MAR-APR. 1976

The Townships Sun

VOL. 3, NO. 4

Dear Editors of the Sun,

It is an uplifting surprise to see that there exists among the ever increasing threat of total commercialism the community spirit inherent in your Townships Sun.

We are fortunate that we are lucky enough to enjoy the many facets of country living - clean air, living with nature in its purest form, good water and fresh fruits and vegetables from our gardens.

It is imperative (or should be) that you, as a community form of communications, should keep the public informed as to the increasing need to sustain this natural life. With the ever increasing threat of industrialization (we can see clearly where it is leading with but a quick glance toward any major city) we must begin now to evolve in harmony with nature.

As mentioned above, we have a good beginning breathing clean air and having plenty of fresh water and outdoor living. The next step is our food- our sustenance

And now to the crux of the letter.

Due to many years now of improved communication and mass production we are plagued with what is commonly known as commercial food. All forms of canned, packaged, chemicalized and commercialized products assail us from every corner. We have been badgered, misinformed and mislead.

We must again look to nature as our guide - eat in harmony with the environment in which we live - in harmony with nature. This is Macrobiotics. Macro means great, bio means vitality and biotic means the technique of rejuvenation. This is not a diet as such; all people may enjoy its rewards.

I know not whether you of the staff are at all familiar with macrobiotics and it is not my wish now to go into a discourse as to all it entails. It is mainly my wish to approach you regarding doing something tangible and positive in the community, with the community and for the community (if in fact they want this!) to improve their diets through education and understanding of the balance of nature, unto happier and healthier living!

If you are interested and wish to know further on this subject, I would be happy to oblige; it is only my wish to spread to as many people as possible a new world of foods that are healthful, nourishing and also delicious.

From foods we are given life, and in the skillful joining and balancing of foods we are given the secret of life.

(I am also interested in opening a macrobiotic restaurant in the Sutton area but so far have had little luck in finding a house to rent for this purpose. This restaurant would include the distribution of information on the subject as well - and I'm sure would be prove to be quite successful. If you are able to give me any assistance in any way toward finding a location for this restaurant, it would be a great help.)

Ms Pat Livingstone,
Frelighsburg

Dear Staff Members,

Enclosed is my subscription to help you carry on with wonderful work you are doing in keeping us abreast of what is going on in our own back yards, so to speak, in these days when we are assaulted on all sides through the larger media, about all of the foreign news, etc., which is of course important also, we do however tend to lose sight of the fact that we in our own Eastern Townships form a very important place in the business of living. I am also a bit envious of your courage and initiative in bringing out such a paper. Many years ago I was connected with the Coaticook Observer, one of the oldest Eastern Townships weeklies. The printing office was on Cutting Street in Coaticook and we also put out a companion paper, L'Etoile de L'Est, and although our set up was far from modern, except for a lineotype, some of the other type was set by hand and we did all of the folding by hand also. I was a sort of Joe Girl. I did the books, the local news, an occasional article, a lot of the folding and attempted to collect bills and keep the Editor's desk tidy, the two later were a losing battle, anyway we had fun and I always wished I could have my own paper, but marriage intervened so I satisfied myself by writing for the Sherbrooke Record. If you come to Brome County in the fall be sure to make it at Brome Fair time, which is always on the Labour Day week-end. My husband is Secretary-treasurer of the Horticulture Division and he would welcome a visit from you.

Keep up your good work, you are gaining many friends.

Mrs. Rupert Phelps,
Sutton

Dear Sir,

I take pleasure in enclosing my cheque for a subscription to the Eastern Townships Sun.

My husband and I have found your paper most interesting. I was born at Melbourne Ridge, Richmond County, where my father had a farm, as a matter of interest my grandfather came out from Scotland circa 1825-1830 on a sailing ship, landed in Boston and walked up to Richmond. On reaching here he went in to see a cobbler to have his shoes repaired. It is most remarkable that this cobbler was the same man who repaired his shoes in Glasgow, Scotland. He went on to Melbourne Ridge where he Homestead.

I have a brother Victor Sims living in North Hatley, he is a builder and has erected many fine homes. As a hobby he makes violins, Do try to meet him, you will find him most interesting.Wishing you every success.

Margaret A. Ludovici (nee Sims)
R.R. 3, Foster

Good Day,

I recently moved to the Townships (from Montreal, via Ste Agathe) and I think I found here what I was looking for - a community. One of the first things I was introduced to was your newspaper, a welcome welcome.

I'm sending you my subscription, but it's not necessary for you to send me anything in return, as I can read each issue as it arrives at a friend's home. Hopefully, not having to send me a copy will help keep you in the financial pink (black?!)

Thank you for a fine paper, and good luck!

Sheila Eskenazi,
Maple Beach,
Foster

The Townships Sun,

As I am an interested reader of the Sun, I wish to subscribe, and I hope this will help to carry on the good work you are all doing. I appreciate your efforts.

I have lived most of my life in the Eastern Townships and of the third generation. It distresses me to see the small farmer disappearing off the land.

Will look forward to future copies.

Mrs. W. Dale,
Huntingville

Editors, Townships Sun,

Here is my subscription. We hope the paper doesn't get too many ads in and keeps as it is now, a delightful thing.

Wondered if anyone ever looked up pioneer history about South Ham, Wolfe Co. Many of the early settlers coming from Quebec way settled there - the Coopers, Jacksons, Porters, and many others.

The stage coaches passed through and stopped at the halfway house for the night. A shot was fired to let travellers know they were near a resting place - being all forest most of the way, they couldn't see ahead. Oxteams were very slow and the road was muddy and stoney, so I have been told.

Mrs. W. Cooper,
Cookshire

The Townships Sun,

Je suis très heureux de vous adresser le prix d'un abonnement au 'The Townships Sun' comme une coopération et un encouragement a poursuivre votre beau projet d'un journal régional qui représente beaucoup d'intérêt selon la formule bien particulière que vous avez choisie.

Je suis non moins content de savoir que vous viendrez vous installer à Waterville, votre nouveau siège social. Bravo.

Je tâcherai de vous aider sous une autre forme, en essayant de vous trouver des abonnés.

Bon succès et longue vie à votre journal.

Rév. A. Larouche,
Waterville

Sirs,

I get a big boost from your Sun, more power to you.

I know it's dangerous to send cash by mail, but we're all living in danger, so what they heck.

I am a widow (66) living alone, grew up on a farm, the best place to grow up. Oh yes, I wanted to tell you, I received two copies of the last issue, and one I mailed to an old friend in Victoria, B.C. and the other to my old school teacher, now eighty something, living in Boston, so you see that issue of the Sun really got around.

Dorothy A. Lindsay,
Granby

Dear Sirs,

Here is my subscription to the E.T. Sun.

I have been a freeloader long enough. What a treat to pick up your paper without glaring advertisements staring me in the face. Please try and keep it that way.

K.D. Tree,
Sherbrooke

P.S. Would like to write you an article about how disgusting the advertising has become, at some later date. K.D.T.

Hey there!

I have to admire your courage in starting a new English-language newspaper from scratch. It takes energy, ambition and a helluva lot of patience.

Your initial issues have been very interesting. Keep up the excellent work - and best of luck.

Frank Houghton,
Granby

Dear Editors,

For sometime I have intended to express my appreciation of your efforts in publishing and circulating the Townships Sun. It contains material particularly pertinent to our area and gives citizens the opportunity to express their opinions freely. I also like the blending of the past with the present.

I do hope you will receive the support necessary to continue.

Kathleen H. Atto,
Lennoxville

The Editors,

This is just a short note to express my appreciation for your worthwhile endeavour to establish a news periodical which covers such a variety of topics of interest to its readers, and further, which provides information with regards to the past and current events throughout the Eastern Townships.

You are furnishing an excellent means of communication for the citizens of a large but sparsely populated area of the province - something they would not otherwise have.

Keep up the good work!

Mr. Stewart,
R.R. 1, Bishopton

Gentlemen,

Enclosed is a cheque for my subscription to your paper - so little remains of what used to be for us whose hearts are in E.T. and whose lives and efforts have been centered here.

May your efforts on our, and your, behalf be rewarding and successful.

Charles McKee,
Lennoxville

Dear Townships Sun,

Enclosed you'll find my subscription. I guarantee it won't be my last. Best down to earth local news about the Townships I've read in a long time. Best of luck to you. Keep up the good work.

Eldon Ling,
Frelighsburg

Dear Sunshine,

Please accept my subscription to the Sun. It's pretty wet on the farm here and we don't need no clouds. I would like to do more than show my support but I can't afford to be good friends, so if you're ever in the neighbourhood, you'll have to settle for a tummy-ful.

Here's my heartiest congratulations on a tough job well done from a guy who doesn't know a thing about it but loves the end product. I thought this kind of thing went out with Dickens.

Joe Graham,
R.R. 2, Foster

Dear Sir,

I receive the Sun regular and enjoy reading it very much. It is a very interesting paper with lots of information and happenings in our Eastern Townships, which we do not get from any other daily paper. I am enclosing my subscription to help you carry on with this wonderful paper, wishing you all the very best of luck for the future.

Ernie Neal
R.R. 1 East Angus

Dear Sun,

This is to tell you how much I appreciate the issue 3.No.2 of the Sun. I got it at the Coop, La Ruche, in Sherbrooke, and would be glad, very glad to receive the coming Suns.

The article about the creation of an urban community at Sherbrooke was especially interesting. We, the people of St. Elie, are concerned too. The projected industrial park of Sherbrooke is in a high percentage on our territory.

I just have one regret, that my English is not good enough to be able to appreciate all the good articles at their real value.

Continue your work, for the English population, of course, but also for every good-willed man or woman.

Sincerely,
(Madame) P. Alberts

We have a new office at 202 Main, Waterville.
Our phone number is 819-837-2864.

This issue of the Sun was put together by:

Jill Gyorgy,
R.R. 1, COmpton
835-5682

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

Peter Hutchinson,
East Hatley,
838-5047

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

This issue of the Sun was typeset by Moe's River Press. In-plant camera by Bob Lessard's Composition et Publicité, Sherbrooke. Printed by Eastern Townships Publishing Co, Ltd., Sherbrooke.
The mast-head on the front cover was drawn by Stephanie Wells of Scotstown.
Printed in 20,000 copies, one for every English family in the traditional Eastern Townships.
The Sun's International Serial Number is 0316-022X.
Nous sommes enregistré avec la Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec.

'The reason we like nature
is that it doesn't have any opinion of us.'

Bulk mailing permit no. 84, Sherbrooke.

Dear Townships Sun,

Re your short note on Red Dye No. 2. Do you think it is possible to get a list of the foods using this artificial colouring? Then we could make an intelligent choice when buying groceries. Companies will respond to a drop in sales more quickly than to a 'wait and see' attitude.

Yours very truly,
Violet Main
Bishopton

-the Red Dye No. 2 is used in so many different foods that it would be impossible to list them all by brand name. Oranges, candied fruits, candies, ice cream, sausage casings, spreads, margerine, and more all have the dye. It is best to check labels carefully to see if there is colour added and try to avoid pre-prepared foods.

Dear Editors,

In reading through the latest issue of the Sun (Vol. 3, No. 3), I noticed two interesting problems common to all people in Quebec: the Provincial government refuses to make a contract offer that teachers can accept; adult education courses are cancelled. Add to this the attitude of the government vis-à-vis retired people who earn over $1,440 per year; their pension is cut 50 per cent.

The Quebec government has cut subsidies for milk production, and asks the dairy farmers to pay part of the cost of exportation of their own milk. Farmers in the west, however, pay nothing for the export of Canadian wheat to Russia and India.

The milk quota has been reduced, pinching the dairy farmers again.

The government is trying to drive small farmers out of business.

Transport subsidies for grain have been reduced, making the cost of feed in the East tremendously high.

There has been a $150 million cut back on funds for medical and other research.

The government, both provincial and federal, is killing all the initiative of the Canadian people. The governments prefer to sacrifice a whole generation of farmers, scientists, teachers, etc., in the name of 'prestige' coming from a two-week event: the Olympic games (not to mention the benefits Big Business will derive from this).

Lynn Pageau,
Chemin Lipsey,
East Angus

Dear Sir,

Just a favour to ask, I would like five issues of the Sun, the ones with the picture of Donald Morrison, The Megantic Outlaw, in. I am a distant relative and would like to send them to relations in Scotland.

Enclosed is my subscription to help your wonderful paper and I would like to congratulate the Staff on a job well done.

Murdo E. Morrison,
Milan

Editors,

I am a man of 76. We had 9 children, 5 boys and 4 girls. One of my son-in-laws served 5 years in the army, 4 of them in the war, 2 overseas. One 4 years in the navy, 2 sons in Korea Army of Occupation, one over 22 years in the service. What was their pay?

They got most of their education in that one room school house, where the teachers took an interest in their job and the children.

What are their children getting in the schools now? Where the teachers have no respect or interest in them.

They say why shouldn't we get as much pay as the other fellow, but can they do his job? They say they cannot live on less than $10,000 a year, let me tell you that more than 50 per cent of labour don't get that pay and yet some buy a home a feed a family.

Any teacher getting pension should not be teaching. If you can't live on your pension how can hundreds others?

You talk about farmers getting grants, well what about his expenses? Machinery, seed, fertilizer and he works 10 or 12 hours and often more 365 days per year.

If he walked off the job for one day what would happen? Or if he only worked 8 months a year?

I worked 22 years in Dominion Textile and if I was not there I didn't get paid, why should you?

If you don't like your job, go somewhere else.

In regards to schools, I can tell you of one regional, Lennoxville, where the boys formed a number of groups, one was dealing in dope and some carried switch blades.

One boy I know was absent three days before his teacher knew about it.

They might as well close the school until next September, the children will be just as well off. I hate to think of paying school tax for something we are not getting.

Kenneth Macpherson,
R.R. 2, Ayer's Cliff

FROZEN TOES, TURNIN' PURPLE, ALL FOR THE LOVE, OF MAPLE SIRPLE

'Honey is found in the trees and is gathered amongst briar and bramble bushes.'

Peter Martyr,
The Decades of the New Worlde of West India, 1521

'There is a kind of tree called maple, which grows very large and high...When gashes are made in these trees in the spring, there runs out from there a quantity of water which is sweeter than sugar and water, or at least more pleasant to drink.'

Pierre Boucher,
Histoire véritable et naturelle des moeurs et productions du pays de la Nouvelle France, vulgarement dite Canada, 1664

'The mapple tree yeilds a Sap, which has a much pleasanter taste than the best Lemonade or Cherry-water and makes the wholesomest drink in the World...of this Sap they make Sugar and Syrrup, which is so valuable that there cannot be a better remedy for fortifying the Stomach. 'Tis but a few of the Inhabitants that have the patience to make Mapple-water, for as common and used things are always slighted, so there is scarce anybody but clidren that give themselves the trouble of gashing these Trees.

Louis, Baron de la Hontan,
Nouveaux voyages dans l'Amerique Septentionale, 1703

NOTE: All quotes and most of the information contained in the following were lifted out of 'The Maple Sugar Book' by Helen and Scott Nearing, published by Schocken Books, N.Y. It's an excellent and enjoyable paperback for anyone interested in reading anything on sugar-making, past and present.

There's no better way to wake yourself up after a long sleepy winter than to pour a bucket of half-frozen maple sap down your leg!

Having it soak through your pants, Pendleton's underwear and fill your rubber boot, makes you realize that winter's really over. Winter has to be over because you can laugh about it. You can laugh about it only because there's a warm sun shining, birds are returning, buckets are overflowing and you're working so hard to keep up that once you've moved on to a friendlier tree you've already forgotten what that last one did to you.

A bootful of sap in April is so much sweeter than a bootful of snow in February...

Back in the sugarhouse I hang my wet socks next to the stovepipes comin' off the back of the big evaporator. My boots are sittin' next to the doors of the firebox dryin' out and I'm sittin' on a block of wood in the corner tryin' to keep out of the way of 'the boss' and warm my bare toes with my hands at the same time.

The inside of the shack is full of steam rising off the sap that's bubblin' furious in both the large evaporator and the finishin' arch.

It takes 30-40 gallons of sap to make one of syrup and that's a lot of water to be boiled away. The boss says that on a wet rainy day the steam doesn't rise so well and 'ya can't see nuthin' inside.'

Right now he's got his head in a cloud but his boots are firmly planted with each step as he moves about his little operation- stokin' the fires, drawin' sap off of one arch and finishin' it on the other, testin' the syrup with a big paddle to see if it pearls right. As he walks by me he grins and comments that it's sure a funny way to try washin' my feet.

It's a good thing that he likes to sugar 'cause no one gets rich off it. If you counted your time you'd probably be lucky to make a dollar an hour most years. That's why most of the sugar places that were around here have been cut off for lumber. Paul Valée, a lumberman over in St. Isidore d'Auckland, buys up all he can and sells the wood to Japan for bowling alleys.

And then of those that are left, half of'em are idle. Those must be the boys who can't stand to see their maples cut down but aren't crazy enough about it to go out and tap them either.

Oh, you'll make somethin' in a decent year but nuthin' to get excited about. The boss, a veteran of 40 or 50 sugar seasons, says that he did it for so long for nuthin' that he 'hates to quit now when it's worth sompthin' even if not a hell of a lot.' But he likes it too, you can tell by the bounce in his step as he moves around boilin'. And nuthin pleases him more than fillin' somebody's belly with sugar-on-snow until they hold up their forks in surrender and threaten to be sick if he pours on any more. That makes him laugh and he talks about how when he was a kid there was a sugarin' off nearly every week-end at one place or another.

He even remembers goin' down to Tommy Houle's down on the old Brown place to sugar off. He used to boil down in big iron kettles hangin' over a fire. The sugar was black as molasses. They really thought that was somethin' in those days.

Now he doesn't really care for it at all. They say that when you boil off the 97% of the sap that's water, that a lot of sugar goes up in the steam too. That's why your eyelashes and eyebrows and hair get a bit sticky after a long day of boilin'. It seems to get into your pores or somethin' and all you want to be eatin' are sour things like pickles.

It's hard work but it's a good time too.Just to be out runnin' around in the woods after a long winter is enough to make ya feel good. Those last few weeks of winter, it was awful hard to get outa bed in the morning.

The weather does have a powerful influence on you when you're livin' in the country. Those first real warm days I couldn't get out of bed early enough, eat breakfast quick enough and run down to the sugar place fast enough. 'Course, after you've gathered a couple of tubs you're slowed down a bit, but it still feels like some kind of ritual, wakin' up after a few months of hibernation.

For the Indians it was a time of celebration. Every year at this time they just moved lock, stock and sugar-barrell into the maples and hung out there until the leaves appeared and the sap turned too sour to fool with.

'The Indians welcomed the return of spring by festivities and celebrations. They called the period 'sugar month' or 'maple moon'. One of the ancient festivals of the Iroquois Indians is dedicated to the maple and includes a 'maple dance', the performance of which will, it is hoped, bring on warmer weather and cause the sap to flow.'

Nearings,
The Maple Sugar Book

'When in a state of famine, they [the Indians] eat the shavings or bark of a certain tree, which they call Michton, which they split in the Spring to get from it a juice, sweet as honey or sugar.'

Paul Le Jeune,
Nouvelle France en l'Année 1634

'There is no lack of sugar in these forests. In the spring the maple-trees contain a fluid resembling that which canes of the island contain. The women busy themselves in receiving it into vessels of bark, when it trickles from the trees, they boil it, and obtain from it a fairly good sugar.'

Sebastien Rosles,
Lettres édifiantes et curieuses. 1724

'Course, the Indians did it a bit different from the way it's done today. They'd take some kind of knife or an axe and cut a mean gash in the tree and using reeds or hollowed out sticks, they'd direct the sap into a birch bark container sitting on the ground at the base of the tree. This might damage or even kill the tree, but in those days they had plenty of'em around.

Their method of boiling was pretty original too. They would fashion these large containers from clay or bark and heating up rocks in a fire they'd throw the rocks into the containers, makin' the water boil until only sugar was left.

Another trick of the Indians was to let the sap freeze and then throw away the ice and use just the syrupy concentration of sugar left in the birch-bark pails.

In those days it was the women who did the sugarin'. Each woman had a hut that she used every year and which was passed on to her from her mother. Every once in a while if a man was in a good mood he might lower himself to the tedious business of collecting a pail of sap but essentially the women did all the tapping, gathering and boiling by themselves.

And those people were really crazy for maple syrup and sugar. Europeans visiting the Americas found that they seasoned just about all of their food with it much as we do with salt. They cooked their grains in it and stored their corn with it. A favourite sauce was maple sugar in bear grease that they dipped their venison into. It was a liquor with strong medicinal qualities and a treat for the children when they were out of sorts.

Alexander Henry, the great explorer, wrote that at times they lived only on maple sugar and nothing else:

'Though as I have said, we hunted and fished, yet sugar was our principal food during the whole month of April I have known Indians to live wholly upon the same and become fat. On the mountain, we eat nothing but our sugar, during the same period. Each man consumed a pound a day, desired no other food, and was visibly nourished by it.'

Our foolish forefathers, or at least some of them, tried to convince the Indians that cane sugar from the West Indies was a superior food but the natives found it no comparison to the fragrant and flavourful maple sugar, which smelled like the forest and gave them the strength of maple trees.

The Europeans valued the maple too. Seldom having money to buy other than what they could produce, the settlers were eager to learn the art of producing sugar from their own maple trees. The first innovation the Europeans made was to use iron and copper kettles for boiling down the sap. then they introduced augers for tapping, containers or troughs of hollowed out ash or bass wood trees for catching the sap, and finally wooden buckets.

The Maine Agricultural Report of 1892 gives the advantages and disadvantages of the various buckets in use at the time. 'Every variety of vessel is used for receiving the sap as it flows from the tree, from the rude trough (hewn from the sapling pine or cedar), and birchen bucket, to the perfect machine-made Shaker-pail and glass vase. Anything will answer if it is but clean and sweet. Glass would be best, but it is too expensive; tin is good, but it is also expensive; birch buckets are extensively used on account of their trifling costs, but are often leaky; are handled with difficulty when full of sap, and are not easily keep sweet. The Shaker-pail is used, but the top is too large catching too much dirt when the wind shakes the forest; sheds its hoops too easily when it has stood empty a day or two with a March wind blowing, and if hung to the tree by its wire loop and nail, its flaring top gives it an outward pitch and lessens its capacity. Earthen vessels are easily kept clean, but are too heavy, and liable to be broken. The best thing on account of its low cost, lightness, durability, and well adapted form, is the mackerel half-kid, lacking its smallest head; its form is that of an inverted pail, consequently the hoops never fall off if it's kept rightside up, its small top catches little dirt, is easily kept sweet by scalding, hangs well to a tree, and will last with proper care, many years.' (from **The Maple Sugar Book**)

Whatever kind of sap-catchers they used, most of them collected the sap in a pair of pine-stave pails hanging from each end of a shoulder-yoke. Horses or oxen usually hauled the sap in tubs through the sugar place, to the spot there the boiling was going on.

Storage containers were troughs or large cisterns in the shape of a canoe and sometimes liquor or molasses casks were recycled for the job.

Sugar shacks were scarce in those days. It's surprising because often the men were away from home for weeks while doin' the sugarin', yet they camped out under the stars for the entire period. Occasionally a shanty of logs and bark was built but the rule was being as bare to the elements as were the trees.

The Canadian Settler's Guide of 1860 has these suggestions for choosing a boiling place:**'In the centre of the bush he should fix upon a boiling place: a fallen pine, or any large tree should be chosen: if there be not one ready felled, he must cut one down, as he needs a good lasting back log against which to build his fire at the boiling time...The boiling place is made by fixing two large stout-forked posts into the ground, over which a pole is laid, stout enough to support the kettles, iron wood is good for this purpose; on this the kettles are hung at a certain distance above the fire.'** (from THE Maple Sugar Book)

It wasn't long before the heavy cauldrons were placed on top of stone or brick 'arches' that contained the fire. Flat-bottomed pans of tin or iron were seen as the greatest invention for improving the quality of the dark molasses-like syrup that the kettles produced.

It wasn't until the 1860's that the first evaporator pans with a system of flow from one pan to another were introduced. They probably resemble the evaporator pans in use today. Of course today your pans may be heated by oil which puts you at the mercy of those Arabs who have no sympathy for us sugar-makers in the Townships tryin' to make an honest dollar. And if you're set-up is really fancy you might have plastic pipeline carrying all of the sap directly from each tree right to your storage tank, thanks to the the grace of gravity or a new-fangled vacuum pump.

The boss's sugarplace has around 500 trees on pipeline which is nice because they're the most miserable ones to get at.

Leanin' on his 4 foot poker, the boss is talkin' 'bout the weather and how we don't have the snow we used to. A good long sugar season needs lots of snow, cool nights and warm days. Seems to him that it was always the sun that gradually melted the snow but nowadays we have these rains that take it all away. After a good run or two, the roots of the trees are all bare of snow and the season's all over before it begins unless it turns cold again. It don't make sense at all- it's foolish, is what it is.

But here we are still doin' it. Maybe the only explanation is that it's springtime and all creatures go a little bit silly this time of year. Maybe it's just some folks' way of shaking off the winter and kicking up their heels a bit, just like that old sagging-back cow that runs and jumps like a month old calf every year when she's first turned out to pasture after a long dark winter in the barn

The sap's still bubblin' like crazy and the steam continues to pour out of the seams and beams and roof of the camp. My feet are warmed up a bit but my back is tired and complainin' at the suggestion from the boss that we pick up a last tub before headin' home for supper.

Without lookin' at my reaction or listenin' for an answer he finished fillin' the firebox, throws me my wet-warm socks and boots and heads outside to talk to the horses.

Squinting in the twilight outside, we're off for another hour or more of thigh-deep snow, mud and sap-down-your-boot.

Foolish, ain't it?

The Witchery of Adam's Ale

by Audrey M. McCaw

The forked branch, cut from an apple tree, was about two feet long. Under the guidance of the local dowser I wrapped my thumbs around the two ends and grasped them firmly but lightly holding the stick horizontally in front of me. I began to walk, as he had done, slowly across the field, feeling - quite frankly - a bit silly and embarrassed in front of my sceptical friends. On the third crossing an odd thing happened. I suddenly felt an invisible weight on the tip of the stick, as though someone were trying to pull it down and away from me. During the instant that it bent to point straight downwards, I had a feeling of fright, as one does in the presence of any unexplainable sensation.

The dowser joined me with a grin and retrieved his diving rod.

'You felt it? Good girl! There's water there all right. Maybe you've got the gift!'

This happened many years ago and it must have been a fluke for the stick has never worked for me since. But I've not forgotten the pull of the seemingly magnetic force and since that time I have had a genuine respect for the ancient art of water/ divining.

On that occasion, which occured at my parents' country cottage, the local dowser 'found water' at ten to twelve feet. The hole for the well was dug the following day but at twelve feet the soil was still dry as a bone. Discouraged, we'd phoned the dowser to tell him the bad news.

'Did you dig exactly where I told you?'

'Within a few inches. We had to veer slightly when we struck rock.'

'The vein's there. Keep digging!'

Sure enough, in another few inches the soil darkened and beautiful water gushed into the hole in a flow to gladden the heart.

Twenty-five years later the well is still producing and the dowser, Howard Johnson of Dunham, has pinpointed hundreds more like it in the Eastern Townships, with never a failure.

What makes a dowser? Is his ability for real or is it a hoax based on guesswork or coincidence? Is it witchcraft or extra-sensory perception or some rare human magnetic attraction that can be explained scientifically?

Despite the long record of successful water divining from the time that Moses 'lifted up his hand and smote the rock with his rod twice and water came forth abundantly' to the grudging acceptance that the art is acquiring in some quarters today, the vast majority of us are still from Missouri.

The dowsers themselves, the people who have the gift, are more eager to have their art recognized by the general public so that it may be universally accepted and put to good use. Indeed, the pollution crisis and problem of water shortage we have reached through our own mismanagement may be the very things that force us to turn for help to a source that has been available since time immemorial.

The ability to find water - or oil, minerals, lost articles, missing hunters, hidden treasure, etc. - is more widespread than most of us realize. And Women's Lib is no problem here; it appears to occur about equally among men and women. Some people use their gift quietly without fanfare, but many in several countries are members of active Dowsing Societies. The American Society of Dowsers with headquarters in Vermont is now fifteen years old and has a thousand members around the world, including professional dowsers, scientists and housewives. It was formed primarily to help members with their dowsing problems and to win for the art 'a stature of dignity and authority... and respectful recognition of its great worth'. The Society claims that dowsing can be consistently demonstrated and that, with practice, a dowsing response can be experienced by almost anyone. Through their conventions, seminars, public speaking engagements and their quarterly magazine, 'The American Dowser', information is shared and disseminated.

Already there are many practical applications in industry. For the past twenty years the Southern California Edison Company has employed a dowser to find wells for use with their electric pumps. In England certain architects and contractors, before breaking ground for a proposed building, use a dowser to locate not only water veins, but hazards such as old pipes, cisterns, foundation walls and Roman ruins. The U.S. Marine Corps in Vietnam used dowsing to pinpoint tunnels and buried ammunition. Recently in Canada the Ontario Hydro discovered that many of its own employees were using the divining technique to locate underground cables.

Some individuals seem to have the ability to 'map dowse'. This means that they can locate a desired object from a considerable distance by 'dowsing' a map of the area with a pendulum or other instrument. Fantastic as this seems to most of us, the method has won considerable respectability as a result of its use in World War II by the British and Australian navies to locate German submarines.

One of the most successful map dowsers, a Maine game warden by the name of Henry Gross, achieved such spectacular results that his feats have been documented in several books by the author Kenneth Roberts. He frequently located wells by map dowsing after conventional methods failed and worked for numerous industrial concerns. From his home in Maine he pin-pointed fresh water as far away as Bermuda, Ireland and Nigeria. As for oil wells, he was asked to locate likely wildcat spots in Kansas after seismic predictions had proved fruitless and he was right in 15 cases out of 17. He had found countless lost items, from a sunken outboard motor to a buried cannon. He used any type of rod or no rod at all. Gross himself has been subjected to searching examination by the renowned psychiatrist Dr. Berthold Schwartz. In recent years many attempts have been made to explain dowsing by its relation to ESP and Dr. Schwartz feels that a study of the dowser's personality

'Like Howard Johnson of Dunham, they accept their ability without question...'

can be more rewarding that then exclusive use of lab experimentation. Gross could not explain the gift, which came to him suddenly after a childhood illness, but accepted it with equanimity as a gift of God to be used for the good of mankind. He balked at the idea of using it to find uranium. To Gross, each dowsing effort was a mystical experience which often left him exhausted and Schwartz suggests that Henry may have had 'access to poorly understood brain areas that... might be connected with the occult-like supernormal capabilities that transcend time-space barriers.'

However, one does not have to be a mystic to practise successfully. Thousands of men and women with a less spectacular gift than Henry Gross are finding fresh water regularly to the benefit of their communities. Like Howard Johnson of Dunham, they accept their ability without question, require no trance-like state to perform and experience no loss of energy. Possibly many more of us could learn the technique if dowsing were more fully understood, but this may have to wait until scientists and societies for psychical research find a convincing explanation for telepathy, clairvoyance and all other ESP phenomena.

In the meantime, let's give the dowser his due. Modern man, who has been eminently more successul in reaching the moon than in understanding his inner self, has done a thorough job of polluting the waters he can see; perhaps one of his few hopes for survival is through the waters he cannot see, but has the power to find with the help of a God-given talent.

Howard Johnson of Dunham has located hundreds of wells with his apple rod, and has had nary a failure.

The rod bends down with a force of its own - and the water is there - every time.

-Audrey McCaw, Abercorn

Magog,
Memphremagog Library

The now well-established Memphremagog Library began with a few shelves of books at the Princess Elizabeth High School in the summer of 1964. Magog wanted a real library and that autumn a location in the Old Post Office was provided, as well as donations of books, furniture and money. By the end of 1966, there were nearly 5,000 books on the shelves and over 10,000 books had circulated in the first two years of operation.

The French children's section was expanded due to interest and the Austin Women's Institute which was the driving force behind the library was able to take in many contributions.

In 1971 when the city sold the Old Post Office, M. Georges Girard provided the new quarters on 62 Main Street West. As the library was growing so much, the members of the Austin women's Institute realized that the project they had inaugurated could not, and should not, forever be supported and operated by the group. Therefore, a Citizens Committee was formed under the chairmanship of Mrs. W.G. Mitchell of the Austin W.I. to discuss the possibility of the community taking over the library. As a result, the library was constituted a Corporation by letters patent, and M. Georges Girard was elected the president at the first Board of Directors meeting.

In May 1975, an assistant was hired. There are also 15 volunteers who work actively with the library and their aid is invaluable to the library.

The library now has 20,000 books, of which approximately 7,000 are French, a membership of about 800 of which 75% are French-speaking. The number of books circulated in the fiscal year 74-75 was 61,627 representing an increase of 13,000 over the previous year.

Hours: Tues. 10:00-1:00 p.m.
Weds. 3:00-5:00 p.m.
Thurs. 10:00-5:00 p.m.
Fri. 3:00-9:00 p.m.

Tax deductible contributions can be made to:
La Bibliothèque Memphremagog Library, Inc.
Box 42, Magog, Quebec
Receipts will be sent for income-tax purposes. Donations of books in good condition are also welcome.

Hatley Village

The library in Hatley Village is in the Town Hall, where it has been since 1923. There are 3,000 volumes, many of which date back to the '30's. Roseanne Hutchison and Kevin Jensen, who have assumed responsibility for the library, hope to update the book selection with a local book drive. Presently, they are repainting the library, putting up new curtains and organizing the books. There are only 7 members at this time, membership being $1.00, but it is hoped there will be more members soon. When the library reopens, it will be open on Wednesday and Saturday afternoon. For more information on the library, call Roseanne or Kevin.

The small Hatley library is not the only one of its kind. There used to be many small communities which had similar collections. These days it is hard to find out where they are, and we would welcome knowing about them.

If we have overlooked your library, please tell us!

Asbestos

The Municipal Library of Asbestos on 185 du Roi is not much frequented by English folks, although the library is popular in the greater community. Out of 2,000 members, only 12 are Anglophones. The library has 12,000 volumes amongst which are many English language ones. The librarian, Mme. Luce Godbout, is very eager to have more English-speaking members and is disappointed that there are not more.

The library is still a vital and important institution in Asbestos. There are exhibitions and a reading room where books may also be purchased. Mme Godbout feels that the library serves also as a kind of cultural centre for the people in the area: it is a very popular place to go.

Her chief complaint is that the library has to struggle to survive. The grants from the municipality and the provincial government still do not guarantee that she, and her fellow librarian, will be paid. Bazaars and an annual campaign help to close the gap, but it is a constant battle. This seems unfair, especially because the library is so well used by the community. The Asbestos library has circulated in a given month many times as many books as the Municipal Library in Sherbrooke. It appears to those in Asbestos that there is some prejudice involved. Mme. Godbout remarked, 'C'est une bibliothèque de colonisation'. It's a question of centralisation, favoritism towards large cities which we see quite often in Quebec.

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 12:00-5:00, 6:30-8:30 p.m.

A BOOK

IS A

MAN'S BEST FRIEND

Granby

The Municipal Library of Granby serves very few English-speaking people presently- only 10 percent of its members are Anglophones. The librarians there are very enthusiastic about serving the public in any case. If their library does not have the volume needed, they will go to any lengths to secure it. 'Le service' is very important to them.

There are many English books at the library but these are going to be moved in the near future. Money has been left and a building given for the establishment of an English library in Granby.

Until this happens, however, English residents of Granby are encouraged to use the 'Bibliothèque Municipale'.

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 1:00-8:00 p.m.
Sat. 9:00-12:00 p.m.

Knowlton,
Pettes Memorial Library

From Knowlton, Miss Catherine Fraser supplied us with the fine description of her library which follows:

The Pettes Memorial Library is situated in the centre of Knowlton. It is open from Monday to Friday from 1-6 p.m., Friday also from 7-9 p.m. and on Saturday morning from 9-12 p.m.

The library building was erected in Memory of Nathaniel Pettes and May Louise Pettes, by Mrs. Narcissa (Farand) Pettes in 1892. It is believed to be the oldest rural library in Quebec, and has a very fine collection of new and old reference books, as well as the current literature.

The library is free and we have a campaign once a year. The number of the books in the library is 20,685 including periodicals and reference books.

The books that circulated during the last year was 19,ie French and English. We have a children's section and young people's department. The most popular books last year were novels, biography, travel and handicrafts. The children enjoy adventure and mystery stories.

A new room was added within the last five years, and it is growing in popularity with the students who need space and a good reference collection to assist them with their studies.

Cowansville

The Cowansville Municipal Library was founded in September, 1969 by a group of citizens under the leadership of Rev. John Peacock. In the beginning the functioning of the library was assumed by volunteers- presently there are three employees, one full-time and two part-time.

The library has 15,546 volumes, of which 10,005 are in French and 5,541 in English. To make use of these books, it's enough to live or work in Cowansville. For those who reside elsewhere, there is a membership fee of 10.00 which is returned when the member no longer wants to use the library.

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 1:00-5:00 p.m.
Mon., Thurs., Fri. 6:30-8:00 p.m.

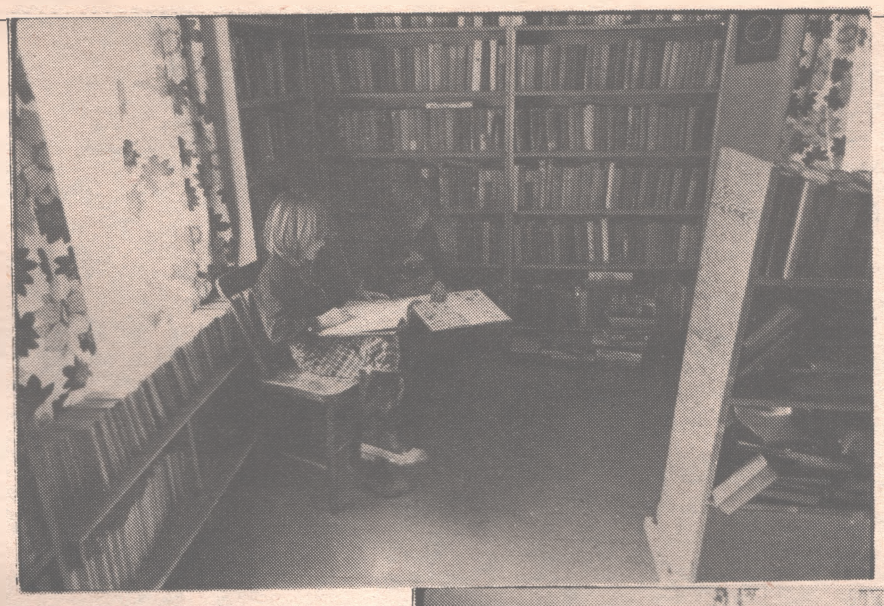
For many people there is nothing nicer on a cold day than to sit in a comfortable chair with a good book, or at night to read a bedtime story to a young child. Yet reading as a pastime is on the wane, they say. Television and radio have taken over the role of the book in our lives.

MANY PEOPLE NO LONGER EVEN HAVE EASY ACCESS TO BOOKS. Or, that is, they don't know how to get a hold of books without going to one of the few bookstores in our region which sells English books. Many people don't know that there is a good system of libraries in the Townships and also an excellent bookmobile with postal and freight service that can bring books to even the most isolated readers.

The province of Quebec, it's true, doesn't have a library system as elsewhere is common, but it does help support the various municipal libraries in the townships. The grants are small, however, and the libraries rely heavily on contributions from the municipalities and their residents.

There are many more small libraries in this region than one might think- you just dont hear about them very much, mainly because they aren't used very much anymore. IT'S A SMALL AND DIMINISHING GROUP OF PEOPLE; ESPECIALLY within the anglophone community, who love and use the libraries and bookmobile services. It should be bigger.

Gathering up all the information on the library opportunities in the E.T. showed that there really is an excellent system here which could become much more important to the English-speaking people here, to everyone who reads even just a little-- if only they knew about it...



A QUICK LOOK AT THE TOWNSHIPS LIBRARIES BIG AND SMALL

Lennoxville

The library in Lennoxville has a long history, dating back to?ç&à when there was a reading room established (later vandalized and closed!). In 1912 the first public library came into existence.

It is recorded, in a short history of the library, that 'in March of the first year Mrs. D.J. Harrison was app't librarian with a salary of 15.00 per month. She was granted a bonus of 25 cts. for each new member she obtained outside the village and 10 cts. for new members in the town. To raise funds for the purchase of the first books, card parties, teas and musicales were held.'

So things continued with the ongoing support of the Lennoxville community and municipality. In 1971 the library acquired its present location in the Old Post Office at Queen and Belvedere. It is a building well suited for a library, small nooks for reading tables, lots of shelves: the library seems to be a popular place for both adults and children. Children can use the library free of charge and for adults there is a membership fee of $7.00 for privileges in the 8,000 volume selection. There are also special summer rates for visitors.

According to the lennoxville Library Association, there are 130 adults and 80 children as members- new members are always being sought.

Hours: Mon., Weds., Thus. 3:00-5:30 p.m.
Tues., Frid. 7:00-9:30 p.m.

Every year there is a drive for contributions. Money, not book donations, are requested, so that they can meet the rising cost of books. Although both Lennoxville and the provincial government give the library aid, there is never quite enough.

Old books and extra copies are sold cheaply in the library. It's possible to pick up a book there that is really good, and you don't have to be a member to buy one!

Bishop's University, John Bassett Memorial Library

Formerly the Bishop's University Library was only open to stu' nts at the university or Champlain College. Now the public can also use the facilities and obtain what they call 'extramural privileges'. There is a $5.00 fee is books are to be taken out regularly; a browsing card of $1.00 may be obtained for use of the books within the library (reference books, etc.). There is an excellent periodical selection, an interlibrary loan service, government documents, reference collection, microfilms newspaper clippings and the E.T. collection available for card-holders, along with the 100,000 books in the library.

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 8:30-10:30 p.m.
Sat. 8.30 - 5.00 p.m.
Sun. 1:30-10:45

Sherbrooke

There is a fine municipal library in Sherbrooke located at 275 Dufferin Street. The library has about 17,000 English books and spends $6,000 of its $30,000 budget on English books (which is fair enough if you consider the number of English-speaking people who live in Sherbrooke). If you are a Sherbrooke resident, it costs only $1.00 for a membership, $2.00 for two years and a card, $15.00 if you live outside the municipality.

Hours: Mon. -Fri. 10:00-12:00, 1:00-5:30 p.m.
Mon., Thurs., Fri. 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Sat. 10:00-5:00 p.m.

Youth Section
Mon.-Fri. 1:00-5:00 p.m.
Mon., Thurs., Fri. 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Sat. 10:00-5:00 p.m.

Presently, out of a membership of 6,000 there are only about 300 English-speaking members and their number decreases yearly. M. Defours, the head librarian, regrets that there is not more participation from the English community. He misses the books selections he used to regularly receive from the still extant Book Selection Committee of the Sherbrooke Library Board.

When the English library joined to form the Sherbrooke Municipal Library in 1973, there was some opposition from the English-speaking members. According to Mr. Harry Brown, current president of the Sherbrooke Library Board, the board, formed at the time of the amalgamation in 1973, was supposed to be ' a watchdog on English rights' within the new library for a period of five years. He believes that these rights have been observed. Although there is not at this time an Anglophone on the library staff, as was agreed to, there is one completely bilingual girl at the desk. M. Defours would also welcome an application from an English-speaker for the position of library technician.

There seems to be a curious situation evolving here. The library feels that the English-speaking are not interested in it, yet the group representing the Anglophone interest is satisfied with the way things are. This must indicate a decline in interest that is acceptable to the English community, but puzzling to the library.

Perhaps the social aspect of the library has become less important. The present cramped quarters of the library may discourage the relaxed visits to the library formerly popular with the English-speaking.to remedy this problem, the Sherbrooke Library hopes to get enough public support to acquire a new building. Hopefully, more people from the English sector will start to play an active part to give the current facility the help it needs.

A note: if you are interested in a certain book, tell the Sherbrooke Library. They are waiting for and listening to our suggestions and will probably order the book immediately for you!

Library of l'Université de Sherbrooke

This is an excellent library with over 180,000 volumes, covering a wide range of subjects in both French and English. Unfortunately, the library is not open to the public except on a restricted basis. Professors at Bishop's can use the facilities, University and CEGEP students may not take books out, but can use the collection.

North Hatley

The North Hatley Library is probably the most nicely situated library in the Townships. The small white colonial looks over Lake Massawipi and is surrounded in summer by flower and trees. The library goes back to the turn of the century when the well-known Lebaron Family sponsored its creation. Mrs. Roger Lebaron of North Hatley is still intimately connected with the library which remains as a private library to this day. The library survives from generous donations and the $5.00 subcription fee for adults (there are also special rates for summer residents).

The library has about 20,000 volumes and supplements its selections with books from the McLennan Traveling Bookmobile. There is a special art section of interest to the many artists in the area and the library is assembling a collection of works by local authors, duly autographed.

The library is aiming for an up-to-date children's section and increased youth attendance at the library. On Monday afternoon there is a special reading hour, and two classes come from the elementary school every second Tuesday- the fireplace is lit, and the library becomes a very cozy place to read and listen to a story

Hours; Weds. 2:00-4:00 p.m.
Sat. 10:00-12:00, 2:00-4:00
Summer, every day

Coaticook

The Coaticook Municpal Library on 77 West Main was founded in 1958 and presently has 12,062 volumes of which several hundred are in English. There are novels, detective stories, science fiction, technical books, etc. and an up-to-date selection for children and youth, especially in French. There are work tables available for use of reference volumes and there will soon be a reading room for those who want to read their books, in peace and quiet, on the library premises.

The library is open to all in the region. A membership cards costs only 25 cts. a year. Currently there are 1,508 members with 800 to 900 books circulating every week.

Hours: Mon.-Fri. 2:00-5:30 p.m.
Fri. 7:00-9:00 p.m.
Sat. 9:00-12:00 p.m.

For those who don't live near any of the libraries mentioned, or who can't make it out easily during our long winter, there is also the possibility of getting books through the McLennan Traveling Libraries.

The McLennan Traveling Libraries were established in 1901 by the six children of Hugh McLennan, a Montreal businessman. Books were acquired and the service, by then affiliated with MacDonald College, started to send books off to communities all around Canada. In 1951 the bookmobile service began, and almost every small town in the Townships was visited by the bookmobile in those years. In 1954 the 'Books by Mail' service was begun. Miss Kathleen Clynes, who is in charge of the Traveling Libraries, says that 'this service results in many delightful letters sent to the librarian who looks after so many of these readers. They tell of their delight in her choice for them, or the fun they have in choosing from the printed catalogue of titles. It is, as one of them said, 'like a constant Christmas'.'

The Provincial government has helped this service and in 1963 the library received $50,000, part of which bought a second and larger bookmobile, which travels around 10,000 miles a year-- to Richmond, Danville, Ayer's Cliff, Lennoxville, Waterloo, Granby, Shefford Cowansville, and other places.

Miss Clynes also says, 'Recalling my 20 years with the Library and my first years when I drove the bookmobile- I still do- and our staff was so small, only two and a half people, I look back with nostalgia because this kind of library work was new to me and it was also new to many of the people we served. We would start out on a Monday morning and we would be driving and stopping to let books out and check books in all week ending up on Friday evening, sometimes very late. We used to go to some of the more outlying places, such as Ways Mills, approached by driving over a covered bridge, North Hatley and Morin Heights, remembered by their beauty in the winter months.'

But in 1968 the Traveling Library faced a crisis when the Ministry of Cultural Affairs informed them that the grant could not continue as they were not an offical library, but under the auspices of McGill University. Petitions were circulated. CBC and CJAD in Montreal pushed for the grant's renewal which finally came through. Miss Clynes says that 'we hope this will never happen again, but the fear is always there. I never know from year to year if we will be able to continue our most valuable work'. The giving of the grant meant that some service to areas with established libraries had to decrease, while to others had to be enlarged. As a result, stops to some places and certain schools were discontinued, and Miss Clynes remarks that 'this has not been easy as people are used to seeing us, they are used to seeing our bookmobile arrive, and they are used to personal service unique in its variety.'

Also books must now be purchased within the province at only a 15% discount whereas formerly books might be ordered from the States, England and Europe. The endowment is small, especially in the light of rising book prices, and with this restriction Miss Clynes adds, 'our book budget goes nowhere.'

The dedication of the five employees, plus two part-time workers and one volunteer, makes up the difference and they manage to accomplish quite a lot. They see that the kind of work they are doing has great potential, too. 'I think the potential for bookmobile service is enormous', says Miss Cylnes. 'It could feature audio-visual equipment and materials, have special ramps and doors for physically handicapped people, and include among its stops small hospitals, homes for the elderlt, jails, centres for brain damaged and retarded children. It would be possible with adequate financial help to provide an improved library service through bookmobiles, by reaching more people than ever before.'

If the provincial government became convinced that people wanted this expanded service, it could become a reality. It is a sad fact that the services offered by the bookmobile are becoming less in demand. Whether that is because of a lack of interest or just of information, no one knows.

The bookmobile used to stop in many more small communities in the Townships than it presently does Cookshire, Bury, Scotstown and Sawyerville are no longer visited by the bookmobile. It is true that English-speaking people live in declining numbers in these communities, but there are still around 1,000 households there. Only 25-30 people willing to become members are necessary for the bookmobile to make a stop. There has been interest from Scotstowm to have a bookmobile stop again- if you feel that there would be about thirty adults and children in your area who could benefit from the bookmobile and you would be willing to get them together for a bookmobile visit, do contact Miss Kathleen Clynes, at Box 211, MacDonald College P.O., Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

It is not necessary to visit the bookmobile in order to benefit from its selection of books. You can obtain selections in these other ways:

BY MAIL

Subscription-

Adults $5.00 year
Children $1.00 year
Plus postage both ways at special rates

Adults are asked to supply request lists which may be compiled from the Adult Catalogue available from the Travelling Libraries at Box 211, Macdonald College. P.O., Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec. Or the librarian may make the selections along the members' interests. Juvenile books will be chosen by the Library according to reading level and personal interest of members.

SCHEDULE OF THE TRAVELING BOOKMOBILE

Abbottsford [behind Town Hall[
March 29
Granby
March 29
Bromont [contact Mrs. Kenneth Brown[
afternoon of March 29
Cowansville
March 30
Dunham
March 31
Stanbridge
April 1
Bedford
afternoon of April 1

Waterloo
April 26
Ayers Cliff [in Municipal Parking Lot[
afternoon of april 26
Lennoxville
April 27
Richmond
April 28
Danville
April 29

Look for the bookmobile near your local library or elementary school. It is red and white and bears the McGill emblem on its side. The bookmobile makes four tours a year in the Townships.

BY RAIL

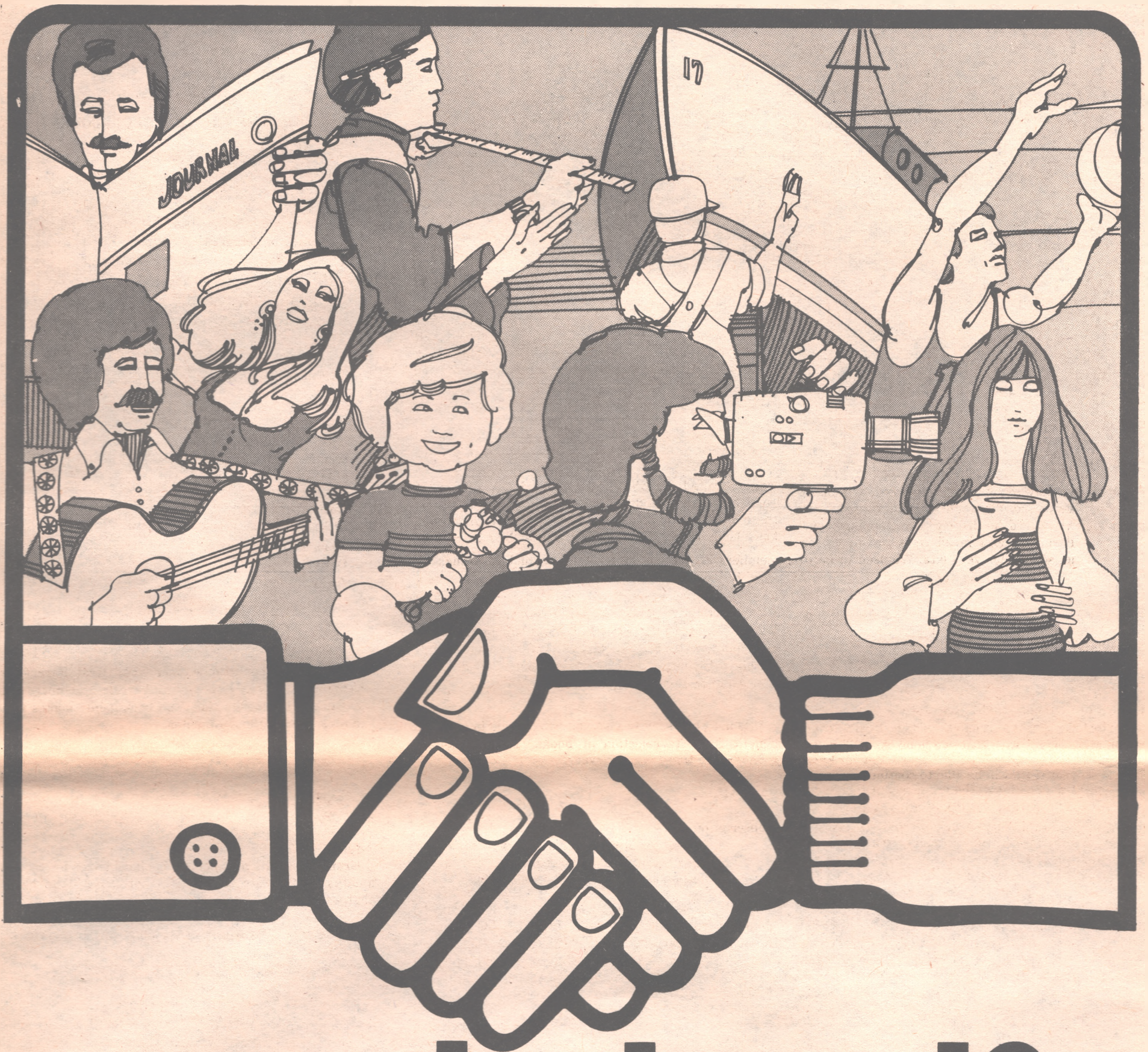
Adults

Groups of adults may borrow books in boxes for three months at the rate of 20 cents per book. Transport charges are thus paid one way by the Library.

For further information regarding these services, contact:

McLennan Traveling Library
Box 211
MacDonald College, P.O.
Ste. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec

LIBRARIES OF THE TOWNSHIPS
BOOKS ON THE MOVE:
THE McLENNAN TRAVELLING LIBRARIES



need a hand?

All initiatives designed to promote the social and cultural life of official language minority groups, as you may know, come within the concern of the Secretary of State.

But you may not know that, through its Official Language Minority Groups Directorate, the Secretary of State will provide, free of charge, the assistance of resource persons who will collaborate in implementing projects designed to improve community development. Our advisers help in the formulation of projects, explain how government programs work, coordinate your initiatives to avoid duplication and act as pilots to guide the projects through administrative hurdles. There are more than 40 officers throughout Canada, and this does not include the specialists they may recruit and assign to your project if you need them.

Keep in mind that we are interested in all your projects, whether social or cultural, and that our specialists can help you in achieving your goals.

Need a hand? This is our purpose and our raison d'être. Call us!

Room 2101
1080 Beaver Hall Hill
Montreal H2Z 1S8
(514) 283-5667

Secretary of State **Secrétariat d'État**

J. Hugh Faulkner
Minister

J. Hugh Faulkner
Ministre

SAVE THE TOWNSH

This, as citizens, we all inherit. This is ours,
to love and live upon, and use wisely down all the ge
In all the centuries to come
Always we must have water for dry land, rich earth
pasture for flocks and herds, fish in the lakes and str
Yet never can Man live by bread alone.
Now, in an age whose hopes are darkened by huge fe
-an age frantic with speed, noise, complexity
-an age constricted, of crowds, collisions, of cities
-an age when the closed mind, the starved eye, th
threaten all life upon this planet-
What is the price of exaltation?
What is the value of solitude?
-of peace, of light, of silence?
What is the cost of freedom?

NOW WE NEED YOU

If you want to continue receiving The Townships is $7.50 a year, and many kind souls send in extra d sent in now come into effect on May 15. If you subsc year's worth of Sun.

The Sun is a non-profit organisation [to say the le to the English of the Townships, and to the contributi make to all of Quebec. We are dedicated to preser promoting the good works of its people. We want the other through the pages of The Sun, like neighbours willing to print fighting words, when there's a fight go

The words in The Sun are the words of the peo images of your homeland and your neighbours, the problems we reveal are the problems of your local com

The Townships Sun needs subscriptions to survive government, big business, big anything. If you thi subscribe now. We also need individuals and organisati basis. Contact us, if your club or community organisat promote The Sun at the same time.

We think The Sun can perform a valuable service people understand each other better. If you think Th can't do it without your support.

To subscribe, you may use this coupon. If you do just send us you name, address and postal code [if you money order.

— I want to subscribe for $7
— Make me a supporting su for $25.
— Townships Sun for life $1

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POSTAL CODE.....

202 MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, QUE

SAVE THE TOWNSHIPS!

This, as citizens, we all inherit. This is ours,
to love and live upon, and use wisely down all the generations of the future.
In all the centuries to come
Always we must have water for dry land, rich earth beneath the plow,
pasture for flocks and herds, fish in the lakes and streams, and timber in the hills.
Yet never can Man live by bread alone.
Now, in an age whose hopes are darkened by huge fears-
-an age frantic with speed, noise, complexity
-an age constricted, of crowds, collisions, of cities choked by smog and traffic
-an age when the closed mind, the starved eye, the empty heart, the brutal fist,
threaten all life upon this planet-
What is the price of exaltation?
What is the value of solitude?
-of peace, of light, of silence?
What is the cost of freedom?

NOW WE NEED YOUR HELP

If you want to continue receiving The Townships Sun, you must subscribe. The basic price is $7.50 a year, and many kind souls send in extra donations to help us out. All subscriptions sent in now come into effect on May 15. If you subscribe now, you will receive more than one year's worth of Sun.

The Sun is a non-profit organisation [to say the least]. We are dedicated to the Townships, to the English of the Townships, and to the contributions that the English of the Townships can make to all of Quebec. We are dedicated to preserving the beauty of the Townships, and promoting the good works of its people. We want the people of the Townships to talk to each other through the pages of The Sun, like neighbours talking over the back fence. And we are willing to print fighting words, when there's a fight going on.

The words in The Sun are the words of the people around you, the photographs are the images of your homeland and your neighbours, the history we print is your history, the problems we reveal are the problems of your local community, here and now.

The Townships Sun needs subscriptions to survive, and to be free of any obligations to big government, big business, big anything. If you think The Townships Sun is worthwhile, subscribe now. We also need individuals and organisations to sell subscriptions on a commission basis. Contact us, if your club or community organisation would like to earn some money, and promote The Sun at the same time.

We think The Sun can perform a valuable service in uniting the Townships and helping its people understand each other better. If you think The Sun is worthwhile, subscribe now. We can't do it without your support.

To subscribe, you may use this coupon. If you don't want to cut up your copy of The sun, just send us you name, address and postal code [if you remember it], along with your cheque or money order.

__ I want to subscribe for $7.50. Money enclosed.
__ Make me a supporting subscriber for 2 years for $25.
__ Townships Sun for life $100.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

POSTAL CODE.....

202 MAIN STREET,
WATERVILLE, QUEBEC,

S!

ations of the future.

eath the plow,
s, and timber in the hills.

ked by smog and traffic
mpty heart, the brutal fist,

The trees shown on these two pages will soon cut down by the Quebec government. Some folks are for it, some folks are agin' it. Read all about it in the next issue of The Townships Sun.

HELP

n, you must subscribe. The basic price
tions to help us out. All subscriptions
now, you will receive more than one

. We are dedicated to the Townships,
that the English of the Townships can
g the beauty of the Townships, and
ople of the Townships to talk to each
ing over the back fence. And we are
on.
around you, the photographs are the
story we print is your history, the
nity, here and now.
d to be free of any obligations to big
The Townships Sun is worthwhile,
to sell subscriptions on a commission
would like to earn some money, and

miting the Townships and helping its
un is worthwhile, subscribe now. We

vant to cut up your copy of The sun,
member it], along with your cheque or

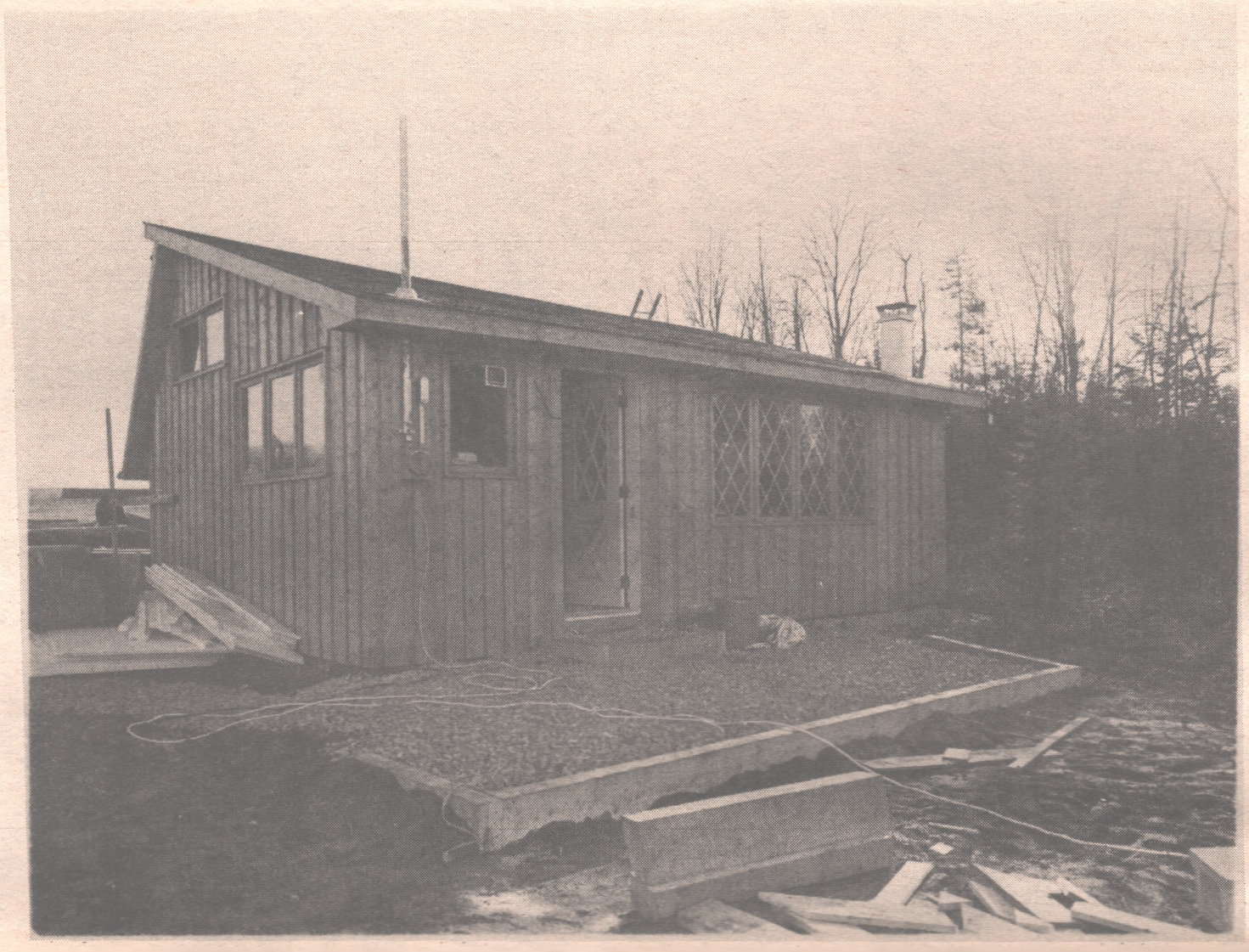
Money enclosed.
iber for 2 years

.....

.....

The Sun has an office telephone: **837-2864** (at our new Waterville office)
The Sun has two mailing addresses:

TOWNSHIPS SUN,
202 Main Street
WATERVILLE, QUE.
J0B 3H0
OR
TOWNSHIPS SUN,
R.R. 1 COMPTON, QUE.
J0B 1L0



HOW NICK NICHOLSON LICKED THE SHEIK OF ARABY BY BUILDIN' HIS VERY OWN SOLAR HOME IN BURROUGH'S FALLS

The idea of heating a home with heat from the Sun is a very popular one in these days of rising oil prices and hydro rates. Few of us, however, have dared to hope that solar heated homes might be feasible in this cold a climate where we hardly see the sun for 5 months of the year.

Well, good news many be on the way. Not far from Ayer's Cliff [near Burrough's Falls], a man by the name of Nick Nicholson has just completed his first solar home, and reports that the sun is supplying more than 70% of the heating requirement year 'round.

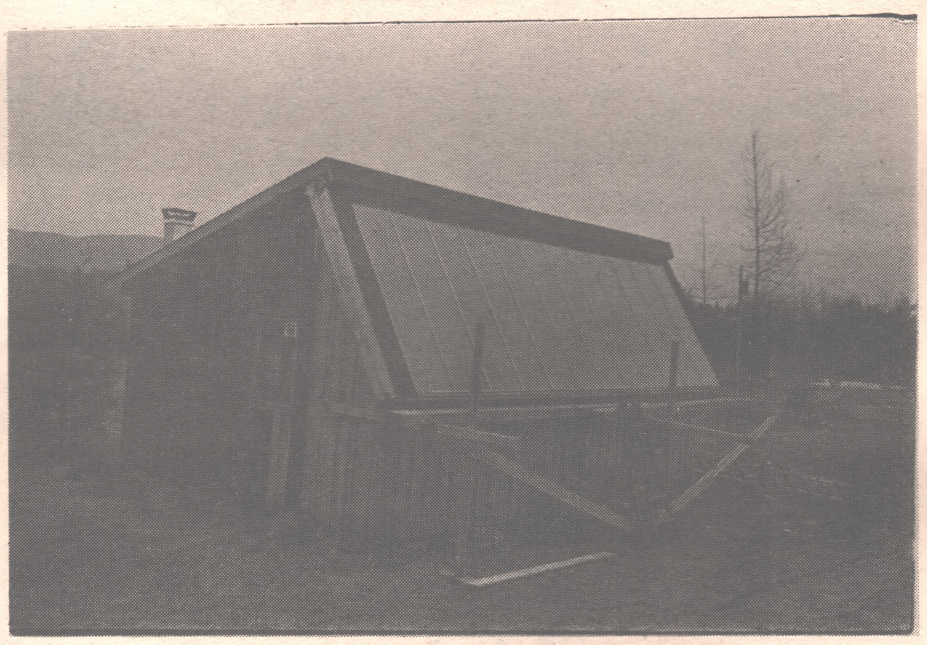
In his research, Nick has found that any solar system **capable of supplying at least 70% of the heating requirement is now economically feasible.**

Below is Nick's report on his first building project including a solar heating arrangement. Already he is preparing for Solar Home No. 2 which will be different in design from Solar No. 1 If you're interested in seeing the house for yourself, you can make an appointment by phoning the Nicholsons at 819-838-4871.

Basically, the solar system is very simple and possible for almost any home-builder to install. One needs a solar collecter to absorb and collect a lot of the sun's rays, a storage facility of water or crushed stone to store the collected heat, and a way a distributing the heat throughout the house.

Although a back-up system is still required in this case, with an efficient wood-burning heater, one is relatively independent of worry over dwindling petroleum reserves and rising hydro prices that increasingly threaten all of us economically.

Your interest may be purely economical in that you're fed up with the fuel bills. Or it may be that you appreciate the ecological soundness of dealing with the sun rather that oil-drunk desert sheiks or Hydro-**Quebec. Either way, the Ayer's Cliff Solar Home is worth reading about in the builder's own words. And having finished reading about it, you might even care to see it for yourself.**



-photos by Rosann Hutchinson

The scope of this article will limit itself to the harnessing of the sun's energy in northern latitudes exclusively. It should be kept in mind that a system operating in a southern latitude is functioning under radically different conditions and while the principle may be the same the **practical application** is a different as a giraffe and a horse.

My approach has been to glean from the storehouse of information available, everything that pertains to building a solar home in Ayer's Cliff. This information includes not only technical information of solar energy, but information on availibility of materials, building codes, maintenance factors, competitive heating schemes and consumer interest, as well. It is interesting to note that with the exception of recording instruments and mechanical devices, all components of the Ayer's Cliff solar home were manufactured within 50 miles of the installation.

Now lets find out what a solar home consists of and how it works. Before attempting an answer, we must first becomed familiar with the components that make up a solar home.

SOLAR COLLECTOR— Any device that captures the heat radiated by the sun. There are various types of solar collectors which for convenience are generally classified as either flat plate or focusing. Incidentally, when you sit before a sunny window, you become a solar collector.

HEAT STORAGE— Storage of heat is required due to intermittant availability of solar radiation. This is accomplished by raising the temperature of inert substances such as water or rocks.

HEAT TRANSFER SYSTEM- The means for transferring the heat captured by the solar collector to the storage medium.

RECOVERY SYSTEM— The means for transferring the heat from the storage medium to the home.

Now we begin to see a picture emerging. You put an object in the sun (solar collector), after the object becomes warm you move the heat (heat transfer system) to a place that will hold the heat (storage medium) until called for (recovery system).

Beginning with the solar collector, we turn to diagram I which reveals that the collector consists of thermopane, air spaces, collector plate, hot and cold air ducts and insulation.

At the beginning of the solar period the collector plate becomes warm and starts to radiate its heat outwards. The airspace and thermopane function to prevent this heat from escaping into the atmosphere.

Cold air is then introduced into the bottom and rises behind the collector plate absorbing the heat from the collector surface.From there it moves upwards where it enters the hot air duct and is transferred to the storage medium.

The collector plate is constructed of corrugated galvanized iron, painted flat black on **both** sides to maximize heat absorption, conduction and radiation characteristics.

The insulation between the collector and the house serves the purpose of insulating the home during non-solar periods and preventing the heat collected during solar periods from entering the house directly. If attention is not paid to this factor, over-heating of the home may occur which would result in inefficiency and discomfort. Another point to consider is that this insulation should be of a type that will not deteriorate when exposed to temperatures up to 200 degrees F.

The advantage of a flat plate collector over a focusing type is its ability to collect solar radiation on overcast days, whereas a focusing type will not. Another advantage is that it does not require the mechanical tracking device needing by the focusing type. This eliminates large maintenance factors, potential failures during inclement weather and expensive installation costs.

The collector must be oriented towards true south at an angle of 60 degrees for the latitude at Ayers Cliff. This angle of inclination produces maximum effectiveness during the winter when the sun is low on the horizon.

There is research being done with collectors placed in a vertical position utilizing refracted light from the snow to compensate for the lost measure of direct solar radiation. At this time, results are inconclusive. The advantage to be gained is increased flexibility of the house design. Increased efficiency is not expected.

DIAGRAM #1

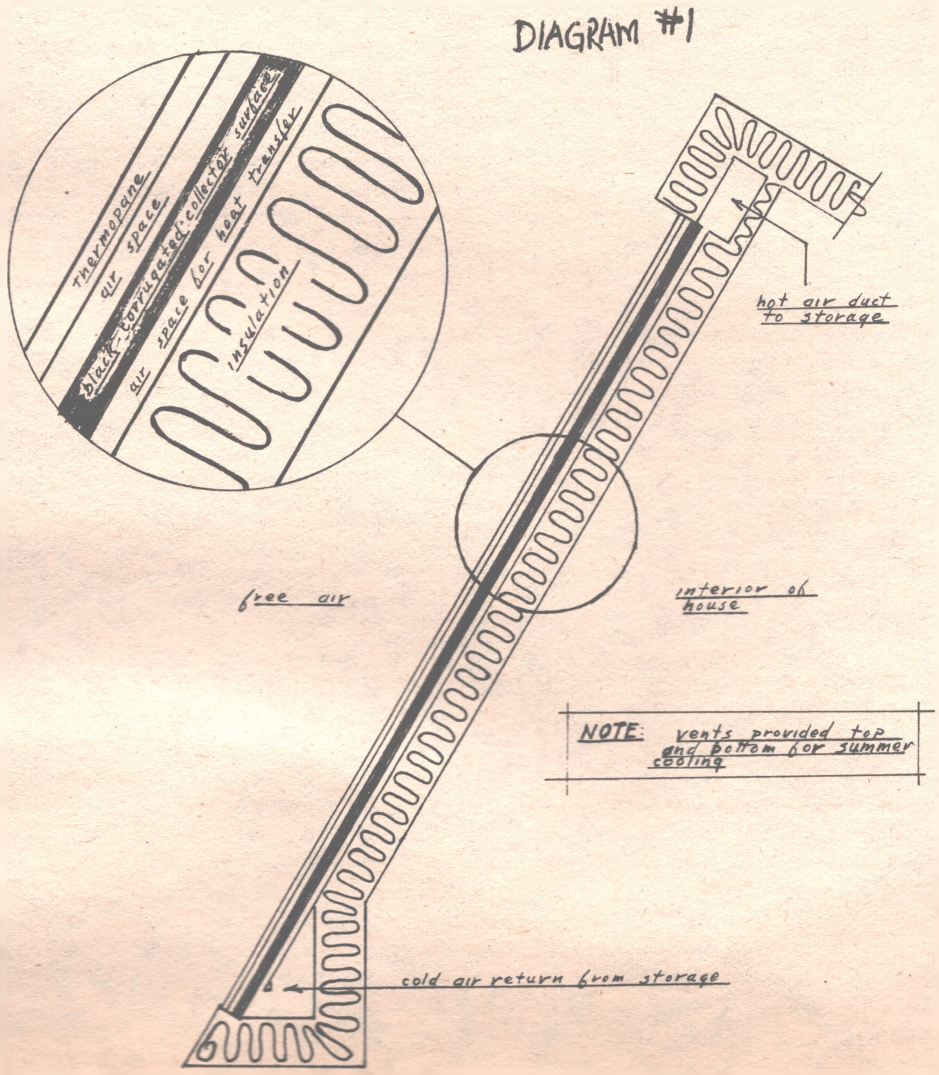
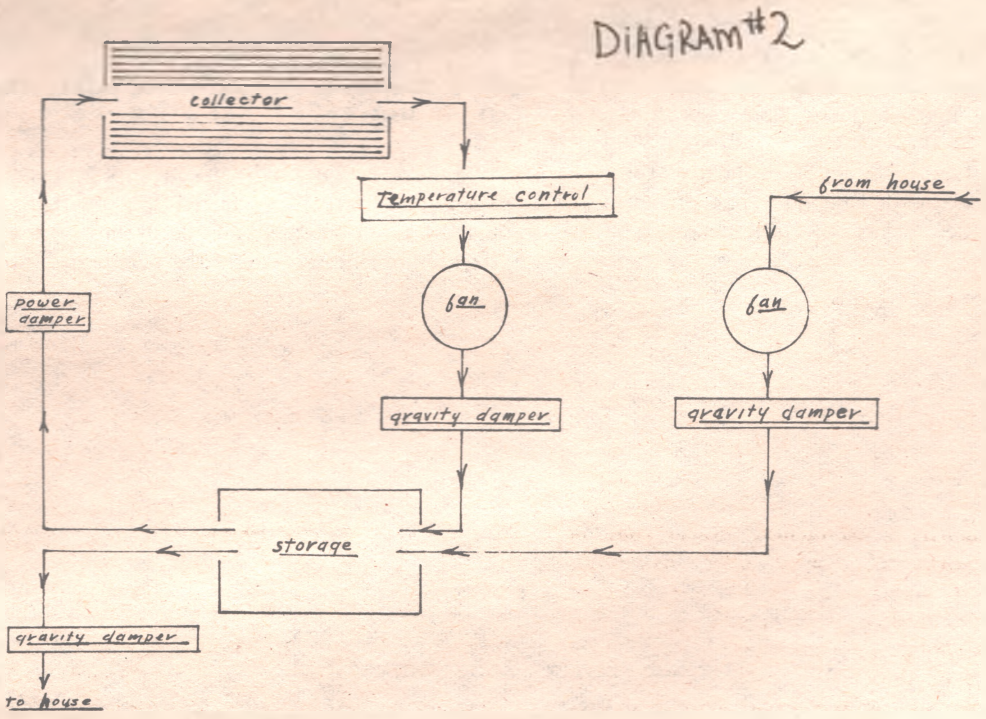


DIAGRAM #2



A point of interest is the method of fabricating the solar collector. Until now, collectors have been designed and built individually for each installation. Findings now make it feasible to manufacture prefabricated solar panels in modules. Multiples of these modules will satisfy a wide range of design requirements and will introduce ease of construction, quality control plus reduced installation costs.

The heat transfer system (see diagram II) consists of a temperature controller, fan and air ducts. All standard materials readily obtained from local heating and plumbing suppliers.

When the solar day begins, the sensor of the temperature controller located in the top of the collector becomes warm. The controller closes an electrical circuit which then activates the fan. The fan then begins circulating air from the top of the collector through the storage medium to the bottom of the collector where it again rises to the top and begins its journey anew.

An alternate plan for remote areas without power or where the desire is to be independent of external power utilizes the natural convection characteristics of hot air. This system requires that the storage be located at least level with and preferably above the solar collector.

For the Ayers Cliff test, the heat storage was situated in a four foot crawl space below ground level. The components are gravity and power dampers, styrofoam insulation, aluminum foil, 1 and a half inches crushed stone and a thermometer.

The heated air from the collector flows past a gravity damper into the rock bed. The gravity damper is a simple device that permits the air to flow in one direction only. It is similar in function to a check valve used on a well pump. The function of the gravity damper is to prevent stored heat from escaping during non-solar periods. The rock bed consists of crushed stone with an average size between 1 and a half and 2 inches. The large surface area of the stones and the tortuous path of the warm air insures a rapid heat exchange.

The air upon leaving the rock bed passed through a power damper located below the collector. The function of the power damper is to provide a positive seal when the heat recovery system is operating during non-solar periods. To further inhibit the unwanted flow of stored heat, a low spot is built into the ducts entering and leaving the storage. This functions along the lines of the water trap used in plumbing.

All ductwork should be insulated for increased efficiency of the heat storage. The container for the rock bed should have the least amount of surface area possible. The Ayer's Cliff test utilized a container measuring 2' x 8' x 12' constructed with 2 x 3's, aspenite sheets, aluminum foil and styrofoam. Once filled with the crushed stone, the container was wrapped with aluminum foil, shiny side facing in. Over this was placed 4 inches of styrofoam built up in layers with staggered joints. Care was taken to eliminate any possibility of air flow through the container walls. An air space was left between the container and foundation walls in order to allow any heat loss through the insulation to infiltrate the home rather than being lost into the atmosphere.

The function of the thermometer is to monitor the storage temperature. It has the same function as a fuel gauge.

And now, the raison d'etre, the recovery system. A thermostat, fan, ductwork and limiter switch forms the entire system. When the thermostat calls for heat, the fan is activated and begins to circulate air through the storage where it becomes heated. Then it passes through standard ductwork into the home to the happy occupants. Mention should be made to the effect that the warm air should be distributed **evenly**. Contrasting temperatures cause a person to feel chilled, even when the lowest temperature in the home is above 70 degrees F.

During periods when solar radiation is being collected and transferred to the heat storage, both systems operate independently with no interference from each other. During non-solar periods the power damper closes to prevent circulating air from the home entering the collector. The power damper operates in series withthe heat transfer fan which effectively automates its operation.

During periods of low solar radiation, the storage heat may be depleted. At this time a temperature controller located in the heat storage cuts off the power supply to the recovery fan, rendering it inoperative until such a time as the heat in the storage is replenished. When this occurs, a thermostat controlling a back-up system is activated providing heat from an alternative energy source.

The cost of materials to construct the solar energy system at Ayer's Cliff is as follows:

192 sq. ft. thermopane.....$960.00
30 sheets 3X8 galvanized tin..... 180.00
30 sheets 3X8 galvanized tin..... 180.00
2 Honeywell T675 Temperature Controllers..... 150.00
2 D530 utility blowers..... 85.00
Remote reading thermometer..... 80.00
Honeywell M436A damper motor.....120.00
8 cubic yards of 1 AND A HALF IN. CRUSHED STONE..... 60.00
Flat black paint and primer..... 15.00
Wall thermostat..... 4.00
2000 b.f. rigid insulation..... 180.00
Miscellaneous items..... 25.00
Ductwork..... 75.00
TOTAL: $1924.00

SPECIFICATIONS

COLLECTOR TYPE ———— FLAT PLATE* HOT AIR
Collector area ----- 192 sq. ft.
Storage area ------- 192 cubic ft.
Home area --------- 448 sq. ft.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION RELATING TO A SOLAR HOME

Summer cooling is a byproduct of a properly designed solar home. All that is required is to reverse the process during the hot summer months by having the collector activated during the cool of the evening.

Another byproduct will be of great interest to gardeners and swimming pool owners. On or before the spring solstice, the heating requirements of the home diminish and the heat collecting capacity of the solar collector increase. From this point onward towards summer there is an increasing supply of surplus heat available. A swimming pool buff will readily appreciate the advantages of an early (and later) swimming season.

A gardener can enjoy similar advantage. Anyone that has tried to lengthen the growing season by planting before the June 10th frost is confronted with the problem of low soil temperatures. Experiments have shown that most (but not all) edible plants sown early and protected with hot caps or some other contrivance will survive the last frost. However, plants of the same variety sown after this date and enjoying warmer soil temperatures soon catch up with the early starters making any gain negligible and impractical.

Research now underway directing the surplus warm air from the collector into a tiled leaching field will clear out winter frost and raise soil temperatures. What remains to be ascertained is the proper proportions of heat surplus to garden area. Excess heat utilized in greenhouses and for dehydration of crops is self-explanatory. Diagram III shows one possibility using natural convection. There are many feasible alternatives.

Wood in combination with some of the excellent stoves currently available is a prime source of supplementary heat. The Ayer's Cliff home uses a Jotul stove with excellent results. Solar II, a second solar home for the Ayer's Cliff area, introduces the use of a chimney heat exchanger. This will provide another source of energy by recovering the heat normally lost to the atmosphere.

Many thanks to:

Hans Obermeier Massawippi, for his generous assistance towards the design and construction of the solar collector.

James Walker Ayers Cliff, for being the best tinsmith in the world.

Bob Fisher Stanstead, for solving a tricky problem relating to the efficient manufacture of the solar plates.

Bill Trevail Ayer's Cliff, for sharing his expertise of hot air heat distribution.

Rob Dunton Ayer's Cliff and Montreal, for being the best engineer in the universe.

God

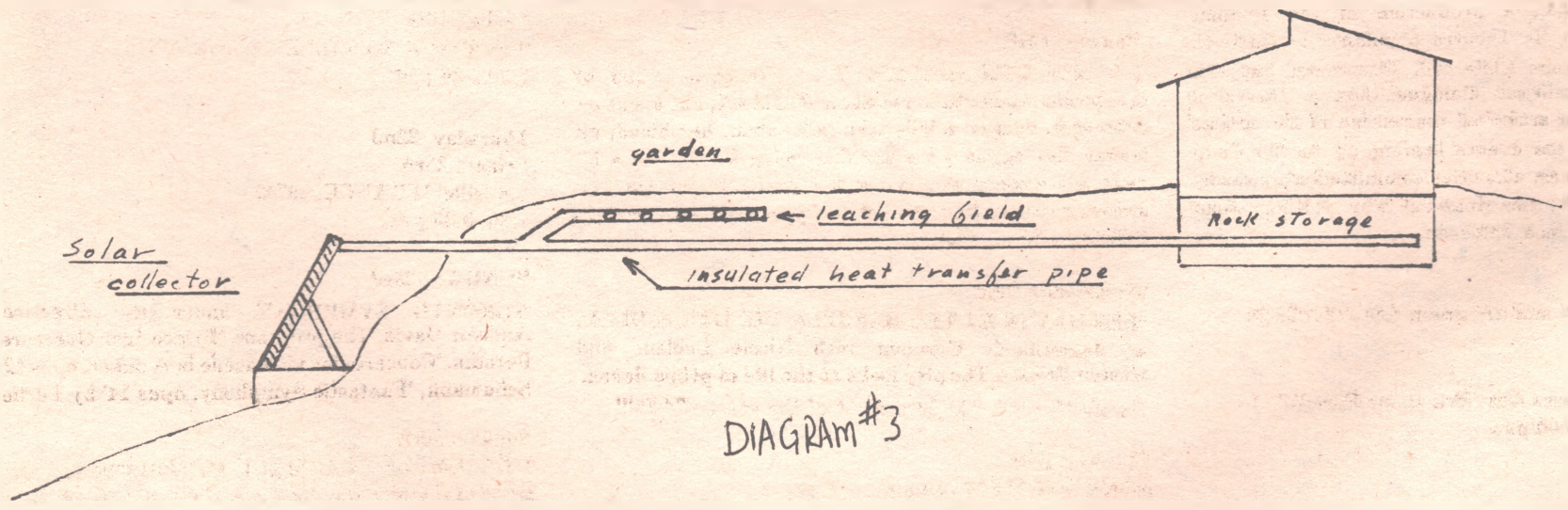


DIAGRAM #3

FREE TICKETS

STILL AVAILABLE

Send in your slip today!

CENTRE CULTUREL

Nicole Leblanc, La Diva

The Townships Sun still receives FREE TICKETS for events at the Centre Culturel in Sherbrooke(see map for location). We offer these tickets to our readers so that that they can benefit from the variety of entertainment there. These tickets each have a value of about$5.00 and to be eligible for a pair of tickets to a selected event, you have only to send in your slip to CENTRE CULUREL EVENT, WATERVILLE, Quebec.

We have been offering these tickets now for two issues and although the response has been good, there could be much more interest. Have an evening out on the Sun! Join those Townshippers who have gone to the Royal Dance Group of Tahiti, Les Séguin, Sacha Distel, and others.

Here's the schedule of events for April and May. If there is a performance you would like to attend, please put it down on the slip and send it on in to us!

COME TO THE CENTRE CULTUREL!
Centre Culturel Event,
Townships Sun, 202 Main St.
Waterville
Name.....
Address.....

Art Gallery

There will be an interesting art exhibit at the Art Gallery of the Centre Culturel until April 4, Le Calvaire d'Oka (The Calvary of Oka), organized by the National Gallery of Canada. The show includes some unique displays of Quebec art and and seven large reliefs in wood are among the most important pieces of the old art of Quebec, dating from the 18th century.

The shows take place at 8:30 p.m.

APRIL

Thursday, 1st
Friday, 2nd
'LA TETE DE NORMANDE ST. ONGE' [Quebec, 1975]
7:30,9:30 p.m.

Saturday, 3rd:
'CHILE VENCERA', a production of the Popular Theatre of Quebec [le Theatre populaire de Québec]. Chile Vencera means Chile will Overcome, but this play is not a political dialogue, but a theatrical experience- it is an artistical expression of the artists' indiganation over the events leading up to the Coup d'Etat and the crimes, atrocities committed afterwards. Highly acclaimed by the Montreal Star. Author: Juan Fondon. Director: José Valverde

Sunday, 4th
RAOUL DUGUAY and the group CONVENTUM

Monday, 5th
KINEART, 'La Classe Ouvrière va au Paradis']italy, 1972], 7:00,9:00 p.m.

Thursday, 8th
Friday, 9th
'AMERICAN GRAFFITI' [USA, 1973]
7:30,9:30 p.m.

Saturday, 10th
LE CHOEUR HERITAGE presents 'FANTASIE, REVE, ALLELUIA' with a group of 60 singers and 5 musicians under the direction of Marc Bernier. New Québécois songs, an exciting direction, rich lighting, new costumes. An occasion to experience contradictory emotions: tenderness, violence, wisdom, madness, sadness, joy. A brush with the imaginary, the marvelous and the ethereal.

Monday, 12th
'LA NEF DES SORCIERES' a play by a group of Québécois women'It is not about WOMAN, but about an actress in danger, a lady who talks about her blood, no longer flowing, of a worker describing her life, of a 30 year old woman examining her situation, of another crossing sexual barriers, of a woman writer working, fighting without thanks.'

Wednesday, 21st
'LES HAUTS ET LES BAS D'LA VIE D'UNE DIVA', of Jean-Claude Germain with Nicole Leblanc and Gaston Brisson.The play looks at the life of prima donna, Sarah Menard. The best show of the season 74-75!!!

Tuesday, 20th
ENRICO MACIAS, singer

Saturday, 24th
JEAN LAPOINTE, songs and monologues

MAY

Saturday, 1st
'LE DERNIER DES DON JUAN' by Neil Simon, a play

SUNDAY, 2nd
GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA under the direction of Jimmy Henderson

Saturday, 8th
'EVANGELINE DEUSSE' by Antoine Maillet, a play

Thursday, 1th
Friday, 16th
'PEUR SUR LA VILLE' [France, 1975]
7:30,9:30 p.m.

Thursday, 22nd
Friday, 23rd
'La Gifle' [FRANCE, 1974]
7:30, 9:30 p.m.

SUNDAY, 23rd
TORONTO SYMPHONY under the direction of Andrew Davis. The program: 'Prince Igor Overture' by Borodin, 'Concerto for violoncelle in A minor, opus 129' of Schumann, 'Fantastic Symphony, opus 14' by Berlioz

Sunday, 30th
L'ENSEMBLE CLASSIQUE OPTIMISTE DE SHERBROOKE under the direction of Czeslaw Gladyszewski. The program: The Unwanted Question' by Charles Ives, 'Concerto in Ré for two violins' by Vivaldi, 'Toy Symphony' by Haydn

DEATH SENTENCE FOR THE SMALL ABATTOIRS

That old hayseed Kevin Drummond, and his notorious meat inspectors, are at it again. If you'll remember, it wasn't so long ago that Quebec's small abattoir owners thought that they had saved themselves from surefire extinction in the face of new government regulations regarding the size and construction of slaughterhouses.

Protests caused the government to back down a bit and it looked like the abattoir owners would be given a chance to improve their killing floors yet stay in business.

But latest word from Kevin Danaher informs us that things are looking as bad as ever. Meetings with politicians and fonctionnaires have been to no avail and the Ministere is standing firm on their building regulations which in Danaher's words are 'economically unsound'.

To construct an abattoir meeting government standards would cost $5 per square foot and would necessitate the slaughter of at least 70-75 head of cattle per week.

At present, many of the small abattoirs are running a good business on 5-10 head per week.

The problem began when Quebec decided to have all of the meat slaughtered in the province, government inspected. This would mean that a salaried government inspector would have to be present for each killing.

According to Danaher, the broke provincial government has decided that it can't afford inspectors for all of these abattoirs, so they're indirectly closing most of them down.

As to the question of sanitation in many of these small operations, Kevin replies that 'my mother's kitchen was cleaner than the kitchen of the Queen Elizabeth Hotel although it may be all stainless steel'.

If the government has their way the Association des Petits Abattoirs estimates that 500 family businesses will be destroyed.

The compensation offered to the abattoir owners is small. To take an example in the Townships, Gaston Lavoie of Kinsey Falls would receive about $2,550 from the government for having his abattoir closed down. He has been earning an honest living as a butcher, and this small compensation does nothing to offset the loss of his livelihood.

Small farmers will also suffer - the big abattoirs are more expensive, and further away. Paul Couture of the UPA points out that this spring, 25,000 Quebec farmers will be forced by the government to slaughter an average of 5 milk cows each (because the government thinks there is too much milk production) and Mr. Couture wonders, if 500 abattoirs are closed down, who is going to slaughter those 125,000 cows? Maybe we could have a big cattle drive down the E.T. Autoroute.

At a recent meeting with deputy of Orford County, Georges Vaillancourt, government meat inspectors, and abattoir owners, Kevin Danaher says that they almost had to call in the police to control the fury of the small businessmen in face of the 'cold and heartless bureaucrats'.

The only solution now is a political one, says Kevin: 'We're going to a political plateau because we realize that we can't win unless we change the government.'

Their plan is to take the issue to court which would stall the implementation of the regulations until next election.

Kevin Danaher also said that he's thinking of running for the leadership of the Union Nationale party. Recently elected president of the U.N. organization in Orford Country, Kevin believes that he has a good chance for the nomination at the party's annual convention in Quebec City on May 22

Kevin's role as a guidance counsellor in the Protestant school system and his involvement in the small abattoir issue, lead him to believe that 'there's only one way for the English to vote in the next election.'

'We've lost our rights with the Liberals and the Parti Quebecois. Only the U.N. offers them the freedom of choice of schools and a fair say in running the government.'

During the past few months, Danaher has been looking into the possibility of running as a candidate in the next election. Having met with different party leaders, he's convinced that only the U.N. offers a 'real democratic spirit' and is interested in 'listening to the people'.

'Contrast that with the way that Bourassa and the Liberals run the country and the socialistic tendencies of the P.Q.'

Short Notes □□□□

Short Notes □□□□

Short Notes □□□□

ZONING OF FARMLAND FORTHCOMING

Meanwhile, back in Quebec City, the office of Kevin Drummond, Minister of Agricultue, recently received a telegram from the U.P.A. demanding that his proposed legislation on land ownership and zoning of farmland be presented at the opening of this present session.

The telegram suggests that it is about time that the proposed legislation be coughed up and that it include the following recommendations: that all land zoned as arable be put to use and that penalties be imposed on those who let cultivable land be unproductive; that representatives of the U.P.A. be included on whatever board is created to do the zoning; that the government should keep watch on land bought by people not residing in Quebec and that a special property tax be levied on absentee land-owners. The U.P.A. also recommends that all agricultural land acquired by the government should be put into production and that no agricultural land not be expropriated without the consent of the local U.P.A. group concerned.

WATERING THE MILK

Perrette's Dairy of Montreal has been found guilty in court of law of diluting their milk with water. The offence took place during the year 1973. The Perrette's Company, one of the largest dairies in Quebec and the fastest growing small food store chain, was fined a total of $75 for the offence.

The company had been adding two per cent tap water to the homogenized milk, in effect selling the water at the price of milk. The fine of $75 would be a mere fraction of the profits they must have made by adding the water, thus proving that crime does in fact pay, if you are big enough to get away with it.

Your local Perrette's dealer has nothing to do with this: he is just a local businessman who often is as victimized by the Perrette's Company as the consumer is. It is the headquarters of the food chain in Montreal that committed the crime, without the knowledge of local Perrette's dealers.

It has been suggested, that as a pressure tactic, everyone who has bought milk from Perrette's should take the company to small claims court to get back the money they spent on water, at the price of milk.

A FARMERS MARKET IN NORTH HATLEY

North Hatley has a Village Improvement Society and one of their interests is organizing a real, live Farmers Market. The market will be located on the site of the Community Hall that burnt down not so long ago. Every Saturday morning beginning July 2nd, between the hours of 9 and 12, farmers and gardeners will be selling their produce to eager buyers.

If you're a farmer or gardener who would like participate in this market program, you can find out more about it by phoning up Mr. Norman White at 819-842-2385. Let's hope it's a great success 'cause there's nothing crazier than trotting down to a local grocery store in August to buy tomatoes shipped in from California.

In a province where 80% of our fruit and vegetables are imported, we should be encouraging market gardening all we can.

WIND MILL SHORTAGE CRITICAL

Used to be lots of farms around here had wind mills, still see a few wind mill towers sitting unused here and there. Now there is a growing interest in the use of wind power, after all, the wind is free. If you know the whereabouts of a useable or repairable wind generator or windmill tower are asked to contact David Simms 838-5986.

THE PLIGHT OF M. COUSINEAU: READ ON..

In a recent issue of 'La Terre de Chez Nous' we discover with concern the plight of M. Alexandre Cousineau, a dairy farmer from Mascouche, who is going to court to defend himself against the Minister of Environment. The Minister feels that M. Cousineau's manure pile is in the wrong place and is going to make sure that he gets his-manure-together, someplace else.

According to article 9c in chapter 15 of les Reglements Provinciaux d'Hygiene de 1944, no manure pile can be closer than 250 feet to a house.

M. Cousineau's manure pile lies only feet from a house on the other side of the road. That means trouble. But M. Cousineau isn't alone in his battle for justice and the freedom to have his manure wherever he needs to have his manure. The president of l'Union des Producteurs Agricoles, M. Paul Couture, in a letter addressed to the sous-ministre de l'Environment, August 14, 1975, demands that the regulations be modified because they don't correspond to reality. The president adds that one can find a considerable number of manure piles adjacent to habitation with footage less than that suggested in the 'reglement' separating them. Presumably, the U.P.A. is worried about a dangerous precedent being set, whereby piles of manure all across the province will have to be fork-lifted to greener pastures. But what if your barn cleaner or manure bucket just happens to let the valuable stuff fall on one particular spot? What's a poor farmer to do?

The article adds that the regulation had never been seriously applied and points out that many farmers, M. Cousineau included, have received agricultural credit to create ever-greater manure piles in places violating article 9c.

Looks like a case for F. Lee Bailey! or Perry Mason! Maybe the Minister of the Environment has a brother-in-law who's invented an underground conveyor belt system that can carry 500 cow pies an hour to points far enough away from human settlement. Maybe the Simard family's fortune made with government dredging contracts in the St. Lawrence is threatened, and they're interested in a dredging contract for M. Cousineau's mountain of farmer's gold in Mascouche.

FARM PRODUCTIVITY

Farmers are constantly being told by the government that they have to increase their productivity if they expect to earn a larger share of the nation's money. The implication is that farmers have been slow to increase their production in relation to cost, and that the increases in the gross national product have been due to the high productivity of big, American-owned factories. This is hogwash. The statistics show that, in the last decade, farmers have increased their productivity by a back-breaking 100 per cent, virtually an economic miracle, while the rest of the economy, including the big factories, have increased their productivity by only 40 per cent in the same length of time.

This means that it is the farmers who are creating new wealth faster than the factory and office workers, while the farmers have not received anywhere near the same increase in their incomes. The farmers are subsidizing the rest of the country.

But government laws, made by people from the cities, help the factories instead of the farmers. The average import tariff on food coming into Canada is only 8 per cent, whereas the average tariff on manufactured goods is 16 per cent. This gives the factories greater protection than it gives the farmers.

An added note of interest: after all the farm demonstrations last year, the government of Quebec promised to increase its help to farmers. But for the coming fiscal year, Quebec has decided to reduce the budget of the Dept. of Agriculture by 7.9 per cent. This reduction, added to a ten per cent inflation rate, means that the faltering Agriculture Dept. will be able to do about 18 per cent less in the coming year.

Short Notes □□□□

NUKES FOR QUEBEC

The March 16 edition of the Montreal Gazette included an article on Nuclear Power Stations in Quebec. These stations are being proposed by Hydro-Quebec to meet the rising demand for electrical power. Initially there would be six stations along the St. Lawrence.

In the USA there have been protests and a 'No Nuke' movement against the building of these new power stations. Resignations from officials involved in their design and maintenance have followed. They are disturbed because the possibility of 'accidents' has not yet been eliminated. The disposal of radioactive waste matter from the stations, or 'Nukes', has not yet been solved- the materials remain radioactive for 250,000 years. Moreover, birth defects and cancer have been linked to radioactive seepage which would normally occur from the stations. The effects of explosions, also theoretically possible, are well known to all.

The six proposed stations in Quebec lie in a zone where there could be an earthquake. The stations cannot be built to withstand that kind of shock- the resulting exlposions would devastate Quebec. So, the building of these Nukes becomes a matter of direct concern to all of us in the E.T.

Are we willing to risk our lives and livelihood for the production of more electricty? Should more Quebec farmland be seized for these plants?

The Natural Resources Minister, Jean Cournoyer, is against the Nukes, so is Premier Bourassa, perhaps only for political reasons because the Part Québecois is in favour of them or because the James Bay Hydro project needs some justification.

A nuclear engineer here in Quebec, Antoine Duchesne, says 'there are housewives forming protest groups, but what do they know about nuclear energy? We have to trust to the experts who have studied these things.'

Are we really to trust the 'experts' like those responsible for other industrial fiascos- mercury pollution in our waters, miners dying from industrial diseases--and are we really to believe that such an endeavor could ever succeed in Quebec- the Olympics... James Bay...Mirabel...

VOROKHTA, EASTERN TOWNSHIPS, QUEBEC

While driving back to Compton from out Sutton way, the Sun staff members passed some signs in Russian, and decided there was something in the Townships they really didn't know anything about. So we wrote to the Ukrainian National Federation in Montreal, and received the following letter from Mrs. Bohdanna Monczak:

In the year 1954 a group of Ukrainians bought a farm in the vicinity of Mansonville and decided to start a Ukrainian village in order to provide recreational facilities for the city dwellers and closer community life for families with children as well as for the elderly. Part of the land was set aside for a chapel and group activities and an acre of land was bought on the shore of Lake Memphremagog to provide swimming, fishing and boating facilities. Presently, there are about 30 cottages privately owned on this farm. Because of nearby skiing facilities on Mount owl Head, the community life is active all year round and many families like to sepnd their Chirstmas holidays at their cottages in this village **Vorokhta'** near Vale Perkins.

Vorokhta is a famous resort town in the beautiful Karpathian Mountains in Western Ukraine. Last year sorrow befell the community of 'Vorokhta' because its pioneer and founder passed away, thus depriving the community of its leader. A beautiful ceremonious Ukrainian funeral was held for him in the chapel and he lies buried in the cemetery in Mansonville alongside other deceased members of the village.

In nearby South Bolton there is also a camp that belongs to the Ukrainian Youth Association **'Plast'**. The camp is called **'Baturyn'** in memory of another town in Ukraine which was the seat of the great Hetman of Ukraine, Ivan Mazepa, in the 17th century. This name was chosen in memory of the 250th anniversary of the Battle of Poltava where the great hetman was unfortunately beaten down by the aggressive army of Peter the Great. That date marked the downfall of freedom in Ukraine. In the summer and average of 150 youngsters camp there. This year because of the Olympics, young people from all over Canada will have a kind of 'jamboree' and camp together a few weeks in 'Baturyn'.

In the summer months both communties are serviced by the Ukrainian parish priests from Montreal who take turns to provide for the spiritual needs of these two communities.

THE INVENTOR'S DISCOURAGEMENT

by Melvin S. Taylor

marketing an invention

When someone feels that an invention he has created is of worthwhile value, what must be done to prove its worthiness?

First of all, no manufacturers or companies are interested in a product unless it is completely legalized preferably through product Developers. Some developing firms are so geared to completely develop the product at fixed costs and no guarantees. These fixed costs do not include Patent researches (which is a must), Patent fees (Governmental) and many small details required to develop inventions.

However, if an inventor feels that his (or her) product has merit, I recommend proceeding as follows:
a(Have about $2,000 that you can spend without jeopardizing your family budget.
b(Contact a reputable developing firm.
c(If your invention is accepted by the firm get ready to start spending your money. 1(A patent search must be done 2(Product developed 3(Patent pending established 4(Product advertised 5(Product marketed 6(Patent obtained.

These six steps are usually carried out by the developing firm.

Marketing the product may never happen, but this is at the risk of the inventor after having spent approx. $2,000.

Therefore, it is very necessary that you are completely convinced that your product is a worthwhile venture.

For the information of the readers of this article, I have proceeded to Step 2 on my Eject-A-Worm invention, i.e. obtained a patent search and developed the product but, to continue the endeavor, I will require an interested partner or firm who wishes to assist. If anyone should be interested, please contact the inventor of Eject-A-Worm at Danville, Quebec.

EJECT-A-WORM

INVENTION: Trade name 'Eject-A-Worm'

INVENTOR: Melvin S. Taylor

DESCRIPTION: An angler's dream to find bait easily has become a reality. Today, there exists a product, not yet marketed, that will seek out fish worms and eject them to the surface of the ground for easy picking. This process is simple, requires no electrical probes, skill or complicated equipment. The magic liquid is simply mixed with water and applied to the ground. Within one minute, worms appear, completely emerge and are easily picked by the angler.

ADVANTAGES:

—No more digging up back lawns or gardens looking for worms.

—No more searching with soptlights at night for dew worms.

—No more searching for outlets to buy your worms for the fishing trip or even a quick evening of fishing at the favourite spot.

—No more cancelling of an afternoon or after work fishing trip because it is too warm and dry and find worms, or simply too time consuming.

—No more running out of bait at a favourite fishing spot (Simply carry Eject-A-Worm in your tackle box.).

MIXTURE: Simply pour approximately 2 ounces of Eject-A-Worm into a pail of water (2 gallons). Find a suitable place where worms are most likely to be and pour the mixture over approximately a 4 ft. x 4 ft. ground surface. Wait approx. one minute and watch worms and insects appear.

COST: A few cents per mixture- (Depending upon Quantity purchase)

REGIONAL DUMP DUMPED BY MOE'S RIVER CITIZENS

The quiet little village of Moe's River was in a flurry this past month. The trouble was garbage and the possibility of a Regional Dump being created a mile or so upstream from the community on the River Moe.

Moe's River is just a hoot and a holler from Compton, 12 miles south of Sherbrooke. It's a little village whose only visible industry is Hazeltine's sawmill which for most of the year runs on water-power from the river passing through the middle of town.

Well, it seems that a local farmer was interested in making a deal with the communities of Rock Forest, Fleurimont, Lennoxville, Bromptonville and who-knows-where-else, so that all of their garbage could be dumped on his land, which features a big gulley needing filling not too far from the banks of the River Moe.

Thank the Lord that the above-mentioned farmer had to have the permission of the Compton Townships Council before beginning such an enterprise.

And the petitions against the dump were flying fast and furious from Moe's River to Compton to Libby Hill and everywheres in-between. The night of the council meeting over 100 irate citizens led by Ed Caron of Moe's River addressed the council to the effect that all of the above-mentioned communties should keep their own garbage.

Now that might put some of those above-mentioned communities in a bad way 'cause their dumps are being closed down by the government for not being up to standard, but you can sympathize with Moe's River for not wanting the almost clean river polluted with Herbal Essence bottles from Rock Forest. And probably within 2 weeks of the doomed dump's opening, the entire population of Moe's River and environs would be outnumbered by rats and coyotes. Who wants that? So the council turned down the offer of garbage with a 'thanks anyway!'.

And for the poor farmer who stood to make a buck on the whole thing, he saw it as a tremendous blow to private enterprise and his free-enterprising spirit. He vowed at the meeting to see his depotoir-dream become a reality yet.

Well, maybe he will, but for the time being Moe's River has settled back, waiting for the annual spring flood, and Gerry Hazeltine's sawmill blades are turning water as clean as you're liable to get anywhere in the Townships these days.

PRENATAL CLASS UNDERWAY

There is a prenatal class on natural childbirth underway now in Lennoxville. During February and March the participants saw movies and had discussions on 'Birth without Violence', 'Anesthesia in Childbirth', 'Natural Childbirth Techniques', and 'Breast Feeding'. In April and May the group will meet every Monday night at the Lennoxville Elementary School. During these next months they will practice the breathing and relaxation exercises necessary for a natural birth. Women expecting their babies in June are still invited to attend with their husbands.

Another class is being organized for those due in August, September or October.

Another class is being organized for those due in August, September or October.

Please call Jill at 819-835-5682 for further information!

THETFORD LIP PROJECT....FOR MEMBERS ONLY

Asbestos Corporation of Thetford Mines, a subsidiary of General Dynamics of the U.S.A. (a company that profited vastly from the war in Vietnam) was awarded a $37,000 PIL project by the federal government, to improve its golf course.

Te official rules of PIL projects state that the project must be 'useful to the collectivity', however, the golf club in Thetford is for members only, and not everyone can afford to join. The golf course is surrounded by signs saying 'Private Property, No Trespassing' and local citizens have been prevented from using the golf course for cross-country ski-ing and snow-shoeing in winter.

The Outlaw of MEGANTIC

One man's fight against injustice: a Canadian legend

Bernard Epps

THE OUTLAW OF MEGANTIC to this point-

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

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

Mac McLean

McLean rode out to Malcolm Matheson's camp and found Donald doing a quiet bit of fishing.

'Catching anything, are you?'

'Dyspepsia is all,' said Donald. 'I'm getting mortal sick of my own company. What's new in town, then?'

Mac sat himself down in the grass and told all he knew of Warren and his boasts. Donald was mildly surprised.

'Will he shoot me then, on suspicion of burning a barn?'

'Likely he'll shoot because you're known as a good man with a gun,' said Mac, 'and he wants to be known as a better.'

'That's a fearful load for a man to carry,' Donald replied with some bitterness. 'I smell the stink of McAulay behind all this.'

'He was sworn in all legal.'

'McAulay took my farm all legal too.' Donald chewed a grass-blade and stared at the sunlight shimmering on the water. 'I guess that's the way of the law these days. Why would they be wanting to swear in a man like that?'

'Will you be shooting back, then?'

Donald considered this quiet question and then shrugged and smiled.

'Ah, now,' he said, 'a man's got a right to protect himself, has he not?'

'Maybe a duty,' said Mac as he gnawed on the knuckle of his thumb and stared across the lake to Moose Hill and Tumbledown Mountain in the State of Maine. He was thinking of Mrs. McLeod's clotheslines.

'I'll tell you one thing,' said Donald, 'I won't be letting him shoot me down like a dog.'

Mac said nothing.

'And I'll tell you another, since you ask,' said Donald. 'I won't be turning myself in, either. Not just yet, anyway. I did not burn that house or barn but I'm convinced there'll be no justice for me in the courts. I've tried it, Mac. There's no justice for us poor gillie-wetfoots and I'll not stand trial for a crime I did not commit if I can help it.'

McLean stood up and stretched. 'Aye,' he said. 'I'd best be heading home. If you're needing a place to stay sometime, come by the house.'

Donald reached up his hand.

'Thanks, Mac,' he said. 'I might just be doing that.'

Jack Warren

Donald stayed clear of the roads and clear of the village but generally managed to find out what Warren was up to one way or another. Any move the new constable made, and boast or threat, was duly noted and reported in Matheson's store. There it was considered, discussed, adjudged and relayed on to Donald. He heard that Warren had installed a target behind the American House and occasionally demonstrated his expertise with his pocket cannon. He heard that Warren had swaggered into Matheson's store one Monday morning and asked Malcolm point-blank if he knew the whereabouts of his quarry.

'I do not,' Malcolm had replied after due deliberation.

'If I get my eye on him,' Warren had said, 'I'll have his Christly soul dead or alive.'

And he heard that Warren usually kept close to the barroom or the verandah of his hotel where he could draw his dollar a day and conduct his hunt in comfort.

Donald listened and laid low. It wasn't easy, for he was a sociable man and life in the woods was a lonely one. He would have liked to visit Augusta and say a few words to his parents, but he dared not put them in jeopardy so he stayed where he was and waited. Sooner or later, he thought, Warren would tire of his charade and go back to smuggling whiskey.

When he heard on Friday that Warren had gone once more to Marsden, he took the opportunity to slip into Megantic for a few small supplies. He could get what he needed and be long gone before Warren returned.

But Warren had changed his mind. It was too nice a day to go manhunting round and about the country. He lingered still on the verandah of the American House, enjoying the afternoon sun and the warmth of a few beers in his belly. Nelson Leet, the hotelkeeper, sat with him and together they idly watched the passing parade of horses, buggies, children and dogs.

Donald Morrison came strolling down the sidewalk with a cane in his hand and no cares in the world.

Warren got his feet off the railing and leaned forward in his chair.

'Is that Morrison?'

'The very man,' said Leet.

Warren eyed Donald's approach on the opposite sidewalk, got up and went into the hotel for his gun. He buckled it on, descended the steps and started across the street.

'Donald Morrison!'

Donald halted and turned. The big man was in the middle of the street and coming on with danger in his eyes.

'Stand clear,' said Donald.

The man kept coming.

'Don't you worry about it,' he said.

'Stand clear!' said Donald again.

Warren came on with his shoulders raised and his great hands held loosely at his sides.

'Don't you worry.'

'Stand clear!' Donald said for a third time.

'Don't you worry,' said Warren and snatched for his revolver. Donald leapt off the sidewalk and dropped his cane. The great eye of Warren's pistol followed him and Donald drew and fired.

The sound of the shot ripped a hole in the afternoon and Warren was punched over backward by a bullet in the base of his brain.

He lay quite still with his revolver beside him. Blood welled slowly from a hole in his throat and the sun and the street waited while Donald stared down on his own gun hanging limply from his hand.

The hole in the day healed over. Megantic hummed as if to make up for lost time. People came on the run. Donald put his gun away in his pocket, picked up his cane, and continued his walk.

News travelled from man to man, spreading out from the body in the dust like rings from a stone in a pond.

At three p.m., on Friday, June 22, 1888 Donald Morrison shot and killed Jack Warren.

'The man had been cheated of his farm. He had been persecuted unjustly. He had been victimized by lawyers, swindled by the courts, bullied, blamed and bamboozled, until he had done what he plainly had to do and what any other self-respecting man would have done in a similar situation.'

Silas H. Carpenter

Concentric circles rippled out from the body in the dust and lapped against the boots of Authority. An autopsy was ordered and performed. The bullet had torn the carotid artery, said Dr. Millette, and passed through the spine causing instantaneous death. An inquest was held. Half a dozen people had witnessed the shooting and identified Donald Morrison as the assailant. Depositions were taken. A new warrant was immediately drawn up and issued. This time the charge was wilful murder.

Constable Edwards was again sent to bring Donald in. He visited the log cabin in Marsden and was not at all surprised to find Donald not there. He stayed for a bit of a **strupach** and a bit of a chat and then asked a few questions of the neighbours. None had seen Donald. None knew where he might be found. The news of the shooting was everywhere and the opinion of the Scottish people was well-nigh unanimous - it was self-defence, pure and simple, as plain as your nose.

The man had been cheated of his farm. He had been persecuted unjustly. He had been victimized by lawyers, swindled by the courts, bullied, blamed and bamboozled until he had done what he plainly had to do and what any other self-respecting man would have done in a similar situation. Once more Constable Edwards returned to Megantic empty-handed.

Donald remained in hiding. He had not thought it advisable to attend the inquest - considering his rather delicate position in the matter - but he did show up for Warren's funeral. He had seen from the woods that there were only three people there, including the minister, and thought it only decent to pay his respects. It was the best he could do for the man. No one prevented him. No one attempted an arrest. He listened to the service with bowed head and then returned to the woods.

Words of this boldness and misplaced indignation lent momentum to the cumbersome wheels of law. The authorities reached out for help and a detachment of Quebec Provincial Police was sent out from Sherbrooke. They asked many questions, received few answers and remained empty-handed. The authorities reached yet further for help - reached all the way to Montreal.

Silas H. Carpenter, Chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau, arrived with his assistant, James McMahon, and four other burly detectives to take charge of the manhunt, make a quick arrest and put an end to the affair. They had recently won fame and gratitude for capturing a celebrated murderer named McGraith and did not think Morrison would be much of a problem. He was a rank amateur compared with most of their hardened clients.

Headquarters was established at the Prince of Wales Hotel in Megantic and business was begun with habitual efficiency. Carpenter very soon knew Donald's history, the names and addreses of his friends and relatives. He detailed men to locate and interrogate these people and painstakingly assembled a description of the fugitive.

DONALD MORRISON. Age; 30. Height; six feet. Weight; 175 lbs. Complexion; fair. Eyes; blue. Hair; sandy. This man is wanted in connexion with the fatal shooting of **LUCIUS WARREN** in the village of Lake Megantic on the afternoon of June 22nd, 1888. Morrison is known to be armed and considered **EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.'**

Donald Morrison

This man, known to be armed and considered to be extremely dangerous, was lying on his back among the wildflowers in a corner of McIver's hayfield. Augusta sat nearby with her face shaded by a large sun-bonnet, her legs beneath her and her skirt spread out.

'I did not want to meet that man,' he was saying as he studied the drifting clouds. 'if I'd seen him first, I would have turned away but he was too close. He had the biggest pistol I ever saw in my life. A holster to carry it round in, too. He would have shot me in the back if I'd turned, then. I'm sure of it.'

'I know,' she said. She was pulling the petals from a daisy one by one.

'I wasn't wanting any trouble. I was never wanting any trouble. I was just wanting my farm and a quiet life and a little justice.'

'I know,' she said once more.

'I thought I had all my adventuring done when I came back from the North-West, so I did.'

She had reached the last petal on the daisy and was absorbed in it with her head down and her face hidden by the hat. 'Yes,' she said with one petal left. 'I know.'

He rolled onto an elbow and faced her.

'I can't be letting them take me,' he said. 'Not yet.'

'I know,' said she.

'But now I'll have to be asking you to wait a bit longer for that question I promised,' said Donald. He reached out and gently turned her face towards him by the chin. Her eyes were large and damp. 'Just a wee bit longer,' he said.

She bit her lower lip and lowered her eyes. 'I know,' she said. She plucked the last petal and let it flutter to the earth.

Silas H. Carpenter

Carpenter was not at all prepared for the difficulties his investigation encountered.

Firstly, the supposed friends and relatives of the fugitive were no help whatever. An amazing number claimed never to have heard of a man named Donald Morrison. Others, all to eager to be of assistance to the gentlemen from Montreal, knew of a good half-dozen by that name in as many different localities. Still others claimed innocence of any civilized language and when an interpreter was found willing to translate the Gaelic, the detectives had reason to believe he was intentionally leading them astray. They couldn't be bullied, bluffed, brow-beaten or bribed. Carpenter's men blundered from one settlement to the next without a single solid lead and learned to their cost that these Scottish settlers were the stubbornest, most independent, hardest-headed creature ever to walk God's earth.

Secondly, the area of the search proved to be forty miles long by twenty wide and Donald could have been hiding in any of those eight hundred square miles of woods and hills, lakes or swamps, or in any one of a thousand isolated farmsteads from Megantic Lake to Dudswell East. He knew the area as he knew his own barnyard and had friends all over. Carpenter's men were far more familiar with the streets and alleys of the city and had friends nowhere.

Thirdly, surnames meant next to nothing in this strange corner of the world. Once a man was entered in the church register, he might never have reason to use his last name again until they carved it on his headstone. If the detectives wanted to speak with John McLeod, they'd find a dozen - of John MacDonalds, a small army. The settlers knew each other by Gaelic side-names, but how could a bewildered detective know if he wanted John the Horse, John the Hammer or John the Goat? What's more, these nicknames were hereditary so that John the Horse might have a son named John the Horse and, when that got too deep, they often went through life with their Christian names alone as did John Hector, John David, John Gwilliam. In naming all male heirs either John, Malcolm or Donald, Carpenter felt they either exhibited a wonderful lack of imagination or a remarkably solid conspiracy.

Fourthly, Donald Morrison had a most embarrassing habit of going about in public, of being seen in broad daylight and then effecting narrow escapes. It began when he coolly and openly showed up at Warren's funeral but that was not the end of his daring. He was almost constantly appearing and disappearing beneath their noses. One officer - since assigned elsewhere - actually questioned Donald at a farmhouse and left believing him one of the family. Another knocked at Mrs. Buchanan's door and politely waited while that worthy woman was helping him out through the pantry window. A third learned from Murdock McIver that Donald had gone to Fisher Hill while the villain was actually listening to the lie from behind the open door. To ease poor Murdock's conscience, he did go to Fisher Hill right after - following the tracks of the unwitting detectives.

Now, Carpenter was a reasonable man. He'd had his share of dangers, difficulties, desperate characters, and merely wanted to do his job with a minimum of heroics and a maximum of cool reason. It was reasonable to expect people to speak English or French in this province and not be coughing and gargling in a tongue left over from the stone-age. It was reasonable to expect John McLeod to answer to his name and not be known by something odd that his grandfather had done.

Carpenter knew he would never win the confidence of these unreasonable people, never understand their alien ways, never quite get used to discussing the weather for five minutes before getting down to any sort of business, never feel at ease accepting tea and scones from a people determined to part with nothing else. He also knew his time was limited. His forces were on temporary loan from other departments and agencies and had been spared only briefly and grudgingly. His superiors kept clamouring for an arrest or, at the very least, for hard information that might justify his expenses. And, to top it all off, his hemorrhoids were acting up.

He took to the roads himself, partly to avoid the telegraph and partly to find some sense in his predicament. He drove aimlessly about day after day, from one settlement to the next, receiving hospitality and silence wherever he stopped. Travelling the narrow roads, he realized that his quarry might well be watching him pass from the heavy cover of the woods on either side. His men were cautious about penetrating those woods and Carpenter could not blame them for that. They seemed created to hide things far more ferocious than criminals and he would have had a hard time explaining to Montreal if his officers got themselves eaten. They had even managed to get lost on the roads until they realized the settlers were taking perverse delight in giving false and confusing direction. Carpenter himself spent one entire morning stuck at a ford on a remote, deserted track and it was only after two men on foot had cheerfully heaved his buggy out and sent him on his way, that he realized the taller man fitted the description of Morrison perfectly. He hurried back to the spot but could find no trace of either man and narrowly missed getting stuck again. Days on the hard buggy seat over rutted roads only exacerated his delicate condition and, when he finally returned to the Prince of Wales and a sheaf of new telegrams, he admitted the job was too much for him and took the next train to Montreal.

They listened politely enough - listened when he spoke of the scattered settlements and the bad roads and the miles upon miles of trackless forest, listened when he spoke of the people, listened even when his desperate quest for reason led him rambling through Scottish history for examples of fierce independence and a shielding of fugitives that was almost traditional - of Wallace and Bruce, of Bonnie Prince Charlie and Rob Roy MacGregor. They listened and clucked their tongues and then sent him back to Megantic with two more men and authority to offer a three thousand dollar reward.

Donald Morrison

Donald, meanwhile, was getting his visiting done. Wherever he went friends and relatives fed him, sheltered him, gave him the latest news of the detectives and the police. He renewed old acquaintances and made new ones. He discovered new trails through the woods and remembered old ones. He was rapidly learning all the tricks of a hunted fox.

Walking one morning down a lonely road with his stick in his hand and his guns in his pockets, he came suddenly upon two detectives smoking their pipes and sunning themselves on a log. They had seen him and he did not hesitate but walked right up with a smile on his face and wished them both a great good morning.

'And a great good day to you,' they said.

'Are you still looking for Donald Morrison, then?' said he, after the usual remarks on the weather.

They pricked up their ears. 'We are,' said one, a great burly fellow with a square jaw and a trim moustache. 'What is it you know of him?'

'I was passing a man about two miles back who was acting suspicious and all,' said Donald. 'Mean-looking cuss he was too, with his eyes set close and a scowl that would scare a cat.'

'What was suspicious about him?' asked the second man while the first studied Donald's face with a scowl and suspicions of his own.

'Why, when he saw me coming, he jumped into the brush right off.'

Donald stared right back.

'You think that suspicious, do you?'

'It's not the usual way of an honest man,' said Donald.

'Come on, McMahon,' said the smaller constable, getting up and putting his pipe away. 'We'd better check it out.' He started down the road.

Donald wished them a cheerful good day and good luck and strode off in the opposite direction. 'Always willing to help the authorities,' he said.

The big man stayed where he was on the log and stared after Donald with a frown on his face as if trying to remember something. His partner stopped and turned back.

'What's up, Jim?'

'I'm thinking,' said McMahon, slow and careful, 'that could have been Morrison himself.'

The other thought a moment but didn't believe it. Morrison wouldn't walk right up and speak to them, would he?

'Maybe he would,' said McMahon.

They looked at each other.

'Maybe,' agreed the smaller. 'We'd best just check him out,'

'Hey!' he bellowed. 'Just a minute, you!'

Donald was just rounding a curve in the road and did not stop nor give any indication of having heard. The detectives shouted again and ran heavily after him with their guns at the ready, rounded the bend and found the road empty for a good stretch ahead. Donald had ducked into the trees.

Once free of the road and out of sight, he walked leisurely through the woods for two good miles and emerged on another road that ran parallel to the one he had left. There, he was overtaken by a man in a buckboard and offered a lift. Donald accepted.

'You're Donald Morrison, aren't you? said the driver. 'I am,' said Donald. 'And you're John Hall from Dudswell.'

'You know me, then?'

'Aye,' said John with an appreciative chuckle, 'you're the man I've been hearing about all right. If you're ever out to Dudswell, drop in and see us. You'll be safe enough there, I'm thinking. There's not a man, woman or dog would turn you into the police from what I hear.'

Donald told him of the narrow escape he had recently had with the detectives and they laughed over it together.

'McMahon was studying me like he'd met me before,' he said, 'and couldn't quite remember my name. By the time it dawned on him just who I was, I was off and into the bush.'

He thanked his new friend once more for the offer of hospitality, jumped down and disappeared into the trees with a wave of his hand. John Hall drove on ruminating on the good story he would tell his friends when he got home until he was stopped by a brace of constables. No. He had met no one. No. He knew of no one answering the description they gave. Could be, the man they wanted might be coming down the other road.

Silas H. Carpenter

Carpenter was getting nowhere at all. He had posters printed naming the amount and conditions of the reward with a description of the fugitive appended and had these liberally distributed in every village and settlement for miles around. There was scarcely a barn or a fence, scarcely a tree or a post that did not shout the name of Donald Morrison but it did no good. It merely made sure no man would harbour a detective by mistake.

He sent men to watch the cabin of Morrison's parents and the house of Augusta McIver. He even spared others, after an unpleasant interview with a blustering Major McAulay, to guard the residence of that worthy gentleman. He pored over maps of the district, arranged logistics, established outposts and lines of communication and got nowhere at all.

He called for help. He continually called for help. They sent him a detachment of Quebec Provincial Police from Quebec City and a handful of soldier volunteers from a French Canandian Militia Unit.

Out in the settlements, detectives and officers encountered traditional Scottish suspicion while the rank and file received traditional Scottish hospitality. Soldiers and constables, generally farmer's sons themselves, were always willing to discuss crops and weather over a cup of tea or a sly drop of the creature. They had their own resentment of officers and detectives and this intimacy resulted in the sowing of seeds of sympathy among the forces sent to arrest Donald. These seeds were carefully nurtured, meticulously cultivated until they bloomed and cast seeds of their own. Was not Donald Morrison a poor country boy like themselves? Did they not all have experience in one form or another with mortgages and the chicanery of lawyers? Was there any real doubt that Donald had fired in self-defence?

Occasionally, when the soldiers had good reason to believe Donald might be in a particular area, they arranged urgent business to take themselves elsewhere. Occasionally, through staring so hard at the sky, the patrols bumped into things.

'Leave those Frenchmen here another month or two,' chuckled Malcolm Matheson to the Companions of the Iron Stove, 'and they'll all turn Scotch!'

Malcolm set up lines of communication of his own, often through Mac McLean, the Spring Hill railwayman, or John Morrison, postmaster at Marsden. Donald had possibly the single best mail service in the country and was kept informed as much as possible of the activities of the detectives, the arrival of reinforcements, of the nature and business of strangers and even, on occasion, of the contents of official letters. He very often knew more about Carpenter's men than did Carpenter himself.

As days and weeks passed without result, Carpenter adopted more desperate tactics. He tried to suborn settlers as he suspected the settlers had suborned some of his men. He threatened, bullied, waved the reward money like a juicy carrot under an ass's nose and found the people as incorruptible as they were stubborn. Three thousand dollars was a small fortune to most of these hard-pressed, hard-working folk but only three were ever known to offer information not calculated to lead the pursuit astray. These three were quickly known to their neighbours and secretly watched to see they could do no further damage.

James McMahon

McMahon led a party of men to a house on the North Hill. Lamps and candles burned in almost every room and the sound of music, of singing and dancing filtered out into the night. It was obviously a party of some sort and the word leaked out that Donald was a sociable man with a weakness for parties. He might even possibly be attending this one but even if he were miles away, it was a good opportunity to impress the citizens with the seriousness of this manhunt and to convince them of the advisability of shielding the outlaw.

McMahon sent two men down the road and two more up to block any attempt at escape and led the remaining four to the house. He hammered on the door with his great fist and was gratified to hear the music and laughter stop dead.

'The man had been cheated of his farm. He had been persecuted unjustly. He had been victimized by lawyers, swindled by the courts, bullied, blamed and bamboozled, until he had done what he plainly had to do and what any other self-respecting man would have done in a similar situation.'

Silas H. Carpenter

Concentric circles rippled out from the body in the dust and lapped against the boots of Authority. An autopsy was ordered and performed. The bullet had torn the carotid artery, said Dr. Millette, and passed through the spine causing instantaneous death. An inquest was held. Half a dozen people had witnessed the shooting and identified Donald Morrison as the assailant. Depositions were taken. A new warrant was immediately drawn up and issued. This time the charge was wilful murder.

Constable Edwards was again sent to bring Donald in. He visited the log cabin in Marsden and was not at all surprised to find Donald not there. He stayed for a bit of a **strupach** and a bit of a chat and then asked a few questions of the neighbours. None had seen Donald. None knew where he might be found. The news of the shooting was everywhere and the opinion of the Scottish people was well-nigh unanimous - it was self-defence, pure and simple, as plain as your nose.

The man had been cheated of his farm. He had been persecuted unjustly. He had been victimized by lawyers, swindled by the courts, bullied, blamed and bamboozled until he had done what he plainly had to do and what any other self-respecting man would have done in a similar situation. Once more Constable Edwards returned to Megantic empty-handed.

Donald remained in hiding. He had not thought it advisable to attend the inquest - considering his rather delicate position in the matter - but he did show up for Warren's funeral. He had seen from the woods that there were only three people there, including the minister, and thought it only decent to pay his respects. It was the best he could do for the man. No one prevented him. No one attempted an arrest. He listened to the service with bowed head and then returned to the woods.

Words of this boldness and misplaced indignation lent momentum to the cumbersome wheels of law. The authorities reached out for help and a detachment of Quebec Provincial Police was sent out from Sherbrooke. They asked many questions, received few answers and remained empty-handed. The authorities reached yet further for help - reached all the way to Montreal.

Silas H. Carpenter, Chief of the Montreal Detective Bureau, arrived with his assistant, James McMahon, and four other burly detectives to take charge of the manhunt, make a quick arrest and put an end to the affair. They had recently won fame and gratitude for capturing a celebrated murderer named McGraith and did not think Morrison would be much of a problem. He was a rank amateur compared with most of their hardened clients.

Headquarters was established at the Prince of Wales Hotel in Megantic and business was begun with habitual efficiency. Carpenter very soon knew Donald's history, the names and addreses of his friends and relatives. He detailed men to locate and interrogate these people and painstakingly assembled a description of the fugitive.

DONALD MORRISON. Age; 30. Height; six feet. Weight; 175 lbs. Complexion; fair. Eyes; blue. Hair; sandy. This man is wanted in connexion with the fatal shooting of **LUCIUS WARREN** in the village of Lake Megantic on the afternoon of June 22nd, 1888. Morrison is known to be armed and considered **EXTREMELY DANGEROUS.'**

Donald Morrison

This man, known to be armed and considered to be extremely dangerous, was lying on his back among the wildflowers in a corner of McIver's hayfield. Augusta sat nearby with her face shaded by a large sun-bonnet, her legs beneath her and her skirt spread out.

'I did not want to meet that man,' he was saying as he studied the drifting clouds. 'if I'd seen him first, I would have turned away but he was too close. He had the biggest pistol I ever saw in my life. A holster to carry it round in, too. He would have shot me in the back if I'd turned, then. I'm sure of it.'

'I know,' she said. She was pulling the petals from a daisy one by one.

'I wasn't wanting any trouble. I was never wanting any trouble. I was just wanting my farm and a quiet life and a little justice.'

'I know,' she said once more.

'I thought I had all my adventuring done when I came back from the North-West, so I did.'

She had reached the last petal on the daisy and was absorbed in it with her head down and her face hidden by the hat. 'Yes,' she said with one petal left. 'I know.'

He rolled onto an elbow and faced her.

'I can't be letting them take me,' he said. 'Not yet.'

'I know,' said she.

'But now I'll have to be asking you to wait a bit longer for that question I promised,' said Donald. He reached out and gently turned her face towards him by the chin. Her eyes were large and damp. 'Just a wee bit longer,' he said.

She bit her lower lip and lowered her eyes. 'I know,' she said. She plucked the last petal and let it flutter to the earth.

Silas H. Carpenter

Carpenter was not at all prepared for the difficulties his investigation encountered.

Firstly, the supposed friends and relatives of the fugitive were no help whatever. An amazing number claimed never to have heard of a man named Donald Morrison. Others, all to eager to be of assistance to the gentlemen from Montreal, knew of a good half-dozen by that name in as many different localities. Still others claimed innocence of any civilized language and when an interpreter was found willing to translate the Gaelic, the detectives had reason to believe he was intentionally leading them astray. They couldn't be bullied, bluffed, brow-beaten or bribed. Carpenter's men blundered from one settlement to the next without a single solid lead and learned to their cost that these Scottish settlers were the stubbornest, most independent, hardest-headed creature ever to walk God's earth.

Secondly, the area of the search proved to be forty miles long by twenty wide and Donald could have been hiding in any of those eight hundred square miles of woods and hills, lakes or swamps, or in any one of a thousand isolated farmsteads from Megantic Lake to Dudswell East. He knew the area as he knew his own barnyard and had friends all over. Carpenter's men were far more familiar with the streets and alleys of the city and had friends nowhere.

Thirdly, surnames meant next to nothing in this strange corner of the world. Once a man was entered in the church register, he might never have reason to use his last name again until they carved it on his headstone. If the detectives wanted to speak with John McLeod, they'd find a dozen - of John MacDonalds, a small army. The settlers knew each other by Gaelic side-names, but how could a bewildered detective know if he wanted John the Horse, John the Hammer or John the Goat? What's more, these nicknames were hereditary so that John the Horse might have a son named John the Horse and, when that got too deep, they often went through life with their Christian names alone as did John Hector, John David, John Gwilliam. In naming all male heirs either John, Malcolm or Donald, Carpenter felt they either exhibited a wonderful lack of imagination or a remarkably solid conspiracy.

Fourthly, Donald Morrison had a most embarrassing habit of going about in public, of being seen in broad daylight and then effecting narrow escapes. It began when he coolly and openly showed up at Warren's funeral but that was not the end of his daring. He was almost constantly appearing and disappearing beneath their noses. One officer - since assigned elsewhere - actually questioned Donald at a farmhouse and left believing him one of the family. Another knocked at Mrs. Buchanan's door and politely waited while that worthy woman was helping him out through the pantry window. A third learned from Murdock McIver that Donald had gone to Fisher Hill while the villain was actually listening to the lie from behind the open door. To ease poor Murdock's conscience, he did go to Fisher Hill right after - following the tracks of the unwitting detectives.

Now, Carpenter was a reasonable man. He'd had his share of dangers, difficulties, desperate characters, and merely wanted to do his job with a minimum of heroics and a maximum of cool reason. It was reasonable to expect people to speak English or French in this province and not be coughing and gargling in a tongue left over from the stone-age. It was reasonable to expect John McLeod to answer to his name and not be known by something odd that his grandfather had done.

Carpenter knew he would never win the confidence of these unreasonable people, never understand their alien ways, never quite get used to discussing the weather for five minutes before getting down to any sort of business, never feel at ease accepting tea and scones from a people determined to part with nothing else. He also knew his time was limited. His forces were on temporary loan from other departments and agencies and had been spared only briefly and grudgingly. His superiors kept clamouring for an arrest or, at the very least, for hard information that might justify his expenses. And, to top it all off, his hemorrhoids were acting up.

He took to the roads himself, partly to avoid the telegraph and partly to find some sense in his predicament. He drove aimlessly about day after day, from one settlement to the next, receiving hospitality and silence wherever he stopped. Travelling the narrow roads, he realized that his quarry might well be watching him pass from the heavy cover of the woods on either side. His men were cautious about penetrating those woods and Carpenter could not blame them for that. They seemed created to hide things far more ferocious than criminals and he would have had a hard time explaining to Montreal if his officers got themselves eaten. They had even managed to get lost on the roads until they realized the settlers were taking perverse delight in giving false and confusing direction. Carpenter himself spent one entire morning stuck at a ford on a remote, deserted track and it was only after two men on foot had cheerfully heaved his buggy out and sent him on his way, that he realized the taller man fitted the description of Morrison perfectly. He hurried back to the spot but could find no trace of either man and narrowly missed getting stuck again. Days on the hard buggy seat over rutted roads only exacerated his delicate condition and, when he finally returned to the Prince of Wales and a sheaf of new telegrams, he admitted the job was too much for him and took the next train to Montreal.

They listened politely enough - listened when he spoke of the scattered settlements and the bad roads and the miles upon miles of trackless forest, listened when he spoke of the people, listened even when his desperate quest for reason led him rambling through Scottish history for examples of fierce independence and a shielding of fugitives that was almost traditional - of Wallace and Bruce, of Bonnie Prince Charlie and Rob Roy MacGregor. They listened and clucked their tongues and then sent him back to Megantic with two more men and authority to offer a three thousand dollar reward.

Donald Morrison

Donald, meanwhile, was getting his visiting done. Wherever he went friends and relatives fed him, sheltered him, gave him the latest news of the detectives and the police. He renewed old acquaintances and made new ones. He discovered new trails through the woods and remembered old ones. He was rapidly learning all the tricks of a hunted fox.

Walking one morning down a lonely road with his stick in his hand and his guns in his pockets, he came suddenly upon two detectives smoking their pipes and sunning themselves on a log. They had seen him and he did not hesitate but walked right up with a smile on his face and wished them both a great good morning.

'And a great good day to you,' they said.

'Are you still looking for Donald Morrison, then?' said he, after the usual remarks on the weather.

They pricked up their ears. 'We are,' said one, a great burly fellow with a square jaw and a trim moustache. 'What is it you know of him?'

'I was passing a man about two miles back who was acting suspicious and all,' said Donald. 'Mean-looking cuss he was too, with his eyes set close and a scowl that would scare a cat.'

'What was suspicious about him?' asked the second man while the first studied Donald's face with a scowl and suspicions of his own.

'Why, when he saw me coming, he jumped into the brush right off.'

Donald stared right back.

'You think that suspicious, do you?'

'It's not the usual way of an honest man,' said Donald.

'Come on, McMahon,' said the smaller constable, getting up and putting his pipe away. 'We'd better check it out.' He started down the road.

Donald wished them a cheerful good day and good luck and strode off in the opposite direction. 'Always willing to help the authorities,' he said.

The big man stayed where he was on the log and stared after Donald with a frown on his face as if trying to remember something. His partner stopped and turned back.

'What's up, Jim?'

'I'm thinking,' said McMahon, slow and careful, 'that could have been Morrison himself.'

The other thought a moment but didn't believe it. Morrison wouldn't walk right up and speak to them, would he?

'Maybe he would,' said McMahon.

They looked at each other.

'Maybe,' agreed the smaller. 'We'd best just check him out,'

'Hey!' he bellowed. 'Just a minute, you!'

Donald was just rounding a curve in the road and did not stop nor give any indication of having heard. The detectives shouted again and ran heavily after him with their guns at the ready, rounded the bend and found the road empty for a good stretch ahead. Donald had ducked into the trees.

Once free of the road and out of sight, he walked leisurely through the woods for two good miles and emerged on another road that ran parallel to the one he had left. There, he was overtaken by a man in a buckboard and offered a lift. Donald accepted.

'You're Donald Morrison, aren't you? said the driver. 'I am,' said Donald. 'And you're John Hall from Dudswell.'

'You know me, then?'

'Aye,' said John with an appreciative chuckle, 'you're the man I've been hearing about all right. If you're ever out to Dudswell, drop in and see us. You'll be safe enough there, I'm thinking. There's not a man, woman or dog would turn you into the police from what I hear.'

Donald told him of the narrow escape he had recently had with the detectives and they laughed over it together.

'McMahon was studying me like he'd met me before,' he said, 'and couldn't quite remember my name. By the time it dawned on him just who I was, I was off and into the bush.'

He thanked his new friend once more for the offer of hospitality, jumped down and disappeared into the trees with a wave of his hand. John Hall drove on ruminating on the good story he would tell his friends when he got home until he was stopped by a brace of constables. No. He had met no one. No. He knew of no one answering the description they gave. Could be, the man they wanted might be coming down the other road.

Silas H. Carpenter

Carpenter was getting nowhere at all. He had posters printed naming the amount and conditions of the reward with a description of the fugitive appended and had these liberally distributed in every village and settlement for miles around. There was scarcely a barn or a fence, scarcely a tree or a post that did not shout the name of Donald Morrison but it did no good. It merely made sure no man would harbour a detective by mistake.

He sent men to watch the cabin of Morrison's parents and the house of Augusta McIver. He even spared others, after an unpleasant interview with a blustering Major McAulay, to guard the residence of that worthy gentleman. He pored over maps of the district, arranged logistics, established outposts and lines of communication and got nowhere at all.

He called for help. He continually called for help. They sent him a detachment of Quebec Provincial Police from Quebec City and a handful of soldier volunteers from a French Canandian Militia Unit.

Out in the settlements, detectives and officers encountered traditional Scottish suspicion while the rank and file received traditional Scottish hospitality. Soldiers and constables, generally farmer's sons themselves, were always willing to discuss crops and weather over a cup of tea or a sly drop of the creature. They had their own resentment of officers and detectives and this intimacy resulted in the sowing of seeds of sympathy among the forces sent to arrest Donald. These seeds were carefully nurtured, meticulously cultivated until they bloomed and cast seeds of their own. Was not Donald Morrison a poor country boy like themselves? Did they not all have experience in one form or another with mortgages and the chicanery of lawyers? Was there any real doubt that Donald had fired in self-defence?

Occasionally, when the soldiers had good reason to believe Donald might be in a particular area, they arranged urgent business to take themselves elsewhere. Occasionally, through staring so hard at the sky, the patrols bumped into things.

'Leave those Frenchmen here another month or two,' chuckled Malcolm Matheson to the Companions of the Iron Stove, 'and they'll all turn Scotch!'

Malcolm set up lines of communication of his own, often through Mac McLean, the Spring Hill railwayman, or John Morrison, postmaster at Marsden. Donald had possibly the single best mail service in the country and was kept informed as much as possible of the activities of the detectives, the arrival of reinforcements, of the nature and business of strangers and even, on occasion, of the contents of official letters. He very often knew more about Carpenter's men than did Carpenter himself.

As days and weeks passed without result, Carpenter adopted more desperate tactics. He tried to suborn settlers as he suspected the settlers had suborned some of his men. He threatened, bullied, waved the reward money like a juicy carrot under an ass's nose and found the people as incorruptible as they were stubborn. Three thousand dollars was a small fortune to most of these hard-pressed, hard-working folk but only three were ever known to offer information not calculated to lead the pursuit astray. These three were quickly known to their neighbours and secretly watched to see they could do no further damage.

James McMahon

McMahon led a party of men to a house on the North Hill. Lamps and candles burned in almost every room and the sound of music, of singing and dancing filtered out into the night. It was obviously a party of some sort and the word leaked out that Donald was a sociable man with a weakness for parties. He might even possibly be attending this one but even if he were miles away, it was a good opportunity to impress the citizens with the seriousness of this manhunt and to convince them of the advisability of shielding the outlaw.

McMahon sent two men down the road and two more up to block any attempt at escape and led the remaining four to the house. He hammered on the door with his great fist and was gratified to hear the music and laughter stop dead.

The door opened. He barged in without a word. Two men were sent upstairs and two more to search the back while he studied the faces of those about him in the big room. There were five men and three women and none of the faces belonged to Donald. Two attractive young ladies sat on the lounge and giggled behind their hands but he paid no attention. He was on no frivolous business. One young man had the pipes beneath his arm but was too portly to be Donald. An old lady offered him a slice of birthday cake but he ignored her and continued staring from one to the other of the grinning faces about him.

His men clattered downstairs and shook their heads. The others returned from the back and did the same. McMahon went the rounds of the party guests once more as if trying to memorize them all. Each met his scrutiny with a cheerful smile. McMahon led his men outside.

The pipes sent them on their way. A shout of laughter followed. McMahon and his men mounted their waggon and drove off into the night looking for another party to spoil.

Inside the house, Augusta McIver and her sister leapt delightedly from the lounge, reached underneath and dragged a grinning Donald out into the light. The music and dancing continued.

Peter Spanjaardt

Stories of Donald's bold exploits began appearing in the public press. They were meagre and confusing and left the impression that a two-gun desperado, aided and abetted by the population, was challenging all law and order and terrorizing the district. Rumour, carried from mouth to mouth, had things a little differently. An eager young reporter from the Montreal **Star** decided to dig out the truth.

Peter Spanjaardt was assigned to cover a murder trial in Sherbrooke at the time but the trial proved dull and all the excitement seemed to be coming from the east. He made a few inquiries, cultivated a few contacts and dreamed of entering the lion's den and interviewing this bandit face to face. He journeyed to Megantic and began asking questions.

Malcolm Matheson and his Companions of the Iron Stove understood that Donald could only benefit from having his case fairly publicized but could not be blamed for being suspicious. They had learned something of spies and treachery from Carpenter's efforts to suborn them and Spanjaardt, while a nice enough young fellow, wasn't very Scottish. They made a few inquiries of their own of Spanjaardt's boss, Mr. Hugh Graham, proprietor of the **Star**, a man as Scottish as one could wish and much respected for fairness and honesty.

While Spanjaardt's credentials were thus being checked, he wandered about Megantic talking with the people and learning what he could. He was much impressed by the strangeness of their language, by the firearms much in evidence, by the fierce appearance of the men and the white lace bonnets of the old ladies. He learned to ask **'Big mar tha sibh au nuedh?'** in greeting and to answer **'Gart tabihibh'** when such was asked of him. He found that everyone had a good word for Donald, the two-gun desperado, but could unearth none who spoke well of Major McAulay. His impressions of the situation began to change and Morrison began appearing less a villain than a victim.

He visited the farm where all the trouble had begun. Only one barn remained standing with the burned foundations of the house and the second barn just a few feet away. The hay was high and still uncut. Rumour had it that Donald would not allow Duquette to reap his hay while the detectives were trying to persuade him to do so immediately in the hope of drawing the fugitive from cover. Spanjaardt returned to his hotel and filed the first of many stories on Donald Morrison. He did not neglect to mention that he had been followed about all day by two beefy detectives.

A meeting between Spanjaardt and Donald was arranged for the night of August 7th and elaborate precautions taken against pursuit or treachery. Spanjaardt was instructed to buy a railroad ticket to Sherbrooke and detectives watched him board the train to be sure he was really leaving. He got off at the next station, was met there by a long-bearded man in a buggy and driven north to Spring Hill. Information was exchanged in the Gaelic with almost everyone they met along the road and they did not hurry. They had a meal in Finlay's Hotel and then drove about until Spanjaardt was entirely lost and confused and the day was nearly done. They arrived at a large two-storied house in the middle of a field. A barefoot boy, obviously on watch for them, bolted inside with the news of their coming and Spanjaardt was led, a few minutes later, into the front parlour. Donald rose from the corner of a couch and held out his hand.

Spanjaardt was nervous at first, never before having been closeted alone with a murderer, and Donald felt awkward about telling his troubles to a complete stranger. This mutual shyness, mutually recognized, drew them together. Spanjaardt took out his cigar-case. They lit up and smoked in silence for a few minutes and then Donald began walking slowly up and down the room telling of his troubles over the mortgage, threaded his way through all the legal jigger-pokery to narrate the fatal meeting with Jack Warren on the street of Megantic. He did not try to elaborate or excuse but to present the facts as clearly as he was able, trusting the reporter to do his job well in laying his case before the people. By the time he had finished, it was full night, their cigars were reduced to stubs and a bond of friendship had been forged between them that was to last the rest of Donald's life.

They shook hands once more. Spanjaardt was thanked for his cigar and he and his guide invited to stay for supper but they politely declined and went out to their buggy. As they were pulling away, Spanjaardt looked back to see several armed men leaving the house where they had obviously hidden as sentries, fearing treachery after all.

The reporter took the train to Sherbrooke and cornered Major McAulay in the Grand Central Hotel where he had been hiding for several days. He interviewed the major to get both sides of the dispute, to be able to present them fairly, but a question at the end of the interview left little doubt where Spanjaardt's sympathies lay.

'Major,' he asked, 'are you a real estate dealer, a moneylender or a capitalist?'

And McAulay answered, 'I am simply a poor man. When I lend some spare money, I do it just to help people out.'

Spanjaardt's story appeared under the circus headlines popular in that period.

'A REBELLION IN MEGANTIC!' they announced. **'MORRISON THE MURDERER DEFENDED BY THE YEOMANRY.** THE CLAN IN ARMS. **The War Correspondent of The Star Interviews the Rob Roy of the Region.** An Enterprising Reporter Risks His Freedom and His Life!'

The story fired the imaginations of readers, reporters and editors alike and was the first of many. There is little that people enjoy more than the tale of a poor man successfully defying all the might of Authority, and Donald suddenly found himself with hundreds of new friends and sympathizers. Carpenter suddenly found an increase in the amount and vehemence of his telegraphs and his job that much more difficult. He took the train once more to Montreal.

Murdo McArthur

Two days later, Donald was having a hearty dinner at Murdo McArthur's place near Winslow when the dog barked and the police hammered on the kitchen door. Murdo jumped up and went for his Winchester but Donald stopped him with a shake of his head. He picked up his plate, his knife and fork, and went down into the cellar. He sat in the cellar steps in the dark and calmly finished his meal while the boots of the officers tramped overhead. When they left and all was quiet once more, Donald came up with his empty plate and had a second helping.

Ten miles to the south, Augusta McIver was brushing her hair in front of her glass and humming to herself. She didn't know just what tune it was she hummed until the words came by themselves and made her hands tremble.

'Crodh Chalein mo chridhe,
Crodh Chailen mo ghaoil,
Crodh lionadh nan gogan
Crodh togail nan laogh.'

And then, without a sound, she dropped her hands to her lap and the tears were running and she just sat and watched her face swim in the mirror and feeling the water course down her cheeks like rain on a window, steady and silent, until it ran down her nose and splashed very softly on the washstand. The tears ran down and her shoulders trembled and she sat still and silent, not caring, not even trying to stop, just waiting patiently for it all to come to an end and hearing the words to 'Collin's Cattle' go round and round in her head as they were sung by a soft baritone one evening out in the barn.

One hundred miles to the north, Chief Carpenter and James McMahon were attending a very important conference. Honoré Mercier, Premier of the province, had been embarrassed by the continued failure of the police and let it be known quite strongly that he wanted an end to the matter. The whole affair was beginning to look like an insurrection. Attorney-General Turcotte and his deputy, Charles Fitzpatrick, had convened several police chiefs to examine the business. Chief Hughes of Montreal gave it as his opinion that twenty men should surround the district and arrest anyone interfering with the officers. Chief Carpenter, barely concealing his amusement, pointed out that twenty men surrounding eight hundred square miles would leave holes large enough to drive an army through. High Constable Henry Moe, of Sherbrooke, asked where the twenty men could be found and whether the province would pay all the expenses. Chief Carpenter reiterated that twenty men would not be enough. Turcotte asked Hughes if he would take twenty men from Montreal at the Government's expense. Carpenter sighed. Chief Hughes doubted that the city could spare a force of that size and maintained that it was the job of the Quebec Provincial Police. Carpenter wanted to scratch. Turcotte offered Hughes $300 in preliminary expenses with which to examine the feasibility of his plan and restated the Premier's concern in the matter. The meeting adjourned. All but Carpenter and McMahon believed something significant had been discussed and decided.

Carpenter returned to Megantic and things went as before. Nothing changed but the weather, and that was getting worse each day. Hughes agents arrived from Montreal. went about for a couple of days with a great show of efficiency and returned to Montreal to report on their thorough investigation. Chief Hughes informed Turcotte that he would need a thousand dollars to take twenty men to surround the district.

Meanwhile, Turcotte was negotiating with a certain merchant of Lake Megantic who suggested Donald might surrender to his friends if the reward money were paid into a fund for his defence. Turcotte demanded a written guarantee from Donald that he would never again molest Major Malcolm B. McAulay. John Leonard and F.X. Lemieux offered to defend Donald in court but then the whole business was leaked to the **Star** and negotiations collapsed. Nothing had changed but the weather.

CONTINUED NEXT ISSUE

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

Goodbye to Winter!