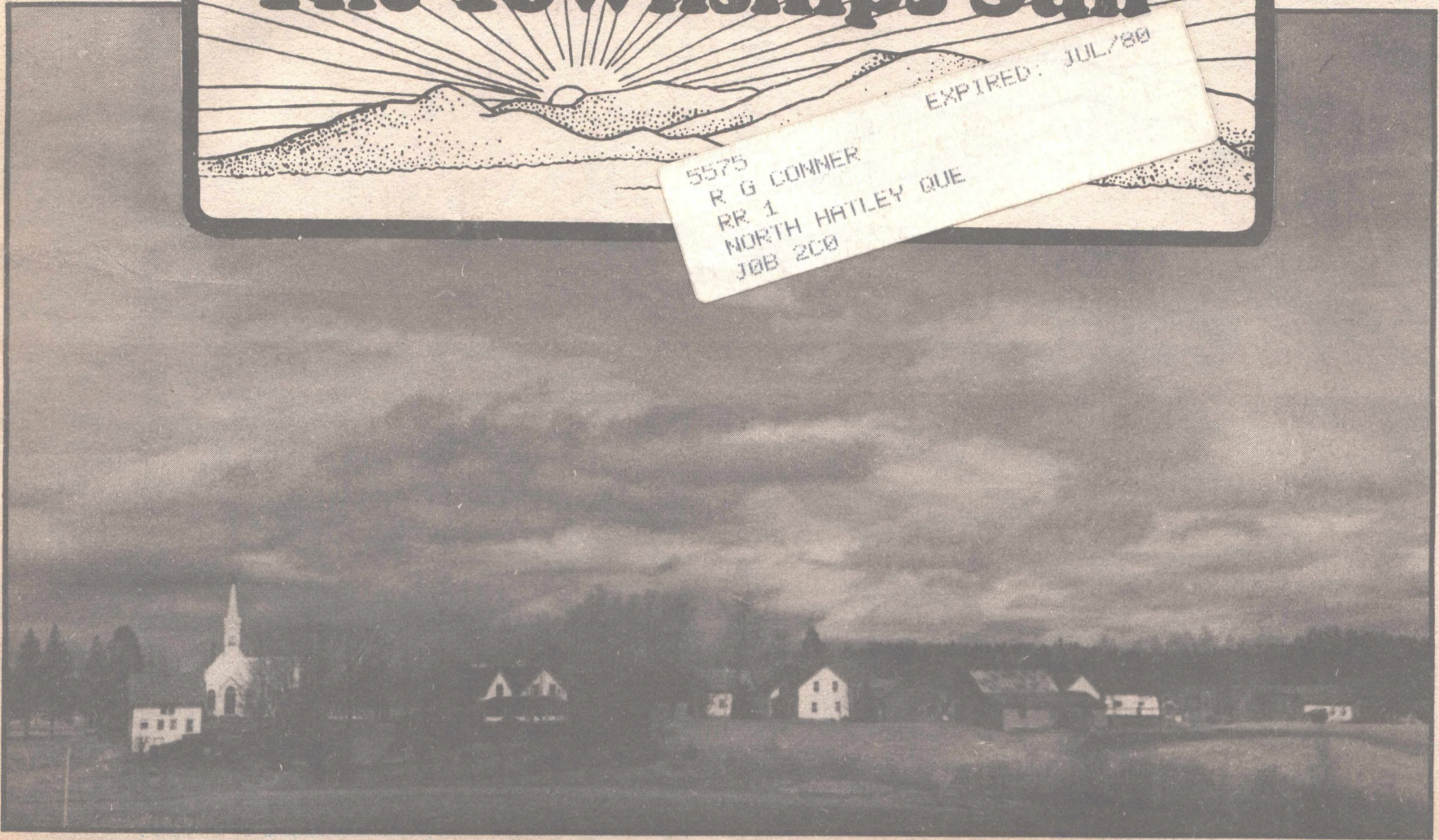


Lennoxville
Quebec

The Townships Sun

May 1980
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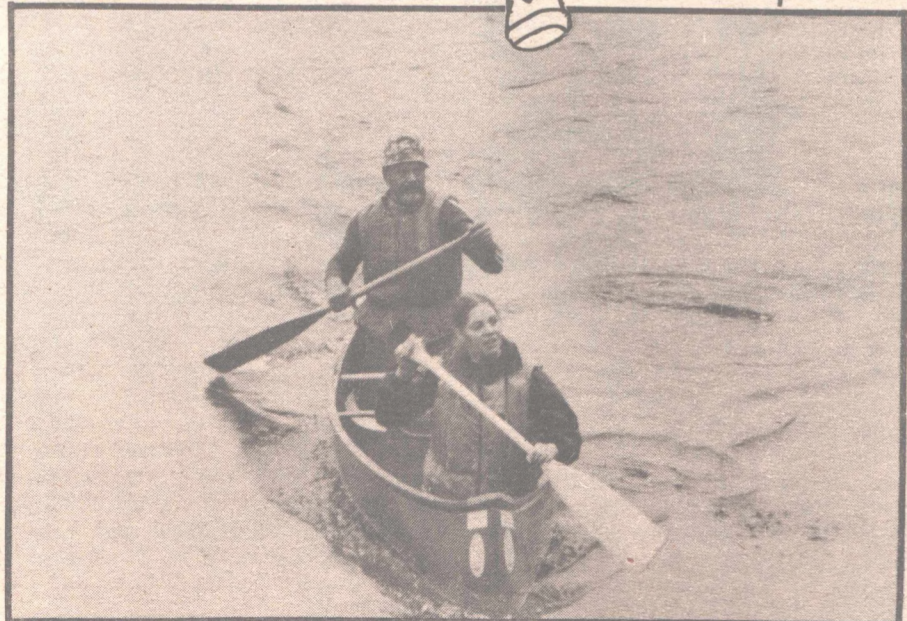
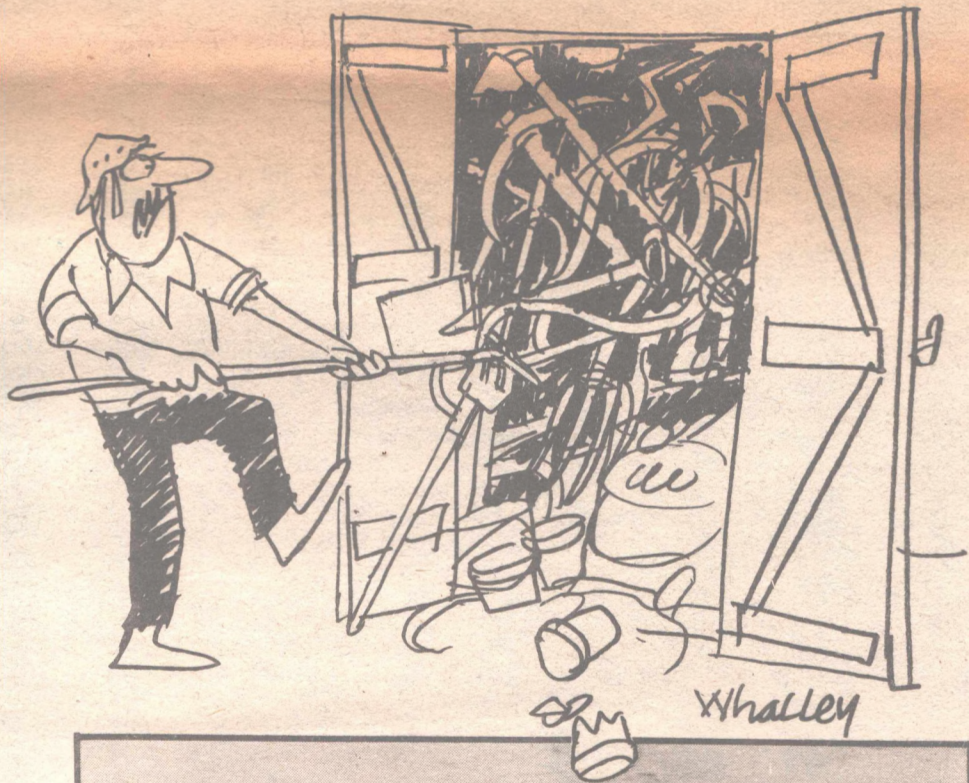
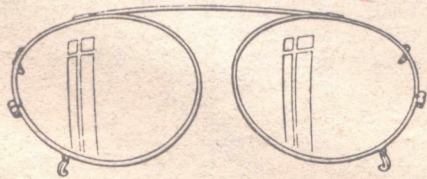
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The Townships Sun

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The Sun Staff:
Kathy Bliss
Charles Bury
Jill Gyorgy
Linda Henderson
Gilles Mailhot
Stephanie Wells

Tel: 566-7424 or 566-8554

Box 28
Lennoxville, Qué.
J1M 1Z3

You are welcome to visit the Sun office at 1-A Academy St., at the back of the Lennoxville Elementary School.

All correspondence must be sent to:

Box 28
Lennoxville, P.Q.
J1M 1Z3

Letters

The Sun has been guilty of laxity before and I—always a generous, peacable and most charitable soul—have overlooked it. This time you have gone too far. This time your laxness is inexcusable.

On page 29 of the April issue, a heading reads; "We have found the enemy and them is us. Pogo."

Balderdash!

Pogo didn't say it and that is not what he didn't say!

The quotation referred to was a paraphrase—as everybody knows—of Oliver Hazard Perry's famous despatch to General William Henry Harrison concerning his victory over the Canadians in the Battle of Lake Erie, September 10th, 1813. The quotation is; "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

On page 190 of 'Impollutable Pogo' (Simon & Schuster, 1975), Albert the Alligator invites everybody over for lunch at Pogo's place—

Churchy La Femme, Howland Owl, Mam'zelle Hepzibah, Deacon Musher, Porky Pine, Miz Beaver, Bun Rabbit and an assortment of unnamed bugs and beetles. Albert is brooding upon pollution and remarks in his own inimitable fashion; "All them characters what dumps anything anywhere...they is enemies of the people!"

Therewith, he carelessly flips his cigar butt over his shoulder into a tub of fresh lemonade. Porky, the prickly philosopher of the Okefenokee Swamp, leaps to his feet, raises his lemonade high and shouts; "We have met the enemy and he is us."

For Pete's sake, get it right next time!

Yours respectfully,
Bernard Epps

We are used to hearing it said 'Not to worry, it will all be the same a hundred years from now'. But will it? Take the matter of language as an example.

According to MacAulay's History of England, in the year 1676 one Michael was training his team of horses in Lincolns Inn fields when

continued on p. 4

Law and Order in Lennoxville

In spite of assurances to the contrary, the future of the Lennoxville Police Department remains in doubt. As a recent article by Nelson Wyatt in *The (Sherbrooke) Record* ably points out, some of the features that put Lennoxville on the map in the first place now create particular police problems that require a particular local solution.

Lennoxville has a high percentage of young people. Champlain College, Bishop's University, Bishop's College School and Alexander Galt High School more than double the town's effective population when they are in session. This brings a higher proportion of inexperienced, sometimes reckless drivers. Students also mean entertainment. Lennoxville's small but hardcore bar scene adds its problems. Youthful rowdiness occasionally combines with excessive alcohol and other drug use in a violent mixture.

Lennoxville is also a retirement community of sorts. As a cultural centre, with access to stores, medical services, several churches and a friendly small-town atmosphere, it has a natural attraction for Townshippers in their pension years. Among other things, this means the town has more than its share of unsure, sometimes forgetful pedestrians. As well, houses are left unoccupied more frequently as pensioners tend to spend more time out of town, visiting family, vacationing, etc.

The large student and older populations combine to create a serious but little known police problem—large amounts of cash. Lennoxville's banks keep large cash reserves at times to cope with heavy educational payrolls. Many retired people have their life savings on deposit as well—one local

bank is said to have savings account totals that make its big-city rivals blush.

Regional traffic patterns add to the problem as well. As a crossroads of highways leading to Sherbrooke, Lennoxville acts as a funnel for travellers from Lake Megantic, Cookshire, Coaticook, Rock Island, North Hatley and all points between. This brings heavy traffic all day and all night, from lumber trucks to joyriders, travelling salesmen to commuters, Sunday drivers to long distance tourists. A "bypass" route into Sherbrooke may one day ease this problem, but it is only in the "planning" stages, and completion is many years away at least.

Those who favour abolishing the Lennoxville Police Force claim that the Sureté du Québec could do the work just as well and for much less money. Cheaper, perhaps, but just as well? The nearest SQ stations to Lennoxville are on King Street West in Sherbrooke, in Cookshire and in Coaticook. How would you like to be an accident victim at rush hour or during a blizzard and have to wait for the police to come all the way across Sherbrooke, or from the next county? How would you like to watch a burglar ransack your neighbour's empty house while a rookie on the night shift tries to find the right street?

The Sureté are already spread thinly enough across the map. For example, the 18 man Coaticook detachment covers a 2500 square mile area, from Lake Memphremagog to East Hereford, and from the border north to Waterville. On any given day between about 11 p.m. and 7 a.m., this vast territory is patrolled by exactly one cruiser containing two

policemen. Workloads at Cookshire and Sherbrooke detachments are similar. The last thing the SQ want is a town like Lennoxville (unlike any other in their jurisdiction) to patrol, as the following example points out.

One recent night after the bars closed, a fight broke out at Bill's Country Kitchen, Lennoxville's all night restaurant. The combatants were boisterous football types celebrating the end of term, who came to blows over the favour of a young lady. Within seconds, the place was a shambles. Within minutes, the Lennoxville police had arrived and restored order. This was reported by Nelson Wyatt in *The Record* article. A few days later, night shift waitress Judy Lane recounted the episode to an SQ constable on his coffee break. He replied that if she had called the Sureté for help, she would have been told that they couldn't come right away. They would get there when they could, but in the meantime she had better get outside and save her skin!

Last night around midnight I was working on some pictures and wondering how to finish off this editorial with a good "closer". There was a knock on our office door, and a policeman asked who owned the car in the lot outside. It was mine, I explained, was anything the matter? Not really, it seemed. Only that I had left the car door wide open, with my camera equipment (my most valuable property) on display inside, free for the taking. The policeman suggested that that was probably not the wisest thing to do, waited until I had locked up, and went quietly on his way. Thank you, Lennoxville Police Force, for protecting us from our weaknesses. Thank you for being there.

CB

The Morning After

Just about everyone is wrapped up in the referendum campaign in one way or another these days. As fevers rise, each side attempts to out-do the other, making more and more outlandish Doomsday claims to justify their options. Frightening scenarios are painted: what if this or that? Then these or those will take matters into their own hands and then... Or the others will deny that a problem exists and then...

Canadians have been talking about colonial, then provincial, power sharing, and French-English language problems for centuries. The 1980 Referendum will hardly put an end to the differences of opinion, and we can look forward to the same arguments entertaining our offspring for more centuries to come.

Québecers can be proud (and this is much less true in the other provinces) that with very few exceptions our disagreements have been discussed in an open, civilized fashion and our daily lives marked by tolerance and harmony.

On Referendum day, vote the way you believe, or not at all. But on the morning after, remember that regardless of the outcome, almost half the voters will have lost. If your side loses, don't take out your frustration on your friends and neighbours, whatever their option. If your side wins, don't rub it in.

Let the 1980 Referendum be remembered as another peaceful step in Québec's and Canada's growth. On May 21, let's forget about referendums for a while and get back to work. Not only are we all in the same boat, but there's only one boat.

CB

coming soon...

PHILABEC 80

The Provincial Philatelic Exhibition will be held at the end of the month at the Sherbrooke College Sport Centre.

Stamp enthusiasts will be treated to some 2400 exhibits, slide shows, films, and lectures. There will be a booklet on sale describing the postal history of the Eastern Townships. Collectors will have a chance to buy and trade stamps with dealers from far and near. The exhibition marks the 10th anniversary of Phila Sherbrooke, a group of nearly one hundred stamp lovers.

Sat., May 31 from 10 am to 10 pm
Sun., June 1 from 10 am to 4 pm

Sherbrooke College Sport Centre
Pavillon 1, 355 Park St., Sherbrooke

The Compton County Historical and Museum Society invites you to view new displays, meet friends and munch light refreshments May 9, 7-9 p.m. We will be open May 9 until Thanksgiving, every afternoon from 2-5 p.m., except Tuesdays and any other time upon request. Phone 875-5265 or 875-3600.

Flea Market's Fifth Year

The Bromont Flea Market will be opening Sunday, May 4th and will be held every Sunday until October 12th. Visitors will find such diverse items as Siamese kittens, antiques, home-baked goodies, rabbits, comic books, exotic sea shells and good old junk.

There will be garden produce, flowers, fresh farm eggs, as well as discontinued lines of new merchandise. The market is held at the Ciné-Parc Bromont, just off Exit 78 of the Eastern Townships Autoroute. For further information, call 243-0112 or 539-3569.

Spring Festival - Stanbridge East

Fri., May 2 **Flea Market**
Hot Dish Supper 5:00
Music and Square Dance 8:00

Sat., May 3 **Antique Show**
Pet Show Crafts Demonstrations and Sales

Sun., May 4 **Concert**
Ballet Recital
Reception

The organizers ask that Sun readers think of the festival auction as they do their Spring cleaning. Any items donated to the festival would be appreciated and there is a pick-up service. The auction proceeds will be divided among the United, Anglican and Catholic churches. For information, please call Rev. Eddy at 248-3044 or Mrs. Perkins at 295-2811.

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- Weaving
- Antiques
- Quilts
- ...and many other interesting articles plus our Flea Market.

ARTS SUTTON Presents

May 3, 4, 10, & 11 10 a.m. to 6 p.m.

Ghitta Caiserman-Roth—Born in Montreal, as a child, she studied under **Alexandre Bercovitch**, later in New York, she studied at the American Artists School and The Arts Student League under **Moses Soyer**. She graduated from the Parsons School of Design with a Post-graduate Scholarship.

Caiserman-Roth is a member of the Print and Drawing Council of Canada, The Royal Canadian Academy and was also a member of the defunct Canadian Group of Painters.

Ghitta Caiserman-Roth has taught for many years at Sir George Williams University, Saidye Bronfman Center, Summer Schools at the University of Queens and at Mount Allison University. Some of her recent solo shows are:

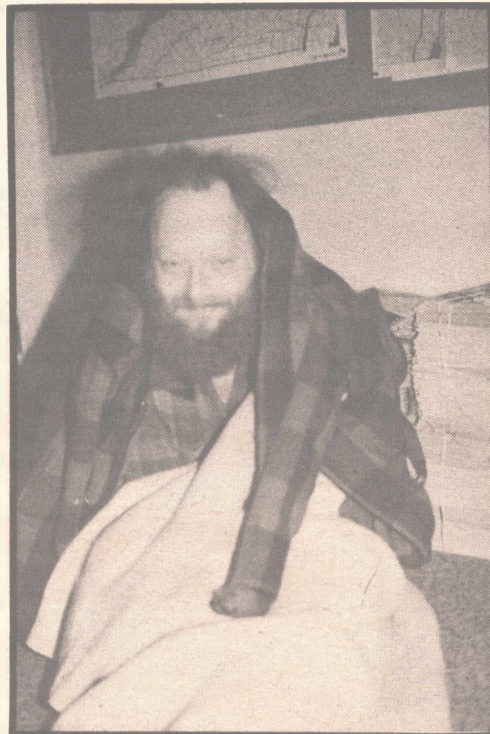
- Upstairs Gallery—Winnipeg
- Wallack Gallery—Ottawa
- Galerie Simon Dresdner—Toronto
- Gallery Magnum Opus—Montreal

Anke VanGinhoven—Born in the Netherlands, attended the Museum School in Amsterdam Holland, later in Montreal, she attended the Ecole des Beaux Arts, followed by special sculpture studies at the Université de Québec à Montréal.

Miss VanGinhoven is a very versatile artist, working in various media—paint, fabric, tapestry, weaving, as well as ceramic sculpture.



Peter Kerrigan—Montreal and Knowlton resident. In the forties, he studied Commercial Art in New York at the Pratt Institute. Since then, he has been painting on his own—mostly landscapes. His paintings are on exhibit at the Continental Galleries in Montreal and with art lenders in Pointe Claire.



APPOINTMENTS

The Townships Sun Ltd. is proud to announce the appointment of alleged editor C.A. "Scoop" Bury (the nick-name refers to his taste for ice cream) to the Board of Directors of the Centre for Investigative Journalism. His new responsibilities will include a free trip to Ottawa. Bury is shown here modelling the latest investigative sleepwear, and simultaneously waking up on the office floor one recent morning. When asked about the appointment, he answered, "What year did you say it was?"

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Townships Sun
Box 28
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Letters

they broke loose and knocked down a bystander named Allestree. The latter sued with the following declaration.

"The defendant porta deux chivals ungovernable en un coach et improvide, incaute, et absque debita consideratione ineptitudinis loci la eux drive per eux faire tractable et apt pur un coach, quels chivals, per ceoque, per leur ferocite, ne poient estre rule, curre sur le plaintiff et le noie".

By way of comparison consider an excerpt from the Paston letters written in 1453.

"I pray that ye be not strange of writing of letters to me betwixt this and that ye come home. If I might I would have every day one from you. The blessed Trinity have you in His keeping. Written at Norwich on the Tuesday next after the conversion Saint Paul."

M.P. to her husband

Bob Jarvis
St. Lambert, Qué.

SANS PREJUDICE

M. Merritt Clifton,
The Townships Sun

Monsieur,

La présente fait suite à votre article intitulé "Social Workers protest tactics of Centre des services sociaux de Richelieu" paru dans le Townships Sun de mars 1980.

Nous tenons à vous informer que selon nos informations, aucun travailleur social n'est impliqué dans les manoeuvres pour le moins douteuses que vous rapportez dans l'article en question.

Je vous prie également de prendre note que le titre "Travailleur Social" est un titre réservé par le Code des Professions (C.26) aux seuls membres de la Corporation professionnelle des travailleurs sociaux du Québec tel que stipulé à l'article 36 du Code:

"nul ne peut utiliser le titre de 'travailleur social' ni un titre quelconque comportant cette expression ou l'équivalent, ou s'attribuer les initiales 'T.S.P.' ou 'P.S.W.', s'il n'est détenteur d'un permis valide à cette fin et s'il n'est inscrit au tableau de la Corporation professionnelle des travailleurs sociaux du Québec;"

Les articles 188 et 189 sont concordants et prévoient des poursuites et des amendes pour quiconque contrevient à l'un des articles du Code des Professions. De plus, tous les travailleurs sociaux sont soumis à un Code d'éthique prévoyant des amendes diverses en cas d'actes dérogatoires.

Dans l'éventualité le situations semblables à celles que vous rapportez dans votre journal, il existe des recours légaux. Ainsi toute dérogation au Code des professions et à notre Code d'éthique devrait, selon la loi, être rapportée au syndicat ou au secrétaire du comité de discipline de notre Corporation professionnelle.

Enfin, un article tel que celui dont il est question, et que vous avez signé,

cause un préjudice aux travailleurs sociaux et à la profession de service social.

En conséquence, nous vous demandons, par les présentes, de faire les rectifications qui s'imposent pour le public dans la prochaine édition du Townships Sun.

Le Directeur général
Jacques Duval, t.s.

Corporation professionnelle des travailleurs sociaux du Québec.

Monsieur,

Nous avons reçu mandat du Centre de Services Sociaux Richelieu, de vous mettre en demeure de publier une rectification et une rétractation de l'article de **Monsieur Merritt Clifton** publié dans l'édition du mois de mars 1980 de votre journal, le "Townships Sun".

Concernant l'article publié dans votre journal qui est plus amplement décrit ci-après, vous êtes sommés par la présente de vous rétracter de façon

faussement croire qu'une méthode appelée "sensitivity training seminars" serait utilisée dans la formation et la supervision du personnel.

De plus, dans l'édition de votre journal "The Townships Sun" du mois d'avril 1980, vous avez fait publier la lettre et le communiqué de presse en réponse audit article de Monsieur Merritt Clifton au nom du Centre de Services Sociaux Richelieu et de son Directeur général le tout en conformité avec l'article 7 de la Loi de la Presse. Toutefois, vous avez accompagné la publication desdites lettres de la mention "This is not a retraction", mention qui constitue un commentaire à la réponse du Centre de Services Sociaux Richelieu, ce qui est prohibé par l'article 8 de ladite Loi de la Presse.

Notre cliente vous tient responsable des dommages qu'elle a subis et qu'elle continue de subir par suite de la publication au mois de mars 1980 de l'article dont il est fait mention ci-haut et de la publication au mois d'avril 1980 d'un commentaire prohibé accompagnant les lettres de réponse de notre cliente audit article.

A défaut par vous de vous rétracter publiquement dans le journal le "Townships Sun" des propos que vous avez tenus dans ledit article et ce, au plus tard dans la prochaine édition dudit journal, soit celle du mois de mai 1980, nos instructions

acquaintance, whom I interviewed twice in the presence of witnesses, the first time during a breakdown occasioned by such a "Sensitivity Training" seminar held at her office earlier that afternoon. During the second interview, about two weeks later, this worker confirmed all previous statements and added detail.

I am accordingly quite well prepared to meet the CSSR in court over their libel charges, and to prove everything my article says. Moreover, I intend to present Social Affairs Minister Denis Lazure with a dossier on these sensitivity training seminars, and other abuses which, incidentally did not take place at either Granby or Cowansville. One wonders why these two offices have automatically assumed that any criticism of the CSSR is directed at them.

Meanwhile, I must protect my primary source, who has already suffered quite enough abuse from colleagues. To preserve source anonymity until such time as the source can receive court protection, I hereby assume all responsibility for "Social Workers Protest Tactics" from The Townships Sun.

Merritt Clifton

Two months ago I had the pleasure of speaking with you, by telephone, from Stanstead. We got into the subject of your paper and I told you it was a wonderful paper, so interesting, also my mother-in-law who comes to Québec once a year from Holland, The Netherlands, loves your paper. When we have finished reading the paper we send it over to Holland for her, then she passes it around. So you see your paper goes a long way. My mother-in-law is very interested in our beautiful Eastern Townships. Especially the Fall, when every tree is a mass of beautiful colour. She holds her breath, she cannot believe it's real and that we live in this Province. She came over last year just as the trees were colouring and stayed until the winds blew them down. But she captured the beauty with her camera. She can never forget.

Also I grow African Violets. I have sent this poem along for you to publish.

Mrs. C. Vriesendorp
Ayer's Cliff

MY AFRICAN VIOLET

Beautiful African Violet
That's really not enough to say
You make my life happier
Just to see you everyday.

If only you knew how much you are loved
Gazed upon, almost hourly
To be able to bloom, year in year out
And to own you, I would proudly.

To have you sit upon a throne
For all the world to see
Beautiful African Violet
Especially to me.

And when your put into a show
All trimmed and fancied up
And have a judge select you first
With ribbons, maybe a cup.

They do not ask for very much
Just only when they are small
With a little care and loving touch
You will see them grow—that's all.

Continued on page 54



David Lake

complète et de justifier de votre bonne foi conformément à l'article 3 de la Loi de la Presse (1964, S.R.Q. Ch. 48) et ce, dans l'édition de votre mensuel qui suivra immédiatement la réception de la présente, le tout à vos entiers dépens.

Telles rétractation et justification doivent être publiées dans votre journal dans un endroit aussi en vue que l'article ci-après décrit.

L'article que vous avez publié et qui cause préjudice à notre cliente par son caractère diffamatoire et calomnieux est le suivant:

"The Townships Sun, édition de mars 1980, page 27: article de Merritt Clifton, "Social Workers Protest Tactics of Centre de Services Sociaux Richelieu".

Cet article est calomnieux et diffamatoire dans son ensemble et plus particulièrement dans les qualificatifs et critiques sans fondement qu'il donne concernant la gestion du personnel du Centre de Services Sociaux Richelieu, les méthodes de supervision et les services rendus à sa clientèle.

Cet article est également calomnieux et diffamatoire en ce qu'il laisse

sont d'intenter contre vous personnellement les procédures judiciaires appropriées sans autre avis ni délai. Veuillez agir en conséquence.

Bien à vous,
Yvan Cousineau, avocat
Bernier, Prénoveau et Cousineau

To whom it may concern,

It comes to my attention that the Granby and Cowansville offices of the CSSR have threatened a libel suit over my exposé in the March 80 issue, entitled Social Workers Protest Tactics of CSSR.

The exposé recounted how "Sensitivity Training" seminars, conducted at one or more CSSR offices during the month of November 1979, had driven at least two social workers into nervous breakdowns. The workers involved had concealed their breakdowns from co-workers. They also reported various other abuses within the CSSR, all of which are a matter of legal record.

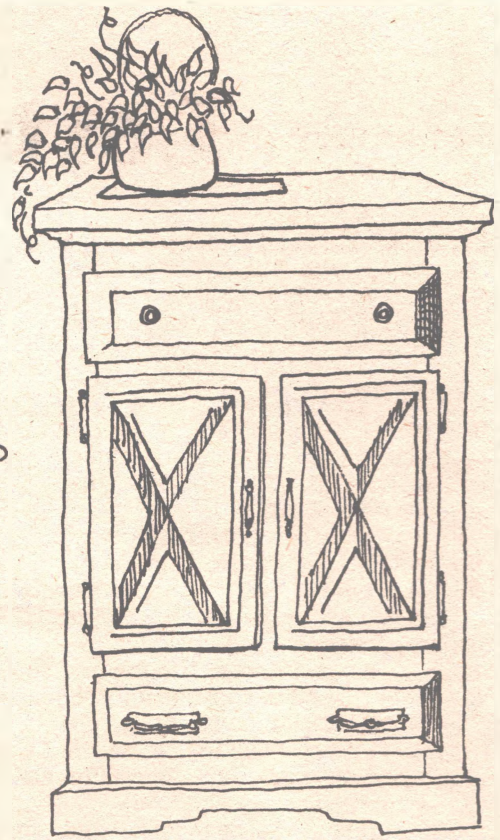
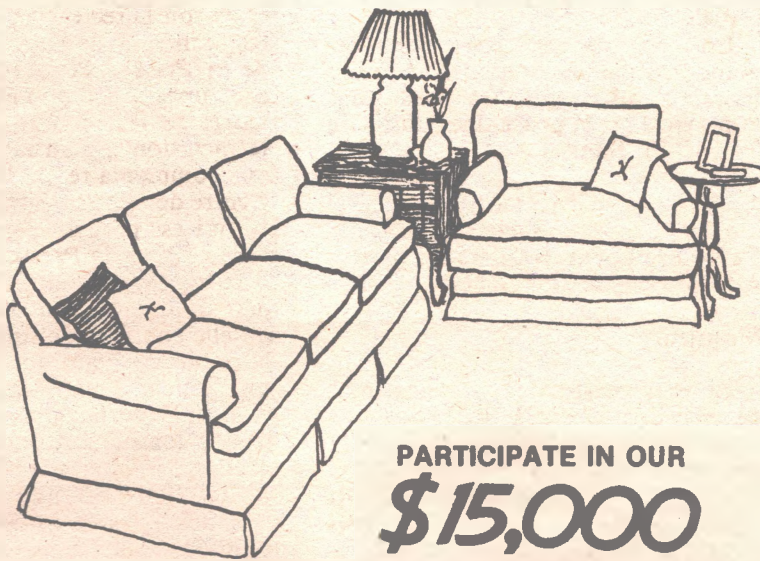
My primary source was a social worker, a long-time trusted personal

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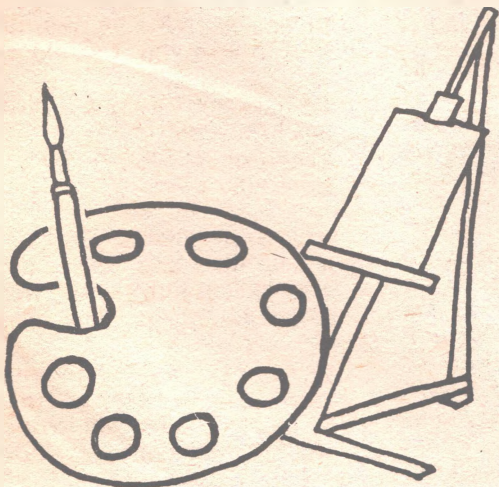
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OUI

If They Believe They Want a Country...

An Interview with Judith Moore
by Charles Bury

Judith Moore is "not really a political person" but she shyly consented to an interview about her position on the referendum.

Born in Montreal, Ms. Moore first joined the PQ in 1973, to "vote for something honest. I was basically voting against the Bourassa government. I felt then and I still feel that when René Levesque stands up to say something, he really means it."

As a party member, Moore receives party literature and is invited to all the meetings, although she has never been to one. "I feel something of an outsider in the Parti Québécois, but I have never sensed any hostility towards me."

Her stand on Sovereignty-Association is straight-forward. "Eighty or eighty-five percent of Québécois are French-speaking. If they believe they want a country of their own, then I believe they should have it."

"If the OUI side loses, Québec will be forgotten again by Ottawa, and there may be trouble. Too many people are counting on having a new deal of some sort for Québec."

"If the No side wins, Ottawa will let Québec and the other provinces ride. It's not just Québec that's unhappy with Ottawa."

Much of Ms. Moore's conviction on S-A seems to derive from her frank dislike of the federal system, and big government in general. "I feel nothing for the federal government. They don't care about people. They are just a bunch of politicians posing for each other. They seem so far away from the people. When you watch them on TV, you can see there's no governing going on, no caring going on. Their just seeing who can put the others down. The Liberal government thinks it knows better than anyone else. It governs without listening."

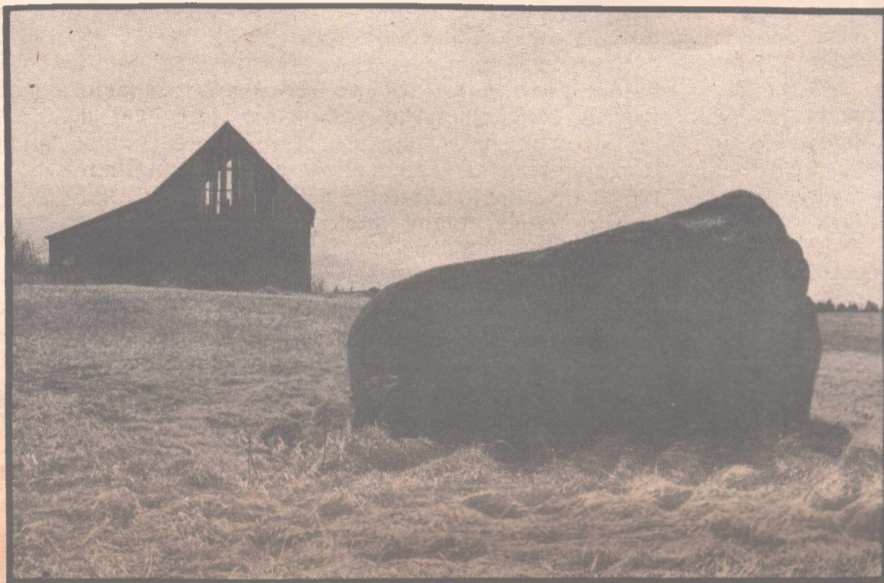
"I am very much in favour of small, local governments—people could have a say in their needs and wants. We won't necessarily get this from the PQ, but at least it's a little bit smaller."

"Each province should have its own government, and the provinces would form an association with each other. We have to give the power back to the provinces, back to the people. But I've never really thought about running a country."

Asked whether she is satisfied with PQ performance in government since 1976, Ms. Moore has mixed feelings. "As a member of a union, I don't like strike-breaking, and I didn't think the PQ



Susan Mastine



Charles Bury

Judith Moore is a mother, registered nurse, nursery school specialist, resident of North Hatley and member of the OUI committee for Orford.

would do such a thing. But I still think it's the best government we've been offered so far."

"My first choice would be the NDP. If it had more power in Canada, especially in Québec, I probably wouldn't vote yes. I think we'd get a good deal with an NDP federal government. When I listen to Ed Broadbent, I feel he has more respect for the people of Québec, and concern for their needs."

As an educator and parent, one of Judith Moore's main concerns is education, which she sees as one of our root problems. "Students are just put through the schools, not to educate them, not to help them learn, but just to fill them full of information, and keep them busy until they're 17 or 18 years old."

"There are fantastic ideas in education that have been around for 50 years but were never instituted. One of the problems is that the government and the people don't want to pay for it. The School Boards' main goal is just to keep the cost down, when it should be to provide the best education possible."

"The unhappiness and desire of Québec to separate is partly a question of education. Canadians are capable of being bilingual, but the School Boards haven't done their jobs."

"As late as two years ago, I had a group of 50 parents who had signed to ask for an extra course in French at Galt (regional high school, Lennoxville). It wasn't given because it 'interfered with scheduling'. First we should decide on educational goals, then on scheduling. At last they implemented the extra course last year."

"Western students come to Galt to learn French in exchange programs, and they stay with English families!"

"It's sad that after the passage of Bill 101, the School Boards urged parents to break the law. The Boards assumed that everyone had the same idea they did, and they distributed pre-addressed form letters to protest PQ language policies."

Ms. Moore has no illusions that voting Yes will simply break the ice in inter-provincial and provincial-federal negotiations." I think we

(Québécois) will have to go pretty far. Every time there's an issue, the federal government seems to give just enough to keep Québec quiet. Then they neglect the issue."

"The October Crisis of 1970 was an example of this. There was a big problem. The federal government used the crisis to scare Québécois, for example by invoking the War Measures Act. Even after it was revealed that the crisis was blown out of proportion by the federal government, no significant changes were made to ease the problems and fill the basic needs of the Québec people."

"Men and women were taken away from their families and put in jail for two or three months, with no charges and trials, probably for no other reason than that they expressed some nationalistic views."

"It happened once, and if ever the government built up that fear again, then innocent people could be mistreated and deprived of their rights again too. But too many people are watching all over the world."

"I think that if the Québec government gets a OUI, then Ottawa with have to listen now, and change. Because I think Canada needs Québec as much as Québec needs Canada."

"So if the federal government is open and honest, and says 'What do you want?' and tries to give it, we can have our Québec with or beside Canada and get along in harmony as good neighbours."

Judith Moore is not campaigning actively, but she does see some lines being drawn around her. But, "People who are really friends don't judge you by your vote. It doesn't surprise me who's voting OUI and who's voting NON. One thing that bothers me is people who don't have any opinions, or if they do, they won't say anything."

"I sort of don't like to advertise or preach my political views because they are mine and they are personal. I'm not trying to influence anyone. Most of the people I know are voting NON, and I don't feel any hostility towards them. I respect their views and I hope they can respect mine." □



Charles Bury

NON

The P.Q. Legacy: A Divided Québec

by David Simms

Ever since the Parti Québécois won the 1976 general election and subsequently introduced the one rear licence plate, Québécois have seen a variety of creative designs for the optional front plate. The spectrum runs from a choice of flags, maple leaf or fleur de lys to more humorous designs such as "Mon pays, c'est l'hiver", "René-Mad", or, the purposeful "Québécois" accompanied by an upward-pointing arrow suggesting a new kind of ascendancy.

The licence-plate-debate has caught my eye for the past three years. I've often tried, as many others probably have, to guess the potential leanings of drivers in given areas with regard to the coming referendum; how many "ouis"...how many "nons"? I suppose that I've also fallen into speculating how the driver of a "faut se parler" would vote or how many fleur-de-lys would, in fact, vote non. I thank the government for easing the boredom of travelling.

As near as I can remember, I became conscious of Québec nationalism about eighteen years ago. That happened during one of the first waves of FLQ bombings when I naively asked a French-speaking friend whether he was a separatist. He replied saying that he was, instead, an "independentiste". I, understandably failed to comprehend the difference. Nevertheless, as he described the movement, I quickly became aware of the intense nationalism which formed its basis. I concluded that, ethnically, I could have no part in it.

Subsequently, other friends used to tease, saying that when Québec separated they'd change my name to French so that I'd fit in. Somehow, they figured that they'd like to have me stay in that utopian and culturally homogeneous vision of an independent Québec. This was all in good-natured, loving jest, for, we were as close as good friends could be. I'm reasonably sure that a majority of these friends will also vote "non" because they realize the narrowness of the militant nationalism that started the movement on its way. Unfortunately, many anglophones believe that because French Canadian nationalism is at the basis of the "yes" side of the referendum debate it also means that French Canadians, de facto, support Québec independence. This is a tragic result of the two solitudes that we've heard so much about.

Today, the vision of an independent Québec has evolved, as well it must, to become a democratically acceptable option. The Parti Québécois is playing every available angle to gather support for their option. They're trying to disassociate themselves from the "yes" in order to cultivate the members of other parties. They're saying that, in an independent Québec, no restrictive language legislation will be needed. They're saying that we don't have to be French-speaking to support independence, and, they're zeroing in on alleged injustices of the federal system to gather support for dismembering it rather than working at

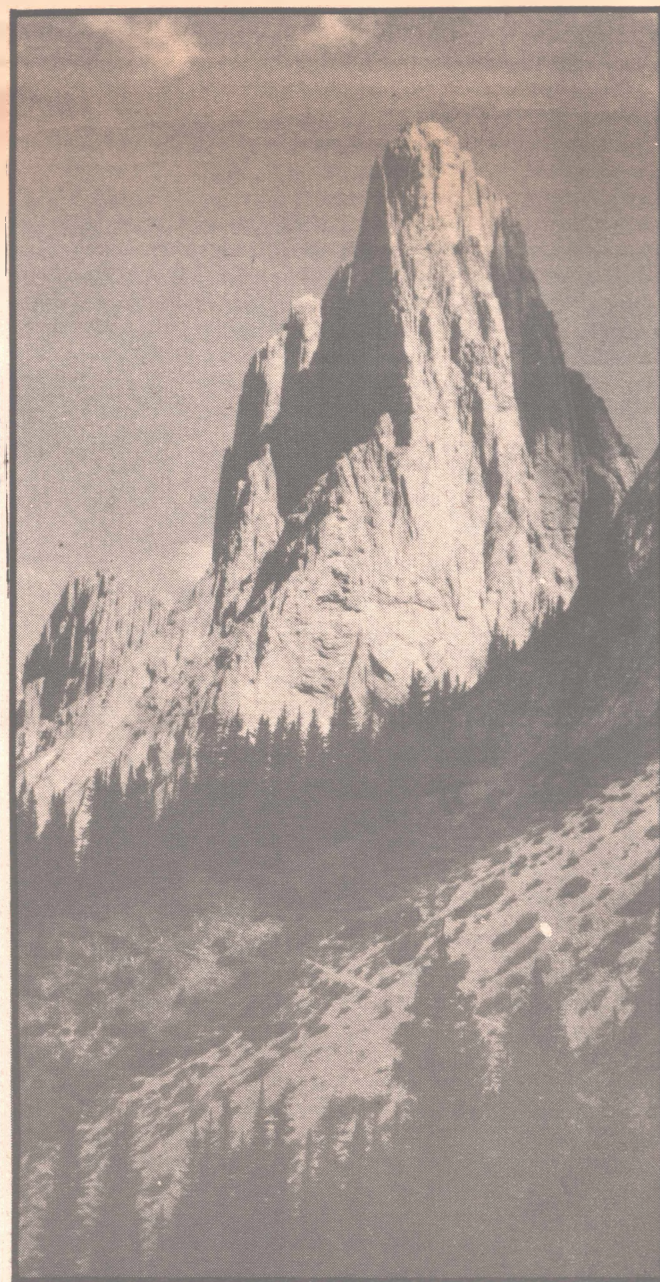


How many outhouses straddle a political boundary? This one sits on the Alberta-B.C. line at the top of Abbott Pass, near Lake Louise. Canada has its share of laughs, too!

David Simms is a father, schoolteacher, wind-power expert, resident of North Hatley, and member of the NON committee for Orford.



Cultural diversity is part of Canada. Here, a procession in Lawn, Newfoundland leads to the annual blessing of the fishing boats.



The geographic diversity of Canada is shown here by Mount Louis, a spire near Banff, Alberta.

David Simms

improving it from within. Now, the P.Q. has come out with the "soft yes" for federalists who would like to spur a few changes. However, a blurred yes, a soft yes or a militant yes are all the same... The Parti Québécois has not outlined with any clarity what they intend to do with a "yes" vote if they get it. They have not described how they will act in each eventuality, whether the other provinces negotiate or whether they don't. Their idea of a Québec state, associated or not with Canada, has also become vague—is it to be socialist, or will it have a free enterprise economy? There are many unanswered questions, it seems.

An independent Québec is an unknown quantity. It seems taken for granted, however, that many of the positive attributes of Canada would be automatically transferred to it. The negative aspects of Canada will, according to P.Q. rhetoric, be left behind.

I've often considered the diverse geography of Canada to be an extremely exciting asset. Of course, should Québec become independent, we will lose our claim to the vast majority of Canadian territory. The Rocky Mountains would stay where they are...the granary of the west would be in another country. The sandy beaches of Cavendish, the fjords of B.C. or the rocky shores of Newfoundland...they'd all be outside our borders. What could a Québecer gain in renouncing the territory that would be his, as a Canadian? Where is the spirit of La Verendrye...of the *coureurs de bois*?

Mike Tratch, a prairie farmer, came from his native Austria as a young boy. Today, he's in his sixties and lives near Canora Saskatchewan. Mike speaks no German, but he does speak English, Russian, Polish and Italian. He learned these languages to talk to his neighbors. It seemed to me that Mike realized that to truly know someone you must also know his language. He didn't see the preservation of his own German tongue to be more important than learning the cultures of those around him—that gave him more pleasure. This is just one example, but would the new state of Québec exemplify the same tolerance, the same consideration that has grown naturally and perhaps below the surface in a multi-cultural Canada?

How could we believe that our freedoms, which represent the goals of less privileged peoples in the world, would be transferred to the state of Québec when those who are trying to engineer the change use every type of one-sided presentation to achieve their end?

The Parti Québécois tells us that they're ready to blackmail our fellow Canadians into accepting an economic association with an independent Québec. They'd deny the other provinces access to Québec markets—so the argument goes—to force them into an economic association. When did they tell Québecers to be ready to pay more for goods which, in a competitive world economy would certainly come cheaper from the other provinces than from elsewhere? I haven't heard that side yet.

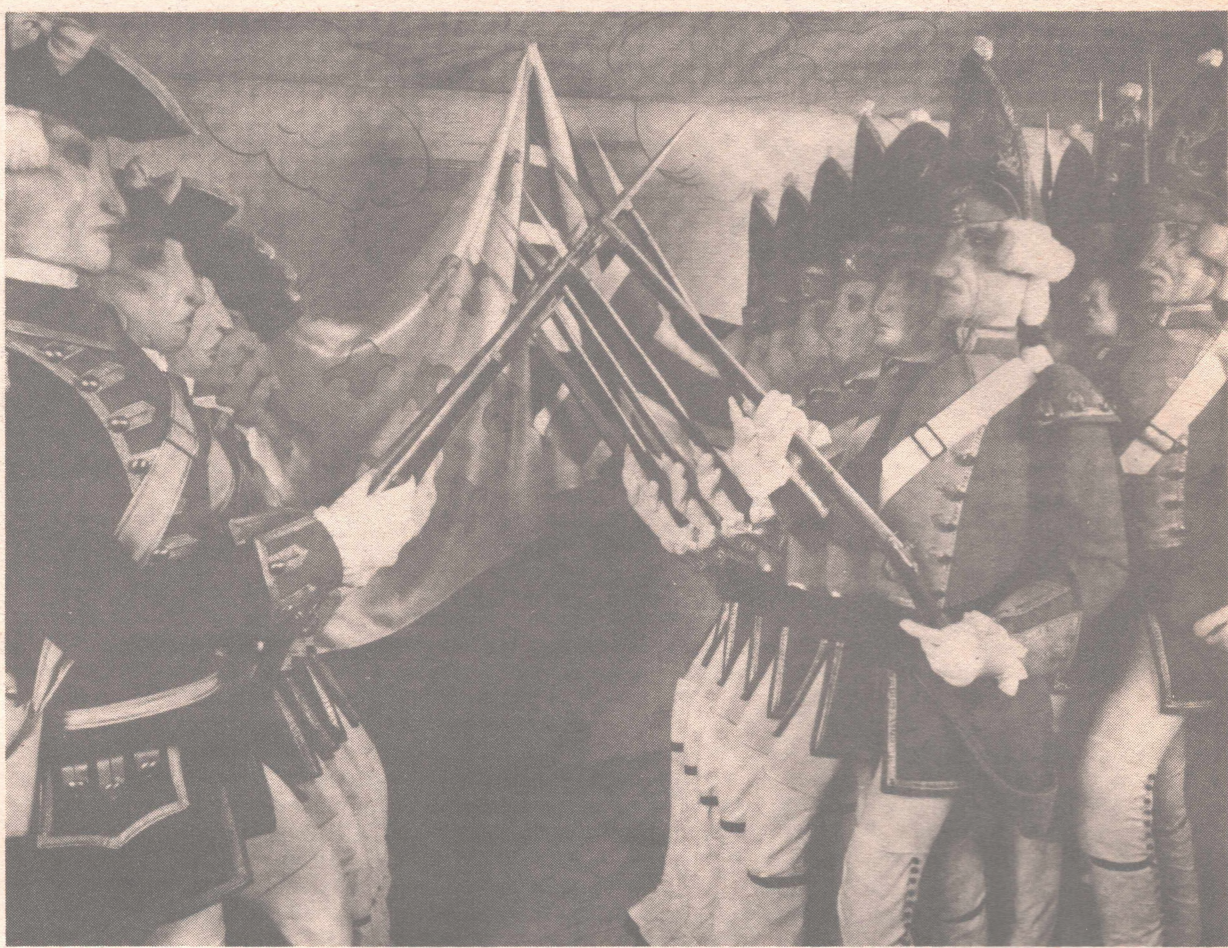
To suit their purpose, the P.Q. tells us that the Québecois are on an irreversible march toward independence, that their vitality and achievements can no longer be impeded by the restrictions of Confederation. Two years ago, they justified the restrictions of Bill 101 by arguing that the French language (and the nation of French Canadians) would disappear—that it would be swallowed up by English unless drastic measures were taken. Do these add up?

Anglophones who support their option are courageous but those who don't are ghettoized or manipulated by the paranoia of the English media.

A real Québecer is one who supports independence. Those who consider Confederation best for the province are not real Québecers—they're colonized!

For the Parti Québécois, an older citizen who'd vote "non" cannot be attached to Canada—he must, in the most crass and simplistic terms, be afraid to lose his pension.

From the beginning, the government has created two kinds of Québecers—those who agree with their measures and those who don't. Heaping insults on those who disagree and trying to arouse the disapproval of others in this way, is manipulation that the Parti Québécois has become adept at. In acting this way, they belittle the intelligence and judgement of all Québecers. They are hardly fit for the impartiality of public office, let alone the restructuring of Québec's relation with the rest of Canada. I will vote "no" to their question and in the next election, "no" to them.



Discovery Train

In Case You Hadn't Heard...

A few highlights, lowlights, backlights and sidelights of the campaign.

The *Gazette* suspended journalist **André Gagnon** for being too active in the *Oui* campaign. First they "invited him to take a leave without pay. When the union took up his cause he was suspended with pay. All this was reported widely in the French-language press, narrowly in *The Gazette*. What failed to make equal waves was that the same thing had happened to columnist **Nick Auf Der Maur** on the *Non* side.

Commercialism at its stupidest surfaced in Magog, where the *Théâtre Entre Chien et Loup* offered a corny invitation to vote *Oui* or *Non* by buying tickets to their "constitutional" presentation. Their press release was in the form of a referendum ballot.

The Dartmouth, Nova Scotia Chamber of Commerce sent this letter to all Québec newspapers and Chambres de Commerce:

The Dartmouth Chamber of Commerce believes that all provinces within the confederation of Canada should be equal partners and that all are necessary for the future orderly development of the nation.

We believe also that each province should be able to retain its own identity whilst still benefitting from the rich mosaic of the Canadian nation.

We in Nova Scotia are not strangers to regional disparity in terms of politics and economics, which has been happening ever since this province, together with New Brunswick, Ontario, and Québec founded this confederation.

In consequence, we share with Québec the belief that a readjustment of opportunities and responsibilities is needed, and that this can be achieved within the concept of a central federal government.

The loss of any partner in our confederation, whether it be one of the western provinces, the province of Québec, or one of the Atlantic provinces, would have a severe effect on the future of our country.

We urge that your Board / Chamber resolve to stay within the framework of our Canadian nation, and join with your friends in Nova Scotia in working towards a better Canada for all of us.

We believe that a 'no' vote in the forthcoming referendum would best serve the interests of both Québecois and those of us in the other provinces.

Sincerely yours,
Dartmouth Chamber of Commerce
Elizabeth I. Hanson, President

From the Hydro-Québec PR office comes this gem.

"The referendum campaign has just started and already Hydro can attest to the appearance of notices, posters and banners on electrical distribution poles, private property of the Crown Corporation.

"Hydro Québec cannot tolerate this practice, mainly for aesthetic reasons. To attach any form of notice to poles brings an attack on the environment of the milieu which Hydro Québec cannot accept."

Elphège Boulet of Donnelly Alberta wrote the following open letter to Québec's farmers taken here from the farm weekly *La terre de chez nous*:

I am a farmer from Alberta. Some will ask what am I doing in all this; but because the other day I had the impression that one wished to exchange a birth-right for a few barrels of oil, and because they want to wage some of the referendum campaign on the backs of the minorities outside Québec, here I am.

At the formation of the provinces of Alberta and Saskatchewan after the fights of 1891-92 in Manitoba, a certain **Henri Bourassa**, talking of the question of schools in the North West said this: "To seek the union of the two races in Canada outside the mutual respect they owe to their respective rights, is to build the nation on a fragile base, it is to have as its cornerstone an element of ruin and destruction."

History shows well that we didn't much listen to **Henri Bourassa** and today we have the sad spectacle of seeing Québec's 75 MPs struggle one by one and together to fight the Premier of Québec, who is still talking about the equality of peoples.

The day that I see those same 75 MPs fight just as hard in the House of Commons, and just as unanimously, for French-language rights on the land, the sea and in the air of the whole country, that day, supposing that those who applaud today will applaud then, I will start to believe their story. While waiting, and because it will probably take some time yet to arrive at the firm will to replace the cornerstone which falsifies the whole federal structure, it seems to me quite logical to give the government of Québec the mandate to negotiate a new agreement.

Elphège Boulet
Donnelly, Alberta

Townships Chronicle...

by Don Young

April

Boredom with the referendum question is definitely evidenced in the local English press. One can see it in the headlines used—Ref this and Ref that—worse still in the articles. Granted the politicians don't make it easy, but if the media keeps asking the same question, the same old answers are bound to haunt them.

Perhaps it's time to look at the issue from a brand new angle. Why not assume that change will occur one way or another? The pollsters have shown how divided and fickle the electorate is over the referendum question. But one thing is clear. The vast majority believe there is a need for change. (According to the last CBC poll, only 32% were willing to accept the status quo). No matter who negotiates, confederation will never be the same and to be bored with a question of your own citizenship is nonchalant, to say the least. Perhaps it's not boredom, but merely a nervous yawn.

Catching up

René Lévesque greeted the Liberal sweep of the province in the February federal election with optimism. The province has a long tradition of balancing federal and provincial power. He feels that the counterweight to this sweep will be a resounding "yes". But he does not contend with this theorem's corollaries. Will a sweeping "yes" vote be followed by a provincial Liberal victory? And if Quebecers still want to play minority politics, how will he persuade them to give up the influence they have had on Canadian politics for 113 years?

"L'Estrie" is an important region politically and the referendum campaigns began here on the heels of the federal election. The following weekend, a two-day symposium was held at the University of Sherbrooke. Seven P.Q. ministers and numerous parliamentary assistants led the two-day session of conferences and workshops which about 800 people attended. In the beginning of March, Pierre-Marc Johnson returned to the University to introduce 16 prominent community residents who are supporting the P.Q. option. Among them was the University's rector, Yves Martin.

The university is one territory which the "non" forces have conceded, at least until they are in a position to avenge themselves. Claude Ryan let it be known that the Rector would have to pay some day for his support of the "oui". For this he was accused of "intolerance" by Johnson who believed that seeking revenge was a dangerous precedent in a democracy. Mr. Lévesque hoped that the debate would never again descend to this

level of "mesquinerie".

Ryan's first foray into the Townships took the form of an appearance on a CJRS open-line show, a speech to about 600 people at the Bishop's University pub and another at the Auberge des Gouverneurs hosted by the local Chamber of Commerce. Since the Québec Chambers of Commerce have already expressed their opposition to the P.Q. option and Bishop's can hardly be considered a hostile environment, the hot-line show was the only place Ryan was not preaching to the converted.

In comparison, the P.Q. pulled out all the stops. Any illumination which Ryan's visit produced was blotted out by the brilliance of Lévesque's. It included a press conference where once again supporters were flaunted, an open-line show on CHLT, a reception at the Auberge des Gouverneurs, a short visit to the Youville, a cocktail party with "oui" supporters and a talk before the Club sociale de Sherbrooke. The media moths were again in evidence but, despite his teasing, there is no indication that René took up Ms. Treiser's offer of equal sauna time—perhaps because his wife was accompanying him.

The thrust of Mr. Lévesque's message was a call for Québécois solidarité, especially francophone solidarity in order to combat the intransigence of the Montreal English. Note the geographic delineation. According to Pierre-Marc Johnson, who accompanied the Premier, the P.Q. considers anglophones in the Townships more understanding because of their closer ties with the francophone community.

There has been little high profile

campaigning locally since mid-March. After the Great Debate debacle, the Liberals were expected to pick up steam but so far the only supportive organizer to have any impact is Lise Payette. Ryan did drop in this month to announce the presidents of the local "no" committees and pointed out that they would be operating autonomously.

Both umbrellas have been busy at the grass roots for some time. And, if we are to believe Ryan, this is where the "non" strength lies, although it is difficult to believe that they will do a better job door-to-door than the P.Q. with all its youthful enthusiasts.

Certainly the "non" will have strong backing from federal M.P.s who, now that the campaign has officially begun, can address their constituents without conforming to the financial restrictions. Federal literature is already flooding the post office.

At whatever level, federalist forces will have difficulty convincing Québécois that "a yes will block change"—even Trudeau's attempts seem like sophistry—and that a "no" can renew federalism. With the P.Q., it is a question of denying change immediately, yet maintaining the referendum's long-term significance.

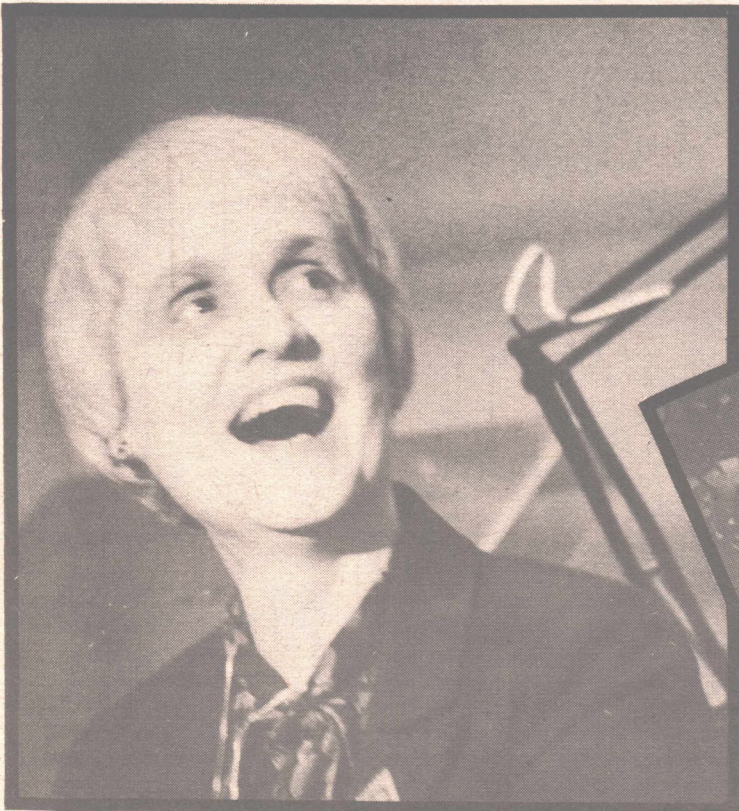
Lévesque is correct in his assertion that this is not a partisan issue. In fact, the old political parties are being ripped apart by it. Despite Lévesque's attempts to portray what is happening as a movement of national liberation, in many ways it is more akin to a civil war or a social revolution. The division is not between English and French but between brother and brother, husband and wife, father

and son. It is not a division between Canadian and Québécois but between those who want to hold on to what they have and those who want more. But this means one thing to those who expect to lead and quite another to those who are expected to follow.

An interesting feature of the campaign in the Townships has been the demand for local control by popular groups like the Conseil Regional des Communications de l'Estrie, the Conseil de la Culture de l'Estrie and the Conseil Regional de Développement (économique et sociale) de l'Estrie. And what's even more interesting, the P.Q.'s responsiveness. Members of these groups represent the very core of the party's support—the new middle class—and it is obvious that locally they look on autonomy in regional as well as national terms. The groups were placated by the promise of local access to Radio-Québec but Lévesque refused to discuss decentralization of social and economic services before sovereignty-association is achieved. The P.Q. must be careful not to alienate its more established middle class supporters while not discouraging the hopes for economic and social democratization from below.

Whether it is labelled renewed federalism or sovereignty-association, Trudeau is right. The Québécois do want to have their cake and eat it too. If the silent majority in Québec had its way, it would continue to play the old game of minority politics as long as possible, allowing a new symbiotic relationship between founding races to evolve, but the P.Q. have assured that sooner or later their hand will be called. □



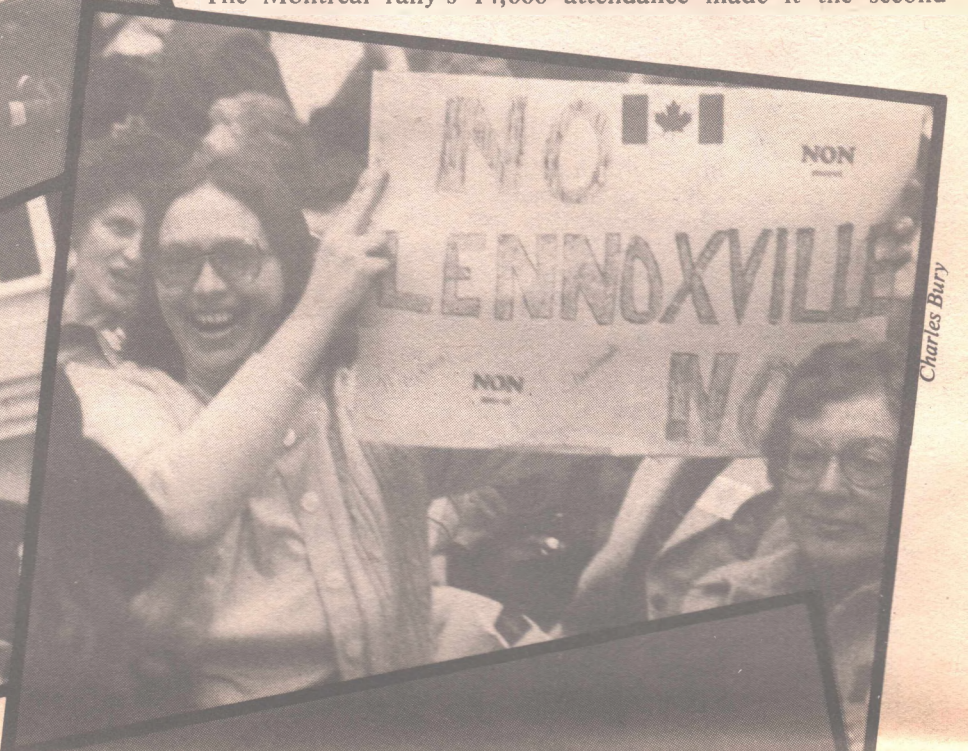


YVETTES

For the most part, the 1980 Referendum campaign has been a dull, predictable affair. The same old platitudes turned over one more time like compost, and spread at last over the garden in the hope that something will grow. But the only vigorous growth so far has been what botanists would call a "naturally occurring hybrid", *Yvette Québécoise ordinaria referendum*. Seen by some as a weed but by others as a hardy, beautiful wildflower, Yvettes grow almost everywhere. In Québec they are popping up almost everywhere this spring, the campaign's only significant movement.

From Valleyfield to Seven Islands, Québec's women have rallied to the Non cause and made it their own. It all started with Minister for the Status of Women Lise Payette's offhand remark that Madeleine [Mme. Claude] Ryan, like most women voting Non, was an "Yvette", a passive housebound character from a Québec reading primer. Mme Ryan's cool reply was that while Payette, a former TV personality, had been interviewing go-go dancers and judging the Most Handsome Man in Québec Contest, she (Ryan) had been president of the Superior Council of Education.

The Montréal rally's 14,000 attendance made it the second



Charles Bury



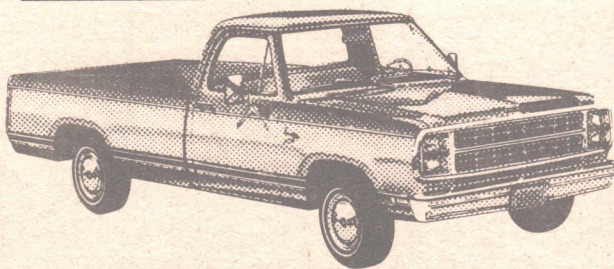
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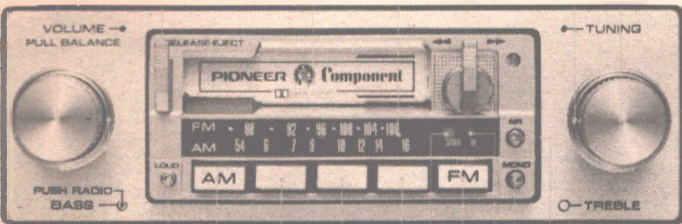
Charles Bury

largest political gathering in Québec history (largest is hubby Claude's victorious leadership convention).

Filing in to the Québec-Western twang of Willie Lamothe's J'organize un picnic party; over 5000 women gathered in Sherbrooke from all over the Townships to laugh and sing, rub shoulders and listen to speeches praising the joys of Confederation, the advantages of womanhood, and vice-versa.

Featured speaker was Mme. Ryan (upper left), but Senator Thérèse Casgrain, who almost single handedly brought Québec women the vote 40 years ago, was the soirée's real heroine in her paradoxical black hat.

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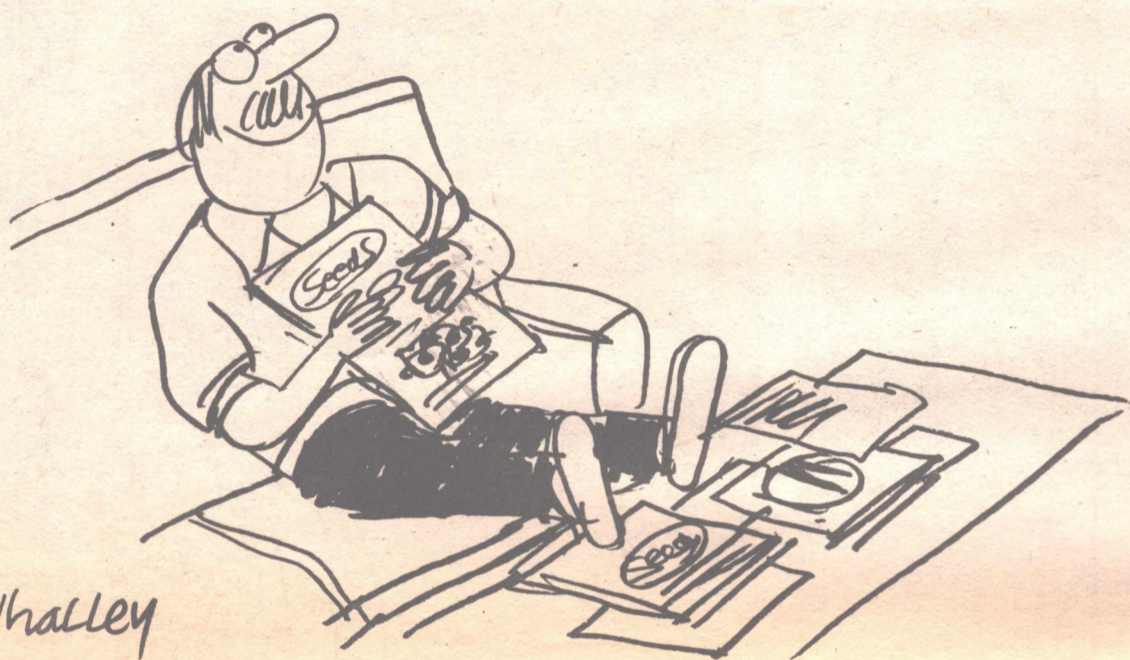
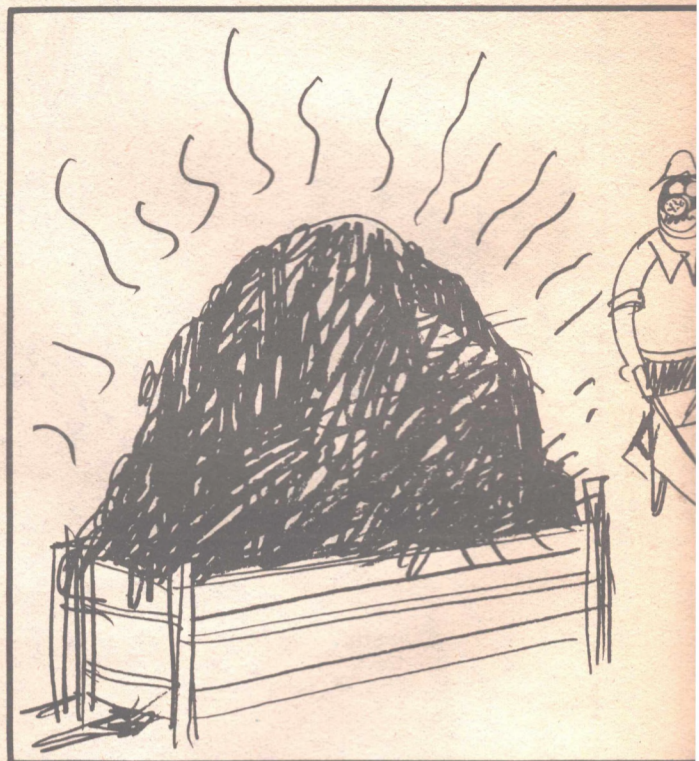
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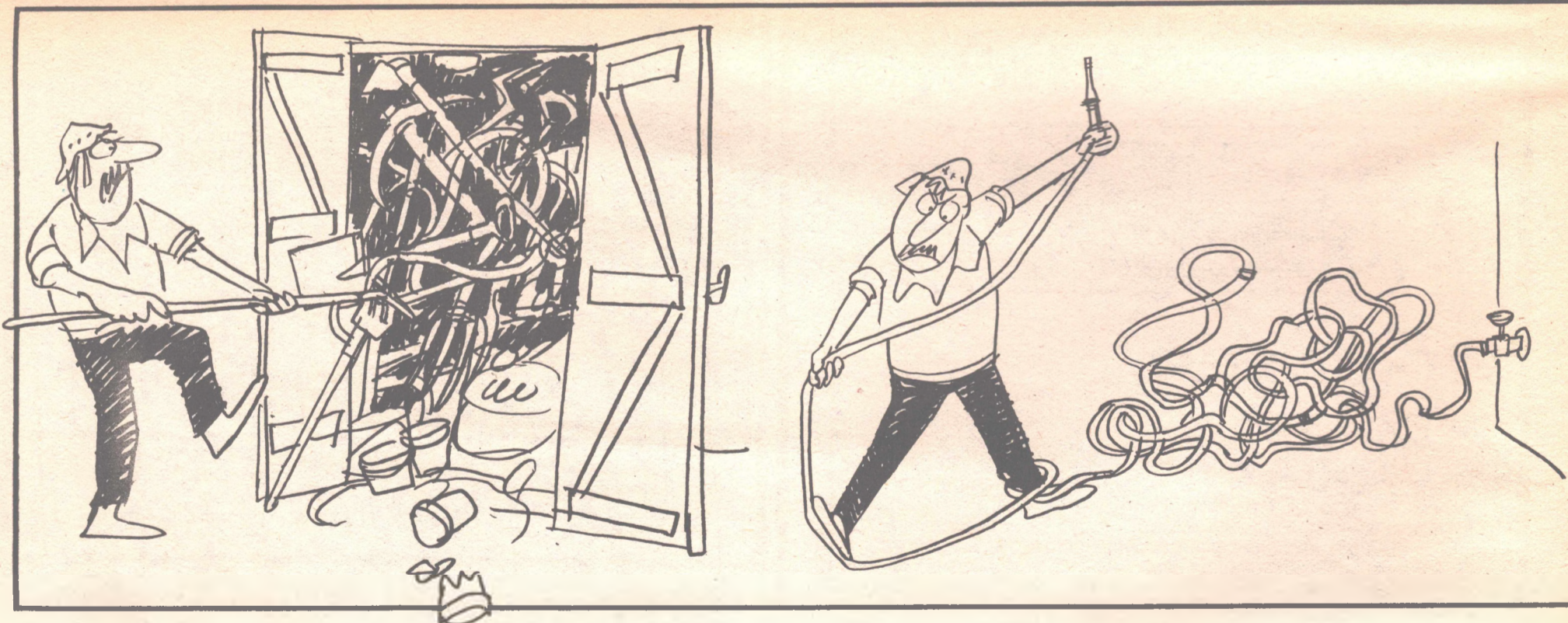
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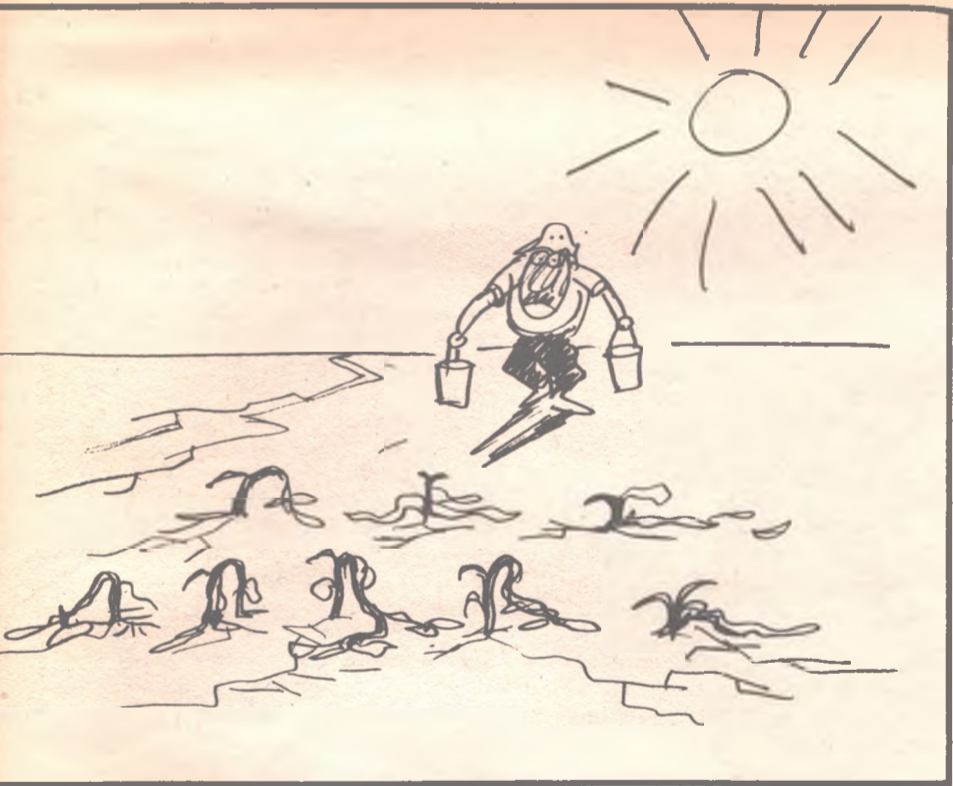
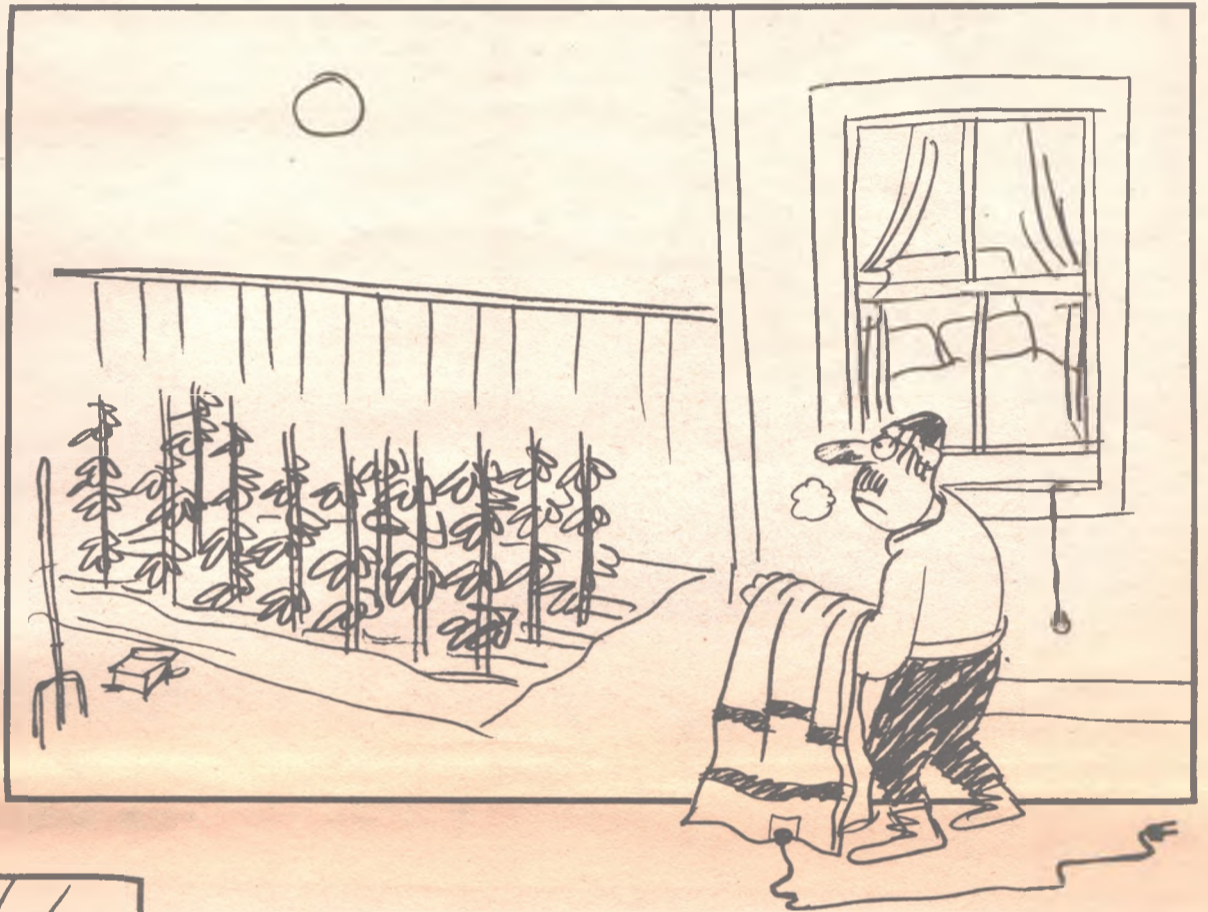
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SOIL: A Question of Balance

PART II

by Joe Smillie

Modern science is discovering that the role of trace minerals in the soil is extremely important. **Zinc, Cobalt, Magnesium, Iron and Selenium** are necessary for healthy animal and plant life in the soil. Some soils may be low in a particular trace element because the parent rock was lacking, but the problem is often due to poor soil management—not enough organic matter and unbalanced application of soil minerals. If too much calcium and potassium are applied, the soil will be low in magnesium. Too much calcium prevents iron from doing its job and high levels of phosphate drive off zinc. Crushed rock powders like granite dust and natural phosphates will provide a variety of trace minerals. Liquid seaweed extract contains more than 60 minerals and can be sprayed on the soil or the plants.

Nitrogen is usually at the top of the fertilizer list because it is essential to plant growth. I have put it at the end of my list because it is the natural result of good gardening practices. It shouldn't have to be poured out of a bag onto the soil.

Nitrogen is a gas—an elusive,

highly mobile plant nutrient. Soil with a balance of minerals and lots of biological activity will create a good nitrogen cycle. The gardener can ensure this activity by adding compost to the soil. Compost is made by aerating a mixture of organic matter and animal manures. Given adequate air and moisture, the micro-organisms in this mixture digest the organic matter and make humus.

Adding 50 pounds of good compost to every 100 square feet of garden will get the soil off to a good start. The life in the compost will spread through the soil—working much the same way as yogurt culture added to warm milk or yeast added to crushed grapes. In a soil with a good mineral balance, compost is all that's needed to ensure enough nitrogen.

Green manure is another source of nitrogen. This is any crop grown for the purpose of incorporating it into the soil. It should be managed with discretion. Tilling in a lush green crop of buckwheat, clover, or legumes can give the soil a massive stomach ache. Unless the soil is well aerated and well populated with micro-organisms, it won't be able to handle this wet mass.



Lynn Pageau

The Wonderful results



Lynn Pageau

The garden compost heap

It will ferment and putrefy. It's best to cut the crop and allow it to dry before tilling it into the soil. Then compost or a field spray containing active micro-organisms should be added to help with the digestion process. Legumes are a particularly good manure crop.

They should be part of the garden rotation plan, especially if they aren't used as a manure crop.

There are gardeners who do not till their soil at all. In England the "no-diggers" believe that all tillage is harmful to the soil system. The heavy mulch advocates in North America say that tillage is just too much work. But most gardeners do till the soil. Country gardens are often ploughed—it's necessary when breaking new ground, but shouldn't be repeated except on a heavy clay soil. In this case, ploughing helps loosen the soil and brings leached nutrients back up to the surface. Too much ploughing, however, buries the top layer of soil life, which dies from lack of air.

The roto-tiller mixes weeds into the top layer of soil, where they decompose. The tiller can destroy soil

structure and life if it is used too often or in wet conditions. If the tiller wheels hold mud, the soil is too wet. There is some evidence that roto-tilling creates a hard pan or soil layer too tough for roots to penetrate. The tiller should be used sparingly.

Many gardeners like to till their garden in the fall for a quick start in the spring. Others like to leave the garden with a beard of late fall weeds or possibly a cover crop like fall rye. In the spring this is tilled in as green manure. Climatic as well as soil conditions should dictate the approach used. Raised beds need less tillage attention, increase biological activity and help northern gardeners off to a fast start in the spring.

True fertilization is the effort made to increase soil life. A good soil management program can be scientifically delivered from a computer or spring intuitively from the mind of a first year gardener.

There is much truth to the Confucian statement, "The best fertilizer is the footstep of the farmer." The successful gardener observes and sees the living soil as a whole greater than the sum of its parts. □



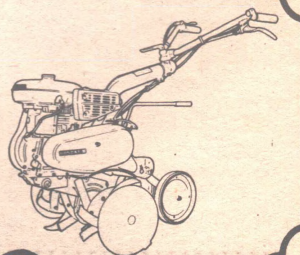
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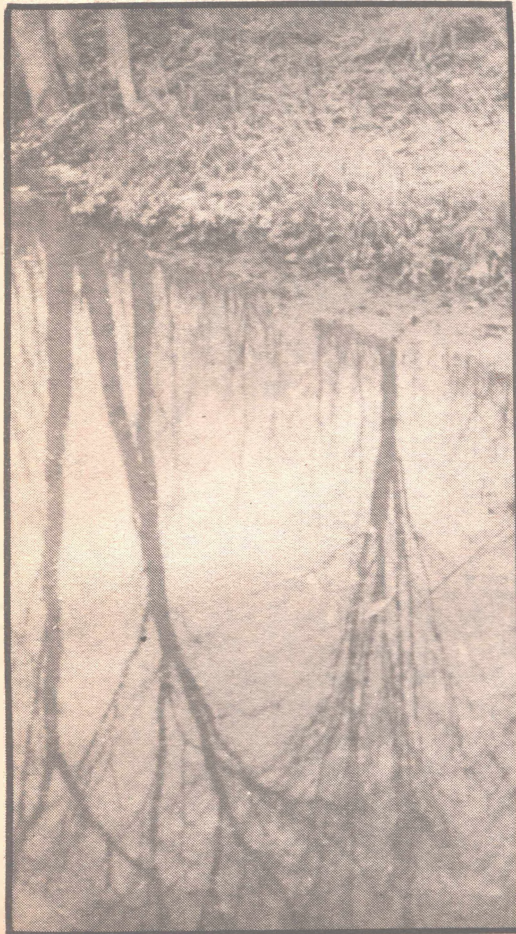
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Acid Thwarts Fish Rescue Effort



Dead suckers in the Mewatt pond.

by Merritt Clifton

RAINVILLE—"We tried to save some fish," Mrs. Edgar Mewatt mourns, "but when the warm weather came, they all died." The Mewatt farm stands just across the Yamaska River from Farnham. During last summer's series of wholesale fish-kills, the Mewatt pond became a haven for several dozen medium-sized suckers, rescued from the river and transplanted. The pond does not directly connect to the Yamaska, and accordingly did not suffer from river pollution.

But not all local water pollution comes from untreated sewage, field runoff, and industrial chemical dumping. This winter, unprecedented amounts of nitric and sulphuric acid fell from the sky with the sparse snow. In winters with heavy precipitation, the water volume dilutes the acid somewhat. But last February, three months' worth of acid fell at once, after prolonged drought. The snowpack reached pH 4.0. A pH of



Merritt Clifton

6.0 is normal for rainfall, and any lower pH kills most fish. At 4.5, melted snow-water could eat through copper pipes and kettles.

Before the winter's snow and ice melted, the Mewatt fish refuge remained safe. First thaw, however, brought an acid surge, preventing the suckers' gills from working properly. A sack of powdered lime might have neutralized the acid in time to save them, but unaware what was happening, the Mewatts could only watch their fish die and wonder.

This was not the only fish-refuge wiped out by thaw. Below the Pascal Road near Brigham, some 2,000 suckers and half a dozen two-foot muskelunge suffocated in a sort of natural sanctuary. A lagoon with only a six-foot-wide opening into the Yamaska proper, facing downstream, this natural sanctuary did not absorb pollution washing down from Cowansville. A spring on the cliff above kept it fed with clear, running water,

preventing algae growth and stagnation. The 2,000-odd fish thriving in just a half-acre's space showed dramatically what the Yamaska used to be, before pollution began ruining it around 25 years ago.

This unique lagoon is dead now. The post-thaw pH there dropped to 5.0. The eco-disaster even killed a hardy muskrat; can human deaths be far away?

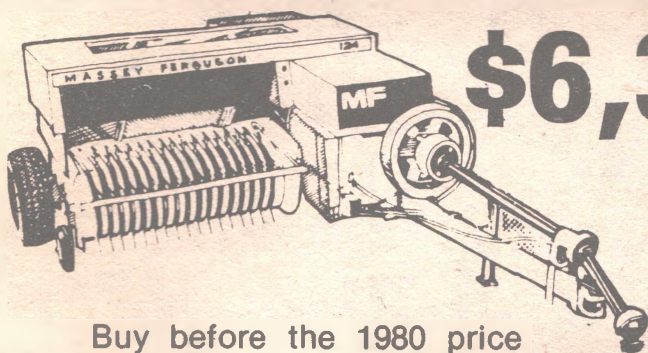
Acid rain is the product of smoke particles mixing with evaporation. Townships acid rain has three primary causes: local automobile exhausts, Montreal automobile exhaust, and some coal smoke blowing north from Cleveland and Buffalo.

Ironically, the Townships are the region of North America best buffered against acid rain. Prevailing winds carry the worst of the coal smoke into Ontario, while natural limestone formations neutralize acid seeping into the soil. □

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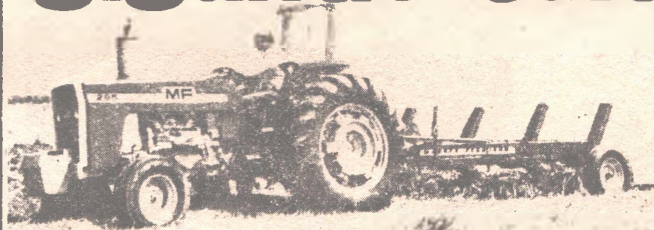


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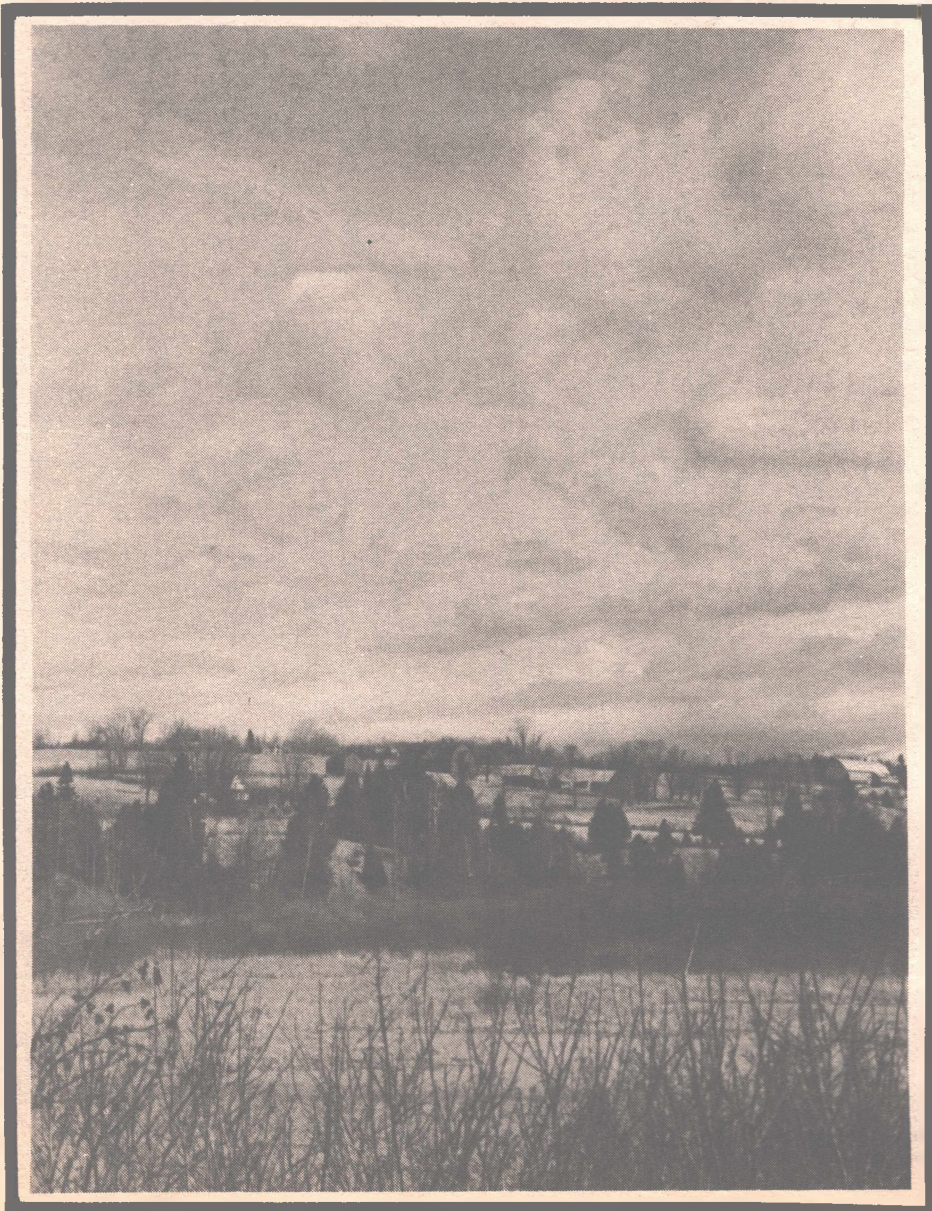
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Charles Bury

The Research Commission on Guide Dogs for the Blind has been in operation since December 1979. Its mandate is to carry on a study to analyse the need for guide dogs among the Canadian blind, and the possibility of establishing the first guide dog training centre in Canada.

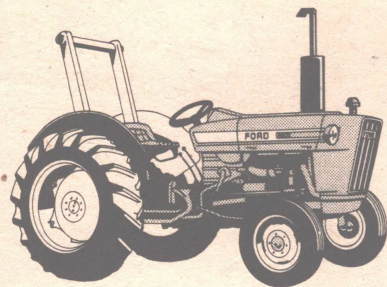
Jean Giguère, the present director of this Commission, is the driving force behind this project. Visually handicapped himself, and needing a guide dog, Giguère had to follow the normal procedures in order to receive his dog—go to the United States. Today his four-legged friend, Kip, is essential to his self-sufficiency and a more active social life. Giguère feels it is very important that Canada have its own training centre.

The Research Commission is subsidized by the Canadian Employment Centre and was established with the collaboration of different associations and Mirabel County. The Commission is composed of an advisory committee and a working team of six people.

They are asking for your cooperation, first to become sensitive to the needs of the blind, and second to encourage blind persons who have received a questionnaire from them to return it promptly. If you know of a visually handicapped person who has received a questionnaire or who might like more information on the project, the commission can be reached at 175 Ile Bélair E., Rosemere, Tel. 514-621-8406.

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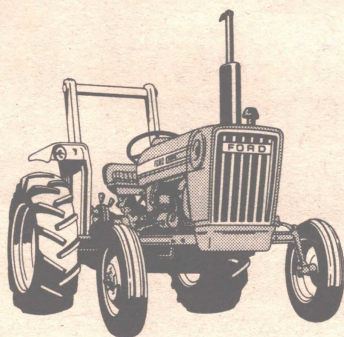
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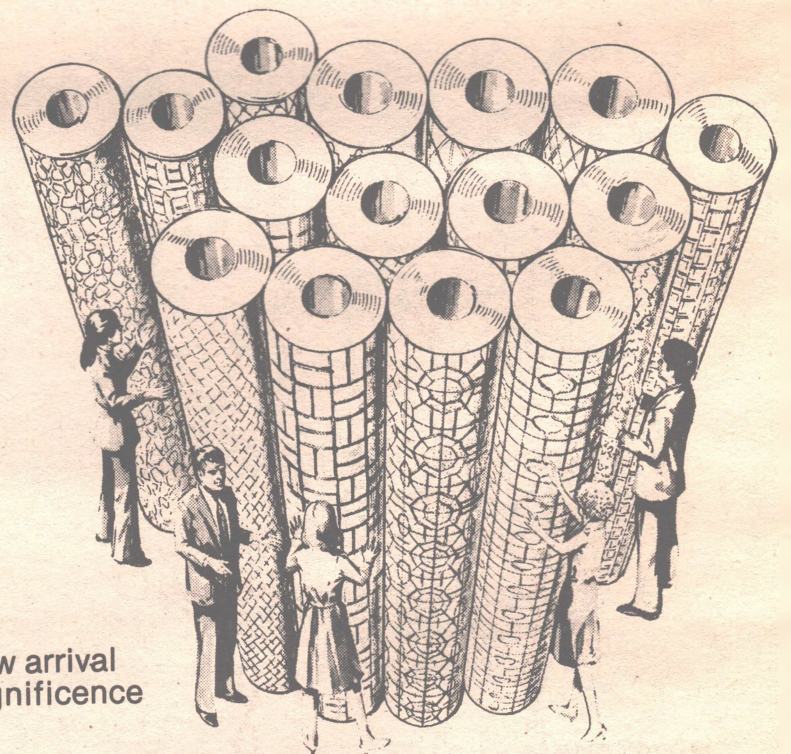
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Down She Comes!

Sometimes it's a tragedy when a state tree has to come down, but sometimes, as in the case of this giant Poplar, it's more a matter of public safety. This tree was the largest of four removed recently on Academy Street in Lennoxville, next to **The Sun's** office. It was decided that they presented a risk to homeowners and passers-by, and they had to go. Poplar is a fast-growing species known for its soft wood, extensive root systems and short life-span. Although perhaps the largest tree in Lennoxville, this hundred foot monster was only about 70 or 80 years old. An examination of the stump showed that the tree's core was rotten and riddled with worm holes.

Shadetree specialist **Norbert Goulet**, of Sherbrooke, foreman for Yvon Fournier Ltée, said "the tree could have come crashing down at any time. It was finished." Towering branches extended over several nearby houses, and "a tree like this weighs around ten to fifteen tons. If it came down on one of these houses it would go right through to the basement." Resident **H.O. Burt** had complained as well that the tree's root system had started breaking up the foundation of his house, shown in the photos. Pictured at the right are, left to right, lumberjacks **Renald Houle** of Waterville and **Yvan Bolduc** of Sherbrooke, sidewalk superintendants **Danny Leonard**, 7, **Scott Herring**, 6, and **Shane Monty**, 7, of Academy Street and Foreman Goulet.

Bringing the four trees down safely took over a week, at an average cost of about \$1000 each. Hydro-Québec is picking up the tab.



Charles Bury



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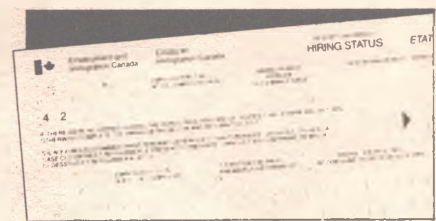
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It may be an honest mistake. Some people forget or don't understand they must tell Unemployment Insurance and report their total earnings when they start



Social Insurance Numbers of newly-hired employees are now being cross-checked with those of people receiving unemployment insurance benefits. Only cases of potential abuse will ever surface.

a new job. In that case, repayment is all that's required. But, a penalty or prosecution may follow when the new system detects people wrongly collecting benefits.

If you are collecting unemployment insurance benefits, and start a new job, please say so on your UI claimant report card.

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La Terre de Chez Nous

Plant Closure Hurts Chateauguay Valley Orchardists

by Bart Hall-Beyer

Apple blossom time has always been rather special for me, since I grew up with several dooryard apple trees. All my life, save five years in Alberta and the Yukon, has been spent around orchards in New England, the Maritimes, and Québec. What drove me away from the big money of the northwest wasn't the minus 50 weather, which I adored, but the lack of apple trees.

The apple industry in Québec has got some serious problems on its hands. As with all commercial farming, growing is much easier than selling, but the marketing of apples in Québec is notably rough. Hard cider and apple wine, once expected to take over a big chunk of the alcoholic beverage industry, never really got off the ground. Even though most people can't tell a Macintosh from other varieties, two thirds of all people asked said they prefer the Macs. Florida orange juice has been aggressively marketed here and local apple

juice has not. These sorts of problems have been partly to blame for the closure of the Leahy apple processing plant in Franklin Centre.

Franklin Centre is one of the three major apple growing areas of Québec. The foothills of the Adirondaks slope down to the St. Lawrence, and the well drained land without frost hollows grows beautiful apples. Add some of the finest sugar maple stands in the province, lots of bees, some beef, and the occasional dairy cow, and you have some really nice farms. Nearly 60 growers in the region sent their apples to Leahy for juice or other processing, but before any of them were paid, the plant closed. The orchardists are owed about a quarter of a million dollars.

The whole affair is before the courts and it's quite complicated. Leahy has had a history of financial troubles going back several years, and

a number of growers were hesitant to ship apples there in spite of the convenience. When the Québec government agency SOQUIA took an active interest in the plant, growers got the feeling that things were being taken care of and that it was safe to ship apples to the plant. SOQUIA, after all, has several top financial managers and fancy computers for making management decisions. The other major factor in the refinancing of Leahy was the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Somebody goofed. While the Bank of Commerce was telling people at Leahy not to spend any money, it continued to pay the plant's purchase orders. Somewhere along the line, the CIBC got cold feet and instead of doing the logical thing—refusing to pay any more purchase orders—they pulled out entirely. The plant was forced to close.

The hardship for some orchardists has been acute. One family is owed over \$75,000 for their apples. They have two fulltime hired hands who were laid off for awhile because of a lack of cash. Fortunately it was an open winter, so the family cut a lot of wood to keep some cash coming in. They had looked forward to their maple syrup income, but the syrup season was a bummer this year. Another grower is owed much less, but is finding it tight to meet mortgage payments on the house. They needed a new well this winter because of the deep frost.

Many people in Franklin Centre are feeling the pinch. The hired hands who were laid off perhaps didn't buy any meat at the butcher's for three weeks. The butcher bought less gas at the local pump, and the gas station, short of cash, laid off an 18 year old kid who was saving to go to university. And so it goes.

Three apple growers, all creditors of Leahy, have been named to a group to study the company's finances before settlement is made. Other growers have put a seizure on the apples in storage, and still others have called a bankruptcy on the company. It's hard to figure out what's going on. Under Section 88 of the Bank Act, each grower has a priority over CIBC for any amount owing up to \$7500 in any one case. The bank wants the whole question of the seizure straightened out before any people are paid under Section 88 because the bank will have to shell out less to the growers. And there is a real chance that before this is settled we'll all have a new Bank Act (which should have been brought in three or four years ago according to law) and the bankruptcy rules may be different.

The whole question of the seizure and who owns the apples that were sent on consignment is before the courts. The hearing has been postponed twice since January, and the apples are starting to rot. CIBC aren't sure they know what to do with umpteen tons of putrid applesauce. Some growers have had meetings with the government and SOQUIA officials, claiming that the only reason they shipped to Leahy in the first place was because of their involvement. The



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Charles Bury

growers demanded a cash settlement from the government, and dismissed outright the government's offer of a loan. Minister of Agriculture Garon was present for at least one of these meetings, and gave SOQUIA officials a demonstration of street french I would like to have heard. The government claimed that it couldn't make a cash settlement with the growers because there was no precedent. The UPA member present reminded the government that they

have made similar payments to potato growers in the recent past. It was one of those meetings where I wish I'd been the proverbial fly on the wall.

One result of this byzantine mess is that for future apple processing, the owners are going to have to post a bond (in six figures) to ensure that growers are paid if the operation goes drumsticks up. The Leahy plant has apparently been bought by the Beatty operation in Hemmingford, at least Beatty's people are moving apples out

of the Leahy plant like they own the place. The apparent new owners are almost certain to limit their operations at the Leahy plant to packing, since Beatty owns a processing plant of his own.

Many growers in the Chateauguy valley are thoroughly annoyed with the Federation of Québec Apple Growers because in the midst of this chaos, the federation worries about eliminating wooden boxes from the industry (they propose to use only

cardboard), and about stopping new plantations of apples in future. Hardly anyone got the federation price for their apples, and growers were told what varieties they could pick on which dates. For this privilege, growers pay \$42 per hectare, and many of them wonder why.

The Franklin Centre area is fortunate to have a first rate agronomer who specialises in apple production and spends much of his time with the growers. Other areas of the province aren't so lucky. Orchardists in one major apple growing region haven't seen their agronomer in years because he's continually tied up with government paperwork. In another apple region, the agronomer freely admits total ignorance of apples. Against all this comes ever increasing pesticide and fungicide bills, and a consuming public that thinks that if an apple isn't RED it isn't an apple. The major red varieties require much more fungicide and some more insecticide than some of the less popular, but tasty, non-red apples.

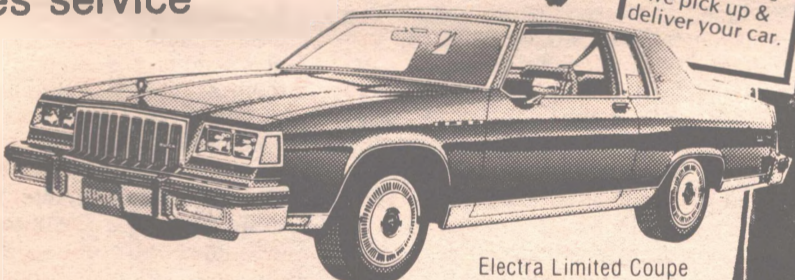
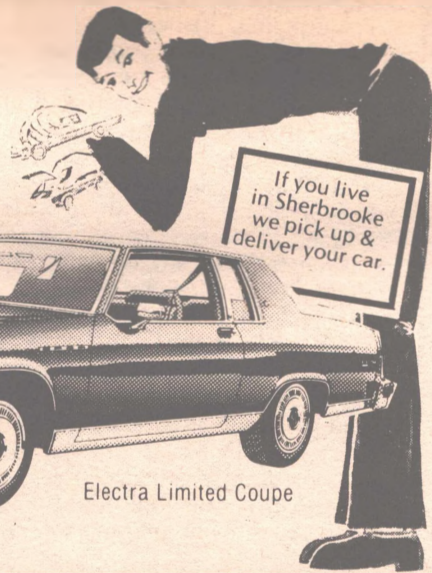
Heavy advertising tries to persuade farmers that the only way to solve the marketing problem is to provide apples with a "Fine Guthion Finish" (to quote an insecticide ad), but the problem goes much deeper than that, and deeper than the closure of Leahy's. Other fruit processing industries in Canada are also in trouble, especially the stone fruits such as peaches. The pear industry is barely holding its own.

Maybe this year. Maybe next year. Farm country is next year country. Besides, with the trees in blossom, and the orchard full of bees it's hard not to be optimistic. The fall may bring more hassles like the Leahy closing, but for now, even farmers can be optimists. □

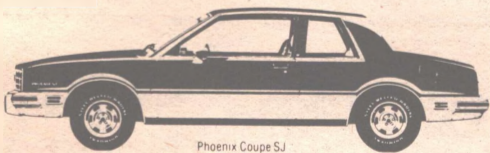
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China!

by Louise Harvey

SOOCHOW

It is a curious blank in my memory, this non-appearance of the R.R. Station in Nanking, after the vivid impression still with me of the hotel and its blue gauze curtains and my loquat tree at the curve of the sloping road. Tuan got us all on the train, our baggage and tickets seen to, and there we were, skimming over the countryside through fields of wheat, stands of trees and an occasional mild mountain off in the background. At one point we raced through a huge steel complex, otherwise landscape and more landscape. Being in first class we were entitled to the embroidered antimacassars on the plush seats, four of us to two seats, with a small table between on which we dumped purses and cameras and on which as well tea was served. There was an air of formality laced with swift efficiency and relaxed cordiality in the bearing of those who served us. No one ventured into the second class cars which, Addie said, were like family gatherings at harvest-time. Once I flew from Madrid to the Canary Islands among a hundred people who all seemed to know each other and exchanged baskets and gossip and laughter, like Market Day in Tenerife. None of that ebullient camaraderie was with us as we watched the flat plains whiz by. We found the train remarkable for its quietness and merited its place on a postage stamp still in use.

Tea—dozing—more tea—more views from our windows—and Soochow.

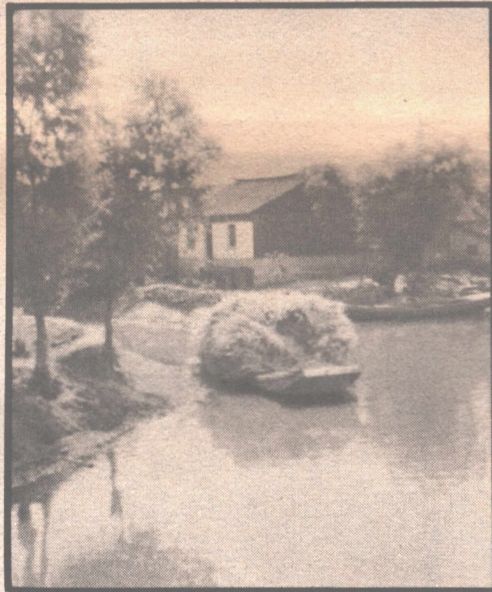
After Nanking's airy hotel perched on a hillside near trees, our Soochow haven had the air of a commercial travelling salesman's stop in the heart of the city, 5th floor up, beds covered with silk quilted spreads stitched to white sheets, ours of a deep raspberry, thermos, tea and covered mugs off in a corner. We assembled in the dining-room, two floors down and off in another wing of this odd hotel and later, revived, exclaimed over the gift shop, the Friendship Store, the tourist trap.

For the first time we could finger bolts of silk and brocade, and handle splendid necklaces of jade, or budhas and carved elephants. We dawdled there oohing and aahing like the tourists we were, and watched the

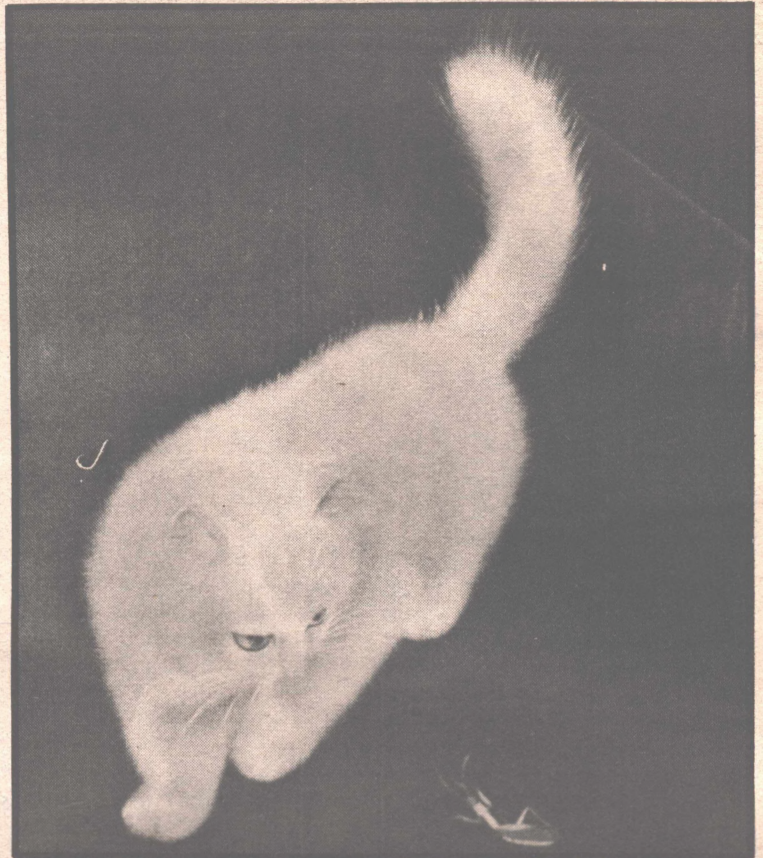
salesgirls calculate our purchases with an abacus.

My notes tell me that we left sharp next day at 8:30 a.m. for the Evergreen Commune outside the city. This afforded us a glimpse of the city, somewhat south of Nanking; by now we were aware of its age. 2500 years had left their imprint on these streets and walled courtyards, and houses which reminded me of certain English buildings which jut out over the street. Here on the main streets clotheslines ran from balconies out to the plane trees, bright pinafores and white shirts astir in the early morning breeze. On the wide sidewalks women and some men were squatting to wash out their bowls and cooking pots as their ancestors had done, the dirty water dripping away in the gutter. Gossip of the day made the drudgery of the chores pass more quickly. Individual problems were ventilated, neighbourhood committees held informal meetings all under the soft Soochow sky.

A few miles from the city our bus turned into a collection of buildings around a green garden. On the porch of a low building near a small creek where ducks played stood a group of



A stream in the Evergreen Commune



A Soochow embroidery

women. Tuan introduced them as the Director of the Commune and some of her staff. Past the geraniums glowing in the sun we marched into the conference room. Maureen and I looked at each other, kindled at being in a "For Real" Commune. Ellie and Barbara prepared their tapes and recorders, got out notebooks. We all had our first tea and prepared ourselves to listen, awakened and cheered by delicate tea and warm welcome.

Our hostess, the director, sounded the keynote of our morning as she said: "The life of China springs from its green communes, just as our well being springs from our farms and ranches and fisheries." Then facts poured forth. This commune covered over 175 square kilometers, and had a population of 20,000 divided into 15 work brigades each with its leader. There were some 4415 families, 13,000 actual labourers, some in the fields, others in the small industries which kept the commune almost self-sustaining. Silk weavers and producers of small farm machinery and workers in the commune's general store could change jobs, thus adding to their skills. The raising of poultry, now over 100,000 chickens, ducks and geese was expanding. Some fields were sown to wheat and rice, and tea was constantly experimented with, to improve flavour and quality.

On each work brigade was at least

one Party worker, and one Women's Federation member who kept the 'Woman Question' constantly to the fore in Commune meetings. There was a diagnostic clinic, an infirmary school for young children and space for students coming from the city to do their part on the land as well as to teach them the importance of learning manual as well as mental labour.

Ellie, whose journalistic sense demanded facts, levelled the stock questions at our hostesses. "What about the size of families? About limiting families?, about sex education and birth control?" Our Director passed them on to members of the Women's Federation.

China, too close to the billion mark in an age of overcrowding on our planet, now frowns on early sex experimentation and early marriage and prolific families. Two children per couple are good, one even better. Intelligent discussion is consistently urged and received when needed. Barefoot doctors, clinic workers, nurses and others in the caring professions are all prepared to help from adolescence on; actual contraceptions are readily available. What kind, asked Ellie. A soft ripple of laughter went around the table, as our Chinese friends understood the question. "We find the most popular is the male contraceptive or device. "Do the men mind?" persisted Ellie. Another surge of gentle laughter.

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"Not so we notice." "What about the Pill?" "Too many bad potential side effects." The director sent a girl out who returned with a small box...each of us was given a small contraceptive amid the cheers and smiles of our hostesses, the first time any foreign woman in China was honoured.

Our little bus took us to the communal store where all daily requirements could be purchased. Brigitte found and bought a quilted Chairman Mao's jacket, Kay picked up a few fans, about 25 cents each, and I came away with jasmine tea in green tin cans.

Peasant hats, embroideries, bed and table linen, dry goods, nightwear, workshirts, kitchen utensils—all were available and far cheaper than the same articles in urban stores. By now, of course, Tuan kept staring at her watch so we found ourselves in the workshops of the farm machinery and the weaving of fine silk and were hurried on to the clinic where we witnessed a treatment by acupuncture for post cerebral hemorrhage, more of which will be dealt with in a later account. Then to an airy dining-room for an abundant lunch, so full of a variety of dishes we could not restrain ourselves from toasting Mrs. Wu, the Director, who explained that it was only for visiting VIPs like ourselves (!) that such culinary delights were offered. She and the rest of the staff ate well but far more simply than did all the workers who used the Commune facilities rather than their own

kitchens. Mme Wu, at 35, was a calm, quiet woman whose aura of competence and confidence were unmistakable. Her own earnings were only a little higher than those of the average worker whose yuan (money) could be measured from his private worker's garden. It was there that we learned that the average wage throughout China is roughly 30 yuan per month. One yuan roughly equals our 75 cents. But every citizen is entitled from birth till death, to education, complete medical and health care, security, housing, and their word to say on the overall policies of China. Equal pay for equal work was the slogan which has become a reality. was the slogan which has become a reality.

We went then to Tiger Hill and its leaning pagoda, a park where children and Red Army men were wandering along the paths, then on to the Embroidery Research Institute where the ancient art has been revived. We also visited a Fan Workshop where all manner of fans are painstakingly made by hand. A carved sandalwood fan takes seven months to perfect, an ivory one, now bought by the Sheikhs of Arabia cost around two thousand of our Canadian dollars. Except to say that both these industries are housed in ancient residences of feudal lords, pavilions opening on to formal gardens which in turn lead on to other pavilions and pagodas, all finely proportioned and bearing the stamp of true elegance, I shall omit a detailed account here to



Soochow street scene

give more space to two very human experiences I had in Soochow. Part of the routine tour required a visit to one of Soochow's famous gardens, a long tour on foot beside little streams and bridges and pagodas. This was the Garden of the Humble or Stupid Administrator (why humble we never learned). Because an old knee injury had started to throb, Tuan and I did not walk those acres with the others but sat instead on a small stone bridge and talked. At 28, a university graduate, a civil servant and a Party member, she was also a married woman, and a citizen who had travelled in China more than many of her compatriots. Born in 1951 she never knew pre-Liberation days, nor feudalism in its brutality, nor Japanese domination, the chaos of the civil war, nor the enslavement of women. She was born of revolutionary parents, one of five children—two brothers, two sisters, all of whom named not with poetic names like Little Plum Blossom, or Claws of the Lion, but by revolutionary ones. Her own name Yi-Chun means Strong Army. In her bearing she did indeed seem a soldier.

She told me of her daily life in the Communist Party. She, like other young men and women, is very conscious of the honour accorded them for their qualities as mature human beings. Beside a strong sense of duty, to people and to her country, she had a warm and generous nature and an acute sense of humour.

Through her words I gained some insight into Chinese life and the influence the party wields. Then, I attempted the impossible as I described Canada's two-party system, the

recent election, the triumph in May, 1979, of Clark over Trudeau, the NDP and splinter parties, the near demise of the original Communist Party of Canada after the 20th Congress of the Soviet Union when revelations about anti-semitism under Stalin came to light.

A curious sense pervaded me, as I rambled, that my careful attempts to put my remarks into English she could grasp that I was giving her little of a dynamic sense of Canada and our society. So I digressed and asked about her marriage. Her new husband she had met at university and was now a Red Army man on the northwest border. When they spent a month or so together, he took over all household duties, because he felt her job was so important. She was not sure she would have children—too much to achieve in other spheres, and she was not even sure she wanted a sexual relationship. Later, in the group, we wondered at this, yet the whole question of sex and sex education is treated with almost Victorian reticence in schools and neighbourhoods.

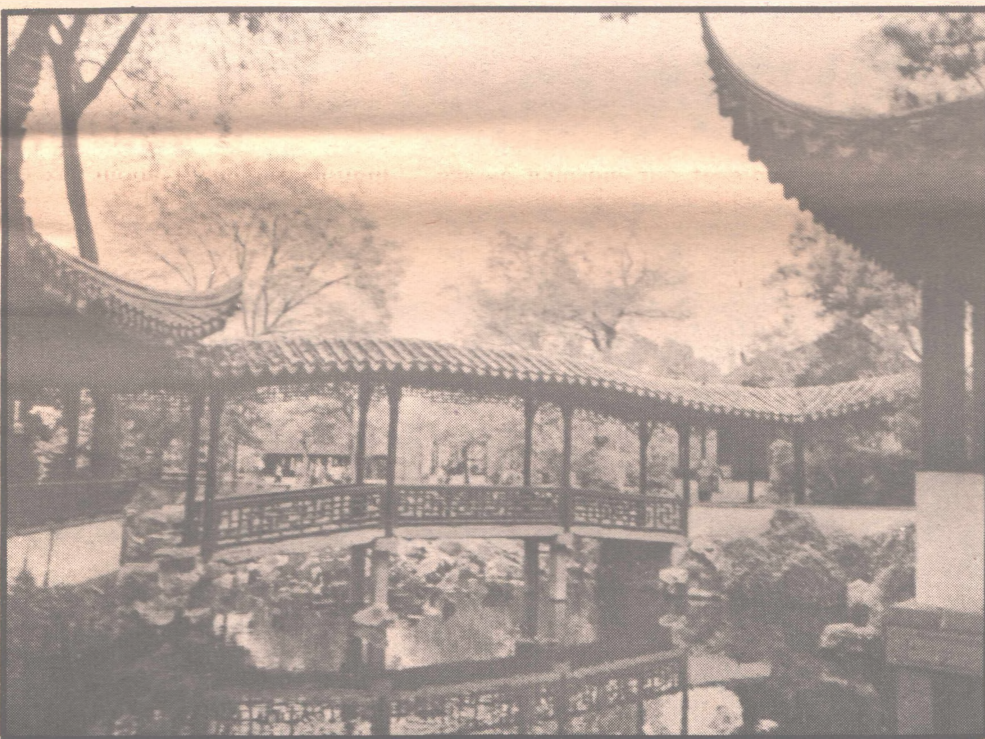
We strolled back to the bus where she bought me an ice cream bar nearby and smiled. I knew we had passed beyond tourist and guide intimacy; we were warmed in our hearts by each other.

On the way home we stopped for some shopping. Ellie, Tuan and I escaped to a Chinese hardware store where Ellie hoped to find a wicker suitcase. Instead we found covered green pottery mugs like those of the Nanking Bridge, and some cheap clay pottery. Miraculously our purchases there survived the flight to Canada, while a Kuan Yin I had found lost her head (now replaced).

The following morning we were to leave for Shanghai.

That last morning in Soochow was crammed with our usual tourist business and one unforgettable experience not to be found on any other tourist route. Little had been said until now about our morning but instead of sightseeing we drove up to a country-club-like hotel in a wooded area where we were met by three government officials. Through Tuan Eleanor talked to them and we all understood the meaning of the morning.

There had been a girl, an Honours student in Chinese studies at McGill, who would have been one of our members. Shortly before the trip, her ticket ready, her passport at hand, she had had a sudden illness, a brain tumour, I think, and died in three days. Her family had asked Eleanor to take a memento—a locket she had loved—in a small container and bury



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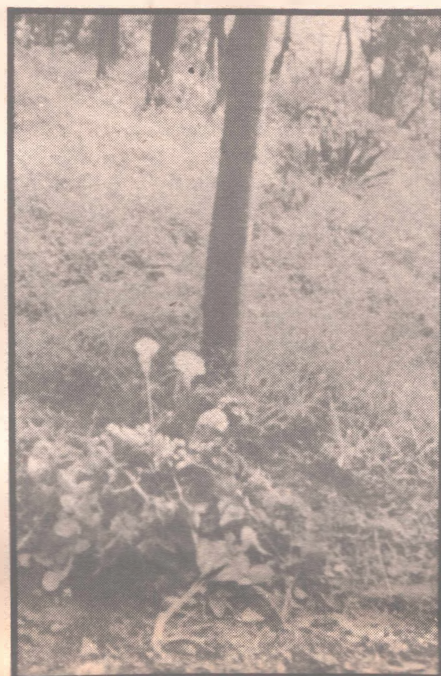
it in the country she would never know. None of us knew this girl, Maureen Cavanaugh, but somberly we went up a winding path through the woods and watched our high-ranking officials dig a small hole. They then drew back a little, slight men leaning on their shovels, as we eleven linked arms in a semi-circle and sang. Ellie gave the tiny casket to one man who lowered it into the hole. One by one we each threw on a shovelful of earth which was then crowned with a sheaf of red roses and white lilies. A few words from Ellie were followed by each of us laying one more flower on the grave, many of us with tears streaming down our faces. And we sang "Auld Lang Syne".

Mourning for a young woman we did not know and giving her last funeral rites in a foreign and non-religious setting by its very strangeness made us all poignantly aware of the fragility of life and the dearness of each other and depths of emotion linked us to these quiet Chinese men, to Tuan and to each other. That half-hour was kin to the tremendous, indescribable feeling of catharsis of the great Greek tragedies. We were uplifted, humbled, a little terrified and unexpectedly grateful for our own presence in that Chinese glade where the sun filtered down through the green of leaves on to the crimson sheaf of our roses.

It was a moment we wanted to prolong. Again Tuan glanced nervously at her watch "Quickly, quickly, the train leaves soon..." Good-byes, the speeding bus, and a feverish disembarking at the station. There, from the high moment of the burial, we shifted into comedy. We all reached the train tracks, Tuan holding me and literally pulling me along.



Maureen Cavanaugh's grave in Soochow. Below left, Ann London, Kay Carter, and Tuan Yi-Chen at the ceremony.



A Chinese woman approached and spoke to me and thrust paper money into my hand—40 Canadian cents, overcharged at the hardware store. This took a precious 60 seconds. Far ahead I spied Brigitte, our peasant hat slung on her back, and Eleanor, struggling with all her paraphernalia.

"Hurry, hurry," panted Tuan. We reached the edge of the double track, 4 feet below the platform. Out of nowhere appeared a trainman who lifted me across the tracks and up the other side where the long train was throbbing. On every car step a conductor was watching; smiling one took my cane, my camera, my tote bag and me up steps into a seat while the others, already seated, cheered.


Now China prides herself on the efficiency of her trains, punctual to the last second. Yet that Express to Shanghai was late, all because of me, so in a minor sense I made R.R. history. Later, in Shanghai, we met again a tour group who had been with us on that same train. They complained because that express had fallen down on the job. Five minutes late. Terrible!


Tea, of course. A nap for some of us, as the wheels lulled us to sleep on our last journey in China, Shanghai our last city before Japan and Canada.


Where had our days flown? How could we hold them? What had we learned and seen and treasured?


Soochow, city of silks which 'glitter like the moon', of fragrant fans, and exquisite embroideries stitched with patience and love, of splendid gardens echoing the cruel feudalism of the past when those gardens were built and open only to officials of the imperial court and now the purloins of everyone in China.

Shanghai was waiting! □









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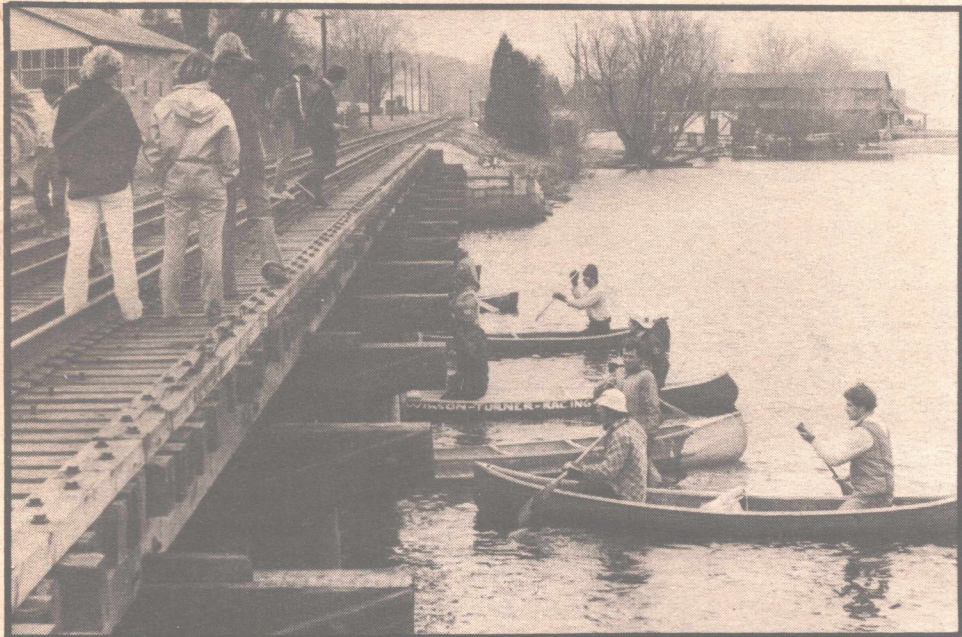
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7th Annual Bishop's Rat Race



Photos: Harry Webster



Between the rainy skies and the 2 degree C water temperature, racers had a chilly time of it. The dry winter led to "the lowest water in our history", but lessened the danger at the infamous **Cement Clothesline** squeeze hazard, where record crowds cheered on their favorites.

The Seventh Annual Bishop's River Rat Race was held recently. From a starting grid under the railway trestle in North Hatley, the course wound its way 13 miles and one portage down the Massawippi to Lennoxville.



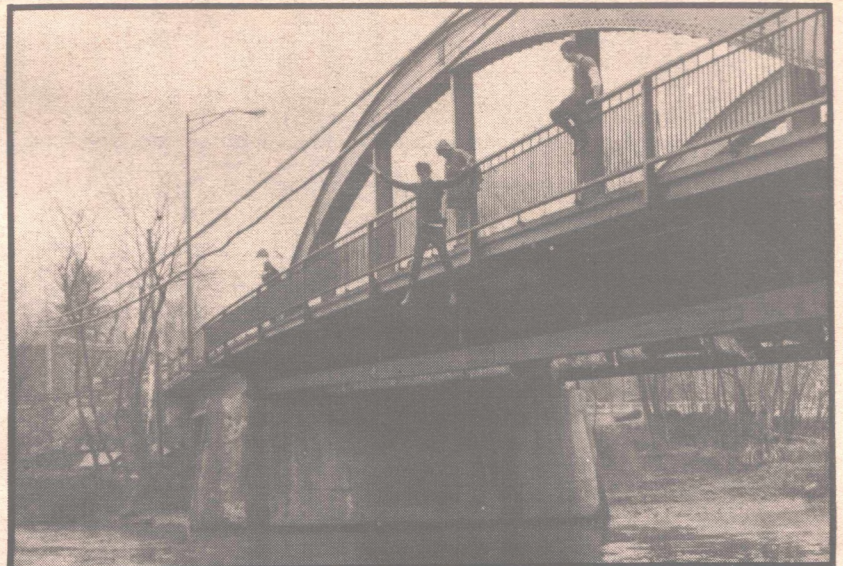
The Armada of the Golden Lion is shown here sweeping into portage formation. \$10.00 entrance fee went for refreshments at the post race de-briefing. Local boat-race impresarios **Jim Cleghorn, Harry Webster** and **Charlie Simpkin** organized the event.



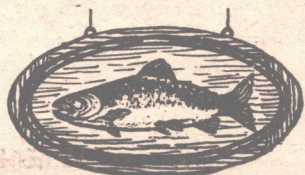
A record 9 canoe field included the first woman paddler in the event's history, the only competitor who didn't have to worry about **Brass Monkey Syndrome** in the event of a spill. This team were strong finishers.



The King-Wilson-Turner Racing Team took the event in a relatively slow 1:45:00 (record ET for the event is 1:35:00, paddled in higher water). Crew **Jeff Wilson**, (left) and **Andy King** are shown at the finish with an unidentified unofficial. Groundcrew Manager **Jeff Turner** is not quite in the picture.



No, this isn't the day the marks come out at Bishop's. **River Rat Race** tradition calls for finishers to jump off the bridge and hit the water in an anti-doping test. Anyone who misses the water is out of it. As far as I'm concerned, anyone who jumps is out of it. Organizers denied that this year's winners were **Rosie Ruiz** clones but promised to invite her next year. The only time you can write captions like this is between 3 and 6 a.m. with all gauges on red. Thanks to Harry for the fine pictures.



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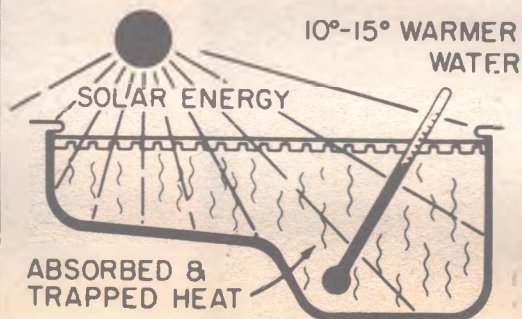
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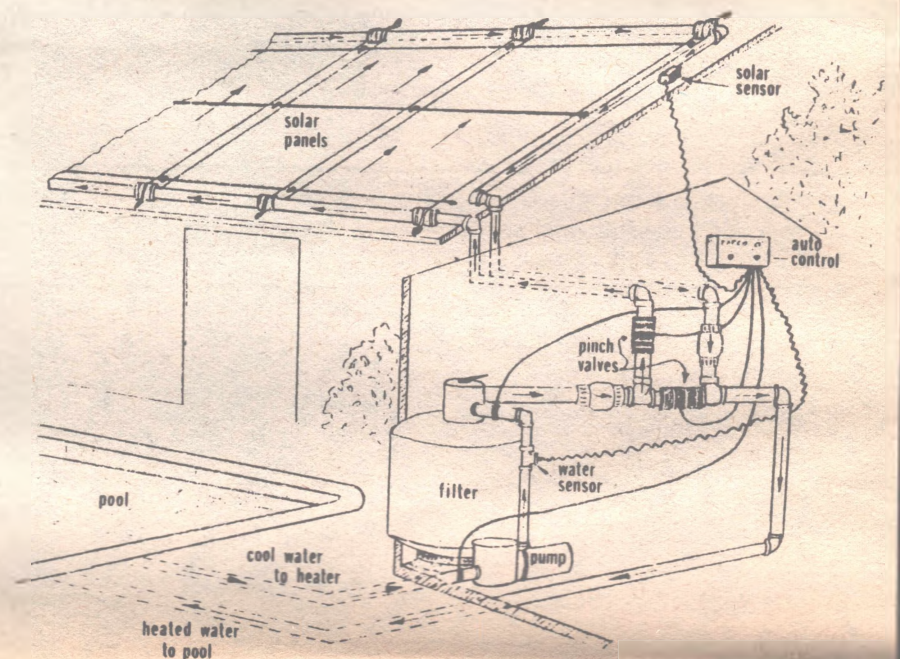


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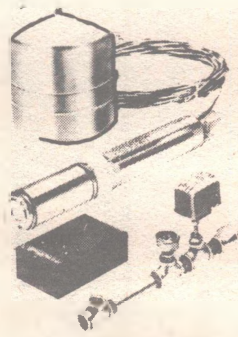
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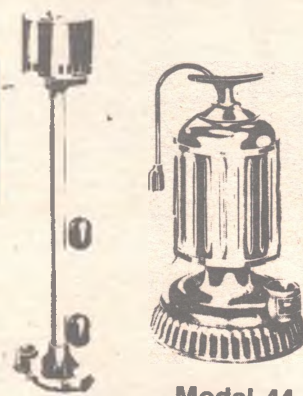


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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1892.

Price One Penny.



QUEBEC'S FOULEST FIEND

by Bernard Epps

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream was the very model of a Victorian villain. He was tall and slim, had a cast in one eye and a waxed mustache, carried a cane, wore a cape and a high silk hat and was quite deliciously, monstrously mad.

He was born in Glasgow around 1850 but emigrated to Québec with his family at a very early age. His father was wealthy and Thomas was sent to McGill University where he earned his M.D. and at once launched himself on a career which would ultimately earn him enduring fame and pride-of-place in Madame Tussaud's 'Chamber of Horrors'.

His first recorded crime was that of arson—most probably for revenge—but his main occupation was performing illegal abortions. Occasionally his patients

died and one such incident may have been the cause of his leaving Montreal to set up business in Chicago where he was accused of murder in 1880 but managed somehow to escape conviction. The following year, however, he was arrested for sending threatening postcards to a wealthy furrier whose wife—the Doctor claimed—owed him \$20 for services rendered.

"You had better learn that low, vulgar wife of yours to keep her foul mouth shut, with her second-hand silk dohlmans and second-hand silk dresses, and not talk about others. Two can play at that game. I heard on very good authority that you had to leave England on account of a bastard child you left behind. T.N.C."

Shortly thereafter, he was accused, tried and convicted of "causing the death of a woman by malpractice". At the trial, it was alleged that Dr. Neill Cream had

also caused the deaths of several women in Québec but since the Chicago conviction earned him life imprisonment, this matter was not pursued. McGill, careful of its dignity as always, took this opportunity to scratch his name from their alumni rolls.

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream was released from the Illinois State Prison after serving ten years of his sentence and he immediately returned to Québec to collect the sizable fortune left him by his parents. With enough money to indulge his most twisted passions—and calling himself simply Dr. Neill, he sailed for England.

In London, he did not live in the fashionable West End as one of his means and class would be expected to do but gravitated instead to the slums and stews on the seamy side and took lodgings in Lambeth. This was the London of the 90's—dark, foggy and mysterious; the London of Jack the Ripper, the London of Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde; the London where prostitution was common and the need for abortionists even more so.

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream, however, had more exotic pleasures in mind. In early October of 1890, Ellen Donworth—a 'lady of negotiable virtue'—died in horrible convulsions from strychnine poisoning. A week later, Matilda Clover—another of the same profession—suffered the same agony.

Poison-pen letters—similar to those sent in Chicago—now began showing up. A merchant received one signed 'H. Bayne' which claimed the existence of proof that he—the merchant—had murdered Ellen Donworth.

"My object in writing to you is to ask if you will retain me at once as your counsellor and legal advisor. If you employ me at once to act for you in this matter, I will save you from all exposure and shame in the matter."

The merchant, knowing himself innocent and expecting extortion, notified the police. They advised him to place a sign in his shop window as the letter writer had asked to indicate an acceptance of the terms, and then waited for somebody to turn up. No one did.

Two weeks later, Dr. Broadbent, a prominent London physician, received a similar letter accusing him of murdering Matilda Clover with strychnine and offering the evidence for 2,500 pounds. This letter was signed 'M. Malone' and was also turned over to Scotland Yard. They advised him to follow the black-mailer's instructions by inserting an advertisement in the Daily Chronicle and waited developments. When nobody turned up to collect the money, they marked the matter down to lunacy and went about more urgent business.

It is interesting that nobody thought to compare these letters for, although the first referred to Ellen Donworth who was known to have been murdered by strychnine, the second referred to Matilda Clover whose death had been officially attributed to delirium tremens. Only the murderer could have known that she, too, had been poisoned but Scotland Yard was apparently not interested enough in the deaths of a couple of common streetwalkers to pursue the matter further.

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream sailed back to Québec about this time to settle some



matters of his inheritance. We know of none of his activities here except that he had 500 copies of a handbill printed which warned the guests of London's Metropole Hotel "that the person who poisoned Ellen Donworth on the 13th last October is today in the employ of the Metropole Hotel and that your lives are in danger as long as you remain in this hotel. Yours respectfully, W.H. Murray."

What real or imagined slight prompted this handbill never came to light but this mad Canadian murderer must have achieved a twisted pleasure out of imagining the concern and worry his slanders caused for extortion obviously was not the motive. The poison-pen postcard in Chicago gives a hint to his feelings for women and the testimony of a commercial traveller he met in Canada sheds more light.

"He told me that he had had lots of fun in London with the women. He mentioned Waterloo Road, Westminster Bridge Road, London Road and Victoria Road and said he met as many as three women in one night between the hours of 10 p.m. and 3 a.m. and had been in their company, and had used them, and had

paid no more than one shilling to each."

Dr. Cream arrived once more in London early in April, 1892. On April 11th, Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell took a customer to their flat at 118 Stamford St., Lambeth. He left around 2 a.m. and, shortly thereafter, both girls were taken violently ill and died in agonizing convulsions. The coroner determined that both had been poisoned with strychnine.

The police now recalled that Ellen Donworth had died in the same way and that her murderer was still at large. They unearthed the poison-pen letter about her death signed 'H. Bayne' and at last connected it with that about Matilda Clover signed 'M. Malone'. Her body was exhumed and sufficient traces of strychnine were discovered to prove that she, too, had been poisoned. It was now revealed that the four prostitutes had all been murdered in the same fashion and most probably by the same hand.

The memory of Jack the Ripper lent another chill of horror to the case. Just three years before Dr. Neill Cream came to London and in a district very similar to the one he haunted, four other prostitutes were murdered and mutilated with the skill of a surgeon—or an abortionist. Letters were sent to the newspapers and to the police along with pieces of his victim's kidneys and, if Thomas Neill Cream had not been safely locked in the Illinois State Prison at the time, we could be tempted to believe they were one and the same.

The foreman of the coroner's jury looking into the deaths of Alice Marsh and Emma Shrivell (the newspapers called them 'The Stamford Street Murders'), received a letter signed 'W.H. Murray' which accused a medical student at St. Thomas' Hospital of these crimes. The father of this student, Dr. Joseph Harper, received a letter also signed 'W.H. Murray' offering him the evidence of his son's guilt for 1,500 pounds. These letters were compared and found to be from the same hand as those signed 'H. Bayne' and 'M. Malone'.

Enquiries were made. At the time of the first two poisonings, this young medical student had lodged in the same house as a mysterious Canadian who called himself

Dr. Neill. At Dr. Neill's new address on Westminster Bridge Road, Lambeth, the police unearthed John Patrick Haynes who sometimes went out with the doctor in the evenings. He told them Dr. Neill had once shown him a notebook in which he kept the initials of all four murdered girls along with the dates of their



Dr. Thomas Neill Cream

deaths—and a fifth the police knew nothing about which Doctor Neill had said was a prostitute named Louise Harris.

The police obtained samples of Dr. Neill's handwriting, compared it with that on the poison-pen letters and locked him safely in prison on a charge of blackmail. In his lodgings, they found those 500 Canadian handbills signed with the same alias as those referring to the Stamford Street murders.

Louise Harris was tracked down, found to be hale and hearty and still plying her chosen trade. She did, however, remember meeting Dr. Thomas Neill Cream and had an interesting tale to tell.

It was a night or two after the murder of Matilda Clover that she had met Dr. Neill Cream at a music-hall and took him to a hotel room for the night. In the morning, the doctor had examined her with professional curiosity and told her she had a few worrisome spots on her forehead. He offered to meet her that evening and give her some medication that would clear it up. Louise's statement went on;



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"Met him same night opposite Charing X. Underground Station. Walked with him to the Northumberland Public House, had glass of wine, then walked back to the Embankment where he gave me two capsules. But not liking the look of the thing, I pretended to put them in my mouth but kept them in my hand. When he happened to look away, I threw them over the Embankment."

The motive may have lain locked in madness but the murderer and the method were now both clear. He had offered his victims free 'medicine' to clear up various complaints and they, probably impressed by his high silk hat, were only too happy to take it. Precisely one hour later—his strychnine was carefully measured and its administration carefully timed—Dr. Thomas Neill Cream could look at his watch and ecstatically imagine his victims writhing in agony.

He was indicted "for the wilful murder of Alice Marsh, Ellen Donworth, Emma Shrivell and Matilda Clover; and for sending to Joseph Harper a letter demanding money with menaces".

The trial had all the sex and violence necessary to create a sensation. The courtroom was crammed every day and the proceedings extensively reported in newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic. The Montreal Gazette noted;

"A peculiar feature about the attendance is the presence in the audience of many young women belonging to the same class as Neill's alleged victims. The trial appears to have a peculiar fascination for them..."

"When Haynes mentioned that Neill had shown him the note-book containing the initials of the murdered girls there was a sensation in court and another point was gained when the witness referred to the agitation displayed by Neill when he heard the newsboys shouting 'Arrests in the Stamford Street case'. Neill was greatly excited and dismounted at Charing Cross, where he bought several copies of different papers. He appeared to be much relieved when he found that the newsboys cries referred to another case.

When the verdict was brought in on October 21st, the Montreal Gazette featured the story on its front page the following day.

"The courtroom was crowded to suffocation and hundreds were unable to gain admission. The little gallery was closely packed and there were in it many representatives of London's 'smart' set, the ladies rather preponderating. Neill was brought in early and did not look at all disturbed..."

"Then the jury was ushered into its room and the people in the courtroom prepared themselves for a long wait. No one left their seats as they knew that once they left the court room it would be impossible to secure readmittance. There was some surprise when the jury returned for they had been absent barely five minutes, much less than it had been supposed they would be. Every one in the court room knew at once, after this significant fact, what the verdict would be."

Dr. Thomas Neill Cream was 'hanged by the neck until dead' at Newgate Prison at nine a.m. November 15th, 1892. For fascinated Québec readers, the Gazette went into all the gruesome details.

"As the procession passed through the corridors toward the scaffold, the tolling of the passing bell of St. Sepulchre's which has marked the last moments of so many criminals, resounded through the prison..."

"The corridor of Newgate is perhaps the most ghastly spot in the world. Under the flagging of the corridor is buried the bodies of a long succession of notable and obscure criminals. Initials or numbers cut in the walls indicate the more recent interments. Earlier inscriptions have been defaced by time..."

"Outside the gates of the prison, a crowd of about five hundred persons were gathered. There was not, as is usually the case, the slightest expression of sympathy for the prisoner. Probably no criminal was ever executed in London who had a

less pitying mob awaiting his extinction..."

When the black flag was run up the flagstaff to indicate that extinction had been performed, the crowd cheered and howled.

"The body was then placed in a perforated coffin into which a sack of quicklime was poured...The body was buried under the flagstones in the corridor, through which Neill had passed a short time before on his way to the scaffold."

An amazingly life-like wax image of Dr. Thomas Neill Cream was quickly set up in the room of Madame Tussaud's world famous museum called the 'Chamber of Horrors'. There, to send shivers up the spines of all who come to stare, stands Québec's foulest fiend. □

Mother's Day

This is the time to let mother know how much we love and appreciate her. She has worried over our aches and pains and encouraged us through hard times. Our well-being and bright futures have always been her main concern.

We hope that on Mother's Day we can, in our way, show her how much we care for her.

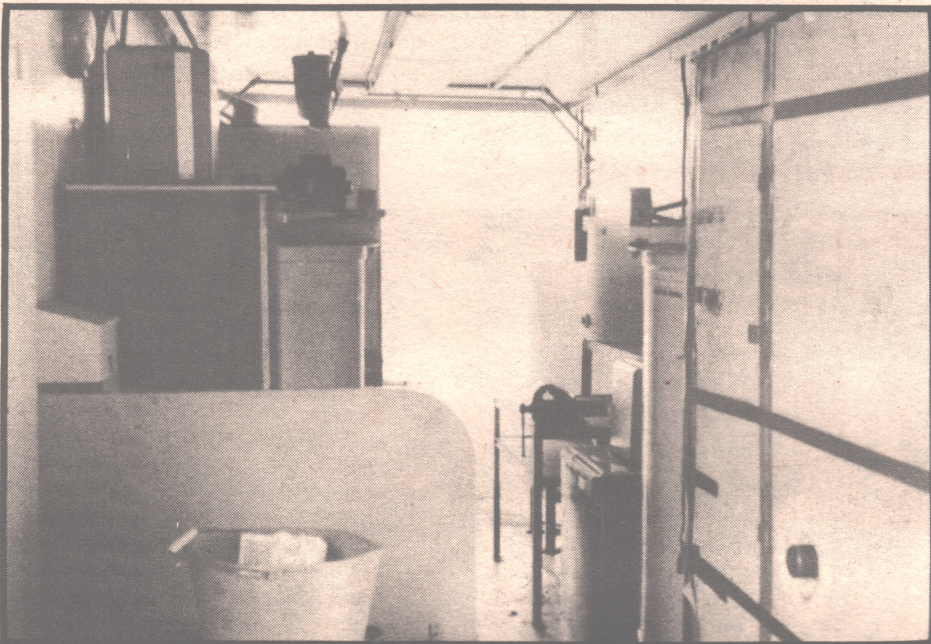
The association of merchants of

"Le Carrefour de L'Estrie"

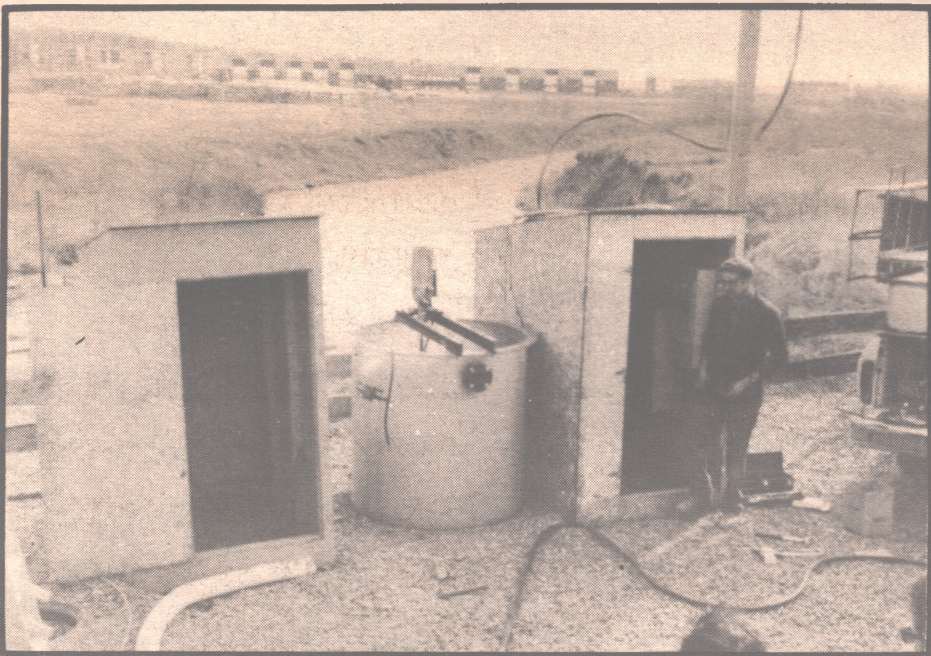
L'ASSOCIATION DES MARCHANDS DU
CARREFOUR DE L'ESTRIE

Granby Sewage Experiments Underway

by Merritt Clifton



The lab interior



This tank mixes Granby city sewage with clean upstream water, to approximate a 'normal' balance.



The Rupke lab, exterior.

Photos: Merritt Clifton

GRANBY—"I expect I'll spend the summer looking at a lot of sewage," Jim Matthews grins. Waste management technician Matthews and the Rupke Associates portable laboratory stand between Granby and a long-awaited sewage treatment plant. Mayor Paul Trepannier and environment minister Marcel Leger shook hands over a \$19.5-million-dollar plant financing agreement back in January. A prefabricated 'package plant' purchased from the United States could have been built already. But Matthews and the Rupke environmental consulting firm intend to make sure Granby gets the plant it needs, not just the cheapest and quickest available.

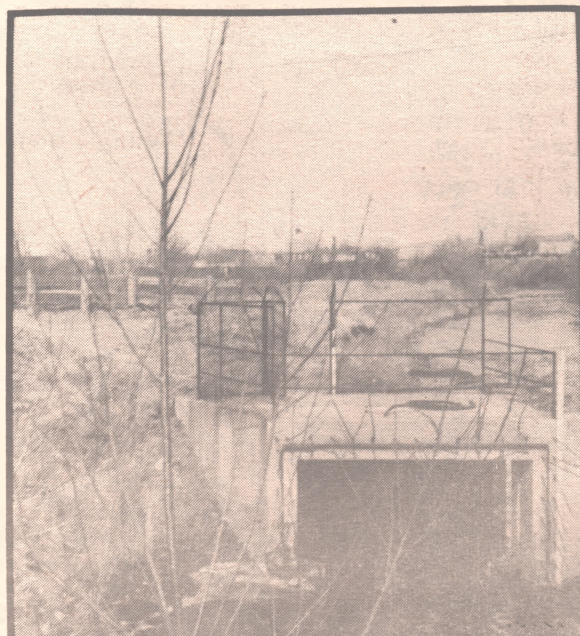
"Québec is 20 years behind the rest of North America in sewage treatment," Matthews charges. "Most towns along rivers dump their sewage raw," as Granby does into the beleaguered Yamaska, along with Waterloo, Cowansville, Farnham, St. Hyacinthe, and over two dozen smaller towns. "Where plants have been built, they're mostly eyewash. Useless. They were built without proper planning, and they show it."

Each community, Matthews stresses, has different sewage, because of differing types of industrial discharge, differing soils, and differing local water quality to begin with. An effective sewage treatment plant must be prepared to handle the specific volume and type of waste products coming into it. If overloaded, a plant will dump excess sewage back into the

river untreated. If confronted with an unexpected chemical, the plant might sustain crippling damage to pipes and storage tanks. Even if it doesn't, the chemical can significantly alter treatment requirements, either by accelerating or delaying the aeration time for other wastes.

"We're looking at a potential aeration time of 30 days right now," Matthews says. This means Granby wastes would remain in storage tanks or lagoons for one month before entering the Yamaska as 'clean' water. "After this experiment, we'll try a sample for 45 days. This is our anticipated maximum, and the 30 days is our minimum. Then we'll try to close the gap from there." Eventually Matthews will arrive at an exact median figure. Underestimating aeration time would leave the plant ineffective. Overestimating would mean building a bigger, more expensive plant than really necessary.

Right now Granby sewage pours into the Yamaska as a black, tarry, slow-moving mass, discoloring the river immediately and permanently all the way down to Farnham, 28 miles below. Treatment begins with filtration to remove hard solids, then a settling period to get rid of sludge. After that, a network of air-pipes continuously blows new oxygen into the turbid waters from underneath. How efficient this procedure will be depends largely upon how well Matthews levels out the many variables. Often sewage treatment plants improve their efficiency dramatically as



The Yamaska flows clean through Granby.

But turns black where the Granby sewage enters.

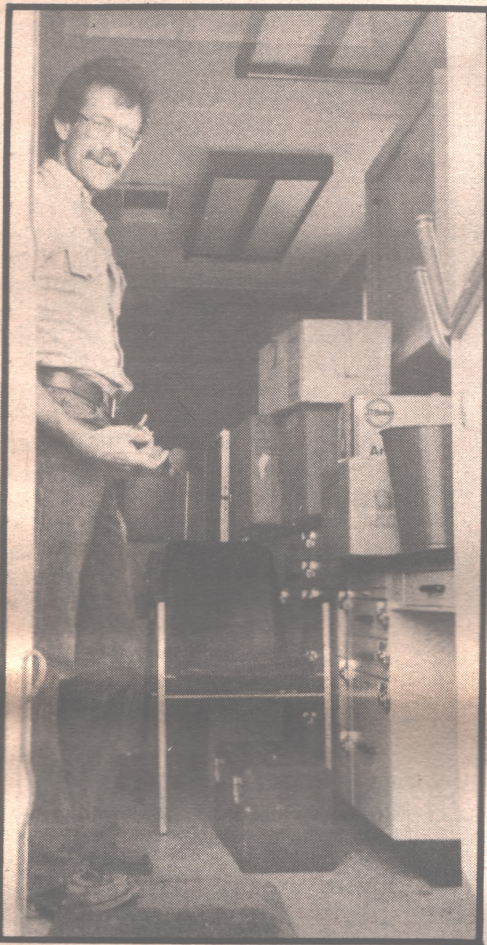
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the operators gain experience. Richford, Vermont, built the first sewage treatment plant in this region during 1969. Five years ago it achieved an 83% efficiency rating. After separating the septic sewer system from the storm sewers, reducing chances of an overload, Richford's rating climbed to 95% last year, and is at 96% now. Granby will start out with a separated septic system, and hopes to start with 90% efficiency.

One of Matthews' big problems is that Granby sewage does not keep the same composition all year round. In springtime, the Yamaska contains large quantities of cow and pig manure, draining from riverbank barnyards and fertilized fields. In summer the water level drops sharply, increasing septic concentrations. Industrial chemical discharges are erratic. A Hydro-Québec equipment yard



Pollution-fighter Jim Matthews in the Rupke Associates portable laboratory.

just upstream from the Rupke laboratory recharges telephone relay batteries. "If they should happen to pour a bunch of battery-acid down the embankment into the river," Matthews shrugs, "it'll drastically lower the water pH balance here and throw all our experiments off for five weeks."

The Rupke project is jointly sponsored by the federal and provincial environmental protection services. Environment Québec has long seen cleaning up Granby sewage as the most important step toward depolluting the entire Yamaska, since Granby alone contributes as much as Waterloo, Cowansville, and Farnham put together. Other sewage treatment plants are already under construction in Brigham and Waterloo. Cowansville is still negotiating a plan costing an estimated \$5.5 million. Acton-Vale reached a cost-sharing agreement in March. The entire Yamaska River clean-up budget totals \$138 million. All sewage treatment plants are expected to be operating in mid-1984, fully 16 years after then-premier Daniel Johnson first called for depolluting the Yamaska in 1968. The same year, Vermont announced a river clean-up project of comparable scope that was completely finished by 1973.

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William Pettigrew, prop.

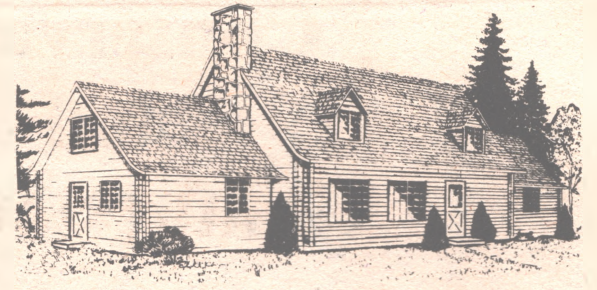
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Conservation and Nature Notes

by Gladys Mackey Beattie

The birds are returning! The Robins, Song Sparrows, Bluebirds, Wrens and Tree Swallows are here. The Snipe has returned and is making his peculiar winnowing sound as he performs his aerial courtship high in the late evening sky. The Woodcock is beeping from the alder marsh. Six Golden Eagles and a Bald Eagle were seen at Valleyfield and a white Gyrfalcon was seen at Beauharnois. One Goshawk, one Broadwing Hawk and a Red Shouldered Hawk have been seen at North Hatley. Woodpeckers, Nuthatches and Chickadees are building nests. (A pair of Chickadees are putting nesting materials into one of my would-be Bluebird houses!) Large flocks of Snow Geese have been seen headed north. Almost the entire population of Greater Snow Geese stops at the Cap Tourmente Sanctuary near Québec City where they rest and feed for several weeks until some instinct tells them that spring has come to the high arctic. This is the only place they nest and rear their young and the females will eat nothing, or almost nothing until the goslings are hatched and able to be out of the nest and into the water. So they must eat well and store up enough fat to last them through the incubation period. It is worth a trip to Cap Tourmente to see the thousands

of Snow Geese there each May.

Dr. David Bird of the MacDonald Raptor Research Station presented an illustrated lecture on the plight of the Peregrine Falcon—(see the April issue of the Sun for an excellent description of the work being done at MacDonald College on Raptors). The native



Peregrine Falcon in flight—
Note the conspicuous "moustache"
pattern on face and long pointed
wings. Flies with quick powerful
strokes.

Peregrine Falcon of eastern North America has been considered extinct, but last summer a pair of unbanded Peregrines spent the summer here in "Southern Québec". Since this may be the only surviving pair of Eastern Peregrine Falcons in existence, it is critical and imperative that if they return to this area (or any other area, in fact) that they be given all the protection possible from harassment. Last summer a warden was hired to watch and try to protect the pair from human interference. The Research Center plans to hire two students as wardens this year and needs financial assistance to do so. Since "southern Québec" includes the Townships, we Townshippers should do our best to help. Even a couple dollars would be welcome. All donations are tax deductible. SAY YOU READ ABOUT IT IN THE SUN!!

The address is: Save The Peregrine Fund, Macdonald Raptor Research Centre, Macdonald College, Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Qué. H9V 1C0.

In addition to the above, a Peregrine Falcon count is being taken in May. Everyone is invited to participate. Peregrine Falcons are a crow size bird 15-21 inches long with a forty inch wingspread (approx.), and they are slate grey above and buffy colored with fine spots and streaks below. They have very long pointed wings and a narrow tail. Their dark "moustache" facial pattern is visible for a long distance. (See photo on page 4 of the April Sun.) They nest on cliff faces and tall buildings and are very tolerant of man. For this reason they could fall innocent prey to crow or pigeon hunters. Hence part of the necessity of a warden. Should you happen to spot one of these birds in your area, note the time, place,

weather, type of terrain and if possible check for leg bands (the color of the bands is important too!) Send all this information to Dr. Bird at the above address. All reports will be acknowledged.

If your scouting does not reward you with any Peregrines, don't go home empty handed. Look down around you. Now is the time for spring's wild edibles. Dandelion leaves and buds, fiddleheads, violet leaves and wild onions are among the best of nature's spring tonics, and are usually free for the gathering.

Now is also a good time to plant or transplant trees before leaf growth starts. The planting of a coniferous windbreak or a couple of deciduous shade trees can make a big difference in the heating or cooling of your home. Nut tree seedlings of all kinds are available now if you feel you'd like an additional bonus from your shade trees.

I received the following letter from a reader and feel it would be of interest to print it.

"Your request for letters in the last issue of the Townships Sun prompts me to write, to ask for information on a subject that has concerned me for some time. Fred Bodsworth's article in March Reader's Digest speaks out for the Vanishing Glory of Canada's Wild Orchids, but what of the other less common wild flowers of the Eastern Townships that are becoming increasingly hard to find—water arum, bottle gentian, trailing arbutus, cardinal flower, white pond lily, wild ginger, hepatica, etc?

Would it be worth while for the St. Francis Naturalists Club to undertake a survey this summer with interested

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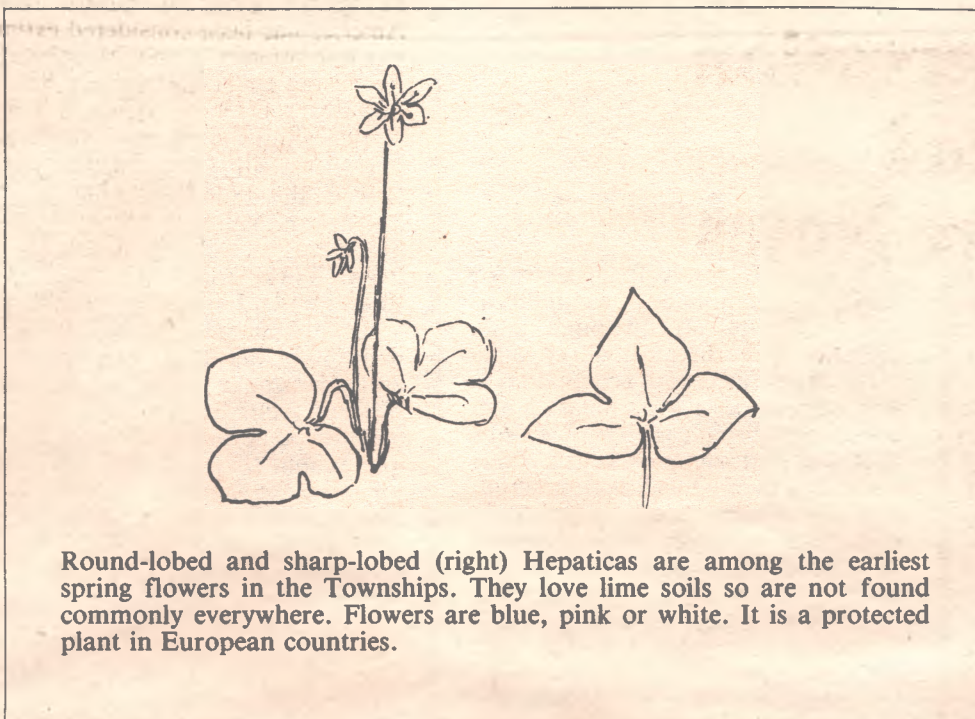
amateur naturalists reporting on the abundance or otherwise, of these and other especially rare flowers they find this year, compared to last year? Photographs make a good record, but a pencil drawing is equally valuable because it permits detail accurately on individual plants, and a count should be kept, and location noted. This last would not be made public for obvious reasons. Many people do not realize that picking rare flowers means their extinction. My lone root of hepatica survives after my carefully guarding it for twenty-five years (three transplants taken from the original site where a ski run was to be built)—the few purple fringed orchids, and some white, about a dozen plants, that I've been able to observe for the past five or six years seem to be decreasing, although they have been undisturbed and protected.

Are other Townshippers concerned, and if so, can we do something about it?

Sincerely, L.C."

This does indeed sound like a project worthy of a community effort. How about it Townshippers, The Saint Francis Valley Naturalists Club, AND other clubs in the Townships. This might even be a good spring project for Scouts and Guides who have an outdoor program this spring or summer. Let's hear your comments...

I am pleased to learn that some research is being done on the Coyote. Mr. Yves Jean, a biologist at the University of Sherbrooke is doing his thesis on this subject. His project covers population densities, their structure, reproduction, pack movements and predations. An attempt is being made to locate as many dens as possible containing young. The pups are marked with numbered tags for



Round-lobed and sharp-lobed (right) Hepaticas are among the earliest spring flowers in the Townships. They love lime soils so are not found commonly everywhere. Flowers are blue, pink or white. It is a protected plant in European countries.

ongoing research on their travels, etc. The results of this study will no doubt be influential in deciding what type of measures, if any, will be necessary to control their populations and predations. The Department of Agriculture and the Provincial "service de la Faune" are both co-operating in this research.

And for anyone who evidenced concern about the frogs being destroyed by being frozen in the mud; I'm told that a frog (or any herpetile) can be frozen solid like so much hamburger, can be thawed out again and be as good as ever. Frogs, I'm told, do not like the cold and will dig deeper and deeper into the mud or soil until they run into an obstruction

like rock or hardpan where they must accept whatever temperatures Mother Nature chooses. Many toads hibernate under such deep layers of leaf mould that they are insulated against the frost but they too, suffer no ill effects from being frozen. So all our little "Swamp Singers" should be back in full chorus as usual this year.

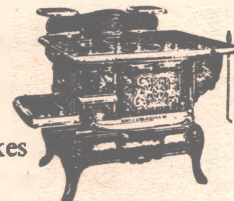
This column is intended for use by all Nature and Conservation organizations in the Townships; if you have any news or observations that would be of interest to other Sun readers, we'd like to hear from you. Send it to the Sun, to my attention. We need to receive it by the 15th of the month to get it into the next issue. □

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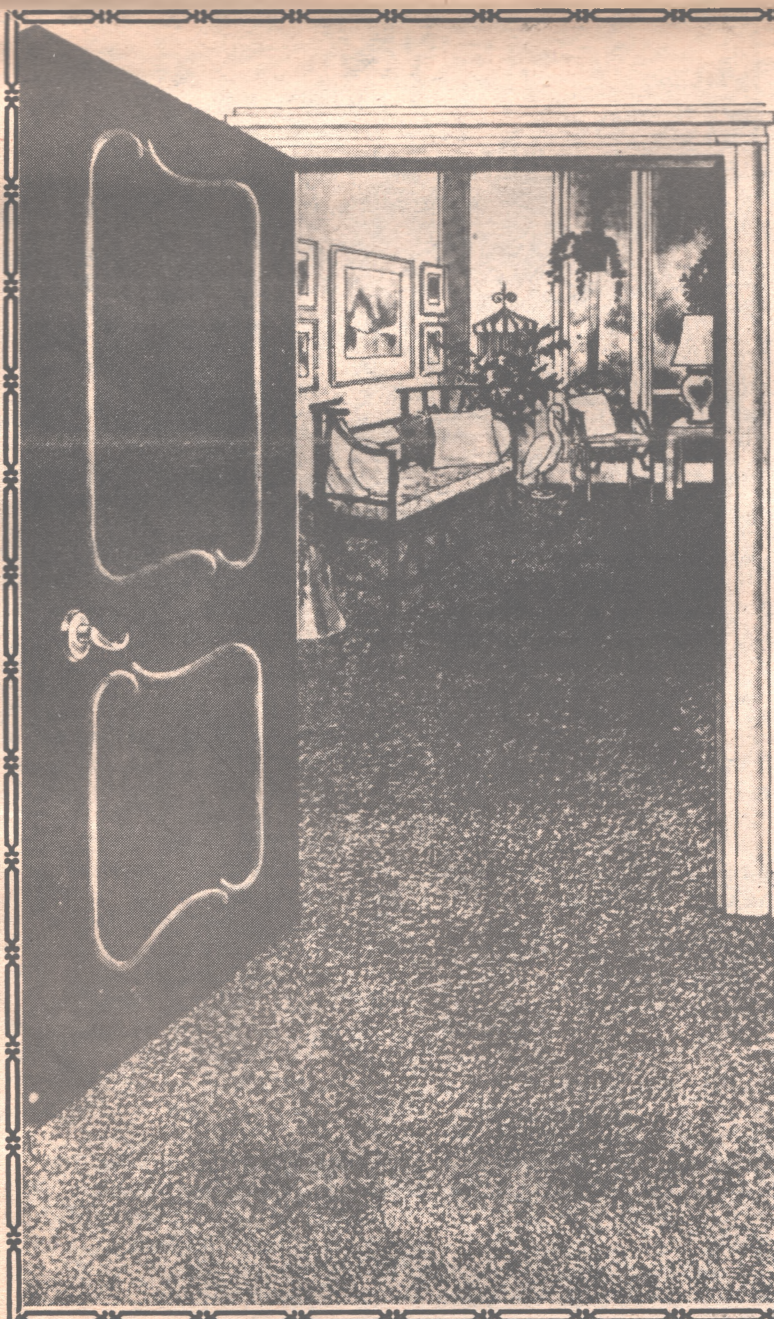
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Child Safety Week

1-7 May 1980

Sliding glass doors, such as patio doors, have been the cause of many accidents to children and adults alike, says the Canada Safety Council. These accidents vary from doors closing on unwary hands and fingers to children in play running through the glass.

Most accidents involving sliding doors happen because people "forget the door is there". One solution is to put decals or coloured tape on doors so people will have a visual clue when a door is shut. Remember to fix them at both an adult and a child's level. It also helps to put furniture in front of sliding doors to slow down those in a hurry.

Areas in front of sliding glass doors should be kept clear of loose rugs, toys and other small articles that might cause a person to trip or fall into the doors. But above all, children should be made aware of the risks of serious accidents if they run without making sure that the way is clear.

Welcome to Videomonde

Vidéomonde is a regional centre for media production and communication which carries on three main activities. The centre is involved in the community television production around Sherbrooke, its animation and open-circuit broadcast. There is also a library at Vidéomonde, which offers a wide range of educational materials with the closed-circuit broadcast available of video programs produced by Vidéomonde. Vidéomonde is also involved in the on-going production of video programs for local groups.

Among their objectives for 1980 are the revival of the community television network in Sherbrooke and the involvement of the entire population in this project. Vidéomonde also extends an invitation to all individuals or groups who have information to communicate. There is a staff of skilled technicians there for consultation. Call them at 569-9831 or visit at 183 King W. in Sherbrooke.

Lights are Heavy

It is a mistake to think that low-nicotine cigarettes (which account for 40% of the sales) are less damaging to the health than ordinary cigarettes. A researcher at Columbia University in New York concluded that those smokers who switch to the "light" cigarettes actually smoke more, inhale more deeply at each puff and hold the smoke longer in their lungs, which results in the same level of nicotine as before. Even more dangerous is that they increase their intake of carbon monoxide, oxides of nitrogen and hydrogen cyanide which are associated with cardio-vascular and respiratory diseases as well as foetal abnormalities.



Smokers don't sleep either

The Sun took a brief look at the effects of caffeine, found in coffee and other products (March, 1980), but that didn't cover all the stimulants we commonly consume. Nicotine, in cigarettes, is also a stimulant. It leads to increased production of catecholamine, a chemical normally produced by the human body. But too much of this chemical increases heart and lung pressure. That's why smokers have trouble going to sleep, according to a study at the University of Pennsylvania. A group of 50 non-smokers took, on the average, 20 minutes to fall asleep, but the 50 smokers took 43. The researchers also discovered that a smoker who quits begins getting a better night's sleep almost immediately.

short notes &

The Environment—I'm part of it

For the second year in a row the Québec Ministry of the Environment is organizing "Environment Month" for the entire month of May. This campaign of education and participation will take place all over Québec and will include groups involved in the protection of the environment as well as those individuals concerned with the preservation and improvement of our natural resources.

The theme for May 1980 is "L'Environnement, j'en suis" (The Environment—I'm part of it), a theme relating to 1979's "Je vis en harmonie" (I live in harmony).

During Environment Month, the Ministry hopes to achieve the following objectives:

1. develop an awareness of the rights and responsibilities of everyone towards the environment.
2. encourage activities to assure the preservation or betterment of our surroundings.
3. spread the idea of universal responsibility for the environment.
4. support groups engaged in protecting the environment, with information, promotion and publicity and by putting resource people at their disposal.
5. continue the Ministry's effort to educate the public.

There are regional coordinators to help groups during the month of May. The Townships coordinator is Paul Jeannotte. If you would like more information about the activities planned or would like to receive promotional material, contact Mr. Jeannotte at 563-0738 or 569-9083. The offices of the Ministry of the Environment are located at 195 Belvedere North in Sherbrooke.

L'Environnement, j'en suis

Future Bottles

Within a few years the Québec Liquor Board will adopt a system of uniformly sized wine and spirit bottles, as the breweries did years ago. The Board will see its expenditures reduced, new employment will be generated, and the number of non-returnable bottles which comprise 40% of roadside litter will be substantially reduced.

Sweden has used this system for many years with success. The consumer has only to bring his bottles back to the store where they are electronically scanned to see if they are fit to be re-used. The client is credited with a refund on the bottles, which are mechanically transported to a storage area in the store. If the bottles test "negative", they are put aside for other recycling uses.

Today our taxes pay for the disposal of non-returnable bottles. Québécois throw away 200 million every year, and at approximately .10 a piece for disposal, that means a loss of 20 million dollars. Another benefit from the elimination of these bottles from our trash would be the possibility of easily dividing garbage into three categories: non-degradables such as metal and plastic, organic matter and paper. The last two comprise three quarters of the total and are easily recycled.

But you can be sure that the manufacturers are not going to push for any changes, since the public hasn't been actively objecting to the expense and damage caused by non-returnables. Letters to the Liquor Board requesting returnable bottles might speed the change.



Gaspé: another resource to preserve

The Gaspé Park, last refuge of caribou in the peninsula, may be threatened by further economic development if limits are not set in the near future. Moose, deer, Québec red trout, Atlantic salmon all abound in this unique area. Although a special law created the park in 1937 precisely in order to protect its character, evidence of forestry and mining is everywhere. Slashes, rock heaps and high power lines testify to the damage already done.

Some looked for a settlement in the eternal battle between conservation and development when Bill 19 on Québec Provincial Parks came into effect in November, 1977. This law would permit the government to reserve public land exclusively for conservation and recreation. It allowed a period of two years (that is, until

November 1979) to classify the four large provincial parks—Laurentide, Mont Tremblant, Mount Orford and Gaspé.

In November 1978 the Ministry of Tourism, Fishing and Hunting held public meetings on the Gaspé Park. The unanimous decision was to include important caribou terrain (Mounts McGerrigle and Logan) in addition to the area proposed by the government. Yet the final classification of the lands was put off until November 1980.

In the meantime, mining interests are doing their best to make sure the planned expansion of the park falls through, and the caribou, whose ranks have already greatly decreased, may fall below the number needed for continued survival.

Exercise to Improve Your Math

If your child has had poor math grades in elementary school maybe you should consider encouraging him to get more involved in sports. At least, that's what research carried on by **Dr. Hugues Lavallée** of Three Rivers would indicate.

For ten years now Dr. Lavallée has been studying the effect of exercise on the growth and development of children from 6 to 12 years old. The study reveals that one hour of physical activity substituted for one hour of in-class study does not affect success in schoolwork. In fact, it actually seems to improve children's performance.

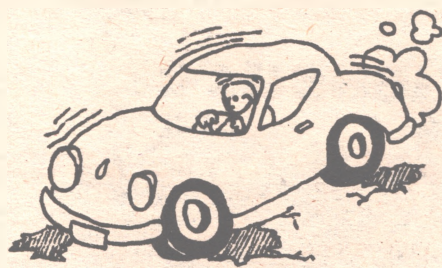
Strangely enough, girls who exercised more appeared to be better in math than their male classmates. Researchers were also able to show that the experimental program of five hours of physical education a week (instead of the regular 40 minutes a

week) speeded up the psychomotor development of children (their dexterity, etc.).

546 children participated in the tests—some from urban Three Rivers, others from the rural community of Pont-Rouge. The children from both towns were split into two groups, one with the extra hours of physical education, the other with the shorter period.

A million dollars was spent on this study which has raised a few more interesting questions. Would there be any long-term effect on the children's physical condition? Would they continue to participate more in sports? What would be their consumption of tobacco and alcohol later in life?

These questions may never be answered, but this study certainly gives credence to what common sense has always told us: a sound body for a sound mind.



Springtime Daydreams

A solution may finally have been found for an annually annoying ailment affecting our Québec roads. Researchers at the Canadian National Research Council have just developed a new permanent filling compound for potholes. It's made of two parts sulphur for one part asphalt, with 2% mica chips. Melted sulphur is as fluid as water so the mixture can penetrate all the nooks and crannies in a pothole. While cooling, it hardens and adheres to the other materials. Tests are presently going on in both Winnipeg and Ville St. Laurent to see if the laboratory results hold true in actual conditions. If they do, taxpayers will be saving a few pennies, because those troublesome potholes are generally filled on a yearly basis.

Medic-Alert

The Ministry of Social Affairs informed the Sun that May is the department's special month to spread the word about Medic-Alert. Anyone with a chronic illness, allergy, or who needs special treatment at some time should carry a Medic-Alert pin, bracelet or necklace. The Medic-Alert emblems allow illness and particular conditions to be more efficiently recognized and treated, especially important if an individual is lying unconscious. About 2,000 people are saved every year through Medic-Alert identification. More information can be obtained from Medic-Alert, 1455 Peel, Montreal H3A 1T5.

Short Notes & Lengthy Graffiti were prepared by Jill Gyorgy

lengthy graffiti

Further PCB Restrictions Backed by Review Board

An amendment to further restrict the use of polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs) was upheld by the PCB Board of Review in its report recently released by Environment Minister **John Roberts** and the Minister of National Health and Welfare, **Monique Bégin**.

In making public the report, Mr. Roberts commended the Board on its recommendations, most of which call for tighter control of the use, disposal, storage and transportation of PCBs.

"The government has frequently stated its intention to phase out all uses of PCBs," said Mr. Roberts. "I am quite pleased to see that the Board completely endorses our approach and even recommends that tighter controls are necessary to accelerate the phaseout process. Some of the recommendations, however, call for changes in policy which would have to be discussed with those affected before such changes could be formally proposed."

Polychlorinated biphenyls, synthetic substances included in the class known as chlorinated organic compounds, are used primarily in electrical transformers and capacitors. They have been the subject of growing concern as environmental pollutants due to their persistence and wide dispersal in the environment.

Because of their threat to human health and their environmental effects, PCBs were the first substances scheduled and regulated under the Environmental Contaminants Act. The first regulations came into effect on September 1, 1977 and prohibited the use of PCBs in all but certain specified equipment.

The PCB Board of Review was appointed under the Environmental

Contaminants Act to hear two objections to the proposed amendment to regulations prohibiting the use of PCBs as new filling or as makeup fluid in servicing or maintenance of any electrical transformers or associated switch-gear.

The Iron Ore Company of Canada, Labrador City, Nfld. and Eurocan Pulp and Paper Co. Ltd. of Kitimat, B.C. subsequently withdrew their objections.

In its report, the Board of Review recommends that the federal government:

- consider a fixed percentage of all equipment using PCBs be removed from service each year (five per cent has been suggested);
- establish "environmentally sensitive areas" under the Environmental Contaminants Act to receive special attention and more stringent regulation;
- cooperate with industry to reach agreement on acceptable replacement fluids for PCBs;
- speedily enact a Transportation of Dangerous Goods Act to regulate the shipment of PCBs;
- develop, in cooperation with provincial governments, a facility for the storage and disposal of PCBs;
- consider legislation to more effectively manage toxic chemicals in the environment;
- prohibit the export of PCBs except for transportation to an approved storage or disposal facility.

Members of the three-man board are Chairman **Prof. Maxwell Cohen**, former Canadian Chairman of the International Joint Commission, **Lee F. Marwood**, an electrical engineer, and **Dr. Robert B. Sutherland**, an industrial health specialist.

This Crazy Kooky Winter

Here in Québec, we have good and bad winters, rated primarily by the amount of snowfall received. This winter was harder to judge, as it was very unusual: almost none of our normal snow blanket covered the countryside.

For instance, from December 11 to January 21, a period of 42 days, Montreal received no snow at all. That breaks the previously recorded 29 days in 1956-7 without snow and by January 31 only 32.9 cm of snow had fallen or 24% of the norm (136.2 cm). That beats the record of 1955-6 when only 67.6 cm of snow fell before that date.

During the month of January, only 6.8 cm of snow fell on Sherbrooke, 11.2 on Montreal. That breaks the old records of 21.8 cm in Sherbrooke (1940) and 24.9 in Montreal (1970). In Sherbrooke the total snow fall at the end of January was only 52.1 cm—the average is 153.6 cm by then.

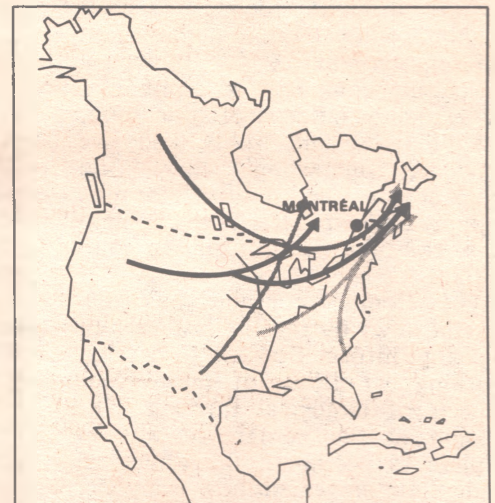
While the ski industry languished, Québec snow was sent off to the four corners of the world—52 cm fell in one storm on sunny, North African Morocco.

According to **Yves Durocher**, a meteorologist with the Canadian Climate Center in Toronto, the last three winters preceding 1979-80 were particularly "hard", making this winter appear even milder yet. He believes we are entering a period where we will regularly experience the extremes of our climate.

But what could have caused the unusual winter here? Perhaps the oil spill of June 1979 on the Gulf of

Mexico changed the composition of the air currents, their temperature and direction...and the Arctic reported a very cold summer in 1979 with the ice to Baffin Island scarcely breaking up before the autumn...and on the other hand, the temperature of the Pacific near British Columbia was a few degrees warmer.

There are many factors affecting our weather patterns—including man-made air pollution, some of which leads to atmospheric cooling, some to heating. Will we live in a greenhouse or an ice age? It's a matter troubling the most skilled weather forecasters.



The most common source of low pressure areas affecting southern Québec come from the United States where storm centres move in a north-easterly direction. We owe 70% of our heaviest snowfalls to them. The low pressure areas from the North central U.S. produce snow when they meet hot and humid air from the South. Rather dry low pressure areas, come from Western Canada. Almost all passed north or south of Southern Québec this year, or blew off to the coast.



Earthy Pleasures

Homegrown Mushrooms

Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan has announced that the interest rate charged by the Farm Credit Corporation for loans under the Farm Credit Act will be at 13 per cent and at 13 1/4 per cent under the Farm Syndicates Credit Act.

"According to the Interest Rates Regulations under the Farm Credit Act these rates are reviewed twice a year and fixed on April 1 and October 1. The rate for loans under the FCA is based on the previous six months' yields of five to 10-year government bonds," explained Mr. Whelan. The rate for loans under the FSCA is based on the yield of one to 10-year bonds.

The rate for the period ending March 31, 1980 was 12 per cent for loans under the Farm Credit Act and 11 1/4 per cent for loans under the Farm Syndicates Credit Act.

Mr. Whelan remarked that this change is the result of continued upward pressure on interest rates in the international and domestic economies.

If you grow green beans, onions and melons in your summer garden, why not think about mushrooms, too?

Mushroom production may soon be within everyone's reach, using a new method guaranteed to provide you with a delicately flavoured Québec mushroom. This mushroom has been developed by a professor at Laval University and it can grow just as well in a shady corner of your back yard as it does in its native sugar bush habitat, where the mushroom favours the trunks of dead trees.

Professor Ola'h of Laval, himself an avid mushroom gatherer, has tried to domesticate these woodland mushrooms, by selecting and synthesizing the characteristics of the mushroom's usual growing spot and then seeding it

with spores multiplied in the laboratory.

To grow-your-own, find and prepare suitable blocks of wood about a foot long and 8 inches wide, treated with mushroom flavoured "parfum" as it were. In the spring, seed them with the spores and put the blocks in an incubation trench 4-5 feet deep. In August, dig them up and put them in a permanent seed-bed where they remain for the 3-5 years of mushroom production. The first year you could hope to receive 15 to 30 pounds of tasty mushrooms, per 100 pounds of wood.

This new culture is not yet commercially available, but we can expect to hear more about it in a few years.



Biologists vs Fishermen

"If we ask Jules Roy (of the Wildlife Service) and his superiors any questions, they drown us in technical terms to explain their decision to stop trout fishing on the ice of Lake Megantic. We can't answer them back in the same language because we are not biologists. But you don't have to be a biologist to have good judgement. On the contrary, the experience gained by fishermen on the lake means a great deal more than any diploma."

These are André Paré's comments from Lake Megantic's *Echo de Frontenac*. He's one of the many fishermen who were frustrated this winter by the Wildlife Service's decision to ban trout fishing on Lake Megantic. Opponents of this decision believe that not enough trout would be caught to justify this move which angered not only local fishermen but also local tourist businessmen. "No one's going to come from Montreal or Québec to Megantic just to fish smelt because the St. Lawrence is bursting with them," Paré continued. According to the *Echo de Frontenac* the population is still waiting for the Wildlife Service to justify their decision.

Growers' Gripes

by Bart Hall-Beyer

Over forty growers took advantage of a session at the Sixth Annual Biological Agriculture Conference in mid-April to air their complaints to officials from the Québec government, the Union des producteurs agricoles, and the Mouvement pour l'agriculture biologique. The panel session brought together several members of the Comité conjoint, an umbrella committee for biological agriculture composed of representatives from the ministry of agriculture, the UPA, AgCan, MAB, and five producers. Interestingly, there is no member of the natural farming support industry (fertilizer companies, consultants, etc.) on the committee.

The Comité conjoint has met several times during the last year to exchange information and to develop working definitions of the various aspects of biological farming. The session at the conference was to explain to people in the ecological agriculture movement how everyone, including the government, could work together.

The representative from the UPA, a local official and a farmer himself, described how the UPA wanted to make sure that there was only one group speaking for farmers in Québec and that the interests of ecological agriculture could be easily looked after by the Union. There was also discussion about marketing boards, which the UPA man felt should be all encompassing, including all agricultural products produced in larger than family-use amounts. People

attending the session expressed a certain amount of dissatisfaction with the UPA—small growers don't want the qualifying amount of farm income raised to \$3000, they don't want to be forced into marketing systems which make quota unavailable to small producers, and they don't want to be involved in union bureaucracy in addition to government bureaucracy.

The strongest criticism of the afternoon was directed towards the office of Agricultural Credit. After a thorough and very useful overview of what credit was available, and under what financial terms, the floor was opened to questions, and the complaints flowed like the spring runoff. A number of people felt that Credit agricole officials were very narrow in their consideration of loan applications. The complaint was heard that a biological dairy farmer has a better chance of getting a loan than a conventional farmer on a diverse operation. It was said that cows and pigs are all the credit officials know, with the result that we are drowning in milk and pig manure. A particular sore point was the preliminary study demanded by the office, requiring highly detailed financial analyses. Loans for the establishment of a farm are available, but the farmer pays all the interest until the farm is profitable. Several people wondered how the beginning farmer could ever become eligible for the subsidies when interest rates gobble up five or ten grand a year.

The Québec Ministry of Agricul-

ture received a number of questions about its role in providing services to ecological farmers. They have several officials involved with special ecological projects, and in particular they wish to avoid charlatanism. A detailed census of ecological farming will be undertaken along with the regular agricultural census so that the government have a better understanding of biofarming as it exists in the province. In response to a question, the ministry official stated that the government couldn't afford to subsidize special soil audits for ecological farmers and that the farmers couldn't afford to pay what the government would have to charge for the tests. This elicited the comment that the government was having a hard time delivering its present range of services to the farmers without undertaking any new services.

Even though the session went well over its scheduled three hours, it failed to touch on some of the critical questions for ecological farmers. When will the government subsidize the transport on rock phosphate? What is going to be done about the lack of small local abattoirs? When can herds of less than 20 cows be allowed on production tests? Will the government start testing foods for chemical residues? It is the small, diverse farm which is ecologically stable, and it is the small diverse farm rather than the large dairy herd or porcherie which is going to increase Québec autonomy in food production. If the meeting at the Biological Agriculture Conference is any indication, the government and UPA people don't seem to understand the questions, to say nothing of the answers.

Another session at the conference attracted a number of commercial orchardists to participate in a discussion of ecological orchard management with Steve Page of Maine, Joe Smillie of Eaton Valley Agricultural Services, and Pierre Phillion, a fourth

generation orchardist and agronomist for Huntingdon County. The session provided much useful information, and marked the beginning of a shift in conference emphasis away from gardeners and more towards commercial farmers. In addition, there were the usual sessions covering everything from beekeeping to yoghurt-making, and information/sales booths for various concerns from far and wide.

As more and more serious farmers have become interested in ecological agriculture, the conference-goers have experienced increasing frustration as people ask questions that are too advanced or too elementary for other people at the session. The homeowner with two apple trees in the side yard asks a different sort of question than someone with five hectares of trees. As economics drive more serious farmers to ecological farming, the conference has an increasing number of participants who use at least some conventional chemicals on the farm. In spite of the frustration this causes for some people, it is probably a good thing. If half the serious farmers cut their chemical use by 50%, the net result for the environment is more than if all gardeners eliminate chemicals entirely.

The Sixth Annual Biological Agriculture Conference was a transition. In future, both the serious farmers and the gardeners and homesteaders will probably have separate sessions to meet their particular needs. Several years ago the conference was an English-only affair; this year the French-speaking conferences outnumbered the English. Now there are workshops in both languages, and the conference has functioned well as a forum for everyone to exchange ideas. The appearance of government people and serious producers indicates that this year the conference began to fill a new role for ecological farmers. □

Salmon Holocaust

What's happening to the "King of the River"? Salmon which used to heavily populate Québec's waterways are becoming less plentiful. The decrease in 1979 was so pronounced that the Ministry of Tourism, Hunting and Fishing closed the rivers in the Eastern part of the province earlier in August than usual. Commercial salmon fishing along the Gaspé coast has been under stringent control for a few years already.

Last June and July there was a noticeable decrease in the upstream travels of salmon. Usually 25,000 make the journey, in 1979 only 15,000 returned. Moreover, between 1977 and 1978 the mortality rate at sea had climbed from 30 to 75%.

A female of 4.5 kilos usually lays about 8,000 eggs and of this number perhaps 50 to 80 young salmon will reach the sea having spent their youth in the rivers. But even there, they face dangers—uneven currents, temperature variations—which diminish their numbers ever-increasingly, as well as intensive commercial fishing off the coasts of Newfoundland and Greenland.

The Ministry of Tourism, Hunting and Fishing recently made important decisions concerning the future of salmon in our rivers. The privileges of certain private clubs on the salmon rivers of York, Grand River, Grand Palos and Bonaventure in the Gaspé and others along the North Shore have been abolished and these rivers will be open again to sport fishermen this year.

3,500 more "man-days" of fishing will be available to the public. From

now on access to fishing in all Québec salmon rivers will be governed by groups within each area involving both representatives from the community and native peoples. According to Minister Lucien Lessard's statement on future policy, responsibility for salmon protection and exploitation will be passed on to the Québec citizenry who will learn to exercise their responsibility for Québec's salmon resources.

In 1981 a government-sponsored pilot project in the Gaspé will completely review the effect of the region's sport fishing. Other projects will involve the encouragement of fish culture in the Gaspé and North Shore or the overhaul of certain rivers. Most likely, this will entail the closing of some rivers to the public during that critical period of rehabilitation.

This fact is obscured by the announcement of the extra fishing days available. Perhaps the Ministry hopes in this way to avoid or disperse any furor over the decision by local businessmen and fishermen who can plan to benefit, at least on the short term, from the additional fishing days available, and thus overlook their losses in other important places.

However, no matter how strong the measures taken by Québec within its domain, Ottawa is thinking about freeing certain areas like the Coast of New Brunswick, due to pressure from Maritime fishing industries, despite the fact that New Brunswick salmon numbers have been decreasing.

Last summer's population loss may not have alarmed many communities which depend on the salmon for their livelihood, but the provincial powers fortunately realize that if care is not taken, the "King of the River" may choose to abdicate.

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Amber is the solidified resin of fossil trees. It will often include bits of flora and insects imprisoned in its depths, anything, in fact, which lay in the path of the resinous fluid as it flowed from the conifers.

Amber varies in color, showing every graduation from white to dark red and even black, with the clear golden yellow the most favoured. It was originally found washed up by the sea on the coast of ancient lands. The Greeks called "Elektron", for it has the ability to be electrified by friction. Many still consider amber to have medicinal value in the treatment of goitre, leading to its popularity in ancient times when carved into large beads for necklaces.

Baltic amber is the best known form, ranging in color from light to a deeper yellow-orange. It may be transparent to cloudy or opaque. Sicilian amber is often a rich brown color, Burmese amber resembles lemon jelly, although it is more often a cherry red.

Amber jewelry needs only a small amount of gentle polishing with a clear duster if it becomes dulled through being handled or exposed to a steamy atmosphere. Be warned, however, that the hands should never be immersed in water when wearing rings of amber. Necklace and earrings should not come into contact with perfume and hair sprays, for the gloss can be permanently dulled.

Finally, I would like to say: wear your amber jewelry as much as possible, for it can acquire a beautiful lustre from being handled and from close contact with the skin.

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Erosion

At a recent Québec conference on rural planning, soil erosion received special attention. It's a problem which is less serious in Québec than in many other provinces, however, significant losses of soil are not unusual.

For instance, on August 14, 1968 at Saint-Coeur de Marie 24,000 kilos of soil (approximately 50,000 lbs.) per hectare were lost during a violent thunderstorm of only 15 minutes. In Lennoxville on a hill with a slope of 10 degrees, the amount of soil eroded in one year exceeded 30,000 kilos per hectare. Other reports from the Research Stations at Saint-Coeur de Marie and Lennoxville indicate that less erosion (from 3 to 200 kilos per hectare) occurs on land which is not plowed and planted every year, year in, year out. The intensive methods used in growing corn and potatoes appear to seriously affect the soil's stability.

Certain protective measures can be taken, according to the agro-scientists at the Research Stations. They advise judicious applications of manure and lime, careful plowing, proper drainage, crop rotation, contoured cropping, and strips of grass as borders around fields to cut down on erosion.

As well as benefitting soil fertility, anti-erosion measures also serve the entire community, for soil particles in run-off from agricultural land are a water supply problem in heavily farmed areas.

For further information about the prevention of erosion, contact **Alain Pesant** at the Agricultural Research Station in Lennoxville.

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Legal Eye



Women are often victims of discrimination at work. The following questionnaire has been developed by the Québec Human Rights Commission to let you determine whether you might have been unjustly treated at work:

1. Have you ever been refused work because you were a woman?
2. Have you ever been interested in a job that was reserved for men only?
3. Have you ever been refused employment because you were married, separated or divorced, single or the mother of young children?
4. Do you receive a lower salary than your fellow workers with the same experience and seniority in the same job?
5. Have you ever been refused a promotion, change or reassignment of responsibilities because you had young children?
6. Does your collective agreement or contract have any discriminatory clauses: i.e. job classification, seniority and different probation periods according to sex?
7. At your place of work are men preferred over women for educational and skill development programs?
8. In your work are promotions as frequent for women as for men?
9. When there is a lay-off are the women let go first even if they have been there longer?

If you could answer yes to some of these questions you have reason to consider yourself discriminated against. Did you know that in Québec law, the Charter of Human Rights and Privileges (La Charte des Droits et Libertés de la personne) has been protecting you against such abuses since June 28, 1976?

For more information contact the commission at 360 rue St. Jacques, Montreal, P.Q. H2Y 1P5 or call 514-873-5146 or tollfree 800-361-6477.

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On Good Terms with Your Appetite

by Bijou Ardglass

Haute Cuisine—An Endangered Species in Sherbrooke

Recent experiences with the "chic" restaurants in Sherbrooke have been very disappointing to say the least. As my friend Stanley says, "There comes a time when it's not worth it." These experiences have inspired me to devote an "On Good Terms" column to quality and restaurants in general.

Apart from ethnic places and chains there are three general categories of eating establishments: greasy spoons or "bineries" as our French friends call them, medium-priced establishments where the food is not exciting but adequate, and the expensive restaurants where you pay an arm and a leg for dinner and where the quality may range from "binerie"-type to excellent.

In the "binerie", you expect canned soups, greasy french fries and canned vegetables. If you order spaghetti, you are not surprised to find that it was cooked early in the day and has been sitting in hot water until it is put on your plate.

The medium-priced restaurant may feature many of these things, but the atmosphere is pleasant and when food arrives at your table, it is attractively served. One may well find excellent home-made soups prepared

from yesterday's leftovers. In these places you may not soar to great heights of gustatory bliss, but when you leave, there will still be money in your billfold and you won't have eaten badly.

The "chic" restaurants are another matter altogether. What puts them into this category? One thing is



undoubtedly the decor. It is usually anywhere from very comfortable to downright luxurious and a fireplace is normally included in these somewhere. Other features of these places are: large and expensive menus, those given to the women often having the prices omitted; cloth napkins; not

necessarily long, but pricey wine lists; and above all, high, high prices.

The menus are often quite extensive in these establishments—too extensive for their own good, since many of the items cannot be created on the spot and so await the client in the freezer. They require only a short sojourn in the microwave oven and a few finishing touches. Should the quality of the food be allowed to deteriorate to this point, other signs of culinary decrepitude are not far behind. Such things as canned peas and canned asparagus begin to find their way to the table. Pastries are bought from manufacturers of same and are laced with that anathema to good taste euphemistically called non-dairy topping, which may come from an aerosol can as does shaving cream. The flavour is often not much better, either.

Why do we put up with such maltreatment of that with which we nourish our bodies? Moreover, why do we pay sky-high prices for it? Perhaps we should go back and examine what eating is all about in the first place. From being merely a means to sustain us, eating quickly developed into one of man's pleasurable pastimes. With the development of ruling classes, people with leisure and money were able to hire cooks who would do more than the basics—they created dishes.

At present we are living in an interesting time. Mass communication has brought everyone into contact with different cultures and ways of life. As far as food is concerned, we are able to taste the best dishes of different countries, whether it be in ethnic restaurants here or in the countries themselves when we travel.

We are faced, however, with a mixed blessing. As more women work, more people are turning to fast food, either in inexpensive chain restaurants or on the frozen food shelves of supermarkets. In a way, this has corrupted our sense of taste. For example, it is generally known by anyone who reads *Consumer Reports* that "shakes" at chain restaurants contain nothing that has ever seen a cow. Should we not, however, recognize these foods for what they are instead of considering these substitutes a normal part of our diet?

In any case, one fact is inescapable: there are standards of good taste and they are readily accessible to anyone

who has read such authors as James Beard, Julia Child, Craig Claiborne and Mme Benoit. A restaurant is no better than the quality of food it serves, no matter whether it is located in North Hatley, near Mount Orford, or in Sherbrooke. Just giving a fancy French name to a dish doesn't automatically make it gourmet fare; only high-quality ingredients and care in preparation can do this.

Any restaurant that has pretensions of greatness and is pleased to charge in the neighbourhood of \$60.00 and up for dinner for two should at the very least observe these basic rules: everything that is served should be prepared or supervised by the chef; no canned or dried soups should ever be served, nor should canned vegetables. If a vegetable is not in season, it should either not be on the menu or else a high quality of the frozen form should be used. In addition, vegetables should not be overcooked until they are discoloured and mushy. Moreover, pastries should NEVER be stale. I hate to think of the number of times I have been served stale black forest cake, to name one example. There is no reason why real whipped cream cannot be used. Leftover whipped cream will keep overnight in the refrigerator with no appreciable deterioration if this is a problem. Finally, real coffee should always be served. There is no excuse for charging sixty cents and up for a cup of extract of chicory. Perhaps restaurateurs should have a tour of Hubert St. Jean's establishment on King Street in Sherbrooke just to refresh their memories as to exactly what real coffee is.

The only two establishments in which I have eaten in the past year that fulfill all these criteria of quality are Dressler's Schnitzel House, a moderately priced restaurant in Knowlton, and Aux Berges de la Grande Ourse in Notre Dame des Bois. It would be a pleasant change to see some of our "high-falutin'" establishments reach out for quality and, especially, to see clients who demand it. I sincerely think that spending lots of money in a "chic" place which neglects the quality of its ingredients (as is too often the case in Sherbrooke) is a waste. A public that has more taste than the chef can bring about a change for the better. The reputation of the patrons as connoisseurs is at stake. □



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Category: very expensive

Located at the former exit 67 of the Eastern Townships Autoroute (now exit 118), The Motel 67 used to be owned by Monsieur and Madame Beaugard. Mme. B. presided superbly in the kitchen, while Monsieur B. waited on table, and very professionally indeed. It has recently changed hands, and now belongs to Ghislaine, René and Ludger Morency. A friend and I decided to try it out.

The main building which includes both the restaurant and motel office is an attractive white stucco Québec-style house. Inside is a cozy bar with a roaring fireplace. On an upper level is the restaurant, a pleasant room with white stucco walls and a ceiling with dark B.C. fir. The tables have gold cloths with red placements and napkins. A picture window gives onto some trees and the autoroute, and no doubt there is a view of Mount Orford during the day. Music is pleasant and really in the background. The general atmosphere is very relaxed.

The Motel 67 has always had the reputation of being a truly gourmet restaurant in the Sherbrooke area and if it was definitely in a high price category, everything was home made and extremely good. The menu is unchanged for the most part, being very top heavy on the steak and having a smattering of fish. Absolutely everything is à la carte.

While we sipped an apéritif (\$3.25) we examined the menu and decided to begin with the surprise plate for two (\$6.00). It was an excellent choice, a very attractive plate with two eggs à la Russe in the centre on a cold macedoine of vegetables and lettuce. Around them were two rolls each of ham and mortadella, sardines, one black olive, a slice of breast of chicken and clams. Hot rolls were served with the hors d'oeuvre.

We continued with soup (\$1.45 each)—minestrone for my friend and potage St. Germain (green pea) for me. Alas, there can be no doubt that these were dried soups. The next day I bought a package of Knorr minestrone and green pea soups and made them up just for comparison's sake. Same difference. The faint taste of cardboard is as unmistakable in dried pea soup as is the potato-starchy texture of reconstituted minestrone. Considering that this soup costs \$0.14 per serving if made at home, it might be better to stay home and eat it.

As a main course, my friend ordered Tournedos Rossini (\$12.50), which is supposed to be a tournedos served on an artichoke bottom with a slice of warm foie gras on top, the whole napped with a madeira sauce. The steak was cooked just as ordered and served on toast with foie gras and an excellent sauce. No artichoke bottom was in evidence. As a

vegetable, my friend ordered peas (\$1.00). Accordingly, a dish of canned peas was brought to the table.

I ordered sweetbreads with mushrooms sautéed in butter (\$9.00). I received a nude plate with a little casserole on the side containing sweetbreads and canned mushrooms in cream sauce. As a vegetable I had creamed salsify (\$1.70), which was probably the best thing we had all evening. To accompany our dinner, we had a bottle of Domaine de la Meynard, a Côtes du Rhône (\$12.90). With the exception of the hors d'oeuvre, nothing was especially pleasing to the eye.

For dessert we each had a parfait Tia Maria (\$2.75) which came topped with canned dairy topping. My friend had coffee (\$0.55), but I elected to give it a miss, being pretty sure it would contain a large measure of chicory. I wasn't wrong. It was a far cry from the days when Monsieur Beaugard served delicious pure coffee at the table himself from a pot and returned to serve a second and even a third cup.

The service was adequate. To pay for this service, the bill was computed, and then 10% was added onto it for provincial tax. Next, 15% of this total amount was added on for the service. Thus we ended up paying about 90 cents for service on the tax.

Total for the evening: \$73.18.
Note: Most "gourmet" restaurants around Sherbrooke having proved to be of poor quality for very high prices, we have resolved to try only the medium-priced establishments in the Sherbrooke area in the near future. We will go to the better quality places only in the outlying areas of the Townships.

The next column will be on brunches in the area and we are planning one on brasseries and other "good value for money" establishments. If readers have any suggestions, we would be happy to hear them. □



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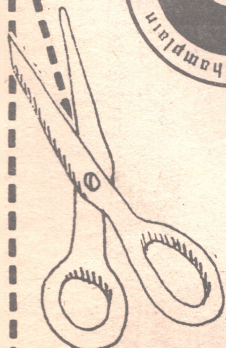
This advertisement may be used as a REGISTRATION FORM. Please place a check in the box following the course(s) you wish to attend. Please fill in the information section below and return the form before June 25, 1980.

SUBJECT & TITLE	COURSE NO.	HRS.	DATES	DAY	TIME	CHECK
BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION						
Bookkeeping	401-999-76	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	6:30-9:30 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Business Law	401-916-76	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Intro. Business Management	401-913-76	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
CRIMINOLOGY						
Criminology	310-110-77	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
ECONOMICS						
Pers. Finance & Economics	383-933-73	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
ENGLISH						
Creative Writing (Core or option)	603-942-76	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Literature & Writing Skills II	603-404-76	45	Jul. 7 - Aug. 15	M-F	10:00-11:30 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
FINE ARTS						
Painting	510-310-77	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Pottery	510-320-77	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
FRENCH						
Intermediate I (Oral)	602-113-72	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Intermediate II (Oral)	602-213-72	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Intermediate III (Oral)	602-313-72	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Table Ronde (Conversation)	602-433-77	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
HISTORY						
Contemporary Events in Historical Perspective	330-972-69	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
HUMANITIES						
The Search for Knowledge	345-101-76	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
World Views	345-201-76	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Nature and Creativity	345-301-76	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
Values in Society	345-401-76	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
MATHEMATICS						
Intermed. Algebraic Function (Non-Credit course)	201-111-75	75	Jul. 7 - Aug. 15	M-F	9:00-11:30	<input type="checkbox"/>
PHILOSOPHY						
Philosophy of Education	340-930-68	45	Jul. 7 - Jul. 25	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
SECRETARIAL TECHNIQUES						
Elementary Typing	412-916-77	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	9:00-12:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
SOCIAL ASSISTANCE						
Social Problems	388-211-77	60	Jul. 7 - Aug. 15	M-F	9:00-11:00 a.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>
SOCIOLOGY						
Intro. to Sociology	387-960-71	45	Jul. 28 - Aug. 15	M-F	1:00-4:00 p.m.	<input type="checkbox"/>

If any further information is required, telephone Daniel Fricker or Leliann Beaudoin at [819] 563-9574.

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Note: The college reserves the right to cancel any course due to insufficient registration.



Canada, it's You and Me!

A great contest for young Canadians, 5 to 15 years of age.

A one-week, all-expenses-paid trip to Saskatchewan. A weekend visit to a region of Québec. Plus books, records, commemorative stamps and the chance to have their work published in several newspapers and magazines; those are the prizes young Canadians 5 to 15 years of age stand to win when they take part in the contest "Canada, It's You and Me" organized by the Committee for Canada Week, Québec.

This announcement was made by Mr. André Gauthier, president of Canada Week, Québec, in the company of jury's members: Emile Genest, actor, Robert Lapalme, caricaturist, Tante Lucille, author of numerous children's books, Jean Pelletier, mayor of Québec City, Gretta Chambers, journalist, and Pierre-Yves Pelletier, member of the Canadian Post Office consultative committee. The Honourable Francis Fox, Secretary of State, will preside the jury.

"We invite all young Canadians to submit a drawing or a story describing what Canada means to them," said Mr. Gauthier. "We welcome any drawing, story or poem they care to send in."

To give everybody the best chance of winning, the contest has been divided into two groups: 5 to 10 years, and 11 to 15 years. In the writing category, the submitted text should be no more than two pages long. Drawings should be no smaller than 8 1/2" x 11" (22cm x 28 cm), and no bigger than 20" x 26" (51 cm x 67 cm).

The jury will select four grand prize-winners, one from each age group and category, who will spend a week in Saskatchewan during Canada Week, i.e. from June 25 to July 1. The jury will also award eight second prizes: a weekend in any region of Québec other than the winner's home region, copies of the book "All Aboard", copies of the record "O Canada" and fifty series of commemorative stamps of Canada. All contestants will receive a Canadian flag sticker.

"We want to encourage the creative energy of our young people", Mr. Gauthier went on to say. "Our judges will evaluate the stories and drawings according to the effort and imagination that went into them." The prize-winning works will be published and displayed in the media throughout Canada.

Contestants' entries must be post-marked no later than May 15, 1980 and mailed to:

"Canada, It's You and Me" Contest
c/o Canada Week
P.O. Box 797, Station A
Montreal, Québec
H3C 2V5

Contest rules are available from your local post office or from your school principal.

Information: Renée Laberge
(514) 284-1715

*When branches rustle in the woods, it's Herra Huu.
When something moves under your bed, it's Herra Huu—it's always the same black-caped and fierce Herra Huu...*

Translated from the original Finnish "Herra Huu" by Hannu Mäkelä by Jill Gyorgy with assistance from Lynn Pageau and Orvokki Macnaughton.



Herra Huu Loses His Reflection

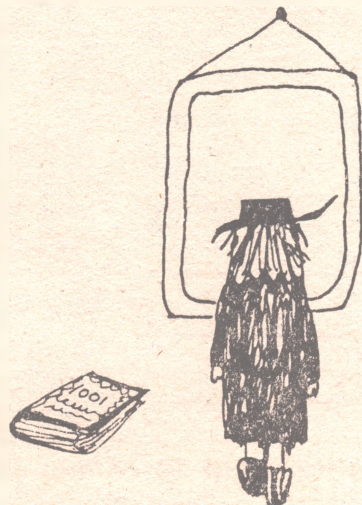
Herra Huu was playing solitaire, but the right card never came up at the right time. Herra Huu looked all around, glanced from side to side and, seeing that no one was watching, quickly changed the order of the cards. Now he got the card he needed almost at once, but that didn't really make Herra Huu happy.

"You are a cheater, my good Herra Huu," said Herra Huu to his reflection. The reflection smiled mockingly back and didn't answer. Then it made a face. But when Herra Huu tried to get hold of it, the reflection disappeared. Herra Huu realized that he was staring at an empty mirror.

Of course, there are people who really don't have shadows, and there are people who aren't actually inside their bodies. Instead, their bodies wander around searching for their own spirits so that life will have meaning again. But only a few find their true spirits, especially if the spirits have escaped a long time before. So it's best to hang onto yourself! But people who don't have any reflections are rare, and Herra Huu, at least, hadn't heard of anybody like that before. He couldn't

understand what had happened.

Herra Huu shut his eyes and opened them as little as possible so that his reflection would think that his eyes were closed and come and see what was bothering Herra Huu. And, lo and behold, something dark and unclear appeared in the mirror. However, when Herra Huu opened his eyes wide, there was nothing but an empty space in it.



Kidstuff



Herra Huu stood there thinking. "If I drink a cup of tea," Herra Huu decided, "it would cheer me up a little—I feel so peculiarly empty!"

So Herra Huu wound some birch bark into a tube, put it into the firebox under a couple of pieces of wood, and lit it. Soon a good roaring fire was blazing away. Herra Huu put the kettle on, and when the water came to a boil, he brewed his Earl Grey tea. When he had drunk a cupful with a slice of lemon and a lump of sugar, he got up and stood casually, as if by accident, in front of the mirror. Then he quickly turned his head around to catch up with his reflection. A black shape quickly flashed in the mirror, and then there was nothing there at all. The mirror was completely empty again, and from somewhere far off came laughter.

Usually Herra Huu didn't become upset by trifles, and so now he didn't get alarmed either. He wouldn't let himself think about any of what had happened, and decided instead to get some wood from the shed, since there were only a few scraggly twigs in the woodbox. Herra Huu dumped these into the fire, took the woodbox and opened the door.

Outside, a gentle, damp south wind was blowing, touching his cheek like a foal's soft muzzle. In the air was a new smell which made Herra Huu's heart beat faster. Birds were singing loudly and clearly in the trees, and here and there little green shoots were sprouting up from the black ground. Down in a small drainage ditch flowed a stream of water where yellowed pine needles, brown leaves and bits of bark were swirling around.

"What's happening?" wondered Herra Huu, and then he seemed to recall that he had gone through it all before. "Well, pretty soon I'll remember, for sure," and Herra Huu went out to the woodshed.

When he opened the woodshed door, another surprise was waiting for him. A happy, muddy-faced little boy was standing in the middle of the woodshed. In one hand the boy had a jackknife and in the other a piece of bark which had begun to look something like a boat. When the boy saw Herra Huu, he gave him a friendly look.

"Is it you who lives here?" asked the boy.

"Yes, it is," Herra Huu managed to say.

"Is it alright if I carve a boat out of this bark? I've never seen such good bark as this anywhere," said the boy.

"Er, ah,—are you new in these parts?" asked Herra Huu.

"Yes, we moved here just a week ago from the city. I think it's fun here." And the boy continued to whistle away.

Now, the truth of the matter is that Herra Huu's house had had such a bad reputation for ever so long, that no one in the community dared come near it in the daytime, not to mention at night. This was mostly due to the games Herra Huu's grandfather used to play with those who came to call out of curiosity; he would change them into pigs and sometimes into rams. So you can imagine that the neighbouring wives put an end to that, because it's not nice to be married to a pig or a ram. And that's why Herra Huu had been able to live all his life in the cabin very peacefully.

Because this was the third shock he had had in a short time, it was too much for Herra Huu's heart. He took a few long, deep breaths and then sat down on the chopping block. He suddenly realized he had nothing to say, so he just sat there.

The boy glanced curiously at Herra Huu.

"My name's Mikko, what's yours?"

"I am Herra Huu," said Herra Huu uncertainly.

"That's a funny name," said the boy. "Now, don't get angry, but you're wearing funny clothes, and you're pretty small for a grown-up, too. But that doesn't matter at all. I mean, if you don't care about it yourself."

Herra Huu stared silently at Mikko.

"You must be a little shy," Mikko guessed.

"It's the fierce, fearless, coal-black Herra Huu you see!

No scrawny chicken bones satisfy me!

I cook little children and grill them to eat,

But first they must be scratched and beat."

Herra Huu said this in his most frightening voice, raising himself to his full height. "Perhaps you recognize me now!!"

Then it was Mikko's turn to be surprised. He was a little embarrassed for this old and weak-looking man who had suddenly begun to spout nonsense. However, because Herra Huu got red in the face and seemed so very serious, Mikko decided that it was better to let him think that he was afraid. And so Mikko said, "Oh, don't scare me like that!"

Herra Huu flushed with pleasure. He paced back and forth in a very dignified way, but then he stumbled

on a piece of firewood and flew head over heels onto the woodshed floor. Mikko felt like laughing, but he stopped himself just in time and watched seriously as Herra Huu brushed the dirt off his clothes. Herra Huu went and stood on the chopping block, where he was as tall as Mikko (who wasn't very short, either) and shouted, "This time I'll let you go with just a scare, but don't you dare come here again!!! Because now I'm going to sharpen my knife, and then watch out for me, all living creatures! And I mean it!"

Mikko finished carving his bark boat, put a stick on it for a mast, and a wood chip for a rudder. Then he took a piece of birch bark for the sail and looked his boat over carefully.

"Do you think it will stay upright?" asked Mikko.

Herra Huu looked at the boat and thought about it.

"Put a paper sail on it," he suggested in a wise way.

"Maybe you're right," said Mikko, and he changed the sail.

They went outside together, where a warm sun was shining and buds were swelling on every tree. Mikko walked over to a big puddle and put the bark boat on the surface of the water. The boat, pushed along by a light wind, sailed beautifully to the other side of the puddle. Mikko picked it up again and tried it once more. Then he looked at Herra Huu and smiled.

"Now the boat works fine! Thanks a lot!"

"Oh, it was nothing," said Herra Huu.

"Well, I'm going now. Can I come over again sometime?"

Herra Huu thought long and hard. "Maybe," he said at last.

Mikko nodded happily. "Bye-bye!" he shouted, and he ran

down the road.


"Good-bye," called Herra Huu. But Mikko couldn't hear him anymore, because he had already gone around the bend in the road. The sun warmed Herra Huu's neck. Yawning, Herra Huu gathered up pieces of wood, put them into the woodbox, and carried it inside. Dust floated in the air between the sunbeams, and Herra Huu wondered if he should clean up for some reason.

"Oh, some other year," thought Herra Huu, and he looked at the mirror.

The reflection gave a start, but it couldn't run off. Herra Huu had surprised it by accident and nailed it in place with his eyes. The reflection shivered a bit, and then slid back into Herra Huu. Herra Huu opened his eyes and shut them to test it, but the reflection was still there, and there it stayed. Herra Huu was feeling sleepy.



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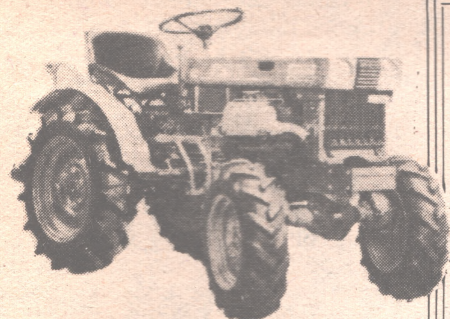
For course listings or further information contact:

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Office of Continuing Education
Bishop's University
Lennoxville, Qué. J1M 1Z7
Telephone: 569-9551 ext. 222 or 569-7878



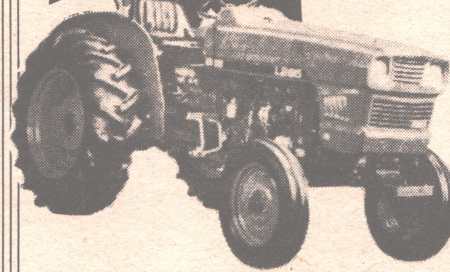
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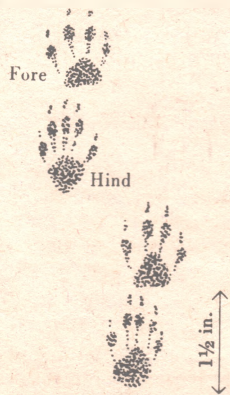
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Your Back Door Friends



by Lynn Pageau

THE WOODCHUCK

By the time the May issue of The Sun comes out, one of the most common of our smaller mammals, the woodchuck, should have made its appearance. In our area, it begins to emerge from its burrow in mid-March.

This animal is widespread throughout the Eastern part of North America, ranging from the southern Hudson Bay region in Québec to Alabama and Georgia in the United States. It may also be found in a narrow area extending westward into Alaska and the southern parts of the Yukon and the Northwest Territories. In most of the western United States its close relatives, the hoary marmot and the rock chuck are quite common.

Technically speaking, the woodchuck is a rodent, belonging to the same family as the squirrel, the chipmunk and the prairie dog. It is short and stocky and has a flattened head (it is not renowned for its intelligence) and a bushy tail about six inches long. When full grown it weighs from six to twelve pounds and measures from sixteen to twenty-six inches in length. Usually these animals are brown, although light-coloured tips on the hairs of their coats give them a grizzled look. The belly is straw-coloured and the feet are black. Occasionally one finds melanistic (completely black) and albino specimens.

Because it is a burrower, the woodchuck has thick, strong legs and very sturdy claws. It eludes its predators by running at its top speed (ten miles per hour) to its burrow, from which it never strays very far in the first place. In fact, this is why it has never needed to develop high speeds. It browses in the lush grass near its burrow for food.

The young woodchucks are born in March or April, depending on when the parents came out of hibernation. Fortunately for everyone concerned



no doubt, they have only one litter per year consisting of about four babies. Blind at birth, they are surely as ugly as new-born humans, being naked, pink and wrinkled. In about three weeks, however, they have their eyes open and are covered with short hair.

These babies have to be housebroken of course, and until the day that they are, the mother woodchuck is kept as busy as any human mother, throwing out soiled nesting material and bringing in soft, dry grass to replace it.

Just before the babies are able to walk, the mother begins the weaning process by bringing tender, green plants into the den. Thus, by the time they are five weeks old, the young start to come out of the burrow and begin to forage for themselves. Because conditions in the burrow are beginning to be a bit crowded, to say the least, the mother throws some or all of the young out by mid-summer.

At this time, they go to near-by dens that have been abandoned, but they stay under their mother's wing (theoretically speaking, of course) until they establish their own territory in fall. This manoeuvre benefits the species, as it serves to scatter blood-strains. Additionally, males will search widely for a mate, so there is relatively little interbreeding.

Two of the most interesting characteristics of the woodchuck are its burrowing and hibernating habits. Normally it makes two burrows, one in summer and one in winter. It doesn't care for damp spots and makes its summer home in open areas such as fields and the edges of woods.

Here it can see its enemies and has plenty of tender grasses to feed on.

The woodchuck uses its claws and strong, stubby little legs to dig its burrow. With its sharp, chisel-like teeth it cuts any roots it may meet during digging. This burrow is far more than a mere hole in the ground. There is a main entrance, which is easily recognizable by the mound of earth beside it that was excavated from the tunnel. Besides this entrance, there are one or more "spy-holes" dug from within. These can serve as emergency exits or entrances in case the need arises. In addition to this, there is a nesting chamber and a separate toilet. The nesting chamber is the same one used for sleeping,

hibernation (in the case of the winter quarters) and the nursery. It is about one and a half feet wide and over a foot high and is lined with dry grass.

The winter hole is usually made in a thicket or bushy area and is constructed deeply enough to be below frost level.

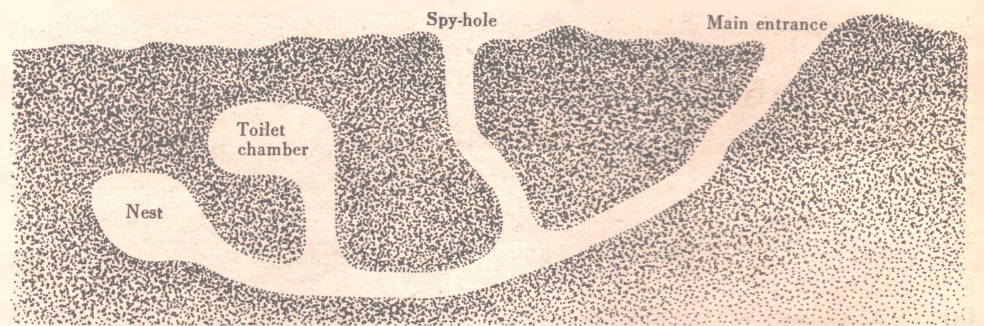
Most of the woodchuck's time is spent sunning itself and eating to build up a nice layer of fat before winter. This is one of Canada's largest true hibernators, beginning its hibernation at the onset of freezing weather. This, by October, all of the woodchucks are underground.

Hibernation is a very interesting phenomenon and has been studied at length by scientists. It is actually a deep coma-like sleep. All bodily functions are retarded and this allows the accumulated fat to nourish the animal. The body temperature drops as low as four to five degrees centigrade and the heartbeat from eighty to four or five beats per minute. Because of this, the breathing rate and oxygen consumption are greatly reduced.

The woodchuck is called a whistler because of the noise it makes when communicating or as a signal of alarm. It walks to just inside its main doorway and waits and listens. Then it frequently whistles a low, abrupt note followed by a tremulous, wavering call that dies slowly away. If the coast seems clear, it surveys the area around its den by sticking its head out and then the rest of itself. It stands on its hind feet and gives the place another one-over. If it is satisfied, it begins to feed, but is never foolish enough to relax while feeding.

The woodchuck's main predators today are the larger birds of prey such as eagles and hawks, foxes and coyotes. They are fierce fighters and have been known to hold and drive off dogs as large as collies. They are especially vulnerable when they come out of hibernation, first because they have not the cover of long grasses and also because they must go farther from their burrows to find food.

The woodchuck is valuable because its old burrows provide a shelter for many beneficial animals which kill enormous quantities of farm pests. These are skunks, raccoons, foxes, rabbits and snakes. However, their burrows are a menace to horses, which can break a leg in these holes. Farmers don't seem to appreciate them much either, when it is time to cut the hay, even though they are not as dangerous to tractors as to horses. On the other hand, woodchucks are supposed to be quite tasty. To quote the Canadian Wildlife Service, "Woodchucks have roles to play in the world we live in. Let us wish them a long survival." □



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RESOLUTE RHUBARB:

by Elizabeth Hearn Milner

Forerunner of Spring

"Vegetable, yet fruit thou art,
Tall and green both sweet and tart.
Hardy plant and so prolific,
General uses and specific.
Spring's delight and winter's
pleasure,
Medicine, yet kitchen's treasure,"
E.H. Milner



The common misconception is that rhubarb is a fruit but, in fact, it is a vegetable, and one with a long and interesting past. The ancient Chinese and Tibetans grew rhubarb for medicinal uses as far back as 2700 years before the birth of Christ. By the fourteenth century, European monks were cultivating the plant and preparing from it teas, tinctures and compounds for the ailing. The early settlers of North America carried the roots of the hardy rhubarb across the miles of wilderness to the garden plots of their new homes, and the plant seldom failed to produce even after the arduous journeys. In pioneer times a rhubarb crown was a welcome gift to a new neighbour.

Our rhubarb is generally hidden in the back corner of the garden. The spot is sunny, but out of the way of the crops that come and go as the summer brings each one's harvest in turn. It can be grown easily from seed, sown on well-drained soil in the fall, or propagated from a crown. A seeded plant takes two years of growth to produce edible stalks, whereas a transplanted crown will give some usable fruit in the first summer after planting. We look eagerly for the first red, bulb-like beginnings of our rhubarb in spring, and after only a few days of minimal warmth they faithfully appear. As the succulent stalks lengthen, one can feel the mouth watering in expectation of the spring-acid bite the rhubarb will bring to the winter-dulled palate.

Like ourselves, the settlers waited for the first rhubarb of spring, but they were more impatient for the fresh growth to end their monotonous winter diet of mainly salt pork, pickled beef and earthy root crops. We are free to pick and choose the temperate and tropical fruits at the

local supermarket and so we tend to ignore our garden rhubarb once spring has passed. Our forefathers, who seldom had an orange except at Christmas, were never guilty of this. Throughout the growing season compotes, tartes, pies, breads, muffins and popovers were enlivened with the sharp taste of rhubarb. Even the flowers could be soaked in water and salt, dipped in butter, fried and eaten. In winter rhubarb pie filling, conserve, juice and wine brightened the table and freshened the tongue. In the Eastern Townships of Québec and Vermont, where maple syrup was plentiful, stewed or baked rhubarb cooked with a little salt or sugar was doused with rich syrup. Johnny cake was also laddled with rhubarb conserve and generously drenched with maple syrup. These dishes remain today as favourites among many Township and Vermont families.

Rhubarb could also be mixed with the plentiful apples grown in the Eastern Townships, or the plums, pears, gooseberries and raspberries from the farm. Wild strawberries or high bush cranberries added a special flavour to the rhubarb dish. If the fruit did not fill the pie crust rhubarb could always finish the job admirably. Today, we can mix rhubarb with the citrus fruits, figs, dates, raisins, quinces and pineapples. Any combination of fruits with rhubarb makes an exciting taste sensation. Spices such as cinnamon, ginger, and all-spice can be added if desired for other flavours. The combinations are limited only by the imagination of the cook.

A truly wonderful jam is prepared from five cups of chopped rhubarb, five cups of sugar, a twenty ounce can of crushed pineapple and two packages of apricot jelly powder. The combination is aptly called by some "Heavenly Jam". Finely chopped in jellies, or whipped into fresh cream or vanilla ice cream rhubarb provides a special treat for the taste buds. Due to the high acid and water content of rhubarb it can be frozen without cooking. Yet, with all these uses we generally forget our luxuriant summer rhubarb.

Rhubarb was much more than a humble kitchen plant to the settler. Like the ancient Chinese and Tibetans, the pioneers respected rhubarb for its medicinal value both as a cathartic and astringent. The juice of rhubarb, from the boiling of bruised stalks, mixed with scrapings of castile soap and a little sugar, made a noble spring purgative. A more tempting mixture, with the same end in mind, was a tincture of rhubarb prepared from one half pint of rhubarb juice and one pint of the best alcohol. This was allowed to sit in a warm place for five or six days and then was filtered or poured off before use.

A diahrea cordial reputed to be the best in the 1860's contained one ounce of the best pulverized rhubarb, one ounce of peppermint leaf, and one eighth of an ounce of capsicum which was commonly called bird pepper and is a member of the nightshade family. The mixture was steeped in water, strained, and then mixed with an ounce of bicarbonate of potash, four ounces of loaf sugar,

one half an ounce of cinnamon and an equal amount of good whiskey or brandy. Another diahrea cure was prepared from four ounces of tincture of rhubarb, four ounces of lavender, two ounces of laudanum (opiate) and two drops of cinnamon oil. Like the dependable rhubarb plant that springs to life each year without fail, these potions never failed.

There were other medicines that also utilized rhubarb. A cure for infant colic used by the settlers was a mixture of rhubarb juice and sodium bicarbonate. Erysipelas or inflammation of the eyes was remedied by the juice of the rhubarb root.

"What's good for man is good for beast," is a well known old saying, and with this in mind rhubarb made its way into the farriers' recipes of the mid 1800's. Horses, cattle, and likely other farm animals, were loosed or scoured with a mixture of one to one half ounce of powdered rhubarb root, stirred and steeped in from one to one and one half pints of milk. This dose was administered to horses or cattle from three to five times daily. The same preparation could serve the farmer and his family, but the dose was reduced to two or three table-spoons only.

Rhubarb has even other uses than those of kitchen plant and medicine. An old-fashioned remedy for club-root, a disease and distortion of the root of the cabbage, was to dig pieces of rhubarb stalk into the earth among the cabbage plants. Not only will rhubarb scour the innards of man and beast, it will readily clean the inside of dirty aluminum pot or kettle. Chopped rhubarb boiled in water in the soiled container quickly removes the stains, and the colour of the water after the boiling testifies to the powerful cleansing action of the rhubarb. A discoloured copper pot rubbed with a peeled rhubarb stalk and salt, or rhubarb juice and salt, will resume its rich glow.

A little sun, some water and some well-rotted manure will make rhubarb thrive. The seeds and edible flowers should be removed, and every four or five years the plant should be separated for a fresh start. Even without this care the resolute rhubarb will continue to produce. Untouched rhubarb plants have been known to grow in the same spot for thirty years or more. Rhubarb is a vital plant with an honourable past. It is a mighty plant strong in growth, strong in taste and strong in action—nature's vegetable that substitutes as a fruit, nature's medicine and nature's cleanser. Rejoice for spring is coming, and with it will come the resolute rhubarb to awaken our taste buds and clean our pots. □

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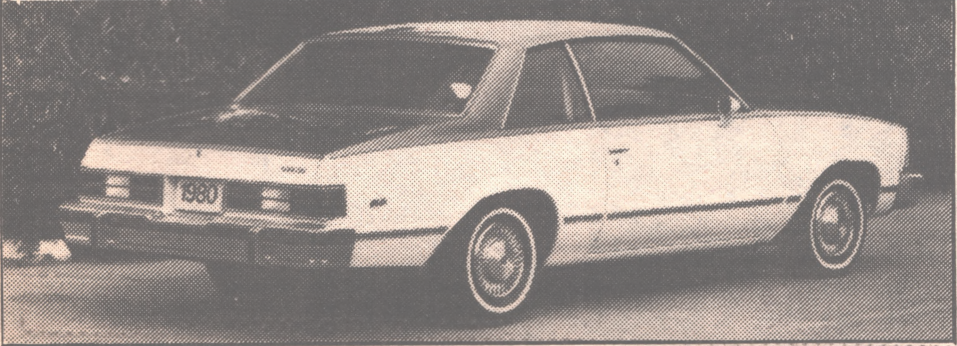
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A Multi-Faceted Institution: MACDONALD COLLEGE

by Tom Sloan

While several thousand students head into central Montreal five days a week in their quest for higher education, whether at McGill, the Université de Montréal, or the Université du Québec à Montréal (UQUAM), a considerable number of students are heading in the opposite direction on the same quest.

These are the young men and women who are attending classes at Macdonald College, which houses the Faculty of Agriculture and the School of Food Science of McGill University, and is for that reason of vital interest to rural Québécois, rural and urban alike.

Situated at the western extremity of Montreal Island, just outside the picturesque town of Ste. Anne de Bellevue, the Macdonald Campus is the working home to some 1100 students and a teaching faculty of about 125 men and women. With a curriculum offering some two dozen different major specializations, ranging from Wildlife Resources to Plant Science, Agricultural Economics, and Food Administration, the college offers a wide range of options within the general framework of agricultural, rural and nutritional interests. Its graduates find jobs in government and in various branches of agribusiness—that part of the business community catering specifically to the needs of the farm industry. And then, of course, there are those—far from just a few—who intend either immediately or eventually to go into farming for themselves; and they are by no means exclusively themselves from rural backgrounds.

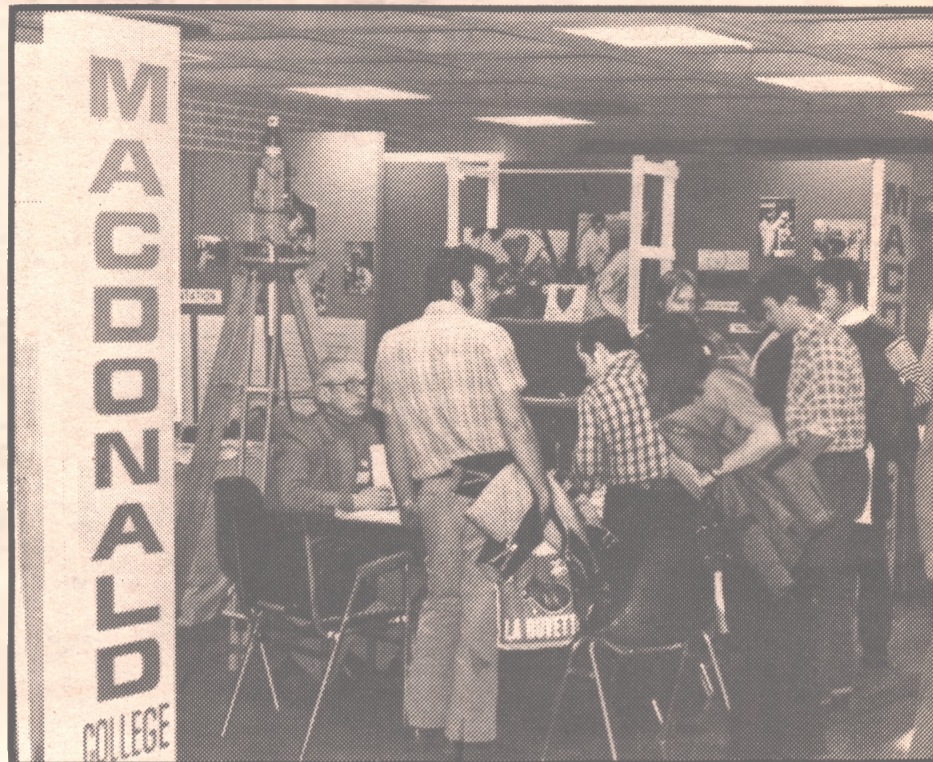
In fact, Macdonald officials estimate that about three-quarters of

their students come from urban areas, and mainly from metropolitan Montreal. One reason for the phenomenon is seen as the recent upsurge in interest among city dwellers as well as others in issues involving nutrition, conservation and other related matters. Macdonald, which, if not full to the cracking point, is working at close to capacity, has been a major beneficiary of this evolution.

The urban origin of so many students is not the only surprising fact about them. Although, apart from French, all courses at Macdonald are taught in English, almost half the student body is francophone. If geographical convenience is one factor, so also, apparently, is the opportunity for French-speaking students to learn another language, and thus to expand their job opportunities after graduation. And, while regular classes are in English, French is widely used on campus, and by the college's Extension Department. If Macdonald is essentially an anglophone institution, officials stress that it has no intention of cutting itself off from French-speaking Québec, and it is acting accordingly.

For English-speaking students, who still tend to be less bilingual than their francophone colleagues, French courses ranging from practical conversation to technical vocabulary and studies of agricultural development in the French-speaking world are available.

If the typical Macdonald student might well be a French-speaking Montrealer, that student might also, more than ever, be a woman. While it may not be surprising that the School of Food Science is predominantly, though by no means exclusively, female, there has in recent years been



Each year Macdonald College is present at a number of public events where students and staff can meet the public. Most of these events are coordinated through the Extension Department. We see here Prof. Pierre Jutras answering questions from the public.

a marked growth of women students in the specifically agricultural programs as well; to the point that Registrar Steve Olive estimates that about 45 percent of all Macdonald students are now women. Here, as in many other educational institutions, the days of practical sexism in the choice of careers is apparently coming to an end.

While Macdonald is officially celebrating its 75th anniversary this year, based on the start of construction, the first students actually enrolled in the fall of 1907.

Founded by tobacco millionaire William Christopher Macdonald, who was also Chancellor of McGill, Macdonald had, from the start, the dual vocation of the teaching of agriculture and household sciences, which it has continued to this day. For many years, in fact until the beginning of the last decade, the campus was also the location of teacher training for the University. When the Faculty of Education moved into the Montreal campus, John Abbott College, an English-language CEGEP, took over about

half of the former Macdonald facilities, and now shares several others with the present Macdonald College.

Despite this shrinkage, today's Macdonald campus is impressively large and diverse in the facilities it offers. Included in the total acreage of 1,536, are a large teaching farm and an equally large woodland section, the Morgan Arboretum, to which the public can belong for both educational and recreational purposes.

In a sense, the oldest institution on campus is the McGill University Herbarium, which was established in 1856. It was combined with Macdonald's own collection eight years ago to create a 100,000-specimen plant collection devoted mainly to Québec and Eastern Canadian plants, but with representation from other northern areas, including Canada's own Arctic and sub-Arctic climes.

The newest facility is a food processing pilot plant, opened only last year, and used for both research and teaching purposes in the field of food science.

Insects are observed at the Lyman Entomological Museum and Research Laboratory, with the largest insect collection of any university in Canada, while plant and animal parasites are studied at the Institute of Parasitology, also on the Macdonald campus. Among their neighbors are McGill's Brace Research Institute, concerned with the development of dry-land farming, as well as wind and solar energy, the Ecological Agricultural Project, and the McGill Radar Weather Observatory, whose 26-meter tower is a local landmark.

Birds of at least two opposing types are also studied in their own buildings. The Poultry Unit houses between 5 and 6000 birds for teaching and research purposes, while the Raptor Research Centre studies the life and habits of birds of prey, with a colony of some 200 live falcons, hawks, eagles and owls, maintained for research and also to help increase public awareness of the problems and issues involved.

An important off-campus operation is Blair Farm, with its 160 hectares of marginal agricultural land near Franklin Centre in the Chateauguay Valley.

Since 1978, the farm has been working in a variety of fields, from



A brief stop for adjustment on their plowing equipment before proceeding into a friendly plowing competition between students of the Faculty of Agriculture.

maple sap collection to firewood and fruit and vegetable operations. Its plans for more future activities includes research into renewable energy possibilities.

While there may be some, among both staff and students of McGill University, who believe that their city campus contains most, if not all of interest from the standpoint of the university and of society, there are a lot of people 20 miles to the west who would strongly disagree; and they would be right.

An Embarrassment of Riches

To any city slicker who believes that education in the fields of food and agriculture must lack variety, the prospectus of Macdonald College offers a release from his misconceptions. More than 20 undergraduate major options, some of them with several different orientations of their own, in addition to both post-graduate programs and a special two-year diploma course, offer a formidable range of choice to the student.

The most popular single program in terms of numbers in the School of Food Science is the Dietetics Major, with about 120 students in the three-year program—one of seven offered by the School. Prof. Shirley Weber, director of the School, has

enthusiastically adopted Québec's new approach to dietetic education, involving the close integration of academic learning and off-campus practical training. And, with a steady demand for dieticians on the part of a variety of community institutions around the province, graduates have had little trouble in finding jobs.

One of the smaller courses, and also one of the most difficult, is Agricultural Chemistry, with a dozen students in its three-year program and about the same number of graduates working towards higher degrees. With opportunities for employment in government as well as in the food and chemical industries, the students in this program can specialize in one of five areas: the chemistry of soils or cereal, animal biochemistry, the environment, or food chemistry, an option which has only recently been added.

Several aspects of the Québec environment have been the subject of research by Prof. Bruce Baker, in charge of the Chemistry major, and the results have been printed in international environmental publications.

Other possibilities within the realm of Agricultural Sciences are majors in Animal Science, Plant Science, Agricultural Economics, Soil Science, and the general program.



Professor Roger Buckland, Chairman of the Department of Animal Science, in conversation with David Kerr, Research Assistant, examining blood samples after centrifugation to determine the number of red blood cells present.



Above: Dr. Satish Negi, Research Associate and Faculty Lecturer, on the left, and Dr. Edward McKyes, Associate Professor and Chairman, Department of Agricultural Engineering, inspect the subsurface liquid manure injector which they designed and mounted on one of the Macdonald College farm's manure tank wagons.

Right: Professor Shirley Weber, Director, School of Food Science.

Observant readers will realize that this is our second feature on Macdonald College in as many months. Last month's article was home-cooked. This month's is part of a project co-ordinated by The Association of Québec Regional English Media, and sponsored by The Secretary of State of Canada. The Association is trying to find a way of avoiding such duplication in the future. In the meantime, Sun readers can be content in the knowledge that we are still the first with the best news.



Even with more than 100 students at the graduate and undergraduate levels, Prof. Roger Buckland, Chairman of the Department of Animal Science, estimates that within a decade there will be shortage of men and women to teach the subject and to staff research stations. Emphasizing cattle, swine, and poultry operations, the Animal Science major teaches various aspects of the breeding, nutrition and reproductive physiology of animals. The Department itself sponsors an internationally recognized Dairy Herd Analysis Service that regularly records, analyses and reports back to farmers on the performance of some 220,000 cows throughout Québec.

With its four specialties of Agronomy, Horticulture, Plant Protection and Botanical Sciences, the Plant Science major has a total of 170 students, including about 50 graduates this year. Under its Chairman, Prof. Howard Stepler, the Plant Sciences Department is involved in research programs in several fields, including agronomy, horticulture, and plant pathology. As with other departments, its members are also closely involved in a number of committees along with Québec government and private groups concerned with agricultural issues.

One of the broader programs at Macdonald is the Agricultural Economics major which, says the Department Chairman, Prof. H. Garth Coffin, is designed to give its graduates a considerable degree of flexibility. With about 40 students, the economics major has also close contact with the economics and management departments on the downtown McGill campus. And, while many graduates themselves become managers of their own farms, Prof. Coffin foresees an increasing emphasis in the course on problems of marketing and of the agri-business, toward which many of the students turn after graduation.

Although it is clearly more techni-

cal, Agricultural Engineering also tries to form graduates with general as well as technical knowledge, according to the Departmental Chairman Prof. Edward McKyes. In order to study both the basics and specialties such as farm machinery, soil and water, structures and environment, and electric power and processing, about 100 students, of whom one-quarter are women, have chosen Engineering. As is the case with many of the other majors offered by Macdonald, their careers after graduation will be various and interesting, with a considerable possibility, among others, of working in the field of international development, if the past is any criterion.

The above are only a sampling of the directions taken by Macdonald students. But at least, they give an idea of the breadth and width of agricultural education in one of the larger and most respected agricultural schools in Canada.

Diploma Program

While it is only natural that an institution which forms part of a university should concern itself primarily with courses leading to a university degree, in the case of one like Macdonald College, it is also quite natural to offer as well courses in practical farming. And that is what Macdonald does with its two-year Diploma in Agriculture Program.

The objective of the program, which has been modified and updated in the past few years is, in the words of its Director, Prof. N.C. Lawson, "the education and training of individuals to be competent and successful operators and managers of commercial farms under Canadian soil, climate and economic conditions".

To achieve this aim, students follow a 24-month course of intensive studies, with two-thirds of the time spent in academic surroundings and one-third in practical farm experience, for which they are paid the

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minimum wage by the Québec Government. In addition, tuition is free.

While this may seem like an offer one could not refuse, both the course itself and the entry qualifications demand a high degree of ability and motivation.

Not only must the students in the Program be Québec residents and either Canadian citizens or landed emigrants, they must also be high school graduates with credits in mathematics, chemistry, biology and physics. And in addition, they should already have had some practical farming experience.

The program is an integral part of Macdonald, but it has its own kind of special status within the college. Being directly under the sponsorship of the Québec Government, it deals directly with that government and does so through the Department of Agriculture rather than that of Education. As for teaching staff, it has none of its own, but contracts for the services of professors from the whole range of other departments in Macdonald.

While the Program is described by Prof. Lawson as a practical orientation for those who want to make their lives in production, not all of the approximately 80 students now following the course will go immediately into farming. Some are expected to go, at least temporarily, into sales and other branches of the agri-business. However, most are expected to end up, sooner or later, with their own farming operations, whether as owners or professional managers. With an estimated 1000 farms needing new farm operators each year, the opportunities seem to be there.

Extension Department

In its essential and continuing efforts to reach out to the wider community beyond the University itself, Macdonald's single most potent instrument is undoubtedly the College's Extension Department.

Summing up a host of activities, the Director, Prof. Martin van Lierop, defines the Department as "a complex system of information, educational and extension services, specifically designed to meet the needs of those people without daily access to the University".

More specifically, the aim of the University, through the Extension Department, is both a high degree of community involvement, which itself means the forging of close cooperative links with government at all levels, the agri-business, community, rural and farm organizations, and the information media.

What does this translate into in more concrete terms? For one thing, and perhaps as important as anything, it translates into a continual stream of information to the community, its most important effort being the Macdonald Journal, published ten times a year and devoted to rural and agricultural life and problems. The Journal is in its 41st year of publication and has a circulation of 4500 a print run, mainly, but not exclusively, in rural Québec. The Department also publishes a number of original pamphlets and newsletters on practical farm problems each year.

In addition to keeping in close touch with the English-language newspapers published throughout Québec, Macdonald's frequent participation in radio and television programs concerned with agriculture, in both English and French, will be no news to Québécois who watch or listen to such programs, whether on the C.B.C., Radio Canada, Radio Québec, or elsewhere.



The Extension Department organizes courses on and off campus for farmers. We see here a group of farmers from the Eastern Townships who came to Macdonald to follow a three-day course on reproduction in dairy animals given by professors of the Department of Animal Science.

In the same general framework of efforts to increase public knowledge, Macdonald Extension participates in fairs and exhibitions in Québec and outside, and arranges for speakers on agricultural subjects for many kinds of community groups.

Another aspect of college activities consists of aid and advice to rural groups such as the Québec Farmers' Association, the Québec Young Farmers Provincial Federation, and the Québec Provincial Plowmen's Association, to name a few.

From the standpoint of more formal aspects of education, the Department has an extensive Extension Evening Course Program, where, for a modest fee, instruction is given on subjects as varied as horse-management, all-season gardening, stained glass production and edible wild plants.

Within the University curriculum the Department offers courses at the undergraduate level for students who may eventually be involved in community work and extension programs, as well as courses in subjects such as communications and comparative agriculture. In addition, it conducts continuous research programs in the general field of community development and adult education.

On top of all this, the Extension Department serves as the coordinator of information services for the whole Faculty of Agriculture, bringing Macdonald's message to English and French-speaking farmers, as well as the public in general. If any other Québec educational institution is doing better than Macdonald in community relations, it must be doing very well indeed.

The Dean

As Dean of the Faculty of Agriculture, and Vice-Principal (Macdonald Campus) of McGill University, Dr. Lewis E. Lloyd has one of the more responsible educational posts in Canada, and certainly a crucial one for those concerned with food production and utilization in Québec. Appropriately enough, the problem of nutrition has been a major concern of Dr. Lloyd's professional life.

With his Bachelor's, Master's and Doctorate degrees in Nutrition from McGill following overseas service in the Royal Canadian Artillery, Dr.

Lloyd—a native-born Québécois—has taught and done research in the United States and Britain, as well as at Macdonald, where he was on staff from 1953 to 1967.

Following a stint as Chairman of Macdonald's Animal Science Department, Dr. Lloyd spent 10 years at the University of Manitoba, resigning as Dean of the Faculty of Home Economics in 1977 to return to Macdonald to take up his present post.

A past-president of the Nutrition Society of Canada, Dean Lloyd is active in several related professional groups, and the author of no fewer than 48 published articles in scientific journals. He is co-author of a university textbook, "The Fundamentals of Nutrition".

A Student's View

Being a 27-year-old Newfoundlander who came to Macdonald College to complete his degree after two years at the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, John Hutchings may not be your typical Macdonald undergraduate. But he is the president of the Student Council, and as such he is an articulate spokesman for some of the attitudes of his fellow students



Prof. B.E. Coulman, left, and Prof. N.C. Lawson, Director of the Diploma program, keeping a close eye on a research project in the greenhouse.



Dr. H.R. Klinck, from the Plant Science Department, pouring grain into a precision grain divider at the Emile A. Lods Agronomy Research Center.



Above: An impromptu game to relieve some of the academic pressures.



Left: The Morgan Arboretum is devoted to teaching, demonstrations, and research with one additional element: recreation.

towards their school and their future careers. As is the case with many other students, Mr. Hutchings had no background in agriculture before deciding to make it his life's work. As the son of a Steveston building contractor, he worked as a construction company timekeeper for several years before deciding there could be a bright future in farming in his native province.

Also in common with many other students, his choice was not purely for personal reasons. "I noticed that Newfoundland was importing most of its food and not producing very much itself, and I thought something could be done about that," Mr. Hutchings explains.

While there is a special association between the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, with its two-year non-degree course, and Macdonald, Mr. Hutchings made a conscious decision to come to Macdonald rather than to a larger university, such as Guelph in Ontario. One factor was size, which permits closer personal relations between staff and students; and the other was the opportunity to study French. Now in his final year in Agricultural Economics, Mr. Hutchings hopes to work in the area of resource development before becoming a full-time farmer in Newfoundland. As for Macdonald, "I made the right choice".

The Farm

When busloads of schoolchildren arrive for a visit to the Macdonald College Farm, the pupils—of whom there were 25,000 last year—receive an amusingly illustrated bilingual 29-page booklet telling them some basic facts about cows, pigs, sheep and even corn and hay. What the

booklet does not say is that the visitors are seeing one of the most important parts of Macdonald College—all the more so because of its convenient location, literally just across the road from the main Macdonald campus.

Rudi Dallenbach, the Swiss-born director of the farm since 1966, sees teaching, demonstration and research as the principal functions of the 540-acre operation.

As a teaching instrument, the farm is an essential part of the educational process for all of the students at the Faculty of Agriculture, who learn not only by observing and analyzing, but also by doing the chores during the school terms.

The farming community as a whole can also take advantage of the farm facilities. Farm groups of all sorts, including breeders associations, come to see farming procedures and the handling of the large cattle, swine and sheep population—fed by the farm's own corn and alfalfa acreage. Young farmers' groups come, too, in considerable numbers to learn, among other things, how to judge cattle.

Hardly surprisingly, the farm is used extensively by various college departments for research projects of all kinds, from studies of tractor-lug design to the depredations of red-winged blackbirds.

The Morgan Arboretum

Of about the same size as the Macdonald Farm is the Morgan Arboretum, which is also devoted to purposes of teaching, demonstration and research, and with one additional element: recreation.

Apart from a formal Arboretum with a collection of both well known and exotic trees and shrubs, the area

comprises an experimental forest devoted to the study of woodlot management and of private forestry in the Eastern Canadian economy. In addition to a natural forest with some 45 tree species, there are also demonstration plantations of coniferous and broadleaf species and a sugar-maple operation.

With 20 kilometers of roads and trails, the Arboretum has a natural attraction for many people other than students. And, in fact, last year saw close to 25,000 registered visitors for hiking and cross-country skiing, not counting some 10,000 schoolchildren on nature study courses. Given first priority are those who take out memberships in the Arboretum, at an annual fee starting at \$20.00 for an individual and going to \$45.00 for a full family. Membership gives the right not only to use the facilities, but also to purchase maple syrup, firewood and ornamental trees and shrubs that are part of the Arboretum operation. Through such sales and members, the Arboretum basically pays its own way, according to the curator, Prof. J. Dan MacArthur.

Despite its use by people, the Morgan Arboretum is not a park, complete with picnic tables and other such items. And neither is it strictly a matter of 'look-but-don't touch' preservationism. Rather, says Prof. MacArthur, it is seen as "an example of a multiple use forest, and we try to keep it as natural as possible".

French Studies

Given its location in both time and space, it is hardly surprising that Macdonald College is putting an increasing emphasis on the teaching of French for its non-francophone students.

While elementary practical French is available only to non-Québec students who are starting out, more advanced courses include surveys of technical French for students in both food sciences and in agriculture, as well as a combined history and literary course, given in French, on Agriculture in French Canadian Literature. About 60 anglophone students are enrolled in French courses this year.

As for the students themselves, Prof. Jaqueline Gerols sounds an encouraging note about the graduates of English-language CEGEP's. In the last few years, she says, she has noted at least one thing: "A considerable improvement in their knowledge of French".

Athletics

What is a woodsman?

In some circles, there might be some hesitation about identifying the term; but not at Macdonald College. There, not only is Woodsman known to be an intercollegiate sport throughout northern North America, but it is also known as one in which Macdonald athletes excel. Their men's team has been in four tournaments since last fall, including one that drew 17 visiting teams to its own campus, and it won them all.

As for Macdonald's Woodswomen, they also won one of the team championships in which they competed. For them, as for the men, this 15-event sport, calling for skills in activities such as chopping, sawing and axe-throwing, involves a challenge that fits well into the kind of outdoors life offered by Macdonald to those who want to participate. The result is the kind of enthusiasm and expertise that wins championships.

There are other intercollegiate sports at Macdonald, and they, too,

tend not to be of the more orthodox variety. If there is crosscountry running and skiing, there is also men's and women's rugby and women's broomball, rather than basketball, football, or hockey.

This doesn't mean that these and other sports are ignored. 58 sports and athletic activities of all types—even ballroom dancing—are available to Macdonald students on a league or individual basis; and they are popular.

But, as Athletics Director, Bill Ellyett, explains, "This isn't a jock college. Our students have a heavy work load all day, so in terms of sports and athletics, everything happens here between 6 and midnight and on weekends".

In short, while Macdonald is proud of its athletic facilities—and they are still improving, with a facelift due this summer—the college prefers to put its priorities elsewhere than into the elaborate organization and heavy funding required by many intercollegiate events—and specifically into the less formal but extremely active programs within Macdonald itself.

75th Anniversary

Whether for an individual or an institution, a 75th birthday is a proud occasion, calling both for festivities and a look at the past achievements and future possibilities.

For Macdonald College, the anniversary year began with the celebration of Founder's Day—the birthday of Sir William Macdonald—last February 10. It will officially conclude with a memorial assembly of staff, students, and friends of the College next November 11.

In between, there have already been a number of events marking the occasion and more are to come, most with some help from an \$81,000 anniversary budget coming from the College and from the Macdonald-Stewart Foundation, named jointly after the College's founder and his successors, the Stewart family.

From February 29 to March 2, Macdonald students held their annual College Royal and Livestock Show, with a little extra show of pride in Anniversary Year. On March 7, Macdonald hosted the first of three day-long public symposia on agricultural matters. The subject was food production, and 300 people attended. The next, on questions of food processing, will be held on May 30, to be followed by one on marketing problems next October 3.

Following the College Convocation on June 6, will be the national and provincial ploughing matches to be held on the Macdonald Farm between September 10 and 13. "We hope to have a few thousand people present for that", says Agronomy Professor Harold R. Klinck, who is acting as Chairman of the Coordinating Committee for the celebrations.

The final event, before the November 11 closing, will be the Annual Reunion of the Macdonald Graduate Society, which is also expected to have special activities marking this special year.

It is a year that will be remembered also by those who come to Macdonald in the future. While there is already an extensive history of the College, from its origins to 1955, by former Professor John Fergusson Snell, an update covering the last quarter century is now being prepared by a present teacher at the college, Prof. Helen Neilson, former Director of the School of Food Science. It will certainly be a fitting climax of three-quarters of a century, and an introduction of the period yet to come. □



Missisquoi Historical Society

Spectacular Slide Show

On Thursday evening, March 13, 1980, the fourth programme in the winter series of the Missisquoi Historical Society was held in the Memorial Hall, Stanbridge East.

The President, Mrs. McIntosh, welcomed the large crowd. She reminded everyone that contributions are still needed for the Archives Building Fund. It has long been her cherished wish to provide a safe and suitable repository for the priceless heritage of documents, etc. left us by our Ancestors.

She also announced the date of the Annual Sugar Party. It was held at

Clifford Rhicard's sugar bush on April 12th from 2 to 4 p.m. The next program in the Winter Series was April 22nd in the Anglican Church Hall, Stanbridge East. Dr. and Mrs. Sanford Reid spoke on "The Scot in Canada".

The program for the evening had been prepared by Mrs. Harry Chalk of Philipsburg. She was introduced by Clifford Rhicard. He said she really needed no introduction, for her artistic and photographic abilities are well known to the members and friends of the Missisquoi Historical Society. She has been a member of the Montreal Camera Club since 1964. She has won many awards in photography and has had pictures accepted by the National Film Board and the Reader's Digest.

The programme opened with slides of Missisquoi Bay. Because of its location, Missisquoi Bay has played a great part in the history of the Townships. Although we live near the Bay, Mrs. Chalk felt we were perhaps not familiar with all its moods, especially during the winter months. We were treated to a series of slides showing winter activities on the Bay, ice fishing, ice boating, skating, etc.

Mrs. Chalk's slides of the flora and fauna of the fields and woodlands illustrate her many talents. She is well versed in nature lore, she has originality and the ability to see beauty in the most commonplace. Using her photographic skills even the common bull thistle becomes a work of art. As Mr. Kidd said when thanking her "...she has taught us to see great beauty in the things around us—and this is true

art".

Following the showing, refreshments were served and the usual social hour enjoyed with many compliments for Mrs. Chalk. Mr. Chalk also received thanks for introducing the program in French and for operating the complicated equipment which added to the enjoyment of the slides. □

**Missisquoi Historical Society
Building Fund Report
April 2, 1980**

At the regular monthly Board Meeting of the Missisquoi Historical Society, it was announced that progress was being made toward the \$40,000 goal of the Archives Vault Building Fund. Not all members have contributed yet, but those who have, have been very generous: their donations amount to \$6,864.00.

Other good friends of the Society have contributed \$990.00.

Given and promised from Industries is the amount of \$11,660. Many have yet to donate, as do the municipalities we serve, except for the County Council, Noyan, and St. Ignace.

News has just been received of a \$5,000 grant from the Samuel and Saidye Bronfman Foundation, to be used for some specific part of the construction. This is much appreciated. Other Foundations, the National Museums of Canada, and the Québec Department of Cultural Affairs have been contacted and, it is hoped, will contribute.

At the instigation of teacher Ron

Forcier, Massey Vanier Social Studies students collected \$80.03 in cannisters placed in the classrooms for a two week period.

Organizations, such as Fordyce Women's Institute, and Bedford United Church Women, have been generous. (Dunham Institute as well.)

At the request of the families concerned, approximately \$750.00 given in memory of the late William Taylor and of Mrs. C.O. Jones, Jr. has been donated to the Building Fund.

In addition to actual financial support, the many letters of good wishes and encouragement in this vital enterprise have provided the necessary impetus to the Executive and the Building Fund Chairman, Stuart Bird, to continue their efforts to raise the needed \$40,000.

As foundation construction should be done during July, while the river is at its lowest ebb, the Directors have decided to call for tenders immediately after the May 6th Board meeting—on the condition that \$4,000 more be added through donations to the present (actual and promised) total of approximately \$26,000.

Once the building is underway, efforts will have to be redoubled to raise the entire \$40,000 to complete the job. More money will be needed to equip the interior.

The appeal in the "Sun" brought some very gratifying contributions. If anyone reading this would like to help, please make cheques payable to: Missisquoi Historical Society, P.O. Box 186, Stanbridge East, Québec, JOJ 2H0.

Société Historique du Comte de Richmond

Calendar of Events, 1980

- May 8 **Annual General Meeting—**
Time & Place: 8:00 pm at the United Church Hall, Danville, Qué.
Speaker: Mr. John Cruickshank
Subject: "Early Settlements in Inverness, Leeds, Kinnears Mills".
- May 24 **Bus Trip!**— Mr. Cruickshank will act as guide and commentator on a tour of Inverness, Leeds and Kinnears Mills area. Further details will be given at the Annual General Meeting.
- June 1 **Opening of Museum—** 2:00 to 5:00 pm.
- June 5 **Social Evening with guest speaker and refreshments—**
Time & Place: 8:00 pm at the Belleview Golf Club, Melbourne, Qué.
Speaker: Professor R. Barnett, Economic Historian, Bishop's University
Subject: To be announced.
- June 25-29 **Special exhibit of early time pieces at the museum—** 2 to 5 pm.
- July 23-27 **Special exhibit of quilts and quilting—** at the Museum, 2 to 5 pm.
- August 20-24 **Special exhibit of rugs and rug making—** at the museum, 2 to 5 pm.
- August 31 **Antique cars will be on show at the museum—** thanks to the Eastern Townships Vintage Automobile Club
- Sept. 12 **Social Evening with guest speakers, films and refreshments—**
Time & Place: 8:00 pm at the Belleview Golf Club, Melbourne, Qué.
Speaker and Film: To be provided by the E.T. Vintage Auto Club.
Subject: "Early Motoring in the Eastern Townships".
- Sept. 28 **Closing of Museum for 1980 Season**

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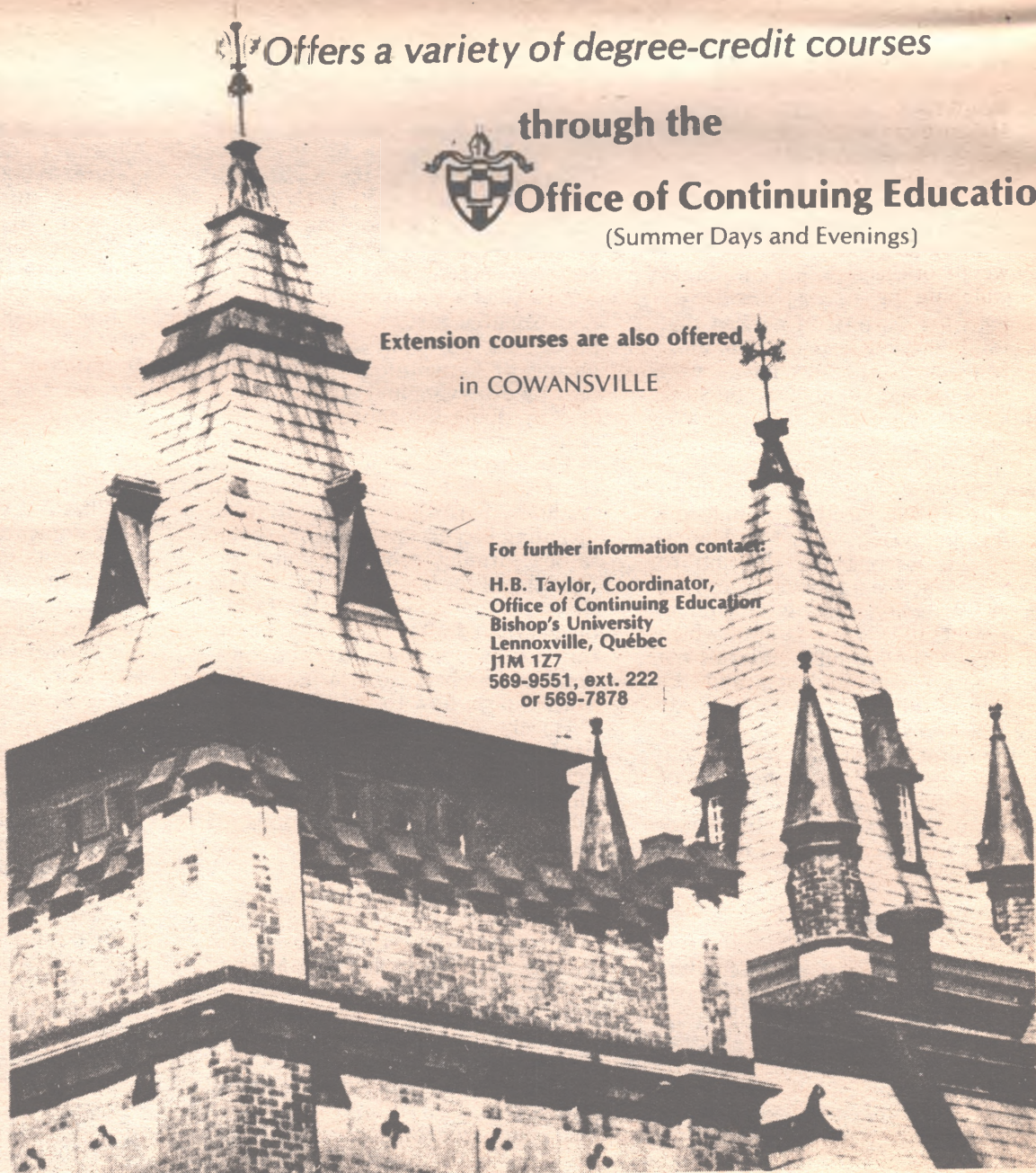
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Québec Premier Alain Gauthier has been trying out his cross-country skis on a quiet Saturday afternoon at his country place.

While he tries to forget the nightmare his job has become, he dreams of what life will be like after he quits to start spending the \$8 million deposited in his Swiss bank account by a consortium of asbestos companies.

An important part of his dream is Sylvie Mercier, a 24-year-old employee of the U.S. consulate in Québec City who was introduced to the premier by Paul Duval, his former executive assistant who also worked for the CIA.

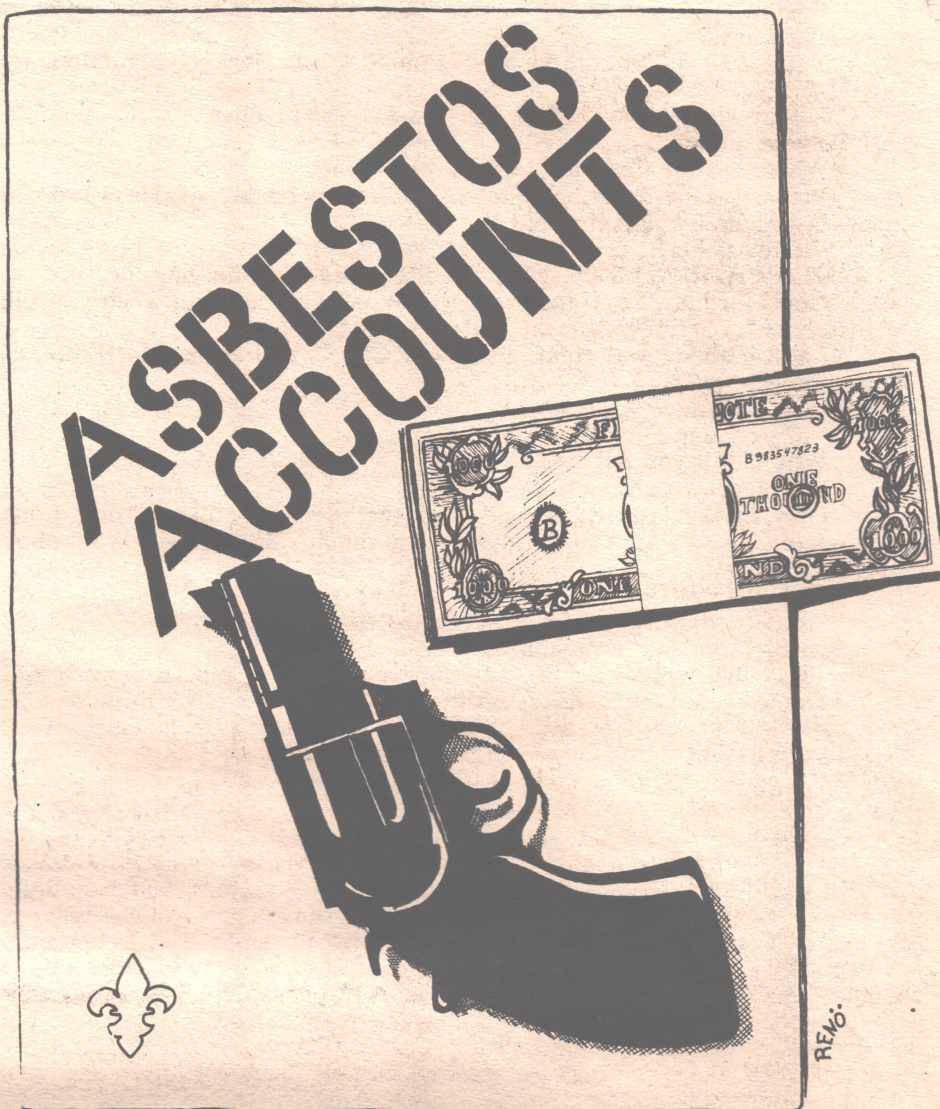
Gauthier has just learned that Paul was shot to death but he has not told Sylvie yet because he does not want to spoil their afternoon of skiing.

He realizes she is probably CIA too, but he hopes she will stay with him even after he resigns.

The premier has just received a call from Guy Pelletier, the director of the Surêté du Québec, who told him of Paul's death as well as about a bomb threat for Carnival parade if his government does not withdraw its controversial asbestos bill. The bill gives a group of American asbestos firms the rights to the world's largest deposit of the mineral, just discovered in the Ungava region of northern Québec.

News about the payoffs leaked out and Radio-Canada has carried the news in a story by Marie Parent, who covers the national assembly for the network. The CIA has decided to arrange an accident for Marie, her husband Gilles, a senior civil servant who leaked a secret report on the asbestos deposit to the opposition leader, and Chantal Robitaille, the premier's secretary who has begun to have doubts about Gauthier's integrity.

Take a break from planning this year's garden, curl up in your favorite chair and get ready to enjoy the May episode of *The Asbestos Account*, brought to you first as a special feature by *The Townships Sun*.



He saw that Sylvie had stopped on the trail ahead. She was smiling and her light brown hair was hanging loosely over the collar of her white ski jacket.

"Come on slow poke," she said.

"I'm coming, I'm coming," he said as he tramped up to her.

"You're in worse shape than I thought," she said with a soft laugh.

He put his arms around her shoulders and pretended to be fainting. She caught him and held him to her. She noticed the guard ski to a halt about 50 yards away.

He said something into his walkie-talkie and then looked around him. The guard raised his binoculars from his chest and looked across the frozen lake. He pushed the button of his walkie-talkie. "There's a snowmobile coming across the lake," he said.

"It's OK," said a voice from the walkie-talkie.

"Is the sound all right?" asked the guard.

"Perfect," said the voice.

The guard smiled slightly. The small transmitters in the premier's ski poles were working well, he thought. The guard, dressed in a white ski suit, kept watching the snowmobile with his binoculars. There were two figures on the large machine moving across the ice. They were wearing large yellow visors on their helmets and they were hunched low as the snowmobile sped at top speed across the lake. They seemed to be heading for the premier's house but then the snowmobile swerved and began coming towards the guard.

"The snowmobile is heading for me," said the guard.

"We're watching it on the monitor," said the tinny voice.

"What's going on?"

"Don't worry about it," said the voice. There was a moment of silence. The snowmobile was approaching the edge of the lake and the guard began moving swiftly toward the premier.

"Mr. Gauthier, there is a snowmobile coming towards us," said the guard.

"What's the problem?" said the premier as he continued to hold Sylvie against him.

Then the machine was moving up the hill towards them. The driver raised one hand and pulled up beside them.

The man at the rear got off and lifted his visor. "Hello, Mr. Gauthier," said the man. "I'm sorry to disturb you but it was necessary to see you immediately." It was Guy Pelletier, the 49-year-old director of the Surêté du Québec. He had black hair that was thinning slightly on top.

"This is terrible timing," said the premier. "Couldn't it wait until we finish our skiing?"

"Afraid not," Pelletier said with a smile. He looked at Sylvie. "I want to apologize for barging in like this. I can assure you I would not have done so if it wasn't urgent."

"Guy, I'd like you to meet Sylvie Mercier," said the premier.

"Pleased to meet you," said Pelletier as he held her hand briefly. "Can we have a talk?" he asked as he looked at the premier.

"Why don't we go back to the house and have a drink?" said the premier.

"Sounds good," said Pelletier. "Can you call us two more snowmobiles?" he said to the guard. "And have a limousine brought to the house for later."

"Sure," said the guard as he stepped back.

"Great day for skiing," he said to Sylvie.

"It was great until you showed up," said the premier with a laugh.

"Love on cross-country skis," said Pelletier with a smile. "You look more relaxed than I've seen you for a long time," he said to the premier.

"I think Sylvie has something to do with it," said the premier as he touched her hair. Two snowmobiles soon came into sight and skidded to a halt in front of them. They took their skis off and gave them to the guard. Sylvie got on the back of one machine and the premier got on the other. Pelletier's snowmobile was right behind them as they headed back.

The premier held onto the shoulders of the driver and felt the cold wind chilling his face. Pelletier had a lot of nerve, he thought. Things were getting tense with Paul's death and the bomb threat to worry about, he conceded. But there didn't seem to be anything to do. The bomb threat was probably a hoax and Paul was dead. Pelletier probably wants authorization for some raids, thought the premier. Bombs were a serious business, of course, because of the image of instability they inevitably presented to the outside world. There had been no bombings to speak of since the 1960s when there was a constant fear of mailboxes exploding. Although other targets were chosen such as the Montreal Stock Exchange, the mailboxes were a favorite because of the Royal Mail insignia on each one.

The snowmobile pulled up in front of the house and the premier got off. They walked in the door and took off their boots. Louise took their ski jackets. Guy smiled at her and Louise winked back at him.

"We won't be long, Sylvie," said the premier. "Why don't you have a drink and relax in the living room?"

"OK," said Sylvie with a smile.

Pelletier and the premier walked into the study. "What do you want to drink?" asked the premier.

"Scotch and water," said Pelletier.

"Sounds good," said the premier as he walked to the bar. "So, what's up?"

"Lots," said Pelletier as he sat down in an armchair. "Have you been listening to the radio?"

"No, why?"

"Radio-Canada is running a story saying you took a payoff."

"What?" asked the premier as he handed a glass to Pelletier and sat down opposite him.

"Marie Parent says you, the party and Paul all got payoffs from the asbestos companies," said Pelletier. "And that Paul was a CIA agent. She quotes highly-placed sources within the government."

The premier was silent for a moment and seemed far away. "She's going to get in trouble for this," he said finally as he took a long sip of his drink. "A lot of trouble," he added firmly.

"Is it true?"

"Of course not," said the premier emphatically as he looked squarely into Pelletier's eyes. But the police chief returned his gaze and said nothing.

"Are you sure?" Pelletier said finally. The premier looked at him, as he wondered how much he knew.

"What are you driving at?" asked the premier.

"We have information saying that it could be true," Pelletier said.

"What do you mean 'could be true'?"

Pelletier shrugged his shoulders. "You'd be surprised how much information we get our hands on, without even trying," he said.

"What are you trying to do, impress me?" asked the premier.

Pelletier laughed and shook his head. "Look, I just want you to be honest with me," he said. "I want to help you, but you've got to be open with me, please Mr. Gauthier." His eyes were pleading.

"Well, what do you know?" asked the premier. "I'm not in the mood for playing games."

"You got \$8 million, the party got \$5 million and Paul got \$2 million," he said softly.

"Is that what Radio-Canada had?" asked the premier.

Pelletier nodded.

"Where did she find out?" asked the premier.

"We've had Pierre Michel followed and he may be the one. He talked with her last night at the Hilton bar."

"Pierre Michel?"

"That's right," said Pelletier, "Paul ordered us to tail him."

"Good for him," said the premier. "What did you mean when you said there was foreign involvement in Paul's death?"

"Radio-Canada was right, Paul was CIA," said Pelletier. "From the beginning."

"How long have you known?"

"Long enough."

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought you knew."

"Only in the last few days," said the premier. "Before that I had suspicions, but I wasn't sure. Anyway, you should have told me. What about his death?"

"CIA too."

"What?" said the premier as he leaned forward slightly.

Pelletier nodded. "Are you sure?" asked the premier.

"Yes," said the police chief. "A fellow named Jean Crepeau, he used to be in our intelligence squad before he became a private detective. But it's only a cover."

"Why have you decided to tell me all this now?"

"It may not be too late," said Pelletier.

"Too late for what?"

"Let's put it this way. I don't think I'd last long if Letourneau takes over. We don't really have that much in common, if you know what I mean."

"I didn't know you liked your job that much," said the premier. "You're always telling me about the headaches it gives you."

"You're a fine one to talk," said Pelletier. "You're always telling me about how much work you have. Of course, the fringe benefits can be amusing." He smiled. "Like Sylvie," he added.

"I didn't know you liked girls," said the premier.

"I'm just selective," said Pelletier. "She's CIA too."

The premier frowned. "I had guessed as much," he said. "But she never asks about politics."

Pelletier laughed. "I don't understand you," he said. "You suspect she's CIA but you sleep with her anyway."

"I have a private life too," said the premier defensively. "In case you have forgotten."

"There's a fine line there," said Pelletier. The two men sat in silence for a few moments. "There have been a lot of strange things happening lately, don't you think?"

Gauthier looked at him. Pelletier seemed a lot bolder than the last time they had met at the premier's Montreal office, in the downtown Hydro-Québec building on Dorchester Boulevard. He felt that Pelletier had the upper hand on him. The payments were starting to cause inconveniences.

How had so many people found out, the premier wondered. Paul, that's right. Pelletier was still staring at him, he realized as his mind focused on the police chief's face. He felt weak and wondered how he could end the conversation.

The premier rose and filled his glass again with Scotch but Pelletier continued to sip at the same drink. "Look, I'm afraid we'll have to finish this conversation some other time," said the premier with a small smile. "I'm feeling tired."

Pelletier raised his eyebrows slightly and smiled. "There are a few things we're going to have to do," he said softly.

"What do you mean 'we'?"

"I'm going to need authorization for a few things."

"Like what?"

"A few raids, a special budget allotment for some behind-the-scenes work," said Pelletier. "The more complex this whole business becomes, the more it's costing us in extra manpower. I've been cutting into my director's budget quite heavily. I'm going to need some money in the next supplementary budget. Four or five million for miscellaneous security expenses."

"Sure, sure," said the premier. "Why not \$10 million? By the way, I'm going to need a chief of staff to replace Paul. How would you like to take over unofficially? I feel I can trust you. You're right of course, Letourneau and you would not get along that well. Not at this point."

Pelletier chuckled softly. "No, we never have seen eye to eye on things," he said. "He's been under surveillance for almost 20 years. Everybody and his uncle have been sniffing around him. He has a lot of interesting contacts, you know. He spends most of his time in Montreal and he likes hanging around the edges of the diplomatic circuit by dropping in casually at receptions."

"Letourneau seems to switch on a reserve energy supply when he's in that kind of crowd. He's like a magnet, everybody wants to take a look at him for themselves to form their own impression. He's like a freak to them. Of course, he can be very charming with the wives too, they all adore him because he's so polite and witty. He has such an infectious laugh that they all enjoy being with him."

"Look I'm getting tired," said the premier as he got to his feet.

"I also need your authorization for a few arrests in case we need to tighten up security any more," said Pelletier. "We're going to start telling a few of the PRQ sympathizers to get out of the province for a few weeks. We may be forced to pick up some of them."

"How many?"

"It's hard to say," said Pelletier with a frown. "I'm worried about the bomb threat."

The premier sat down on the sofa and watched Pelletier, who slouched in his armchair and pushed his black hair back. It was receding but looked healthy. "I don't know how much we can rely on the RCMP now with the Americans so deeply involved," said the police chief. "It's hard to say how much information they don't share with each other, if you know what I mean."

The premier nodded. Pelletier paused for a moment and seemed to be asking himself how much he should tell Gauthier at that moment.

"It's up to you," said the premier. "That's a good idea to tell a few people to leave the province, the same as before the Olympics. It worked then, why not now?"

"Operations like that are always most effective the first time around," said Pelletier. "Tolerance builds up fast. We may have to take a few people down to the Parthenais and show them who's running the province."

"I don't like the sound of that," said Gauthier.

"Neither do I," said Pelletier. "But we are very subtle now, no more thumbscrews."

The Parthenais was the massive black headquarters of the Sureté du Québec in east-end Montreal near the Jacques-Cartier bridge. The building, which housed detention cells on the top floors, was designed so that it could continue to function as a command centre even if it was hit by a serious earthquake. Although most Montrealers did not know it, their city was in an earthquake zone and even had an extinct volcano, Mont Royal, overlooking the downtown area.

"Are you sure you want me to replace Paul? How would that work? Have you talked to Desprès yet?"

"No," said the premier. "He's in Florida for a few days. But he's going back to the business world. All that's left for him to do is clean out his office. I'm not worried."

"Have you thought of cancelling the asbestos agreement and giving the money back?" asked Pelletier, suddenly looking intensely at Gauthier like an animal. The premier imagined his face as that of a werewolf. Gauthier blinked several times, then poured himself another drink.

"How's your drink?" asked the premier. Pelletier nodded and the premier went to the bar and pulled out a large bottle of Chivas Regal. "Try some of this," he said as he poured several ounces into Pelletier's glass. Then he dropped in a few ice cubes from the ice bucket and handed the glass back.

"Did you hear my question?" asked Pelletier as the premier sat down slowly.

"Why don't you run it by me once more and I'll see if I can catch the drift this time," said Gauthier as he took a long pull at his drink. "Do you have any cigarettes by the way?"

"No, I gave up a long time ago," said Pelletier as he examined Gauthier's face. The lines in his forehead seemed a little deeper than the last time he had seen him. And the eyes were a little more bloodshot. For the first time, the police chief felt pity for the premier. He seemed like an old king who needed help to prevent his kingdom from slipping out of his grasp.

"I would need one of my men working in your office to handle liaison with

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me," said Pelletier.

The premier shrugged his shoulders. "Why not?" he said. "I'm going to be resigning soon, I have to get out. I can feel myself aging, much too fast."

Pelletier found himself agreeing with the premier. "But you can't do that until after the next election."

"Says who?"

"Don't you understand? You have to give the money back. There's no other way."

"What difference does it make now?" asked the premier.

"It's not too late to call off the agreement," said Pelletier. The premier was startled to see how excited he was becoming. "You could easily call off the deal, you could hold a referendum as justification for cancelling the agreement. Now that Paul's gone you can blame it on him. We could confirm that he was CIA and was responsible for misinforming you. If you change your mind now, people will forgive you. You could win the next election easily."

"Would I have to give my money back?"

"Even if you call the election right away, that doesn't mean you can bask in your ignorance, if you'll pardon the expression," Pelletier said with a smile. "You need a stable social climate if you want to win again. I'm warning you, if people have the feeling you've lost control of the situation, you're finished. You know that, don't you?"

"Can't you take a hint, I like you but Sylvie has a more pleasant shape, Guy," said the premier as he stood up.

"Listen," said Pelletier as he stood up too. "The leader of the PRQ, Françoise Leclerc, is military intelligence. Canadian Forces. But they've lost contact with her, it's a classic tactic. They're removing some key players from the board at a critical moment. The KGB. I've been getting some good information from a contact I have at Mobile Command headquarters at the St. Hubert Canadian Forces base just outside Montreal. You'd be surprised at the information he picks up. I fill him in and he says the RCMP never finds out what I tell him. So maybe the CIA doesn't either. Not right away, anyway."

"What about American military people?" asked the premier. "You don't think they have anybody inside Mobile Command? That sounds hard to believe."

"The only thing is, my contact is at the top and he says he doesn't tell anybody," said Pelletier.

"How important is the information you're getting from him?" The premier was leaning against the bar and poured some more Scotch into his glass. Pelletier held up his glass and the premier filled it and dropped some ice in.

"Essential," said Pelletier. "Especially with us having to be so careful with the RCMP. We're not getting any information from them because we've shut them out completely. Even routine requests are cleared through me."

"Good," said the premier as he took a long drink.

He seemed to be getting drunk, Pelletier thought. "My contact has access to some of the diplomatic traffic coming out of Montreal and Ottawa. I don't know where he gets it, I've never asked, but he always seems to know what's going on. Anyway, Françoise Leclerc has dropped out of sight, either she's dead or she's switched sides. They are worried about it because she was giving them a lot of high-quality information."

Maybe she has been misleading them, they've been rechecking all her reports since the beginning. More than 10 years, so it will take a long time. As I was saying, when players get taken off the board, people start panicking. Halpern's got CIA reinforcements coming in. The Soviet delegation at the Hilton has been very active in the last day or so, a lot of visitors coming in and out of their rooms. I'm pretty sure a bomb's going to go off at the parade, by the way."

"Which one?" asked the premier who was used to Pelletier jumping from one subject to another.

"Tonight," said Pelletier softly. He had a far-off look in his eye.

"I have the same feeling," said the premier. "Why not call off the parade?"

"You can't," said Pelletier. "Don't you see, that's just what they want, to get you to make the first mistake. It's a war of nerves, like chess. We've got to build a solid defensive position so that we can react quickly to new developments. Let's face it, we don't exactly have the initiative in this whole business. That's why you have to change the asbestos deal. It's not too late, believe me. If the voters support you, that's all that counts in the final analysis."

"I think I can win anyway," said the premier confidently. "Letourneau is a mad separatist, he can't win with that image attached to him. We'll have lots of money for the television commercials, we have more money than ever before."

Pelletier shook his head. "The only trouble is that they have more money than before too," he said. "They've also had time to strengthen their stranglehold on the media. The reporters don't even hide their loyalty anymore. Some of them have PQ membership cards now."

"But with television you can go past the reporters and communicate directly with the people."

"I don't think you've been keeping in touch," said Pelletier softly. "Paul may not have been telling you everything and Chantal may have been an interesting bed partner but..."

The police chief did not get a chance to finish his sentence because the premier began ushering him to the door. "That's enough for tonight," Gauthier said firmly.

"Chantal told Marie the asbestos companies sweetened the deal with you," Pelletier said quickly. "Shall I fire her and Pierre Michel?"

The premier shrugged his shoulders slightly. "Let me think about it," he said.

"Then there's Gilles Parent, I guess Paul told you he leaked the report to Letourneau," said Pelletier. "He'll have to be fired too."

"I guess so," said the premier. "We'll have to find a lot of replacements."

"You shouldn't move too fast if you ask me," said Pelletier. "I can start looking around for some reliable people."

"OK," said the premier.

"Also there's an ABC reporter here for Carnival who's CIA," said

Pelletier. "He may try for an interview with you. Don't give him one under any circumstances. Let's try keeping them at arm's length. Too bad you're so attached to Sylvie. By the way, I've ordered daily sweeps of the house and your office."

"Sounds like a good idea," said the premier.

"Our budget for wiretapping has had to be doubled. You wouldn't believe how busy we've been. We get so much raw material that it's easy to miss things because of a lack of proper analysis. That's slow work and takes fairly bright people. Which costs money, if you follow."

"Not to mention technical expenses," said the premier. "Also, why not expand your sweeping operations, check our security very tightly."

"How much extra money can you get for me?" asked Pelletier.

"As I said earlier, \$10 million out of the next supplementary and maybe an extra couple of million in transfers."

"It may be tight, but I guess it will have to do."

"A few minutes ago four or five million was all you wanted and now \$10 million is not enough," said the premier. "Are you trying to take advantage of me because I've had a few drinks?"

"Don't be ridiculous," said Pelletier with a laugh. "You seemed so agreeable I wanted to see how far you would go."

"You like playing games, don't you?"

"Another thing, I don't think you should make any statement on the payoffs story," said Pelletier.

There was a moment of silence. "OK," the premier said nonchalantly.

"Also, I think you should reconsider giving the money back," said Pelletier. "I'd handle it. Don't worry, I can convince them that it's just as embarrassing to them as it is to you. You could tell people that there is a new report you've based your decision on. You wouldn't have to release anything right away."

"You have a good head for politics, Guy," said the premier. "Where have you been all this time? But I want to get back to Sylvie, I'm sure you can understand." The premier patted Pelletier's shoulder and smiled.

Pelletier smiled slowly. "OK," he said. The police chief looked around the room to see if he'd forgotten anything.

"Just tell me one thing," said the premier. "Was our conversation recorded?"

Pelletier shook his head.

"You probably wouldn't tell me anyway, you old bastard," the premier said with a laugh as he opened the padded door.

"What about my coat?" asked Pelletier. "Where's Louise?"

"Louise," the premier called loudly.

The sound of footsteps came from the kitchen and Louise appeared. With her long blonde hair and tight jeans she was like a breath of fresh air, thought Pelletier.

"Yes?" she asked.

"Can you get Guy's coat please?" asked the premier.

"Right," she said as she turned and walked to the closet. There was silence

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until she came back. He put on his coat and left without saying another word. It was snowing lightly and the flakes were lit up against the dark sky by the bright spotlights shining on the house.

The premier put his head outside and took a deep breath of cold air. He watched Pelletier open the door of the waiting limousine and heard the powerful engine burst into life. The premier sighed softly and closed the door.

Meanwhile, Chantal was putting on her makeup before they left for the parade.

"Are you ready?" Gilles asked quietly.

Marie nodded her head slightly. "I really don't feel like covering this parade. I've had too much excitement already today."

"Can you phone in sick?" he asked.

"Unfortunately I have to be there," she said emphatically. "With all the payoff business going on I don't want to start calling in sick." It would create doubts and people might talk behind my back."

"Come on," said Gilles. "There's a lot of flu going around now. They must have lots of announcers just dying to take your place for the evening. Besides, covering a parade is kind of an insult considering the kind of work you've been doing lately, don't you think?"

"You don't understand what working at Radio-Canada does to people's minds," she said firmly.

"I suppose not," said Gilles. He was silent for a moment and apparently was thinking about what she had said.

"I wonder how Gauthier feels right now," he said.

"I don't really care," said Marie casually. "He brought it on himself, that's how I see it. All I did was tell people what he did, which seems like a very normal thing to do."

"I'm not talking about you, my egotistical little wife," he said with a smile. She stood up and held him to her.

"I have to get changed," she said. "I love you," she added warmly with a fast kiss.

"Me too," he said softly. They looked into each other's eyes for a moment then Marie dropped her arms and turned to the closet. Gilles looked at himself in the mirror and patted his hair a little where it was sticking up on top of his head. When it refused to lay flat he picked up a brush and leaned over. As he began brushing, Marie picked out a new dress she had just bought. It was perfect for Carnival, she thought. She would look like a peasant girl from France with the flounces in the sleeves. The rich peasant look, she thought as she smiled to herself and turned in front of the full-length mirror on the wall.

She had been avoiding thinking about Gauthier but she could no longer resist. She was trying not to think about her work to relax her mind. But now the thoughts overpowered her like a nightmare and she found herself swept along.

She began to wonder how far she could go before somebody said that's enough and decided to get rid of her. The CIA? Maybe, she thought. Now

that Paul had been shot, the whole situation seemed to have heated up. She could sense that a lot of shifting of positions was going on behind the scenes. She felt like taking a holiday and going somewhere else for a few days. The whole atmosphere was becoming too electric. Marie felt that she had done her part and now it was up to others to move in for the kill. Gauthier was finished, she thought. She felt the tiredness in her body and gave herself a mental shove. She started getting ready again.

"Everybody ready?" Gilles shouted from the living room.

"Yes," Chantal called from the bathroom and Marie echoed her a few moments later.

"Let's go," he said loudly. Gilles had his coat on and held the door. They went out to the elevator.

"Did you call a taxi?" asked Marie.

Gilles nodded. "I'm surprised they let your story get on the air," he said softly.

Marie shrugged her shoulders as the elevator arrived. It was empty and they entered. After the short trip to the lobby of their modern building, they walked to the door. Snow was falling gently outside but there was little wind. There was no taxi outside. Gilles walked to the doorman who was reading a tabloid newspaper at his desk.

"Can you call me a taxi please?" said Gilles as the tired-looking old man looked up.

"It might take a while because of Carnival," said the man slowly.

"It's here," Marie said as their taxi pulled into the circular driveway outside.

"Thanks," said Gilles as he left the man to his newspaper.

Marie and Chantal were already in the taxi and Gilles joined them.

"Should be quite a parade," said the driver who looked at Marie and Chantal in his extra-wide mirror. The car was already rolling along Charlesbourg's 80th Street and soon it turned onto the Boulevard Laurentien expressway. Traffic was heavy but moving along at a fair speed through the falling snow. Gilles had his arm around Marie and Chantal was looking out the window on the other side. Nobody spoke and they listened to the radio which was playing Elvis Presley music.

"You like Elvis, don't you Chantal?" asked Gilles in an effort to lighten the tense atmosphere.

"I'm going to resign," said Chantal as she continued to look out the window. She drew her finger across the moisture on the glass and wiped the water off on her jeans.

"Why?" asked Marie. "You could stay on and keep us informed about what Gauthier is up to."

"Sounds like spying or something," said Chantal with distaste. "I'm getting sick of Québec City. It's a vicious place, much worse than Montreal."

"The situation we have now is a little unusual you must admit," said Gilles. "Sure, Québec has had corrupt premiers in the past but nothing on the scale Gauthier operates on."

"How do you know?" said Chantal with bitterness in her voice. "Gauthier's no worse than all the other corrupt politicians in the world."

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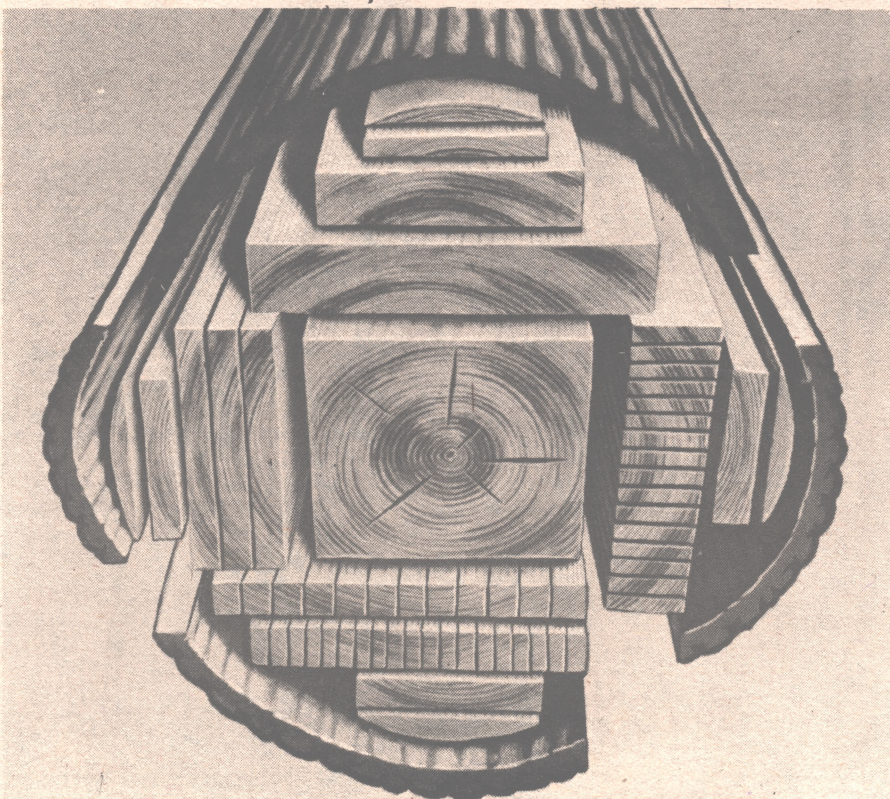
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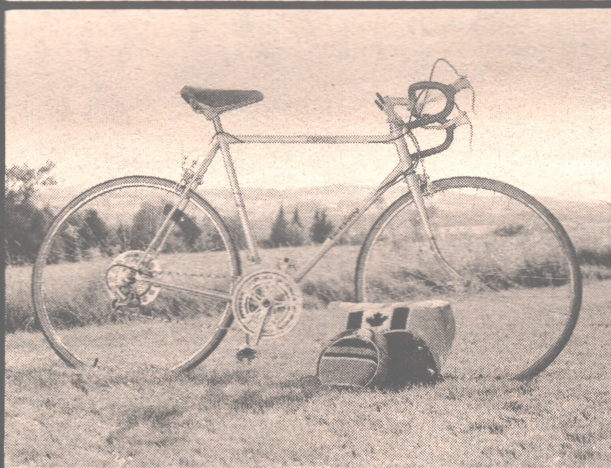
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"Are you defending him?" asked Marie as if she could hardly believe what Chantal was saying.

"No," said Chantal. "There's no point. All I'm saying is that we have to keep the whole situation in perspective. Québécois always think that whatever happens here is unique. It's depressing."

Chantal turned her head back to her window. The taxi began to slow as the traffic was backed up waiting for the light to change. The expressway had ended and they were in Lower Town. They soon passed Québec City's police headquarters in a low brick building on the right. Marie watched it as they went by, checking for signs of unusual activity.

"They must be worried about the bomb," she said to nobody in particular. "I wonder why they didn't give the bomb warning sooner?" said Gilles.

"They told the American consulate first," said Marie. "They know where the buck stops, so to speak," she added in English.

"Trying to impress us again with your English?" Gilles asked.

"Do you think there really will be a bomb?" asked Chantal.

"Of course not," said Gilles. "It's just a way of putting more heat on Gauthier to cancel the asbestos deal. They may be hoping he'll panic and call off the parade."

Traffic was getting heavier as they went by the large Hôpital Général on Des Commissaires.

"We'll probably have to walk the rest of the way," said Gilles as he put on his heavy fur mittens. The taxi was approaching a roadblock and police were directing traffic to turn.

"Go up to the roadblock," said Marie as she pulled out her large Carnival press button. The driver lowered his window and a husky policeman leaned inside and looked at the button.

"Can I see your press card too, please?" he asked.

"Marie Parent, Radio-Canada," she said as if this was a password.

"I'm sorry, I have my orders," he said.

She opened her purse and found her card. "OK," he said as he examined it. "Who are the other two?"

"They're with me," said Marie impatiently. "Look, I have to be on the air in five minutes. Let us through immediately."

"I asked who the other two are," said the officer menacingly.

"My husband Gilles and Chantal Robitaille from the premier's office," she said quickly. She was getting angry and seemed about to lose her temper.

"Your papers please," said Chantal with a mock German accent. The officer turned his head and examined her face carefully.

"Show him your ID cards," said Marie with resignation in her voice.

Gilles pulled his wallet out and opened it to his civil service identity card. The officer examined it with his bright flashlight and then turned the light onto his face. Gilles sat impassively but Marie could sense him tensing up beside her.

"Are you trying to harass us?" asked Marie. The officer did not answer but switched his flashlight off. He handed back the wallet to Gilles. Chantal had found her government identity card and handed it to the officer.

"Pretty picture," he muttered as he examined it. "But it doesn't look like you." Gilles bent forward and looked at the card. It was true, the cheerful girl in the picture did not resemble Chantal that night. She looked like she hadn't slept in days.

"That's her," said Gilles.

"I didn't ask you big boy," the officer said to Gilles as he walked away to his squad car with Chantal's card.

"This is ridiculous," said Marie excitedly. "Let me out."

"Hold on," said Gilles. "Let's play this cool," he added.

"What's going on?" asked the driver impatiently as he looked at them in his mirror.

"Can you ask your dispatcher to make an important telephone call for me?" asked Marie.

"I don't know," he said doubtfully.

Marie passed him \$10. "Well, I can try," he said. "What number do you want to call?"

Marie told him and he called the dispatcher on his radio. "Can you pass on an urgent message?"

"We're very busy right now," said the scratchy voice. "Haven't you heard about the alert?"

"No, I had my radio off," said the driver coolly.

"You know that's against the rules," said the voice. "Anyway, the police have asked us to let them know if we pick up any suspicious-looking passengers carrying packages. Guess they're taking the bomb threat seriously."

"Can you get a message through, please?"

"I told you we're busy."

"It's Marie Parent of Radio-Canada," said the driver. "She's supposed to be at the parade."

"Big deal," said the voice insolently.

The driver said a telephone number and asked the dispatcher to call it.

"OK, OK," the voice said. "What does she want to say?"

"Have they answered?" asked Marie.

"I've got somebody called Marcel on the line," said the voice.

"Tell him I can't get through the police roadblock at Des Commissaires and Ste. Catherine," said Marie loudly. The driver repeated this and they could hear the dispatcher talking into the telephone. There was a moment of silence.

"He asks what the problem is," said the voice.

"The police won't let us through," Marie shouted.

There was another moment of silence. "They're sending somebody now," said the voice.

"Thanks a million," Marie said loudly.

"A pleasure," said the voice.

After several minutes the officer returned to the taxi and the driver rolled down his window. "I can't let you through," he said firmly. "Would you all mind stepping outside, please?"

"Why?" asked Marie. Gilles poked his elbow at her in warning. A large Radio-Canada van was approaching from the other side of the roadblock.

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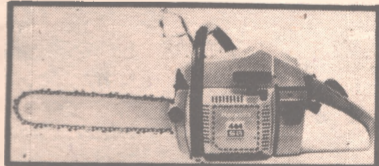
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The van skidded to a halt and a team of technicians jumped out. A cameraman began filming the scene and other technicians carried bright lights with long cords plugged into the van. Marcel St. Aubin approached the roadblock and motioned to his technicians to move aside the wooden barrier. The police officer signalled to several officers to stop them. The other officers pulled out revolvers and told the technicians to stay where they were.

Marcel St. Aubin was carrying a microphone and was speaking into it as he approached the police officer in charge who had gold braid on the front of his cap.

"This is being broadcast live on Radio-Canada," said St. Aubin to the officer as the cameraman closed in beside them. "Can I have your name please?"

The police officer signalled to the other policemen to let the taxi through and walked back to his car with a disgusted look on his face.

St. Aubin gave the sign to the cameraman to cut and walked to the taxi. "Follow me," he said with a smile.

"Marcel, you're wonderful," said Marie ecstatically. "I'm going to give you a big kiss when we get to the booth."

"I can hardly wait," he said as he turned away and pushed aside the wooden barriers with the help of the technicians. He returned to the van and soon the taxi was following the big blue Radio-Canada truck down the empty street. Soon they were approaching Ste. Thérèse with its traditional ice sculptures all along several blocks of the street. It was closed to traffic by another roadblock. A technician climbed out of the van and opened the barricade under the watchful eyes of another group of policemen.

The van and taxi drove through and began inching their way through the crowds milling around the sculptures glistening under the bright spotlights. The dozens of sculptures ranged from amateurish attempts to masterpieces. There was a long serpent-monster painted green, a carefully-carved Bonhomme Carnival figure with one arm raised and a red sash and toque, and a smooth female torso that had attracted a group of giggling boys carrying beer bottles.

"Look at Gauthier," said Marie as she rolled down the window beside Gilles. The premier was portrayed as a long-nosed angel holding up one hand with the fingers crossed. The tin-foil halo was crooked. Marie laughed. "Gauthier's like Pinocchio, every time he tells another lie his nose grows longer," she said.

The driver laughed briefly and then was silent again. They could hear the excitement of the crowd. People were laughing and singing as they walked along. Traditional Québec violin music was playing from loudspeakers along the street. Many people were carrying beer bottles or flasks of whisky. Two young boys were fighting and one threw the other against the taxi as it went by slowly.

"Maudit chien," he said as he shoved the other's head hard against the car. The boy crumpled to the ground and a crowd gathered around him.

"Lot's of fun," said Chantal as she noticed an overweight man watching her with obvious lust. "We should have stayed home and watched it on TV."

"I can't believe that scene we had with the police," said Marie. "Heavy sledding at the Québec Carnival," she added with an ironic laugh.

"Have you noticed all the policemen?" asked Gilles. "There are a lot of Sureté du Québec cars around too. It's costing a fortune for security."

"We're going to have to be careful," said Marie. "I didn't like the way he checked your identity card, Chantal."

"He didn't give it back, the bastard," said Chantal. "Oh well, I won't be needing it anyway now that I'm quitting."

"I'd like to talk to you about that before you do anything rash," said Marie.

The Radio-Canada van and the taxi rolled slowly down the street.

"I think I prefer the Mardi Gras in New Orleans," said Chantal. "At least you don't freeze your toes off."

"Why not Rio?" asked Marie. "That's even more fun. I covered the Mardi Gras there once and let me tell you it's fun."

"Let's go have some Caribou at Ti-Père's," suggested Gilles as he pointed to a sign. Caribou was the official drink of Carnival, a potent mixture of coarse red wine, pure alcohol and fruit juices. There was a long lineup of people waiting to get into the warmth of Chez Ti-Père.

"I've heard those places don't always have the proper level of alcohol in their Caribou," said Chantal knowingly.

"Spoil-sport," said Marie with a laugh. "I like those places, you get to see the pictures on the walls of all the famous people who have been there. Like Prime Minister Beaulieu."

"The beams on the ceiling are so low that anybody over five feet high can't help but feel claustrophobic," said Chantal. "And then they push you out after 10 minutes, reminding you apologetically that there are a lot of people waiting outside. And most of the people have to stand up."

"But it's so romantic," said Marie. "We're almost there," she added.

"Has the parade started yet?" asked Chantal.

"It's supposed to have started two minutes ago," said Marie as she looked at her watch. "But it never starts on time. The people aren't frozen enough yet."

To be continued...

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Letters

I was annoyed to find that while you did print my article, **Tottering on the Brink**, you neglected to print my letter accompanying it. Not only that, you didn't even put the article on the "Letters" page. Because of this, I feel my initial purpose in going to the trouble to write that screed was lost.

The parody, if you will, was intended as a form of protest to the articles of Merritt Clifton, which keep cropping up here and there. Of course Clifton will find gloom and disaster wherever he turns—he always looks for it.

In the light of all this, I feel I have no choice but to send you my article on **Burned Toast Vapours**. Perhaps you didn't print my letter because I failed to sign my real name, which I shall do:

Yours truly,
E.K. Hopkins, alias Clifford D. Merit
Granby, Qué.

BURNED TOAST VAPOURS: STILL ANOTHER CANCER SOURCE IN THE HOME

by Clifford D. Merit

Do you eat toast in your home?

Are you convinced that because of your clean-living habits you won't be threatened with cancer?

You're living in a fool's paradise!

Yet another source of deadly cancer has been discovered in the very centre of the home. Once thought to be a man's castle, a place where a man could put his feet up and relax, the home has been found by scientists to be a place that is fraught with danger.

Death in the Breakfast Nook

The focal point of this deadly menace is none other than the breakfast nook itself. Experts have discovered that 83.136% of the population of the U.S. and Canada eats toast every morning. Of all the toast eaten, at least 27.17% of the slices are burnt in the toaster.

"This may be due to faulty colour-regulating mechanisms in the toasters themselves," states Dr. Murphy O'Boyle of the Canadian Consumer's Bureau. "However," he continues, "9.304% of those who eat toast still prepare it in the old-fashioned type of toaster which requires the operator to open the sides manually to extract the toast. Of this 9.304%, 7.165% forget to check on the bread. This may be due to phone calls, the need to answer the door, or pure absent-mindedness."

DEADLY VAPOURS

Whatever the cause, the result is the same: deadly radioactive vapours are emitted from the toaster. These vapours are inhaled by all members of the household that are present. Wherein, one may ask, lies the danger in these ostensibly innocent, albeit noxious fumes? Well might one ask.

Scientists have discovered that burned toast is another source of deadly low-level radiation. "This is a typical case where harmless radiation can produce radioactivity," states Dr. C.P. Penwiper of the Cancer Institute at Notre Dame Hospital in Montreal. "The infra-red rays from the toaster coils excite the electrons in the flour atoms. Some of these electrons return to their normal states as soon as the

toast has popped up. However, 48.723% remain in the excited state, having entered the air in the smoke arising from the burned toast. Once they are emitted into the air, the electrons are unable to step down to their normal state. This causes a significantly elevated proportion of these radioactive elements to be present in the atom."

These radioactive gases enter into the lungs, becoming firmly implanted in the alveoli. There is no way of dislodging them. From there on, any transformation becomes possible.

LUNG CANCER

It has long been thought that the excessively high rate of lung cancer in the Townships was due merely to industrial types of pollution such as asbestos, and to smoking. However, further studies carried out by such independent bodies as the Winston Salem Cigarette Company in Winston-Salem, N.C. have revealed that more people in the Townships burn their toast than anywhere else on the North American Continent. It is now believed that this, more than any other cause, is responsible for this high rate of lung cancer in our area.

PREVENTION

How can this scourge be prevented? The obvious solution is to stop eating toast. However, researchers at MacDonal College have discovered that withdrawal of toast from a habitual toast-eater can cause severe stomach cramps and even eczema. While only temporary, this condition nevertheless presents many inconveniences and social embarrassments. This can be alleviated by slow withdrawal.

Some, however, are never really able to give up their morning toast. For these people, relief may still be in sight. Researchers at the Colorado School of Mines (C.S.M.) have invented a device originally designed to prevent coal dust from entering workers' lungs. It consists of a simple mask that, when slipped over the face, fits tightly so as to prevent any air from by-passing its triple filter. "A simple modification of this mask would allow people to eat their morning toast with relatively little radiation hazard," states young and ambitious Dr. C.M. Tablestone who heads up the C.S.M. research labs. "If we remove the section covering the mouth, replacing it with a hinge-like affair, toast-eaters can stop breathing, lift the flap delicately to place food in their mouths and continue to breathe normally through the nose."

Another device, soon rumoured to be for sale at local Radio Shack stores, consists of a booster and an electronic monitor. This apparatus, when attached to the toaster by an accredited electrician, will prevent the toast from burning in 97.84% of the cases. It will retail for approximately \$997.98.

A spokesman for the Canadian Public Health Service has expressed a

fervent hope that every toast-eater will take radical steps to eliminate these noxious vapours from the home. "We can't act too soon to stamp out this additional hazard," he said.

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Any old photographs, postcards, documents pertaining to the old parsonage of the Methodist (now United) church of Dunham (Missisquoi). Box 243, Dunham. JOE IMO, 1-514-295-2645.

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Wish to contact ANYONE with information (Uniforms) badges, shake plates, etc. of 79th Shefford Hldrs. (1872-1900) The Shefford Rgt. (1900-03). The Shefford & Brome Rgt. (1903-04) and the 13th Scottish Light Dragoons (1904 to 1936.) Also how to reach any Officer of the Sherbrooke Hussars-Letters, phone calls to no avail! Also thanks to anon. donor of VRC items 17 DYRCH badges & buttons. Alan J. Wright, R.R.2, Knowlton, JOE IVO, 243-5498, (eventide!)

Old black and white photos of NHL Hockey Stars put out by the Bee Hive Corn Syrup during the 50s and 60s. Contact A. Rowell at 88 Queen St., Lennoxville, P.Q. JIM 1J4, 562-7067.

The Country School, P.O. Box 155, Richford, Vermont (5 minutes from the Abercorn, Canada-U.S. Border). This small, alternative school has enrollment openings from ages 3-12 for September, 1980. Call 1-514-538-3733.

Architectural / Interior - Design / Residential / Commercial alterations, restorations, additions. Ernest G.H. Rex - AOCA, Dunham, General Delivery. 295-2639.

Person with 2 year electronic course wanting to acquire experience in radio-TV-alarm systems, FM communication, etc. Government pays full salary for 3 months. No cost to employer. 418-428-3521.

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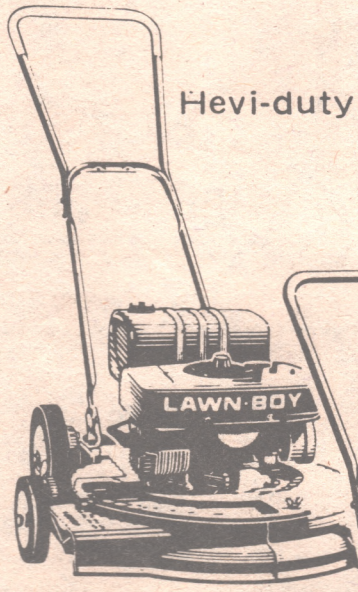
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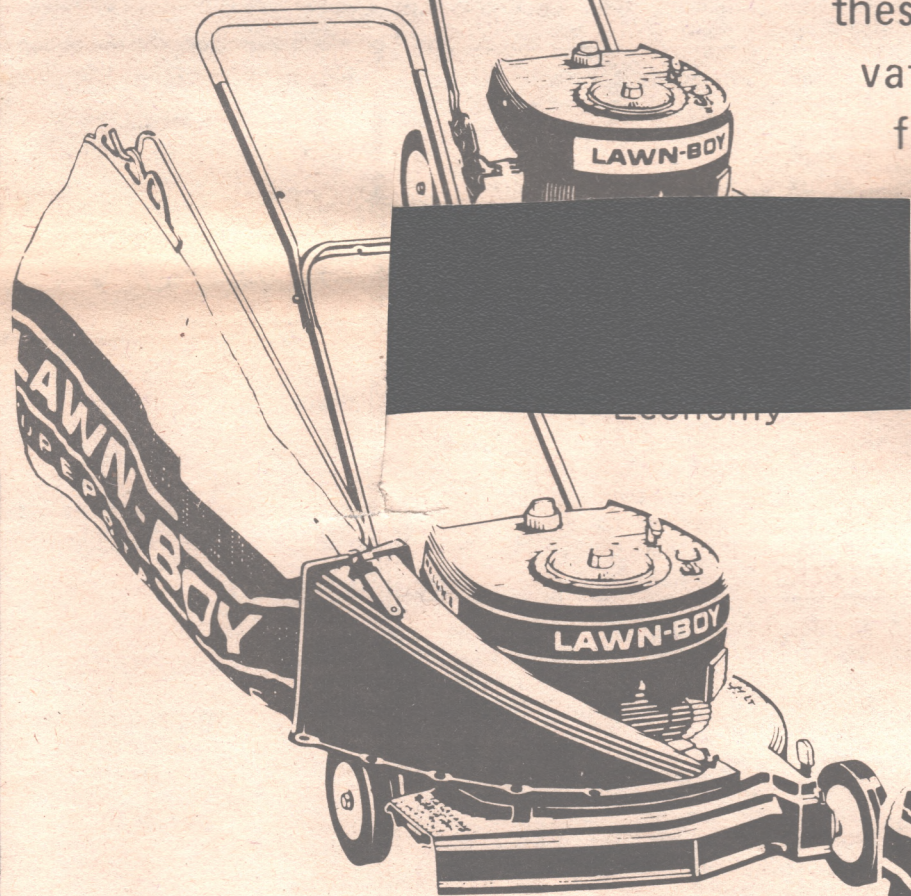


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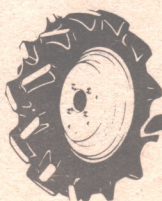


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