The Townships Sun

December 1, 1976
Seventy-five Cents



LETTERS

Dear Townships Sun:

On October 1 a fun time was had by all those who met together to show Donald Clark their appreciation for the many years he had driven the bus.

There was lots of music, dancing and good food which was enjoyed by all - especially the many youngsters present.

During the evening Donald was presented with several gifts including a Lazy Boy and a hand printed plaque. It simply but beautifully thanked Donald for his 'faithful service as a very efficient school bus driver.... 1949-1976.' It was given from parents, pupils and friends.

A fully equipped school school bus, made from cake, centered the food table.



On behalf of Donald it is with great appreciation that we thank all those who have helped to make the unbelievable dismissal by the Eastern Townships Regional School Board easier to accept. These include everyone who have written letters, who organized and signed the protest, who organized the party on Oct. 1 and to all those who came. Also I would like to thank the Townships Sun for printing the protests.

Sometimes it takes an event such as this to make one realize how lucky one is. It certainly is a wonderful feeling to know one has such good friends. Thank-you so very much.

Donald Clark and family.
Bury

Dear Editors and Staff:

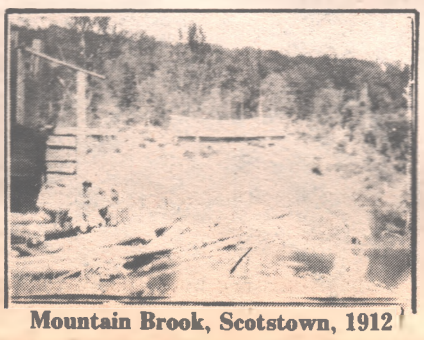
I wish to extend my congratulations to you all on the publication of your November issue of the Townships Sun.

In my opinion, it was most timely to devote the issue to those volunteers from the Eastern Townships who served their country in World War One and World War Two.

It not only gave a lift to those who survived, many of them still suffering the effects of the tragedies of war, but more important, it is a reminder to the present generation of the debt they owe, especially to those who paid the supreme sacrifice. The principles of democracy for which they died must **never** be forgotten!

Again, congratulations for a tremendous job superbly accomplished.

Best wishes for continued success,
Everette E. Denison
Lennoxville



Mountain Brook, Scotstown, 1912

Dear Townships Sun:

I have a needy project for you to pursue and pressure the right man in the government about. I've written Mr. G. Vaillancourt, M.N.A. for Orford Co.

It's those awful, very large, dead and dry menacing trees along the road sides, especially route 143 - Stanstead to Lennoxville. They are just waiting for wind and snow to topple them or the branches onto the road, causing bad accidents and even deaths. Our school buses travel this route. I'm sure there are many other roads with school buses on them menaced by these huge dry trees also. I'm very concerned.

Thanking you,
Mrs. R. Ashman
Stanstead

Dear Editors:

I take a great interest in Scotstown, as in 1912 my parents, Mr. and Mrs. G.A. Roy, were married and moved there and father ran a large 'General Store', with just everything in that store. I was born in 1915 (I am now 61 years old) and we lived there in Scotstown until 1920, in a lovely large home, on the right side of the high school. We came here to Sweetsburg (now annexed to Cowansville) in 1920, when I was five years old, with the intentions of father buying a larger store here in this village. My parents died over 30 years ago and I still live here on the same piece of land in town as my parents did. I've been here 56 years! I called our son Randolph, a good, solid old Scotstown name! I've not been back to Scotstown since I was 20 years old, so all the very wonderful friends that my parents had there would also be dead now. I am 61 years old and, like Mother was, I am quite crippled and walk with a cane, but I carry on, and oh we have our wonderful memories of years ago, do we not?

Very best of luck to you all and God bless you. I am sending you these pictures taken in Scotstown for you to keep as a souvenir. They were in Mother's old photo album. Mother's name was Miss Miller from Chicago, Illinois before she was married, and I am their daughter, Aline.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Aline-Roy Wood,
Sweetsburg-District, Cowansville

Dear Sun:

Congratulations on your very interesting paper. I am saving all issues, as they are of real historical value. The November issue I find particularly interesting with the first hand accounts of Hong Kong and World War two.

By the number of advertisments I take it that you are receiving a great deal of support. I hope you will last for many years, as you fill a need unique in its involvement with the English community.

Yours sincerely,
Irene Perkins
Lennoxville



Ditton Street, 1912, Scotstown



Scotstown, 1912

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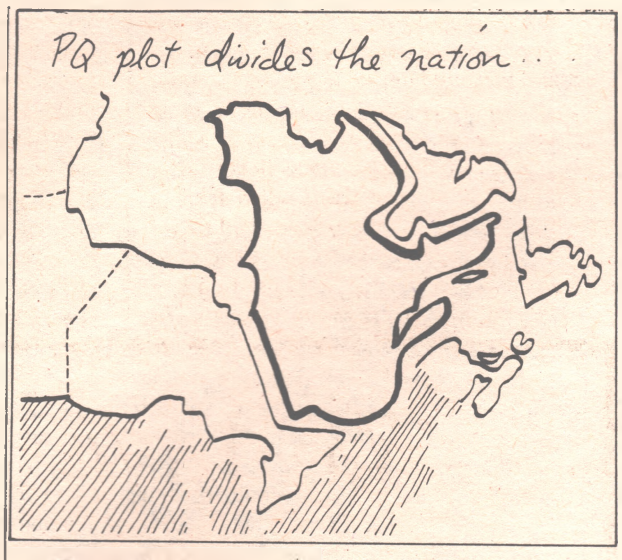
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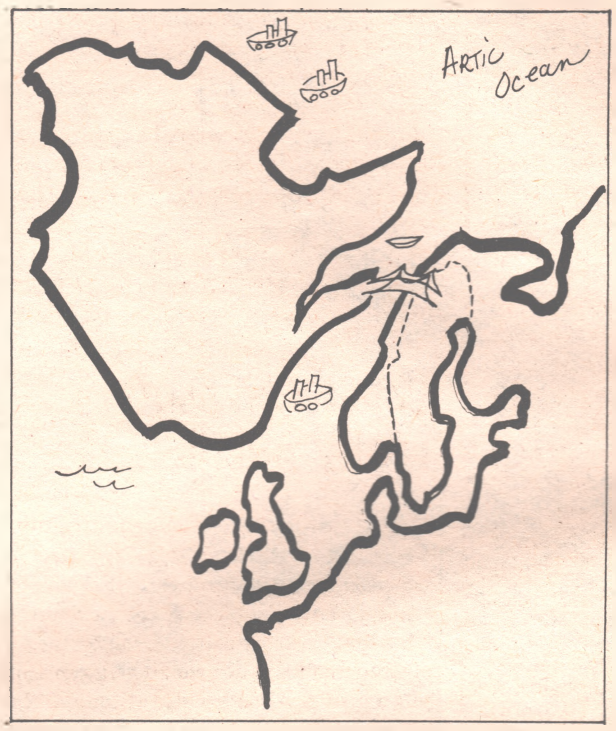
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QUEBEC



Part of this years budget will be spent on a Swedish Summer. Estimated cost for towing is less, because they'd do it themselves.





However, the parti is undecided to follow up education tied to Cuba for the winter, or cruising the Indian Ocean. A pressing need for the country to find refuge immediately, inadvertently led the parti to finding refuge in the country.

Midnight ramblings

Elections without fear

People got tired of Bourassa's slogans. 'Quebec back to work', he said, just before unemployment doubled. 'Apprehended insurrection' - but if it's apprehended, you don't have to go out and look for it, right? 'Quebec sait faire'. 'Bourassa - only he can do it'. And he did it, alright. The P.Q. can thank their lucky stars Bourassa was there, at the wrong place at the wrong time.

Every election, they scared us into voting to stop separatism. They would put on the fear tactics. Charles Bronfman would threaten to move his alcoholism company and his third-rate baseball team to some other country where the natives are more gullible. How can you sell them fire-water after they've been to Paree?

But in this election, the fear didn't work. It was a big surprise when the P.Q. won, our hearts beat faster, and there is a feeling of uncertainty, but there was no panic, no rioting in the streets. The trees and the lakes are still there. The sky did not fall.

The Liberals will have to give up using fear as their political platform. They had better start explaining exactly why they think federalism is better. Levesque is a true, natural-born leader of a popular movement. Over the past ten years, there has been no equivalent leader speaking out in favour of federalism. In terms of leadership, the P.Q. won by default.

Is Levesque the same as Castro?

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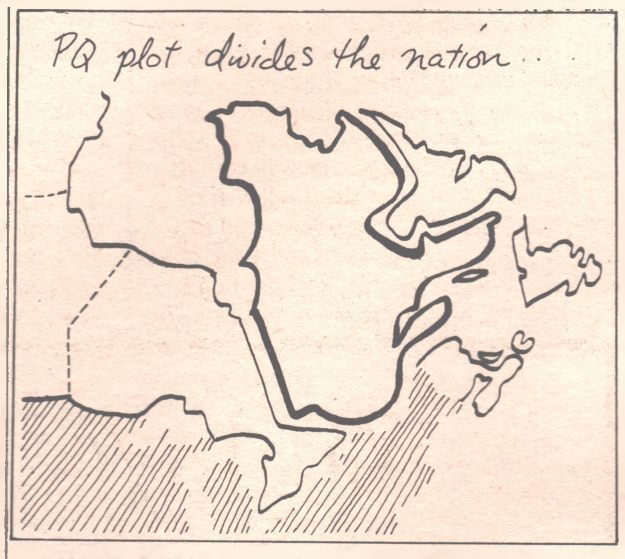
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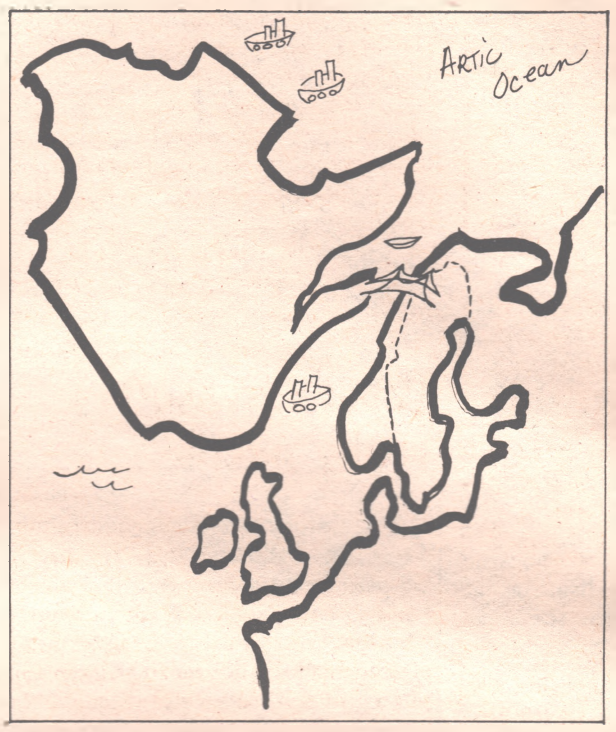
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example of Swedish social democracy to a large extent. (Ever notice how many P.Q. intellectuals and academics drive around in Volvos and Saabs? Eh?) And the P.Q. obviously represents a trend of Quebec nationalism.

But it is not a radical government. They are not going to turn Quebec upside down and start a whole new way of life.

The P.Q. is an off-shoot of the left wing of the former Quebec Liberal Party. Levesque broke away from the Lesage team, and more and more Liberals followed him. As Levesque's popularity increased, and as Bourassa began to look more and more like a gray cardboard cartoon that somebody was holding up to the TV cameras, the stampede of top Liberals to switch over to the P.Q. became so hectic that they virtually had to stand in line to buy their P.Q. memberships.

The P.Q., althought it has never been in power before, contains more former cabinet ministers than Lesage's government did in 1960. Some of Levesque's team are former Union Nationale ministers. They are not a bunch of crazy young radicals.

They want to make changes in the balance of power between English and French Canada, they want to make the social system more generous to the disadvantaged. They want to make quite a few changes. But they don't want to change the basic way of life in Quebec. The French want the same things as the English in everyday life - the family, the house, the car, peace and security, jobs, and end to corruption and mismanagement. They want the American way of life; in many ways, they want to keep up with the Joneses. There will be no Fidel Castro as prime minister of Quebec. There will be Richard Nixons and Jimmy Carters. Hopefully a bit better than that, but the people of Quebec are much too conservative to go off the deep end.

Poor old Pierre

For a few days after the elections, there was great fear in Ottawa that Trudeau would freak out and do something drastic. Le Devoir mentioned that Trudeau was considering the 'Chilean tactic' in regards to Quebec - pull the economy out from under the province and let it fall apart, so Levesque would get kicked out in the chaos. Fortunately, things seem to have calmed down in Ottawa since then.

But make no mistake about it, the P.Q. victory comes as a crushing personal defeat for Trudeau, and he is deeply upset about it. He went to Ottawa as the man who would keep Quebec in confederation, but he didn't really have the people of Quebec following him. A year ago, Trudeau said, 'The P.Q. horse is dead'. He was completely out of touch.

The P.Q. victory makes Trudeau's political career a bit of a shambles, and the danger is that it will put him in such a bad state of mind that he will make the wrong moves.

There is increasing doubt that he will be in any political shape to run in another election.

What Levesque really needs

He doesn't look too healthy. Smokes too much, sunken cheeks. He should become a member of the Sawyerville Co-op and eat health food. He is going to burn out. Daniel Johnson, upon being elected, said 'I will probably die in this job. This job is a killer.' He was right, he died in office. The burden on Levesque's shoulders is enormous, and the strain may kill him. We feel more secure with Levesque at the head of the P.Q., rather than someone else. For the good of all of us, he should stop smoking, eat his wheaties and put on a bit of weight.

What now?

Quebec is between Ontario and New Brunswick, and it always will be. They can sweat and grunt and push and go around separating all the day long if it pleases them, but a thousand years from now, you'll look at the map again, and by Jeez, it'll still be in the same place.

Oh sure, they might move a few government offices around, separate a bunch of administrative and cultural functions that most of us never pay any attention to anyway, but they can't separate the land and it would be stupid to separate the people.

So we are stuck with each other, French and English, here on this corner of North America, and we had better get good at it. There can be arrangements worked out so that both French and English can feel equal and free and secure.

From the beginning of the Quiet Revolution, through 'Masters in Our Own House', to this P.Q. victory, which is Phase two of the Quiet Revolution, the French have shown that they have embarked on a trend. No one can say how far it will go, but it is clear that the French are defining what they want.

We English have to decide where we stand in this changing Quebec, what we stand for, and how we are going to stand by it. In many cases, what we want is the same as what the French want- there is little difference between a French farmer and an English farmer when it comes to milk prices - and so we can work together with the French to make a better life for all of us. In other cases, we may find that our interests are different, and we will have to speak out against the majority, to defend the kind of Quebec and the kind of life that we want.

We English were born here, this is our home, we get along well with our French neighbours, we are first class citizens, and we intend to act as such. We are confident that this new government will listen to us, perhaps more than the previous one did. So let's make our voices heard.

What are the questions and what are the answers? Send your opinions, ideas, and suggestions about the future of the English in Quebec to The Townships Sun, Box 420, Waterville, P.Q. Our next issue is Dec. 15, the deadline is Dec. 6. It's your move.

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A. E. LePAGE

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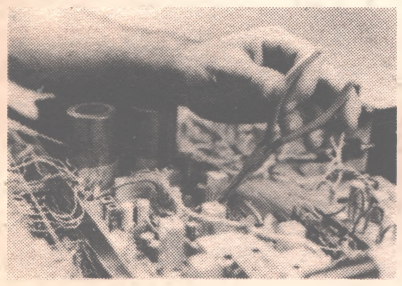
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Blame for depressed Quebec economy rests in Ottawa

by Don McGillivray of the Gazette

Here in Quebec is where the sharp point of federal economic mismanagement comes down.

The last two federal budgets, produced in times of recession and shaky recovery, have been based on the assumption that growth, jobs, investment, productivity and trade could look after themselves.

All the federal government needed to do was to take a resolute stand against inflation - more resolute, as it turned out, in words than in action - and its job was done.

The economy was strong enough, according to the theory in vogue in Ottawa for the past two years, not only to climb unaided out of the recession, but to do it while carrying on its back the extra burden of high interest rates, new taxes and complicated and clumsy new government regulations.

The most brutal effects of these policies have been felt in Quebec; not on the Prairies, where oil and wheat have sustained the boom; not in Ontario and British Columbia, where the provincial economies tend to swing with the U.S.; nor in the Atlantic provinces, where economics is a dull ache any time.

Here are some statistics. Two years ago Quebec had 139,000 unemployed workers. By last month, the total had almost doubled to 276,000. In the same period that Quebec unemployment was rising by 137,000, unemployment in the whole country was rising by 258,000.

In other words, out of every 100 Canadians who joined the ranks of the unemployed in the past two years, 53 were Quebeckers, even though Quebec has only about 26 percent of Canada's population. Consequently the province has had double its share of unemployment.

The impact has been heaviest on the young. Last month there were 90,000 Canadian men in the 20 to 24 age group who were out of work and looking for a job. Forty-one percent of them were Quebeckers. For this age group Quebec has the highest unemployment rate in Canada except for Newfoundland. The Quebec rate of unemployment among young men - 14.2 percent - is nearly one and a half times the national average.

No wonder support for the Parti Quebecois has been strongest among the young. No wonder they show the highest support for separation from Canada in the public opinion polls. The blessing of the status quo are not exactly obvious when you are young and out of work, especially when some plump, jet-set politician or bureaucrat from Ottawa is preaching contentment and belt-tightening to you.

Robert Bourassa was the victim of his own mismanagement and mistakes. He was also the victim of federal economic policy. Prime Minister Trudeau was right when he said the vote was on 'economic and administrative issues' rather than separatism.

So much for the past. What of the future?

One theory floated in Ottawa is that the best treatment for a Quebec run by the Parti Quebecois is to let it stew in its own juice.

The province, according to this theory, will go through a Gethsemane of economic trouble anyway. Even before the election, the Conference Board's economists had sharply cut its forecasts for job-creation in Quebec. And now, with separatists in power in Quebec City, investors will be even less anxious to put their money in Quebec and business will be even more reluctant to expand in the province.

All Ottawa has to do is let it happen. Premier-elect Levesque will get the blame and the voters will toss him out on his ear the next chance they get. So the theory goes.

But there is an opposite and more persuasive theory. Quebec has borne the brunt of federal policies in the past two years, and the voters have responded by taking at least a half-step toward separatism. To continue these policies, to take a let-it-happen attitude to Quebec unemployment rates above 10 percent, would invite the voters to go the rest of the way.

If Quebec sinks into deeper economic trouble, Levesque will be more inclined to blame Ottawa than Premier Bourassa might have been. Ottawa might try to return the blame to Quebec City, but there is not much doubt who will be believed by the average Quebec voter.

Even before Monday night there was a strong case for a change in federal economic policy. Finance Minister Macdonald's current budget was based on an assumption of Canadian economic growth of five percent or better. But the Paris-based Organization for Economic Co-operation and Development, which works closely with the finance department in preparing its forecasts, has just put this year's growth at 4.75 percent and next year's at a stagnation level of 3.5 percent.

The case is all the stronger now. The next couple of years may well be the last chance to show Quebeckers the advantages of staying in Canada. It cannot be done if they continue to be the chief victims of a one-side policy of fighting inflation and ignoring other problems.

Indications are Canada's economy will lapse into recession by late next year of early 1978, the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce reported recently.

The Commerce Leading Indicator, the bank's quarterly index aimed at monitoring the economic performance, said a pause in the United States recovery and uncertainties over the federal anti-inflation program 'have clearly jeopardized our recovery'.

Most of the components of the indicator, such as building permits and business inventories, fell during the summer months.

The most significant declines occured in non-residential building permits and in the U.S. index of leading indicators.

'Both of these developments could have a negative impact on growth early next year.'

The bank said the fourth quarter should be lacklustre. If the indicator turns down in this quarter, it 'would certainly have to be interpreted as a sign that the recovery is in danger, increasing the need for additional policy stimulus.'

Meanwhile, the indicator suggests there 'is sufficient evidence to predict that the economy will lapse into recession by late 1977 or early 1978.'

The P.Q. stand on Quebec sovereignty

The latest version of the Parti Québécois platform, approved by a convention of duly elected party delegates, was completed in 1975. Some of its principal portions dealing with independence are as follows:

Our Political Life

1. General objectives: Four centuries of common history have made of Quebeckers a nation. Quebeckers have an indisputable will to live together and preserve their own culture. Our common existence as a distinct nation can only be assured to the extent that we master completely the levers of our political life.

To master the levers of our political life is to exercise control over the Parliament that makes the laws, spends the yield of the land, directs cultural, economic and social development. Political power, however, is exercised dangerously by others in our place since with 74 out of 264 Members of the federal Parliament and with one government out of 11 at federal-provincial conferences, we are in the minority in Canada.

In Quebec, moreover, Quebeckers will not be able to make their interests prevail until the moment when they have abolished a regime that forces their government to abandon more and more power to that of Ottawa under the combined pressure of the latter and of other provinces.

The only government controlled by Quebeckers is that of Quebec. Quebec is impeded in almost all fields by the duplication of structures and the financial and juridical impossibility of coordinating its policies. The French language is threatened even in Quebec. Economic development is carried out in line with the interests of Ontario and the provinces of the West. Finally, several studies show that Quebeckers, through their taxes, give more money to the federal government than they receive from it. Federalism is not profitable for Quebeckers and we have clearly reached the point where we must choose. No people can run the risk indefinitely of entrusting its destiny to others.

Quebeckers have at their command all the human and material resources to take upon themselves their political independence, in reconciling it with an open and necessary interdependence with other countries.

Consequently, **a Parti Québécois government commits itself to:**

1. Realize the political sovereignty of Quebec through democratic means and to propose to Canada a mutually advantageous economic association.

2. Give Quebec a constitution assuring balance between efficient government and genuine democracy.

3. Decentralize administration and upgrade the municipalities, as much at the local level as the regional.

4. Assure the impartiality of justice and ease access to justice for all citizens.

5. Pursue a foreign policy of peaceful cooperation.

2. Accession to independence: The right of peoples to self-determination, to themselves choose their political system is set down in the Charter of the United Nations Organization which Canada itself signed in adhering to it, like more than 130 other countries of the world. International law and custom provide the mechanisms by which people may accede to political sovereignty. Moreover, for Quebeckers, like their Canadian and American neighbours living in a democratic system, it is the people, in such a system, who hold the power of decision through the mechanism of vote. It is thus through the democratic process accepted by all that Quebec, following an election, will realize its political sovereignty, always maintaining with its neighbours and other countries friendly relations based on respect for international law.

Consequently, **a Parti Québécois government commits itself to:**

1. Set in motion immédiately the process of accession to sovereignty by proposing to the National Assembly, shortly after its election, a law enabling it to:

a) demand from Ottawa the repatriation to Quebec of all the powers, with the exception of those that the two governments wish, for the purposes of economic association, to entrust to common organisms;

b) undertake, with a view to attaining this objective, technical discussions with Ottawa on the orderly transfer of competencies;

c) work out, with Canada, understandings dealing notable with the division of possessions and debts, as also with the ownership of public works, in conformity with customary rules of international law.

2. In the event that it must proceed unilaterally, take over methodically the exercise of all the powers of a sovereign state, assuring itself beforehand of the support of Quebeckers by means of a referendum.

3. Submit to the people a national constitution worked out by the citizens at the constituency level and adopted by the delegates of the people gathered in a constituent assembly.

4. Request the admission of Quebec to the United Nations and obtain the

Business Climate may improve under P.Q. government reform

by John Meyer of The Gazette

It should be kept in mind that Quebec-based businesses have been very much aware of the possibility that the Parti Quebecois might eventually form the government. They have been aware of it ever since its first electoral challenge was launched six years ago.

Many have prepared for the eventuality by expanding outside the province, by setting up potential new head offices in Toronto and elsewhere and by gradually running down their Quebec establishment. Others simply moved out. For such, the results of Monday's vote are something of an anti-climax.

For those which, for one reason or another, are as committed to Quebec now as ever before, the immediate question is not so much what the results of the promised referendum on separation will be. Rather the question is what the new governments interim fiscal and economic policies will be.

Real Question

There is no question that the Parti Quebecois was given a mandate only to govern. There is no question either that the vast majority of Quebecers would vote against separation. There is a very real question of how the Parti Quebecois will deal with the economic problems which, to some extent, it has created itself even before assuming office.

How much of the province's lagging economy is attributable to the slow but persistant drain of investment is impossible to measure. Anticipation of the exercise of the separatist option, however, has not been the only cause. Union militancy has also caused the deferral of investment. So has the imposition of alien planning concepts, rising taxes, the increasingly heavy hand of bureaucracy.

Most anglophone head offices were willing to increase the use of French in the conduct of their affairs. They were not prepared for the manner in which it was imposed upon them.

Liberal heritage

The Liberals left a heritage of resentment against the government's increasing intervention in business. More to the point, they left economic problems which the new government, cast as it is in a predominantly socialistic mould, is ill-equipped by experience or temperament to resolve.

It is fortunate that the Parti Quebecois will be immediately and fully occupied with the assumption of control over the functions of the government - too occupied to make quickly the facile changes in direction so freely promised during the election campaign. Economic conditions, moreover, will be worsening in Quebec, as they will be in other provinces, over the next year or two.

The possibility of a deficit far in excess of what had been expected leaves very little scope for the assumption of new expenditures. And the new government's commitment to eventual separation will not enhance it as a credit risk when it looks for outside funds.

Higher taxes

There seems little doubt that taxes would be higher in the next budget. They would have been higher in any event. But in raising them the new government has to be just as aware as any other of the point at which taxes will discourage production. All this can have a tempering effect on even the most committed government.

Rene Levesque does not have the fiscal scope that David Barret had a New Democratic Party prime minister of British Columbia. It's just possible that Levesque, with his previous experience in government, will be the first to recognize this. If so, it's also just possible Quebec business may be no worse off under the new regime, for all its socialist leanings, than it was under the Liberal regime. The Bourassa government was not, by any means, the exemplar of commitment to a free market economy. Indeed, if the Parti Quebecois can reform the character of government, business could be better off.

There is a further consideration. Business can play a genuinely constructive role in the restoration of the economy, if it makes its approaches to the new government with careful objectivity. In the end, whether the new government is yet aware of it or not, the growth and employment the private sector can generate, if given a freer hand to do so, is also necessary to the government's survival.

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recognition of other states.

5. Respect, among the treaties binding Canada, those which are favorable to Quebec, and follow, in the denunciation of other treaties, the rules of international law.

6. Reaffirm and defend the inalienable rights of Quebec over all its territory, including Labrador and the littoral islands of New Quebec; claim possession of the Artic islands and lands presently Canadian which are due to it by the same right as to other northern countries; failing agreement on this question, take measures of juridical occupation (granting of concessions, establishing institutions, etc.) and take the case before the International Court of Justice.

(The association with the rest of Canada, mentioned above, is outlined in a section of the program titled, 'Our economic life.' It follows.)

12. External economic relations: Quebec exchanges much with its neighbours. This is characteristic of modern industrial countries and it is in this perspective of being open to the world that a Quebec economic strategy is delineated. Quebec exports are the equivalent of a third of its gross national product and its principal customers are Ontario and the northeastern American states. On the other hand, we buy as much from the same sources; thus the Quebec trade balance is generally in equilibrium.

The economics of Quebec and Ontario are, to a large extent, complementary, each being specialized in relation to the other. But Quebec must also seek a broadening of its markets through increased specialization, making its products competitive in markets where today they are not.

Consequently, **a Parti Québécois government commits itself to:**

1. Recognize the present extent of integration of the Quebec and Canadian (especially Ontarian) economies and the reciprocal advantage of maintaining free movement of goods between these two markets; to this end, renounce, with the reciprocity of the other party, establishment of customs tariffs between the two, while providing for a special regime covering agricultural goods.

2. Discuss and conclude, if such is the wish of the parties, a treaty for a customs union formalizing this reciprocal renunciation and providing, if possible, for the harmonization and coordination of a larger number of economic policies as well as the pooling of a number of services including monetary mechanisms.

3. Consider, together with any party which Quebec may be joined by treaty, the establishment of a broader free trade area.

4. Respect the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade (GATT) providing among a large number of countries for the freeze or reduction of tariffs and the renunciation of their increase.

5. Respect the rules of international law in the working out of our international economic policy.

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Working together

We can have a better Quebec and a better Canada

by Louise Luce

Excusez mon français-

. Je. crois dans l'égalite pour tout le monde, dans deux langages officielles pour la Province du Québec, français et anglais..dans l'égalité en ce qui concerne langage, éducation et réligion, sans égard de race ou crédo.

Cela ne fait aucune différence si nous sommes français ou anglais. Nous avons une place légitime dans le Québec. Seulement en travaillant ensemble nous aurons un meilleur Québec at un meilleur Canada.

Merci, bien sincèrement à vous,

Louise Luce
Sawyerville

Monday, November 15, 1976 millions of Canadians cast their votes in the Provincial Elections, the key issue being separatist.

Out of all the Canadians that voted only a few want separation, yet the Parti Quebecois won by a sweeping land slide. When I heard the news Monday evening Nov. 15, to be honest, I was not exactly overjoyed, but I'm going to try and have an open mind on this subject, to be logical and optimistic, with this matter.

All right, Réne Levesque and his Parti Quebecois have formed Quebec's new government, so I say let's give Monsieur Levesque and the Parti Quebecois a chance to prove to the people of Quebec just what kind of government they can give us.

Many chose this form of government because they are fed up and angry with the way that the Liberal government and the Bourassa tactics have treated them.

If ever there was a time in our history for Canadians to become angry, then in this year of 1976 we had that right. To name a few: we had the right to hit the ceiling about the big event called the **Olympics.** Now I'm not saying we should not have held the games in Montreal. I think it was a great honor for Quebeckers and all of Canada to play such an important part in bringing together millions of athletes all over the world. Did we really have to go about it in such a high and costly manner though? We are still paying through inflation, high taxes and the high cost of things such as food prices that are ridiculously out of this world, and we'll probably go on paying for a long time to come. What about all that led up to the Olympics? Why did we have to bring in a foreign architect to draw up the building plans? Surely they could have found a Canadian. Maybe I'm wrong but it seems to me that it would not have cost quite as much if one of our own had done this work. We have a right to be angry about strikes. It seems every time you turn on the radio or pick up a newspaper you would hear of a strike. The Post office strike - what we have to pay for postage is plenty high enough yet I heard it's going up again.

The Hydro strike caused quite a problem. Power was turned off in many areas for as much as three or four days in some places this summer. Unless you have some other means it's pretty tough going without electricity. The farmer can't do all of his chores, the housewife can't cook and do certain of her household chores. Industry cannot run, food spoils and a million and one other things can go wrong without electricity.

Education - lets hope that the strikes and walk-outs concerning our schools will soon be over with. How can we expect the young people to complete their education if they cannot go to school?

Who knows what is the right kind of government for us to have. The Union Nationale might have been the right answer but we chose the Parti Quebecois so let's make the best of it. I believe that there should be two official languages in Quebec - French and English and that we should all be granted equal rights in matters of language, education and religion regardless of race or creed. It doesn't matter whether we be English or French - we have the right to belong.

Let's face the facts - there are more French in Quebec so in order to get a good job or to better ourselves we have to have at least a working knowledge of French. I'm afraid my French is not good but if I'm someplace where the person cannot speak English then I'll try to speak French to them.

You may say you don't have it in you speak French. There are French language courses sponsored by the Adult Education that we can attend. At present I'm taking one of these courses and I find it does benefit me. It is good to be able to speak two languages or even more if we are that lucky.

Only by learning and working together, by meeting one another halfway, can we have a better Quebec, a better Canada. So I say, don't get shocked. Let's hang in there and stay cool. Who knows, perhaps things won't be so bad after all. Let's hope!

Louise Luce, Sawyerville

DEAR READERS: We want to hear more reactions from you about the new situation in Quebec, and our new place in it as English people. Write to the Townships Sun, Box 420, Waterville.

Our next issue comes out on Dec. 15- to meet that deadline, we need your letters by Dec. 6.

How The Townships Sun almost had breakfast with René Levesque

North Hatley, 8:30 in the morning, Wednesday, Nov. 24, the Townships Sun staff was hungry and a bit hung-over. Where to have breakfast? The Hob Nob was still closed. Does **everybody in North Hatley sleep in late?** The other little restaurant was packed - not one empty seat.

We were going to drive to Lennoxville to have breakfast, but that would be too far. So somebody said, 'Lets have breakfast at the Hatley Inn. We went wandering in, half awake, and there were half a dozen people having breakfast at a table over-looking the lake. In the centre of them was Rene Levesque. Jacques Parizeau came in and ordered orange juice. We sat down at the table next to them, and only then realized this was the cabinet of the new government of Quebec, the day before they officially formed their cabinet and took over the reins of government. And here they were, in the Hatley Inn, discussing their strategy.

They didn't seem pleased to have us sitting beside them. Levesque looked at us and then quickly looked away. They all lowered their voices over their bacon and eggs. We just carried on and had breakfast and talked about the next issue of The Sun. Occasionally we heard bits of conversation - they were talking about how the new cabinet would function, relationships between 'Sous-ministre' and 'ministre', the traditional way of running a cabinet as opposed to a team-work approach, and how files on national problems could best be channeled through the government apparatus without getting blocked at someone's desk. As examples, they mentioned education, and asbestosis. We were gratified to hear the problem of asbestosis mentioned at this high level - maybe the P.Q. government will be the first to take this problem seriously.

We tried not to eavesdrop too much, as it was obvious that this was a confidential meeting, and these were busy men with great problems on their shoulders, trying to have breakfast in peace and quiet.

Levesque looked like he hadn't had too many holidays recently, Parizeau had taken on too much weight, we thought. What a life these men must lead, even over breakfast, they have to plan and think and work. As each new member came in, he picked copies of a few morning newspapers and glanced quickly over the headlines.

We went out to get copies of The Townships Sun to give them - after all, what better way for the P.Q. government to start its morning in the Hatley Inn than by reading The Sun? We also thought we might get five minutes of Rene's time to talk about how the English can survive and contribute to this new Quebec that is unfolding.

But somebody said, 'Hey, those are journalists,' and the excitement was on. Two security guards, very friendly, but in a bit of a panic that maybe they hadn't been doing their job right, suggested that we weren't supposed to be there, that we should leave, that we should be discreet and not tell anyone that Levesque was there. The cabinet, they said, needed to be alone.

So we went down to Earl's and bought cigarettes. The electricity had been off again, and suddenly it went on. Somebody in Earl's said, 'Well, I guess they put the electricity back on real fast now that Rene Levesque's here.'

Then we went to the office. All in a day's work.

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All The Things You Love To Touch

He Will Have to Quit Because He Doesn't Speak French



by Gilles Dallaire, La Tribune

Island Brook - 'I could have gone on for a few more years yet - I'm a little hard of hearing but I have the eyes of a young man and almost every day I take a spin in my car. But there is this law which requires the secretary-treasurers of the municipalities where French-speaking predominate to write the council assembly minutes in French and to correspond in French with the French. I can't do anything about it. When I quit the local school at 14 they didn't teach French in English schools. Moreover the school year was split up by harvesting and seeding and then our teachers didn't know that one day we would have to speak French to keep our place in Quebec.'

Bitter, Lewis Bowker Farnsworth isn't that. Even so he is a little sad to have to relinquish in January to an inexperienced, but bilingual successor the books in which he wrote with a steady hand the dialogue of mayors and councillors who since 1912 have led the ship of state through the storms of change in Newport Township; those books also in which without error he drew a precise portrait of the municipality's treasury.

At His Post for 65 Years

It will be 65 years this January since Mr. Farnsworth, first as assistant secretary-treasurer, then as full-time secretary-treasurer, took his place the first Monday of each month at the conference table of Newport in the spacious meeting room of the Island Brook Town Hall. It will be 65 years since in a confident voice with a light Irish accent, he read the minutes of the preceding assembly and revealed in minute detail the states of the revenue and expenditures of the municipality. This meeting will be the last in which he will participate, unless his successor has the need of his aid to avoid the obstacles laws present.

The election of Nov. 7 was also the

Mayors and councillors, he has proclaimed so many elected since January 1912 when his father, mayor then secretary-treasurer of Newport, took him as his assistant that he no longer remembers who was mayor then. He remembers, however, that it was Hollis Burns who presided over the council of the municipality when in 1934 at the death of Artemas Stevens Farnsworth he inherited his father's duties.

Once a Farmer

In those years the salary of the secretary-treasurer of the municipality was not enough for a man to live on and Lewis Bowker Farnsworth relied heavily on his 500 acres of land and 50 milking cows of his herd to assure his small family's living: 'You had to buckle down and work hard, especially during the depression of the 30's. Thanks to God we always could eat three times a day even if sometimes the table was meagre.'

He left this large farm in 1944. He moved to a house more than 100 years old in Sawyerville beside the United Church: 'I would have liked to farm a few more years but my strength was failing. In 1938 a stallion broke three ribs and I had to spend 24 days in the hospital, besides those months during which my second wife, a registered nurse from a New England hospital, cared for me and helped me with my daily chores.'

And Mr. Farnsworth laments the fate of farmland abandoned by farmers and summer workers who leave the fertile land to weeds: 'Thirty years ago we lived well in Newport. The municipality had about 1,000 residents while today there are 750 at the most. Now there is nothing to do - the young people go away because the farm work is bad paying and too demanding. Also in the past, people full of good will but without experience were forced to settle on uncultivable farmland with the result that these improvised farmers gave up the ghost when the first thing went wrong.'

The Lawrence Colony

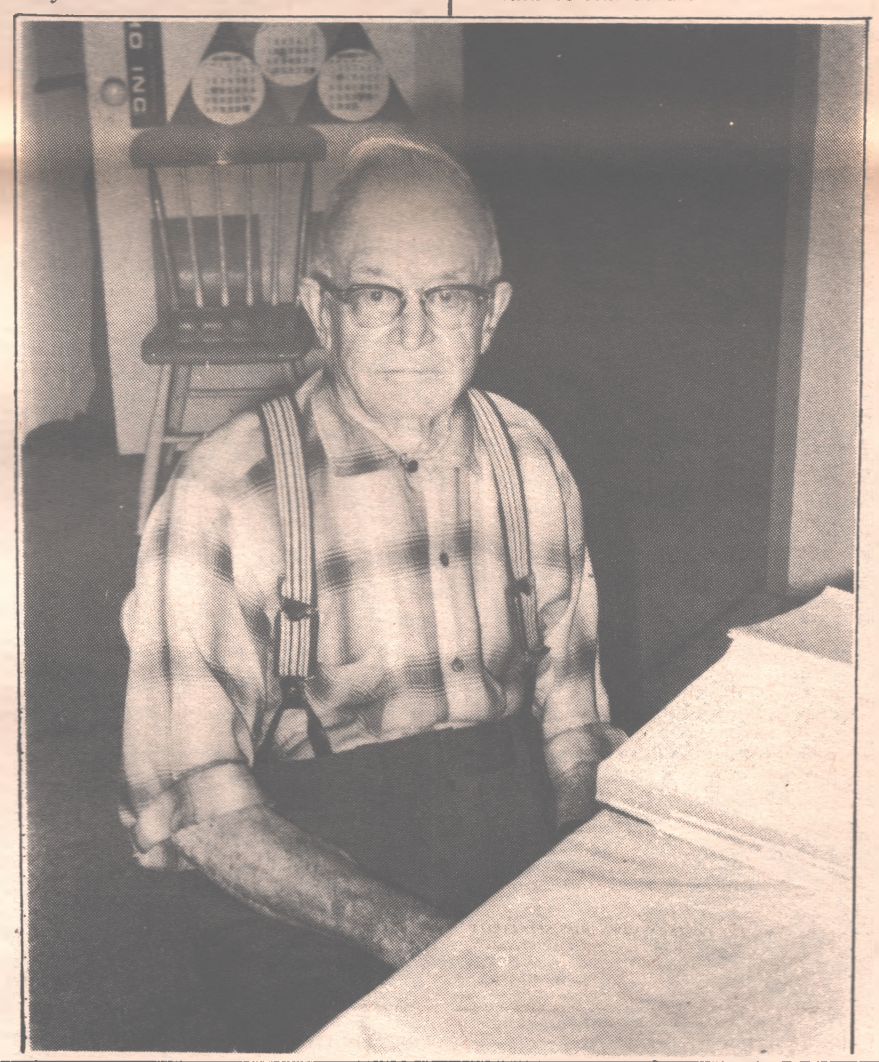
Not without some bitterness Farnsworth told about the Lawrence Colony founded in the darkest hours of the depression: 'We would have done better to give most of the city folk transplanted there almost over their dead bodies a sum of money equal to the expenses incurred by the Society of Colonization who organized this effort. These fellows could have spent their money more wisely...'

A History with History

Other than in that difficult period, there has always been a community spirit which has marked the relations between the English and French speaking of Newport which Mr. Farnsworth likes to remember. He doesn't recall that there was ever an incident worthy of mention at the council table except perhaps 20 years ago when for reasons unimportant that he doesn't remember anymore, the councillors quarreled.

Many political figures have walked through Quebec and Ottawa since 1912 and he was called to serve with them. Farnsworth guards a good memory of Jacob Nichol whose financial success didn't turn his head and J. A. Blanchette whom he describes as an honorable man in the full meaning of the word. Liberal to his bones, he asks himself at 91 years would he still support Bourassa? He will think on it.

For the moment, it is his immediate future which concerns him some 'Can you see me in line at the Unemployment Insurance Commission? At my age, that would be ridiculous.'



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Short Notes

Roads Dept. Again

In the middle of October, some folks out in Island Brook phoned The Sun to tell us that their trees were being cut down. It's the same old story, that we hear again and again. The Roads Dept. just never changes its ways.

Beautiful, big, old trees - pine, butternut, maple - along the road just outside of Island Brook, were cut down to make way for improvements in the terrible road that joins Island Brook to La Patrie. The new residents along the road were not given any warning at all that their trees were about to be cut down. They were not even given the chance to keep their own wood from the trees. The Roads Dept. in Sherbrooke said that the engineer on the project goofed by not warning the people in advance that their trees were going to be cut down. This is what they say each and every time. People in Island Brook asked us 'When will this lack of respect for people stop?' When, indeed?



photo by Roseann Hutchinson

Mystery of the Hitch-Hiking Fireman

Here's another fire story, sent to us by a reader. Remember the Magog Fire Dept. got into a flurry of embarassment last fall, because they went to a fire and then didn't know how to make the pump work? Well, since then they have been having more practices for the Magog firemen, and giving them courses in firefighting and so on, but it seems they are just a bad luck fire department.

It's not clear what happened this time, because the story is a little different every time we hear it.

The best version of the story is as follows. There was a fire at the Bouffard's place out on Columbe's Road a few miles from Magog. Magog firemen went rushing out to fight the fire. When the 500 gallon tank of water on the truck was dry, the firemen drove off in the truck to get more water from the nearest pond or fire hydrant. After a few miles, the fire truck ran out of gas, and so passing motorists were bemused to see the Magog firemen, standing beside their fire truck with its flashing red lights, hitch-hiking with a gas can to get to the nearest gas station, so they could get gas, and get the fire truck going again and then get back to the fire.

The second best version is that the fire truck did not actually run out of gas and the firemen did not actually hitch-hike, but that when they went to get more water, fireman Gerard Parent noticed that the truck was almost out of gas, so to avoid losing more time, he drove back to the Magog Fire station and got another truck, then returned to the fire with this new truck, much to the surprise of everyone at the fire, who wondered where the heck he had been and why he had changed trucks.

An interesting footnote to this second best story comes from an alderman from Omerville, who prefers not to have his name mentioned in this gossipy little paper. He says that he was witness to a very heated discussion between fireman Parent and another fireman about why and how the fire truck didn't have any gas in it.

It seems they had trouble getting their anti-smoke masks on too.

The most boring version of the story comes from the acting fire chief, Stephan Roy, who says the firemen did not hitch-hike either to or from the fire, that the fire truck made it back to the fire station under its own steam, and that there is a difference between having 'not very much gas' in the gas tank and having 'no gas at all'.

Anyway, no serious problems resulted. It was not a big fire, and the worst damage to the house was done by the water the firemen poured on it. If they hadn't run out of water, things might have been worse, and if they hadn't run out of gas, they might have got back to the fire in time to pour on more water and make it worse. The Hand of God guides the Magog Fire Dept.

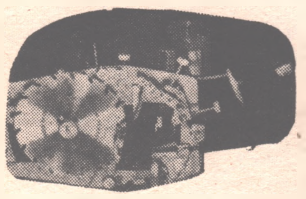
Slavery Increases

According to the British Association against slavery, slavery is on the increase in parts of Central and South America. In Paraguay, Honduras and Guatemala, American Indians are bought and sold as slaves. In Paraguay, young Indian slaves are currently selling at two dollars each.

On the other hand, the Association reports that slavery has decreased in the African countries along the southern edge of the Sahara Desert, because the tribesmen in that country have been so badly hit by drought and famine over the last several years, they can no longer manage to keep the local slave trade going.

The Association also indicated that slavery in the Arab countries appears to be diminishing, perhaps because the oil wealth of those countries has plugged them into the western way of thinking, so that having a big car is now a greater status symbol than owning slaves.

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Foster Parenthood and You

In the province of Quebec there are children who need foster homes. These children are unable to remain with their own family for different reasons, such as illness, separation, neglect or at times rejection by their own troubled parent(s).

The Richelieu Social Service Centre has been asked to find, select, and approve suitable foster families for these children in need of substitute parenting.

You, as parents, will agree that all children have a right to an environment that will provide them with a sense of security and a feeling of belonging. The child needs a family who can give him the warmth and guidance that his own home no longer offers. A foster family is not simply a place where the child boards. It is to be a temporary place where a child feels wanted, where there are people he knows he can count on, who are interested in his problems and help him to solve them. The Richelieu Social Service Centre appeals to all of you who think they would like to foster children, those families who have room for that one more child in their life and home. The Richelieu Social Service Centre offers you their support, through their workers, monthly payments to cover room and board, clothing, medical and dental costs.

The greatest need for foster parents is for children of school age up to 18 years. Requests for placement for babies and pre-schoolers are few and far between and we have quite a waiting list of approved foster parents for that group already. Are you concerned with us about the future well-being of the older foster child?

Call the foster home-finding department at the following numbers - Granby: 372-1746, Mrs. M. Van Gils or Cowansville: 263-4990, Miss Margot Smith and we'll be glad to provide you with further information. **Become a foster parent** and a partner of the Richelieu Social Service Centre in taking up this so important community need. The well-being of all children secures our future.

Family Care for Adults and the Elderly

We believe that in spite of the stress of the times and the increasing pressure on our daily lives the average Canadian is still concerned about the plight of those who are genuinely underprivileged.

Who are those people then, you may well ask? Our elderly and the adults, who somewhat physically handicapped are unable to manage on their own and need very much the environment of a family who cares. They do not ask for constant supervision, just someone who can help them with their limited budget, cook their meals and render some human interest.

If you open your home and your hearts we don't have to put these people away in an institution. We know that nobody likes to think about 'growing old and possibly becoming dependent on others'. But do a bit of thinking, when it is our turn would you not like to have a sympathetic family take you in?

The Social Service Centre Richelieu would like to hear from you in case you would like to explore the possibility of taking in an adult or an older person.

So if you want more information, on boarding an adult or an elderly person, call us at the following numbers: 263-4990, Cowansville, Miss Margot Smith or 372-1746, Granby, Mrs. Marthe Van Gils.

Water, Water Everywhere but not a Drop...

by Terry Scott

Concern over the purity of drinking water in many Quebec municipalities has sent a generous share of the population flocking back to nature in order to enjoy the pause that refreshes. It was not unusual, therefore, to see a daily pilgrimage on a warm summer day in Cowansville to one of the various springs located in the surrounding countryside.

No one had the slightest doubt as they drew the cool clear liquid from the source of plenty, that perhaps the water they frequently filled their vessels with wasn't all it was reputed to be. Until, that is, one day a woman decided to have a laboratory sample taken from a spring she visited at the foot of Hillcrest Street. Within a week the results were delivered: 18 counts of coliform, water unsafe for drinking.

Intrigued, and understandably a little startled by the discovery, another citizen requested an analysis be conducted at a largely travelled source farther up the road, commonly known as the 'Pinsonnault spring' since it is situated on the property of that particular family. The outcome was only slightly reassuring: a 100 ml. sample taken from here showed 14 counts of coliform.

'The acceptable level for safe drinking water is 2 counts of coliform,' explained Louis-Philippe Allard, who took this and numerous samplings in the Eastern Townships, as an employee of the Quebec social affairs department. 'It is important,' he explained, 'that people be warned to boil this water for ten minutes before drinking it, otherwise there is a good possibility such discomfort as diarrhoea, stomach cramps, and other intestinal disorders will be the result.'

When asked whether he could put his finger on the cause of the contamination, Mr. Allard stated it would be necessary to examine the origin of the spring, since it was likely at this spot that the water was becoming impure. 'I would like very much to meet with the owner of the spring, so that we can go about disinfecting the contaminated area, and perhaps restore good drinking water at these two sources.'

Meanwhile, reaction of most citizens when they learned of the findings was one of great restraint. In fact, a large number who drew their water supply from the sources candidly admitted they would continue to do so because it was still 'a damn sight better than drinking the stuff that comes out of the tap.'

While the statement may not be eloquent, it nevertheless offers a seething commentary on the state of drinking water there, and, by expansion, throughout the province.

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BUSINESS

YOGURT

by Lynn Pageau

On the way out of Cookshire via the road to La Patrie, a dirt road winds off to the right in the direction of Sawyerville. About a mile down this road is the Hivert farm, the only commercial yogurt manufacturer in this area. Mme. Hivert not only gave us an interview, she and her husband let us have the run of the place on a sunny day to 'take all the photos you want'.

Many people would put yogurt high on their list of priorities as a food of excellent nutritional quality. Adelle Davis fans, whose culinary stand-by is **Let's Cook It Right**, would find good evidence to support their choice. This food, which is rich in calcium and the B vitamins, originated in Turkey, and has been known throughout Europe for thousands of years. It is made from a type of bacteria which lives in the intestine and helps digest milk by changing lactose, or milk sugar, to lactic acid. Doses of antibiotics taken during illness kill off these helpful little organisms. But fortunately yogurt can re-populate the intestine with this necessary bacteria. Since it is more easily digested than milk, yogurt is a good food for people with weak digestion.

In 1950 the Hiverts, tired of wars and privation, came to Sherbrooke from the Poitou region of France. They chose this area to live in because the god-father of one of their daughters had already established a practice in Sherbrooke.

Having been farmers in France, they soon bought a farm in this area. 'We didn't change métiers,' laughed Mme. Hivert, to whom laughter seems to come easily. 'We only changed continents.' In France they had been making butter on a commercial scale.

'We have been very happy here and have been made welcome by the community. Mind you, we came with all our children, even a married daughter and her husband. It's not like those who leave some family on the other side: the parents are always torn between their children and their new home.'

In France, although Mme Hivert had made yogurt, it was only for her family. We asked her how they began making it here. 'Oh,' she smiled, 'my oldest son broke his leg, and the doctor told me: 'give Jean something to do!' He was dragging around the house on crutches.



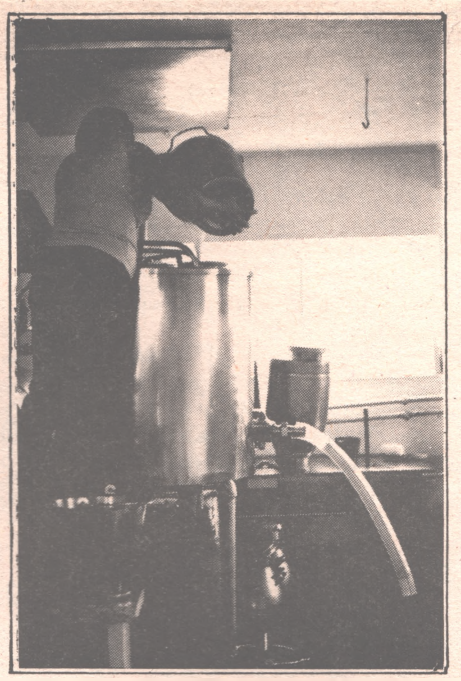
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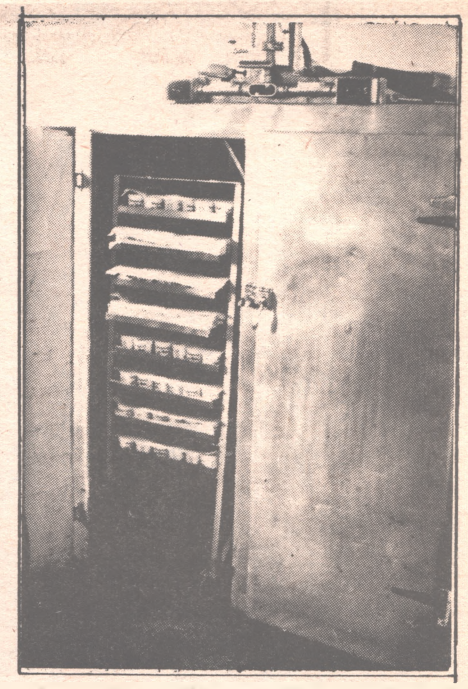
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The doctor said, 'Make me some yogurt; I can't find any here.'

In the early fifties yogurt was very popular in Europe, but here it was relatively unknown. In fact, it remained so until people began to travel more between Europe and North America. So the Hiverts began making it for their friends to keep Jean occupied.

'In the 1950's a lot of immigrants arrived here from Europe, you know. We all knew each other a little, and were all equally rich.' Mme. Hivert's blue eyes sparkled. 'In 1952 we all had a big picnic to celebrate the Fourteenth of July, and we brought some yogurt for everyone. Our friends liked it so much that they encouraged us to make it on a commercial scale.'

At that time none of the big stores carried yogurt. It was known only among the nuns and the priests because they had been in Europe. What began in stainless steel pans in Mme. Hivert's kitchen became a fair-sized local enterprise. The stores began selling the Hivert's yogurt in 1953; now about 3,000 containers of plain yogurt and half as much flavoured are sold per week.

The farm consists of 160 acres. Every morning the 40 cows are milked at six o'clock. At seven o'clock Mme. Hivert partially skims the milk, then sterilizes it to kill all the bacteria present so that the desirable one will be able to grow when it is introduced after sterilization. In this way the flavour and texture of the final product will always be of the same quality.

The milk is then cooled to a temperature which will make the bacteria feel at home and the culture is added directly to the pasteurizer, which is equipped with a large paddle to thoroughly mix the contents.

At this point, rows of plastic containers on trays are removed from a large incubator and place under a series of nozzles attached to the pasteurizer by a plastic tube. The milk containing the yogurt culture then flows into each individual container. The plain yogurt is always made first, and then the flavoured type is made with the remaining milk. When we were there blueberry yogurt was being made. To make the blueberry flavour, Mme. Hivert, who solidly refuses to have anything to do with synthetic products, buys frozen blueberries from Lac St. John. From these she makes a syrup which is strained so that it won't clog the nozzles when the containers are filled. The syrup is poured into the milk and yogurt culture and this is well-stirred; a nice periwinkle blue colour results. Before filling the containers, Mme. Hivert adds some blueberries to each container.

Some flavours cannot be so easily made at home. These are purchased in the form of extracts from one of three firms in Montreal that make them from natural fruit. They contain no preservatives and are dated, as is any perishable item. Since they are completely natural, they are quite expensive. The vanilla extract, for example, costs $44.00 per gallon.

Once the pasteurizer is empty, the whole apparatus is thoroughly cleaned, the containers of yogurt having been put into the incubator as soon as each tray-full is filled. They are kept at 120 degrees F. for four hours. The containers are then refrigerated to stop the action of the bacteria, and that evening the tops are put on them.

'Ah, there are lots of little tricks,' said Mme. Hivert, as she worked. 'When we incubate the containers, they have to be covered with a type of paper that will absorb the moisture. We tried wax paper and we really had a flop! That is why the tops are put on later only. If any moisture is allowed to condense on the surface of the yogurt, it will mold in a very short time.'

All these things are supplementary expenses: the paper, the culture, which is purchased every three weeks from a laboratory in Montreal, the flavouring extracts which Mme. Hivert can't make herself, and so forth.

I asked Mme. Hivert why her yogurt is so firm, while some of the others on the market have a consistency more like that of whipped cream. 'It's just because they are whipped,' she answered, 'that's all. We don't use any gelatin or other agents as thickeners to make a firm product.' Apparently it's a question of taste: some people like the softer, whipped product, while others prefer the firm type (which Sealtest manufactures, as well). That of the Hivert's contains only natural things, however. 'You have only to read the label,' says Mme. Hivert. 'That way you know exactly what you are getting.'

Isn't it the truth, though! If only more consumers would!



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Furniture Picking

Is a Piece Worth Buying?

Autumn is now over; gardens are cleared, and the hatches are battened down for the onslaught of winter. In September, extra money may have gone to equip the children for school. Now perhaps you are thinking of going to auctions or to pickers' barns to get some old, and hopefully, valuable furniture.

Much of the time what you see will be covered with anywhere from three to nine coats of paint which must be removed, or with varnish that needs stripping. How can you buy intelligently and how can you fix up that old dresser, so tastefully painted chocolate brown?

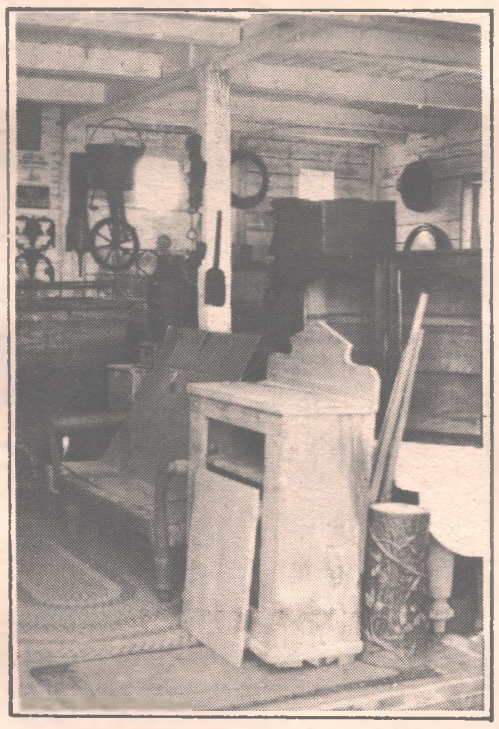
We interviewed Mrs. W.F. Campbell, whose Cookshire home is furnished with antiques, most of which are for sale. Although the Campbells refinish nearly all the pieces they buy, they never do this for anyone else, one reason, of course, being the time-consuming nature of the job.

Don't Buy Before Inspecting

Whenever you buy old furniture, whether it is at an auction or in a dark picker's barn, you must have a sharp eye. Much of what you see may be simply 'used furniture', and not have any antique value at all. Ordinarily a good knowledge of style will allow you to identify the particular period to which a piece belongs. 'You have to be able to strip off the paint with your eyes,' says Mrs. Campbell.

The first thing to look for is a good, solid piece. This may not be quite as easy as you think. When you see, in the far corner of a barn, just the table you've been looking for with some other tables and a few chairs piled on top of it, don't be hasty. Have the table brought out to a place where you can get a good look at it. Although the light may be poor, look to see if it is solidly made. Most barns have uneven flooring, as one might well expect. If the piece you are looking at is shaky, be sure to ascertain whether it is the floor that is uneven or the piece that is in bad shape. In the latter case, is it mainly a question of loose screws? Or will it have to be repaired by a professional? Remember that each additional expense raises the basic price you pay. Any serious damage should certainly be taken into consideration before purchase.

We asked Mrs. Campbell how one can know if a piece is worth its price. Buying antiques or old furniture is no different than buying anything else. You should





shop around and see just what the prices of different items are, both finished and unfinished. This is especially important when going to an auction. Often people get carried away in the bidding and pay sometimes double the price for the same item that could have been bought at a dealer's.

'If you like a piece, there isn't any reason for not buying it,' said Mrs. Campbell. 'If you like it, it's going to be satisfying to you, and so what if it's only 70 years old instead of 150, providing you pay a price that is commensurate with the value. They all look nice when they're refinished.'

Once you have decided that the piece you like is in good condition, the next thing is to determine the type of wood from which it has been made. Look at the inside of the front of the drawers, if it's got drawers, or, if it's a table, the underneath of the top. It doesn't matter what the rest of the drawer is made of. If it's painted inside and out like a cupboard, you have to scrape a little paint off where it won't show to make a guess at the wood.

To determine whether the wood is hard or soft is easy. The weight of the piece alone is an indication of this. To make sure, however, press the edge of your fingernail against the bare wood (the interior of a drawer front or the underneath of a table top). If the wood is soft, such as pine or butternut, it will sink in easily. If it is hard, your nail won't mark it.

The type of wood you buy is mainly a question of personal choice. Pine is very popular now, but hard wood takes wear much better and will last longer. The eventual use of a piece should therefore be taken into consideration. Obviously a cupboard will not have to endure the same amount of wear as will a chair. The style and colour tones in which you have decided to furnish your house should

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really determine what you will buy. Pine, for example, is a more primitive style. Earlier things such as Chippendale are always either hardwood or veneered.

In early times a lot of walnut was used in Canada, as well as butternut, but there is no more walnut now. A clue to the origin of a piece may often be found For example, butternut was known to grow only along the St. Lawrence and in the northern New England states as far as Lake Ontario. Ash was used a lot around 1870 to 1900, mainly in manufactured furniture, as it is stringy and hard to work with by hand. As it is an easy wood to bend, it is often found in chair backs and such like.

Always keep an eye out to make sure whether a piece is veneer. Around the edges you can often see, even under paint, where the veneer has been applied. Usually there will be a piece chipped off somewhere, and then you know it is not solid wood.

'Veneer can be refinished, of course,' said Mrs. Campbell. 'A lot of furniture in the Empire period or even earlier - Hepplewhite and so on - was veneered and even inlaid. Those pieces can be finished very nicely, provided not too much of the veneer is missing.' Small pieces can be replaced, but it's hard, as the replacement must be the same thickness as the original. If varnish has to be removed from a veneered piece, it must be stripped off with a thick stripper; care must be taken not to leave the stripper on too long, or the glue of the veneer may loosen.





Types of Strippers and Their Use

There are many kinds of strippers, from a very liquid to a thick type that is applied with a brush. Most paint companies manufacture different kinds. Mrs. Campbell prefers the more solid stripper because it stays on longer, doing a more effective job of loosening the paint or varnish. On the other hand, carving can get filled up when a thick stripper is used. Press-back chairs, for example, are easier to do if one starts with the thick type of paint remover and finishes up with a more liquid one and a stiff scrubbing brush to remove the residue accumulated in the grooves of the pattern. Another tip: rope-turned chair spindles and turned legs and rungs may be cleaned by dipping a piece of string in stripper and running it along the grooves. The final cleaning is again done with liquid stripper and a stiff brush. Once the varnish and paint is removed, the piece is sanded down with fine sand paper.

Sanding should always be done by hand, along the grain of the wood. Care should be taken to leave such things as hand-planing marks and as much of the original pattern should be left as possible.

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Burns and Scratches

Sometimes you may find, after having removed the paint from a table top, for example, that there are burns or black water marks on the wood. They may frequently be removed by bleaching the wood with chlorox or, if that doesn't work, oxalic acid, which is available in pharmacies. After the bleaching agent has been left on the spot for a while, it must then be thoroughly washed with water and allowed to dry before the piece is sanded and finished.

Scratches on a finished piece may be repaired by applying a shellac stick or a wax stick. These are available in different colours. This is left to set a while, and then wiped off. These sticks may be purchased in paint stores or from firms that supply refinishers.

Buying and refinishing old furniture can be a rewarding pastime. Even if you don't particularly care to do refinishing yourself, you can have it done. The important thing is to have made a wise purchase in the first place. Don't forget: furniture should always be practical and it should be something you really like.

Stripping is not Always Necessary

If the finish of a piece is in fairly good condition, the old varnish may not need to be removed. Sometimes it may be wiped down with turpentine and then gone over with very fine steel wool. If this is not enough, it may then be gone over with a little alcohol, which will remove a bit of the old finish and the accumulated dirt.

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YESTERDAY

I Remember Adeline

Contributed to the Sun anonymously.

So many years ago, too far now to remember, four brothers owned 25 acres each of land on a little road between St. Armand, Pigeon Hill and Bedford and close by to a swampy blueberry marsh where a log road had once been laid to allow travellers to pass that way. Today the road over the swamp is not known save by very few. The four brothers are also forgotten as they passed over the Divide long before my father's time. The four brothers were named Louie, Abraham, Henry and Isaac and their surname was 'Catchpaw' and perhaps when they first settled in this country, it could have been 'Katbach' or spelled in some other way. I once asked a friend if there had been many of these people by this name and he answered me that they had been as thick as leaves on a maple tree.

Somehow they owned these 100 acres of woods, built little homes and raised their families. The one named Louie went to Magog or Cherry River. Abraham was the father to a man named Height who settled some years later at Pigeon Hill and he had a son by the name of Clifford who also had a son by the name of Keith Clifford. I knew the two Cliffords and vaguely remember Mr. Height. Henry was Adeline's father and she had a sister, Susie, and a brother, Dan. Isaac was Marie Ann's father and Marie Ann married Hiram Deline and thereby Byron Deline was born over 85 years ago. He was very smart, never wore glasses, had never received any schooling and yet when telephones came to this part of the country, he could go to the 'phone and dial any number that he had memorized and would get the party that he was wanting to talk with. He could count money and made the best bread you could find. There was a family by the name of Supernaut that had the house on one of these 25 acres. They lived there for years and the house still stands today.

She seemed like a very old lady when I was just ten years old that summer and visited her often on weekends in her small wooden house about a mile from my home on Dutch Street, a corner of the Quebec countryside so named because of the many Dutch folks who had come there and settled many years before. Her house had no outside clap-boarding, the roof was shingled and the inside was unfinished but Adeline and Chub, the little old gent who stayed with her, kept warm during the cold winters that we always had. Adeline was a good soul, had learned to read and write but I do not know if she had ever gone to a real school. She read her Bible and a small prayer book, that being about all the reading material that she had in her little home. In later years she gave me her little prayer book and I still have it.

She had married a Charles Krans and they had a son Eddie, who was quite grown up when he was seized by an attack of appendicitus, taken to the then only hospital in the whole district, at St. Albans, Vermont, where he had died. This was terribly sad for Adeline as she had loved him dearly. Then her husband was injured at the Bedford shop where he worked and he died as a result. She had a little sister that she loved too. Susie was child-like but very harmless, yet someone took it upon themselves to have her removed to 'the crazy-house' as Adeline told me, where she very soon succumbed to such loneliness that she died. I am not sure when Adeline married again, but her second husband was a John Creller. In my Dad's diary it says on Aug. 30, 1914 John Creller died.

I can still see Adeline to this day, whenever I think about her, sitting beside her flat top Diamond Rock stove in a large Boston rocker, in the one room which served their daily needs. The other rooms were sleeping quarters with small beds, curtains made of gunny sacks hung by the two windows. She smoked a clay pipe, a thing we find a rarety these days. The smoking was her only diversion in her late years while Chub would chop a patch of alders, given to him each winter by a neighbour, just for the clearing off of his pasture land. Chub chopped away at the alders each day, then when he had a good load, a neighbour would take his team and draw the load to Chub's house, where he would proceed to bucksaw the alders into 2 foot lengths. He always had a good supply of dry ones laid away under the shed to begin the winter with. They always fed the stove through the little side door, not through the gridle on top. The little house had a wonderful smell about it, just plain clean, but I suppose it was mainly due to the alders burning. I remember seeing another little old man who stayed there occasionally too. At that time I was a child and I remember he had a long white beard, chest length and pure white hair, it used to frighten me to see someone so white. He was Dan, Adeline's brother. Chub kept the most tidy garden in the summer. He planted his potatoes in 'hills' and always picked the potato bugs off by hand, dropping them into a container of water. They grew enough vegetables to sustain themselves and some to be given to their neighbours. I remember the only flower pot in Adeline's house contained a shamrock and it was always in bloom throughout the year. In summer her pride was a dark red peonie beneath a bunch of tall wild cherry shrubs beside her house. Each year this peonie never failed to bloom and one day she gave my mother one of its tubers. The peonie root grew well and multiplied at my home and when I married and went to a home of my own, my mother gave me one of it's roots from her nice row of red peonies. It had grown and each year I am reminded of Adeline when I watch this issue from her lovely red Peonie.

It was Adeline who taught me how to make doughnuts. She had asked my father to allow me to come to her on a Saturday and mix up a batch of dough. On a clean sheet of brown paper at the little kitchen table, she would tell me what ingredients to put in. I remember she used only brown sugar. When I had mixed the dough and rolled it out on the table, I would pass the doughnuts to her on a plate as she sat beside the briskly burning stove in her rocking chair. Earlier she had removed a small gridle on the stove top and set in a small iron pot which was half full of lard. When this was hot enough, she would drop in the doughnuts very gently and as they rose to the top, she would turn each one over, with a long handled metal fork. She never allowed me to fry the doughnuts.

She always wore a pair of men's leather work boots on her feet but her feet did not show beneath the long black woolen skirts and the gunny sack apron that she wore. On baking days she wore a clean white apron made from the bags that used to hold 100 pounds of flour. (By the 100 pound sack was the way folks bought their flour in those years.)

I wish I could remember so many of the good things she told me about the folks in the years ago but I was only ten then and although I found her voice and narratives so pleasant, I still cannot remember except there was one thing on her mind during the latter part of her life and she spoke to me repeatedly about it until I talked to my father and received an answer for her. She had asked me to tell him that her last desire was that when she died, she was to be buried just out behind her little house, to be laid beside her late husbands and her brother, and her sister Susie.

My father spoke to the Minister at the church at that time but when the Reverend looked at the records he said that the land had never been consecrated and therefore was not considered as Church property and could not be used as a cemetery. This affected Adeline deeply when she learned about it. Her grandson lived nearby on a farm and when she became too ill to look after herself, he took her into his home and cared for her until death. At the time when I was making doughnuts for her, she also asked me to have my father obtain about a pound of pumpkin seeds from a store, she claimed that she had a kidney ailment and she knew these pumpkin seeds would be the best relief she could have.

Adeline could not be buried at the place where she wanted to be but instead she went to lie in a pauper's grave. Chub went to live with a neighbour by the same name as his and spent his last days there. My Dad often told me little things of interest about Chub. He had had no education, yet he knew every tree and every wild flower by name. He could point out the dogwood when it had no leaf and he could tell many a story about the youth and their pranks when they gathered moose-wood and steeped the branches in the maple sap. He remembered the days of the Fenian Raid when he was a boy and had shouldered a gun along with the men. He had been sent to Montreal on a short training course and told when he came back, that St. Catherine Street went down to the river St. Lawrence and people who had cattle, drove them down the muddy street so that the cattle could get a drink of water at the river's edge. He also remembered the night that Margaret Vincent fell at Eccles Hill, a fatality because she was deaf, had gone outside to collect a pail of water at their well and had not heard the British sentry call 'halt'.

Adeline passed away during the winter when I was working away from home. In my Dad's diary is penned the simple message, 'bearer to Adeline, November 26, 1931.' Adeline's house soon left the neighbourhood after her death. One of the neighbours bought it and moved it to the village where they added to it and made a larger residence, where it is still in use today. For a number of years it again sheltered the aged.

Out behind where the little house once stood, the cattle graze all summer and the winds sweep through in winter. Three stones still remain there, stubbornly standing for Adeline's sake I hope. One is to Marie Ann, Byron's mother and one to his first wife. The third is a large field stone but you can read the lettering which says 'Pete Catchepaugh', then there is a verse chipped out by hand, I presume.

Across the road stood a little house that I still remember. Rhineharts once lived there and the Cross family. And then far over in the field, there once stood two slim field stones, both had some writing chipped out on these. My Dad said that those stones belonged to a Mr. and Mrs. Burley and that Mr. Burley had been a stone mason and had built houses at one time. Evidently they lived close by or they would not have been buried in that field.

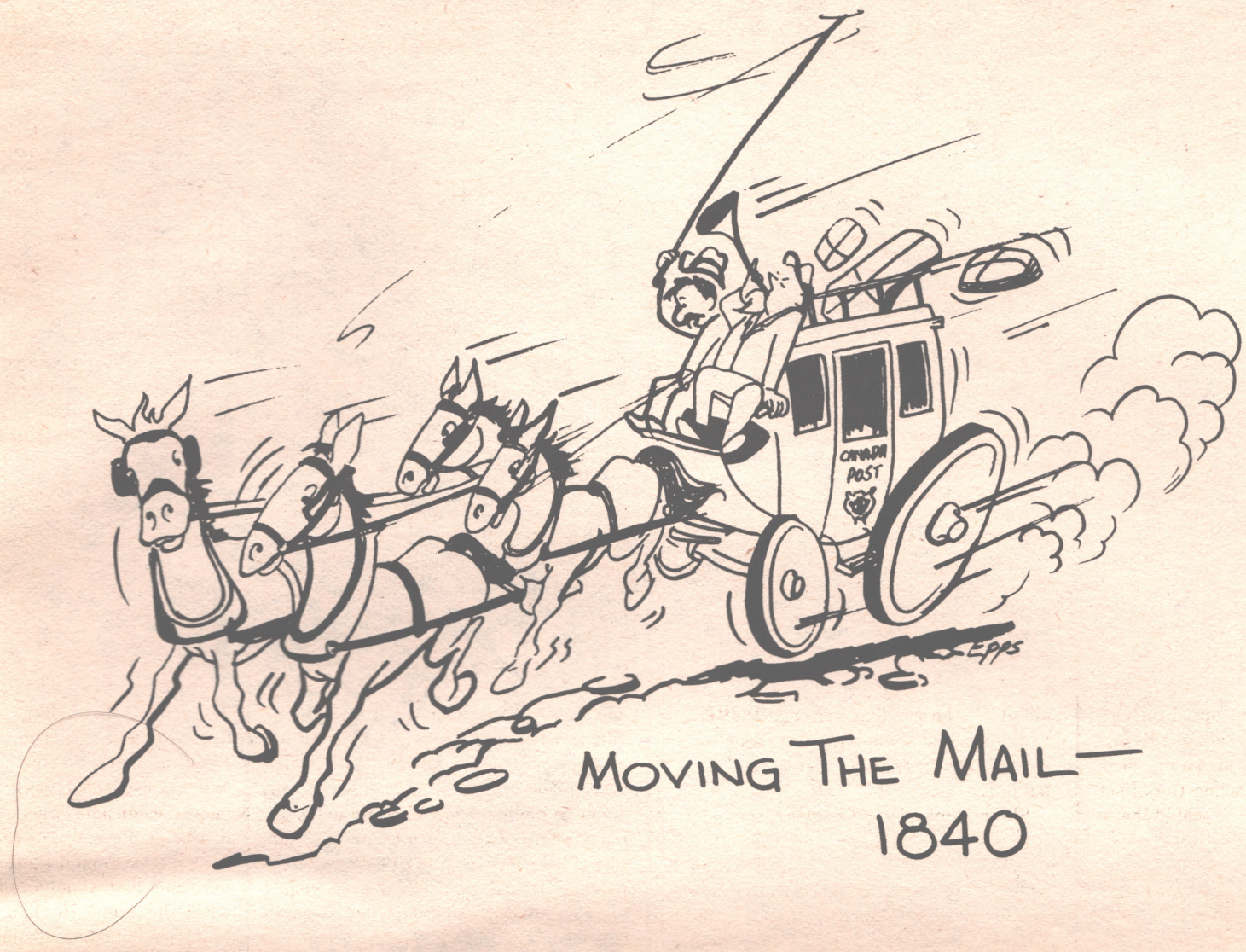
I now wonder if there are others who still remember Adeline.

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In Memoriam: The Decline and Fall of the Canada Post

by Bernard Epps

Chiseled in the facade of the main New York City Post Office are these words taken from Herodotus.

'Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat, nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds.'

In Canada, however, where all the fearsome fury of the elements has failed, the greed of the CUPW has wonderfully succeeded.

Hitherto, speed has been the essence of the mails. Dispatches moved with dispatch. Couriers were runners and not walkers. The pony express travelled at a gallop as did the mail coaches and even little carrier pigeons flapped their wings as fast as they could. Today, however, it generally takes eight days for me to receive a letter from Montreal. If we be generous and allow the postal workers fifty hours for coffee breaks and deciphering the address - some may be slow readers - that still works out to something less than one mile an hour - surely the slowest mail in all history.

Herodotus wrote the words already quoted in 445 B.C. about the mounted messengers of Xerxes. The Roman Post Office, the **cursus publicus** (which has nothing to do with the 'public curse' unfortunately), travelled over 170 miles in a day and a night. When stage-coaches came into general use - the first mail-coach ran from London to Bath in 1754 - customers within 120 miles of London could expect next-day service. With the coming of the railroads - and the invention of the mail-car in which letters could be sorted in transit - mail could be delivered next morning within 400 miles. By 1891, letters travelled from Vancouver to Montreal in three days.

Airmail began in 1919 with flights from London to Paris and crossed the Atlantic for the first time twenty years later. That was the last significant event in the life of Canada Post until man, in his eternal ingeniousness, devised automation, the alphanumeric postal code, and Joe Davidson.

The earliest post, of course, was not a public service either but a method of speeding the 'King's Packet' to and from the outposts of the empire. With the rise of international commerce towards the end of the Middle Ages, various guilds and corporations set up their own messenger services to carry orders and settle accounts at the great fairs. The Swiss discovered that delivering mail could be a private and profitable business and family postal organizations grew steadily until they reached massive international proportions under the Taxis family who served the Hapsburg emperors and employed some 20,000 couriers each day.

In England, parliament got into the business reluctantly in 1653 and even then insisted that all letters addressed to, or sent by, members of either house be carried free of charge. This was the 'Franking Privilege' which has been gradually expanded until, in America, where all things reach their ultimate, it extends to veterans of the Revolutionary War, nearly all officials and public servants, presidents and their widows, vice-presidents, delegates, clerks of the House, secretaries of the Senate and seeds transmitted by, or on behalf of, the Secretary of Agriculture.

In 1837, Rowland Hill published a little paper entitled 'Post Office Reform: Its Importance and Practicability,' in which he pointed out several things no one had noticed before. The cumbersome schedule of fees for various distances travelled and the trouble of collecting postage upon delivery was costing far more than it was worth. He suggested postage be prepaid by means of adhesive stamps affixed to the

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envelope and that there be one rate for any and all distances. This 'penny post' would then permit even the poorest classes to keep in touch with friends and relatives and bring in vast amounts of revenue. His proposals made so much sense that they were adopted almost universally - but only after a hard struggle against the indifference of governments and obduracy of the Post Office.

Canada has always taken progress casually. When stage-lines were highly developed in 18th century Europe, we still moved mail by bateaux and birchbark canoes. Stage-coaches appeared here only in the 19th century - just in time to be outdated by the railroads. The roads even then were so famously bad - with bone-jarring corduroy bridges over every stream and swamp, with wilderness roads measured simply by the width of a man's outstretched arms and fit only for jumper sleds, with dead trees and branches chucked carelessly into all the soft spots - that getting the mail through must have been an adventurous business at best.

It took war or the threat of war to improve the roads. By 1850, with sawmills whining everywhere there was speed to the water, many wooden turnpikes were constructed out of three-inch planks with a tollgate every four or five miles to pay for the upkeep. Some of these were maintained profitable well into the twentieth century.

But Canada continued to move most of its mail by water. Schooners and sloops carried the post between Montreal and Quebec and there were schooners on the Great Lakes by 1810 - just in time to be outdated by steamships. Molson launched the first steamer on the lower St. Lawrence in 1809 and steam packets plied lakes and rivers everywhere within twenty years - just in time to be outdated by the railroads.

The first railway was the Champlain and St. Lawrence which carried passengers in 1836 at a breathtaking 20 to 30 miles an hour. By the end of the century, mail was sorted in transit and sacks snatched up or tossed out at every little village or town on the line without the train even having to pause. There were post-offices in every community - no matter how small - in front of the barber shop or the back of the general store. In 1901 the United States boasted nearly 77,000 post offices. In 1969, there were just over 6,000.

Such is progress. When the mail moves at all these days it moves by truck and at such a leisurely fashion that most businesses and private individuals have given it up in sheer disgust. They use messenger services, telex, the telephone, United Parcel or the parcel express services offered by buses and trains. In order to get in on the magic of the speeding electron, Canada Post snuggled up with CNCP Telecommunications in March of this year and produced an hermaphroditic offspring they christened Telepost. This works by telephoning your nearest CNCP message centre to dictate your letter which is then typed into a computer terminal, automatically routed through a master computer in Toronto according to the postal code, and tapped out on a teleprinter at the CNCP message centre nearest the destination. It is then stuffed into a special envelope by a post office employee and - you guessed it - casually dropped into the mail. The cost? It's $2.40 for fifty words.

Ah, for the good old days of the penny post when the post-boys horn announced the approach of the coach, when the stage thundered into the inn-yard with a cloud of dust and a rattle of wheels and a clatter of hooves on the cobbles, when the ostlers quickly led out the lathered horses and replaced them with fresh animals, when the horn sounded once more and the coach thundered off to the next post, loaded with letters from home.

After the Fall



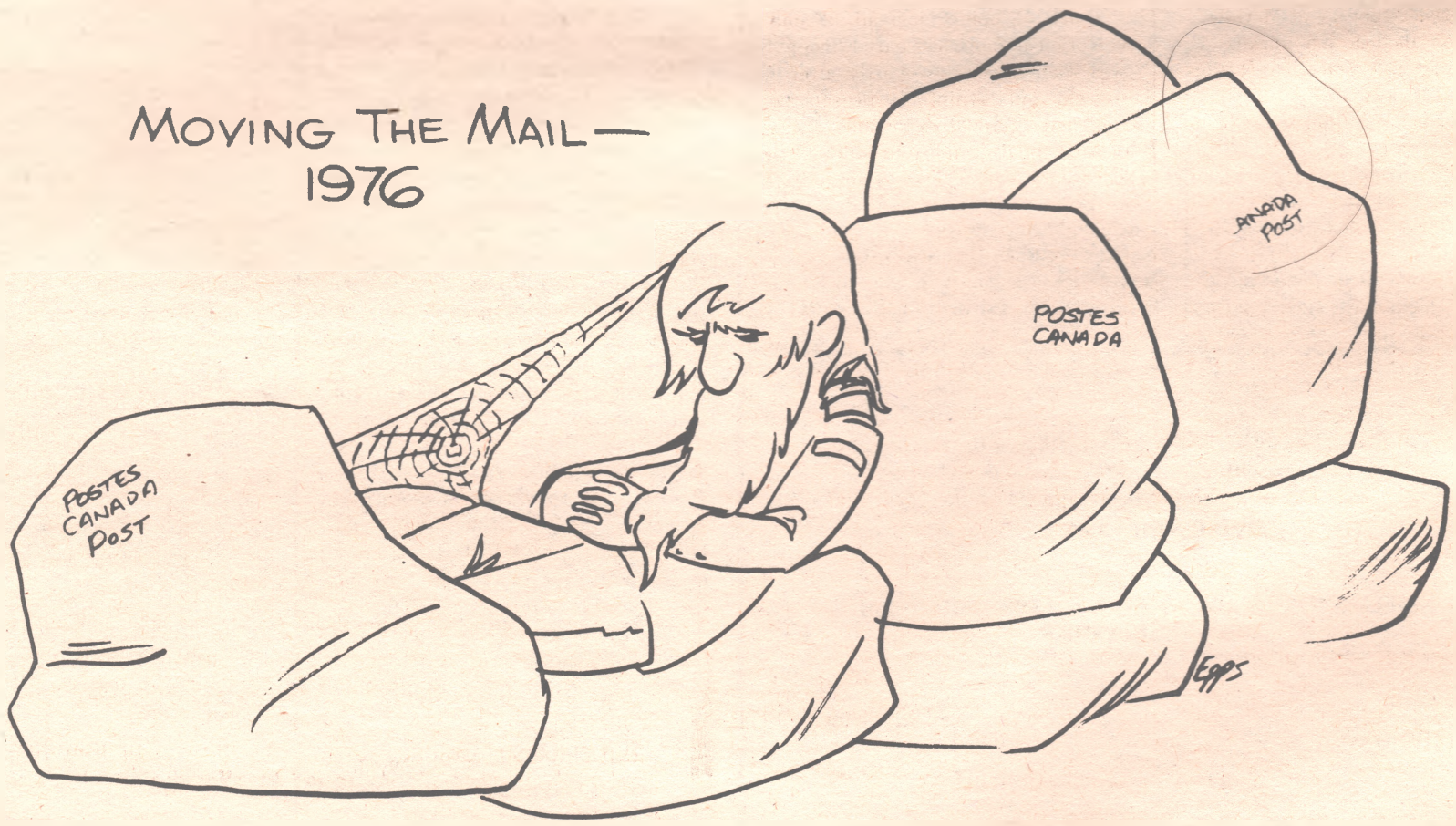
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The Elisha Manoeuvre- Sherbrooke, 1845

Artificial Respiration in suspended animation from an overdose of opium

From the Journal of Dr. J.B. Johnston, Sherbrooke, 1845

by Dr. T.J. Quintin, M.D.

'And he went up and lay upon the child, and put his mouth upon his mouth, and his eyes upon his eyes, and his hands upon his hands, and he stretched himself upon the child, and the flesh waxed war.'

2nd. Kings, Chapter 5, Verse 34

This journal of Dr. Johnston's has recently come to light in Sherbrooke and was found to contain many interesting cases, not the least interesting is the description of mouth to mouth respiration used in 1845. The literary worth of the description of one case is in marked contrast to the stilted phraseology one now sees in case histories of one hundred and thirty years later.

James Bell Johnston, 1810-1877, was the son of James Johnston, part owner of the seignory of Machiche Mill- now known as Yamachiche- and Amelia Gugy, sister of the seigneur.

It is thought that he had some early medical training at the Montreal General Hospital and he is believed to have been the first Canadian who graduated from Edinburgh University. The register of the Corporation of Physicians of Quebec shows he obtained an L.R.C.S. Edinburgh in 1832 and the next year, 1833, he obtained his M.D. from the same university. His M.D. thesis is to be found in the Osler Library at McGill:

'Dissertation medica inauguralis de deliro tremente' (Medical Dissertation on Delerium Tremens')

Autori...Jacobo Bell Johnston, Chirugo Canadensi, Edinburgh, 1833.

He was licensed to practice in Canada East in 1830 two years before his Edinburgh degree, and thirteen years before Dr. E.D. Worthington who helped in the resusitation described.

After Dr. Johnston had completed his training, and while looking for a practice, he received a letter from the 'City Fathers of Sherbrooke' offering to guarantee that, if he would undertake to be the Doctor for Sherbrooke and 40 miles around- he would in no week take in less than $25.00. It has been suggested that this was probably the first example of Community Medicine in Canada. There is no record that guarantee had to be met by 'the City Fathers'.

Commercial Street - now Dufferin Ave. was the Harley St. of Sherbrooke in those days. Dr. Johnston had his office at the corner of Court and Commercial Sts. and Dr. E.D. Worthington had his close by. It was two years later, 1847, that Worthington was the first to use ether as an anaesthetic in Canada. He happened to have been in Boston and saw it used, and brought it to Sherbrooke. Worthington was another innovator in medicine.

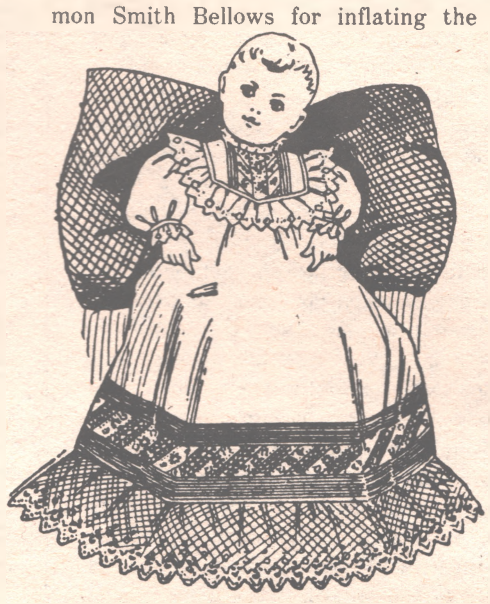
Dr. Johnston must have found his knowledge of the management of delirium tremens very useful in Sherbrooke! - a frontier town where alcohol flowed freely. His favorite treatment was opium, of which he says 'There cannot be any doubt of its almost sovereign power over this disease, yet like every new remedy in a complaint, its use was at first too indiscriminate and so there has been the neglect of other very efficacious means.'

Dr. Johnston died January 2nd, 1887 and was buried from St. Peter's Church, Sherbrooke.

Case History - Exact copy from Journal

T.R., an infant of 7 weeks was given by mistake one half teaspoon of weak tincture of opium instead of one of castor oil at about half past 12 noon. She was seen by Dr. J. shortly after four o'clock. The symptoms present were contracted pupils, spasmodic twitching of the mouth and extremities, deep sleep with stertor, etc. A strong emetic of Ipecac was immediately given, which was swallowed with difficulty, a mustard sinapism was placed over the stomach and a saline enema containing turpentine thrown up the rectum. The emetic though increased at every dose had not the slightest operation, the enema produced some action from the bowels. A strong stimulating linament was rubbed over the spine and chest. The feet were placed in hot water and cold applied to the head. Sinapisms to the feet and back of the neck. The throat and nose were tickled with a feather and spirits of aromatic ammonia put up the nostrils. Still the child could not be roused or the stomach made to act. The stupor increased and the pulse began to sink. The countenance became livid in about an hour and a half, or at half past five P.M. while endeavouring to make the child drink fluid, it suddenly became convulsed and apparently expired, the respirations ceased and the action of the heart was not palpable. At the end of perhaps a minute, when hopes of the life of the infant were given over, it gasped faintly. Dr. J. then at once determined to try to maintain artificial respiration till the effects of the narcotic might be over.

There were no means (such as electro-Magnetic apparatus or the common Smith Bellows for inflating the



chest) at hand, so the Doctor was forced to trust to expiration from his own lungs previously expiring, and then taking a very full inspiration and holding the child's nostrils with one hand, (having no assistants at the time), while with the other the chest and abdomen were alternately pressed upon so as to imitate the movements in natural respiration after continuing artificial respiration in this imperfect manner for, perhaps ten minutes, the little infant made a deep inspiration. Thus encouraged, the artificial respiration of inflation was continued at short intervals until after some time natural breathing was established.

The pulsations again returned to the heart and the heat to both extremities which had become cold. The child now continued to breathe naturally, though in a state of profound coma, for perhaps one hour and a half. The pupils which when animation was suspended, had become dilated, were again much contracted. At this period and being joined in consultation with Dr. W. (Worthington) it was attempted to introduce some fluid into the stomach. Deglutition was however nearly gone, and the child again lapsed into suspended animation, the breathing ceased and the heart stopped. The respiration was again artificially kept up by Dr. J., inflating the child's lungs with his mouth as before, and after some minutes (more than five), the child made a convulsive inspiration. Dr. J. assisted it artificially for some five minutes, longer when his efforts were rewarded by the natural respirations taking place.

The child continued in this precarious state for some hours longer during which the circulation and breathing stopped twice more; on the third occasion the suspension was so long continued that it was feared the vital spark had forever fled. However, by unremitted efforts at the artificial means, natural respirations again returned. The last suspension took place at about ten, being ten hours after the poison was taken and when it was expected its effect on the brain would be nearly expended, which proved to be so as no more stoppages of these vital functions again took place, though the child continued otherwise in a most alarming state, the head (which was very warm and the pulsations of the brain through the fontenelles very strong) was kept constantly covered with a cloth dipped in ice cold water, the sinapisms were continued, as also the injections which about this time began, aided by, no doubt the ipecac taken as an emetic to relieve the bowels copiously.

Still the power of deglutition was lost. It was not until about three o'clock the following morning that the child began to look about and utter a cry. At four, however, the little sufferer was able to nurse its mother. The pupils became more natural and the child gradually recovered without any bad symptoms.

This case is extremely interesting, there is no doubt but that under providence the child was saved by the means used to continue respiration artificially, at the four several times when it ceased, and that any of these four periods the child left to itself would have infallibly died.

It may be mentioned here that this child (infant) very shortly after birth had convulsions which continued almost without interruption for a day and a night, recovering perfectly however, and becoming fat and healthy, subject however to frequent spasmodic twitchings and shaking. It is therefore probable that its brain and nervous system is very liable to be acted upon.

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Fern Picking in the Old Days

by Mable Boyce

Back in the twenties and thirties, many farmers in the South Bolton area made a practice of going ferning each fall to supplement their meager income. What is ferning? It was the art (maybe labour is a better word) of picking wild ferns that grew in the woodlands and were bought and used by city florists.

To pick ferns you left at an early hour and travelled by car or team to a wooded area where ferns grew abundantly - often many miles from your home farm. When you found such a woods you hiked through it until you found a likely looking slope with a good growth of ferns. These you proceeded to pick, leaving the stems as long as possible for ease in handling, picking only ferns that were free of spots and faded streaks, passing up any that were broken or deformed in any way. As you picked you piled them one on top of the other in your free hand, counting as you picked until you had a handful or a bunch as we used to say. Bunches varied as did hand sizes, a picker with a small hand might hold only fifty to a bunch while most men could hold a hundred ferns to a handful. Most pickers had their own standard bunch, thus enabling them to make a quick estimate of how the pick was progressing and to keep a quite accurate count when packing them at the end of the day.

After you had picked your quota for the day or when your back and fingers refused to cooperate with the rest of you any longer, you carefully packed your ferns for toting out of the woods, to do this a long strip of burlap was used, most often an ordinary feed sack, slit down each side and left attached at the bottom, thus forming a strip two bags long and one in width. Laying the burlap on the ground you piled ferns on about a third of the length in the center, then you threw one end up over the ferns and lapped the second end up over the first, tying it all with a stout cord, tight enough to hold the ferns securely but loose enough so as not to crush them. Some used nails, pushed through the folds of the burlap in such a way that they held it together without tying. These bundles you picked up and piggy-backed out of the woods, sometimes quite a distance. We had never heard of jogging in those days but after a few days ferning we little needed the exercise it affords.

When the ferns were out of the woods they had to be repacked on long wooden flats, made special for the purpose of crating the ferns for delivery to the sorting house. When filled, a flat held held from ten to fifteen thousand ferns, packed in two rows with the stems out and the tops overlapping in the center to protect them from breaking, again they were made secure with a long piece of burlap pulled over the top and fastened to each end of the flat. If we kept them over a day before delivering them as we sometimes did we put the crates on the ground in a sheltered spot, usually under trees or bushes, sprinkled the ferns with water to retain their freshness or covered them with wet burlap.

My dad and mother - Robert and Helen Kirby picked ferns many years when I was a girl at home - we lived then on the river road between South Bolton and Mansonville on the farm now owned by Phil (Chick) and Mary Hamelin. I remember that John and Ruth Levoy picked ferns with my folks several falls, they lived about a mile south of us on the old Walter Levoy farm now owned by Charlie Labranche.

Reginal George of the old Cross Road now (Baker Talc mine road) was another veteran fern picker, with speed and ability - he with members of his family made a business of ferning each fall.

One fall in the thirties I went with my Dad and two brothers to the mountains north-east of Sutton where the Mont Echo ski resort is now, to pick ferns. We took a portable camp with us, made in sections so it could be easily erected. We hauled it up into the woods with a team of horses and Dad and the boys set it up near a brook. This was our headquarters for the ten days we ferned in that area.

My Uncle Roy Kirby had a farm a couple of miles from where we were camping - he had a large family and some of them came daily by team to pick ferns with us. I remember we had a terrific wind one night, many trees were blown down and some roof tops loosened; Dad was frightened that our little camp would blow down so we went to my Uncle's farm and spent the night but the camp was still intact when we returned the next morning.

Our ferns were hauled to South Bolton by team that fall, the route followed was from Echo toward Knowlton as far as Bissonette's corner, turning right there, past the farm then owned by the Bissonnette brothers Ernest and Henry, following the old stage coach road up the mountain past the Mailloux farm, down the other side past George Goyette's farm, turning on to the Bolton Pass road near the old Will Gardner farm and following it east to South Bolton - the trip was some fourteen miles one way.

The first price I remember my parents getting for ferns was sixty cents a thousand delivered to South Bolton - the fall I picked we got eighty cents and later it was raised to a dollar a thousand. A poor way to get rich fast I can hear some people say and that is true but wages were low in those days, jobs scarce, there was no government help of any kind and people had to shift for themselves as best as they could. Compared to logging camp wages in winter, ferning was pretty good. Dad used to work himself and a double team with complete logging hitch up, in the local log camps in winter for two dollars and a half for a day that started at daylight or slightly before and lasted until dark or sometimes after. Dad and others like him could pick from seven to ten thousand ferns a day depending on weather and picking available - so it added up to more than logging did with less equipment involved.

George Taylor ran the sorting house at South Bolton for many years, hiring local women who wanted to make a bit of money. I recently talked with two women who sorted ferns in those days, Hazel Thomas and Dorothy Whitehouse. They live near Brome and well remember sorting ferns for Mr. Taylor. They say they got a dollar a day for their labour. The ferns had to be picked over, discarding any that were damaged or unfit for sale, tied in bunches of twenty-five and repacked for trucking to the city. Records of each picker's ferns had to be kept for paying purposes. Walter Durrell of South Bolton trucked the ferns to Montreal for years, where they were distributed to the florists who used them in funeral wreaths and flower arrangements. Later years the fern sorting was done at the Alvin Bracey house in South Bolton with his daughter Florence Jasper who now lives in Bolton Center looking after the business.

At that time the river road was a farming district, all farmers had a dairy herd. Besides the local factories there was sale for milk or cream to J.J. Joubert in Montreal. Dad used to ship his by train from the Potton Spring crossing near where the Shaggy Dog Hotel is now - later on he trucked milk to North Troy, Vermont to Houde's factory and many farmers sent their milk there. I remember the old gravel road, with cars stuck in Spring thaw time, also when Chet Johnson used to haul coal oil and gas from Mansonville to Wedges general store in South Bolton with Merrill Heath's team, This is all changed now. Some farms serve as hotels and summer homes, cottages and new summer places have been built as well as some year-round homes. Fields that once grew grain and hay crops are growing up to brush and weeds. As always, the old must give way to the new.



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Memories from the Farmhouse

by Shirley Rublee

The old farmhouse stands idle now but many are the stories those walls could tell. It is a typical Eastern Townships farmhouse, perched on the hilltop under an ancient maple tree. A small orchard sprawls in the front and the barn is neatly placed a few yards to the side.

But it is the house with its neat white boards and blue trim which holds the stories and breathes out memories to all who have entered within. Words cannot describe the cosy feeling of united warmth and friendship which memories of that house bring to me.

My mind goes back to two little girls running across the field to visit Grammie and Grampa. What times of pleasure my sister and I had sipping drops of milk or cocoa from a miniature china tea set. Other times we played with various ornaments - a duck shaped salt shaker, a large silver horse, or a sea shell with the waves still echoing within. At times Grampa, with a smile and a chuckle, told us stories. If our visit was timed just right, we could have a turn at the butter churn or even get a taste of fresh buttermilk.

Then there are Christmas memories. How that old house rang with laughter and cheer! The Christmas tree floated among the parcels as the families gathered and added their share. Children ran, jumped, shouted and laughed as they waited for the tree to be unloaded. Uncles and Aunts shared family news and remarked on how the children had grown. Grammie and Grampa had love and smiles for all. It certainly was the highlight of the year.

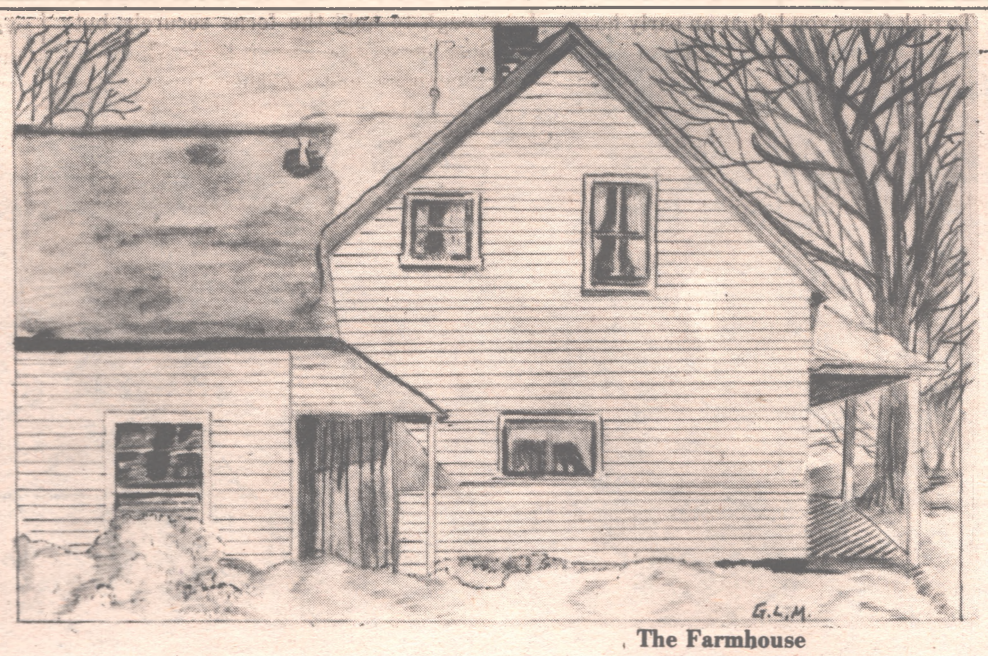
Those walls could also tell of two teen-age girls who munched apples from the orchard as we chatted with our grandparents about school and other things important to us. We often browsed through dusty books from the shelves. Or sometimes in the evening we ran across the field to watch the hockey games on TV with Grampa. And Grampa would always tease us.

The walls reverently whisper stories of sorrow and heart-ache. Grampa never complained as his body grew weaker with bouts of pneumonia every winter. After Grampa's funeral the family gathered quietly in the old house to share memories and to comfort Gram. Yet really it was Gram who gave us all strength that day. What courage she showed through those lonely hours.

During the next three years I grew to know and love that house even better. I had already helped Gram paper two of the bedrooms. I now did more of the cleaning and painting for her. I vacuumed and scrubbed the upstairs floors until I knew every corner. I cleaned the washroom, dusted the bedrooms, washed the windows, vacuumed the downstairs rooms. I enjoyed the hours I spent scrubbing that house. Every nook and corner had its story and frequently Gram would tell them to me as I worked.

But only the house knows all about the joys and sorrows, gatherings and loneliness which people have felt there. Gram too has moved on to her heavenly home and the house now stands unoccupied. The place still looks the same. The furniture is unchanged. Yet a deep emptiness hangs over the house. Something is wrong, something is missing. But isn't that to be expected when the occupants are gone? Whatever a house is like, whether palace or humble dwelling, it's the people who live there that create the atmosphere which fills the memories of the place.

How thankful I am for the old white farmhouse. As long as it stands it will fill me with memories of warmth, friendship and cheer. These memories encourage, strengthen and comfort me - for the two people who made this house their home were full of these very characteristics. Every memory of my grandparents makes me proud to be a part of their family and to have shared in the stories of their old farmhouse.



The Farmhouse
drawing by Gary Macdonald

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Two little boys lost in the Galson Woods- September, 1864

One September evening, 1864, Neil and Murdo, sons of one of the pioneer farmers, John Stewart, were sent out to bring the cows home for milking and housing for the night. When they came to a hazelnut bush loaded with nuts, they decided to take the cows home, then come back for those nuts. Unfortunately when they went back they could not find the bush so they wandered around until they were lost. As night came on, Neil, who was only four and a half years old began to cry but his brother Murdo, who was four years older, tried to comfort him and said he would take care of him. The night became very cold. They were barefooted and had nothing on their heads. Finally Neil began to cry again, complaining of the cold. Murdo took off his own jacket and wrapped it around Neil and they took shelter against the roots of a windfallen tree.

Word, of course, was sent for miles around about the lost boys but as there were no telephones, it meant going from place to place on horseback to get all the men available to help search. They spent three days hallooing and blowing on conch-shell horns but although the boys admitted later that they heard the noise it just scared them more than ever. At the end of three days they gave up the search as they felt sure they could not have survived, for along with the cold and lack of food, wild bears were prevalent in the area. One man dropped a bag with three homemade biscuits, in the hope the boys would find them - and they did! Neil was all for eating them at once but Murdo said they would share one and eat the others later - one at a time.

They finally reached the shores of a lake which they knew must be Lake McGill but as there was no one fishing there, they continued to follow the winding shoreline. Soon they saw a man carrying a canoe and doing stunts that drew their attention but they kept their distance and so did he. He was an Indian, Archie Annos, who knew about the lost children but chose this way of bringing them out to the village of Scotstown. He did not face them until they reached the village as he was afraid they would be afraid of him. When they got out to the village, he took them up to old Mrs. Jim Coleman's and asked her to look after them while he spread the word that they were safe. She gave them a small quantity of mashed potatoes and buttermilk, as she said that was all it was safe to give them for a while as they had gone so long without food. After their scratches and flybites were cared for, they were returned home and surprisingly enough they were in very good shape. Neil always had faulty hearing as a result but he always felt that he owed his life to the care his brother Murdo had taken of him although he, himself, was only about eight years old at the time.

Many, many years later, the youngest of the Stewart boys, Alastair, was coming home from Lowell, Mass. and had to change trains at Sherbrooke. As he was walking along the street, an old Indian walked up to him and asked him if his name was Stewart. He said it was and then the Indian said he was Archie Annos who had found him and his brother in the Galson woods many years ago. Uncle Alex had to tell him that it was his two older brothers that were lost but the Indian's sharp eyes had detected the family resemblance even after all those years.

This story is contributed by Mrs. Angus D. Smith (née Mary Ann Stewart) the eldest daughter of the late Neil Stewart, one of the lost boys. She is 91 years young and is presently living in Chilliwack, B.C. with her youngest son and family - Mr. and Mrs. Allan Smith.

The founding of a new society to preserve the history of the Eastern Townships,

'The Eastern Townships Heritage Foundation'

Much has been written about the beginnings of the settlement of our beautiful Eastern Townships. Many interesting stories are still in the minds of our older citizens who still have many memories of their childhood and school days in the Eastern Townships, and recorded memories in diaries, letters and photographs. There are also records of businesses, hospitals, schools and churches.

Historians have written about the first inhabitants, the Indians, who first lived here, fished in our lakes and rivers and hunted in our forests. There are fascinating stories of the hardships and triumph of the first settlers: mementoes to be preserved.

In the past few years persons who were doing research for personal projects, writing papers and thesis, and families interested in geneologies were made aware of the possibility of these documents and still unrecorded information becoming lost forever due to neglect. Out of this awareness grew the interest of several citizens to do something about it.

These people met and formed a provisional committee to investigate the ways and means of founding a society to take on the responsibility of preserving this historical material. The different historical societies were approached and they responded with interest. The executive of Bishop's University was then approached and out of this communication the university agreed to provide the facilities to house the collection.

A meeting was held on Oct. 26, 1976 in Lennoxville. The meeting was chaired by Lois Callon. Gary Caldwell gave the background of the newly proposed society. The constitution was then presented and discussed. A board of directors was elected made up from representatives from the different historical societies and interested persons. A provisional executive was then elected: Chairman Gary Richards, Vice-Chairman - Dr. Quintin and Dr. Hall, Treasurer - Irene Perkins, Secretary- Eckhard Rothe.

This new board of directors and executive will now undertake the organization of the task ahead of them. The aim is to solicit funds to enable the society to acquire a qualified person to undertake the cataloguing of the material, this to be housed in the facilities provided by the university in the university library. All persons and societies etc. in the community who have in their possession any historical materials are urged to contact the new society to have it added to the new files. The person to be contacted is Eckhard Rothe, Bishop's University Library, Lennoxville. Membership is encouraged, enquiries can be made at the same address. Let us work together to preserve our heritage!

Ronald Fortier inc.
GEMOLOGIST

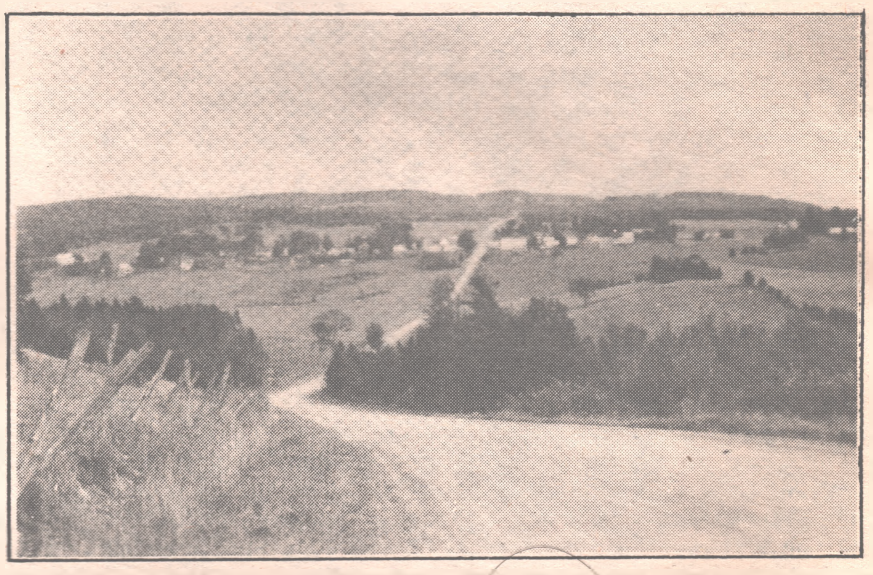


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Cruikshank, Ethel Reid - Leeds and St. Slvester Historical Sketches, published by Heritage Communications Reg'd, Cookshire, Quebec.

An Interview with the Author



Road through Leeds [East-West], 1974.

by Phyllis Pocock

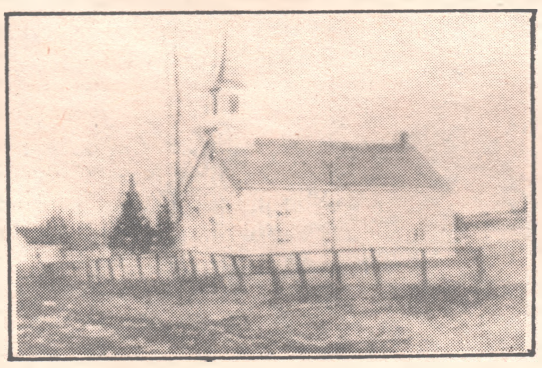
I recently spent an evening with Ethel Reid Chruikshank discussing the evolution and publication of her book: History of Leeds and St. Sylvester, in the Eastern Townships.

Ethel was born at Brantview farm, just 3 miles out of Leeds village, Megantic county. (She was born the same year the Titanic went down.) It was a 300 acre farm, a land grant, and it still remains with the sixth generation of the Reid family - 22 Reid babies have been born there. Her formative years were deeply influenced by an aunt and uncle, Dr. David McHarg and his wife, Mary. She attended the Leeds school until grade 8, attended Inverness high school and obtained her teaching certificate from McDonald's Teachers College. She taught in Ways Mills, Ascot, Matapedia and Beebe. She married Charles Chruikshank in 1937. They first lived in Thetford Mines for five years. Her husband worked in the mines as a carpenter. He didn't work right in the mines for which they were thankful. He didn't like working away from home, so they bought a farm they named 'Stony Creek', and lived there for 29 years. In 1972 they sold the farm and moved to Cookshire.

Ethel told me her chief objective in writing the history of Leeds and St. Sylvester was to preserve in written form the history of Leeds village and surrounding area which was settled early in the 19th Century by English speaking immigrants. Today the same area with the exception of a few families is owned and occupied by French speaking people.

The main part of the book is based on stories of the exodus after 1902 telling where the people settled and of their wide reaching influence. Much of the context was given in conversation and taped. The writing covered a 7 year period from her retirement in 1968 until the manuscript went to press in 1975.

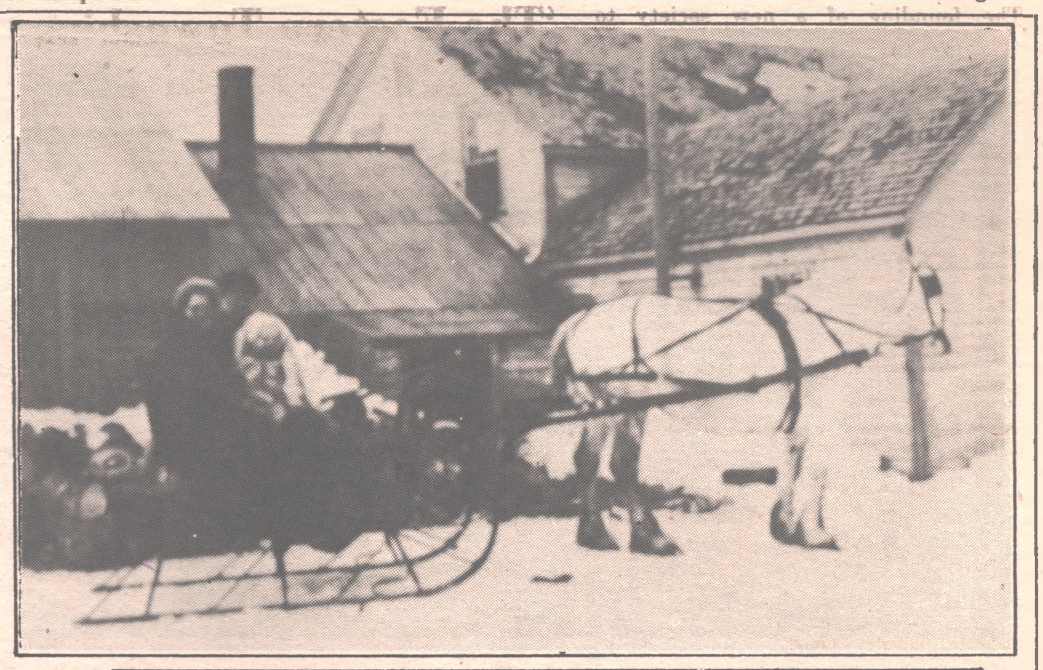
The whole thing was in her mind long before she started putting anything into writing. Her memories of the old Leeds Presbyterian Church was at the root of it all because it had been torn down and she felt deeply that the church had done much to help her in her life and she wanted to tell others of the work it had done, and the ministers who had worked there. Family conversation over the years dealt with these ministers and refer to the date of their being there. She obtained church records and copied down birth and marriages and many deaths. Her next step was to visit cemeteries and she compiled from there, records and family histories, about 15

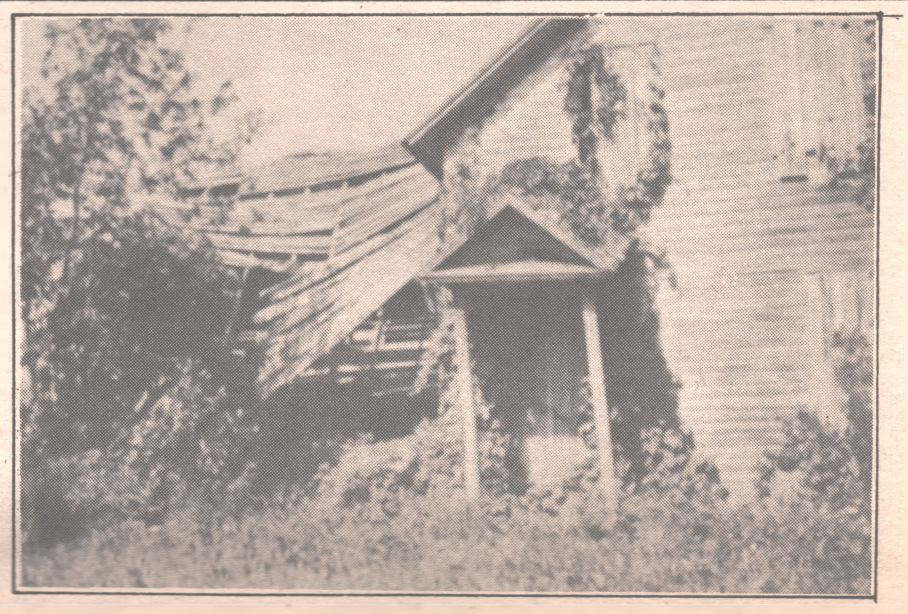


Leeds Presbyterian Church, 1900

Everett Allan Reid, age 4 months [Photographed by Jessie Patterson].







Upper right: There was something to be said for the joys of winter if you owned a cutter and a warm buffalo.

Lower right: Reid's Church Manse, Lemesurier, in disrepair, 1974.



Daniel Parker, 1813-1897



Agnes Hunter Parker, 1812-1867

family trees. With these she could begin writing.

Visiting the cemeteries had a great deal to do with her wanting to do the genealogies that went into the book. She feels the genealogical section of the book is a valuable text and she is finding it most rewarding to receive friendly letters from people she has never met or heard about. They write her like friends of long standing. Usually their reason for writing is to continue their family tree. She had recently received a letter from a lady she had never met who wrote, 'Dear Ethel, excuse the familiarity, but I feel that I have known you for years.' She continued to say that she felt she was related and that she would like one of the books. She belongs to a genealogical society in Calgary and there she met a Louise McHarg who had obtained a book in which she had seen her grandmother's picture.

Ethel went on to talk about a Mrs. Harper whose work is to visit cemeteries and record the material for the government. She has an extensive record on file. The public who are interested could easily obtain any of these recorded facts by writing to Mrs. Harper at 135 Sinich Ave.E., Willowdale, Ontario, M2N 4R6. There has been a renewed interest over the past few years in the writing of family histories and genealogies. It is very important to leave these important records for generations to come.

Ethel went on to tell me one interesting little item. She was visiting museums in Ottawa and in one she saw the furniture that John White had in his own home while he was a member of parliament for Megantic county. It had been donated by his grandson, Wilfred McCutcheon. At the back of the book are authentic signatures of people of interest from the area covered by the book.

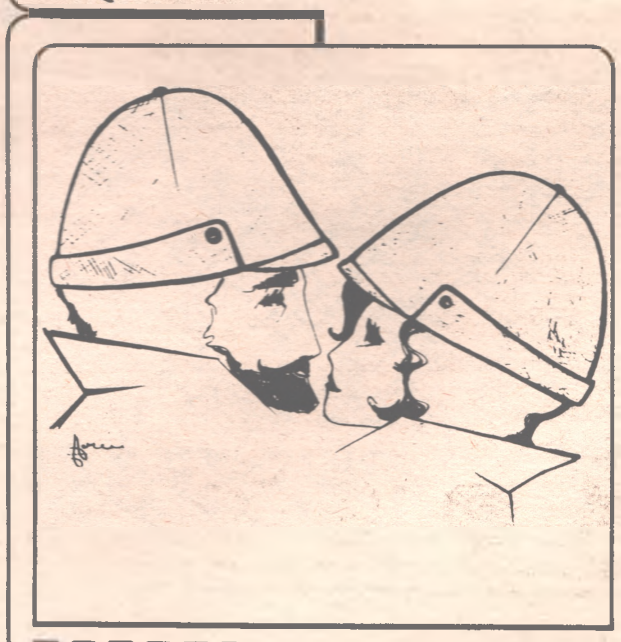
The publication and sale of her book is personally financed by Ethel Chruiksank - it is a non-profit project. It was a labour of love. She is registered with the National Library. The book was printed in Montreal and the 1,000 copies are available at Heritage Communications Ltd., 1000 Main St., Cookshire. They are also available at Clark's News Stand, 107 Queen St., Lennoxville.

I have personally read a copy of this book and was surprised and delighted to know several families mentioned. The photographs are most interesting. On reading this book it can easily be described as 'a labour of love'.



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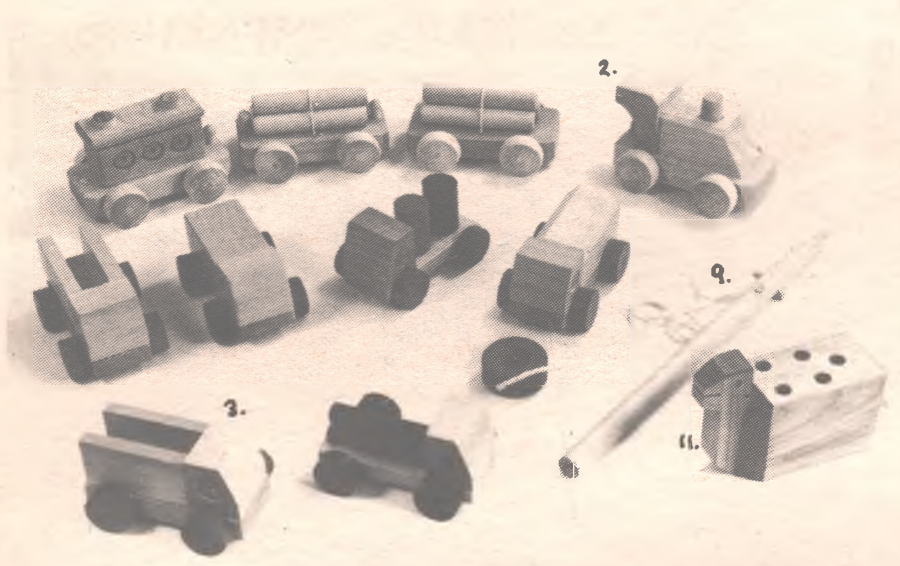
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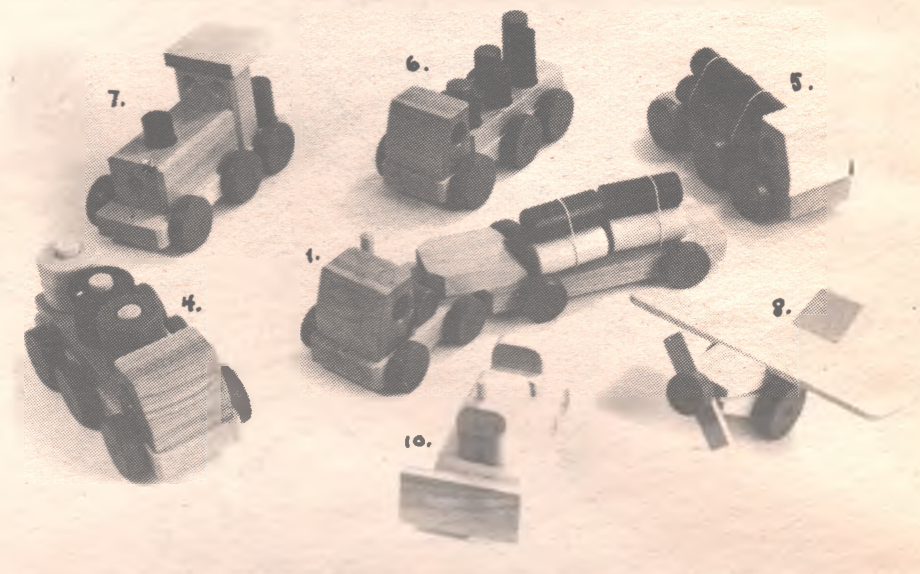
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Mr Stacey in the first decades of Queen Victoria's reign saw the Great Exhibition and was involved in the fire at the Tower, in which the Crown Jewels were almost lost. George, who met nearly every disaster that could befall an inexperienced farmer, overcame most of them by his unfailing resilience and courage: with his wife and family he suffered at first acute poverty and near starvation in the the severe winters. He witnessed the sad flood of Irish immigrants and the political troubles of Upper and Lower Canada; his news of the arrival of the railway and its effects will be a revelation to modern readers, likewise his observation of the rapid development of a great nation.

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Residents of Lennoxville, past and present, and many others who spent their student days in the area wiill find something of interest in its pages.



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STORY-TELLING



Benedict Arnold on Lake Megantic

by Bernard Epps

It was a cold night. We sat in the Oldtimer's cabin with a good fire flapping in the big black stove and his oil lamp casting a pool of warm light over the checkerboard. He'd just beaten me five games straight with enormous relish and no trouble at all.

'Playing checkers with you,' he said as he stoked his pipe, 'is as good as having a pension!'

'How about that story now?' I asked.

'What story's that, then?'

'The one about Benedict Arnold invading Lake Megantic.'

'How's it go?'

'How should I know? It's your story.'

'Then what are you doing with it?'

'I haven't got it. You were going to give it to me.'

'And why should I be giving it to you?'

I rolled my eyes to the ceiling and sighed.

'In payment,' said I, very carefully, 'for letting you beat me five games out of five.'

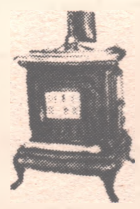
He stopped sucking the match-flame into his pipe and stared at me with something like pity. I smiled sweetly back. He snorted and shook out his match.

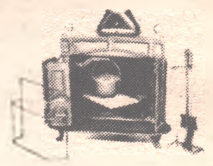
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'Have you been noticing,' he said, 'how many Yanks are coming into the country lately?'

'A few,' I admitted.

'A gaggle!' he said. 'They're coming up to the Townships in droves with whiskers and nanny-goats.'

'With what?'

'And pretty bare-foot girls who go around breast-feeding their tads as if they were inventing it.'

'I'm a Yank myself,' said I.

'And they're building teepees in the woods like the Indians was back. And a Geo-whatsit dome in the front yard like the Martians had landed. And laid an egg.'

'Geodesic.'

'Gesundheit.'

'Danke.'

'And it is not the first time they are coming up here looking for cheap land. I'm hearing they've tried several times before. They got beat each time and draggled back home with their tails between their legs and so they did.'

'What's all this got to do with Benedict Arnold?'

'I figure it is something like Napoleon when he was going into Russia. Hitler, likewise. It was the country what did them in. It was too much for them.'

I began to understand what he was up to, then, and kept shut.

'That's why we call it God's Country,' said he. 'It is unfit for human habitation.'

'Tell me about Arnold.'

'Old Ben was captain of his local militia when they started up that fuss down around Lexington and Concord. Were you ever hearing of the Boston Tea Party?'

'Of course.'

'Are you knowing why the British got mad?'

'Sure. Because they dumped all the tea in the water.'

'Nope,' said he with a sudden grin. 'It was because every Englishman knows you have to put the milk in first!'

I refused to laugh. It was getting late and I wanted that story before I went home, yet getting a story out of him was a little like pulling teeth - just when you got a good hold, you were bitten.

'Benedict Arnold,' I reminded him gently but firmly. 'Tell me about Benedict Arnold.'

'He went right out with his militia and joined up with General George who was camped outside Boston. First thing Ben noticed was that the Yanks had no cannon and he asked George if it was all right if he went up to Canada and stole some.'

He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. History was on parade.

'George thought that was a pretty good idea and so he made Ben Arnold a colonel then and there. Colonel Ben took a few of his best boys and went up the Richelieu River where there was just ten redcoats guarding the fort at St. Jean. He took them prisoner and swiped all their cannons.'

'Was it that easy?'

'It was so easy, they started figuring the rest of Canada would be a pushover. We was just the fourteenth American Colony in them days, see. There was a few redcoats in Montreal and a bit of a garrison up at Quebec and that was about all. The rest of the British army was down around Boston and New York where they'd been having all that fuss and bother.'

He opened his eyes, leaned forward and abruptly stabbed a finger at the checker-board.

'I'll try to make it simple,' he said, 'because it is as plain as a pig you are knowing nothing at all of military tic-tacs.'

'Tic-tacs?'

'Right.'

'You mean tactics.'

'So do you!' he retorted and began moving checkers around on the board. 'The black ones is the bad guys and the white ones is us. I'll crown the whites and make kings of 'em. The Yanks didn't want no kings.'

He placed a white king halfway up the left side of the board and another in the top right corner.

'Down here's Montreal. Up there's Quebec. Got that so far?'

'Got it.'

'Good. The Yanks is down here in Yankeeland.' He laid out a row of black checkers in the bottom-most rank.

'Always before,' he went on, using the stem of his pipe as a pointer, 'the Yanks'd be coming straight up Lake Champlain and the Richelieu to be reaching Montreal. Then they'd be sending another bunch right around here by sea to attack Quebec but the navigation was pretty rough that way. Half the time the river froze and half the time there was gales blowing. More'n one Yankee ship went down trying to get to Quebec. Got that so far?'

'Got it.'

'Good. Now here's where Ben Arnold's tic-tocs come in.'

'Tactics.'

'What?'

'You said tic-tocs. You mean tactics.'

'So's yourself,' he replied, not a whit abashed. 'Ben Arnold heard of a way to come straight up here, you see.' He indicated the right-hand edge of the board with his pipe-stem. 'Straight up the Kennebec River, across to Lake Megantic and then right down the Chaudiere to Quebec City. He figured to start out in the fall and get there just after the river froze so the British couldn't be sending in reinforcements.'

'Clever,' said I.

'Meanwhile, another bunch of Yanks would be coming up on the usual way by St. Jean and Chambly and hit Montreal. If the British came down to help out at Montreal, then Ben would pop out of the woods and snatch Quebec. If the British abandoned Montreal - it wasn't much of a place even then - and withdrew back up here to Quebec, then he'd just be holding them there until the rest of the Yanks came up to help him knock down the walls. Either way, before the British could get back in the spring, Quebec City would be a dead duck. Got that so far?'

'Got it.'

'Good. And that, my feeble-minded friend, is what they call tic...er, tac... strategy.'

'Got it,' said I with a grin.

He was clearly enjoying playing general with his pipe-stem and his checkerboard and moved a pair of the blacks into position for the start of the attack.

'So here comes Ben up the Kennebec River and it is September and the river is very rough. There was lots of rapids and they lost a lot of their supplies. When they came to the Height of Land where the border is today, they had to leave their boats behind them and come down to Lake Megantic with whatever they could carry. They were calling it Amaguntic Pond in them days. That's where their troubles were really getting started.'

'How's that?'

'Twas October by this time and all this country around Spider Lake and up there is full of bogs and swamps. The men were tired and sick and hungry and here they stumbled around in half-frozen muck getting soaked and snowed on and lost and starved and sick and drownded and froze. That's rough country and so it is. Some of 'em are there yet, I wouldn't wonder.' He knocked one of the checkers - half of Ben Arnold's force - right off the board. The white king sat smugly up at the corner where was Quebec and the remaining checker - chipped and a little dirty - stumbled on towards it.

'By the time they got up to civilization at St. George de Beauce - Sartigan they called it in them days - there wasn't much fight left in 'em. They'd been eating their shoes and throwing their rifles away. It was Lake Megantic that beat 'em, you see.'

'Got it,' said I and pointed to the other side of the board. 'What's happening in Montreal?'

'That went off much better for the Yanks,' said he and moved two black checkers remorselessly on the white which was quickly forced to abandon its square and zig-zag back across the board to join the other king at Quebec. The blacks followed close behind and joined Arnold's remnants. We were outnumbered 2 to 3 but even a checker-playing ignoramus such as myself could see we were safe so long as we stayed in the corner.

'The Yanks got together and pounded the city but we wouldn't come out and fight. It was warm inside the walls. Ben and his boys were out in the cold and had to make the best of it throwing snowballs at the walls and cursing something fierce. After Christmas, they tried to get into Lower Town and that's where Ben got wounded and the General who took Montreal got himself killed. They hung around a while longer but they hadn't much spirit left. When spring came and the ice went out, three British warships came up loaded down with fresh troops.'

Three more white kings were set up on the board near Quebec and the Yanks now outnumbered 3 to 5. The blacks were chased inexorably down the board and swept at last to the floor.

'And that,' said the Oldtimer, 'was how me and Lake Megantic won the American Revolution.'

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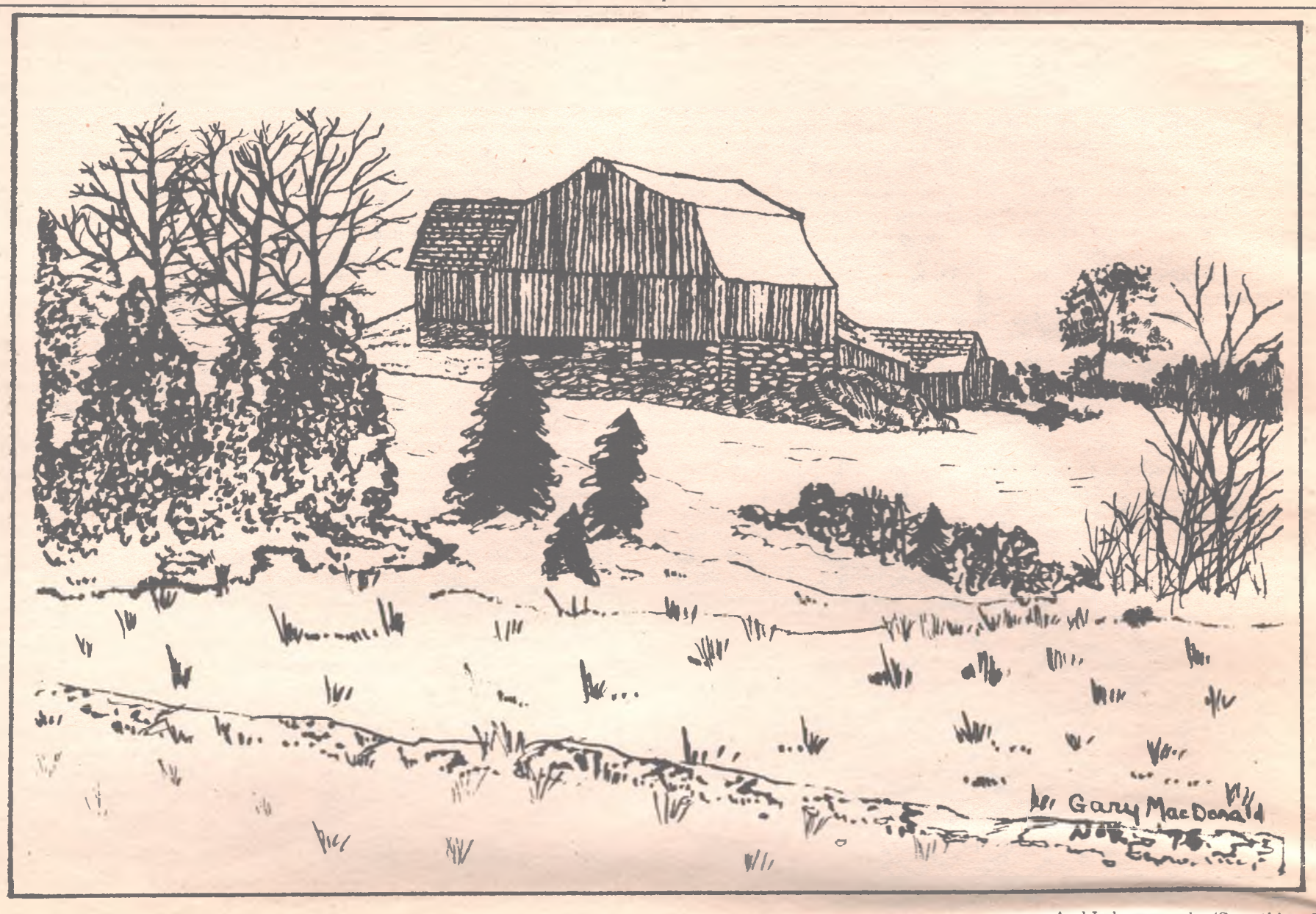
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As Long as You're Going Anyway...

by Audrey Martin McCaw

Our cottage is a lovely rustic thing, perched like an alpine cabin amid the rolling foothills of the Sutton range and jutting conveniently over the graceful shoreline of Selby Lake. There are scores of other alpine cabins located cheek by jowl almost within a stone's throw, each harboring a family of friendly, gregarious, bosom pals whom we've known for years. They'd do anything for us and we'd do anything for them.

Yet there are times - just once in a while, mind you - when my wife and I would cheerfully sell our cottage for the proverbial song and apply for a piece of crown land in the northern wilderness.

Now, don't misunderstand me. They're fine people; they're the salt of the earth. They just overestimate the capacity of my compact car. There isn't a Friday night that I don't hurry home from a grueling week at the office, bolt down a cold supper with the family, load the trunk with the weekend supplies, lock up the house - and then who should drop by at the last minute but one of our country buddies with a suitcase, or a box of groceries, or a couple of tools, or even a child, and say brightly:

'Could you fit this in, Norm? I can't get away till tomorrow. Hate to bother you, but as long as you're going anyway...?'

And I always reply: 'Sure thing, Mac. Always room for one more!'

So we finally get away, loaded to the hilt, often after removing something of our own to make room, crammed in like sardines and trying to work up a holiday mood as we fight the traffic over Champlain Bridge and jockey for position on the Townships autoroute.

Last weekend was a typical example. We've always found our little 4-cylinder gas-saver ideal for a family of four - roomy on the inside and compact on the outside. Ours actually is a family of four, except that on this occasion our daughter Beth took along her new boyfriend, Bob; our young son invited his pal, Pete; and we have a large, lovable, good-for-nothing dog called Bugle who would willingly fill the back seat all by himself and who, on rare and memorable occasions, gets carsick.

Beth is normally a sweet, good-natured child who until recently asked nothing more from life than to knock around her beloved cottage in an old pair of jeans, a sloppy T-shirt and bare feet. Then Bob came into the picture and she metamorphosed overnight into a sophisticated, clothes-conscious siren of sixteen. An extra suitcase was required to transport her new sport clothes and the bouffant evening dress she'd whipped up for the dance at the country club. It seems that Bob is the scion of a prominent family and had to be impressed. My wife and I exchanged amused glances when she referred to our destination as 'just a simple little shack in the woods'. On second thought, I hoped Bob was expecting just that and wouldn't be adverse to chopping a cord or two.



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We were all packed and ready to go when a fellow from the next street came rushing over in his car.

'Boy, am I glad I caught you, Norm! I borrowed Fred's golf clubs when I was out at the office tournament during the summer. Would you mind returning them for me? Hope it won't crowd you, but as long as you're going anyway...?'

I gave him my Boy Scout smile. 'Sure thing. Pass them over. Glad to help.'

Well, I haven't golfed for years. To me, a set of clubs is a neat little bag with a few sticks and a shoulder strap that would lie inconspicuously under the children's feet. Not any more! He opened his trunk and wheeled out - yes sir, wheeled out - a great, wide, shiny piece of equipment that was certainly a thing of beauty but was big enough to contain twenty clubs, each carefully protected with a leather head-warmer. For one idiotic moment I considered hitching it onto the back of the car.

Our trunk was full as usual, ingeniously packed with the efficiency of long experience. The clubs would have to ride with us. The four young people were already wedged in the back seat, my wife and the dog in front.

'Everybody out!' I said.

The only place for the bag was to stand upright on the floor in the back, so we put the dog on the seat behind it, Joey next to the dog, then Beth and Bob who didn't object to close quarters. Our young guest, Pete, fitted over the crack between my wife and me in front. Oh yes, there was a box of groceries that had to go on the floor, too. We put it under Mother's feet.

With a hot wind blowing and the holiday traffic breathing down our necks, we headed for the Townships. Nevertheless, a pleasant feeling stole over me as I thought of Alfie, a bachelor in my office who invariable casts envious glances at me on Friday afternoons and tells me how lucky I am to have a family and a cottage to go to. If he had any gumption he could have the same blessings. I could see his shy, wistful smile and I felt a twinge of guilt. Poor old Alfie. Some weekend I really must invite him out.

I hadn't had time to service the car so soon after we turned off the Autoroute we stopped for gas. About ten miles further on Pete nudged me and asked if I'd mind pulling into the next filling station.

'But we stopped for gas just a few...' I began to protest, unthinking.

'I know. I'm sorry, sir.'

We made the stop and I caught a tight-lipped look from Beth that unmistakedly said: 'Really, Father!'

Even out here the traffic was still heavy and we had an annoying wait to get back onto the highway. The car was stifling. I glanced at my wife's uncomfortable position and felt a pang of pity. She was a good sport. At the first opportunity I pulled into the stopping lane.

'Everybody out. We're going to change places.'

This time I put our two, Beth and Joey, in the front and the others began to arrange themselves in the back.

'Dad, couldn't we...?' began Beth. I looked into her disappointed eyes and, getting the message, succumbed as usual.

'Oh, all right. Beth and Bob in the front. Mother, Bugle and the boys in the back. Leave the dog behind the clubs but keep your eye on him.'

My warning was not ill-timed. We had barely got going when Joey suddenly cried out: 'Stop, Dad. It's Bugle. He's panting in that funny way and his stomach's going in and out!'

Oh no! I thought of the beautiful golf bag that must have cost Fred a small fortune and felt a little sick myself. I pulled over and stopped. It was too late. Bugle never does give much notice.

We climbed out, those in the back carefully watching their step and everybody nosily filling their lungs with great gasps of fresh air. Beth detached herself from Bob long enough to glare at me and mutter between her teeth:

'I've never been so humiliated in my life!'

Mother found some newspaper and, since this job always seems to fall to Mother, she took care of it. By an amazing stroke of luck Bugle had missed the bag by half an inch. He was sitting dejectedly on the grass, looking up at me with his big, soulful Beagle's eyes and I overcame an almost irresistable urge to heave him over a nearby bridge.

Newspapers may remove the visible traces of the misfortune but never completely eradicate the memory, even with all the windows open. We carried on under this new difficulty, Beth sitting beside me red-faced and stiffly erect, obviously blaming Dad for this disaster- a blow to her social aspirations. Suddenly the face of Alfie, the office bachelor, appeared before me. I must be crazy! That wasn't a wistful smile, that was an ugly, knowing leer!

Mother bravely suggested a sing-song, but everyone was too miserable. I didn't feel much like Mitch Miller myself. We drove the last couple of miles of gravel road in uncomfortable silence and I wished to heaven we'd never left home.

At last we reached the lake and I pulled into Fred's place to drop the clubs. I suppose he'd arrived only an hour or so ahead of us but, when he strolled leisurely off the porch, smiling, debonair, he was the picture of rustic contentment. He had a long, cold drink in his hand.

'Thanks a lot, Norm. Can you stop for a thirst-quencher?'

I climbed out of the car and experienced a miraculous revival as the cool mountain air touched my cheek and dried the perspiration on my brow. Before replying I had a good stretch and turned to look at the view.

There it was, the same old magic: the setting sun throwing a carpet of silver at our feet from the other side of the lake, pink clouds caressing the tops of purple hills, a faint breeze making rustling sounds in the poplar trees, a whip-poor-will calling in the distance, answered by the gar-rump of our old bullfrog. The invitation was attractive. I glanced at the car. The four young people were all leaning forward in their seats, smiling, drinking in the view. My wife was moving into the driver's seat and giving me our special smile.

'Go ahead, dear. We'll drive over to the cottage and start unloading.'

Life was great. When you get right down to it, there's no place like the country.

Fred was saying: 'I hope it didn't put you to any trouble bringing these out.'

I clapped my old pal heartily on the shoulder and headed him toward the porch. 'No trouble at all, Fred. We were coming anyway!'

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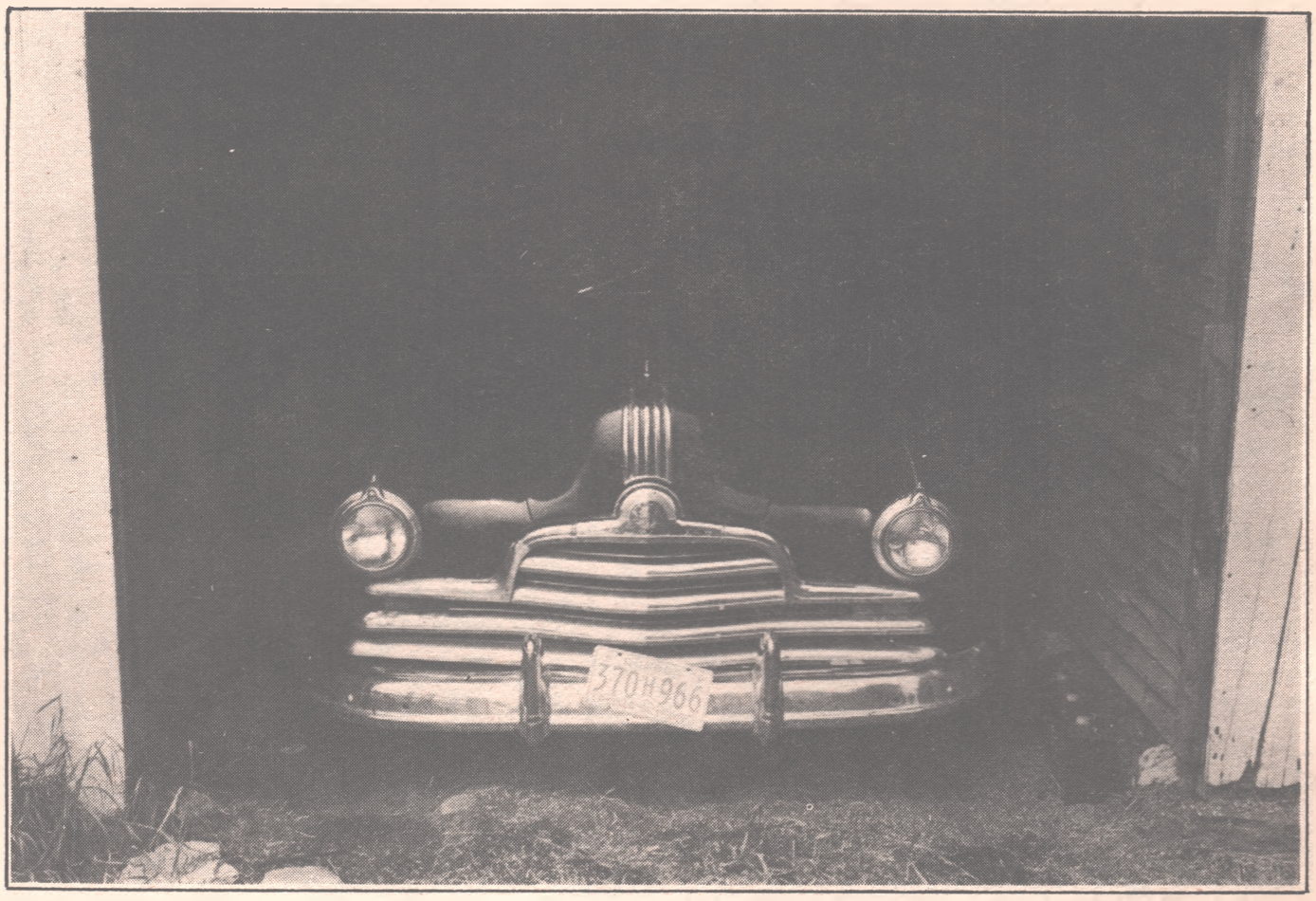
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The Townships Sun

SECOND SECTION
DECEMBER 1, 1976



TOWNSHIPS LIFE

Citizens Movement against the Fullerton Pond Project

by Ursula Seebohm

A non-profit group, headed by a lawyer, has been formed by citizens in Brome County, for the purpose of protecting the environment and preventing the destruction of a way of life of people, forests and animals.

The first battle the group will fight is against Hydro Quebec. About a month ago in Mansonville, a very small part of the population was informed by five Hydro engineers about a proposed project to build a pumped-storage reservoir station in the Sutton Mountain Range on the Potton Township side.

The Sutton Mountain Range has an approximate size of 60 square miles (38,000 acres) of untouched nature with the highest peaks of the area in it. Round Top Sutton, Mount Echo and Singer Mountain are there.

The Hydro people did not mind the forming of groups to protest against this project on environmental or other grounds, and they said that the environmental protests will be taken into consideration. The project is still in the preliminary stage, and it is still uncertain which decision will be taken, so now is the time for the people of the Townships to find out about the project and decide whether they want it or not.

To give the reader a general picture of the matter, we want to acquaint you with some facts and figures.

There will be an upper reservoir at the site of the Fullerton Pond, with a flooded area of 0.8 square miles or 512 acres. A lower reservoir in the Missisquoi Valley will have a flooded area of about half a square mile or 320 acres.

The dike of the upper reservoir will have a length of 1.5 miles and a maximum height of 164 feet. The lower dam would be 1.7 miles long with a maximum height of 147 feet. The earth needed for the dikes would be, roughly calculated, about 15,000,000 cubic yards for each.

This would mean about 500,000 dumptruck loads for each building site. Extended over 5 years with 300 workdays each that comes to 333 truckloads a day. (One dumptruck load equals 30 cubic yards or about 50 tons of earth).

Besides, in order to create a water-tight foundation for the dikes, the topsoil has to be removed at the sites. Thus, in addition to the cutting of trees and clearing of the land on more than 1,000 acres, this removal of the topsoil will most adversely affect the water table in the region.

There will be extensive blasting required for the underground conduits and power station, as planned by Hydro.

Water level changes in the proposed pumped-storage facility at Fullerton

Power generation at 2000 MW	Water level drop-upper reservoir	water level rise-lower reservoir
normal winter 2 and a half hours per day	12.9 ft	16.7 ft
normal summer half hour per day	2.6 ft	3.3 ft
average winter power failure 5 and a half hours	28.3 ft	45.3 ft
average summer power failure 3 and a half hours	18 ft	23.4 ft
major power failure 12 hours	62 ft	80 ft

Assuming 100 per cent efficiency. The above level changes are therefore the minimum.

The figures in the chart on water level changes do not need further comment about the magnitude of the project.

Of course, a lot of questions remain open, but we hope they will be answered, when Hydro gives us detailed and exact information, as they promised they would do in the brochure they handed out to the Mansonville people they invited to their meeting.

We will demand that they tell us the area size of forest to be cut, the soil consequences on the water table, and the whole micro-ecological effect measured by their environmentalists.

We want to know what other area studies have been carried out there and how thoroughly they have been done. Hydro is a public agency and certain things have to be made public.

We would also like to know what Hydro means when they say they would 'encourage multiple use of the site'. What do they mean by 'multiple use'?

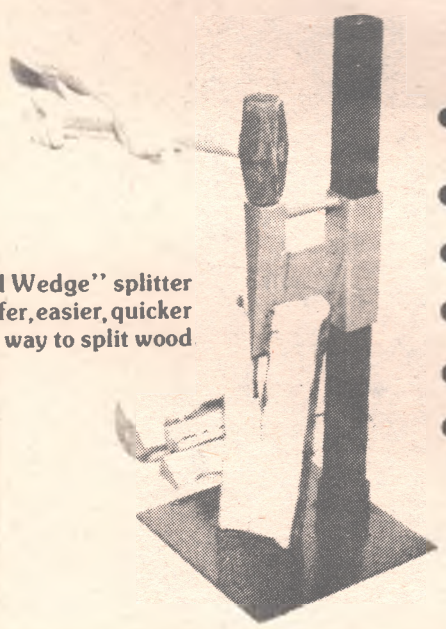
Apart from the Hydro studies, the opposing group of citizens will bring in their own impartial experts - specialists in forestry, urbanization, soil, etc.

Our Brome County group has the example of two pioneering citizens associations that sucessfully protested in similar circumstances within the Province of Quebec. One is the group that opposed the Jacques Cartier River Project, 20 miles north of Quebec City, and the other group resisted the Rigaud Project.

From both these cases, we have learned all possible ways of getting support and advice, connections and addresses, and we will spare no effort to try every one of these.

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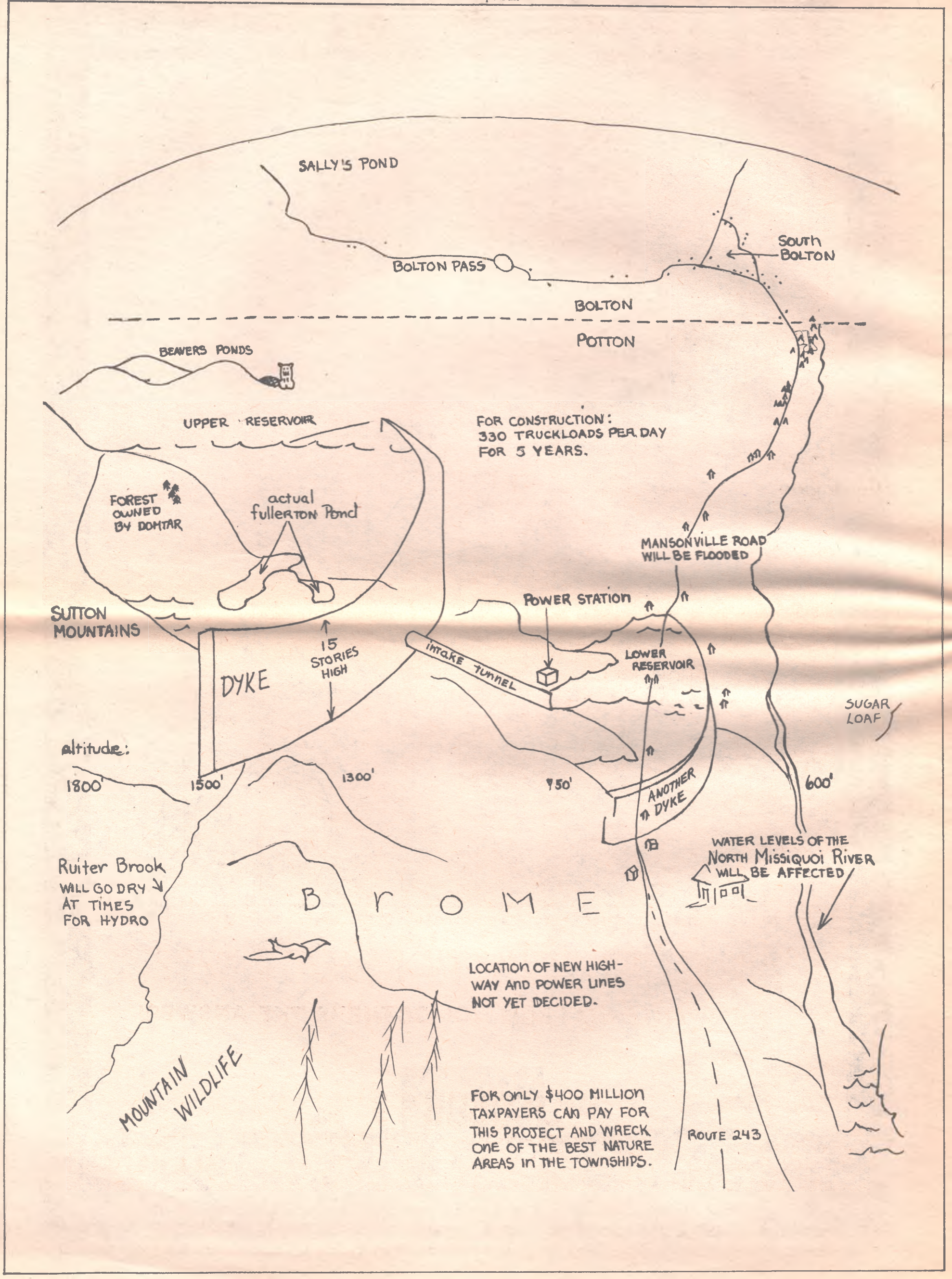
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ROUTE 243



A lot to lose, Little to gain

by Ursula Seebohm

The Sutton Mountain Range is the highest and biggest mountain range in the Townships, and many would say that it is also the most beautiful. And it is a miracle to have such an area of undisturbed nature within one hour's driving distance from a metropolitian city of two million inhabitants like Montreal. This is unique within the whole western world! This fact alone gives the Sutton Mountain Range its right to exist. Only last year the writer of these lines made the first marked trails through this mountain forest.

Fullerton Pond itself, with a size of 70 acres, high up in the center of the mountains (1,500 feet) is a picture of solitude and an antidote to modern life. Many a harrassed city person can regain his strength in this nature reserve. If you wander about in its spaces in spring and fall (or in skis in winter) when the leaves are down, you get glorious views in whatever direction you look. Hiking up from the north side you soon view Brome Lake and a little higher, Mount Orford. Still higher, on a clear day, you can see one mountain range after another far into Vermont.

The animal life (unfortunately again, two bears were recently shot in there) and the abundance of birds together with all the nature observations could fill a book in itself. Should we sacrifice all this, if there is still a chance to keep it?

It could all be saved with a simple zoning by-law, to zone the Sutton Mountain Range as an exclusive forest area. Where is the region's 'Overall Development Plan'? Not even our representative in government knows about it. Plans like that must be in existence like anywhere else! Even suburbs of Montreal have long range master plans, providing for green spaces, including human needs.

Hydro Quebec stated in its brochure on the Fullerton Project that they have ten other sites in Southern Quebec to fall back on, if this does not come through. Not ten other sites in the building stage, as one newspaper reported. This misunderstanding might stem from the difference in meaning of the French word 'projet', which is strictly on the drawing board and the English word 'project', which can be in the building stage. Therefore Hydro has ten equivalent possibilities for a peaking power station in Southern Quebec. Why then this site, which hurts so many?

Now let's dwell for a while on the biggest impact and injustice that would be done, should this project become reality - all the people who would be expropriated, who would lose their life-line, maybe even their reason to be.

The lower dam will be erected on agricultural soil on the shores of the Missisquoi River. Old settlements full of tradition and history, even one of the last round barns still standing, are just on the reservoir site. It could become a restored historic monument, unless it is drowned in the floods.

Should all these people whose forefathers lived there for generations be chased away? And what about all the city people, the retired people who put their dream houses up out there, to continue life in a peaceful and healthy way with views on the most picturesque scenery? Is it just that they have to pack up and leave? Think about the ever-lovely Ruiter River Valley from Dunkin up to the very end, where the wilderness starts. What will it be like when the Ruiter River is dry at times, because of this project? And what will it be like to have trucks rolling for five years, over 300 truckloads per day?

Life in a wide surrounding area will not be the same for anyone anymore. The five years of rolling trucks, detonations, dust and noise, will spoil an unsurpassable resort area forever. The reservoirs will be muddy lakes with changing water levels - up to 80 feet - leaving stinky polluted shores, in which no fish can live. How will popular ski mountain, Mt. Owlshead, with an unsurpassable view over Lake Memphramagog, be reached if the South Bolton-Mansonville highway will disappear for miles (the site of the dike). The highway will have to be rebuilt somewhere else (Hydro does not know where yet!) and this in turn means more expropriation, more construction work, more destruction of the area. And where will the power transmission lines be built? No one is saying yet.

And all that just for a power station that will be used only at hours of peak electricity demand - about 2 hours on Monday, 2 hours on Tuesday - plus help in power failures for up to 5 hours in winter and up to 10 hours in summer. What about the power failure we had a few weeks ago, that lasted 19 hours? The new power station would not even be enough to meet that kind of demand.

If anyone still feels there is a positive point in this project at least in the question of unemployment, some people might be pleased to hear the unemployed can shovel dirt for the dike for five years. And no more work after that, the maintenance of a pumped-storage needs but a handful of people. What is five years of work for some in view of the future? Who can see the advantages? Electricity, we shall get as much or as little as the other areas get!

Another important question has not been touched yet - the corridor of the transmission line and it environmental impact. Hydro has not revealed yet for which part of the area this will go. A transmission line of about 700,000 volts needs a corridor of 500 feet width, the electro-magnetic field of such has consequences of a much bigger range which cannot be pointed out here.

Furthermore, it would be interesting to see which role Domtar, the company which owns more that one-half of the whole Sutton Range will play. Their last purchase here of the 2,000 acre Fullerton Pond site early this summer happened after one year of negotiation with the previous owner, parallel to the two years investigation of Hydro in the Fullerton Pond area.

Since Hydro has ten other sites available, the peaking power station will have to be built somewhere else.

ZENITH TOSHIBA PHILLIPS SANSUI AKAI TELEFUNKEN ONKYO DYNACORD GIBSON GRETSCH RICKENBAKER DUAL TRAYNOR ROTEL

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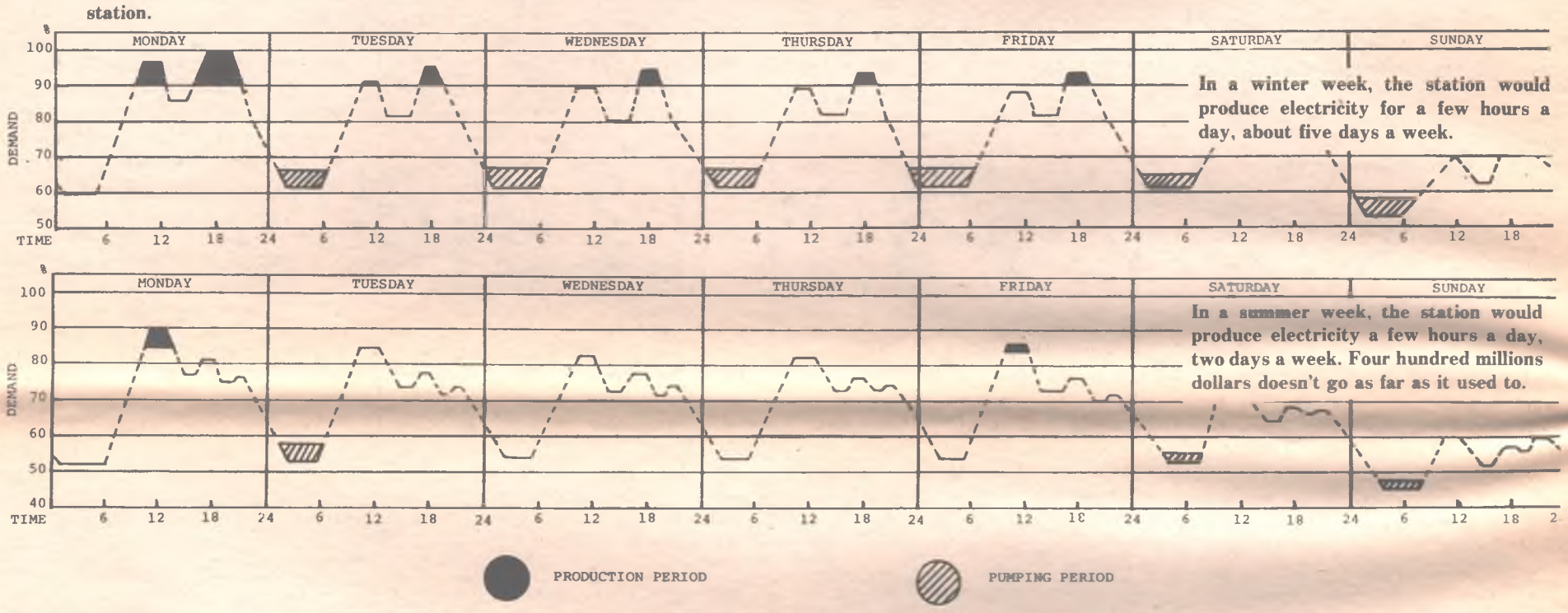
ZENITH TOSHIBA PHILLIPS SANSUI AKAI TELEFUNKEN ONKYO DYNACORD GIBSON GRETSCH RICKENBAKER DUAL TRAYNOR ROTEL

Fullerton Pond Project

by Maria Bray

Guy Leclerc, Ing. Planning, Dominique Egle, Environment, Maurice Laliberte, Ing. Projets de Centrale, Jean Laperriere, Relations Publiques (and Gilles Poirier, Management taking part from the side lines) - these were personnel representing Hydro-Quebec at a public meeting in the Mansonville Town Hall to inform interested parties of Hydro's preliminary studies over a period of two years on a pumped storage station project at Fullerton Pond site which is located at the top of a mountain, on the east side of Sutton Mountain in the Township of Potton, between Bolton Pass and Mansonville.

Operating cycle of a pumped-storage station.



From printed matter handed out in French and English is the following:

In addition to this powerhouse, the Fullerton Pond project will also involve erection of two dikes to create an upper and a lower reservoir needed to operate this type of power station, one being located at the Fullerton site and the other located about two and a half miles from South Bolton along highway 243 (39) reaching just beyond Traver Road at the south end.

This artificially created lower reservoir would have a maximum elevation of 770 feet with a dike height of 147 feet (15 storeys high) and the flooded area would take in about half a square mile (probably about 16 times wider than Missisquoi River, or more) and would be linked by underground conduits leading to the powerhouse, also underground. The Fullerton Pond capacity would be increased to a normal elevation of water being maintained at about 1508 feet, and at this level, the maximum dike height would be 164 feet with a flooded area of 0.8 square miles. The reservoirs would be filled initially from the North Missisquoi River. Installation of the pump storage station will have a capacity of between 500 and 2000 M.W., meeting peak-power demand after 1987. In the years 1985 to 1990, Hydro-Quebec will need about 6000 M.W. of new plant to generate electricity during peak period demands.

All phases of environmental surveys were taken in studies which included river flow, ice cover, land flora and fauna, fish population and of local and regional socio-economic characteristics. It is also mentioned in the booklet that 'Hydro-Quebec could take to encourage multiple use of the site should there be any opportunity for this.' (It was rumored last year that maybe a Pulp and Paper factory would be erected by Domtar around 1980 - at present, it is said that Domtar owns the land of the proposed Fullerton Pond project.)



'The useful life of a power station like Fullerton is 50 years, therefore, it is not possible to say that the station would be operated in the same way in the year 2025 as in 1990.' In the case of a major power failure, the station could be used up to 12 consecutive hours. In minor power failures, the average daily utilization could be from five to six hours in winter and three to four hours in summer.

The Oct. 5th meeting was mainly in French until someone objected, then the French speaking personnel chose to translate some important points made, in English, and in their own fashion of speech. The following was extracted from a cassette tape taken by Maria Bray, who said, in part: The wall (Fullerton dike) will be opposite houses along the highway below, if it ever collapsed, everyone at the highway would get drowned. This has been known to have happened. How can we be guaranteed that it is going to be a real good strong wall (this brought on much laughter). The answer was in French and the translator, in part, said that studies on rocks say that will sustain it and the components of the dike, mentioning that there are many techniques that have proved successful in knowing what will be the exact resistance of the dike construction - 'you have less chances that this happens than to be hit on the road (by a car) - the chances are very low - I don't think that there ever was a dike that was in real danger.'

In answer to another question the audience was assured that the reservoir would not be brought across the river although there will be some installation on the river in order to take the water from it to the lower reservoir. This machinery is about three feet high and should not change the course of the river during the time it is being pumped which will be done in the Spring, and there should be no land affected or expropriated on the east side of the river.

An engineer with a Montreal firm, Mr. Edgar Ransom, living on 'The Lord's Farm', claims that the lower dike will be in his front yard and said: 'I assume that Fullerton Pond will never be drained lower than its present level - it will always be higher than its present level - is this not so? (answer - yes). I don't see that it should come down lower. Secondly, to fill the lower basin, will you continually need to pump from the river to overcome evaporation and perculation or is there enough in the drainage basin?' Answer: 'The water loss taken by evaporation should be taken back by the drainage.'

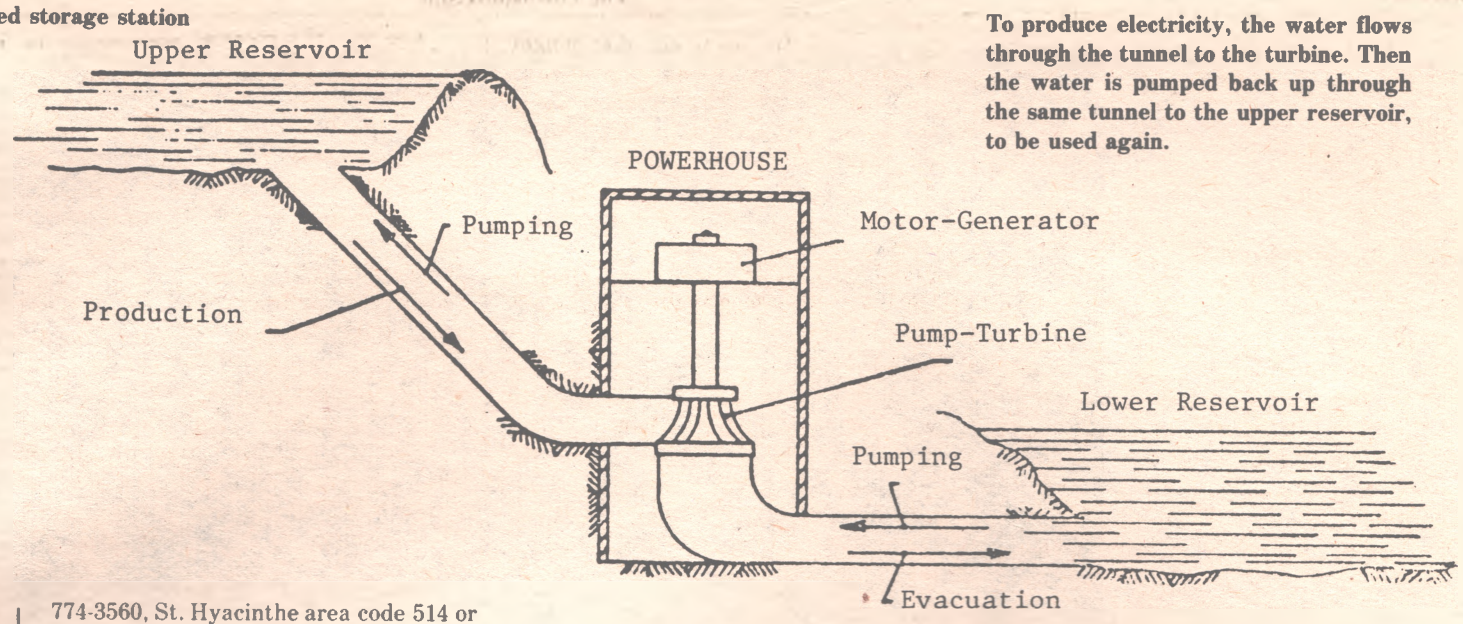
DEAR READERS: Please share with us your reactions to the Fullerton Pond Project. How do you feel about it? How will it affect you? What should we do about it? Are you willing to help? Write to the Townships Sun, Box 420, Waterville.

Our next issue comes out on Dec. 15- to meet that deadline, we need your letters by Dec. 6.

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Profile of a pumped storage station



To produce electricity, the water flows through the tunnel to the turbine. Then the water is pumped back up through the same tunnel to the upper reservoir, to be used again.

Mayor of Potton Township, Bruce Armstrong: 'The final approval of projects put into action at peak period, how many people would be employed to construct the dam, approximately, and how long would it take to construct the upper and lower reservoirs, in other words, what is the impact on the municipality of the construction of the dam, in terms of employment?' Answer: 'We do not know exactly how many people and the construction time should take about seven years.' (Mr. Ransom spoke here, saying that on Moutarde 2 they have 1200.)

The lady that owns the Artisan shop on the former Manson place, highway 243, questioned and spoke extensively in French on the ecological factor and the selling of power to the U.S. In answer to another question, Hydro could not know exactly what land would be taken up outside of the reservoir limits, but that any land disturbed during construction could be restored.

Maria Bray said: 'I heard that it is a very big thing for Brome County, that it is going to be a very good thing for Brome County, and I would like to know if you have any comments on that and if you can encourage us that it is a really good thing for Brome County.

A man from the audience interjected by saying: 'How can it possibly be a good thing if for seven years they are going to construct in one of the nicest valleys left now, untouched, and they are telling us they are going to mess it up, construct, make noise, etc. - I think we should object to it.' Answer: 'I think that there is a point that has been made - what is wanted by the people - I don't want to enter in a discussion on the environmental impact, we gave you the studies we made on this impact, we told you exactly what kind of studies we did, what we think would be the impact, exactly - if it is a good thing or not, I think it is not for me to say that, there is a necessity to produce electricity in the years 1985, 1990 and there is a question of environment - there could be on this, 1000 opinions. I believe that if we go into this tonight, we will not finish the meeting for a week or two.'

From the audience: 'So you do not like us to object to the environment?' Answer: 'No.'

The mayor then interrupted and said: 'This is a preliminary study, a feasibility study that has gone this far and Hydro is here tonight to inform you how far they have gone to; this thing could be shot down by Hydro itself at any time or by an environmental push that voted it down in some manner, but they are just updating you on just how far they are. Hydro will be in touch with you as they progress at all times, there will be other meetings like this and at that time you can make your protesting.' (Several angry voices were raised at this point, and remarks were inaudible on the tape.)

Hydro representative Dominique spoke at length saying: 'We can see that it (environment) is one of the major impacts on a lot of people and hope we will come up with more precise answers next year.' At another point: 'But you have things to say, information to tell us, now is the time to tell it, no public hearings as such, but any information that is presented as a group, you want to tell us, it's time to do that.' He gave the name of Public Relations officer, Jean Laperriere at 774-3560, St. Hyacinthe area code 514 or write to him at 4000 Choquette Ave., St. Hyacinthe, Quebec.

It was mentioned that it will be necessary to bypass the dike, thus constructing a new highway from South Bolton side of the dike to the town of Mansonville, but it could not be said just where the location would be.

Mr. Leclerc said in answer to another question that there are ten other projects in the southern part of the province that they can choose from to supply the kind of energy that is needed if the Fullerton Pond project is not accepted (assuming, by the people), for the needs of those who live in Quebec, but what kind of power station will be used after 1985, it is too soon to know exactly if it will be a nuclear, hydraulic, or a solar one.

An unidentified woman asked the questions: 'Does this mean the James Bay project and the Hamilton Falls project does not supply sufficient needs for Quebec and therefore, Hydro needs this band of ten additional power stations in southern Quebec' - and my other question is: 'What about nuclear power stations, what is Hydro doing about those, what is the future?' The answer to this latter question was: 'I cannot tell you tonight what we will do for nuclear stations or not - actually the studies permit us to know that till 1985, the La Grande Projet will provide enough power, enough energy, or should provide enough energy, and for your second question, Guy Leclerc was told that after 1985, there should be a nuclear power station to provide about three million kilowatts of energy. He previously said that the demand of electricity for Quebec is rising about 7 percent each year, so that the energy that would be produced by St. James Bay Project will not be sufficient for the needs of the years 1986,87 and so on. This was followed by another question which was answered: 'This is not the time or place to object formally.'

It was also mentioned that it is important to know the Fullerton Pond Project is intended to be used during particular times of the day (peaking moments), when demand is higher than regular ones and there is a difference between it and the use of a power station like St. James Bay. The Fullerton Pond project power station is meant to provide electricity during periods like suppertime in winter or dinner periods when electricity is being used to a great extent, when the demand is at the highest peak.

Mr. Ransom then interposed saying that the province needed the added electrical power, and asking the question: 'But does it (Hydro) have to take one of the most beautiful valleys in the province, far away from industry, far away from noise? We've come out here for just that reason and we spent lots of time and energy in building and in order to get quiet, nice surroundings in a good environment and here you (Hydro) are going to put a dirty old dam, tracks and concrete mixers etc. Manic 5 was a good place to put the electrical power, there wasn't a soul in sight that could object. I cannot see coming into the middle of a quiet populous district, and it will never be the same again, in all of history, whereas you can take a gas turbine plant and plant it in the back of Drummondville or some industrial area where practically nothing will be affected or you can take this and put it up on the Sagenuay sites of the other two plants as well. There is very little advantage in this district of having the plant here.'

At this point the people in the audience clapped their hands heartily, some voicing a 'hurrah'. 'If you have a province-wide shutdown as we are getting more and more, as our daily protections become more complicated, you are not going to be able to keep any power from this plant to feed little Mansonville, let us not kid ourselves. It will be down until highlines come in and when the lines are energized, this will only be synchronized back on the line, this will not be able to come along, maybe after two or three weeks of meetings and stuff, could you get this one on, to take a decision to provide power - normally it wouldn't do it - it can't do it.' A woman shouted: 'Thank-you very much,' and more handclapping followed.

Hydro employees drew out of this oration that the question asked was: 'Why do we have to go there (Fullerton)?', and the answer, in part, was: 'This type of station requires very particular typography and also for economic reasons it has to be close as possible from (or to) demand centers and generally, these two conditions, particularly topography, end up in the sites like Fullerton Pond.

Former Potton Mayor, Fred Korman, asked: 'Couldn't this be used in the case of an emergency as well as for a short period of time?' The answer was yes, but someone in the audience interposed and said, 'very short', and Mr. Korman replied, 'That's enough sometimes.'

Mr. Charles Labranche also spoke up by saying: 'It will be a very good thing for Brome County, it will put them on the map.'

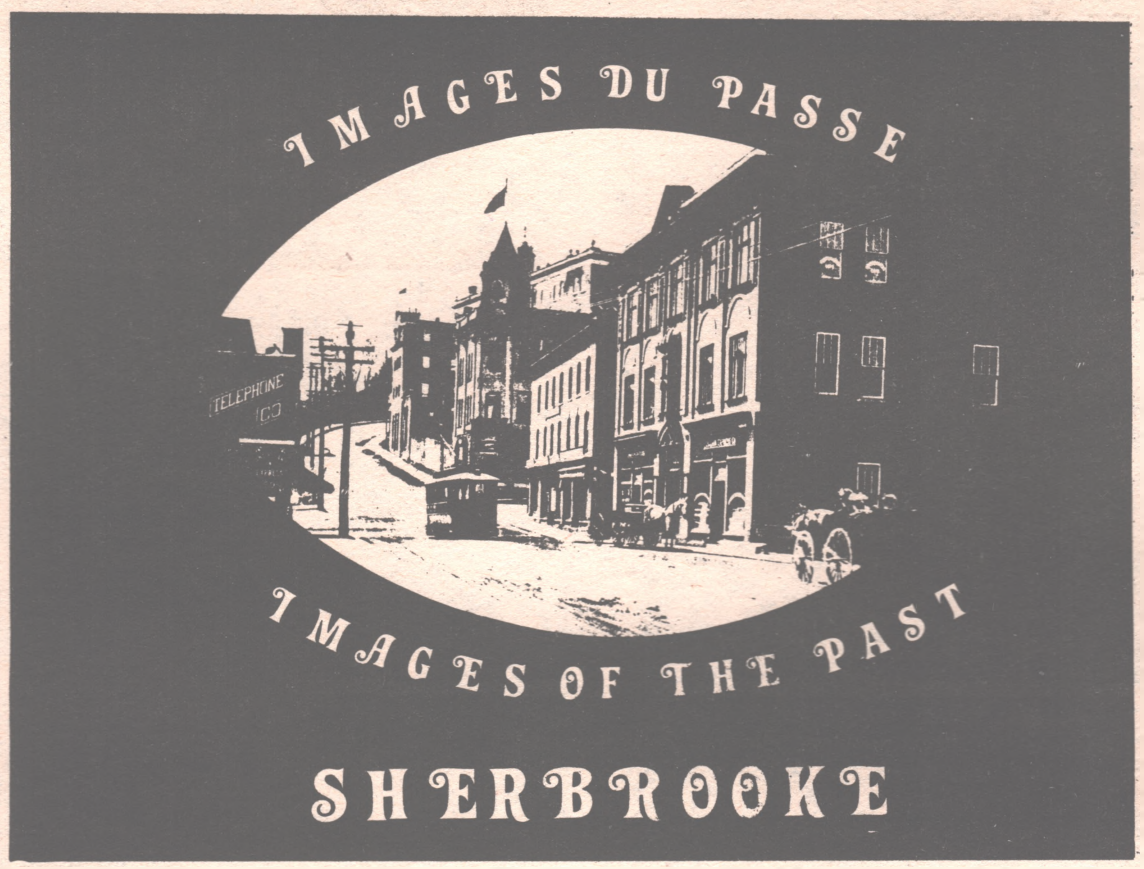
The discussions were culminated when Richard Tracy gave a convincing heated debate on behalf of the citizens living along Ruiter Brook and said in part: 'I've lived on Ruiter Brook all my life and in the summer when you have a dry summer and you shut the dam off, you won't get enough water from Ruiter Brook to hardly take a bath (he was answered with, 'This is a question which will be carefully studied.'). Mr. Tracy answered him with: 'When you get done studying, you'll build the dam just the same, it won't matter about the people down below the highway.' He also pointed out that Ruiter Brook is the main source of water for Fullerton Pond (manmade many years ago), which was disputed by Hydro employees, mentioning that there were other streams off the mountain as well and Richard followed this up by saying: 'If you go in the springtime, sure, when the water is coming off the mountains there is plenty of it, you don't need your dam then, but when it dries in the summertime, you need the dam or else you don't have any water,' and a few words later, 'If you had come last summer for your studies (1976 it rained almost everyday), there wasn't hardly any water in Ruiter Brook with it coming from the pond and if you had shut it off, you couldn't hardly be able to keep your feet wet.'

After further debate the Hydro employee answered, 'All I can say to you is that we are studying this among all the other problems, etc.' and another employee suggested that another way to correct this would be to build another pond just below the Fullerton site.

Before the people partook of coffee and sandwiches the question was asked concerning costs and Maurice Laliberte explained that if the project was started the day before the meeting and was finished the day after the meeting at the present rate of money value, the actual cost would be about 300 to 400 million dollars (1976 current value) and it is unknown what the following years may hold (in money value).

When the people mingled together after the meeting, it is said that Mayor Armstrong promised them that no project would be permitted without referendum of the people of Potton Township.

People from outlying areas including Montreal and the U.S. were in attendance at this very important meeting.



A Collection of Photographs



Looking north from East Sherbrooke, 1860.



Railway street car on King St.

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Townships Women- Take Note!

'Each female should be encouraged to discover her own particular gifts, talents, drives and to cultivate them for self-expression and for contribution to society.'

Royal Commission on the Status of Women, Brief 112

by Susan Mastine

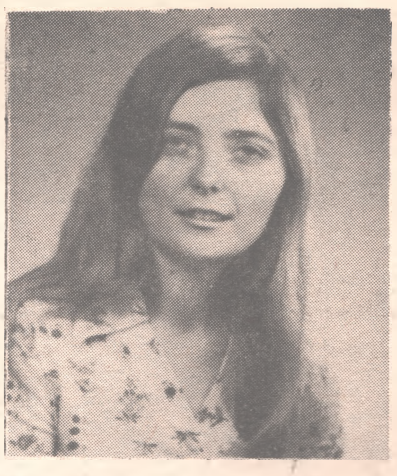
Located at 135 King West, Sherbrooke, the Women's Centre is a community action project sponsored by Fer de Lance. (Fer de Lance is composed of the Adult Education Services of the Université de Sherbrooke, the Collège de Sherbrooke, the Eastern Townships Regional School Board, and the Commission Scolaire Régionale de l'Estrie). Its services and activities are for anglophone women throughout the Eastern Townships and francophone women in the Sherbrooke area, and are especially oriented towards women who, by choice or because of family responsibilities, are at home.

The main objective of the Women's Centre is to encourage and promote the social reinsertion of women, i.e., an active participation in society, whether it be in community involvement, the labour force, the educational system, or organizations.

This all sounds very complicated; let me explain it in everyday language. First of all, who I am and why I'm sitting here in my office writing this.

To begin at the beginning, I was born and brought up in the Richmond area, near St-Félix de Kingsey. Since high school and Bishop's, sociological research, the Eastern Townships Social Action Group (E.T.S.A.G.), the Townships Sun, and teaching have all been parts of my life.

So now, why am I working in a Women's Centre? It's a good question. As mentioned above, the E.T.R.S.B. belongs to Fer de Lance. Their contribution to the Women's Centre is a



by Susan Mastine

community worker for the English-speaking population - me.

In the beginning, my interest in the project was based on the opportunity to work in the community, to meet and be with people, to have a different experience, but it has become much more than that. You could say that I have been animated by my own project, that I have been the first to benefit from it. My personal experiences and the people close to me (my family, Betty, Gary, Jacques) have contributed a lot of my finding my place as a person, but it is my involvement with the Women's Centre that has helped me to place that in the context of being a woman.

I am not, and never have been, what you call a women's libber. I am not sitting in my office planning a scheme to lure housewives away from their homes and children. While I do not believe that 'a woman's place is in the home', neither do I believe the opposite. What I do believe is that each woman must find her own place, a place that satisfies and fulfills her as a person.

The Women's Centre's raison d'etre, and my reason for being part of it, is to contribute understanding, support, and encouragement to women who are questioning, pondering, wondering, searching for their 'place'. Hopefully, the services that we have to offer, information and referral, individual consultation, group sessions, symposiums, etc... may be of help. I must re-emphasize that the Women's Centre will not and cannot find that 'place', it can only provide information, understanding and support as the person herself goes through the process of discovering and realizing her needs, desires, aspirations, her potential.

For further information, call: The Women's Centre, care of Fer de Lance, 135 King West, Sherbrooke, P.Q. 565-3981.

The Women's Centre presents

'For Hens Only' (a comedy with dramatic and traumatic undertones)

Characters: Clarence, George and Will - the roosters, Matilda and Flo - the hens, plus other members of the flock.

Act 1 - Somewhere in the barnyard. The local roosters are pecking over the day's newspaper.

Clarence: (clucking to himself). Hey George, have you seen the headline on page 8?
George: Just a minute... (shuffles through the pages). Now, I've got it, 'For Hens Only'. What's so special about that?
Will: (grumbling). There's never anything for us roosters.
Clarence: Maybe not, but forget about that for the moment. Think about this, hen's lib is moving in on us, think about what it could mean...
George: Sounds like something that could get my old bird's feathers ruffled up. It's bad enough when she squawks to get me to look after the chicks while she goes out to a hen party!
Will: With all this equality of the sexes bit, hens are forgetting where their place is and what they're looking for.
George: Ya, next thing you know they'll be trying to learn how to crow. (The group breaks into laughter at such a ridiculous thought).
Clarence: But seriously, I know what you cocks are talking about. My old hen's hot it in her head to take some new-fangled course.
George: Holy crow, what does she need a course for? Why are our hens always looking to get out of the coop? Life at home was good enough for my mother, she was never restless, she never asked for anything more.
Clarence: I can't understand it. They have everything they need, a warm, comfortable nest, chicks, plenty to eat, us to protect them, sometimes they even get to hear the music from the barn if the wind's blowing the right way.
Will: And they can always get together for a hen session with hens in the next nest.
George: They just don't know how lucky they are, no responsibilities, no big decisions to make. All they have to do all day is take care of the nest and the chicks.

(to be continued)

Editor's note: Dear readers, the second act of 'For Hens Only' has not been written. How do you think Act two will go? Send your version, ideas and reactions to: Susan Mastine, Women's Centre, 135 King West, Sherbrooke or the Townships Sun, Box 420 in Waterville. Your Act two may be the one to appear in the next issue of the Sun.

Women's Centre

FER de LANCE

Program of activities, Winter-Spring 1977

The Women's Centre will be offering the following sessions during the coming months:

Self-realization [30-40 hours]

A group experience with the objective of encouraging participants to discover their abilities, preferences, and aptitudes permitting them to become more aware of themselves and of what they have to contribute to society.

Through the progress of the group, the individual will go through a personal process, realizing what her aspirations are and what is, for her, self-fulfillment.

Linguistic and cultural animation [30 hours]

The aim of this session is to enable English and French-speaking women to improve their ability to converse in the second language, as much as possible in a non-classroom situation.

The group will meet regularly with a teacher-resource person. Individuals will also participate in cultural activities and exchange in pairs (anglophone and francophone).

Creative Job Search Techniques [6 hours]

This session is given in collaboration with Canada Manpower to prepare the participant to conduct a systematic and productive search for a job.

The session will cover such things as preparation of a curriculum vitae, how to conduct yourself during an interview, etc.

Registration

Sessions are offered afternoons and evenings. The starting date is January 24, 1977; it is located in Sherbrooke and region depending on the demand. The cost is $10.00. To register, call 565-3981.

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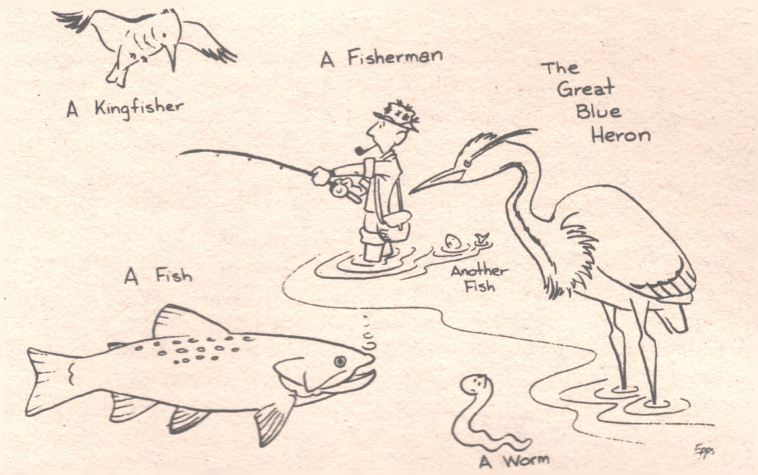
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COUNTRY & ECOLOGY

Farming Fish for Fun and Profit

by Bernard Epps



Farmers in the Townships are giving up left and right. Dairy is not so good these days. Beef is worse. Pigs won't bring home the bacon and coyotes are eating up the sheep and hens, yet hope springs eternal in the human breast and there must be some way to make a living on the farm.

How about farming fishes?

Practically all you need is running water and a hole to keep it in. Water isn't hard to come by - this year especially - and holes can be had in every shape and size to suit your fancy. I heard of a man who spotted a hole in a farmer's field that was just the right size and shape for the fishpond he wanted. He bought the thing and loaded it on the back of his truck. On the way home, however, the truck hit a bump and the hole fell off. The truck stopped, backed up to reload and was never seen again!

Fish-farming in our part of the world means trout-farming and trout-farming means Speckled. There are a few Rainbows raised and the government hatcheries occasionally go in for Quebec Reds, Lake Trout, Brown Trout and even Splake - which is a witty hybrid between Speckled and Lake - but Speckled Trout do best in our clear cold waters.

Inch-and-a-half fingerlings can be bought from hatcheries for as little as $30 a thousand and sown directly into your pond. A 20 by 75 foot pond will hold five thousand comfortably. Yearling fish should be 5-6 inches long and two-year olds 8-9 inches - just right for the people in the peculiar hats that the world calls fishermen. These creatures willingly pay up to $1.50 for the privilege of catching one of your fish and the original investment of $500 is now a crop worth $7500.

Theoretically.

A serious fish-farmer will also build himself a hatchery and go into a second and equally profitable aspect of the business. This requires a holding pond for mature brood fish which are stripped by hand of eggs and milt when ripe. The fertilized eggs are then kept in shallow troughs or circular cement pools where the water can be maintained at the proper volume, temperature and oxygen content. In a few weeks they become fry - half fish, half egg - and live entirely off their yolk sac for the next two to six weeks depending on temperature. Then they must be taught to feed. Fish are none too bright and a percentage never learn and therefore die. Those that do learn can be transferred to raceways where they should be fed six times a day on finely ground beef-hearts or liver. They are now called fingerlings. Government agencies buy a great many fingerlings for restocking fished-out ponds and streams. So do private citizens. The Pulp and Paper Research people in Montreal buy fingerlings by the thousands for seeding near pulp mills so they might measure how quickly they die of pollution.

Restaurants will buy your best and plumpest trout as table fish. Fish and Game Clubs often buy two-year-old fish to dump in their own ponds and streams so their members can pull them out again. Easy money.

Theoretically.

Fishes, firstly, are 'poikotherms' which is a fancy way of saying all their activities are directly controlled by the temperature of the water they live in. An ideal surface temperature for Speckled Trout is around 14 Celsius degrees. Below that temperature, activity and appetite progressively dwindles until, at 4 degrees, it practically ceases altogether. Above that temperature - after a few hot summer days, for instance - the oxygen content of water is progressively reduced and the fish go gasping until they turn belly-up and are fit only for fertilizer.

The pond must not be too deep lest the water not warm up sufficiently in spring and not too shallow lest pond weed and algae take over and use up the precious oxygen. There must be a sufficient flow - around 100 gallons a minute for our 20 by 75 foot pond - and an arrangement at the outlet which permits all the water to be drained for cleaning and restocking.

Trout are carniverous and will eat almost anything - including each other. They are fiercely territorial and will defend areas from four square inches to as many square yards depending on their size and agressiveness. Some naturally grow faster than others which means - since the largest can capture and keep the best territories and therefore get the most food - that the biggest grow faster yet. Among trout, as among people, the rich get richer and the poor get poorer.

Trout are eaten, not only by larger fish, but also by kingfishers, cats, rats, mink, crows and the Great Blue Heron. This brings us to another of nature's little jokes on the trout - the life cycle of the Yellow Grub.

The Yellow Grub is a parasite which fastens itself by suckers inside the mouth of the Great Blue Heron. Its eggs are dropped into the water during the course of the Heron's daily doings and there they hatch into larvae. These larvae swim about until they meet a snail. They crawl into the body of this snail and metamorphose there into something unprintable - ugly fork-tailed creatures which float around upside down until they bump into one of our best trout. They penetrate the flesh of the fish, harden into cysts and metamorphose yet again. If our trout is then swallowed by the Great Blue Heron, the Yellow Grub becomes an adult and drops more eggs into the pond.

Trout also suffer from various other intestinal parasites and from enteritis, boils, tape-worms, ulcers, blue slime, gill diseases, worm itch, lice, fungus, fin-rot, tail-rot, the Whirling Disease, kidney trouble, tumors, etcetera,etcetera.

And fish-farmers suffer from the long nose of the law. A hatchery owner needs a $50 hatchery license from the Department of Fish and Game. Anyone who sells fishing rights - Catch and Pay - needs an 'Outfitters License' or faces a $50 fine or eight days in the slammer. The 'Outfitters License' allows the fish-farmer to rent out rods and tackle, to charge a fee for trespassing or to 'guide' a customer to his pond but there seems to be no provision for actually selling fish.

And anyone who keeps fish in captivity - even the farmer with a few trout in the pond where his cattle drink - must have a ten dollar 'Pisciculture License'.

Had enough?

Then how about crocodile farming?

You sell them for steaks, for shoe-leather and handbags.

I've just heard of a guy who began in 1950 with $500 and twenty wild crocs and is now worth a cool million-and-a-half and has eleven thousand of the things.

But he's not very popular with his neighbours.

And he lives in Thailand.

But there must be some way to make a living on the farm.

Mustn't there?

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Nutrition Suggestions for Christmas

by Frances Elliot

If you are looking for ideas for Christmas presents different from the usual necktie, scarf or box of candy, why not think of nutrition, i.e., good food and the equipment and directions for making it. Now that food is so expensive and nutritious food is hard to find and health or natural foods are becoming popular you might find the following suggestions appropriate.

Of course, a Christmas pudding, fancy bread, or home-made jams are welcome gifts but I have in mind something different. At Christmas time especially one eats too many sweet and starchy foods. Following the nutrition theme could mean a gift of one of the many natural food cook books. This with a bag of unusual bean or seed might be of interest.

Books

Adelle Davis' books, **Let's Eat Right To Keep Fit**, a book on nutrition, **Let's Have Healthy Children**, advice for mothers and **Let's Cook It Right**, a cook book, are all worthy. The cook book is much more than a book of recipes and is more general than a natural foods cook book. It has suggestions for cooking equipment and methods of cooking that will retain the greatest number of nutrients. Adelle Davis was a real reformer. She wrote 'women are advised by thousands of recipes to extract and discard nutrients or to destroy them by high temperatures, long cooking, or the incorporation of air. The cumulative use of such cooking methods over a period of years can lead to a nightmare of illness and staggering medical bills. It has therefore been my purpose in all the following recipes to show the home-maker how to retain the greatest number of nutrients.'

Diet For a Small Planet by F.M. Lappe also is much more than a cook book. In the foreword the author writes, 'This book is about protein - how we as a nation are caught in a pattern that squanders it; and how you can choose the opposite - a way of eating that makes the most of the earth's capacity to supply this vital nutrient.' She gives economical and political reasons and nutritional advice (with recipes) for being a vegetarian and makes use of the many natural foods.

The Natural Foods Cook Book by Beatrice T. Hunter has recipes for over 2,000 dishes using only whole natural foods. A list of the basic natural foods is given.

The Whole Earth Cook Book by S. Cadwallader and J. Ohr also about natural cooking contains 138 recipes from the Whole Earth restaurant in California.

Good Cheap Food by M. Ungerer is called by the author a book for skinflint gourmets. It is light-hearted compared to those above.

Vegetarian Gourmet Cookery by A. Hooker is an elegant book, good drawings as well as good recipes with natural foods.

The Soybean Cook Book by D.V.G. Jones. This illustrates how valuable soy beans are. It has 350 recipes ranging from salads to desserts.

The Tassajara Bread Book by E.E. Brown also a well illustrated book and has more recipes for bread than I have ever seen made from many different grains. It would delight any breadmaker. Classics Book Shop or the Book Nook in Sutton sells these books. They may open up a new world of foods to those who buy only from the usual grocery stores and supermarkets.

You will have the same experience by going to the Sawyerville Co-op at Eaton Corner open in November, Thursday and Friday afternoons, Sherbrooke Co-op at 360 Galt Street W. or Sutton Natural Foods at 12 Main, Sutton. There you may be surprised by the great variety of beans, seeds, grains and flours; kasha, couscous, bulgur, mung beans, garbanzos, white beans, black beans, miso, tofu, tahini, etc. You will also find more familiar foods; dried fruits, such as dates, raisins and also peanuts, peanut butter, cheeses, honey, etc. but all of the highest quality and purity and at much lower prices that at the usual health food stores and even supermarkets. Any of these would be excellent gifts.

Another suggestion; a pot of growing chives can often be bought in grocery stores. Some speciality stores sell a set of potted herbs ready to grow indoors. One can also grow bean sprouts. **The Natural Foods Cook Book** and **Whole Earth Cook Book** have directions for this. A bag of mung beans, which sprout easily, and one of the books mentioned would be very good.

For more expensive gifts one could suggest equipment such as a yogurt incubator. The Sherbrooke Co-op have these. An electric food blender or juicer could be bought at Eaton's. Then too there are grain mills.

Merry Christmas!

Beef Farmers

I enjoy reading your paper and especially your subscribers comments. For quite a while now I have wanted to write an article for your paper but nothing provoked me enough to write.

Lately though, my dander has arisen numerous times because being a beef producer I am now depressed along with the price of the product. I read quite a bit and I have fit some pieces together and I think I know why beef farmers are working for minus fifty cents an hour. Early this year the market was flooded with hamburger-type beef when the poor dairy farmers scrambled to get rid of dairy cows so they wouldn't be fined for producing too much milk. I don't blame them, as a year ago they thought they were to produce dairy products to keep Canada from having a shortage of these products. But people of supposedly higher caliber than farmers were making the programs up and of course they can't make mistakes, so the dairy farmers heeded and thus the surplus. Now the great United States is in a position to squeeze us beef farmers again. We have been exporting these cattle in huge numbers to them. Normally the States would ignore their Beef Import Law so as not to anger Canada, man we buy cars and lots of things from them. But as you know, things are not normal in the U.S.A. There's been a fierce presidential campaign on . The United States **have a Beef Import Law.** They negotiate quotas with supplying nations. Canada, of course, won't accept the U.S. law. So they just give us one, about 65 million pounds. We have already filled this by September. So where are we going to sell our beef? To our own lucky consumers as meat prices will be pressured lower because we are trying to sell beef on one hand and importing on the other. So far this year we have imported from New Zealand and Australia around 115 million pounds. Boy, what a mix-up. Import more than we can eat and sell! Where is the surplus - frozen beef - 100 million pounds in Canadian lockers. I hope you get my point. Offshore beef imports are getting worse. The beef industry is damaged. The blame belongs square on the Federal government's shoulders. This offshore beef is bought at six cents under the world price, mainly the U.S. price. Why won't **our** government put **our** Beef Import Law in?

Some ministerial advisors said a 50 percent increase in imports was not creating any damage and in the same breath was the ridiculous claim that cow prices have been higher here than the U.S.A. Why, may I ask, did we export 100,000 head to the States and are afraid of losing some of our market?

You know why the beef man's words are not being heard - 5 percent of the voting public are in agriculture and only a small portion of this in beef production. It's all the other votes that count to the government. So right now the government's most important item is the anti-inflation program. If it lowers the consumer's price index, good, encourage it. If it raises it, oppose it, and because there is a lot of emphasis on the food component of this index, especially meat, who suffers? Twenty years ago around 2.5 percent of the net income of a consumer was spent on beef, and they were eating around 50 pounds per person. Now 2.4 percent of net income and the consumer is eating over 100 pounds per capital. Twice as much for less money. Beef producers are the martyrs. They are crucified on on this cruel altar of consumers price index.

The provincial government with the okay of the U.P.A. is now telling us we can insure our cattle so as to be sure of at least being able to sell our beef at a break-even point. Can you imagine if a plumber, doctor, bureaucrat or whatever were told they had to pay up to $1,000 a year for the next five years with a great possibility of an increased premium each year just to be able to work and earn a living and then just to break even. They wouldn't do it. The majority of beef farmers just want to be able to sell their beef at a fair price and to be able to make an honest living from it. We have all been warned how agricultural land is disappearing. Okay, urban growth, roads, etc. are taking up some of this land. But a damn lot of it is growing brush and growing back to woods. I can't blame any farmer for selling his land to the city sprawl. It's his chance to get out and get some money. Some farmers get a job in town and just leave the farm to deteriorate. You have only to take a drive in the country to see all this dormant land. Still some are holding on hoping for that far-away fair return on their labour and equity.

I am left to wonder what degree of damage has to be done to the beef industry before the government responds. Maybe the day when the population has to go to the zoo to see what a chicken, pig and, yes, what a beef animal look like.

I am sorry if this column seems blunt. It is meant to be.

Beef producers are being had and I thought you might as well know by whom.

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On being adopted by a Cat

by J.A. Sheltus

Despite all you hear about loving one another and getting back to nature, a lot of people are doing their thing by abandoning small kittens along the side of the road. They then return to the city feeling that they've returned the animal to its natural habitat. People keep kittens during their cute stage as loveable, playful balls of fluff. When their footing becomes firmer so that they no longer tumble so adorably, when their tiny claws begin to sink into draperies, rugs and nylons, and when it's time to return from the summer cottage to the city apartment, these people decide that love costs too much.

Kind-hearted folk, too gentle to contemplate the choice of adoption or humane death offered by an animal shelter, discard their one-time pets along our roadways as thoughtlessly as they litter them with bottles and candy wrappers. As a result more and more full time country residents are finding the few survivors of this stray horde mewing on their doorstep in the early mornings. At this point you have the inevitable two choices. You can take the kitten to a shelter yourself or you can be adopted.

If you incline towards the first choice you had better do it quickly. A kitten is a bright little animal. After being abandoned and somehow surviving stray dogs, cars and hunger, it will work very hard to ensure its new humans don't reject it as the others did.

First of all there will be an astonishingly loud purr the moment you appear, its entire being signalling that you are the one person Kitten has been seeking for its entire ten or twelve weeks of life. It is a siren song created to expose the exquisite beauty hidden below the often soiled and matted fur. If you pick the kitten up, incredibly the purr will double in volume. Now it is singing the praise of your great strength and wonderful gentleness. Notwithstanding that, the kitten will struggle to be free. The struggle is part fear and part calculation, the evasion of the new-found affection to be followed by the chase. Even a small kitten knows that love is best when proved by pursuit. Once on the ground again she will turn to a proffered finger to tantalize you with the touch of a tiny damp triangle of velvet sandpaper. You have now been selected for a special mission, to be her new guardian, to feed and love her. You have become Essex to a tiny, imperious Elizabeth.

Once again, you have two choices. You can make an abject surrender by putting out a saucer of warmed milk, or you can make a totally abject surrender by feeding her in the kitchen.

If you haven't previously been the property of a cat, there are some things you will have to learn. First of all she will expect to be fed. Actually a cat wants food in front of it all the time. Being practical your kitten will allow you to feed her a mere three times a day, giving you the illusion you have some control over the situation. Blush if she scratches at the food with her paws. Symbolically it is being buried as unfit and you had better come up with a quick improvement.

The kitten needs a place to attend to its personal needs. Outside however, is where it was once abandoned and therefore is regarded with suspicion, especially since going out means dealing with those mysterious 'door' things designed solely to frustrate cats big and small. As a compromise she will use a litter pan inside... unless you place it right in the open. Cats like privacy too and an open litter box may be ignored in favour of a conspicuous accident in mid-floor if you fail to understand.

Don't worry about a place for her to sleep. She will decide that matter for herself. Debts, taxes, highjackings and credit cards make life hard enough without adding to your frustrations by resisting her choice.

Kittens also like caves. She will thank you for a dark box she can retire into from time to time when the rigours of managing several human beings at a time become too much of a bother. The cave is for retreat. The sleeping pad, a place to dream of past glories.

She will also need, although not necessarily fully, appreciate, a furry, tough post to sharpen her claws on. Sharp hunting claws are a cat's only defence against her many outdoor enemies. If you keep her in all the time, it is alright to clip her claws on a monthly basis to save the rugs. Never clip the rear claws and never have claws removed except in extremis. A clawless cat is like a human without a thumb.

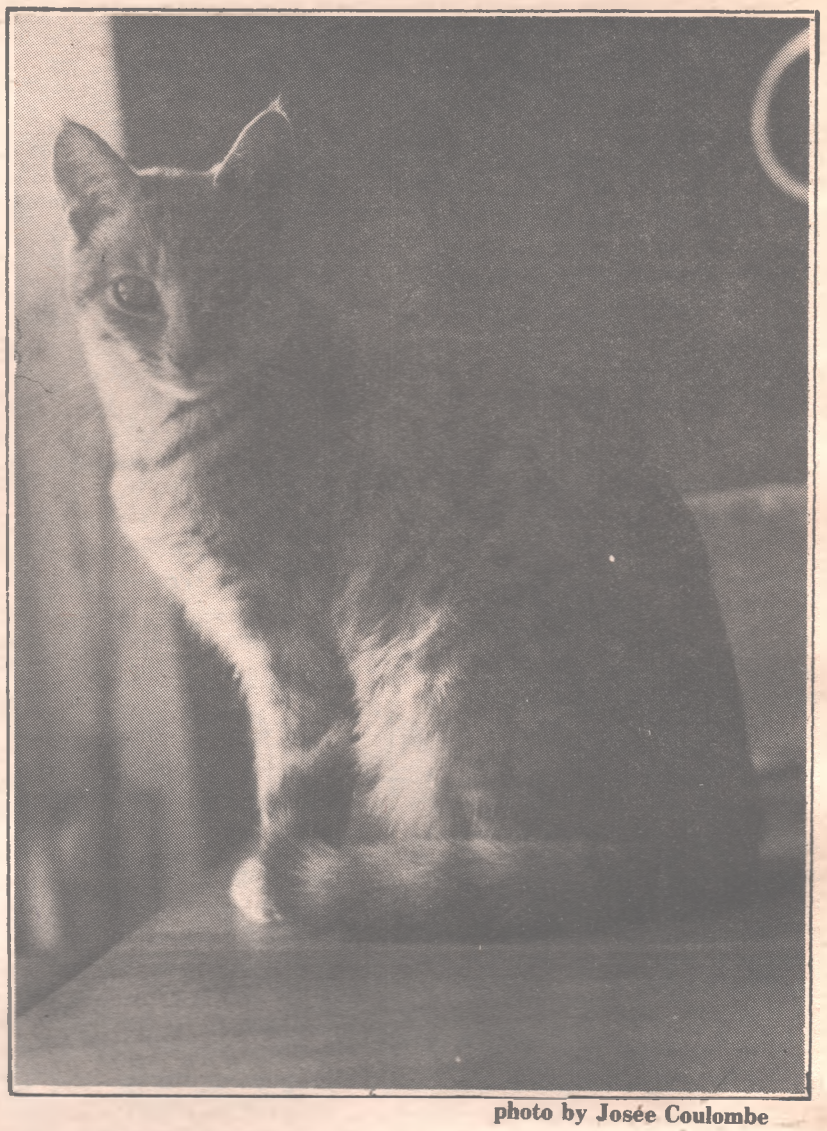


photo by Josée Coulombe

Even a middle-aged, dignified cat enjoys a romp with a toy from time to time. For kittens this goes double. There is no need to buy expensive things. A rag sprayed with catnip can provide a hour of ecstasy. A wad of crumpled foil wrap will start an endless soccer game. Many cats, if they are interested in ballgames, will return a thrown ball to you. Some will learn to do standing jumps to catch the ball while others prefer to be the batter. A simple empty paper shopping bag can be a delight for you and the cat.

The kitten that adopts you may have fleas or earmites or both. You are expected to get rid of them. Drops take care of earmites. For fleas, get a good spray from the Vet and gird for the battle. She just loves being flea-free, she just hates the frightening, blundering way humans do it. Naturally she knows that all living creatures have fleas. Since she doesn't see human beings held down and sprayed all over, she suspects there's a better way to do it. A flea collar may work on an inside cat when you're around the house all day; they are unsafe for outside cats or cats left alone for long periods of time. (How would you go about freeing a frightened collared cat hung up on a projecting bolt well up inside the works of your kitchen stove?)

When you were adopted, you contracted for a Veterinary bill. She will need distemper and rabies shots to start with. She may need vitamin and worm pills, flea spray and ear drops. She will let you know. Earmites are signalled by a digging in the ear with a hind foot followed by head shaking, fleas by scratching and sudden biting at the flea. Worms cause vomiting. If she needs vitamins or a diet supplement she will be listless and lie around looking mournfully at you as if to ask why an intelligent person like yourself can't understand what's wrong with her. Without a distemper shot, if she catches this very common disease she will probably die. You can do your part to combat over-population by having a female spayed at six months, a Tom at four.

For these items, and others, Vet bills can mount up and of course there are the normal expenses of keeping a cat because kittens do grow up to be adult cats with personalities just as varied as humans. There are also rewards. Perhaps the best may come one evening when the kitten or young cat will leap up onto your bed, chirruping for permission. She will then snuggle down on your chest or in the warm curve of your leg and begin to sing her most pleasing song, the one that tells you that you are the best human, the kindest human, the warmest and nicest human being that a happy little cat ever owned.

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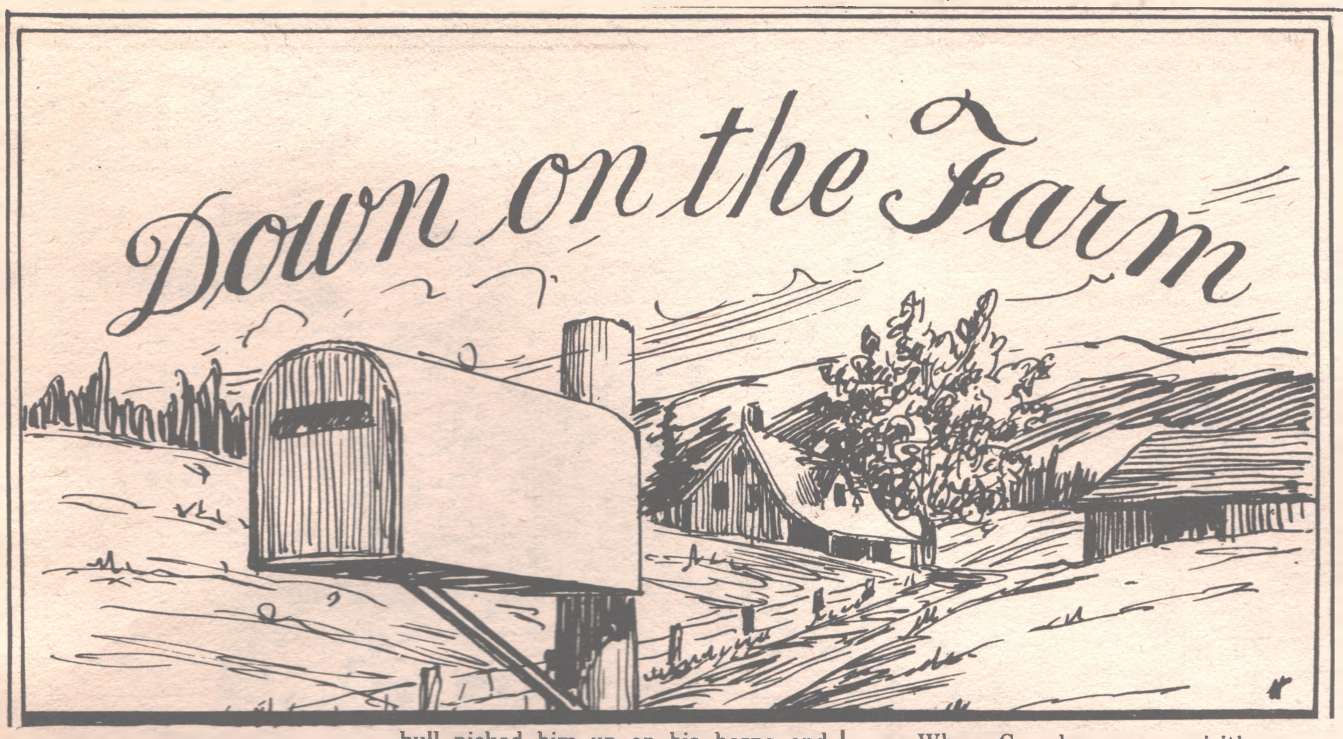
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by Norma E. Holmes

October

Down on the farm, Oct.

Dear Min:

Had some excitement here lately. You know Charlie, our hired man. Well, the other day the bull came out of the door along with the cows (of course he should have been tied up) and Charlie got in front and tried to shoo him back in. The bull picked him up on his horns and tossed him aside and went on about his business. When Charlie came to he had two cracked ribs, but he insists the bull isn't ugly. I wouldn't know. I don't know if there are any ugly thoughts inside a bull's brain. I know sometimes the outside looks pretty ugly.

Anyhow, father thinks Charlie has earned some of Grandma's rootbeer of which we still have a few bottles, and Charlie is quite happy about it. Father, who is a teetotaller, insists it isn't intoxicating - how could it be, just made of innocent roots and berries right here on the farm. But I don't know - when corks pop off bottles... Father says it's just gravity.

When Grandma came visiting we were sure of her two specials, hulled corn and rootbeer. We children were set to gathering cherry bark and sarsparilla and all the rest to the fixings and for days the woodsy smell of it stewing on the stove filled the kitchen. But then, Grandma added yeast, so now I wonder just how potent it was.

This morning Wendy said to her father, 'You're beautiful.' Of course he translated it to 'handsome' and decided she was a pretty smart girl for two. I didn't tell him she said the same thing to the old pig yesterday. I hope she never says it to Charlie. It would be an awful letdown for John.

As ever,
Eloise

November

Down on the farm, Nov.

Dear Min:

John and I went to town Friday night. He had to do some errands and get a haircut and I went to the hairdresser's. Now Min, I don't know whether it was that gorgeous full moon and I was 'teched' - and me with two and seven eighths children - but anyhow, I told her I wanted my hair with those light coloured ends, whatever you call them. On the way home I began to get a few qualms. When John come in after putting the car in, and taking a look at the old sow to see if she had made a meal of her pigs, lay on them or otherwise annoyed them, I managed to be sound (?) asleep.

I woke up in the morning feeling someone was staring at me. I was right. My husband was on one elbow staring down at me. 'What happened?' he demanded hoarsely. 'What's the matter with your hair?'

'Wh-a-a-t?'

'Your hair. Go and look in the mirror.'

I hobble over to the mirror. 'Oh that,' says I. 'I had it done last night.'

'You what? You mean she did it **on purpose**?'

At breakfast he was still staring at it. Charlie, the lamb, came to my rescue. 'Ain't so bad,' says he, 'I've seen worse.'

And Jackie, my son, pipes up, 'I seen (saw, Jackie), I've saw one of the big girls at school with it' - he looks at my hair - 'them'.

John admits there are a lot more redheads and blondes around than when he was a boy, but he hadn't happened to see this style. He looks at me as though he wonders if he married a woman with a screw loose, or just an all-round loose woman. I don't know which is worse.

Of course, I shall have it cut off when it grows out, but do you know, I get quite a kick out of it. In fact, when I look in the mirror I feel quite devilish.

We have an old country arrival in the community who has a strong feeling for his rights - the working man's rights, that is. He was working on the road and claimed he had the right of way, but a car came along that hadn't heard about it evidently, and Ed landed in the ditch with a broken leg. He's going to take somebody to court. I'm not sure whether it's the car or the prime minister.

That's all the news for now.

Eloise

December

Down on the farm, Dec.

Dear Min:

Do you mean to tell me I haven't told you yet of the **big event**? It is so evident, I guess I thought you could see me from way out there. I went with a friend once to her doctor. She was supposed to have gall bladder trouble, but when she came out, she was a bit upset. She accused him of telling her before that she had gall bladder trouble, and he said yes, but this was something different. She was upset because her youngest was 15. I thought it might work 'in reverse' so to speak, but my doctor said I probably had the most perfect specimen of gall bladder in the county.

And do you know what my romantic husband said when I broke the news to him? He looked at me to see how I was taking it. I grinned - a bit feebly - and John, my man, said, 'Well, we've got plenty of room - 300 acres of it.'

'How many do you figure per acre?' I murmured. I am sure he was seeing a whole row of stalwart sons striding across the 300 acres.

I told Wendy today she might have a little brother or sister for Christmas and she enquired, 'On the tree?'

I tried to explain to her this noon the connection between the meat on her plate and the chicken that was running around yesterday. I began with the bugs - who and what ate who and what. My logical child thought this over and then asked, 'Who eats us?' I started to say 'the government', but decided I had better wait until she is a little older to tell her the facts of life.

All for now,
Eloise

P.S. — She dropped the kittens in the pigs' pail of milk, and then roared because they looked so bedraggled. Do you think she needs a psychiatrist? Or a shingle?

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Safety on the Slopes

by Charles Catchpaugh

Innumerable hours of hard work, costing enormous amounts of money, and a high percentage of each ski centre's operational budget, is spent on maintenance and safety every winter. To the hill operators, it is the best investment they can make. A large portion of this effort goes into keeping the slopes they way skiers like them and the balance, though not readily apparent, is to guarantee the precise, trouble-free operation of ski lifts; the chairs, T-bars, right through to the beginners' lift.

Few sports today involved such effort and care-taking tasks as do alpine ski centres. By the same token, few recreations see so many stringent, government imposed safety rules and regulations as there are to be found at alpine-style ski centres and to the operators, it's fine, because they, like the authorities, place skiers' well-being paramount on their list of priorities.

Pitifully, relatively few skiers ever stop to realize what enormous strides go into guaranteeing their pleasure and safety. The 'pioneers' in alpine skiing remember the importance they attached to safety in the days of the old rope-tows. Everybody was made aware of the chores and need for safety, as practicaslly everyone was involved in one way or another. In those years, some three and a half decades past, safety measures were part of every skier's peace-of-mind. Today the East's leading ski centres still hold to the traditions of 'safety first' as paramount, with the condition of the hills a close second.

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The Canadian Ski Patrol System

Canada's largest organization dedicated to helping skiers in distress is the Canadian Ski Patrol System, founded in 1940 and about to launch thei twenty-third year of operation in the Eastern Townships. The largest of six C.S.P.S. patrols in this region is found at Mt. Orford where the movement gained a foothold in 1954. The C.S.P.S. has developed since that time through a combination of coincidence, bad luck and good fortune.

The Canadian Ski Patrol System has become synonymous with efficiency and leadership. With upwards of three hundred devoted men and women sporting the famous insignias of the C.S.P.S. in this region alone, alpine skiers know they'll always be in the best of hands, should they ever need help at the hills looked after by these 'do-gooders'.

The history of the system has, in fact, many success stories, but few with more intrgue than that of the organization's E.T. zone. Charting its own course with a sister patrol at Thetford'd Mt. Adstock, a group at Orford did the groundwork, holding their own for six long years. Numbering less than thirty, with zone founder Arlene Whittier at the helm, grit and hard work resulted in phenomenal success and popularity. Bringing in new people and ideas, the concept of 'service-club' work at ski centres saw a sudden upsurge for C.S.P.S. in '62 and by '63 the zone held eleven patrols and some 150 members. The growth was unique in this system and so were the numerous other accomplishments, for which a faithful few played a major role. Today, down to six of Quebec Division's 'top-line' patrols, the E.T. Zone is outstanding within the Canadian Ski Patrol System, with a record of achievement and efficiency.



Going Strong

Today C.S.P.S. is Canada's largest ski patrol association. It is undisputedly one of the best organizations of its type in the country and holds affiliation with the National Ski Patrol system of the United States, also that country's largest of its type.

This winter, as in the past, the C.S.P.S. on the slopes will be out in force. They are persons qualified by the C.S.P.S., for those who don't mind, giving up free time for general good of skiing and the skiing public. Have a look at these squads, and you're getting a candid picture of patrolling across Canada by C.S.P.S.

You Can Help

Each member of the C.S.P.S. has to dig down and pay their own way, but despite personal contributions and considerable support from individuals and firms and respect the movement, patrollers are obliged to raise extra for their cause. Their single big effort is the annual sale of ski patrol buttons- fifty cents, and you couldn't spend it better.

So support the C.S.P.S. and you'll be in good hands this winter, when they're around.

And those behind the Scene

'All that work taken for granted', remarks a ski centre workman. He recognises the pity that few skiers today actually realize all that is done for their benefit. In fact, some even cringe at the thought of inconveniences that might interrupt their 'ski-time' even for the sake of checking out mechanisms to guarantee their added safety on the lifts and slopes.

Few skiers see the men in overalls who begin long before the lifts start and then work numerous hours after they've halted. These are the mechanices, electricians, specialists who have that special know-how to keep lifts in tip-top order. Overtime for these lads isn't rare; even an all-night job is common to guarantee suitably safe and trouble-free lifts.

Skiers will probably land on a bright sunny day with a perfect layer of new snow, all handsomely groomed, giving little thought to the previous night's rain that ended about 9 o'clock, to freeze before that new blanket to snow dropped. Those men in the overalls were busy all night to make sure that the lifts didn't freeze, that no damage was done. And the burly workmen who gave the slopes that carpetlike finish- they probably chalked up twelve straight hours that the skiers never stopped to consider. Believe it, look up on a clear night and watch the lights of machinery remoulding the mogul laden trails with workmen around them.

To the average skier those radical changes in temperatures are just another occurence. To the ski centre men behind the scene, it's their change in tempo as they play each day and night as a new game.

The success of alpine ski centres has been the care given lifts and slopes by skilled crews, all insisted upon by the operators. Skiing is big business today, as we know, and despite inflation remains one of the best buys for recreation-minded folks. Dollar-for-dollar, alpine skiing hasn't gone so far up the scale of cost as many things, at least not from the hill operator's side of the coin, and keeping things down, these people have never cut back on their first priority, safety to skiers, and the second keeping the public skiing on the best slopes possible under the varied range of temperatures and snow conditions.

We'll see you on the slopes, and by the way, give a thought to the fellows behind the scene. Consider all they're doing to make things a lot better for you!

C.S.P.S.: The Early Years

For little Carl Whittier's bad luck developed hundreds of cases attributed to 'good fortune' for others, who have benefited from the Canadian Ski Patrol in the Townships, and it all came through coincidence.

Carl broke a leg; a couple of first-aiders from Montreal handled the lad so impressively, that the boy's mother couldn't see any alternative: there had to be a ski patrol at Orford near her home. Arlene Whittier had a good reason and with her drive and determination, the C.S.P.S. was underway.

Carl's break broke the ice, so to speak. It couldn't have been too serious as he later went on to become the Canadian Junior Alpine racer. Mrs. Whittier, with due pride, could take a week to unravel the story behind her decade of service to C.S.P.S. and she'll tell you, with every ounce of honor, there was a hundred pounds and plus of hard work, but much pleasure in doing for others.

Sacrifices were made in many forms-monetary, in time, hard work and self-deprivation. But it's today we're concerned about and today we've got six fine groups of patrollers which prange from that accidental beginning in 1954 that gave birth to the C.S.P.S.-E.T. zone.

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Dr. Abrahams: Canadian Involvement in South Africa

by Michael Isaacs



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Cecil Abrahams, a professor of English at Bishop's University, is actively involved in the struggle to bring racial equality and majority rule to South Africa. Forced into exile from his native South Africa some 13 years ago, Dr. Abrahams devotes much of his time to heightening Canadian awareness of the South African problem and to encouraging Canadians to refuse to support the present South African government's policies. At present, he serves as one of two Canadian representatives of the African National Congress of South Africa which, from 1912, was the most important and largest political party aimed at establishing a non-racial South Africa. Banned in 1960, the African National Congress nows exists on an underground level and operates the largest South African liberation army from bases in Zaire and Tanzania. In addition, Abrahams is Chairman of the Anti-Apartheid Movement of Canada, a recently formed loose federation of some 18 groups across the country; President of the National Association of South Africans in Canada; President of the South African Association of Montreal and Vice President of the South African Non-Racial Olympic Committee. This last body, whose headquarters are located in London, was instrumental in the process leading to South Africa's expulsion from the Olympic Movement in 1970 and in the process leading to the decisions taken this summer in Montreal to expel South Africa from the International Federations of soccer, track and field and swimming.

The Sun talked with Dr. Abrahams about Canadian involvement in South Africa.

Canadians play a significant role in reinforcing the infrastructure of apartheid in South Africa, Dr. Abrahams argues. Apartheid is the systematic implementation of policies aimed at preserving an environment of racial segregation, discrimination and oppression.

'By Canadian companies investing much money in South Africa, by Canadian governments recognizing their trade with South Africa and even giving them preferential trade agreements and by Canadian people buying South African goods in stores in Canada, we are in a sense telling the people in South Africa that there is nothing wrong with their system,' he asserts.

Corporations are the principal Canadian offenders in this regard, he notes, and they have actively contributed in the support of apartheid. 'I think that Canadian companies have behaved very badly in South Africa,' he explains, 'and even though there are no government regulations, they have simply accepted the system as it is. They have accepted the tremendous inequality of wages between blacks and whites because it works very well into their system. They have enjoyed, in a sense, a slave labour system where they pay labourers very little and where their wage bill, in fact, is very tiny in comparison to the profits they make.'

In general, Abrahams contends, Canadian corporations' behavior is giving Africans reasons to question whether Canadians should be seen as part of an exploiting minority. 'As the corporations are the ones in South Africa, they are the face of Canada,' he explains. 'They are the ones who give Africans the impression of Canada. It's not the Government of Canada because people come in contact with them so seldom. It's not the ordinary Canadian. It's the companies, and, because they behave in such an outrageous manner, the blacks in South Africa get the impression that Canadians are basically like this - that they like exploiting people.'

Massey Ferguson Examined

Canadian corporate involvement in South Africa has mushroomed since 1960 and particularly since 1970. In order to examine more closely the pattern of Canadian corporate behavior in the country, Abrahams focusses attention on Toronto-based Massey Ferguson.

Until the 1960's, the South African economy was heavily dependent on its agricultural sector. Massey Ferguson, the country's largest supplier of farm implements, entered South Africa during the 1950's and now operates two plants there. 'In 1962, their assets in South Africa were $21 million. In 1974-75, they had gone up to $33 million and that does not include a group of companies they bought up in 1972 for $2.25 million taken solely from undistributed profits,' Abrahams declares.

'The South African Financial Mail, a very reliable source, says that Massey Ferguson achieves twice the average pre-tax yield on funds used in South Africa compared to its world-wide operation. Its average pre-tax return on capital over the past five years has been something like 23 percent. Its gross profit increased from more than $3.8 million in 1962 to $10.5 million in 1974-75. Its trading profit moved from $2.8 million in 1962 to $6.2 million in 1974-75.'

Turning from the purely financial aspects of the company's operations, Abrahams considers the relative compensation provided to Massey Ferguson's black and white employees. He does this in terms of two measures created by the Institute of Race Relations, a Johannesburg group of white academics, to indicate incomes necessary to permit different living standards in specific areas of the country. One measure, the Poverty Datum Line, seeks to determine the income needed by a family of four to attain mere subsistence. It covers shelter, food, clothing, personal care and household cleansing and does not, Abrahams notes, cover items such as education (for which only blacks in South Africa must pay) or recreation. The second measure, the Minimum Effective Line, is 1.5 times the Poverty Datum Line and is intended to allow for slightly increased consumption.

In Vereeniging, where Massey Ferguson operates a plant of 2,000 employees, the Poverty Datum Line is $125 per month (for the family of four) and the Minimum Effective Line is $187.50 per month. Of the 2,000 employees at the plant, 1,350 are black and 650 are white. 'Not a single black worker in 1,350 workers earns that amount of money represented by the Minimum Effective Line,' he asserts. Referring to figures obtained in South Africa from Massey Ferguson, he reports that three-quarters of the black workers earn less than $103 per month and 89 percent of the black workers earn less than the $125 specified as the Poverty Datum Line. By way of contrast, he points out, more than three-quarters of the white workers earn $490 per month and all of the plant's white workers earn at least $325 per month.

'And yet the blacks at Massey Ferguson, and these are their statistics, have a service record of from seven to eighteen years and their turnover was very low whereas the whites have a service record of from one to six years and their turnover is 54 percent on a yearly basis,' he contends.

While some British and American companies supply their black workers with a stipend or with some accommodation for which they've paid and with money for their children's educational costs, Massey Ferguson does not do so, he says, and, furthermore, Massey Ferguson provides no pension, no transportation allowance despite the forty miles round trip each day between the plant and the township where the workers live, and no disability pension or allowance for black workers. All these items are provided for the white workers. 'So, if you want, then, Massey Ferguson has failed very badly in South Africa. Obviously they do not care very much about their workers. Even though their profits are so high and they can use those profits to buy out new companies in South Africa, they spend very little on the two-thirds of their work force that is black in the country.'

Job Discrimination Prevails

Massey Ferguson's approach to job allocation and payment therefore is closely aligned to official policy on the part of the South African government, Abrahams declares. 'It is a government policy that jobs are reserved according to colour. All the skilled and top jobs are reserved for whites and all the semi-skilled and unskilled jobs for blacks. However, the government has tended, because of a shortage of labour in South Africa, to turn a blind eye so that a number of companies have gone so far as to train some black workers to take up supervisory positions,' he observes. 'No black worker can be a supervisor of a white worker but there are companies that have trained blacks to become supervisors.'

'Ford of Canada has done that. Massey Ferguson, with 1,350 workers, has not a single black supervisor. Of course their argument, if one tells them they're paying the blacks much less, is that the blacks are not skilled. But if one then argues that, seeing that you have such a high turnover among whites, why don't you give some of the blacks who have been there a long time an opportunity to become skilled, they would turn around and tell you it's not government policy. Then if one says to them that other companies are in fact doing this, they tell you these companies are doing it on the sly and that they're a Canadian-based company and they don't want to run into trouble with the government.'

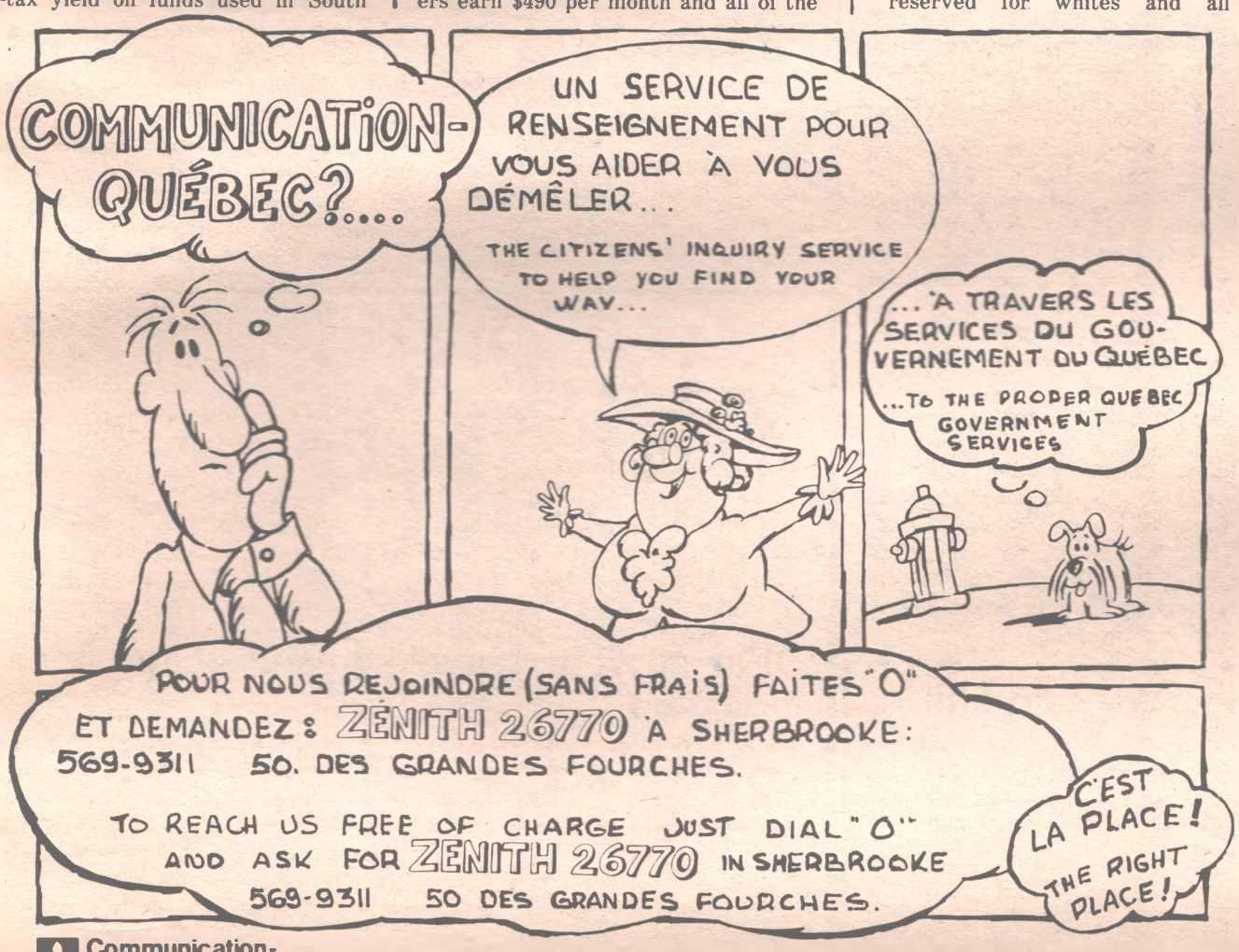
Abrahams argues that Canadian corporations may well have begun maintaining such discriminatory policies because they felt they had to play by the South African government's rules if they wanted to have access to the high yields available within that country. 'However,' he adds, 'I think they learn very quickly - maybe it's through government propaganda - to claim that blacks are inferior as an excuse for the sort of things they want to do there.'

Canadians Foster Dehumanization

According to Abrahams, Massey Ferguson represents the average Canadian corporate involvement in South Africa. Ford Canada and Bata Shoe present somewhat better pictures while George Weston and Falconbridge are somewhat worse he feels.

'The tendency of the George Weston Company is that Mr. George Weston has the unfortunate habit of making many racial remarks,' Abraham observes. 'He has been staying in South Africa for most of the last 20 years and he has the tendency to speak as if he is an Afrikaner, to talk of the blacks as being inferior and that there's no way that he could pay them regular wages because they have not even learned to wipe their noses, as he would say.'

The Weston Company operates a virtual monopoly in the flour-milling industry of South Africa, having bought up any new companies as soon as they've sprung up, Abrahams contends. 'Weston's attitude is that blacks are basically uncivilized - he says they're still running around in the bush - and he



supports the South African racist system totally.

'Falconbridge, which operates mainly in Namibia, goes one further: they find black workers for overseas companies and they grade them as if these workers were pounds of beef,' he claims. 'Then they sell them like cattle on contracts which they make with overseas companies. These workers are not then supposed to break the contract - these are people who can't even read or write - and they're not allowed to leave their job since it's a crime in South Africa for a black man to do such a thing.'

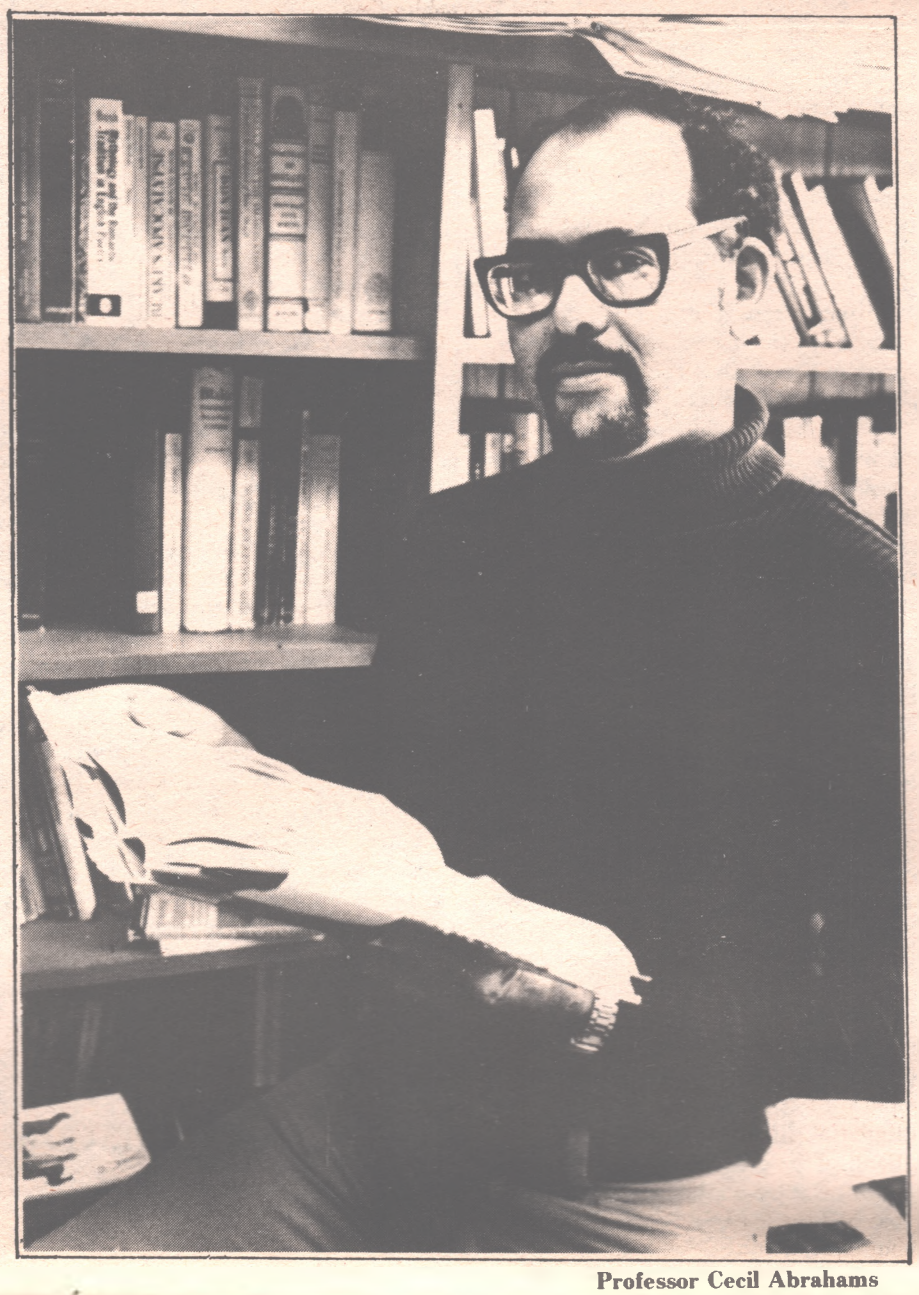
With regard to Alcan's activities in South Africa, Abrahams makes a poignant remark on the company's motto. 'It's interesting that the motto of Alcan in South Africa reads 'alcan realizes that people are the company's most valuable asset',' he notes, 'and then, looking at the statistics they present, you realize that blacks are probably not people. That's why they are not a very valuable asset to Alcan.'

The company, which entered South Africa in 1949, currently operates three plants in the country and is getting a new smelting plant underway. It specializes in aluminum extrusions, aluminum sheet and electrical conductors. 'In the Pietermaritzburg plant, 800 of the 810 people who work in the plant are black. All 800 live below the Poverty Datum Line which, in Pietermaritzburg, is $135 per month for a family of four,' Abraham declares. 'Even though they're earning less than $135 per month, they also work 60 hours a week in the plant.

'Alcan sells the safety equipment to the workers, though other companies supply it free of charge, and they do not supply transportation allowances, housing, pensions and disability allowances. Yet, in the other plants they operate in South Africa, where they have white workers, they do supply these fringe benefits to their white workers. There, too, the yield is between 19 and 23 percent per annum.'

Ford Canada- A Better Record

While Canadian corporations' behavior in South Africa has not been exemplary, Abrahams asserts, Ford Canada stands out as a company which actually has demonstrated concern for the welfare of its black workers. The company has operated in South Africa since the 1920's and, since 1950, has been a leader in the provision of improved salaries, working conditions and fringe benefits. 'Here you have a company which pays two-thirds of its black workers above the Poverty Datum Line, which has invested money in getting housing for their workers in the black townships, which supplies buses to take their workers from the townships to their Port Elizabeth plant and back in the evening,' he elaborates. 'They have also produced better workers because their people are happier than those with other companies.'



Professor Cecil Abrahams

Canada has become increasingly involved in South Africa since 1960 and, according to Abrahams, the connection - in terms of both corporations and government - has been strengthened especially during the Trudeau years. Since 1969, when some ten companies were operating in South Africa, there has been a surge of activity which has seen the entry of more than 20 additional companies including Canadian Pacific, Noranda and Canadian Breweries (as Carling O'Keefe) into that country. In addition, he claims, the Canadian government has itself become increasingly involved in fostering trade between the two nations.

Canadian Secrecy is Pervasive

'Trudeau said in 1969 that Canada's approach to South Africa is hypocritical because on the one hand we go to the United Nations and we condemn South Africa - and we vote for resolutions which condemn South Africa's apartheid policy - while at the same time we trade with them,' Abrahams recalls. 'He said this in 1969, when trading with South Africa was not a major problem, and yet, during his time in power, the Canadian investments in South Africa have grown more than three times - from $150 million to more than $500 million.' Furthermore, he notes, Canada has established two major trade missions in South Africa during the same period.

However, he adds, because both the Canadian government and Canadian corporations are extremely secretive about their activities in South Africa, information about Canadian involvement there likely understates actual involvement. 'Facts have to be taken in South Africa by people working on such statistics. In Canada, we're unable to get our hands on anything. You learn more about overseas companies in South Africa itself than you can learn about them in their home base territory because the policy in Canada is very secretive,' he explains. 'You can learn a great deal about British companies investments in South Africa in Britian at their head offices and you can learn a lot about American companies and their investments in South Africa in America but when it comes to Canadian companies they're always closed and they refuse to tell you anything.'

'In the same way the Canadian government refuses to give you any information. When you ask for it they tell you that it's information that belongs to the companies and that you should ask them. When you go to the companies they tell you that that's information you can go and ask the government about since they don't reveal such things. You're being kicked around from end to end and you never come up with anything. You have to, in fact, get people in South Africa to provide the information.'

Abrahams says the statistics he and others have been able to gather indicate that, despite Trudeau's early recognition of the awkwardness of the Canadian position regarding South Africa, Canada

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has become that country's eighth largest trading partner when, as recently as 1974-75, it was ranked somewhere in the mid-twenties. The United Kingdom, with more than 500 companies and more than $4 billion of total investments tied up in the country, is South Africa's largest trading partner. The United States ranks second in terms of total investment there and statistics published by the Wall Street Journal indicate there are between 300 and 500 companies and nearly $3 billion of assets invested by Americans in South Africa.

France, the third largest contributor to the South African economy, is, according to Abrahams, the most dangerous of the investors. 'Much of their investment,' he explains, 'has to do with special licenses to build planes and to build many military things for South Africa. A lot of our effort in terms of anti-apartheid activity, in terms of exposing overseas governments, is in fact concentrated on France because we find she's far more dangerous right now. She constantly flaunts United Nations policies asking countries not to help South Africa in any way on a military level.'

Germany is the fourth largest and Japan the fifth largest investor in South Africa and each shows investments of more than $1 billion. Germany participates mainly in heavy machinery industries and in terms of special licensing jobs for military goods production. 'It's with the help of Germany and Israeli technicians that South Africa is now in a position to produce their own nuclear bomb,' he contends.

Canadians, also, have been involved in the development of South African nuclear capacity, he argues, because of the increasing activity of the Canadian banks. 'Last year, the South African Electricity Commission, which is the body responsible for the development of nuclear power in South Africa and, eventually, for the development of the nuclear bomb, was looking for $1 billion for some expansion. They couldn't get the money so they came to Canada and to America and they collected 38 percent of this $1 billion in North America, with at least 15 percent of it coming from the Bank of Montreal, the Bank of Nova Scotia and the Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce.'

Canadian Government's Position Fosters Involvement

The positions adopted by the Canadian government have served to actively encourage Canadian corporations to become actively involved in the South African economy, Abrahams observes, and the recent growth in participation by Canadian financial institutions may be connected, in part, with their perception of governmental policies. 'Canadian banks have now realized, after seeing that American and British banks have been doing so well in South Africa, that the Canadian government either turns a blind eye or actively encourages investment. For a long time, I think, Canadian companies, and particularly Canadian banks, were very sensitive to what the government might do. They were afraid the government might really act.

'Now they don't seem to worry anymore. When we went to the Bank of Montreal shareholders' meeting, there was even talk of starting branches in South Africa,' he reports. 'The Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce and the Bank of Nova Scotia have also gotten into the act, but the Bank of Montreal has had the least interest in listening to our questioning. All of them claim, however, that the government doesn't break relations with South Africa so why should they - if it's officially allowed by the government, they say, they shall continue.'

Between 1969 and 1975, Canadian investment in South Africa rose from $150 million to more than $500 million and trade jumped appreciably, as indicated by an increase in Canadian imp ts from South Africa to $200 mil. from $46 million, Abrahams declares. Canadian imports from South Africa include sugar, ferrochrome, ferromanganese, manganese, fruit and tinned goods. Canadian exports to South Africa include wheat, lumber, woodpulp, newsprint, paper, sulfer, steel, aluminum, zinc, automobiles, trucks, aircraft engines and parts, and spare parts for military purposes.

This growth in Canadian activity regarding South Africa occurred despite the arguments raised against it by various groups within this country. 'A number of academics - economists mainly - at the University of Toronto brought out the Black Paper on Foreign Policy in 1972-73,' Abrahams recalls. 'They told the Canadian government our investment in South Africa was at that time a mere pittance, that we would be able to remove it very easily, that we would make much better friends with the rest of Africa and the rest of the Third World by taking out that money and investing it in an African country or a Caribbean or a Third World country; and that a profit would still be made though the yield would not be so great.'

Canadian Trade Missions Established

'The government turned a blind eye to this,' he adds. 'Meanwhile the government was establishing an extra trade commission in South Africa in Cape Town. Not only was this an ordinary trade commission - we had had just an embassy - with one or two persons, this was one staffed with over 15 people, of whom a number had an understanding of economics. Their only job was in fact to attract Canadian companies to come and invest in South Africa. It is, in fact, through their work that so many new companies have gone there.' Since the creation of this Cape Town bureau in 1972, Abrahams notes, Canada's ministry of trade and commerce established a second trade commission in Johannesburg, South Africa's capital city. 'What is upsetting is that you can't only blame the multinationals because you even have the government helping the companies to make things easier for them.'

Interconnections between Canadian and South African corporations are becoming closer in both directions and not just in terms of Canadian entry into the other country. At present, Abraham contends, there are several examples of South African companies buying substantial portions of some Canadian corporations. 'The Anglo-American Corporation, a South African company with several large smelting plants in South Africa, now owns 35 percent of the Hudson's Bay Company. Then there are many other companies which are linked to the Hudson's Bay Company. The Reed Paper Company, which has headquarters in Montreal, is a subsidiary of the Hudson's Bay Company. It is in all of the pulp and wood and forest products South Africa imports.'

'The same way with Canadian Breweries which entered South Africa after changing its name to Carling O'Keefe. Carling O'Keefe is owned by a South African company, by Rothman's of Cape Town. When you drink the next Red Label you don't even know that it's a Rothman's of South African beer. The Rothman's cigarette company is a South African company. Now we're getting to the point where South African companies are slowly beginning to own Canadian companies and the people of Canada don't even know about it.'

Creating Awareness Difficult

Since coming to Canada, Abrahams had devoted much of his time to an attempt to foster awareness among Canadians of the plight of South Africa's black population. 'I've found it very difficult over the years because, unfortunately, the job of making people aware is placed on the shoulders of so few people,' he remembers. 'The country is so big that the tendency has been to appeal mainly to the converted, to the people who have certain predisposition for listening to this sort of thing.'

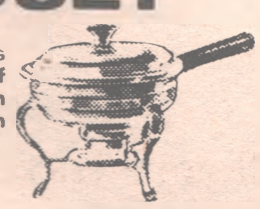
He says his job has been made somewhat easier as Canadians have formed support groups 'with the intention of informing the Canadian people and of appealing to them to embarrass their government and their corporations for helping to exploit an already exploited people'. Through their help, accessibility to the community, and particularly to church and school groups, has been increased.

Abrahams blames much of the lack of awareness on Canada's news media which, he says, either fail to cover South African developments entirely or buy analyses written by members of the foreign press. As a result, he argues, Canadians receive a fragmented and distorted view of the situation which does not correspond to perspectives normally adopted by Canadians.

He feels this failure by the news media is particularly unfortunate since it prevents Canadians from receiving information which they require in order to formulate moral judgments about South African conditions. 'I think the question of human indignity is general. It exists in many parts of the world and even here in Canada. It's a question of when some men are treated as if they're not human - we should rise up and make it impossible.'

'We should make sure that everyone has a fair shake in life. This should be the first motto in each country: that it is the nature of living in a world where we are all related to each other because we're social beings that we should all stand up for each other and prevent any kind of discrimination or imposition of humanity on other people,' he believes. 'Human beings are the same everywhere on the face of the earth and so why should we want them suffering overseas? Why can't we do something about it?'

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Canadians Should Contribute to the Struggle

Canada itself has a special role to play in terms of such African problems because of its connection with these principles, Abrahams claims. 'Canada is still a country which is respected in Third World countries because they think that Canada is involved in that kind of thinking. I think we should really show we are involved in it: we must work at levels that can bring about a situation where all men can be returned to a position of dignity. If we are involved at the moment, through our governments and our corporations and through individuals, in exploiting the labour of blacks in South Africa, we must insist that this should stop and we should work in every way possible to bring this about.'

The struggle against apartheid in South Africa is fought on several levels, Dr. Abrahams maintains. 'There is the level of the South African people themselves and it is their struggle first and they will finally decide what's going to happen. The next level is that of the South African liberation army. Finally, there's the struggle of those who are not on the South African scene, who are not involved in armed struggle, but who are helping to weaken the economic structures which reinforce the system of apartheid.'

Canadians should contribute to the struggle at least at the third level, he feels. 'I think we should accept that we can work on this level to expose companies and to embarrass them. After all, corporations don't like to be exposed and embarrassed and once they've been in this position too often they're forced to deal with the question.'

Abrahams argues that Alcan and Chrysler America have both been victims of successful attacks of this kind and have chosen to curtail their operations in South Africa rather than be subjected to more embarrassment. 'In recent years Alcan has been attacked at practically every shareholders' meeting,' he observes, 'so that they have finally decided they're going to sell all their interests in their Pietermaritzburg plant.' He says Chrysler America's decision to pull out of South Africa resulted from similar embarrassment. 'If we work on that level hopefully we'll bring some conscience to these corporations and we might get them to do something. It's a slow procedure, and it takes a long time, but we have to work at it if we want to see genuine change in South Africa.'

Nevertheless, Abrahams thinks Canadians could do more to assist the blacks' struggle. 'As a representative of an African liberation group, I would like us to go beyond the level of the economic boycott,' he explains, 'but I realize that this would be asking too much of ordinary people in this country because then you might be inciting them to collect money for arms and to thinking the solution in South Africa is perhaps not on the levels they are working on but on the level of armed struggle.'

'I can't see the difference of course. I see them all tied in, with one level simply fitting into another level, but I think in Canada we have a tendency to shy off very quickly.'

Eastern Bloc Gains From West's Hesitation

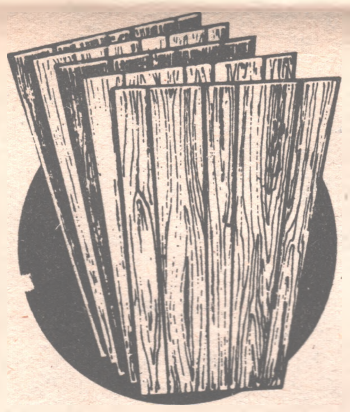
'Two years ago,' he recalls, 'the Canadian government received from the Standing Committee on External Affairs a suggestion that some money should be given to the liberation groups. Immediately, the Toronto Star and the Globe and Mail jumped up and said the government was trying to finance warfare in South Africa. In fact, the government was only going to give them support in terms of food and medical supplies and clothing - they were not thinking in terms of arms - but this was the scream and this immediately got the Canadian public thinking that the government was trying to create war in Africa. This, then, is a very delicate issue and I never talk about it because I find that many of us can't really accept it as a logical extension.'

'I think, on the other hand, if we don't talk about it, it means that when African countries need assistance - and they often need assistance in terms of arms - governments of Western countries will immediately say no,' he warns. He explains that the liberation armies normally go first to the countries which colonized them because they feel that they at least understand the Western mentality.

'Since they consider them to be more their allies than anyone else, they go asking them for help. Saying they're dealing with an oppressive government which won't think twice before using arms, they explain they also need arms. The Western governments say they don't want to have anything to do with war because they want things to be done peacefully. In the meantime, there's no peace. Everyday, all the time, people are being violated.'

Following the West's refusal, he adds, the liberation groups go to Eastern countries. 'The socialist bloc, for their own reasons obviously, give assistance, hoping that someday they will have a foothold in those countries when liberation comes. The West, in a sense, forces these countries into the Eastern bloc: even though they will not become Communists, they are going to be more favourable to the Eastern bloc in times of liberation.'

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