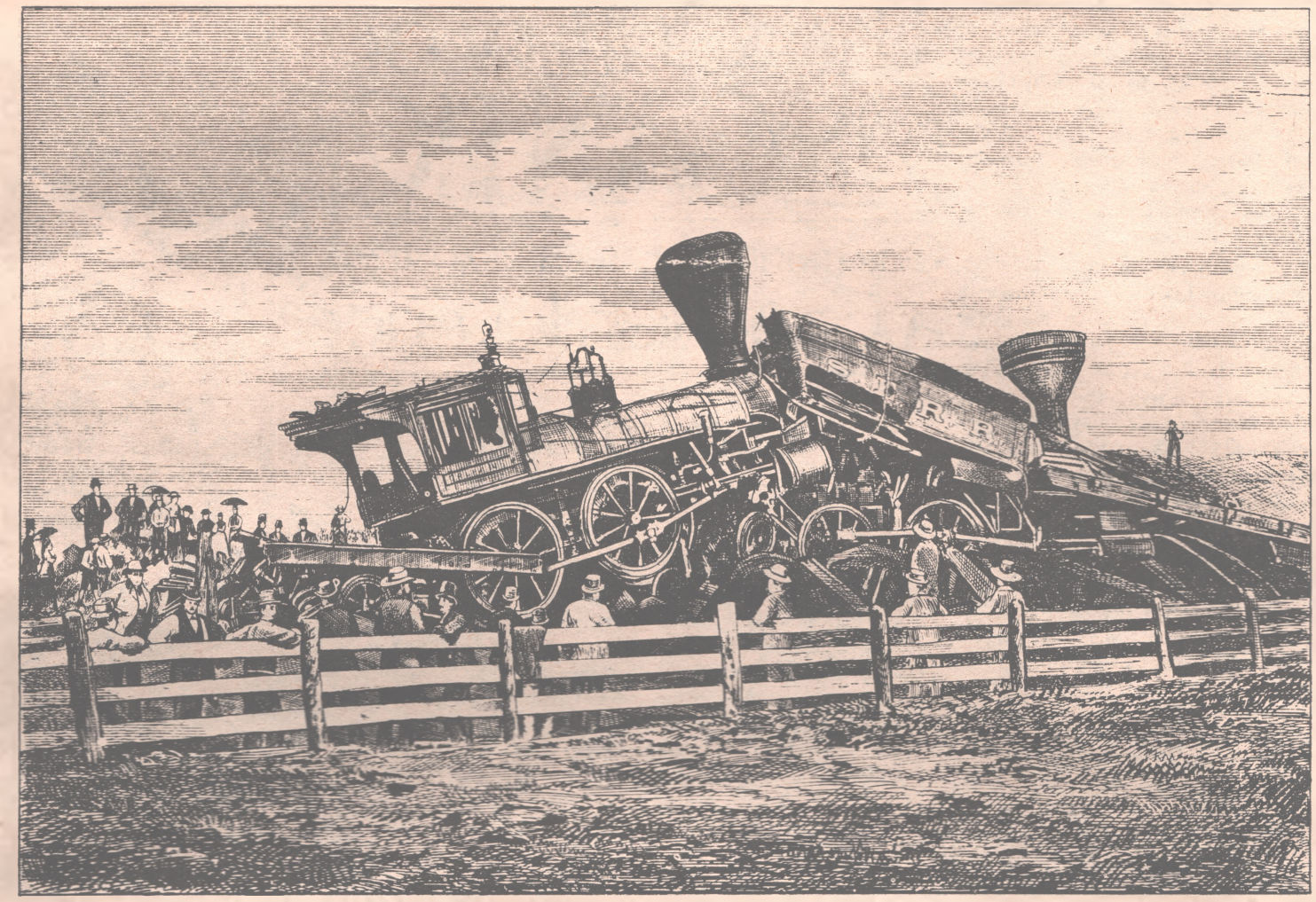


OPENING OF THE S.E.T. & K. RR.

OPENING OF THE S.E.T AND K.R.R., 1874

The formal opening of the Sherbooke, Eastern Townships and Kennebec Railroad took place on Thursday, the 22nd ult. The celebration of the event took the form of an excursion from Sherbrooke to Lothrop's, in Westbury, a distance of fourteen miles, that being the length of road completed at the time. Some thousand persons took part in the excursion, filling ten cars, of which two were of the rolling stock of the new road. On arriving at their destination the party left the train and partook of refreshments. On the way back the train stopped at Ascot Corner, where speeches were delivered by the Hon. Mr. Robertson, Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, and a number of other guests.

Canadian Illustrated News, Nov. 7, 1874



WATERLOO, P. Q. — Accident on the South Eastern Railway

WATERLOO – ACCIDENT ON THE SOUTH EASTERN RAILWAY, 1879

There was a fatal collision between the regular passenger train of the South Eastern Railway, bound for Acton and Sorel and the engine of a construction train, at Waterloo, on the morning of the 26th of June, at half past seven. The regular train had left Waterloo Depot and proceeded at great speed to reach the station in time to avoid that train. The two engines came together round a curve. The engineer and fireman of the regular train jumped off and saved their lives. The crew of the other engine, John Daly and his fireman, Moses Norreau, were killed instantly.

Canadian Illustrated News, July 12, 1879



GREAT RAILWAY ACCIDENT, NEAR DANVILLE, 1877

About 2 o'clock on the morning of the 12th inst., a railway accident occurred close to Danville station. It appears that some of the rear cars of a freight train became detached from the remainder of the train, being uncoupled on a grade, and ran backwards down the decline, where they were met by another freight train, following at some distance behind, causing a terrible collision. It is supposed that the driver and fireman of the other engine must have leaped off. The locomotive was a total wreck. Only two men were reported badly injured. One of them is a brakesman, and the other a man who had charge of a carload of horses; he sustained severe injuries, while the other man is badly scalded with water from the locomotive.

Canadian Illustrated News, May 26, 1877

The Outlaw of MEGANTIC

One man's fight against injustice: a Canadian legend

Bernard Epps



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

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

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

Part Two

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

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

Winter gave advantages to Donald who managed to steer clear of Carpenter's men. If Donald would leave, the search would end, so much were they tired of it, but Donald cannot go until he has settled with McAulay. 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 $800 from the community succeed. Donald will not leave- he fears that in the continuing battle, that Augusta McIver will be harmed and so he plans for her to go to Boston. The detective McMahon more than once almost catches up with Donald who escapes by the skin of his teeth.

Bundled up in the sleigh at last, passing a bottle for warmth and company, they let the horses take them back to Spring Hill while they sang sad and sentimental songs in the Gaelic. They only passed one vehicle on the road- a sleighful of glum and tired policemen heading back towards Megantic and all so wrapped up in blankets and robes that they spared no more than a glance at the huddled figues heading the other way.

If the rule of law was to survive at all in this country, it was high time to put an end to the adventures of Donald Morrison.

Peter Matheson

Augusta left for an indefinite stay with her aunt and Donald was getting tired of running and hiding. He became depressed. His thirty-first birthday had been spent and Donald was a sociable man. He wanted a bit of light and laughter, music and singing and dancing and, by God, he was going to have it. He was heading for Spring Hill and a little private celebration when Mac McLean and Peter Matheson overtook him on a sleigh.

'What are you doing down here, man?' yelled Peter with great delight. 'Are you not knowing that McMahon and the Indian have you trapped in a house up to Winslow?'

'I'm always the last to hear of these things,' said Donald as he climbed up with a grin. 'Is it bad?'

'You're completely surrounded,' said Mac. 'You haven't a ghost of a prayer of getting out alive.'

'Ah, me,' said Donald.

'I had it from a soldier,' said Peter. 'His horse dropped a shoe and he stopped at my brother's place, so he did. Seems McMahon and the Indian saw you go into the place and were keeping an eye on it until reinforcements arrived. Carpenter and his men went racing by not twenty minutes ago.'

'They have me this time for sure, then?' said Donald.

'For certain sure,' said Peter.

'Nice as pie,' said Mac.

'Where are you off to, anyway?' said Peter.

'I was only on my way to Finlay's for a drink and a chat,' said Donald.

'Bad luck,' said Peter.

'He's away,' said Mac. 'The old battleaxe is minding the store and she wouldn't give us a cup of cold tea.'

'Damn,' said Donald. 'I had a good thirst going, too.'

'Likewise,' said Peter. 'Who do we know who's likely to have a bottle hid?'

'Finlay's isn't the only barroom in the country,' said Mac McLean slowly and Donald looked sharply at him.

'Let us go to Megantic, then,' said Donald.

'Megantic?' said Mac.

'The lion's den?' said Peter.

'Why not?' said Donald. 'You just said yourself they were all to Winslow closing the trap.'

'Then why are we wasting good drinking time?' crowed Mac McLean and set the sleighbells ringing on his team.

At Megantic, they marched right into the Prince of Wales Hotel, headquarters of the enemy.

'Set up the beer, Frank,' said Donald. 'It's been a very long and thirsty winter, so it has.'

'You're crazy,' said the bartender. 'The police are in and out of here all the time.'

'So you'd best be hurrying it up while they're out,' said Mac.

'Oh, no,' said bartender. 'You'll get nothing here. They'd lock me up for harbouring.'

Donald eyed him steadily. Frank glared back. Peter Matheson came up with the idea.

'Are you carrying your pistols with you, Donald?' he asked, and winked.

'Surely,' said Donald, pulling them out for all to see. 'I always carry them for you never know when you might want to shoot somebody.'

All three men smiled at Frank Legg and the glasses appeared like magic.

'That's the way, Frank!'

'Good old boy.'

'Drink up and get out of here.'

'Let us toast Major McAulay.'

'Him with a grin like a crocodile.'

'Sews his pockets up before he goes to bed.'

'Does he now?'

'Keeps a lock on the outhouse door and fills his cake with sennapods. Rent you the key for a nickel.'

'Dear old soul!'

'Fill them up again, Frank.'

'Good boy, Frank!'

'I've a very appreciative throat this day.'

They had a high old time in Megantic. laughing and singing right in the teeth of the manhunt. Each time a customer entered they bought him a drink, slapped him on the back and made sure he was aware that Donald had his revolvers handy. No one seemed inclined to leave after that, even when Mac started playing his harmonica and Mac's music, in the normal way, was enough to empty a graveyard.

'Give us another song, Donald.'

'Give us a speech.'

A speech, man. Yes.'

'Fellow sufferers!'

'That's the way!'

'Fellow sufferers, we are gathered here tonight to do justice to God's good grog!'

'Frank! Me glass is empty.'

'Major McAulay, I understand, is a Teetotaller. Now, that's all right. I've got nothing against Teetotallers but I'm a Presbyterian myself!'

'Good on you!'

'Drink up and we'll have another!'

'This one's for Carpenter and his darling detectives.'

'Who's got a song?'

Bundled up in the sleigh at last, passing a bottle for warmth and company, they let the horses take them back to Spring Hill while they sang sad and sentimental songs in the Gaelic. They only passed on vehicle on the road - a sleighful of glum and tired policemen heading back towards Megantic and all so wrapped up in blankets and robes that they spared no more than a glance at the huddled figures heading the other way.

'But that,' said Carpenter when he was told of the escapade, 'is the straw that broke the camel's back.'

C. Aimé Dugas

It was obvious to all concerned that this bold defiance of the forces of the law could be allowed to continue no longer. It was now March of 1889 and the police were no closer to apprehending Morrison than they were at the time of the shooting of Warren fully eight months before. On the contrary, in spite of all their efforts, the fugitive apparently felt himself safe enough to march into the middle of Megantic in broad daylight, to drink and carouse at the very hotel that served as headquarters for the police and then to wander off singing. Such blatant contempt could not be endured. If the rule of law was to survive at all in this country, it was high time to put an end to the adventures of Donald Morrison.

There was another meeting of very important people.

Carpenter and Chief Hughes of Montreal, Chief Moe of Sherbrooke, Attorney General Turcotte and Deputy Attorney General Fitzpatrick worked out an emergency plan that had the full and immediate approval of Premier Mercier. C. Aimé Dugas, Judge of Sessions and Extradition Commissioner, was given full and complete authority over a new expedition to capture Donald at all costs. He was provided a motely force composed of all available manpower - Quebec Provincial Police, Montreal City Police, jail guards and a new detachment of volunteers from a Quebec militia unit.

Martial law was declared in the district and anyone aiding and abetting the fugitive was subject to immediate arrest. 'The utmost rigour of the law will be meted out to them,' Dugas announced to the press. 'They are well known to the authorities and can not escape. It is only a matter of time before they will all be lodged in the Sherbrooke Goal.'

Dugas arrived in Megantic at 11.30 p.m. on March 29th, 1889, just nine days after Donald and his friends had painted the town red. He was accompanied by his clerk, Dr. Trembaly, by his chief lieutenant, High Constable William Bissonette of the District of Montreal, and by Peter Spanjaardt, the go-getting young reporter from the Montreal Star who was in search of another interview with the outlaw and another scoop for his paper.

Dugas, next morning, set up a temporary headquarters in the Prince of Wales, consulted with Chief Carpenter and interrogated Frank Legg, the bartender. Legg mentioned Donald's display of his revolvers and the judge pounced. Obviously a threat to do bodily harm. Dr. Tremblay made out a deposition and Legg signed it. Dr. Tremblay made out warrants for the arrest of Mac McLean and Peter Matheson and Dugas signed them. Then Dugas sent for Malcolm Matheson.

The messenger returned a few minutes later with the word that Mr. Matheson was busy at the moment but would try to squeeze the judge into his schedule when he found the time.

Carpenter smiled. Dugas fumed. He simmered and spat like a kettle of soup and was on the point of issuing a third warrant when Malcolm sauntered in and sat himself down. The judge boiled over.

'Listen, Matheson,' he roared, 'I've a good mind to send you to jail right now!'

Malcolm brought out his pipe and examined the bowl, knocked the dottle on his boot, inspected it once more, took one or two experimental draws and then began a search for his black shag tobacco.

'Did you hear what I said?' cried Dugas. 'Do you fully understand the seriousness of this situation? I have enough evidence on you to lock you away for a good long time and I am quite willing to do so unless I get some co-operation. The next time I send for you, you'd better drop whatever you are doing and come running. Is that clear?'

Malcolm unhurriedly tamped tobacco into his bowl, returned the pouch to his pocket and went searching for his matches. At last he cocked a blue eye at the judge.

'Your Honour,' he said, 'would you be having such a thing as a match about you?'

The judge leaped from his chair and stalked to the window, desperately trying to regain control of himself. Carpenter sat with his chair tilted against the wall and his had tilted to the back of his head and suppressed a smile. Dr. Tremblay pretended to be very busily writing but his mouth was pursed with disapproval - he could see nothing amusing in disrespect for such an eminent personage as Judge Dugas. Malcolm had found a match, set his foul tobacco smouldering and was deliberately trying to fill the little room with smoke. The judge turned back from the window.

'You are suspected of aiding and abetting the outlaw Donald Morrison,' said the judge, fixing him through his pince-nez, 'by sending messages and supplies at various times to his place of concealment. What have you to say about that?'

Malcolm sat comfortably in his chair and measured his man through the smoke.

'This outlaw,' he said at last, examining his briar, 'what were you saying his name was again?'

The judge took a deep breath and that was a mistake. He coughed, he choked, tried to suppress it and choked again. Dr. Tremblay rushed up with a glass of water and overflowing concern for his master's health but the judge waved him off.

'Get that window open!' he gasped when the spasm subsided and he was left with little more than a squeak in his voice and a stricture in his throat. He removed his pince-nez and squeezed the bridge of his nose. He'd have to be very careful how he inhaled about Malcolm's black chagshag in the future for another such mistake might prove fatal. He caught sight of a twinkle in the storekeeper's eye and pretended to study the papers in front of him. They contained a report from Chief Carpenter concerning his suspicions of Matheson but there was really nothing in it that could be proven. A term for contempt might more easily be managed but that would make the man even less co-operative and the judge had need of him. He glared at the villain.

'I want you to know,' he said evenly, with the full weight of authority back in his voice, 'that we intend to arrest every man who has aided and abetted this criminal in any form whatever.' He paused. He stared down awfully. Malcolm's expression did not change. 'Your own position in this matter is a most serious one.' He paused again. 'Every move you make from now on will be duly watched and reported to me.' Once more, a pause. 'Is that thoroughly understood?'

Malcolm understood that and more. He understood the judge was making use of Carpenter's method of spreading news throughout the community via Matheson's Companions of the Iron Stove. He intended to frighten the settlers into denying Donald any food or shelter while making Donald aware, at the same time, that he might be condemning his friends to jail whenever he accepted either.

Malcolm knocked the ashes from his pipe to the floor and stepped on them with a giant boot. The judge's relief at the cessation of smoke forestalled any remark he might have made about the spittoon in the corner. Malcolm got up and strolled to the door.

'Be a nice day if it doesn't snow,' he said and was gone.

The judge sighed, took off his pince-nez and rubbed the bridge of his nose once more. It was going to be a long hard day. He sent Dr. Tremblay out to round up some sleighs to transport his party to Spring Hill and Winslow and he asked Carpenter to bring in Mr. McLean, Donald's old advocate, who had requested an interview.

That interview went differently. The lawyer who had represented — or misrepresented — Donald during his troubles over the mortgage, was all too eager to co-operate with His Honour. He was a frightened man. Rumours had come to his ears that Donald Morrison had threatened to shoot him on sight. He had tried to shrug these rumours off, at first, feeling himself safe enough in Megantic with the police and detectives all about, but Donald's celebration had put the fear in him and he now asked for special police protection in return for telling all he knew of the outlaw, his friends and relations, the people of the settlement and the country itself. The judge pointed out that he could spare no men at the moment but would be glad to have Mr. McLean's company at their proposed headquarters at Winslow. His knowledge of Donald's affairs and of the district might be of some service. McLean accepted the offer.

Dr. Tremblay, meanwhile, had discovered sleighs were suddenly remarkably difficult to find. He would have supposed that almost every family in the village would have a sleigh for travel on the winter roads and that many would be willing to rent it out but wherever he went he met polite smiles and polite disclaimers. No one had a sleigh for hire. No one knew where he might discover one. He was beginning to fear the judge might have to walk those eighteen miles to Winslow when he stumbled on an old-fashioned three-seater that lay forgotten in somebody's barn. This served as transportation for His Honour, Bissonette, Dr. Tremblay, Mr. McLean and Peter Spanjaardt. Carpenter and his men, on instructions from the judge remained in Megantic.

The party moved to Spring Hill.They stopped at Finlay McLeod's hotel for lunch and the judge questioned the hotelkeeper and his wife. Finlay admitted knowing the outlaw and boldly confessed providing him a meal in his kitchen. Mrs. McLeod claimed he was forced to it at the point of a gun. Finlay denied that was so. His wife insisted. Finlay protested. His wife abused. It made no difference and the judge sent them away to settle things in private while he signed another warrant for the arrest of Finlay McLeod.

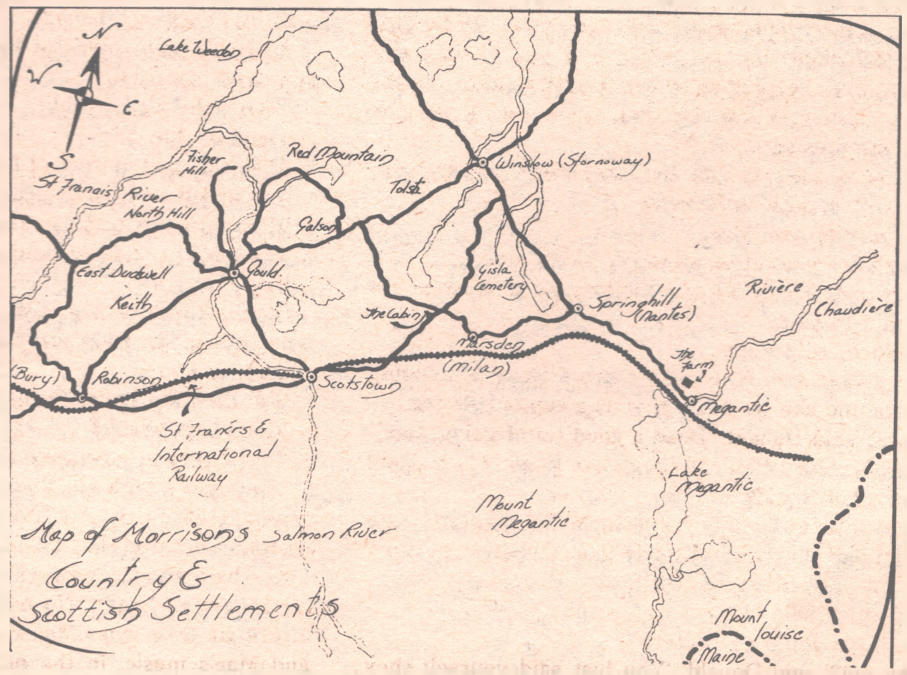
Bissonette had been dispatched to bring in Peter Matheson and Mac McLean to answer the accusations in Frank Legg's disposition and to show cause why they should not be immediately thrown in jail. Neither could be immediately found. Willie Matheson, who would run from neither man nor beast, was discovered hard at work at his forge and conducted before His Honour covered with soot and grease. He knew nothing. he admitted nothing. He didn't even know where his brother could be found and had to get back to his smithy before the fire got down.

Dugas let him go with a warning to keep himself available. He pondered another arrest warrant but let it pass for the moment. There was little enough on Willie. He ordered Sergeant Leggatt and two constables to remain at Finlay's hotel to keep an eye on the blacksmith, the hotelkeeper, to locate Peter Matheson and Mac McLean but to do nothing further until receipt of instructions. The judge and his party bundled once more in the sleigh and jingled on to Winslow.

The hotel at Winslow was run by James Leonard and this was to be the permanent headquarters of the expedition. It was the geographic centre of Donald's range and a locality where he had often been seen. From North Hill, Red Mountain and Gould, Donald would have to pass either through Winslow, where the judge was waiting, or through Marsden, where detectives were encamped, in order to reach friends and relations in the south. Dugas had cut his range in two.

The judge invited Hugh Leonard, mayor of the town and brother to the hotelkeeper, to dinner and had a long discussion with him on the character and customs of the people. He learned that Morrison had been seen in Gould the day before and immediately sent Bissonette and four officers in that direction. He sent a messenger to

The hotel at Winslow was run by James Leonard and this was to be the permanent headquarters of the expedition. It was the geographic centre of Donald's range and a locality where he had often been seen.



Marsden, telegraphs to Montreal and eventually retired for the night well pleased with his day. He had made his presence felt in the country and had impressed many people with the utter seriousness of his intentions. This was no longer to be a game of cops and robbers but a ruthless, single-minded manhunt. He was confident the settlers would no longer support the outlaw now that their own freedom was at stake and that Donald Morrison would soon be brought to bay.

Leonard's Hotel had never seen quite so much business. The little French-Canadian who was man-of-all-work about the place was running himself ragged trying to satisfy everyone. Besides Dugas and High Constable Bissonette, besides Dr. Tremblay and Mr. McLean, there were nine constables under a Sergeant Clarke and that young reporter from the Montreal Star. He hadn't near enough room to accommodate everyone even by doubling up. Spanjaardt, Sergeant Clarke and the constables had to sleep on the floor of the barroom rolled up in buffalo robes.

High Constable Bissonette

Bisonette - tall, lean, worn down to the bone by many years of dedication to the force, painfully polite and utterly ruthless - took his men to Gould in the night to capture Donald Morrison. At John Hamilton's house, Bissonette remained outside while Captain Giroux and three officers forced their way in, searched the place and pulled the shoemaker from his bed. He protested furiously at their methods and was told to shut up. Bissonette entered and sat himself down.

'Mr. Hamilton,' he began, 'I'm very sorry we had to disturb your rest but we understand you are a friend of Donald Morrison.'

'Get out of my house.'

'Do you know where we might find this murderer?'

'He is no murderer.'

'We have information that he was here no more than an hour ago.'

'Then your information's wrong. He left this morning.'

'Do you know where he was going?'

'I do not.'

'Do you know where we might find him?'

'Get out of my house and take your hooligans with you!'

'We have information that you sheltered him for a week.'

'Then your information is wrong again.'

'Two weeks, was it?'

'He was here no more than a couple of days. Now, get out and leave an honest man to his sleep.'

'Thank you,' said Bissonette. 'You have been very helpful.'

He led his men out and a message was dispatched to Winslow where another warrant was made out. The High Constable and his men moved on to search other houses and extract more confessions.

Sub-chief Lancy, in the small hours, was ordered to Spring Hill to pick up the officers there and press through the Middle District to Marsden and Scotstown. They were to search houses and interrogate suspects in the same heavy-handed fashion Bissonette was employing in the north. Dugas himself took to the roads in the morning and toured through Galson to Gould, from Gould to Scotstown, through Marsden to Spring Hill and so back to Winslow. He made his presence known and the weight of his authority felt in each of these communities and made certain the population knew of his expedition. His intention was to create such a stir in the northern and central parts that Donald would flee southward towards the Lake. There Chief Carpenter and his men were secretly lying in wait.

But Dugas did not yet know his fox. Donald, far from fleeing before the hounds, was hidden in a barn less than half a mile from Leonard's Hotel and keeping an eye on headquarters through a knothole in the wall. He even had a spy in the heart of the enemy camp - the French-Canadian general factotum about the hotel - who occassionally managed to sneak out with scraps of food and snippets of information.

Donald had left John Hamilton's in Gould with the intention of helping Murdock McLeod with his sugaring. Passing through Galson, he had been overtaken by a breathless schoolteacher who had spotted him from the window of her classroom and promptly deserted her students to warn him of the expedition. He listened quietly and thanked her kindly. He sent her back to her children, considered what he should do and decided to lie low near Winslow and learn what he could of this fresh government effort to trap him. Murdock would have to tap his trees without him.

C. Aimé Dugas

Dugas had more than one string to his bow. When Carpenter reported that Donald had either slipped through their net or had not been flushed from hiding, he immediately ordered the arrest warrants served on Finlay McLeod, Mac McLean, Peter Matheson and John Hamilton.

Finlay was arrested by his guests, Sargeant Leggatt and the two constables. He immediately closed the hotel, claiming his wife too fragile to run it alone. This was a palpable lie, as anyone who had met that formidable woman could verify, but there was nothing the evicted policemen could do about it. They had to join their fellows on the barroom floor in Winslow.

Hamilton, the shoemaker, was picked up by Captain Giroux in Gould and Mac McLean was arrested when he showed up for work on the railway. Peter Matheson, having been warned by his brother, had taken to the woods and could not immediately be found but these three would do for a start. On Wednesday, April 3rd, just four days after the expedition had begun and proving the judge's statement to the press was no idle threat, McLeod, McLean and Hamilton were taken by train to Sherbrooke in the custody of Constables Beard and McKeown and locked in the Sherbrooke Gaol.

John McLeod

The settlers, far from being intimidated by these arrests, quickly devised a plan of their own to offset this new pressure. If a man left a packet of food on the kitchen table and forgot to fasten the back door before he went to bed, could he be blamed if some rascal sneaked in and stole that food? Of course, he couldn't. In fact, the blame must lie somewhere else and a man might just stop in and see that judge the next time he was in town and complain about the dee-plorable lack of law enforcement. Things were getting pretty slack when a man's own sandwiches weren't safe.

Others refused to compromise even this far. John McLeod was such a one. Bullying simply hardened his resolve and stiffened his resistance for he was Lewis-born, went in hard and kept on going. He was twenty-four, short and bearded. He worked on the railway and lived close to the station in Marsden. When he saw Donald walking down the tracks very early on the morning after the arrests, he went right out and invited the man in for a bit of breakfast. Donald accepted gladly and tucked into a plate of buckwheat pancakes with an enormous appetite. He had eaten nothing since leaving the barn in Winslow, had managed very little there and couldn't know when he might next come close to a bit of food.

John told him of the arrests of Finlay, Hamilton and Mac McLean. Donald put down his knife and fork and became very grave.

'I was afraid that would happen sooner or later,' he said. He sucked maple syrup from his moustache and thought a moment. 'Can you send a telegram for me, John?'

'I surely can.'

'They might arrest you, too, if they catch you.'

'Who is it for?' asked John, searching for a pencil and ignoring the remark as unworthy of consideration. Donald nodded and smiled.

'John Leonard in Sherbrooke. Hugh Leonard's boy. He's been letting it be known round and about that he's willing to offer legal advice whenever I'm needing it. I guess I'm needing it now. Tell him I'd like to meet him somewhere. Murdo McArthur's place might do but don't put that in the telegraph in case the detectives are reading them. Maybe you could meet him if he comes out and give him the word.'

'Be glad to,' said John and they discussed the matter for some time. As they were saying goodbye in John's backyard, the morning train pulled in from Sherbrooke and seven constables got off - more reinforcements to the battle front. Donald watched them for a few moments and then walked leisurely away while the officers fussed and grumbled over their baggage, stared at the surrounding woods and wondered where, in all this God-forsaken country, they would find Donald Morrison.

Mrs. Buchanan

Then Donald was trapped and he knew he was trapped. The police had somehow discovered he was on the North Hill and moved swiftly to cut off escape. Bissonette led a detachment to Weedon on the Quebec Central Railway and moved carefully down from the north while a second group, under sub-chief Lancy, advanced up from Gould. Donald was trapped between. The snow was still deep in the woods but had begun to rot under the spring thaws which made travel next to impossible. He was caught between the jaws of a vice and the police were searching every house and barn, watching the woods for any sign of footprints and drawing inexorably closer. Donald was at the end of his rope. He determined to make a stand.

He wanted his friends to suffer no more on his account and had made them all promise they would raise no hand in his defence. He was on his own and would face it alone. They hated to leave him, knowing that he would be shot down like a mad dog and already seeing his red blood on the snow, but there was really nothing they could do to save him. The officers moved slowly in with rifles and sidearms at the ready. They met sullenness and hostile silence but the settlers kept their word to Donald and did not fight.

Donald recognized the approaching constables by the glint of the sun on their brass buttons. As they closed in for the kill, he drew steadily back. When the second force appeared behind him, he waded into the woods through the knee-deep snow and got himself ready.

Mrs. Buchanan was alone in her house with the children when she saw Donald take to the woods. She stood at the window and chewed her nails. The police were coming and she had to do something. She slipped on her husband's boots, ran down the road and covered Donald's tracks as best she could. It was useless. No matter how she tried anyone with half an eye could see the snow had recently been disturbed just there and she returned disheartened to her home.

Sub-chief Lancy and his officers arrived in her door-yard. They searched her house and barn. They asked questions of her and the children but received no answers. They moved grimly on.

Mrs. Buchanan watched from the window in despair. Donald watched from the trees. The officers approached the place where he had entered the woods. Donald drew his pistols. Mrs. Buchanan gnawed at her nails. Incredibly, the police passed right by without a second glance at the snow. They met the party from the north and discussed the matter for some time. Donald could almost make out what was said. The first sleigh turned and headed back toward Gould with the second sleigh close behind. Again they passed right by Donald's tracks. Again they did not pause. Donald listened to the sleigh-bells jingling down the gathering gloom until he could hear them no more.

John Leonard

The Leonard family was strong in Winslow. They had come originally from Ireland but they spoke the Gaelic as well as Highlanders, pitched in with the rest and were eagerly welcomed by the Scottish pioneers. James Leonard ran the hotel. Hugh Leonard had been elected mayor. John Leonard, Hugh's son, had become a Sherbrooke lawyer.

He was more than eager to help the people of the settlements and met Donald, as arranged, at Murdo McArthur's place. Donald immediately asked news of the three prisoners in Sherbrooke Gaol.

'They are charged with harbouring a felon,' said Leonard. 'Finlay and Hamilton will probably be out very shortly but Mac McLean might have to stay a while longer because of that escapade in Megantic. They might bring a charge of assault or of threatening bodily harm against him because you exhibited your pistols. They could do that if they chose. They haven't found Peter Matheson yet or he'd be in the same fix.'

'What are the chances of getting them out on bail?'

'Good. They have Broderick for a lawyer and he'll keep trying. I figure Judge Dugas will stall as long as he can to make an example of them but there will have to be a hearing sooner or later. The judge might then remand them in custody for eight more days but that's the limit under **habeas corpus**.'

Donald walked up and down thinking hard and tugging on the ends of his moustache.

'I hate to think of them suffering because of me.'

'They're all right,' said Leonard. 'Last time I saw them they were singing Gaelic songs and playing at cards. Finlay said to tell you it's the best holiday he's had since his wedding day.'

Donald grinned. 'Ah, that Finlay. He's a terrible man. A terrible man.'

'But Judge Dugas is determined to catch you, Donald.'

'I know it. He almost caught me on North Hill last night,' said Donald. 'It's a miracle that he didn't.'

'What are your plans, then? You can't be running much longer.'

'I've got to. I gave all my papers to the Reverend McLeod a week ago and he's promised to send them to Mr. Blake of the Caledonian Society. I'm waiting to hear. There's talk of persuading the Government to let me turn myself in if the reward money is paid into a defence fund. I haven't a dog's chance otherwise.'

'I don't think you need worry about your defence,' said Leonard, stroking his own moustache. 'You've no idea of the number of people who are on your side in this matter.'

'I can't be taking charity,' said Donald, marching again. 'Too many people have suffered already on my account and Judge Dugas is going to keep it up, by the looks. And there's something else.' He stopped and faced the lawyer. 'I've been hearing rumours they plan to arrest my old father.'

'Your father?'

'So I hear.'

'Why would they do that?'

'They're out to get me any way they can, John, but you can't be letting them do it.'

Leonard tugged on his ear and scowled. 'I don't think they'll arrest the old man,' he said slowly. 'But, if they do, I'm afraid there's no way I can stop them.'

'But he's very proud and he's nearly seventy-seven,' cried Donald. 'I've been enough of a disgrace as it is bit if they put him in jail, it might be the end of him.'

'No. They wouldn't do that,' said Leonard, shaking his head with sudden determination. 'They're just trying to frighten you, trying to make you do something desperate.'

'I hope you're right, then,' Donald said bitterly. 'Because I might just get desperate. If they lay a finger on that old man, after all I've put him through, I might just start firing these guns in earnest!'

High Constable Bissonette

Bissonette and his men pulled up outside old Murdo's cabin the very next day, quickly surrounded it and hammered on the door. Donald's mother opened to them, clutched her shawl to her throat and stepped backward muttering a prayer in the Gaelic. Bissonette entered without a word. Murdo sat in a rocking chair beside the window with his Bible on his lap and his glasses on his bald plate.

'Come in, gentlemen,' he said. 'Don't mind mother. She hasn't a word of English in her so if you've any questions, you'd best be asking them all of me.'

Bissonette directed his men to search what there was of the cabin and pulled up a chair beside the old man. Sophie said something in her mother tongue and Murdo translated.

'She wants to know if you'll be staying for a cup of tea?'

'Thank you, no,' said Bissonette who made it a rule never to accept hospitality while on the job. 'This is strictly official.'

'Suit yourself, then,' said Murdo and shook his head at Sophie who sat down by the stove and nervously watched the constables go through her cupboards and drawers.

'Do you know where Donald is staying, Mr. Morrison?'

'I do not.'

'When did you last see him?'

'I can't recall.'

'When do you expect him?'

Mudro stared right back at him. 'I would not tell you that.'

'Do you expect him sometime soon?'

Murdo said nothing.

'Anyone suspected of offering food or shelter to your son is liable to immediate arrest and imprisonment.'

'Our fathers and grandfathers fed people who were hungry,' said Murdo, 'no matter who they were and I'm hoping we will all be doing the same.'

'I merely want to make it clear what yourself and all others risk by defying the law.'

Murdo scowled. 'Now let me be making something clear, Mr. Policeman. I've never yet thrown a man out of my house but if you and your men are intending to go on as you've begun, then, By God Almighty, I'll throw you all arsey-versey right through that window!'

Sophie was aghast to see such unnatural passion in her husband but Bissonette merely smiled and moved to consult with his constables. They had found a small locked trunk.

'Have you a key to this trunk, Mr. Morrison?' he asked.

'I have not,' said Murdo.

'Break it open, then.'

'Hold on there!' roared Murdo but one of the policeman stepped forward and prevented the fierce old man from charging from his rocker.

'I'm merely doing my duty, Mr. Morrison,' said Bissonette. 'Now you'll either sit quietly or I'll have one of my men handcuff you to the chair. How is it to be?'

Murdo subsided, still scowling and black-faced with anger, and watched the policemen break the lock on Donald's trunk. They found clothes inside, ammunition, old letters and photographs.

'Take those letters and pictures along,' ordered Bissonette. 'And bring all the ammunition and firearms you can find.'

'That's my hunting gun,' roared Murdom surging up once more. A burly policeman quickly stepped in front of him and laid a large hand on his shoulder.

'I'm sorry, Mr. Morrison,' said the High Constable. 'We are impounding all firearms and ammunition until your son is captured.'

'You're all a scurvy bunch of thieves and robbers, then,' declared old Murdo with great emphasis and went determinedly back to reading his Bible with one finger and the tip of his tongue. He didn't even see them out.

The High Constable and his men went out to their buggy, well satisfied with the raid. Dugas had considered the old man's arrest on some minor charge but decided such an outrage might steel the people in their resolve of non-cooperation while a raid might be just as effective in drawing Donald from cover. They next raided the McIver house, intending to bring the same sort of pressure on him through his sweetheart, but found Augusta long gone and safe from their bullying. They searched the place thoroughly - barns, waggon-shed, outhouses, sugar camp - but found no trace of the fugitive and none of his letters to Augusta. She had them all with her in Boston.

If you would like to receive a hard-cover copy of the book 'The Outlaw of Megantic' direct from the author, send $6.95 to:
Bernard Epps,
Scotstown

C. Aimé Dugas

Dugas pressed on. Sixty more men arrived bringing his total force to more than one hundred. These fresh reinforcements included another unit of volunteer militia-men under a Lieutenant Blouin, several Pinkerton detectives, more Provincial Police and jail guards. The police were armed with giant .48 calibre revolvers of the sort Warren once carried and the militiamen had Remington carbines or Snyder rifles. No expense was being spared in bringing Donald to justice and there were so many police and jail guards after him now that the Quebec Court of Queen's Bench and the Court of Special Sessions had repeatedly to postpone cases until their return.

A proclamation was issued to all Justices of the Peace and all peace officers in the district ordering them to assist in the manhunt in any way they could. Letters were sent out to all ministers of the Gospel asking for their cooperation. Search parties and road patrols continued day and night.

The letters and photographs Bissonette had found in Donald's trunk proved a valuable haul. Some of the letters were from Augusta McIver, postmarked Boston, and contained no confessions of a criminal nature, but



'We'll get him,' Dugas replied, tossing the photograph to his clerk. 'Have this reproduced and distributed with his description. We'll placard every tree in the country if we must.'

others came from various citizens - Malcolm Matheson among them - giving detailed movements and descriptions of police and suspicious strangers.They proved complicity enough to keep Dr. Tremblay busy making out twenty-two new arrest warrants.

The photographs were even more interesting to the judge. He finally faced his victim for the first time.

'I'm delighted you came up with these, William,' he remarked to the High Constable. 'I was beginning to think the man a figment of some novelist's imagination.'

Bissonette smiled.

'I was beginning to feel the same way myself,' he said. 'But he's out there. He's out there somewhere.'

'We'll get him,' Dugas replied, tossing the photograph to his clerk. 'Have this reproduced and distributed with his description. We'll placard every tree in the country if we must.'

'Yes, sir,' said Dr. Tremblay, 'And there are two gentlemen waiting to see you, sir.'

'Gentlemen?'

'The mayors of Gould and Winslow, sir,' said Dr. Tremblay. 'I believe they are a delegation, sir.'

'Hmmm,' said Dugas. 'You stay. You, too, Tremblay. Just show the gentlemen in.'

Leonard and McMinn entered, were offered chairs and got down to business.

'We'd like to be arranging a bit of a truce.'

'A truce?' snapped the judge. 'This is not a war!'

'All right,' said Leonard. 'Call it what you like but we want you to call your men off long enough for us to be finding Donald and having a bit of a talk.'

'What is there to discuss?'

'We think he might be persuaded to meet with yourself somewhere and be giving himself up if there's some guarantee of proper defence funds and no more arrests.'

'The man is a wanted criminal. Why should I guarantee anything?'

'Because,' said McMinn, 'there might be blood otherwise.'

'Not on my hands,' Dugas retorted.

'Even a rat will fight if he's cornered.'

Dugas thought it over. If he met Morrison privately and persuaded the man to surrender, it would be a feather in his cap for certain and put an end to the business. If he refused to attempt a meeting, he might stand accused later on of not having done all he could to avoid bloodshed. There could be no harm in trying. He would point out that nothing could be gained by further defiance, that he simply **had** to be caught sooner or later, one way or another, even if it meant arresting every Scotsman in the district. He simply **had** to be caught. No one could be allowed to set the entire judicial system of Quebec on its ear and get away with it for long. Such arguments, he thought, might do the trick if they came from a Judge of Sessions.

He cast an eye at Bissonette for his opinion and say the High Constable nod almost imperceptibly.

'Very well,' he said as he replaced his pince-nez and his judicial manner together. 'I shall call the police off for forty-eight hours. You have my permission to arrange a meeting between Morrison and myself at a place of his own choice.'



In his usual audacious manner, Donald had been living less then a mile from the detectives' encampment at Marsden while they had been searching the remotest corners of the country.

drawing by Stephanie Wells, of Scotstown, after an illustration by Oscar Dhu [1892], with research from Donald Morrison [the younger] of Scotstown.

Privately, Dugas had yet a stronger reason for agreeing to the meeting. He wanted to see this man face to face. He conceded the man's courage and resourcefulness and was curious to discover what quality it was in him that made Donald such a determined adversary.

And, who knows? He might spot some weakness he could exploit later if he refused to give himself up. All men have weaknesses. That was the reason for law.

He notified Charles Fitzpatrick, Deputy Attorney-General, of his actions and of the proposed meeting. Fitzpatrick would inform Turcotte and Turcotte could tell Premier Mercier to let everyone know that Judge Dugas was not wasting time or the taxpayer's money. He postponed a hearing for the three prisoners in Sherbrooke Gaol and refused them bail once more. They could wait a few more days. He ordered his men to make no more arrests for the time being and sent more than half of them home on forty-eight-hour leave. Lastly, in case nothing came of the confrontation, he moved his headquarters to the small hotel in Gould and pressed an investigation of sympathizers and accomplices on North Hill and Red Mountain where Donald had made spectacular escapes. The total of arrest warrants in hand rose to forty-five.

John McLeod

Finding Donald proved no easy task. Since the arrests, since his last meeting with John McLeod, he had been keeping clear of his friends as much as possible. Nobody actually knew where he was but everybody knew where he might be and word went from house to house, people took to the woods, visited sugar camps and lumber camps and empty barns.

The last time John McLeod saw Donald, after giving him breakfast in his house by the station, he had walked south along the railroad tracks. He had since been seen in both North Hill and Winslow but all the searchers in those quarters had so far come up empty-handed and there might still be a chance he had a hideout near the tracks. John borrowed a hand-car from the railroad and pumped his way slowly down the line from Marsden to Megantic, bellowing, every hundred yards or so, into the woods — ' Donald Morrison!' — and hearing only the woods bellow back — 'Donald Morrison!'

Elsewhere, Augusta McIver's father was frightening the jays by bellowing in his own woods. Murdo McArthur looked in his cellar. Mayor Leonard, John McIver and Mayor McMinn each patrolled separate roads but none found a trace of Donald.

The forty-eight hours was almost up. McMinn went back to the judge and asked for more time.

'I think you've had quite long enough to locate the man,' answered Dugas, self-righteously.

'The police, said McMinn, 'have been looking for nearly a year without a clear sight of him yet.'

Dugas fiddled with his pince-nez. He really wanted this meeting but he could not appear too eager.

'What difference could a couple more days be making?' asked the mayor of Gould.

'You have another twenty-four hours,' said the judge. 'If this criminal is not located by then, our arrangement is cancelled.'

As it turned out, they had to need of the extension. John McLeod had pumped his had-car north from Marsden, still giving his whoop at the woods — 'Donald Morrison!' — until the woods answered back — 'What are you wanting?'

'Where are you hiding, you rascal?'

'Right here, John,' said Donald, emerging from the trees quite close by. 'What's all this hullooing about?'

In his usual audacious manner, Donald had been living less than a mile from the detectives' encampment at Marsden while they had been searching the remotest corners of the country.

'Judge Dugas has declared a truce on you,' John said. 'He wants to meet you somewhere to be having a bit of a talk.'

'Whose idea?'

'Hugh Leonard and McMinn thought it up. You get choice of time and place.'

Donald sat down in the hand-car.

'Treachery?'

'We can make sure first.'

'What do they want me to talk about?'

'Surrender terms. Money for your trial. A lot of prominent people think it is time you were giving yourself up.'

'Mr. Blake?' said Donald. 'The Caledonian people?'

'Not them,' said John. 'Not yet anyway.'

'I suppose they're worried about more arrests.'

'Maybe that,' said John. 'Not yet anyway.'

'I suppose they're worried about more arrests.'

'Maybe that,' said John. 'But I think it is your own welfare they're thinking on.'

Donald tugged his moustache and sighed. He was getting very tired of running.

'All right,' he said. 'Tell them I'll meet him at the Galson schoolhouse. I've a friend there who will tell me if anything's afoot. Say five o'clock on Thursday. That's the eleventh, I think. One man on each side and no guns. Will you come with me, John?'

'I will,' said John McLeod.

'Thanks,' said Donald.

'I'll pass the word.' John stood up and caught hold of the pump. 'I'm getting awful tired of pushing this thing up and down,' he said.

'One more thing, John,' said Donald. 'I'd like to be seeing that reporter again.'

'Peter Spanjaardt? He's at Gould with the judge.'

'Maybe you could send him a message for me.'

'But that's the enemy camp,' said John. 'How'd it be if I sent a wire to Hugh Graham in Montreal and let him set it up with Spanjaardt? They wouldn't be as suspicious of a wire from his head office.'

'That's a good idea. You'd make a good burglar, John. You've got a very devious mind.'

'It's done,' said John. 'I'll set up both meetings. Now, don't you go getting yourself lost again.'

'Me?' grinned Donald. 'I knew where I was.' And he thanked his friend again and watched him pump his way back towards Marsden.

to be concluded in the next issue of the Sun