



Fullerton Pond



A Wild Place With Trees Drooping Far Out Over the Water and Only One Building

When David Timothy Braun, better known as 'Breton Braun', first came to the Eastern Townships to visit his daughter (who had married a Dutch immigrant farmer living near the town of Foster), Brome Lake was still quite a wild place, with trees drooping far out over the water and only one building, a hermit's cabin, on its shores. No one today knows why he, who had spent most of his life on or near the sea, should have immediately decided to settle there,

though probably increasing years and the fact that his daughter was his only surviving relative had a lot to do with his decision.

He chose a spot close to where the people of Knowlton were accustomed to tie up their rowboats, and had local men build him a cottage on the Maritime design, while he himself set about constructing a fourteen foot Bermuda-rigged sailing sloop. He spent the rest of his days, from the age of sixty, sailing and fishing

continued on page 2

on the lake, and yarning with friends in the winter when the lake was frozen over. Being somewhat of a salty character, he quickly acquired a 'reputation' in that heavily rural district and it was soon generally known that while he had never been known to be drunk, neither was he ever quite sober. This made him much sought after and since he easily adopted local habits in most respects, he was well-liked in both the communities of Foster and Knowlton.

The only other inhabitant of the lake at that time was a recluse, Sean Maguidhir by name, who had built a cabin on the edge of the big swamp bordering the lake and who etched out a meager living by selling muskrat pelts in town and by eating, it seemed, 'off the land'. He was a dark looking character who steadfastly refused to have anything to do with those who tried to look out after him when he first arrived on the lake (it was generally conceded he was mad) and had been left strictly alone since that time. He spoke with a heavy Irish accent and was known to sing, loudly and often, in Gaelic; people would hear him when they passed by his cabin in their boats.

The cultural and economic Mecca of the area in those days was across the border in Richford, Vermont. Any farmer wanting to buy heavy farm machinery, have a tumour removed, or a studio photograph taken, made the trip to Richford. This, in those days, was an overnight affair not to be made lightly.

When Breton's daughter's husband, therefore, decided to make the trip in the spring of his second year on the lake, Breton readily agreed to spend the night he would be away on the farm, keeping her company. Being a retired sailor and naturally scorning more pedestrian means of travel, he sailed his boat up and across the lake to the Foster side and beached it for the night.

That night was as uneventful as any night is on a farm, but the next morning he awoke to find that a thick spring fog had rolled in and that visibility was only a few feet.

Nothing daunted, and having an appointment he wanted to keep in Knowlton that afternoon, he got his son-in-law's watchcase hunting compass from his daughter and set out to sail home 'by instruments', as he had of course done many times at sea. He planned to sail, using the compass, straight across the lake to the reed beds on the other shore, and then down the length of the lake to his cottage, still using the compass. Reassuring his daughter gruffly, he pushed the boat into the water and climbed aboard while she stood on shore holding a storm lantern.

The boat drifted out and she instantly vanished into the fog; he shouted good-bye and got out his oars, as there was no wind to fill the boat's sails. The fog hung round him like damp cotton wool and he was soon completely disoriented, before he even had time to row twenty feet. Getting out the compass, he placed it in his lap and swung the boat around to the correct heading as soon as the needle stopped moving. His business was to have complete confidence in the compass, ignoring any 'feelings' he himself had as to what was the right direction to sail in.

The boat was a heavy one, hard to row, and he was glad when a breeze began coming up after the first twenty or so minutes of effort. He got his sail up and shipped the oars, settling down to

make steady, if very slow progress with the breeze. The fog soon began to break up and he began sailing in to irregular clear patches in which he could see thirty feet or more. The Lake remained glass calm, though, and the only sounds he could hear were the ripple of the bow through the water and the swirl of the water round the rudder.

He had been sailing long enough that he was momentarily expecting to encounter the reed banks which would mean he had crossed the lake when he began to hear a strange sound from out over the water, somewhere in front of him. He let go the sail immediately, being unable to account for any such sound in the area he supposed himself to be in. He was afraid that he might run the boat up onto shore at any moment.

The boat barely crept along with the sail parallel to the wind and he sat straining his ears at the sound, muffled by the surrounding fog, when suddenly he sailed out into one of the clear patches he had been encountering.

There, with his back to the sailboat, was the old hermit Maguidhir, who was leaning out over the side of his battered canvas canoe and jiggling, with both hands, a fish line the size of a man's little finger. The old man was crooning one of his Gaelic songs softly down into the water while, strangely, a great black dog with tight black curls sat beside him, also peering down into the water. Breton opened his mouth to call out but then thought better of it and let his boat sail back into the fog without attracting the old man's notice. For some reason, Breton had felt a twinge of fear when he saw the dog.

He hauled the sail back into the wind and, encountering the expected reeds almost at once, turned the boat on its new course, still using the compass. He wondered about the dog—Maguidhir certainly kept no dog that anyone knew of, and this dog had been a large one, from what he had been able to see of it. Breton sat studying the compass; the breeze began to blow fitfully and when it died down completely, letting the sail sag uselessly on the mast. Unwilling to start rowing again unless it was completely necessary, Breton watched the compass needle spin round and found (of course, it was really the boat that was spinning) while he waited for the breeze to come up again.

He had been waiting for about five minutes when he began to hear the sound of paddling coming along the same course he had been following. Thinking it had to be the old hermit returning home, Breton sat straining his eyes out into the thick fog, hoping to get another glimpse of the mysterious dog as the canoe passed.

The sound came closer and closer until finally it was right up beside him and still he could see nothing. Then, just after the sound had gone by him, the fog opened up and he got a brief glimpse of the source of the sound. It was the old man's canoe all right, and the old man, but now he had two dogs with him. Two big black dogs with tight black curls.

And they were running behind the canoe.

Robert John Forster



The Corner Store
for Christmas treats

imported cheese
fruits & nuts
books

Eaton Corner 875-5171

THE TOWNSHIPS SUN
819-837-2864
BOX 420 WATERVILLE P.Q.
JOB 3H0

VOLUME 5, NO. 6

The Sun is typeset at our office in Waterville. In-plant camera by Bob Lessard's Composition et Publicité. Cover mast-head by Stephanie Wells of Scotstown.

This issue put together by:

Charlie Bury,
Bob Dawson
Ursula Dawson
Bernie Epps,
Pauline Riley,

Typesetting: Janice Dixon

Contributing Editors:

H. Gordon Green, Terry Scott
Gardening expert: Joe Smillie

International serial No. 0316-022X
Registered with la Bibliothèque Nationale du Québec

SECOND CLASS MAIL PERMIT 3764
Return postage guaranteed

The LOST NATION

STORIES AND ANECDOTES

by

PEARL MAILLOUX GRENIER

Editor

CLIFFORD W. SMITH

Published by

The Brome County Historical Society
Town of Brome Lake
Knowlton, Que., Canada

FOREWORD AND ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

In Brome County, where the borderline of Bolton Township touches the Township lines of Brome, Sutton and Potton, there is a neighborhood known as "Lost Nation".

It was here that I, the tenth child of a family of twelve, spent many happy years. I never tired of hearing the oft told tales of the life and legends of the early settlers. For my own enjoyment I wrote down many of my favourites. In later years I was able to add to my collection by visiting relatives, old friends and neighbors whose ancestors were the pioneer settlers of the area. Each one had a treasured memory to recall and gave me permission to include it in my collection of "Stories and Anecdotes of Lost Nation".



PEARL M. GRENIER
(née Mailloux)

To my knowledge this is the first time that an attempt has been made to record the names and events in the lives of some of the Lost Nation early settlers and their families. In a number of instances I have not been able to verify facts. Faced with the option of writing about only the verified facts or to include some information open to question, I chose the latter. Errors and omissions can always be rectified but unrecorded events are quickly forgotten and lost forever.

I thank most heartily all those who contributed stories and others who have helped me in so many ways. To the late Harry B. Shufelt, author of "Nicholas Austin the Quaker and the Township of Bolton", I owe a debt of gratitude for the use of his notes and other assistance he so willingly provided.

Miss Marion Phelps, Curator of The Brome County Historical Society, was also most helpful in finding sources of records in which I was interested. I also extend thanks to those who had a share in the printing and publishing of these pages.

I suppose Lost Nation was no different than other Canadian settlements, but to me it had a way of life that over-flowed with thoughtfulness, kindness, resourcefulness and down to earth common sense.

Many of the old Lost Nation families have now moved on to other places but I am sure that wherever they may be they still carry on the traditions of "Lost Nation" and are good to have as neighbors.

Pearl Mailloux Grenier

Brome Lake
(Knowlton)
Quebec.

THE LEGEND OF HOW LOST NATION GOT ITS NAME

When Range No. 1 of Bolton Township was settled Peter Dudley, one of the first settlers, called it Pleasant Valley. At the time there were no church ministers available but, from time to time, established parishes took it upon themselves to send ministers to fulfil the spiritual needs of the community.

In some way word got around that our particular valley in Bolton was in a proper mood to receive a minister, should one wish to hold services for the people. The local school house was also made available as a gathering place.

In due time two men claiming to be missionaries appeared. For several days they spent their time resting and arranging for prayer meetings to be held each night of the following week in the school house. Everyone was cordially invited to attend the meeting. It is safe to say everyone accepted because it was something to do.

For a whole week, every night, the missionaries preached with more than average zeal. They threatened "hell and brimstone" to those who didn't take warning, join up and be saved!

On the final night of the meetings each one present was asked to come forward and testify. No one made a move and the meeting was closed by the so called missionaries being told to get out of town or they would be tarred and feathered and rode out on a rail.

Packing their belongings hastily they left Pleasant Valley and were heard to cry out,

Vaudry's Flower Shop Inc.

FLOWERS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Lennoxville

49 Belvidere St. — Tel.: 563-7272

We deliver to the surrounding communities.



TEL. 563-9933

P. O. BOX 714

Henry Ward & Associates Inc.

ASSURANCE GENERAL INSURANCE

Frank Drinkwater

186 COURT ST.
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

The Lost Nation

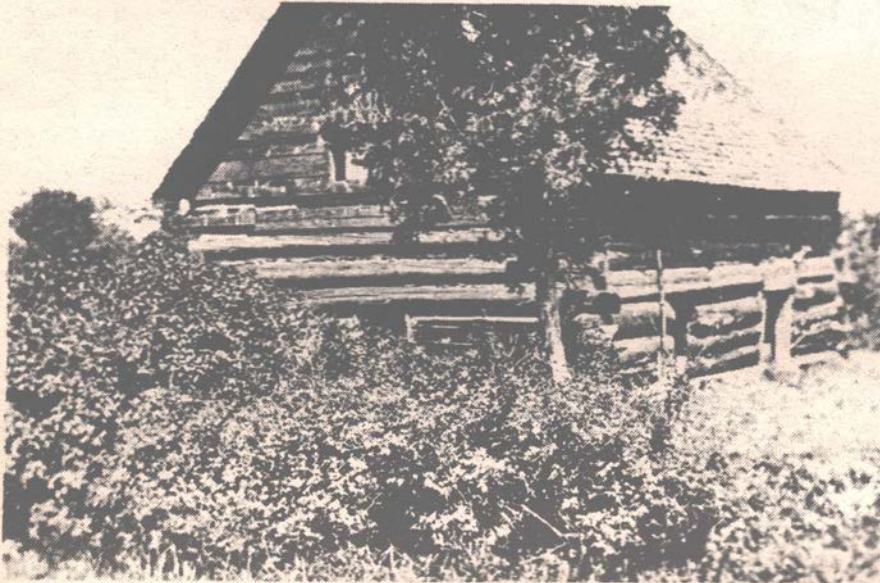
It was the rich forests that attracted most of the early settlers to Lost Nation. They were independent loggers...

"O LORD HAVE MERCY ON THESE WRETCHED PEOPLE FOR THEY ARE TRULY A LOST NATION!"

Long after the meetings whenever a stranger asked where he might be, he was told he was with the people of the "Lost Nation". It usually brought forth a hearty laugh.

We, who lived in the valley, preferred the name Pleasant Valley, the name given to the region by Peter Dudley, but few remember it now and the area is known as Lost Nation.

Although it is known that the "Old Magog Road", used by stage coach lines in the early 1800's, passed through the area now



Log House of Moses and Epsey Westover. It stood on the Old Magog Road just beyond the bridge (see map reference).

known as Lost Nation it is doubtful if the community was established much before 1856.

I have carefully checked the "Bolton Census" of 1825 in Harry B. Shufelt's book, "Nicholas Austin the Quaker and The Township of Bolton", and do not recognize any names of families who might have lived in Lost Nation at the time the census was taken.

My paternal grandfather, Charles Gauvin said that in 1856 when he was a boy of nine years old he had accompanied his father and several men down through the Lost Nation and the mountain. With seven teams of oxen they had transported the steam engine to be used on the first steam boat to cross Lake Memphremagog. The engine had been brought from Montreal and it took over three months of hard gruelling toil to transport it to its destination. Men had to cut a path through the forest and lay logs down to form a road on which to haul the engine.

LOGGING

It was these rich forests that attracted most of the early settlers to Lost Nation. They were for the most part independent loggers, or lumbermen, employed by logging companies which soon moved into the area.

At the turn of the century there were two sawmills in operation. One was privately owned and the other by the Sweat and Comings Company of Richford, Vermont.

Over forty men were employed by The Sweat and Comings Company during cutting operations and in a good year they would process over a million board feet of lumber.

The company was primarily interested in pine, spruce, balsam and hemlock. Only the choicest trees were used and none was under 10 inches in diameter. The men who did the cutting were expert woodsmen. Although anyone could cut down a tree it took an expert woodsman to have it fall in the spot selected, not become lodged or damaged, so that its value was not reduced when it reached the mill.

A two man team usually had a daily quota of sixty logs. These were measured into standard lengths of 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 feet



Teamster Albert Grenier, age 14, and a pair of Sweat and Comings' tired horses, picking up the "calves" (logs fallen off the main load). This was Albert's first job as a logging teamster.

Ronald Fortier, Inc.
GEMOLOGIST



Diamond Collection '77.
Give her what she really wants.

DOWNTOWN
43 Wellington No. Sherbrooke

ROLLAND

WE NEED MORE PROPERTIES TO SELL

REALTIES REG'D

Especially Farms, Vacant land & Cottages

Give us a try-
Fred F. Rolland, Broker, R.R. 3, Magog- 819-843-6657

and associates

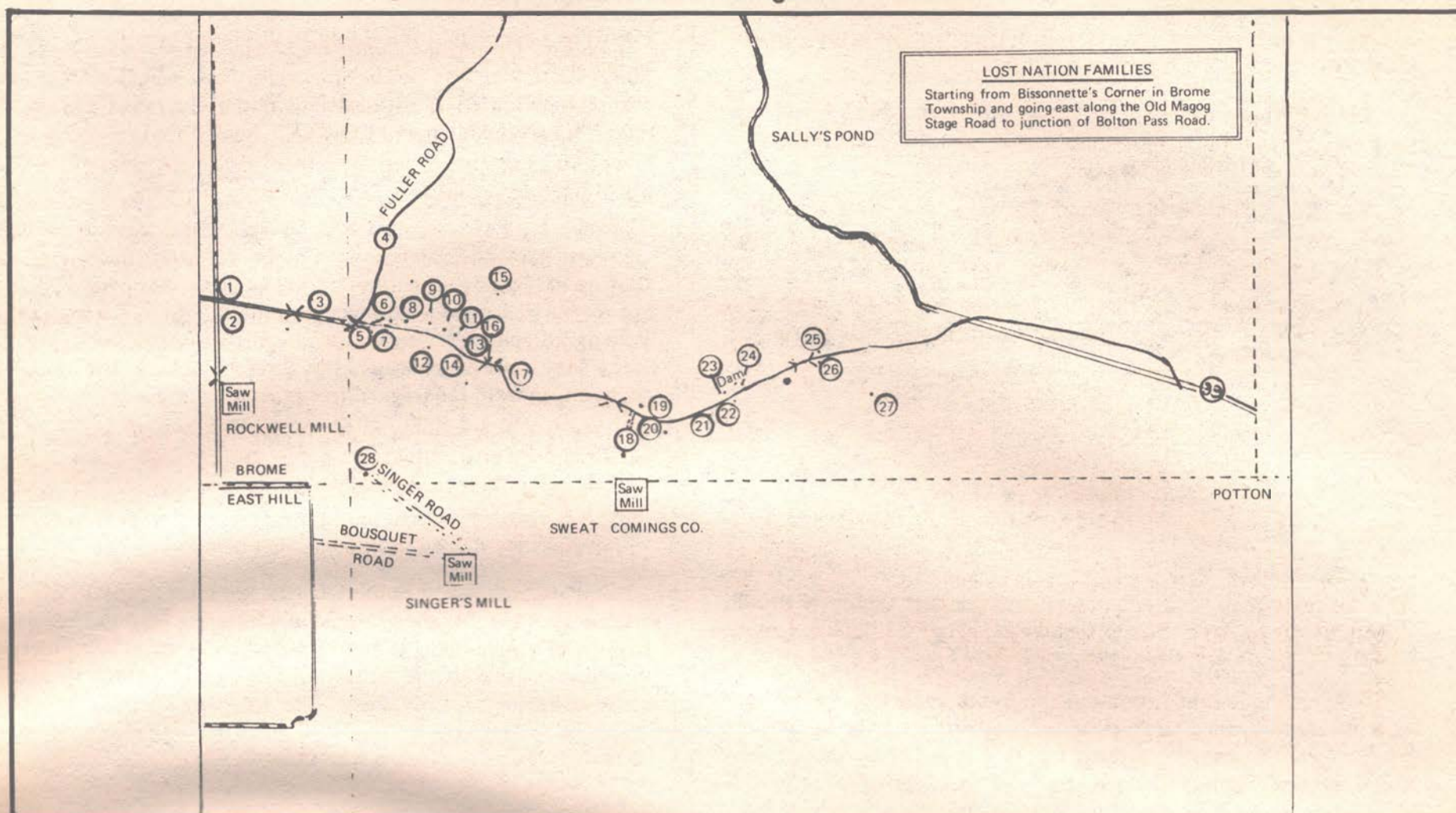
Mrs. Jean Boutilier, Box 393, Ayer's Cliff- 819-838-4783

Mrs. Helen Belliard, R.R. 3, Magog- 819-843-7893

Mrs. Lynne McKindsey, Capelton Road, North Hatley- 819-842-2182

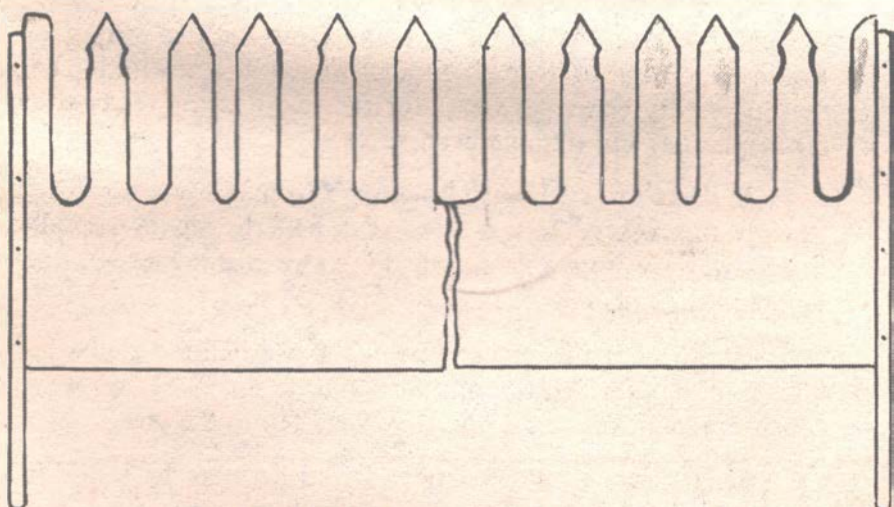
The Lost Nation

The work day started at 7 a.m. and lasted until 6 p.m. At times the temperature would drop to forty below. The noonday meal was a frozen lunch thawed over a fire of twigs.



LOST NATION MAP REFERENCES

1. Bissonnette's Corner.
 2. *Site of Herb Sanborn's Cheese Factory.
 3. *Site of John Farmer's house (originally Prime Tavern) building moved on to East Hill Road.
 4. Fuller Road.
 5. Town Line Bridge.
 6. *Site of Moses and Epsey Westover's log house.
 7. *Site of Hutchins log house.
 8. *Site of Hutchins and Starr Tub Factory.
 9. Log house of George Monteith Senior.
 10. House built by Harry Davis in 1922 (now home of Ben Betts).
 11. *Site of Joseph St. Esprit's log house.
 12. *Site of Joseph St. Esprit's Saw Mill.
 13. Lost Nation School house built in 1928 (now residence of W. Roome).
 14. Frank Martin and Isaac Royea house.
 15. Fernand Leduc's house. This was a log house before being recovered. It was purchased by the Leducs from Mrs. Freeman Norton.
 16. Old Schoolhouse (now owned by Mr. Tannahill).
 17. Square frame house once owned by William and Hattie (Dudley) Smith.
 18. Long ago this house, set back from the road, belonged to Ben Boothe.
 19. Peter Dudley's log house (since has been recovered).
 20. Howard Dudley's house (now owned by the Dubois').
 21. Pete Mailloux's Place at summit (now owned by Carmil America).
 22. George Monteith Jr. once owned this house.
 23. *Site of Arthur Norton's log house. It was the home of his father George Norton.
 - 24-25-26. The George Goyette Place and barn (now belongs to Fritz Seebohm).
 27. *Site of Adolphus Gardner's log cabin. He was the Lost Nation's first settler.
 28. The Frank Grenier Place.
- * Note: Site only. Buildings no longer standing.



CROSS CUT SAW

Usually 5.5 feet long. The two teeth are the cutters and the single tooth is the cleaner. The teeth and cleaners are carefully filed and adjusted to facilitate fast cutting.

lengths. Ernest and Henry Bissonnette were so strong and adept they

could cut 100 logs per day and used the extra cash they earned to establish their own farm.

The work was hard and the hours long. The day started at 7 A.M. and lasted until 6 P.M. At times the temperature would drop to forty degrees below zero. The noonday meal was a frozen lunch thawed over a fire of twigs. The biting zero weather made them want to swing their axes or ply their saws to keep warm.

To gain the most wood from a tree it was cut near as possible to the ground. This required the men to bend over and pull their crosscut saws through the notched cut that determined where the tree would fall.

A prime requisite of a good woodsman was a sharp, well set saw. Without it the work was more difficult and there was always the danger of the saw buckling or snapping. To properly file and set a saw required endless patience and skill. The filer had to apply the correct pressure to each tooth so that it was even and angled in the right direction. A properly sharpened and set saw could mean the difference between a woodsman reaching, or not reaching his daily quota.

The Lost Nation

In addition to logs sold for cash, the mountain provided a supply of food, so every family was independent.



*Bunk House, Singer Camp
Winter 1926*

My brother Medas was an expert and for many years was permanently employed by the Sweat and Comings Company and the Singer Company Ltd. to keep their saws sharpened, set and in good condition.

After the logs had been cut they were hauled to the mill and sawed into boards. Water power was used to drive the saws at the mill. When the river or stream ran low the mill operations were suspended, the dam closed upstream and the water level allowed to reach the required height. The flow would then be released and carefully regulated to supply the needed power.

To provide birds-eye maple, birch, basswood and a variety of ash logs for their sewing machine cabinets The Singer Company Limited, St. Johns, Quebec bought out the mills of the other operators of Lost Nation. The Singer Company continued this branch of their operation until 1927 when they moved to Thurso, Quebec.

One of the by-products of the lumbering industry was spruce gum. The golden, sticky sap would ooze through the bark of the spruce tree forming egg size lumps. These would be gathered, cleaned and sold by the pound. The smaller pieces would be cleaned, melted down by steam, poured into moulds and allowed to cool.

Before they set they would be hand rolled into sticks and wrapped with wax paper. The going price was 1c per stick or six sticks for 5c. There was always a ready sale for the spruce gum at the local store because it was considered an aid to digestion.

The Sherman Dudley and Steve Mooney families had the biggest trade but my brother Medas and others also benefited from the harvest of spruce gum.

EDIBLE GREENS, USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL TREES

The homesteaders of Lost Nation took full advantage of the wild crops that nature provided and planted their own fruit trees, vines, berry bushes and vegetables that would keep the larders well stocked throughout the year.

When I was a child every farm in Lost Nation had a well kept orchard and all known varieties of apples were grown. Not only were apples used for pies but were also a source of cash. I am told dried apples could be readily sold for three cents per pound in near-by

Knowlton. Of course, almost every farm had a cider press. Sometimes the cider was boiled and while fresh sealed in bottles. This process prevented fermentation and the cider was a more fitting drink for the children and ladies of the household.

There were also plum and cherry trees. My favourite cherry tree produced a transparent yellow fruit about the size of a red chokecherry but when it ripened in late August, or early September, it was not a bit 'puckery'. My mother had grown the original tree in our orchard from seeds brought from France, but people from there to whom I have shown this variety could not recall having seen this variety of cherry in France. Although they are not common I have seen similar trees growing. I am sure they must have been started with a twig from the original tree planted by my mother.

Hops used in making yeast; grape vines that produced bushels of grapes for juices, jams and wines; currant bushes and elderberries were also in abundance. These were used in baking pies. We always added a bit of lemon and nutmeg to elderberry pies because otherwise they tended to be somewhat bland.

Raspberries and thimble berries grew everywhere. Wild strawberries could be found in profusion where new land had been burned over. Some had long stems on which you would find berries to compare in size to the cultivated berries sold in stores today. The only difference was in taste. The wild strawberry taste is vastly superior to the taste of a cultivated berry. They were served with fresh cream and sweetened with maple syrup.



The old Isaac Royea house in Lost Nation, later the Frank Martin's home where teachers boarded.

Thirty or forty quarts of raspberries could be easily picked in a day. When we had picked enough raspberries and strawberries to fill the cellar shelves with preserves and jams for the winter, mother would encourage us to pick enough to sell in Knowlton. The price there was fifty cents per quart for strawberries and thirty-five cents for raspberries and thimble berries.

In 1916, when I was old enough to pick my share for sale in Knowlton, mother allowed us to keep half the money we collected. In this way we were able to buy the extra clothes needed to attend school in the fall.

Along with the regular vegetables we had red rhubarb, horse radish, asparagus, chives and artichokes. In our day we didn't consider artichokes edible and they were fed to the pigs.

There were many varieties of wild herbs to be found in Lost Nation. Some of these were: sarsaparilla, snake root, ginger root, and leeks. A good spring tonic was a dinner of tasty leeks.

Another vegetable we enjoyed in spring was "winter onion". They were left in the ground over the winter, which they always survived, and came up fresh and green in early spring. These with cow slips and dandelions were gathered for greens. Pig weed, also known by the name of Lamb's Quarters, was also eaten. All of these greens were relished while waiting for the garden to produce.

WANTED
Down and Dead
HORSES AND COWS
Best Prices Paid
Pickup 24 hrs. 7 days a week

Call Promptly
Call Collect
JACK WELLS
Stanbridge East
248-2747

The Lost Nation

Before calling a doctor, they relied on their own good sense and home remedies.

Today with modern refrigeration and freezers I doubt if anyone uses the old method of drying fruits and vegetables. When I was young we slowly dried apples, berries, and sweet corn which were stored for winter use. When soaked to restore the moisture content their distinctive tastes and flavours were a special treat. The dried corn was boiled in a mild solution of lye to remove the hulls. It was then well washed and boiled. Usually it was served with baked potatoes and cream.

One year we planted flax and although it was not considered a successful venture I can still remember the beauty of this field when the flax flowered. It was such a delicate shade of blue. My mother, never one to waste anything, made plaited hats from the flax straw. These she gave to all the children and some of the wives of neighboring farmers.

I must not forget to mention my fathers tobacco plants which he watched with special care. They called it French Leaf and used it as pipe tobacco although he processed it in some way for chewing. He always carried a twist of it in his pocket, mostly to pass around to his friends who seemed to enjoy it.

BEE HUNTING

Today if you said you were going "bee hunting" people would laugh at you but it was once a serious business. Each fall Howard Dudley and his brothers Hubbard and Sherman would spend several days looking for bee trees in which they hoped to find wild honey.

It required endless patience, a good deal of experience and skill to spot a bee tree. The Dudleys were very clever at it and usually found one or two trees each autumn. They would prepare a

small box of nectar to lure the bees. They would set the box down and wait for a bee to find it. This didn't take long and the bee would carry off a portion of the nectar and return to its hive. It would then come back to the lure for more. The direction the bee had taken was carefully noted and the lure moved accordingly. Eventually the hive would be found.

The bee tree would be located in September but would not be cut down until the bees had sealed themselves in for the winter. Bee trees were usually hollow and had little or no value as lumber so could be claimed where found, even on your neighbour's land. If found on a neighbour's property however, it was usually a good policy to share with them the fifty or hundred pounds of wild honey and beeswax stored in the tree.

The taste of wild honey was a real treat and so different from the taste of honey produced by domestic bees.

In 1972 I visited the home farm and was saddened to see the orchard which we had enjoyed so much in our growing years had long ago disappeared. A similar fate had befallen the orchards of neighboring farms. However, I did discover a hop vine still flourishing in the exact spot I remember seeing it as a child.

HOME REMEDIES

In the early days Lost Nation was no different than other isolated communities. Before calling a doctor they relied upon their own good sense and home remedies. Each home had its favourite patent medicine or cure all which was usually made locally.

At my home balsam pitch was gathered, sterilized and bottled. It had marvelous healing power for cuts. My mother also made an



A "Bee Hunting Expedition" at Lost Nation in 1920.

Left to Right:
Dean Dudley, Howard Dudley Jr., their Uncle Howard Dudley Sr., their father Hubbard Dudley and Merrill Sarborn, son-in-law.

EASTERN TOWNSHIPS CITIZENS ASSOCIATION

ANNUAL MEETING: Thursday December 8, 1977 7:30pm
Parish Hall
St. Georges Anglican Church
84 Queen Street
Lennoxville

Election of new officers on expanded board of directors
Review of activities
Planning for next year

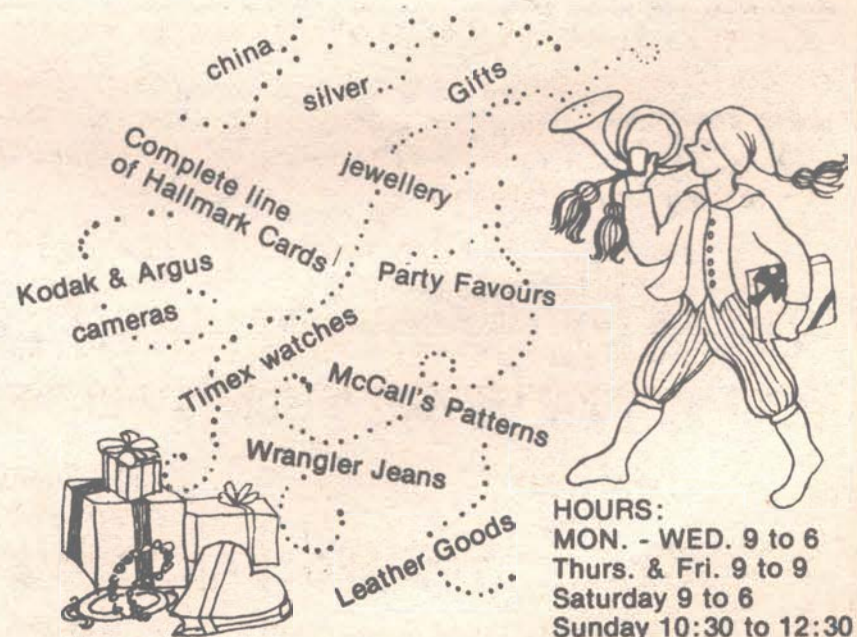
We hope to revitalize the Association at this meeting for more info., call 1-819-837-2864 or 849-3543 C. Bury

ADDITION

4 BELVIDERE ST., LENNOXVILLE
567-3707
Operated by Clark's News Stand

GIFTS GALORE!

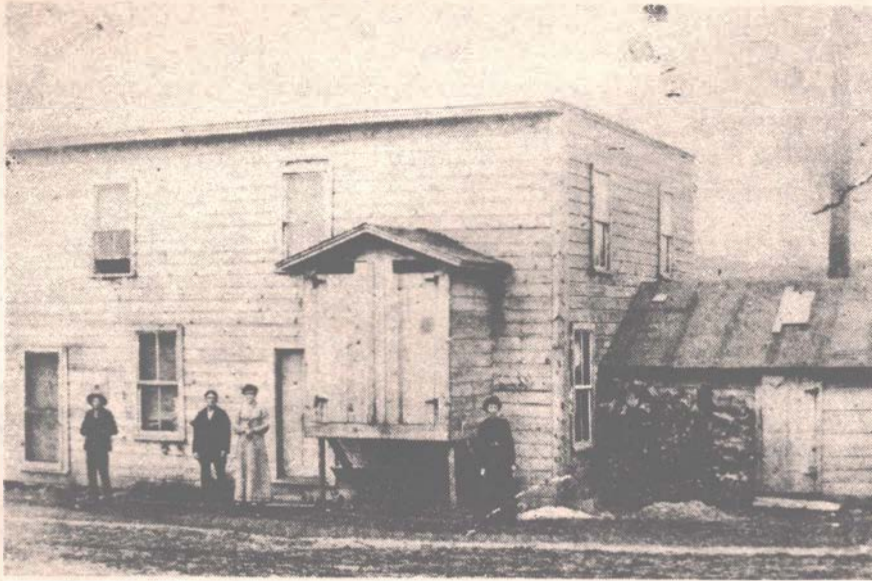
ALL YOUR CHRISTMAS NEEDS



HOURS:
MON. - WED. 9 to 6
Thurs. & Fri. 9 to 9
Saturday 9 to 6
Sunday 10:30 to 12:30

The Lost Nation

If you were prudent, you did not inquire about the ingredients in a medicine...sheep droppings and raisins was a sure cure for whooping cough...



EAST BROME CHEESE FACTORY
EAST BROME, QUE.
(prop. H. O. Sanborn)

This factory stood facing the old stage road (north) in the southeast corner of the crossroads at Bissonnette's Corner, Brome Township.
(picture courtesy of Norman Sanborn, son of H. O. Sanborn)

ointment from the buds of the balm of the Gilead tree mixed with pure lard. It would quickly heal open sores caused by cuts and other infections. It was always in demand.

Wild mint and catnip was gathered and dried. When mixed with milk and honey it would soothe the most fretful baby. Gold thread, a runner vine that looks like a smaller version of a strawberry plant and found on the high, dry spots of a ledge, was gathered and chewed to cure "canker of the mouth".

Vinegar was often used for sprains. If you had a sore eye or suffered from pink eye bathing with warm milk was prescribed. Linseed was a popular ingredient for poultices and a single grain of linseed dropped into the eye would remove cinders and other foreign objects.

If you were prudent you did not inquire about the ingredients in a medicine before giving it a chance to effect a cure. I have heard of sheep droppings and raisins being boiled together for several hours and carefully strained and bottled. This was used as a sure cure for whooping cough spasms.

Electric oil was widely used for treatment of internal aches and pains. It was usually heated to provide a more penetrating effect. Camphor dissolved in alcohol was used as a remedy for a headache and sniffed to clear sinuses.

Jim Bailey was well known in Lost Nation for his liniments,

ointments and axle grease for wagons; all well regarded as household necessities. Jim would never disclose the secret ingredients he used, which meant you had to have faith in him as well as his medicines.

Maybe Jim Bailey was right in thinking there was little difference between a creaking wheel and an aching joint; both required a lubricant.

There were times when the doctor was needed but the patient's condition had to be very serious before the doctor was called, especially in the winter or during the spring thaw when the roads were bad.

Many felt calling the doctor for a confinement was a total waste of good money. It often happened that by the time the doctor had arrived the baby had been delivered and was contentedly looking out on its new world from beneath warm fluffy blankets.

It wasn't unusual for my mother Elizabeth Mailloux to be called first and many a prospective father breathed a sigh of relief when she walked through the doorway. In all she had assisted in greeting over 100 new arrivals. When she became too old to carry on my sister Eliza Davis took over. Both my mother and sister are well remembered for their gentleness, kindness and understanding.

FUNERALS

When I was a child living in Lost Nation, where everyone for miles around was a neighbor, there was no such thing as a private funeral. Everyone was expected to assist and attend the funeral.

My mother, who never refused a request for help, would be asked to assist in the preparations for the burial. The body was not

Mr. *H O Sanborn*
In acc't with EAST BROME CHEESE FACTORY,
EAST BROME, QUE.
From *Apr 1* to *Nov 7* inclusive, 1903.

Total lbs. of Milk.....	1,300,054	Net Cash \$.....	11,404.86
Total lbs. of Cheese.....	122,181	Pounds of Milk per lb. of Cheese.....	10.64
Price sold for.....	10.40	Patron's Milk, lbs.....	
Total Cash \$.....	12,727.38	Value of Milk per 100 lbs.....	87.72
Manufacturing \$.....	1,221.81	Cheese Board.....	2.00
Inspection \$.....	28.86	Net Cash due Patron \$.....	100
Coloring \$.....	18.10	Syndicate.....	
Selling \$.....	50.75	Amount Due.....	\$
		<i>No. Cheese</i>	<i>1578 02 of 20</i>

H. A. SMITH, Secretary. H. O. SANBORN, Proprietor.

(document courtesy of Norman Sanborn)

There was never an East Brome Post Office, the factory mail would have come to Turkey Hill Post Office which operated between 1895 and 1907 when the name was changed to East Hill, P.Q.



Tel.: 563-4515
Zenith: 59010

'For all your travel - business and leisure'

VOYAGES TRANS-OCEAN TRAVEL

66 KING WEST - SHERBROOKE, QUEBEC



Shetland Shoppe

All The Things You Love To Touch

Thinking of you for Christmas
PRE-CHRISTMAS SALE
Nov. 14 - Dec. 25

10% off on all sweaters
Special Discounts on winter coats
and other selected merchandise
AND
Men's 100% Pure Cashmere Scarves
Only \$28.50 Reg. \$40.00

OPEN ALL YEAR EVERY DAY (Including Sunday) 9:00 A.M. — 6:00 P.M.

R.R. 3 - BOX 48, AYERS CLIFF, QUEBEC
CANADA JOB 100
LOCATED - ROUTE 143, MASSAWIPPI,
QUEBEC
819-838-4714

The Lost Nation

The log across the stream would be covered with ice, and only the most surefooted children would get to school.

embalmed but would be carefully washed and dressed. While this was being attended to the menfolk would have rearranged the front parlor furniture and set up the carpenters saw horses on which two or more new planks were placed. These would be draped with the whitest sheets. The departed would then be carried in and laid out upon them. Beside the body would be placed lighted candles. A linen handkerchief, kept moist with a solution of salt peter and water, was placed over the face to keep it from darkening. The room was kept as cold as possible.

As youngsters we were greatly impressed by the shrouded planks and it would be months before we could enter "the corpse room" after it got dark.

It was well to have the shelves and cellar well stocked at the time of a bereavement for in most cases the mourners who came would stay until after the funeral, unless they lived in the neighborhood. The food that was prepared and consumed would stagger the imagination of moderns, I am sure.

During the three day vigil the Catholics recited the Rosary each hour day and night. Protestants did not find this to be necessary and compromised by dimming the lights and arranging for one or two close family friends to "sit up" with the dead, while the bereaved took a much needed rest.

On the day of the funeral the undertaker would arrive early in the morning bringing the casket with him. Then the priest, or minister, would come to say prayers before the funeral procession left for the church.

I can remember one funeral when Mr. George H. Robb, the undertaker from Knowlton and his assistant Willie Cousins came to Lost Nation to conduct a funeral. I was most impressed with the tall, black stove-pipe hat and the swallow tailed coats both men wore.

The hearse resembled a royal coach and was drawn by a beautiful team of jet-black horses. Mr. Robb, with Willie at his right, sat on a high seat of the hearse and drove at the head of the funeral procession. Directly behind them in a three seated wagon, drawn by another team of black horses, rode the bearers. Then followed close relatives, lesser relatives and then friends, in that order.

It was not considered a good omen to drive a grey horse to a funeral so it was always arranged that dark horses made up the funeral procession.

At this particular funeral the frost was still coming out of the ground. Along the seven mile route to the Knowlton Cemetery there were several spots where the mud was axle deep. Mr. Robb, noted for his deep respect for the dead as well as the bereaved family, would have the bearers hop down to support the side of the hearse and other wagons that followed to keep them from toppling into the mud.

At a slow walk the procession took three or more hours to reach the Knowlton Cemetery.

LOST NATION SCHOOL

It is difficult to ascertain the exact year in which the first school in the settlement was erected. Belden's Historical Atlas of the Eastern Townships, published in 1881, has a map which shows a school on Lot No. 27. However, local legend gives credit to John Pibus for donating the land on which the school was built but according to the Record of Land Sales in Knowlton's Town Hall, John Pibus did not purchase lot No. 27 until 1891.



Log house in background owned by F. Leduc.

The first teacher in the settlement, of which there is a record, was Miss Lizzie Green, who was there in 1892.

I have been told by elderly members of the Hubbard Dudley family, who attended the school, that the actual building was put up by members of the Community. The logs were hand hewn, notched and held together by wooden pegs. The roof was covered by hand made boards over which was laid clay. A mixture of dried grass and clay was used to fill the chinks between the logs.

This school, similar to others of the period, was a single room. There was a centre aisle with long benches on either side. The teacher's desk was on a raised platform at the end of the room where she could watch her pupils. The platform also enabled the students to have a better view of the blackboard. At the side there were shorter desks which, at times, were used by visiting mothers. While listening to their children spelling, reading or reciting they would be keeping their fingers busy sewing or knitting.

There were years when the school was filled to capacity with students ranging from six to fifteen. The one teacher was responsible for teaching all grades from one to seven. Often circumstances beyond their control prevented students from attending school regularly which made it difficult for students and teacher.

Children who lived in Potton but attended the Lost Nation School had to follow a trail through dense woods. A short distance from the school was a fast rushing stream over which they had to pass. The only bridge was a fallen log placed across the stream. Frequently this little group of youngsters would make their way through the bush, see the schoolhouse on the other side of the stream and would have to return home. The water in the stream had risen so high it covered the log. Many mornings, in late fall, the log would be covered with ice and only the most surefooted would

READ WHY WAYNE AND CAROL BOUGHT FROM VIDEOTECH OF SHERBROOKE



WHAT ABOUT PRICES?

After visiting many shops, they found they could buy better quality components at Videotech for better prices than elsewhere.



Model 730, one of the best rated receivers

WHY DID YOU VISIT VIDEOTECH?

Because we hear they had a 'sound room' where we could listen and choose from many well-known brands, like Harman-Kardon, Luxman, S.A.E., Celestion, JBL, Rabeo, etc.



JBL Speaker, the Audophile choice

WHY DID YOU BUY FROM VIDEOTECH?

Because they are stereo specialists who could advise us and help us choose the system right for us.

WHAT ABOUT DELIVERY?

Videotech has technicians who will do the installation and they are the best equipped for service in the Sherbrooke area.

WOULD YOU BUY FROM VIDEOTECH AGAIN?

Certainly.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS LIKE WAYNE AND CAROL ARE THE BEST REASON TO VISIT VIDEOTECH.

VIDEOTECH INC.

CONSULT THE SPECIALISTS

318 King W.

Sherbrooke

The Lost Nation

Even though wood was plentiful, the school was allowed only ten cords...the children's fingers would be stiff and blue with the cold.

attempt a crossing.

When I was ready for school in the early twenties the old schoolhouse had been replaced. What I remember most of my schooling there was how miserably cold we were during the winter term. Often well into the afternoon we were still wearing our coats and mittens. Our fingers would be stiff and blue with the cold.

To heat the single room, in which we sat huddled behind the desk for three students, was a single stove. It sat in the centre aisle with a long black stove pipe extending from the stove to the chimney behind the teacher's desk. On several occasions the school nearly burned down when the pipes and chimney caught fire, adding to the excitement of our school days.

Even though wood was plentiful the school was allowed only ten cords of blockwood for the whole ten month term. Dry wood, needed to start the larger blocks, was always in short supply.

To hold our drinking water we had a dented pail which was taken home by a student during the Christmas Holidays and again at Easter to be scoured. It stood on a wash stand over which hung a rusty tin cup. One pail of water per day was carried from Martin's spring and we were allowed only one drink in the morning and one more in the afternoon. We all drank from the same cup until one teacher wisely told us to bring our own drinking cup.

Slates were used for spelling, writing exercises and the solving of arithmetic problems. When the problem had been solved and checked by the teacher and providing you had the correct answer you were allowed to clean your slate.

We also had a copy book. These were stored in the teacher's cupboard and only used on Fridays. We would be careful to do our

best work in these because they had to be checked by the school inspector who judged your handwriting, neatness and accuracy.

The Reverend E. M. Taylor, who was our inspector, would visit our school in the late fall and again before school closed in spring. His visits were made to appear as if they were royal affairs. He would bring new books and pamphlets. He would also present each student a new slate pencil. Any pencils remaining in the box would be given to the teacher to be used as needed. The teacher would also be given her allotment of blackboard chalk. It was expected that the one hundred pieces would last the full term. There were often times near term end when she could not use the board because the supply of chalk was exhausted.

If all went well and the inspector got through his work before the end of the normal school day, which he usually managed, we were dismissed early much to our delight.

Discipline was well maintained in most classes but I remember one year, near the close of World War I in 1918, the board had hired a young inexperienced teacher. In the class were eight sixteen year old boys, almost the same age as the teacher, needless to say the schoolroom was a bedlam. The mischievous pranks and constant interruptions became more than the young teacher could stand and she gave up her contract.

Her replacement was an older teacher, who decided order and discipline had to be restored quickly and she knew how. She brought with her a leather cat-o-nine-tails and a two foot hardwood ruler. In turn the trouble makers felt the sting of the strap and ruler applied with a well practiced arm. From then on she had little trouble and school work progressed.

The schoolhouse served the community in more ways than a classroom. At times it was used as a church, a funeral chapel and a recreation centre.

The Reverend Albert Rollit, Reverend E. M. Taylor, Reverend Wallace from Sutton and the Salvation Army all, at one time or another, held services and prayer meetings which were well attended.

When the terrible influenza epidemic of 1918 struck the settlement, few homes were spared. Two of my classmates Lawrence, son of John and Annie Flanagan and Eunice, daughter of Frank and Selina Martin were victims. Their funeral services were held in the schoolhouse.

Jack Charmany and Willie Turner, although not ordained ministers, did have a following and converted a number to their teachings. In 1919 in the stream near the schoolhouse they held a mass baptism by total immersion.

Those who were baptized had to read the Bible daily. They were supposed to refrain from playing cards, dancing or any worldly activity. The ladies were obliged to wear long skirts which covered black stockings.

SECURITY and COMFORT
SECURITE et CONFORT

- * Les pannes de courant
Electrical power failures
- * Le coût du chauffage qui monte sans cesse
The ever-increasing cost of heating
- * l'Humidité d'un sous-sol
Humid Basements

Cast Iron Woodstoves
High Quality - Low Prices
Bas prix et qualité

Wide choice of models
Vaste choix de modèles

Buy now and save money
Economisez en achetant
immédiatement

WE HAVE THE SOLUTION FOR YOU!
NOUS AVONS LA SOLUTION POUR VOUS!



Poêles à bois en fonte

PLOMBERIE

QUINCAILLERIE

PLUMBING

HARDWARE

HUDON & VIGNEUX INC.

471 rue Principale Ouest
Magog 843-3530

Nous parlons Français. Wir sprechen Deutsch.
Wy spreken Nederlands.
We speak English.

For all your travel needs call -

Sherbrooke: 119 Frontenac St. Tel: (819)563-5344

Victoriaville: 43B, St. Jean Baptiste Tel: (819)758-3151

Drummondville: 222 Heriot Tel: (819)477-3717

Montreal: 1456 Crescent St. Tel: (514)288-5193

voyages
Escapade
travel inc

The Lost Nation

I sometimes wonder if by abandoning the community schoolhouse we did not also abandon the way of life.

Not being ordained, the preachers could not officiate at funerals or perform the marriage ceremony. After much controversy this problem was solved by having an ordained minister of the church witness the ceremony and sign the required certificates.

SOCIAL GATHERINGS

Some of the school teachers took it upon themselves to arrange programmes in the schoolhouse that could be attended by the whole family.

Spelling bees were popular. These were usually held in the evening after chores. There was much friendly rivalry, encouraged by the teacher, because it helped to improve the students knowledge of spelling. The boy or girl who successfully outspelled all contestants was declared champion and proudly carried the distinction of being "the best speller" until the championship was retained, or lost, at the next spelling bee.

There were card parties and country dancing. Uncle Charlie Fuller never refused to play his fiddle for the dancers. He had a natural talent for music and it always amazed us that he could play so well without having had musical training.

George Goyette, Archie Mailloux and Josie St. Esprit were "callers". Each had his own set of calls and tried to outdo the others in calling the liveliest dance. George Goyette excelled in calling the Virginia Reel.

No party ended until Pete Mailloux, my father, sang one or two popular songs and danced the "buck and wing". He did these extremely well and while doing them, was never more in his element.

Ernest Bissonnette never failed to raise a riot of mirth when he did his specialty . . . "the broom stick dance". His wife Maude, her mother, Lucinda Fournier and the Fournier sisters, Birdie, May and Eva all had beautiful voices and delighted the gathering with their singing.

After the entertainment and dancing, the refreshments would be served. I still retain the memory of the delicious home-baked bread, smothered in butter fresh from the churn; baked beans sweetened with maple sugar and cooked all day in the oven of a wood stove; the crunchy pickles and the rich fruit cake and doughnuts for dessert.

NEW SCHOOLHOUSE

Eventually in 1938, after several renovations, it became necessary to replace our schoolhouse with a new one. Arrangements were made to trade the lot and building for another lot 100 yards west of the site of the old school. The new school had many improvements and comforts. It served the community well until 1940 when the Protestant School Board decided to incorporate all schools in the Municipality of Knowlton under one roof. Students from Lost Nation and surrounding districts were then transported to and from school by bus.

There were many advantages to the new plan but I sometimes wonder if by abandoning the community schoolhouse we did not also abandon the way of life that started so many on the path of knowledge that led to a type of citizenship that could be admired and respected.

SCHOOL TEACHERS

Often a school teacher's efficiency is judged on her knowledge and ability to teach the elements of education. Of all the attributes of a good teacher I feel the most important are the examples she sets and the good influence she has upon her students. If these are lacking in a teacher then schooling becomes mechanical, uninteresting and boring.

For the most part Lost Nation school teachers were all dedicated, well respected and exceedingly good. Their life was not an easy one and they were badly underpaid.



(left) Mrs. Fred Arthur, née Grace Pibus, age 89.
(right) Mrs. John Patterson, née Mattie Pibus, age 97.

Nearly all the teachers who taught in the settlement boarded at one of the homes near the school, others commuted. Mrs. Fred Arthur (née Grace Pibus) lived with her parents in Bolton Pass. Her father George Pibus blazed a trail through the woods that bordered on the Fuller neighborhood. She would follow the notched trees night and morning. At that time, due to the severity of the winters, the school was open only during the summer months.

When Mrs. Milan Derby (née Mildred Derby) was teaching, the school term had been extended to ten months with holidays at Christmas and Easter. The school hours were from 9:00 A.M. to 4:00 P.M., five days a week. Her home was in Knowlton and she drove a horse and buggy to school in the summer and used a sleigh in the winter. During school hours the horse was stabled in the barn of Frank Martin. One trip on a rainy day or after a winter storm would be all anyone needed to see the difficulties this devoted young lady had to overcome to reach our school. I was fortunate to have her as a teacher for several terms.

DYSON & ARMSTRONG, LTD.

151 MAIN, RICHMOND, QUE.

T'NT '78

826-3721

by Ski-Doo



Trail blazer.

Go doo it.



World's #1 selling snowmobile.

 **the book nook**

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

**BOOKS MAKE
BEAUTIFUL
GIFTS!**

The Lost Nation

Summer road work was a community effort, but there was no competition for the \$35 contract to plow and roll the road for the winter season.

HILDRED MANSFIELD VAIL
(1894 - 1969)



In 1928 disastrous floods washed out several wooden bridges in the area. The teacher that term was Hildred Vail, daughter of Orton Vail of East Hill. You would have thought the school would remain closed until the bridges had been rebuilt but Miss Vail had other ideas. She borrowed one of her father's mules to ride to school and managed in some way to get the mule to cross the flooded streams. Hildred Vail, who had always been highly respected, after a lifetime of teaching retired and went to live in the Wales Home Richmond, Quebec. She died July 1, 1969 and rests in Grace Church Cemetery, Sutton.

Hildred Vail, Miss Elizabeth Fuller and Maryian Cousens were probably the last teachers who taught at Lost Nation School in the 1930's before all the schools in the Municipality of Knowlton were incorporated.

LOST NATION SCHOOL TEACHERS

Miss Katie Annesley	Miss Bernice Marsh
* Miss Maryian Cousens	Mrs. Murphy
Miss Crump	Miss Evelyn Paige
Mrs. Milan Derby	Miss Clara Pettes
Miss Velma Derby	Mrs. Nancy Perkins
Miss Nellie Farmer	Miss Edith Pibus (Mrs. Walter Knowlton)
* Miss Elizabeth Fuller	Miss Glendora Pibus (Mrs. George Burnham)
Miss Lucy Fuller	Miss Elizabeth Pibus
Miss Viola Fuller	Miss Grace Pibus (Mrs. Fred Arthur)
Miss Lizzie Green	Miss Martha Pibus (Mrs. John Patterson)
Miss Bernice Hopps	Miss Rose Pibus (Mrs. Wilson Needham)
Miss Kezar	Miss Lydia Smith
Miss Laura Knowlton	* Miss Hildred Vail
Miss Kathleen Layfield	Mrs. George Wilson

* It is thought that Miss Cousens, Miss Fuller and Miss Vail were the last three teachers at Lost Nation School.

It is possible others, of whom I have no knowledge, also taught at Lost Nation.

P.M.G.

BUILDING AND MAINTENANCE OF ROADS

When you look at a topographical map of Lost Nation you can readily appreciate that the terrain throughout the area would make the construction and maintenance of roads a problem. Between South Bolton and Knowlton there are hills that rise from 700 to 2000 feet above sea level.

Steep gradients were not the only problem with which Bol-

ton's first road builders had to contend. The road bed in many places had to be chipped out of solid ledge that quickly dulled the hand picks and shovels the only tools they had at the time. For this reason ditches along the roadsides were always shallow. Dynamite had been discovered in Europe in 1866 but it is doubtful if much was used in Lost Nation.

The spring thaws and summer flash rain storms, that quickly turned harmless streams into raging torrents, would overflow the ditches, washout the road beds and bring down soil and debris from the mountain leaving a blanket of mud axle deep on the roads.

In face of all these obstacles roads were built. In the early 1800's, before the Lost Nation settlement was established, the Old Magog Road was opened and used by the stage coach.

In 1915, a century later, I remember the road was still only wide enough to accommodate a wagon or sleigh. Along the way there were places where the road was widened to allow vehicles going in opposite directions to pass. It was only at these cutouts you could pass because the ledge rose steeply on the southern side and fell sharply away into deep ravines on the northern side.

The Rockwell, Dudley and Mailloux hills (see map) were the steepest gradients along this dusty, well rutted road over which settlers and travellers had to pass. At the midway point of Mailloux hill someone had marked on the ledge, "elevation 1250 feet above sea level". This was considered the highest point on the road. The road to Bissonnette's four Corners, as it was then called, was much easier to negotiate but it was still narrow and steep.

Summer road work was a community effort. Each farmer would do as much, or as little, as he was obliged to do in payment of his summer road tax.

When the first frost was well out of the ground and the mud dry and hardened the summer work would begin. A horse drawn grader would be borrowed from the Township of Bolton to scrape down the ruts and clear the ditches. The scrapings along with the winter's collection of sods, loose stones and gravel would be piled into the centre of the road. Sometimes it was necessary to use the disc harrow to remove the humps in the crown of the road. The road was then rolled before it could be used.

The same system of paying road taxes by working so many days or weeks was tried for winter road maintenance but was soon discarded and the work was done under contract.

For many years my father, Pete Mailloux, was responsible for a two and a half mile stretch of the mountain road. For plowing and rolling and using his own team of horses he was paid \$35.00 for the winter season. Later the price was raised to \$135.00 and then \$150.00.

I can remember my father resembling "Bonhomme Carnaval". He wore a wombat fur coat, hat and gauntlets. Around his waist was tightly wound a long narrow ceinture to keep the wind from blowing under his coat.

On his way up to the mountain he would stop at the house to thaw out the icicles hanging from his eyebrows and moustache. There would be a hot cup of tea or coffee waiting for him and I wouldn't be surprised something stronger was added on a very cold morning.

There was no competition for my father's road contract and no one envied him his task of keeping open his section of the road. No sooner was the plowing or rolling completed than a strong wind would sweep down through the hills bringing additional tons of drifting snow to be manhandled with little or no equipment.

Most farmers in the area lacked the necessary horse power for road work but criticized my father for having more horses than cows. Usually in the stable there were three teams of heavy work horses and a span of fast stepping driving horses. It was father's horses that provided the hard cash needed to buy all the items a family of ten required.

The Lost Nation

News was usually obtained at church on Sunday, at the local store or from travellers on the road.

In addition to his winter road contract father used his teams to haul logs for the nearby lumber camps. The camps, at times, employed over a hundred men and there were frequent calls for a team to drive someone for a doctor's appointment or to the railway station. Then too, there were times some of the men would hire father to drive them to the nearest pub.

Always hoping to get a faster or better horse, now and then father would swap horses. One of his deals turned into an adventure he had not foreseen. Having only horses of moderate size he decided it would be more practical to own a heavy team to pull the road rollers in the winter. I am not sure of the exact date but it could have been the summer of 1920 that he was able to obtain a beautiful matched pair of Clydesdales. In his eyes it was the perfect team. He ordered a set of custom made harness with reinforced tugs. I can still remember how proud he was of his new outfit.

After the first big storm of the winter the road was closed with high drifts. Schools were also closed and we children were sent up to the attic where we had a playroom. From there we watched the team start out on their winter's work. After going only a short distance we lost sight of them but noticed frantic movements in the snow on the lower side of the hill. We quickly ran downstairs and told mother. Sensing trouble she sent me to alert my brothers who were then grown men.

Down the road they hurried and there they found my father up to his armpits in snow trying to calm the floundering team. With great reluctance they had to cut the straps of the new harness to prevent the horses being strangled.

After hours of effort, and the help of neighbors, tackle blocks were fastened to trees on the upperside of the road and Little Polly and a mule pulled the heavy Clydesdales to safety. They were so badly frightened they could not be used again for breaking open winter roads. The task fell to the lighter team, Little Polly and the hardworking mule.

COMMUNICATIONS

POSTAL SERVICE

In the early days news of local interest was usually obtained at church on Sunday, at the local store or from travellers on the road. I suppose the stage coach carried mail but I am sure letters and parcels for Lost Nation residents would have been few and far between.

From what I have been told local mail routes were not established much before the 1900's. I have seen a post card dated 1902 addressed to the parents of Howard Dudley at Turkey Hill.

The first rural route postman could have been Mr. Chester B. Bullard, a resident of Knowlton. Lost Nation was on Rural Route No. 2 and Mr. Bullard covered the route from 1906 or 1908 until



Lost Nation Mailman
1908 - 1917

Mr. and Mrs. Chester B. Bullard

The stories you hear about the early Fords were mostly true. They scared horses, old ladies and could be as cantankerous as a mule. In Lost Nation, after William Gardner bought his it became the custom to wait until he had passed before venturing out on the road with your team. At the sight of a car I have seen horses rear and run. I once saw a horse bolt for a distance of three miles leaving behind the driver and his wagon straddling a stone wall.

Every trip must have been an adventure for poor Mr. Gardner. In places the roads were narrow with steep hills up and down. There were times when the radiator would boil sending a jet of steam skywards. The only remedy was to wait until the radiator cooled and then add water from the nearest brook or stream.

Frequent stopping to deliver the mail and slowing the car on steep hills was hard on brakes. More than once I have seen Mr. Gardner almost reach the top of Mailloux Hill only to have his car stall and quickly gather speed as it travelled in reverse down the hill. I can still remember the look on his face as he frantically held the wheel and tried to steer along the centre of the road. When he finally regained control of the car he would sit staring ahead before making a second attempt to get over the hill.

After one or two escapes he bribed my brother Edgar to meet him every morning with a block of wood. When he felt the engine was about to stall he would call for Edgar to block the wheel. To Mr. Gardner, Edgar was "Johnny" and the signal was always, "Trig the wheels Johnny - Trig the wheels".

I have great admiration for the rural postmen of yesteryear and today. Life is not easy for them and at times they expose themselves to the chance of injury and illness to cover their mail routes when storms are raging and most of us are content to remain indoors.

1917 when he gave it up to become a farmer in West Brome. He was succeeded by William J. Gardner a retired C.P.R. employee from Toronto. He was not related to William Gardner of Bolton Pass.

In the summer months the postman used a horse and wagon and a sleigh in winter. The "Pung" was considered the most practical type of sleigh because it was light, had wide runners, was lower and less likely to upset or "cut in".

Although Henry Ford's famous model "T" was first offered for sale in 1908 it did not appear on Lost Nation roads much before 1917, or there about. I understand Willie Bissonnette had one at that time. In 1920 William Gardner bought one to cover his mail route during the summer months.



William J. Gardner
He pioneered the delivery of mail by car in Lost Nation.

Cost Accounting Systems

Management Information Systems

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

BILL MAHOOD
R. R. 1, Melbourne
819 - 826 2748



BUANDERIE SHERBROOKE LAUNDRY

INC. 353 RUE FRONTENAC STREET,
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

PHONE: 819-562-2633

The Lost Nation

Electricity didn't come to Lost Nation until 1958...with it came the end of an era.

In addition to Messrs. Bullard and Gardner, Rural Route No. 2 had many worthy postmen. To name a few there was Mr. Clinton Brown, father of Glendon and Ormonde Brown, Arthur Royea of Bolton Pass, Heman Salisbury, Isaiah Fuller of Knowlton and others.

THE TELEPHONE

Although telephone service was available to some communities in the Eastern Townships as early as 1880, it was not until after World War II that it was available to Lost Nation. In 1947 - 48 The Bell Telephone Company of Canada Limited opened its lines to Lost Nation residents.

ELECTRICITY

It wasn't until 1958 that the Southern Power Company extended their power lines to Lost Nation. With the advent of electricity came the end of an era. Battery operated radios, oil lamps, ice boxes, flat irons and hand operated equipment were stowed away to become collectors' items. Today we are so dependent on electric power for our heating, lighting, entertainment and labor saving devices that a break in the service of an hour or two duration causes near panic.

I suppose if there is one single thing responsible for the gap between our way of life and that of our pioneer ancestors it is the wide spread use of electricity. The other things are the uses of gasoline and diesel motors.



PRIME TAVERN

In the early 1800's travelling was a precarious undertaking. After a long day of being jolted about in a dusty stage coach you would arrive at an inn or tavern which offered little to ease your discomforts. Much depended upon your innkeeper.

One of the early taverns on "The Old Magog Road" was the Prime Tavern (see map reference 3). It was first opened by William Clement who was one of the four St. John-Stanstead stage coach owners in 1837. Mr. Thomas Prime bought the property from

William Clement in 1843. The buildings, which were in ruins when he bought it, were rebuilt. Prime Tavern was regarded as one of the better places along the route for a stop-over. It was here passengers alighted from the stage coach and while they were eating, the four horse team, weary from the long haul, would be changed for a fresh team. Mr. Prime operated the inn for ten years.

In 1853, shortly after he disposed of it a group of counterfeiterers were arrested there and the tavern's reputation became tarnished.

In the 1800's it was also a place for 'pack-peddlars' to gather. It is said that one of them, who had stayed at the inn, was murdered and his body buried on the side of the road further along.

From 1858 to 1885 it was the private residence of John Farmer. In the early 1900's Ernest and Henri Bissonnette, who were industrious and successful farmers, bought the farm. In April 1951 Henri Bissonnette, who was seventy years old, was brutally murdered for the money, that was known throughout the neighborhood, was always kept in the house. Although it was thought that a neighbor, André Collins, was the murderer he was never brought to trial. When the police drove up to his door to question him he committed suicide with his own pistol.

In 1953 after the Bissonnettes sold the property the old buildings were moved down the hill east of the bridge on the road that leads to East Hill.

Mr. G. Wallace Chalmers is now the owner of the property on which has been built an attractive home. An artificial lake covers the meadow and the slopes near the corner.

EPILOGUE

In the last century many changes have taken place in the small community of Lost Nation. Highway No. 39 which follows a section of "The Old Magog Road" carries more traffic in one hour than would pass along the stage coach road in a month.

Gone are the colorful lumbermen, who with their special skills, worked in the forest and sawmills. The proud teams, with polished brasses and harness, have stepped aside for the tractor and diesel trucks. No longer can you hear the rhythmic sounds of the crosscut saw now replaced by the high pitched whine of the chain saw.

There are no local schools and children are transported to and from schools in the larger areas in their bright yellow buses with flashing red safety lights.

Homes are more comfortable; bright with electric lights; heated with oil or coal and almost everyone equipped with labor saving and entertainment devices undreamed of when Lost Nation became a pioneer settlement.

Whether it is called Lost Nation or Pleasant Valley is of little importance. The natural beauty of the countryside remains for all to admire.

We who lived in Lost Nation have many memories to recall. In the final count the pleasant ones far outnumber the unpleasant. You who live in Lost Nation now are blessed with a stage setting unmatched in beauty to play your role in the future life and history of the area settled by those whom I have mentioned in "The Lost Nation Stories and Anecdotes".

Roof Trusses

Houses - Barns - Shelters, etc.
We deliver anywhere

MacPherson Lumber Inc.
1400 Sherbrooke St. Magog, Québec Tél. 1-819-843-1121

**MacLAREN, HACKETT, CAMPBELL,
TURNER, BISSONNETTE & BOUCHARD**

Barristers and Solicitors

	Sherbrooke — 80 Peel J1H 4K1 (819) 565-7885
	Rock Island — 40 Main J0B 2K0 (819) 876-7295
	Cowansville — 314 Main J2K 1J5 (514) 263-4077

FOR SALE

Books. Hume's (4 vol.) History of Engl; Dr. Kitto's Daily Bible Illustrations (5 vol.) and many interesting books. Mrs. Ross MacDonald, Box 48, Scotstown, Que.

Christmas Trees - Trimmed Scotch Pines, \$1.00 per foot. Free delivery Knowlton—Cowansville Area. Reserve today by calling 263-3995

Stamp Collectors. We offer you stamps at competitive prices. For 25 cents you will receive Israel beautiful butterflies set with tabs plus a selection of approvals. Indicate countries of interest. Provence, Box 91, Warden, P.Q., JOE 2MO

Music, band equipment. 2 A-7 cabinets with 15 inch Altec extended range speakers. Fender Rhodes piano, model 73—almost new. 2 Traynor cabinets with 2x12 inch Cerwin Vega speakers in each. Traynor Mark IV amp. head. 566-2507

THE OUTLAW OF MEGANTIC! \$6.95 hardcover, \$2.50 soft (plus 45 cents postage and stuff). Bernard Epps, R.R. 3, Bury, Que. JOB 1JO. Angue McAngus says 'Is fearr gliocas na beartas!' So buy two and read it twice!

Christmas Trees. Scotch Pine, Balsam and Spruce. Apply 1 Abbott Ave., Tel. 569-1729. Town Delivery.

One Propane Electric Dryer, Inglis, first class condition. Any reasonable offer will be accepted. Mrs. Harold Near, Mystic R.R. 1, St. Ignace de Stanbridge, Que. JOJ 1YO

All shapes and sizes of handmade rag dolls and toys. Doreen Coates, R.R. 2, Magog, 514-297-5400

New Mist-stick Sunbeam Curling Iron.; Continental single bed with headboard, without mattress. Phone 562-8673

Book Shop for sale in Sutton. Owner is relocating. Excellent potential based on past growth. Call 1-514-538-2207 days; 1-295-2632 evenings.

Just in time for Christmas. Purebred Siamese kittens. No papers. Male \$20, Female \$15. Phone 875-5132

Nearly new Austin parts. Reasonable prices. Call 835-5525 or 837-2864.

Wood plastic barrels. All cast cook & box stoves. Nice wood & oil furnaces. Many other items. Francis Ingalls, Sutton, Que. Rt. 4, JOE 2KO



WANTED

Ladies, gents coon fur coats. 57 Snider & Winchester rifles. Francis Ingalls, Sutton, Que. Rt. 4, JOE 2KO

COMING EVENTS

Christmas craft sale to be held from December 9-18 at Historical Society, Knowlton. Features weaver, blacksmith, wood work, pottery, sewing, photography

McLennan Travelling Libraries Bookmobile Itinerary. Dec. 5, 6 and 7. Dec. 5, Waterloo at Waterloo Library from 10:30 am to 11:00 am. Magog at Memphremagog Library at 12:45 pm, Ayer's Cliff at Municipal Parking, Hatley Library from 2:30 pm to 3:30 pm, Lennoxville at Lennoxville Library at 5:00 pm. Dec. 6, Lennoxville at Lennoxville Elementary School from 9:00am to 11:00 am. Bury at Pope Memorial Elementary School from 1:30 pm to 2:00 pm. Bury, Pope Memorial Elementary School (adults) beginning at 2:00 pm. Dec. 7 in Sawyerville at Sawyerville Elementary School from 9:00am to 10:30 am. Sawyerville (adults) at Sawyerville Elem. School from 10:30 am to 11:00 am. Cookshire at Cookshire Elem. School, 12:30 to 1:30 pm.

SERVICES

Now Open. Dot's Gift Shoppe, located on highway between Birchton and Eaton Corner. Pottery, Woodcraft, Ceramics, Bone China, Crochet and Knitted Articles and Gifts. Open daily 1-8 pm and weekends. Phone 819-875-3512

The Critical Eye Workshop will continue to offer photography workshops in basic photography, landscape, portraiture, photojournalism, zone system & dark-room throughout the winter. Some evening seminars will be given. Special group rates & non-resident rates available. For further information, call 838-5965 or 838-5047

LOST

Information wanted about marbled-grey spayed female cat, white front, missing in Knowlton vicinity since summer. Has been seen, but timid. Please convey any information to Dr. M.P. Lemaitre, West Brome, 1-263-1550 or Mrs. H. Wyatt Johnston, East Hill Rd., RR2, Knowlton, 1-243-1640. Reverse charges.

THE TOWNSHIPS SUN
Box 420

WANT ADS

WATERVILLE, QUE. JOB 3HO

Name.....

Address.....

Text of my ad:.....

Rules for Want Ads

We must receive your ad by the 20th of the month before publication. Please enclose with your ad a cheque or money order for 5 cents a word, minimum \$1.00.

EMPLOYMENT

Wanted, housekeeper companion, light duties, good home. Phone 826-3568.

EXPANDING CANADIAN OIL COMPANY needs dependable person who can work without supervision. Earn \$14,000 per year plus bonus. Contact customers around Townships. We train. Write A.E. Dick, Pres., Southwestern Petroleum, Brampton, Ont. L6T 2J6

Natural Honey—The biggest selection in the Eastern Townships. We also supply stores. Norman 'Honeyman' Benoit. R.R. 1, Magog, Tel. 843-4263.

The LOST NATION

MORE

STORIES AND ANECDOTES

by

THE STAFF and FRIENDS OF



An old logging road up the mountain toward Fullerton Pond

Photoprose

the baskets out of these pliable strips. Once the basket was dry, they would dip it in dye that they made from butternut bark and there was a lot of butternut trees all along that mountain road, we'd pick bags of them after a heavy rainstorm in the fall. And the bark was used for dyeing and the sumac too. That gave a reddish colour, the sumac blossoms. I don't know just what process they used, but my mother used to do some dyeing of wool like that. Elderberries gave a nice blue colour, you could dye wood with elderberries, they are juicy, and pine, particularly, took beautiful colour with elderberry, it gave it a blue, blotchy finish, a frosted blue. The baskets were dyed blue like that,

others rosewood, different shades of brown. I suppose the weaker the solution was, the weaker the colour would be. There were different shades.

They were making baskets all summer, of course, all kinds of baskets, my they were beautiful, too. They sold very well, actually; mother had one for years. The Gypsies used to pick ferns in Lost Nation in the fall and sell them, too. They would pick them in the woods on the mountain and there was a nice supply of them there and they would sell them at Mr. Green's in South Bolton.

Where did the Gypsies go in the fall and winter?

When it came fair time, the early part of September, the Brome Fair was held

Interview with Mrs. P. Grenier - Lost Nation

GYPSIES

Mrs. Grenier, would you tell us the story of the Gypsies in Lost Nation?

There's a whole lot of big rocks just as you come in from the Bolton Pass road up into Lost Nation. And at that spot on the left of the road going up, from Bolton Pass into Lost Nation, the Gypsies used to camp there and they would come there as early in the spring as it was possible to stay outside and would stay there all summer. Usually they would leave around early September, so that they could go and camp on Mr. Greeley's farm just in the outskirts of Brome. And there was a river that they camped beside there and they were loaded down by this time with all the produce that they could have stolen from a summer. Did they dress differently?

They dressed with long dresses and

heavy boots and wore headbands, more like Indian style. The men wore gaudy colours. Women wore kerchiefs, the regular population didn't wear kerchiefs and that made a distinction. Nowadays you wouldn't notice so much. Today people dress a bit more like the Gypsies. What did the Gypsies do?

Well, the ravine up the Lost Nation road was full of basswood at that time and they would cut, they wouldn't circle the basswood, because if they did, it would die, and they came there year after year, but what they would do is cut an inch and one half of the bark and start it with a knife and pull it at a certain time of the year, in the early spring they could do that, poplar too, and they would pull it and it would come off in strips right to the top of the tree. They'd peel the outer bark off, and the inside bark would be pliable and moist. They would roll it up and put it in rolls in the brook and as long as they kept it moist, it was pliable to work, you see. Then they would make

zymurgy

fat, āpe, cār; ten, ēven; is, bīte; gō chin; she; thin, then; zh, leisure; ŋ, rī ō. Fr. feu; Fr. mon; ū, Fr. duc; kh,

re-new (ri nōw') *vt.* 1. to make new or fresh again 2. to reestablish; revive 3. to resume 4. to put in a fresh supply of 5. to give or get an extension of [renew a lease] —**re-new'al** *n.*

sub-scribe (səb skrib') *vt., vi.* -scribed', -scrib'ing [*<* L. *sub-*, under + *scribere*, write] 1. to sign (one's name) on a document, etc. 2. to give support or consent (to) 3. to promise to contribute (money) 4. to agree to receive and pay for a periodical, service, etc. (with *to*) —**sub-scrib'er** *n.*

your (yoor, yōr) *poss. pronominal adj* [*OE. eower*] of, belonging to, or done by you; also used before some titles [your Honor]

com-mu-ni-ty (kə myōō'nə tē) *n., pl. -ties* [see COMMON] 1. *a*) any group living in the same area or having interests, work, etc. in common *b*) such an area 2. the general public 3. a sharing in common

mag-a-zine (mag'ə zēn') *n.* [*<* Ar. *makhzan*, granary] 1. a warehouse or

mag-net-ism (mag'nə tiz'iz'm) *n.* 1. the property, quality, or condition of

magnetism

re-gion (rē'jən) *n.* [see REGAL] 1. large, indefinite part of the earth's surface 2. any division or part, as of an organism —**re-gion-al** *adj.*

in-ter-est (in'ter-ist, in'ter-ist) *n.* [*<* L. *inter-*, between + *esse*, be] 1. a right to, or share in, something 2. anything in which one has a share 3. [often *pl.*] advantage; benefit 4. [usually *pl.*] those having a common concern or power in some industry, cause, etc. [the steel interests] 5. *a*) a feeling of concern, curiosity, etc. about something *b*) 1. power of causing something causing this 2. power of causing this



Box 420, Waterville, Quebec, JOB 340

- \$7.50 basic one-year subscription

The BUCK AND DOE RESTAURANT

We're worth the trip! (Treat yourself to a meal without equal - excellent cuisine, exceptional portions, and a country inn atmosphere.)

Gift certificates for your friends are available.

Christmas parties can be arranged for groups.

Reservations will avoid disappointment weekends.

Superb Food—Impeccable Service

"A REALLY NICE PLACE TO EAT"
MODERN DECOR
RESERVATIONS APPRECIATED
OPEN YEAR 'ROUND'

"WE SERVE COCKTAILS"

Your Hosts: Ronald & Helen Langford
135 Main St., ISLAND POND

call: (802)723-4712



The Lost Nation

The Gypsies spent their summers at Lost Nation, their winters fishing through the ice at Magog Lake.

about the same time then as it is now, they'd all congregate, the Gypsies would, from all directions. There were a whole lot of them up in Bolton and then there were some from Magog and some from Vale Perkins and there were different places where they camped and they would all congregate together and make a real caravan down to the Brome fair and settle there, stay there until the fair was over with and perhaps later. Then they went back to their main fishing spot of Magog Lake. They would spend the winter fishing through the ice. I don't know how they survived the winter.

It was Mr. Greeley that owned the farm near the Brome fair then and it was the last farm before you dip into the village on the left and the river borders that meadow and there'd be perhaps 25 or 30 acres covered with wagons and wigwams and whatever, tents, mostly something thrown together for shelter and they had horses and all that, of course they didn't have cars in those days.

They used to go around sharpening knives and scissors and things like that, you know, I remember they would charge perhaps 10 or 15 cents to sharpen a knife, they were very good at that, that was part of their work down at Brome Fair too. They would set up a stall where the women told fortunes and the men sharpened scissors or knives.

Down at Brome Fair, of course, there was a snag of farmers around there who got a kick of going up there and swapping horses with them, you know, and they'd perhaps give them \$5.00 to

boot or something like that. They were full of tricks, they would do everything. Some of the horses would be sick and everything else, but they'd give them something to let them breathe easier and someone would think they had a nice horse and they'd end up having something with the heaves that couldn't hardly walk (laughter).

Did the local people have trouble getting along with the Gypsies?

Well, the Gypsies were sometimes quite peaceable, but other times they were pretty rowdy. In fact during the First World War, they were not registered or anything and there was a lot of rough, tough guys camping in there with them. That was what our opinion was and they needed money, so they would steal or do anything they could to get themselves enough money to keep going. I presume for that reason they would do anything.

There was one whole summer where I was guarded by my parents and the neighbours little girl was guarded too, because at one point, 3 different times, they had tried to steal this little girl. The idea was that possibly she would be sold into white slavery. And it was near the American border, they could have done it easily. Everybody was more or less on their guard, they harassed the Goyettes so badly, they were the first people at the top of the hill and were rather isolated, so one summer, in particular, they brought the cattle over to our house and used to milk them there and I remember one time where my father had planted a lot of turnips and potatoes on new land and we had a monstrous big

crop. The barn floor was just covered with stacks and stacks of produce and they were coming there at night and trying to steal food.

They would even kill the cattle, so our cattle and the Goyette's cattle were padlocked in our barn and either Mr. Goyette or the boys or sometimes both, would sleep in the barn in the beams and with the doors well locked and several times they had to shoot to scare them away because they would come there and steal everything. It wasn't a very pleasant time.

We had a good, big, dog, old Tige we called him, he was part mastiff and Newfoundland, and we used to drive him like a horse. Kids had a great time with him. He was a wonderful guard dog. Heard the least thing around the house, he'd bristle up. If there was any monkeying around outside, he knew it first and my father used to give them a good shot in the air and that kind of made them travel on further.

But that's the way that summer was spent and I think it was due to the fact that the Gypsies were in desperate need of food to eat or to sell to make themselves some money.

My mother had a lot of chickens and so did the neighbours and that, for sure, a good many of them came up missing; then, 2 or 3 or more would be out of the pen, and just disappear and the Dudley's were bothered that way too. My father used to take turns with the Dudley's in taking their butter and eggs down to Mr. Green and he asked me to go along one day for a ride, I was just a little girl, and on the way back up the mountain this

Gypsy came out of the woods and caught my father's horse's bridle.


My father was kind of a smooth-talking man and he said to them, 'Hello boys, anything I can do for you today?'

'Well', they said, 'you have a pretty nice horse there'.

And my father said 'Yes, pretty good horse'. My father always carried a bullwhip. He had been in Texas to help round up horses when the railroad went through and this whip was a souvenir. He reached down and picked it up without saying a word.

The Gypsies said 'We need a horse'.

My father said 'This one's for sale if the price is right', and they said, 'We know how to get them a lot cheaper than that'.



WORLDWIDE CHURCH OF GOD

GARNER TED ARMSTRONG

SERVICES

Every Saturday 2.30 p.m.
Gagnon school 2365 Galt W. Sher.
Minister - Sam Kneller
Free subscription to Plain Truth
C.P. 73 Sherbrooke or 566-6446

MINTS NUTS LOLLIPOPS TRIFLE

Season's Goodies

at

The Townshipper

Main St., Knowlton, Qué.

Holiday Menu*:

Festive Roast Turkey ...	\$ 6.50
Traditional Roast Beef ...	\$ 7.50
Succulent Baked Ham ...	\$ 6.50

plus our regular menu of:

Delicious Chicken or Fish dishes.

Served Dec. 16 thru Jan. 3rd.

open daily from 11³⁰ am. ~ 2³⁰ pm. & 5³⁰ pm. ~ 9³⁰ pm.

(closed Christmas Day)

*Reservations appreciated ~ Tel: 514-243-5439

EGG-NOG BEER WINES HOT BUTTERED RUM LIQUEURS

MAIN ADVERTISING - KNOWLTON



The Lost Nation

They started to come as if they were going to unharness the horse, right there on the mountain, so my father just took his whip—he could cut a cigarette right out of a man's mouth with his whip—and he laced it to them, and I'm telling you, the horse was a high strung animal, a track horse to start with, so she just started for the mountain.

And they started chasing, they thought they could run and grab the back of the wagon, and my father said to me 'Hang on', and I was hanging on like blue blazes cause I didn't want to fall, the road was narrow and it was rough then, something terrible; it was so narrow that the wheels would scrape the upper edge like this and the cliff was on the other side. And he told me to hang on—the wagon was a two-seater, one seat would be taken off if they wanted to carry produce—and of course, that day, he'd taken crates and crates of eggs so there was no seat, all we had was empty crates and they thought they were going to climb on to that and get us. So my father turned around and laced it to them with this whip. They cleared out fast, I'm

I wish I could go more but we're off the beaten track. It makes it kind of lonesome...But everyday there is a change of something. Anybody that likes nature would like it here. [Myrtle Fuller]

telling you, they changed their mind about that. But they would have unhitched the horse right there in the middle of the road.

Didn't they ever get in trouble with the law for stealing?

Well, you couldn't prove it, actually. They'd hide it. They killed deer and that illegally. They had to have something to eat and there were a lot of deer in that area at the time and fish, the brooks were swarming with fish at that time. You could fish, and in a couple of hours get 50 or 75 nice trout. Now, there is hardly any, I guess. They would come down fresh from the mountain and that was a good fishing area.

When did the Gypsies stop coming?

Well, around the 1920's would be the last, around then, the last I remember them. Maybe they were there, '22, or '23, but not any later. They got cars and trucks and started roaming further away. My goodness they were real Romanians, I think they were. I'm quite sure they were of Romanian background. Real Gypsies, you know.

by Steve Kishewitsch



Antiques

Glass, China,
Collectors' Items



Yolande van Zuiden
456 Main West
Magog, Qué.

Closed Sundays
and Mondays

Tel. 843-9557
Res. 843-4529



LENNOXVILLE INC.
FURNITURE

RADIO - T.V. - STEREO - CARPETS
153 QUEEN — LENNOXVILLE, P.Q. — 562-2184



100% Solid-State 20" Table Colour TV
LUMINAR 1, full beam colour picture tube. Black matrix. Quick-start. VHF memory fine-tuning, 70-position detent UHF tuner, AFC. Integrated picture control, white peak clip circuitry. Rich and full sound, beautifully designed wood grain cabinet, walnut-finish. Low power consumption. 25-1/2"W x 17-5/8"H x 18-1/8"D. 53 lbs.

Price: \$559.00

Full warranty 3 years on parts and labor

INTERVIEW WITH MYRTLE FULLER

By Pauline Riley

How long have you lived here?

He's lived up here on the hill more or less since he was four years old.

How much land do you have?

Well, we've got the 50 acres, no it's 100 acres. Then he has the Thompson lot, then he has another 50 acres here.

How do you farm it?

We don't farm it now. Well, he just keeps a few animals to kind of keep the brush down and use up the hay and that. He's a little too young for that now—he's 74. He has a few cows and a horse, couple of calves.

When you had the farm before did you have more than that?

Oh yes. At one time we milked 18 down there and ten up here. But that's a long time ago.

Did you make butter here?

Just for ourselves.

Are you always able to get out if you want?

Oh yes, now we are. They keep the roads open for the school buses. It didn't used to be.

How did it used to be?

I remember the case (perhaps you have never heard of it) of the woman they took to the hospital by snow cat from Grimm Mountain—I was it. The road was so bad that is the only way they could get here. It is the machine they use to pack the snow of the ski slopes.

Where did they take you in that?

That and double sleds down to the highway to take the ambulance to the hospital.

When was that?

Fifteen years ago. Now they have the road in here.

How was it before with the electricity?

There weren't no electricity. No telephone. A lot of the old folks used to have get-togethers each year and make candles—you know—out of scrap fat and then they started using lamps.

So you had lamps when you were young?

Oh yes. Flat irons and lamps and that and hand washing machines, which now is all automatic.

Are you able to have automatic?

Oh yes, I don't have a stove, because I would rather have the wood stove.

Does your husband cut wood, then?

Oh yes.

Where does he get the wood?

Up on his upper place there - a wood lot.

How does he get the wood down?

Now he uses a tractor. But we was one of the last ones to use horses.

When did you use horses until?

About ten years ago. Until we got this little tractor, we always used horses.

Have you ever had a car?

Oh, years ago.

Did you need it?

Well, really you need a car because we are six miles from everywhere. It's an all day trip if you go by team which with a car you're back in a couple of hours and you can go to work again. But now if we go we get his brother to take us to Knowlton.

Do you still grow a garden?

No, I haven't had a garden for 3 years because I've been sick but I used to have a nice garden. I love to see vegetables growing. I like all kinds.

How do you like living here?

I like it all right. I wish I could go more, but we're just off the beaten track enough so it's hard to go to anything. It's hard getting taxis and it makes it kind of lonesome that way but otherwise I like it. It's a beautiful spot, really.

It's pleasant in the winter time, it's pleasant in the summer time. Every day there is a change of something. Anybody that likes nature would like it here.

How do you mean a change of something?

Well, you happen to see a wild animal or something, that is nice in the day.

What kind of wild animals have you seen?

Oh, we have a lot of the smaller ones. Like for instance now he has a coon that stays in the barn. He's had a mink that stayed here for years and he's had skunks for pets. All those things. They seem to know him and they'll work around him. They don't seem to be afraid of him, deers and that. He'll be haying up there and you'll see the mother deer and the little ones feeding right around him. He never goes hunting them. I think the animals know. Whether they can smell it in your clothes or what, but they seem to know one that they can trust and one that they can't. A lot of people never see animals.

There is always something like that. What I like about here is that there are so many birds. Why, in the spring when they come up we always feed them. And all the different kinds! The only thing we

The Lost Nation

didn't see this year was bluebirds. They have always come here and nested in that little white house there for I suppose 15 years. What they are spraying the Maine woods with, I don't know. Martins and little Wrens—they all nest up here. There is something about those trees - when all those seeds come on they'll clean them all off—the Grossbeaks do that. The robins clean the rose pits off. Red-winged black birds - he has one he calls a chore boy. He's been here five years now and he always comes around when he is doing chores. He used to feed the little ones and he used to come out on the clothes line and tease him to take the stuff out to him. He'd feed him bread. If you went out there he'd waly way around that piece of bread and not get near it.

You know all things like that make it less lonesome and different. It's not that motorized living.

Where did you live before you lived here?

In Sutton. My husband has lived here practically all his life. He built this house but his grandfather lived here before. *Has your husband had outside work while you've been here?*

Oh yes, he worked as an extra man at the mink ranch for years. He used to work in lumber woods years ago around Mansonville.

Did you have outside work?

I always worked out with housework. To see them today and the way we used to do! If we got 12 dollars a month and board, why we was rich! And today they want 12 dollars for a forenoon and you got to pay them to get 'em there and take 'em home. Most I ever got was \$16 a month.

You lived in?

Oh yes, I worked for a manager of a manufacturing insurance company in Montreal for a year in 1943.

Did you like that job?

No, I never liked it. I like my own home to work in. Each one does their work so different and I don't know, you get in a routine. Of course I didn't go to work out until I was quite old because I kept house for my grandfather and then my uncle in Sutton. If you're younger and go out like that you don't mind it so much because you are learning that way. I haven't worked since I was married in 1943.

How old were you then?

34.

What did you do during the Depression from 1929 to 1939?

Worked out. \$1 a week.

Did it feel like a depression to you then?

Well to me I never minded the Depression much. If it had been right now I would have minded it awfully but we was just at the years where that was just about all there was while I was growing up. We always had plenty to eat. Of course mother had to figure pretty good, I suppose. I know for instance with meat, in winter we always had our own. During the week in the summer she never had much meat but she used to get it from different ones that came through and she'd buy the off pieces—rather than keep it over they'd sell it cheaper—if it got kind of dark. That way we'd always seemed to have plenty of meat and vegetables. Mother always worked out—she was sort of a midwife. I took care of older people. I always wanted to be a nurse but I didn't have that privilege. Now I'm glad I never did. I've been in hospitals so much that nursing now to me is...I'm glad I didn't take it up.

The animals know one that they can trust. He'll be haying and you'll see the deer feeding around him. He has had coon, mink, and skunks for pets. This is the first year the bluebirds didn't come. What they are spraying the Maine woods with, I don't know.

INTERVIEW: MR. AND MRS. BEN BETTS

Mrs. Betts: We call it Pleasant Valley. I thought that was a nice name for it because it is a pretty place here. Then they came along and they changed it.

Did they call it Lost Nation before?

Well, a minister named that. He shouldn't have done it because it was no more a Lost Nation than anywhere else. But he didn't like it because there was no roads up here at that time you know so he called it Lost Nation but the place is a pleasant place up here.

How long have you lived here?

A long while. Over 40 years.

In this house?

Yes, I used to live in a log house down there—I lived there with my grandmother when I was young and then afterwards I went to Sutton and I've been around different places.

What did you do here when you were younger?

Oh, I was just a small girl—5 or 6.

When you lived in this house what did you do?

When we came here we farmed. Now we can't do anything—it's all growed up. When we come here we had four, five cows, two horses, a nice place here.

How many acres?

I think Ben said 60, I don't know.

Did you milk the four cows?

Oh no, I helped milk and helped him on the farm work because there was just the two of us to work. We had one girl but she was a little girl. When she got big enough she went to school in Knowlton.

Did you have a garden here?

Oh yes, a lovely great, big garden. I had one of the best gardens, they said, up here. No one else had too big a garden. And I had all flowers around the house here. I can't take care of them now.

What's it like to live here in winter?

Just the same as anywhere else. We



Winter comes to Lost Nation



Mrs. Betts

The Brome County Historical Society
Town of Brome Lake
(Knowlton) Quebec

Yesterdays of Brome County Volume Three

is now available

PLEASE SEND YESTERDAYS OF BROME COUNTY VOLUME III

.....hard covers at \$10.00-.....
.....soft covers at \$6.50-.....

Postage extra

name.....
Name.....
Address.....
.....
Advance payment of \$..... enclosed.

ARMSTRONG DISTRIBUTORS LIMITED

PLUMBING, HEATING and VENTILATION SUPPLIES

Corner Aberdeen — Alexander Streets — Tel. 563-7171
SHERBROOKE, QUE.

The Sawyerville Store

Best Wishes for the Holiday Season

- Fall & Winter fabrics
- Wrangler jeans
- Quilting supplies
- Pottery
- Handmade stuffed toys and crafts

19 MAIN ST. N. SAWYERVILLE 889-2805 or 889-2801

Bring in this ad for 10% discount on fabrics

The Lost Nation

have good roads here all the time. You can get out any time. We have a bread man come up here and bring us our milk and bread and what groceries we want, why we go to Knowlton and hire somebody to come up and get us and take us. There's no taxis in Knowlton but Fuller, when he ain't running the mail he'll take anyone to Knowlton.

You don't have a car?

No, we never learned to drive. We would have if we knew how to drive it, but neither one of us ever learned how to drive a car. No use getting one now! They wouldn't think of giving us a license if we tried! At our age.

Did you ride your horse?

Oh yes, I used to drive the horses in the field sometimes—double wagon. While he loaded up the hay. I didn't particularly like driving the two horses. I didn't mind driving one. When we didn't have any we used to go to the neighbours. I used to live down by Sally's Pond and we used to hire the neighbour's horse and go for our groceries. Sometimes we would get my uncle's horses.

Where did you get your groceries?

Knowlton, always. South Bolton, some. We traded South Bolton some and sometimes to Brome. Traded there.

When did you get electricity?

Oh my goodness...we've had it quite a while.

Did it seem like a big change for you?

Oh yes, we never had electricity down at the other place. When we came up here we got it. Now when the electricity is shut off we think we can't see nothing! *And before you did okay without it?*

Yes, we got along. We didn't mind it so much. We had the lamps, we used them. I've had all kinds of chances to sell them—people want to buy them for antiques, you know. We need them now because a lot of times the electricity goes off. It's off for 2 or 3 hours. I don't like candles. Lamps are bad enough after having electricity. Did you say your name was Riley?

Yes, I come from B.C.

Oh, so you don't really live here? There is a lot of Rileys around here—you're not related to them?

No, do you have relatives that live in the area?

Oh yes, a lot of them. A lot of nieces and nephews and cousins all around. Been around here so long I'm related to quite a lot of them. A lot of the older people have died.

We don't want to move. But it's getting too much to stay up here and carry wood and water.

Have you always heated with this wood stove here?

Oh no, we had a stove here but the lining all burnt out and there was parts to it and we couldn't get no repairs for it so we bought the box stove and that's a good little heater. We use that and the cook stove and we have a little electric heater in the bedroom.

You've never thought of moving any place else?

Oh yes, there are people right now that want to buy this place. Been up here lately, I told them I wouldn't move in the fall anyway.

Where would you want to move?

We don't want to move, but it's getting too much for him to stay up here and carry wood and water. We'd move in

I don't have glasses. I never went to Sherbrooke or somewhere to get them fitted. If I could have got some fitted right here, I would have some.



Mr. Betts

photo by Pauline Riley

Knowlton probably.

How old are you both?

You'd be surprised, maybe you wouldn't. He's 81 and I'm 85. *You're doing wonderfully well!*

I'm awful lame, it's awful hard for me. I can't keep things up like I used to. I used to like to paint and paper and do the house about every year. Well, I can't do it now. I hurt my shoulder when I fell and since then I can't raise that arm up very good. I couldn't reach up to get my curtains down to wash them and my girl come out from Ontario and washed my curtains for me this summer and put them up. I did manage to wash the windows.

(Mr. Betts comes in. She tells him I wanted to talk to him but that he can't hear. He says, 'no, I can't hear very good'. He points to the taperecorder. What so you got here?)

This is just so I can remember what you say.

Mrs. Betts: You know what Wayne had and we talked in? One of them recorder things.

What work did he do with the wood and the farm?

Well, it went kind of slow with just the two of us working.

Does he still chop the wood?

He splits a little wood but we buy all our wood from Mansonville and some from down here. He can't do any heavy wood. He has had several operations in the Montreal hospital and the soldiers' veterans' hospital.

Was he in the war?

Oh yes, he was a returned soldier when he came to Canada from England.

When was that?

He was in the First World War. He was too old for the second. He could have joined up for duty for watching buildings but we had the farm and work with the cows and horses.

Was it hard living during the war time

here?

Yes, it was. It was hard for us because we had only one girl and we had to have tickets for sugar and everything and we didn't get much sugar to cook with. Anybody with a big family it made it much easier for them, but us, we had to be very careful. I boarded a teacher for a while.

Mr. Betts: 'Does that keep every word you say?'

Yes.

'Be careful what you say!'

Mrs. Betts: 'It's turned off now.'

I turned it on again.

'Oh, I didn't know that!'

Mr. Betts: 'Is that what they call a taperecorder? Oh, that's what it is, eh? Everything you say will be held against you? Ha! Ha! Ha! Are you selling them? You ain't a writer are you?'

A little bit.

'Do you write novels?'

No, for the newspaper

'Oh, you're kind of a reporter then? Oh, I see. Well, there's not much news up here!'

Mrs. Betts: 'We don't read so much because our eyes bother us. It's kind of hard. I don't have glasses.'

Why not?

I never went to Sherbrooke or somewhere to get them fitted. If I could have got some fitted right here I would have had some. Perhaps just as well. When you get wearing glasses, you have to keep getting stronger ones all the time. Sometimes I think it does your eyes more hurt than it does good.

What were you saying about boarding a teacher?

Yes, I used to board a teacher here for



Home of Mr. and Mrs. Ben Betts

The Lost Nation

a few years. The school used to be right up here. We took care of the school house for quite a little while. Keeping the fires and washing the windows, putting on the storm windows and things like that.

Did your husband ever have any outside work?

Oh yes, the neighbours used to change work quite a lot when we first come up here. Most all farming up here then. All farms and the people used to change work in haying or anything special you know, but we always managed to get along when we had to do our plowing. I drove a team and he held the plow and we plowed that way. I helped him with the haying. That was hard work—too hard, really.

How many bales of hay would you get?

We never baled it up. We just put it on the wagon—piled in on. We had to have quite a lot of hay to feed the cows, amazing how much they eat, horses especially eat a lot of hay.

So you didn't need any help with your work but your husband would work on other farms?

We couldn't afford to hire help. We changed work what we could—you were lucky to do that because you could get along quicker that way. Take a woman in the field who would rake and tumble but when it comes to loading it is pretty hard for a woman because they haven't really got the strength to put it up on the wagon. It's quite a lift. And being up on the wagon ain't much better!

When did you stop doing that?

Oh, we didn't stop until we just had to. I got so lame I couldn't climb up onto the wagon anymore. (She asks Ben if he has any idea)

Mr. Betts: 'Give up farming—when? I don't have a very good memory. But it must have been less than 20 years ago. After we got the old age pension we didn't, we couldn't work after that much. We raised a garden as long as we could. They didn't pick up no cream and you couldn't keep no cows to speak of. Most of the people what farmed up here are all passed on. The farms were bought for country cottages. You see. After that, people changed their ways. Some could work and some took in boarders. But there's not been no farming done up here for over 20 years. Not many cows around here. You never hear a cow bell now anywhere.

You'd have bells on all your cows?

No, you'd have one bell on a lot of cows. That helped you when you could hear the tinkle of the bell when the cow was picking grass. You'd go in the woods to find them and they's keep perfectly still and wouldn't move and you'd go right by them.

Did you get your wood from the woods back here?

Oh yes, we cut a lot and we sold wood.

The farms were bought for country cottages. After that people changed their ways. There's not been no farming done up here for over 20 years. You never hear a cow bell now anywhere.



View from the hill behind the homes of Betts and Leduc

Photoprose

ski fabulous **mt orford** *c'est du ski!*

WELCOME to the pleasures of winter at Mont Orford, one of the major ski resorts of the "SKI EAST" region. At Orford you'll find 20 miles of very well-groomed trails and slopes, offering very good skiing and a challenge to all skiers; beginner, intermediate or expert.

Seven modern lifts take 5,700 skiers, per hour to the top of three mountains, at elevations ranging up to 2,800 feet.

INQUIRE ABOUT OUR LEARN TO SKI INITIATION PROGRAM.

Altitude 2800'



You'll enjoy all the conveniences offered to you and the rates are so reasonable.

Cafeteria and bar
Ski shop and equipment rental
Ski school with certified instructors
Canadian Ski Patrol on duty daily
Kindergarten Open Daily

Seven Lifts
Three Mountains
Less Waiting
More Skiing

On Sale Now :

— \$480.00 family passes, maximum
— individual and couples season tickets
— children ski school and racing programs
Ski Orford, the family ski area

Snow report—
Call 843-6548

**BILINGUAL
AUCTIONEER**

COMPLETE AUCTION
SERVICES

Auction House
Lennoxville—Tel. 567-7510
Sawyerville—Tel. 889-2272

ART BENNETT

P.O. Box 248
MAGOG

mt orford

Tel: 843-6548
Reserv'n:
843-4200

The Lost Nation

Ben and I cut wood with a cross cut saw and he split it up and we piled it and drew it to Knowlton with our team and sold it for \$2.50 a cord.

Who cut the wood?

Ben and I. We cut it with a cross cut saw and he split it up and we piled it up and we drew it with our team to Knowlton and sold it.

Mr. Betts: Do you know that woman is 85 years old? I'm 82. We can't do what we would like to do because age makes a lot of difference when you ain't got the energy.

Did you make money by selling wood?

Well, we sold wood to buy our flour and grain for our cows and horses. Mostly that is what it went for. And then there is the taxes has to be paid on the place.

How much did you get for your wood?

Years ago, we cut wood and drew it for \$2.50 a cord. Now we got to pay \$22.00 for it. We don't burn oil. The wood they bring is supposed to be stove wood but it's really too big so we split it

Do you still do all the cooking?

We buy most of our stuff. I can cook, but he has diabetes. I can't make all the things I'd like to make because he can't eat it. I always used to like to make pies and cakes and things like that and we always had Christmas puddings. I used to work out before I was married. All around the neighbours—I sewed, sometimes I did papering, painting. I didn't like doing cooking for other people. I did a lot of dressmaking.

Did you make clothes after you were married?

Oh yes, I still do some. I used to make him overalls and shirts but we buy most everything now.

Mr. Betts: Can you speak French, too?

No.

You don't believe in French?

I believe in it, yes.

Do you believe in separatism?

No.

You're on our side, then. You know, I think it's a crime to break up a country after all the years, what we've worked together, the French, the English, Scotch, Irish. We've passed through two wars and we all fought for one certain policy. So today what is it today? ...yeah...How high is high when you talk about prices? If they raise your pension



up, up goes everything else, you see. That's the way it is. It's just the same in England. They raise the prices, up goes the rent. We keep going up and up, well, of course it takes time to control matters doesn't it?

Mrs. Betts: It's a pretty hard thing to figure out. People are always striking for bigger pay, well if they got to pay them big pay, they got to put the prices up. It's pretty hard to find a real solution to the problem.

Did it seem like there wasn't so many problems years back?

No, there wasn't so many. There wasn't so many people, you know. I can remember way back when they used to plow the roads out with the horses in the winter, and the people they made their sugar. They had a big iron pot and they tapped trees and sometimes they made their own spouts out of wood and tapped the trees and cooked it in the big iron 'kittle' outdoors with a fire around it and made their sugar. And they always raised their pigs. In the fall they would gather up all the little apples and potatoes and they cooked them in the big iron kittle over the fire in the back

yard generally for the pigs. And they had great big hogs—great big fellows they was. Always had pork and one of the farmers generally had a beef for winter.

When we come up here, things was changing then. We had some nice maple trees to tap. He used to go up and tap them in the spring and bring the sap down and we'd cook it on the stove in the shed. We made quite a bit of syrup and sugar. It helped us out quite a bit when we was first here. We had my girl and I took two children to take care of. They asked me to take care of them—their folks was not too smart so they wanted me to take care of this boy and girl. The parents were in a pretty poor place they was staying in. We only got \$7 a month for them but we raised stuff on the farm and I always raised chickens and we had chickens.

How long did you look after the children?

Oh, I had them a few years. They went to school up here. After that school closed they took the children away. I think the girl went to Montreal where they put her in a home or something. The boy stayed around here at his uncle's. He is in Ontario now but has

been back to see me a couple of times. We always liked him an awful lot. We felt terrible when they took him away. We was so lonesome then we didn't know what to do. We all cried. He did, too. He didn't want to go.

It's not lonely now, though?

No, we are used to it. Sometimes it seems kind of lonely, our girl being so far away, and my grandchildren in Ontario.

But it's a nice place to live?

Oh yes, my girl and her children love it here. Sometimes they see the deer come out and things like that.

Did your husband ever do any hunting?

Oh no, he ain't no hunter. But my girl's husband, he's a hunter—mostly duck, partridge and pheasant.

Did you used to make much at home here?

Quilts, rugs, yes. Them braided rugs I made. I used to make a lot of hooked rugs. Before I was married, I made a lot of hooked rugs and sold them. And quilts—I could sell all I made if I wanted. They have always tried to buy my quilts. I did that in my spare time in the winter generally. In the summer I worked out amongst the neighbours quite a lot - papering and dressmaking, I was generally the one that did it. I was the one around here that did that sort of work.

How old were you when you got married?

I was 36.

How many braided rugs did you make?

Not many. Braiding them and sewing them is awful hard on the hands. Especially a heavy rug like that. The lighter ones move if you step on them and bend up and catch your feet. I took twine off the parcels and dyed it dark so it wouldn't show and sewed it with that. We used to have an old iron big kettle that I used to dye them in. But now I've sold the kettle. I sold all them big iron kettles we had. People come and they want to buy them and I couldn't lift them so what the good of me keeping them so I sold them.

Where did the people come from?

All around—Knowlton, from Montreal.

<p>Webster Cass FUNERAL DIRECTORS SHERBROOKE 300 Queen Blvd. N. 819/562-2685</p>	<p>AYER'S CLIFF STANSTEAD 819/876-5213</p>	<p>MAGOG 235 Pine 819/843-5225</p>	
	<p>R.L. Bishop & Son SHERBROOKE 300 Queen Blvd. N. 819/562-9977</p>	<p>LENNOXVILLE 6 Belvidere St. 819/562-2685</p>	<p>LENNOXVILLE 76 Queen St. 819/562-9977</p>

Dr. Marcel A. Pellerin

<p>LENNOXVILLE VETERINARIAN HOSPITAL 332 QUEEN ST., LENNOXVILLE</p>	<p>MAGOG VETERINARIAN CLINIC 255 ST. ALPHONSE ST., MAGOG (BY APPOINTMENT)</p>
---	---

567-4695

BOARDING FOR CATS AND DOGS

	<p>Pontiac - Buick - GMC - Pontiac - Buick - GMC</p>	
<p>CATALINA SEDAN</p>	<p>DELUXE Automobiles Ltée</p> <p>CLASS IN PRODUCTS ON SAVINGS AND SERVICE</p> <p>CALL: [819]596-9351</p>	<p>GENERAL A truck like none before.</p>
<p>or visit us at: 1567 King St. W. in Sherbrooke</p>		

The Lost Nation

INTERVIEW WITH FERNAND LEDUC:

Now the farms here are all going into weeds. This place used to be all farms before.

Even on the mountain, there, it was cleared?

Not right up to the top, but 3000 feet from the road up, you know. Maybe a mile up from the road, used to be farms, but those people were farming, not for money, farming for subsistence. Nowadays you can't do that, unless you want to have a house with no electricity, no commodities, a standard of living very low and a big family to help you. And in those days they would also work in the cotton mills and work in the woods. The only money they made was in the winter time when they were working for the Singer Mills. What they got from agriculture was mostly subsistence. You can think about how nice it would be to come back to the farming and have a beautiful farm and cows and all that, but that means to say that you wouldn't expect any minimum price, you can do it like that, get a large family, a lot of people working for nothing, okay, but they're doing it on the back of people who are not being paid. It's very nice to sell them the ideas, like love, work for nothing, okay if you like it, you can do that, but don't compare those industries to people who want to survive and have their own ideas about what they want to

You can't farm here unless you want to have a house with no electricity, no commodities, a very low standard of living, and a big family to help you.

buy. This business of farming in this area is pretty bad because of the fact that the land is not suited for it.

So you figure this land isn't really good for much?

Well, its good for a lot of things, recreation, maybe there will be more houses built. The first thing you know you get to a place where they have all kinds of chalets, its all developed. Some bylaws protect the farmer and keep the land intact, if people start sub-dividing then taxes go way up and that might be one of the reasons why, here, they have not developed so much, but it is bound to happen.

People would also like to retire here, if they had the commodities, help with their shopping, medical services, etc. They would love to stay out in the country and have a garden. It's all right, but right now this place is not suitable for that because it is still in the wilderness. I have a water pump run by gravity, which I made, so when the electricity goes out, I don't have to worry. This is how it works here, I have one system that brings the water from the well, and another system working by gravity.

You did it all yourself?

Yes. I didn't know anything about plumbing, but this is the time to learn. Thats the fun of it, because when you own a house, you make a mistake, it doesn't matter, you only have yourself to criticize.

Seems to be alot of wildlife around, all over.



Fernand Leduc was building a road, but the beavers came and flooded it. He stopped his project and feeds the beavers instead.

Oh yes. We had a guest here. During the night I heard some noise, and early in the morning I heard some more in the summer kitchen, so I came down and looked, then I heard a noise outside. I could see my car rocking, so I wondered what it was. On the other side of the car I saw a bear standing up, and he was rocking it. And then I looked at the windows of the house and they were all covered with mud, I had been digging for my sewer pipes and it was all wet and muddy, the bear put his paws on the windows and made big streaks of mud. It had just been washed the day before.

I came into the house and yelled to my wife 'come and see the bear', to tell you the truth, I was scared myself. I didn't want to hurt the bear, just see what he was doing, I opened the door, but he had already gone.

We see bear around once in a while. They go to the apple trees and eat apples.

The deer and the bears come close to the house.

Lots of deer, you can see their tracks in the field. They are eating the bark of my tamaracks, which is hard for me to swallow. I wonder what I could put on the bark to prevent it from being eaten. We have raccoons, beavers, we see a weasel in winter. We have quite a few animals around here. Now you ask the hunter, what the heck are you doing around my house with a gun, and they'll tell you, well, this is the best place for the deer, because they like to go around where the apple trees are, you don't find them really in the wilderness. When the farmers were here, the deer were more often in the orchard than in the woods.

I have the feeling that farmers around here, they don't go out at nighttime, there are all kinds of spirits and animals outside and I've heard some people talking about the bears and they used to tell each other some awful stories about what happened, going out at night. From my experience, none of those animals really attack you, they run away from you.

Do you trap?

No, I don't trap. I may lay a few snares for rabbits, I have no guns, I don't hunt very much, maybe a few rabbits now and

then to change the diet. If you go back to whether it is a place where you can live, you can live on the ground, you can live on the the wildlife, but don't expect to have a new car every year, a colour TV and those things. It is a different standard of living anyhow, it doesn't mean anything to me because we don't look at TV.

The porcupines, when I think people might be enthusiastic about a porcupine, it's such a wonderful animal, that we can eat it when there is nothing else to eat, but what they do here, is they eat



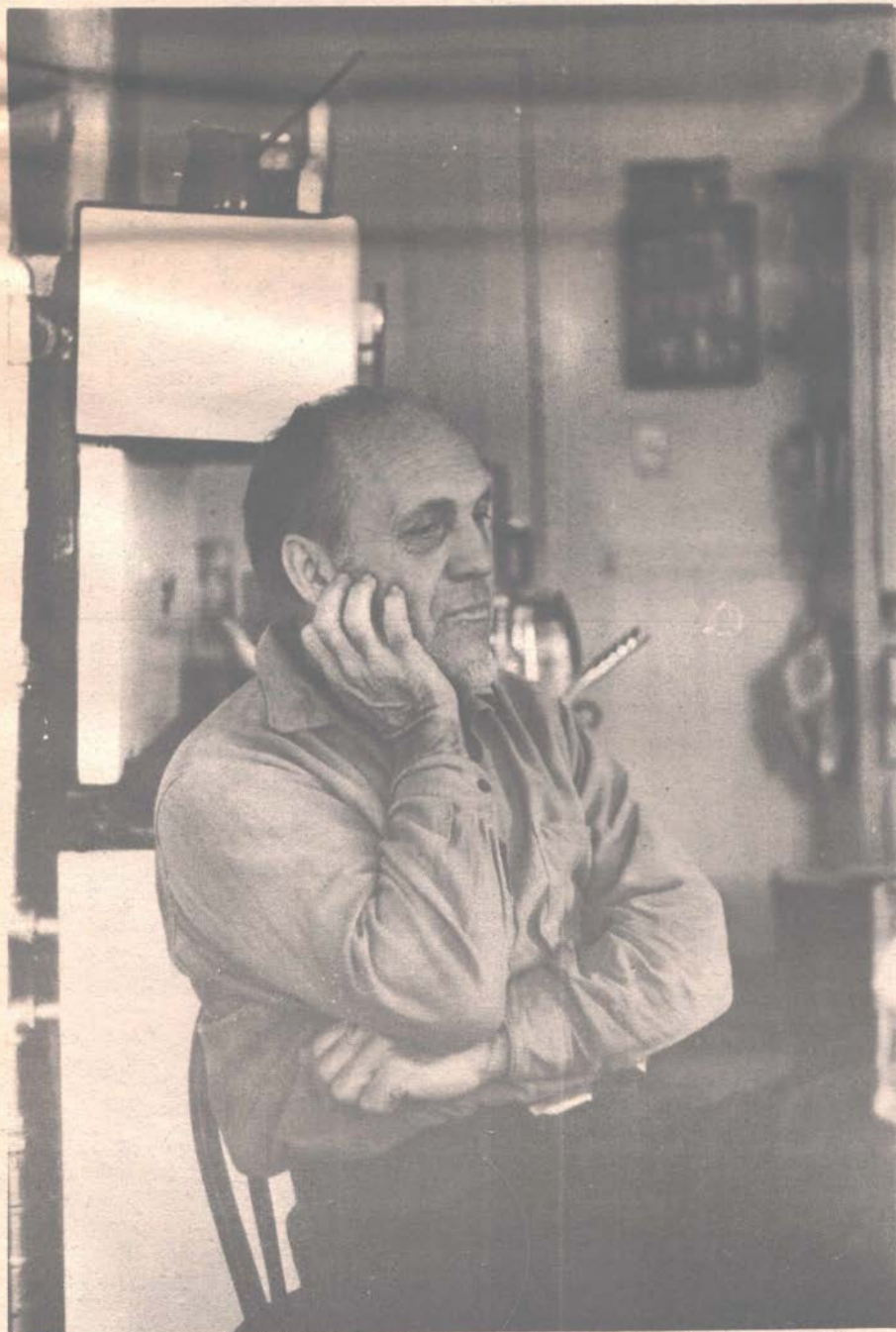
tires and they eat hydraulic lines on trucks and cars. I had a nice hose I had just bought for my pump for my gasoline and they ate it all.

Do you want to spend the rest of your life here?

I hope so. One year I took a trip to Acapulco, I was thinking that if things get really bad, well, it gets so cold here you want to move south, but instead of going to Florida like most people, maybe we would go down to Mexico, and buy a farm there or something, so I went down to see how it was. I came to the conclusion that I wouldn't want to live there. As far as living in a land which is better than Canada, it is very hard to find.

So you've made a real study of animals?

Yes, when we came here, we were looking for a way of surviving here and I thought maybe we could make a living, we were looking for a farm, the same as



Fernand Leduc

The Lost Nation

young people today. She was a writer, I had a printing shop, I figured I should print, you see.
Mrs. L: And when I was in Sherbrooke, they had correspondents all over the Townships, when I was reading the

Leduc's neighbours call him 'the man of the mountain'. He knows the animals, the plants, the medicinal herbs, the ski trails.

news, I was learning about all the places in the Townships. But it's hard to make a living on this mountain. In order to make a living, we were investigating a lot of possibilities. One was medicinal herbs, could we cultivate them and would there

be a market, so I wrote to most of the stores asking if they would be interested and they wrote back and said, we don't use them anymore, all synthetics, mostly, and that there were only a few who would buy them. And those who

would buy, would buy from a recognized agent, many from overseas. I could see there was not a market for that, but we were also collecting mushrooms, and we got to know most of the species that were growing around here.
Did you find a lot of herbs?

Yes, there's all kinds of herbs. What herbs are you interested in? We've got everything. Ginseng, I found a place where there are a few plants. Then there is the gold thread, which is the remedy everybody uses in French Canadian folklore, this is worth \$6.00 a pound, the root, but it would take a lot of roots to make one pound. No trouble to find herbs. You have to do a lot of walking before you find a plant, then you must be careful not to deplete your supply. A farmer used to grow lots of Boston ferns. It is one of the ferns that you can take out of the woods and grow in your house. The others are nice, but they die when you transplant them.

BOURGET STEREO

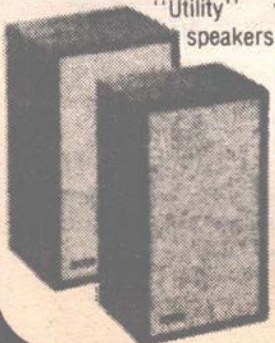
"THE TRUE SOUND SPECIALISTS"

Where you get more for your money



MARANTZ - 2238 AM FM STEREO RECEIVER
38 Watts per Channel into 8 Ohms, Minimum Continuous Power Output from 20 Hz to 20 kHz, with no more than 0.1% Total Harmonic Distortion. Dual Gate MOSFET FM Front End. Phase Locked Loop FM Multiplex Demodulator. Full Complementary Direct Coupled Output.

2 Advent "Utility" Speakers
List Price \$1082.00
SPECIAL \$889.



Shure No. 93 Ed Cartridge

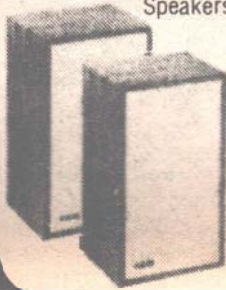


Thorens NO-T0-160 Mark 11 Turn Table



MARANTZ - 2226 AM FM STEREO RECEIVER
26 Watts per Channel into 8 Ohms, Minimum Continuous Power Output from 20 Hz to 20 kHz, with no more than 0.3% Total Harmonic Distortion. Dual Gate MOSFET FM Front End. Phase Locked Loop FM Multiplex Demodulator. Full Complementary Direct Coupled Output.

2-Advent Smaller Speakers
List Price \$879.00
SPECIAL \$729.



Super SM5 Cartridge



Dual No. 502 Turntable

JR-S100 MARK II FM AM STEREO RECEIVER

Output Power: 20 Watts per channel, min. RMS, both channels driven, into 8 Ohms from 40 Hz to 20,000 Hz, with no more than 0.5% total harmonic distortion. Usable FM Sensitivity: 12.1 dBf 50dB Quieting Sensitivity (Stereo): 38.3dBf FM Capture Ratio: 2.5dB FM Att. Ch. Selectivity: 50dB FM S/N Ratio (Stereo): 65dB. Dimensions: 6-5/16" H x 19-11/16" W x 13-3/16" D. Weight: 17.2 lbs.

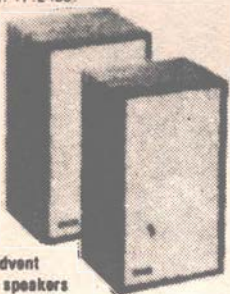


Supex SM-15 Cartridge



List Price \$690.00
SPECIAL

\$549.



2-Advent Smaller speakers

JL-AZD AUTOMATIC-RETURN BELT DRIVE
Motor: 4-pole synchronous Wow & Flutter: 0.06% (WRMS) S/N Ratio: 63dB (DIN-B) Platter: 12" aluminum die-cast Tonearm: Statically-balanced. Dimensions: 5-1/8" H x 18-1/8" W x 14-1/2" D. Weight: 13.2 lbs.



QUAD 405 - ACOUSTICAL AMPLIFIER

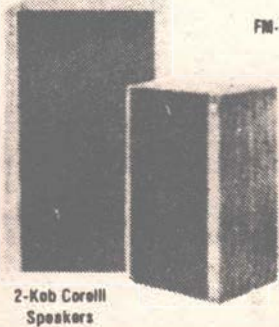
For the best in sound reproduction



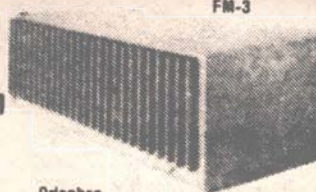
List Price \$1699.00
SPECIAL

\$1395.

Quad 33 Pre-Amplifier. Design Council Award 1976, England. Deutscher FM-3



2-Kob Correll Speakers



Oriophon VMS-20-E



Thorens T0-160 Mark II Turntable



Fernand Leduc shows us the stone house he is building for a workshop.

I've been prospecting for everything here, woods, plants, minerals, and I have come to the conclusion that there is a bit of everything, if you want to make a living out of it, it is just like the prospector who is faced with a lean quarry. I mean you work 7 days a week and what you get in return is more or less like a steady salary, you see. It is very nice, thinking that you are going to get rich one day. It is more fun, maybe, than working for a steady salary at a place where they pay more. But look at the wood, for instance, now the wood is very expensive. I could sell wood by the cord and that would bring a good return now, but not a big return because now you get \$30 a cord for wood, but look at the price you pay for food. It is four times what it was— that's inflation for you. Somebody might say, oh boy, if I had all those woods, I would cut them and make millions of dollars, but look what you can buy with your money. I know farmers that are saying those who sold their farms never saw the price of the money for their land, but they were able to buy something suitable to their taste with that money. They were able to buy a house in Knowlton. Today, they can get money for their land, but they find out that the house in Knowlton is \$30,000 now and they get only \$15,000 for their land. So, they are not getting anywhere. But those people who sold their land in Lost Nation got what they wanted, because they were old and they wanted to get out of here before they really got stuck in here, sick and

Authorized Distributor
McIntosh, Crown Radford, Denon
Quad, J.V.C., Marantz Advent,
ESSK-EF-ALTEC.

5 YR. PROTECTION PLAN
The real stereophonic salon offer-
ing quality brand stereos. Easy
payment plan available.

BOURGET STEREO
155 KING EAST - SHERBROOKE - 569-4242

The Lost Nation

whatnot, unable to get a doctor in or able to get their groceries, so they moved near town where there are a lot of people and always someone to bring groceries. They were able to do that, but nowadays you get a lot of money for what you have, but in return you can't buy very much for it.

When I came here there was a fellow who used to advertise farms for sale, \$400, 40 acres. Who would buy 40 acres?, I need 100 acres. Sure you could buy it for \$400, but that was a lot of money at that time.

One couldn't do too much with the land here. The more you dug, the more you found rocks. Beautiful rocks to make fences with, but what did you get in the long run, not too much for your work. When they sold to me, they were thinking they had made a good deal because as far as farms were concerned, it wasn't worth very much. They knew, they were farmers. There were a lot of good farmers around, they made a living and some even made a little money, but where did their children go? Their children were able to get an education and found out there were better ways of making money than working the land. Those people were from the country and they moved to the city. Probably their children will move out to the country again and try to make a living, but by that time they'll have to go back to the axe and chop the wood.

Mrs. Leduc: This is what happened to the people who leave the country, the country children travel many miles to get an education. I went to Sherbrooke about 2 years ago and I was surprised by

There were a lot of good farmers here, they made a living, but where did their children go? They got an education and found out there are better ways of making money than working the land.



the size of the town. It used to be built only on the side of the two rivers, the Magog and the St. Francis. I went back to see a friend and all the hills are covered with houses and it looked as though it had snowed houses. The hills are all covered and there are no trees anymore, trees gave a special look to the town. Now there is a University there and the young people can leave the country to get a University education. I went to a restaurant and when I was there, a Frenchman came in and he was waiting for someone and standing by and I said, why don't you sit down and have a cup of

coffee with me. He sat down and he said, that is strange, the river is running the wrong way. I said, there are two rivers in Sherbrooke.

When I went to school, we had classes, not polyvalent, the school was in a parish. One was given the fundamentals of learning and then you could learn by yourself depending on what you wanted to do, but now they are given credits for all sorts of things and they work while they are studying. Before, our parents were looking after us and we left school at 16, 17 or 18. I was telling this girl, why don't you put

your economies together and buy a farm, she was asking the same questions that you are, whether you can live from nature. You cannot, that is impossible, you have to do something that brings you enough so that you can eat.

Mr. Leduc: One thing that interests me, during wartime they used to have buses that ran on charcoal and wood. You know that?

No, I don't.

Funny, you don't know that and you all go for this windmill business, sun power and that. During the war, they had to get some energy, you know, they were running buses on charcoal. Why don't they talk about that now. You could see those big buses chugging along, a tank of the side looked like a water tank and this was a charcoal burner.

There used to be a circular put out by the government, on the use of forest products and at that time they used to tell you how to use charcoal to run motors. Also, how to make ethyl alcohol from sawdust. You take sawdust and by hydrolysis with a weak acid solution, you can turn it into galactose, ferment it and the first thing you know, you have ethyl alcohol. Fifty per cent of the sawdust can be turned into galactose. It has been used on an experimental scale for feeding animals, a molasses is made from it, mixed with roughage, and it is used as an animal feed. I am not in a position to follow up on what has been done on this, you see. I don't know what the results have been on that, but this was to use a lot of this wood which is no good, around here, the wood from the sawmills. I always had this sinking feeling at that time that the only reason

AUBERGE LAC BROME
RESTAURANT
Viking
BROME LAKE COUNTRY INN

Location: 60 miles east of Montreal, Exit 90 from the Eastern Townships Autoroute (Route 10), then Route 243 south for four miles to Brome Lake.

Our Viking Dining Room is open for:

Breakfast from 8 a.m. to ?

Lunch from noon to 3 p.m.

Supper from 6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

Tea, coffee, French onion soup, open face sandwiches, pastry and pie is served anytime throughout the day.

The Maple Bucket Bar is open from noon to midnight.

Our speciality is a Danish smorgasbord (which is a hot and cold feast), and is served every night through the winter from the 17th of Dec. We also have a full a la carte Menu, with steaks, seafood and, as a must, Brome Lake Duckling. Small cross-country ski trail on the Inn's grounds. No charge.

YOUR HOSTS:
IRENE AND PREBEN MOHR

BOX 63 FOSTER, QUEBEC JOE 1R0
TEL. 1 (514) 243-5755

159 QUEEN ST.

LENNOXVILLE

567-4344

The Wool Shop

"COME IN AND
BROWSE AROUND"

"VENEZ FAIRE
UN TOUR"



THE SMALL SHOP OF GOOD THINGS
FOR MEN AND WOMEN

KNITTING YARNS
HUDSON'S BAY BLANKETS
MOHAIR OVERTHROWS
FINE WOOL SWEATERS
SLACKS, SKIRTS, DRESSES

We invite you to come in and browse

M. FERNE MURRAY, MANAGER

The Lost Nation

Not against nature, we live with nature. We live with the adversity. I am here to live, not to make a living.

they were not using it was because they had no means of collecting the taxes on it. Gasoline is very handy in this way. How could you show that you picked up some wood on the road? Why aren't they talking about it more?

Basically, I think it is because there are too many vested interests in the government, and industry.

You think so, eh, lately I've read another thing, too, Germany went to war with practically no ways of getting gasoline. They made all their gasoline and it was made not of wood, but of coal. Why don't they get into this research business and produce oil that could beat the price of the Arabians. There is a guy in Austin, Texas who has developed a method of recycling garbage which not only gives you methane, but crude oil as well, but they won't touch it. It's like the car business, they can build a car that will last forever, but nobody will buy a new car then. You could run a motor with wood. I'll try one of these days when I get my place fixed up.

Do you still make silkscreens?

I make Christmas cards. During the war, I was in Army intelligence and studying Japanese. I was working with the Canadian corp, then transferred to the British intelligence, then to the French intelligence, in Indo-China. I made this one with a stencil. This was photographic silkscreen. When you do work with lacquers, you have to ground your frame or the static electricity will separate the lacquer. We used to use gelatin paper but now they have better processes and produce finer detail easily.

There all kinds of things that keep you busy in winter time. The more time I have in front of me, the more time I can investigate. I can study rocks and algae around here.

Projects this winter?

I've been working more on electronics - trying to repair TV's. I branched off into integrated circuits which I find very interesting. I am trying to make a frequency control now. I made a little counter which could go up to 60 and would then go haywire. So I made it so I could calculate per minute.

I am interested in mineralogy too. I check the ash from the trees as this is a good idea of mineral content in that area. I didn't find any gold but I found a loose rock of quartz which had copper in it. It was copper bearing, gold bearing, quartz, but it was a loose rock. I work as a one man affair, not a corporation.

Don't you think the people did all right up here even if it was 'survival'?

Oh no, I wouldn't say that. As a matter of fact, if this is known as Lost Nation, it is because it was really the back range and people from Knowlton figured this was Lost Nation. There is the story about the minister but from what I gather, people from Knowlton always laugh at the people out here because they figured they are poor people and never came to Knowlton except to get some grain or salt and things and they were really poor. The people have gone down to the States and worked in the cotton mills, lumber camps—they were just making a living. Okay, they kind of enjoyed themselves in a way, but nobody really is miserable in life unless

he is sick and everybody is on him. Nobody pushed them down, but their standard of living was very, very low. When we came here, this house had been inhabited before, but there was no electricity, no plumbing, no nothing. People had to go out in the snow—maybe they enjoyed it, but for people who are getting on, they were scared because they knew if they didn't have the strength, they wouldn't be able to survive. They shovel the whole driveway to the road. We didn't think of it. We just made a place for the car near the road and we got on our skis and just lived with the winter. Not against nature, we live with nature. I am here to live, not to make a living.

What were you saying about your dream house?

A house on the knoll there where you can see the mountains and that. I'm getting pretty good working with stone, I'm always experimenting and I don't go by the book. I found I could build very cheaply with the stones around here—I can make two walls and put a lot of insulation in between. I would insulate the house 100% for the heating up on the knoll there where it is exposed to all the winds. In the old times they didn't care so much about insulation. They did what they called 'fire-away'. They made a filmy house where the air was not really right but, they had good wood and good furnace. When it was really cold they would 'fire away'. You always see that all those houses have doors in the kitchen below the stairs. When they were stuck, they could live in the kitchen. They would close all the doors if they needed to and live in the kitchen with the stove. Maybe that was a week in the year when they would all move into the kitchen.

I'll stay here as long as I can. I'd rather die here than die in the city.

What brought you to this area?

My wife and I have been camping all around the Province of Quebec and we got tired of camping and wanted to have a place of our own.

Where did you originally come from?

Montreal. My wife was born in Piopolis on the other side of Megantic. Mrs. Leduc: The first thing I remember about my mother when I was a child was the first day she was brought to Montreal from Megantic. My father had brought his horse and lorry to work with him. My mother crossed from the back to the front of the house and I was holding onto her dress. She took a look at the street and she looked up at the sky and she said as though she was taking it as a witness 'there is no place where you can put your foot on Earth here.' That awakened me. That was my first remembrance as a child. I could see she was suffering—coming from the farm in the country to the city. A lot of people left the Megantic area.

Mr. Leduc: We like it here in winter too because I do a lot of skiing. And the road is always open, especially on school days. We live with the adversity. It is all part of the game. No complaint about that or the weather or the amount of snow. If you can't get out, nobody can get in, so we won't be bothered by people and we can live very cosily in our house and do our things. To me there is nothing nicer than a big storm. It is beautiful to look at the mountain and it is changing. If we are stuck for food, I can take my skis and go down the hill to the store.

The Brome County Historical Society
Town of Brome Lake
(Knowlton) Quebec

is pleased to announce that

Yesterdays of Brome County Volume Three

is now available

Approximately 200 pages of text, photographs and other features. All concerning Brome County. A valued library selection and historical reference.

Your support enables our society to continue the variety of services we provide each year.

PLEASE SEND YESTERDAYS OF BROME COUNTY VOLUME III

.....hard covers at \$10.00-.....
.....soft covers at \$6.50-.....

Postage extra

name.....
Name.....
Address.....
Advance payment of \$..... enclosed.

Great gift idea

NEW IN DOWNTOWN SHERBROOKE

njw decor
FURNITURE
LAMPS
KNICK KNACKS
DRAPES
RUGS
FLOOR COVERINGS

NATIONAL WALLPAPER & PAINTS LTD
156 Wellington St. N. **CPL**

RUGS
- Harding, Burlington, Crossley, Bigelow.
- Imported carpets
- Installation service

FLOOR-COVERING
- Vinyl
- Armstrong, Amitco, GAF
- Installation service.

ORIGINAL GIFT IDEAS
- Lamps
- Picture Frames
- Clocks
- Knick Knacks

FURNITURE
- Hard-to-find imports
- Traditional and contemporary styles

TAPESTRIES
- Vinyl, Birge, Sunworthy.
- Fine Imports
- Unlimited Choice

DRAPES
- Made-to-measure
- Interior decorating service

IDEAS for home decoration
EXPERIENCED INTERIOR DECORATORS AT YOUR SERVICE

QUALITY PAINTS
Ciltone
Satin Luster
Interior

ADAM AUTOMOBILES

CHEVROLET Sales
Parts Service
OLDSMOBILE

GOOD USED CARS
Bombardier - Ski-Doo

ski-doo
Sales - Parts - Service
541 Main W. Coaticook
Tel. 849-6122

The Lost Nation

This was all virgin forest through here and had never had an axe in it.



Remember that I told about my father's horses going over the cliff? Yes.

Well, we were up here playing way up in the attic, when we saw it, we could see 3 miles away down the road. The land was much more cleared in those days. That's where we slept, the kids, because my mother had the rest of the house full and that was our playroom as well, so we were way up in this attic on this blustery cold day and my father was rolling the roads, and all of a sudden he just disappeared as if, well, he just disappeared. So, we didn't know what had happened because we couldn't see him anymore so we went down and told

our mother about it, and she knew what had happened because the road was narrow and there was a tremendous amount of snow and my father had some new Clydesdale horses and they were great, big, fat fellows with great, big feet, with the fur on their feet, you know what the Clydesdales are like, and gee whiz, they had started to crowd because the road was narrow and they fell off that road over the cliff and they tangled all up in the harnesses and in the roller and my father was there up to his armpits trying to calm them down. The cliff was perhaps 150 ft. deep with snow all the way up. If we hadn't seen him, I think he would have perished there. The horses

INTERVIEW WITH PEARL GRENIER

The lost nation was one of the most active areas in Brome County, during the war years and before that, too. This was all virgin forest through here and had never had an axe in it. In 1856 it was settled and it never had an axe in that forest on either side and these big companies came in there like the Singer Sewing Machine Co. and they cut for years, until 1927 and that is what made the business. There's another thing about the Christmas trees that were taken out of there. There was an outfit called Herman's from Pennsylvania and they would come there early in the fall, say, around October and they would cut until the end of November, cut Christmas trees, little spruces, and both my brothers used to work for them, tying them up in bundles, and cutting them. My father used to draw them out from the woods with his team and they were piled up, my goodness, like stacks of hay all along there wherever the woods were. They'd stack them up there and then bring them and put them in cars, the CPR ran through Brome at the time. There were always trains there waiting, you know, and my father drew 7 carloads off from our farm along one fall, 7 carloads, that's a lot of trees.

That was a good market, that was something that they would make quite a few hundred dollars at. Our farm had the most of them, for some reason, I don't

know why. Our farm had more Christmas trees than all the others put together.


After they had cut Christmas trees, another outfit came in and cut hemlock limbs, they had great big knives and they would chop the limbs off with these big knives. There was a baling outfit right in front of that rock I showed you there, in front of our house and they looked just like bales of hay when they got them all pressed and tied up. They went to Pennsylvania, New York, and Boston and whatever.

Another thing too, besides that, was bark, bark from the hemlock and spruce. They told me that they used them in the tanneries, to tan hides. That's what that was used for, but that was such a messy operation, nobody wanted to do it very much. If you peeled that, your hands were nothing but gum and after they were piled up, it left such a mess around, all those bits of bark everywhere, but that was another source of revenue.


The lumber camps, they're the ones that gave the big money. Everybody that had a spare room had boarders. We were the nearest to the lumber camp from the Lost Nation, because part of our property was sold to them, you see, for the timber, and the bosses of the lumber camp didn't like to eat what they furnished their men to eat, so they used to board at my mother's house where they could get good home made food, nice home made bread and all that good cooking my mother did. She was an excellent cook and she always had the house crammed up, as much as it could hold.



Christmas trees from Lost Nation being loaded on train



Jacques Guay Sports Inc.



SPECIAL OFFER ON JOHN DEERE SNOWMOBILES

Now you can buy on credit... without interest, until March.

By buying a new John Deere snowmobile before November 30, 1977, you can take advantage of John Deere financing, without interest until the 1st of March, 1978. After March 1st, you can choose to pay the balance or continue financing from your John Deere Dealer. A normal down payment is required and the payments begin January 1st, 1978.

Cash price	\$1,595.00
Down Payment 25%	398.75
Financing	1 196.25
Credit charges	144.60

The total amount of 1,340.85 is payable in 3 equal monthly payments without interest, of \$79.75 starting January 1st, 1978, and 18 monthly payments with interest of \$61.20 starting April 1st, 1978. The annual interest rate applied to the amount to be financed after the interest-free period expires is 17.9%

Come see us today and take advantage of this exceptional offer on a John Deere snowmobile.

845-4992 AT THE TRANSQUEBECOIS TRAFFIC CIRCLE

Draper Insurance Agency Inc.

INSURANCE BROKERS — COURTIERS D'ASSURANCES
311 MAIN STREET
COWANSVILLE, P. Q.
J2K 1J4

INSURANCE BROKERS TO EASTERN TOWNSHIPPERS FOR OVER 70 YEARS

FOUNDER:
FRANK E. DRAPER

R.J. Hauser
President

1907

E. Draper-Hauser
Secretary-Treasurer

Commercial & Residential Insurance, Farm Insurance Specialists

[514] 263-0393

The Lost Nation

On their wedding night, they walked into the forest with an axe and a bundle of clothing. They built a lean-to to sleep in. They never left. They cleared 400 acres of land and were wealthy when they died.

would have, too, because they were all strapped up and tangled up.

They had to cut the harnesses and it was a new set of harnesses that my father had just bought, russet leather, imagine, he had paid a fortune for it and he could have cried over his harnesses, well, we said to him, never mind the harnesses, you're safe, that's the main thing. But they had to, on the upper side of the road, there were some big trees, and they had to put pulley blocks in the trees and put belts on the horses and they just pulled them right out of there.

They never could be hitched up again all winter, they were scairt, they were just terrified. They were all right to look at in the barn, but we couldn't use them on the road. That's what he had bought them for, because they were big and stout and he thought they could roll the roads easier than the smaller ones. There was a lot of exciting little things going on.

My father was a mailman on a stage coach in the States. Besides being a French-Canadian Texas cowboy, he drove a stagecoach when he was a young man. They used to have six horse stagecoaches, and he drove passengers as well. So, he was a great horseman.

That's why he came back to Canada because he wanted a farm of his own and he wanted horses, that's what he wanted. So my mother said that it wasn't a good move because he had a wonderful job down there, and so did she. She worked in Connecticut, there were the cotton mills there and she was a weaver. She did weaving, that was her trade.

So, they both were getting what was considered good money and all these



people that came back, you see, although some of them had been born here, they went down there and married there and brought their husbands back, so they were actually people from Massachusetts and Boston and what have you, they were not just the U.E.L.'s, you know, well they came back to Canada, you see and settled here, happened to settle in that virgin country where there was nothing but woods and they bought it cheap, in fact I think they were granted land for clearing so many acres, you see, they didn't actually have to pay out any money. So they built their own log houses and pioneered, in other words. My grandfather did the same

thing on, you know where Foster Mountain is? You know where Glen Mountain is? Yes.

Have you ever seen that tower that is up there on the mountain, you can see it from the highway? Well, that was my grandfather's farm, where my mother was born and brought up. That was all forest. My grandfather went up there with his axe the day he was married, him and his wife and they made a lean-to in the forest and they slept in it that first wedding night. Well, they never left the place and they cleared 400 acres of land with that axe. 400 acres! He didn't do it in a minute, but he cleared them, and

his back, him and his wife, my grandmother.

And that was wild country, too. Nothing but, and it was timber that made him rich, cutting timber. At first, they couldn't sell it at all, there was no way to transport it. They used to burn it to get potash and carry the potash to Waterloo on his back, to get a bag of cornmeal or flour and gradually, bit by bit, they developed and he built a beautiful home and barn, he had 40 milking cows when I was a little girl. The buildings have both burnt since he died. My grandmother died in 1928.

They were strong people.

You bet they were strong people! They brought up a family of 8. And of course, my mother went to school—it's so fascinating when you think of it—we were the only French family in Lost Nation. We were actually the only French family that considered themselves French in Lost Nation. All our neighbours were English Protestants and we were French Catholics. If they had originally been—I had to laugh, one of the kids was calling the other a frog. And I said, a frog, he was just as French as the one he was calling a frog only he didn't know it, you know, because his people had anglicized their name and actually he should have been just as French as the one he was calling a frog. It was ironic.

We all went to the Lost Nation school which was an English school and we were all educated in English; we were French, but we were educated in English, so that's why I can't remember when I couldn't speak both languages. And my father and mother were the

Tel. (514) 534-2274



hg CENTRE stéréo & tv CENTER

813 rue Shefford st. Bromont, Que.



- AMS
- A D C
- T D K
- B S R
- BOSE
- KOSS
- PILOT
- SHARP
- LENCO
- KLIPCH
- REVOX
- AKAI
- SANSUI
- PIONEER
- LLOYDS
- LUX
- GRUNDIG
- HY-GAIN
- BEOMASTER
- NAKAMICHI
- CELESTIAN
- CONNOISSEUR

SPÉCIAUX DES FÊTES / XMAS SPECIALS
QUANTITÉ LIMITÉE LIMITED QUANTITY

- 1 Kenwood KR 2600 receiver 30 watts RMS
- 1 Kenwood KD-1033 Turntable belt drive manual
- 1 Audio technica at 10 cartridge
- 2 Kenwood LSM 200 speakers 2 way base reflex



PRIX DE VENTE SALE PRICE
\$399⁰⁰

PLAN MISE DE CÔTE DISPONIBLE LAYAWAY PLAN AVAILABLE

Panasonic Special

- RF 1150 AM-FM 6 band Radio
- Reg. \$179.95
- Sale 127.95

Limited Quantity



- B & W
- BIC
- SONY
- ELAC
- AWAI
- CRAIG
- TEAC
- SENTRY
- ZENITH
- CANDLE
- TOSHIBA
- PACE
- PHILLIPS
- TECHNICS
- MARANTZ
- GARRARD
- KENWOOD
- ACCUPHASE
- PANASONIC
- DOKORDER
- ELECTROVOICE

OUVERT LES VENDREDIS JUSQU'À 9:00 P.M.
OPEN FRIDAYS UNTIL 9:00 P.M.
FERMÉ LES LUNDIS / CLOSED MONDAYS

ÉQUIPEMENT D'AUTO CAR EQUIPMENT
FOUR MICRONDES MICRO WAVE OVENS
ÉQUIPEMENT DE VOITURE CITIZEN BAND

IMPRIMERIE DUVAL INC. WATERLOO, QUE.



that's what they had, what they had on their backs, their bundle of clothing and one axe. And I think they told me a little pig and cow that their fathers had given them. That's what they started with. They fed the pig with cow's milk and had their own milk and made their own butter and he was a wealthy man when he died. Besides being wealthy on his own right, he had given every one of his sons a farm when they got married, as a gift. And that's how he started out, with his axe on

same, my mother went to English schools, too.

It took a lot of courage those days to go to an English school. The priest used to threaten excommunication if they let their kids go to a Protestant school and the only way it was allowed was if the parents promised to ask the teacher to not give them Protestant instruction from the Bible. That was supposed to be, but my folks were broad-minded enough to know that there was nothing harmful in the Bible. We learned the ten commandments and we learned bits of this and that from the Bible and Bible lessons, Sunday school sort of thing and we never bothered about that, we were taught like the rest of them, so there was never any distinction made. So that's why I don't know if I'm a fish or a frog. But everybody thinks—I don't know how many English people have said—that they have no idea that I am French. They said they didn't think I sounded French.

A few years ago, too, Glen Brown, when this business of French and

BILINGUAL AUCTIONEER

COMPLETE AUCTION SERVICES

Auction House
Lennoxville—Tel. 567-7510
Sawyerville—Tel. 889-2272

ART BENNETT

The Lost Nation

There were 60 young people growing up, about even boys and girls, and we had parties about 3 times a week...Yes, dance til morning. Now, you'd never believe it was the same place. It seems like a dream.

English started, he was a Member of Parliament, and he sent out a letter asking me, especially, would I write and tell him what I thought of teaching French in schools, English schools.

And I wrote back and I told him, if you teach it, as it was taught to me, it is better being left out entirely, but if you are going to teach it, teach it properly and I would agree it is valuable if it is taught properly, but to be taught the French that we were taught in my time in the English schools, it was absolutely worthless. For one thing, the teachers couldn't pronounce it right. We spoke French at home and we'd laugh our heads off over the pronounciations of the teachers. One thing that always set us to giggling was my mother grew turkeys and the turkey gobbler would be a 'dinde', you know, and the teacher used to call it a 'ding-dong', and we'd go into a riot, you know (laughter) and another thing, 'pupitre', meaning 'desk', she'd say 'pewpit', and that would set us off again. Well, she wasn't to blame, the poor girl didn't know, had never been taught any more properly than what she was trying to teach us. (laughter). We used to have a pretty wild time. But now I don't know what is going to come of it.

Don't you think, though, it's a good thing, it sounds as if it is dictatorship to some people, but it is such an advantage to be able to speak both languages. Oh yes, there is really no sense in living here without both. Not only just here, I've travelled quite a lot in the last few years since I've been retired and, no matter where you go, clear across or else to the

U.S., there are French in Connecticut Boston, I couldn't believe it and this little town of Swanton, you know, about every second name is a French one. They've anglicized their names, but they speak French in the banks, in the stores, everywhere. Fantastic. In Connecticut, it's just the same and a lot of New York. I've been to international meetings down there with the international ladies group and you hear more French down there than you do in the Town of Knowlton. It is the same too, up in Ontario, a lot in Ontario. Niagara Falls, I heard a lot of French there. I don't know whether it is Québécois that have settled there or what, but there is an awful lot of it. I'd rather speak it myself, I prefer it, French is beautiful spoken, it is a nice language. Of course, I speak what they would call joul, Québécois French, you know. I admire anyone who can speak both fluently, like, it is a pleasure to hear Mr. Trudeau speak it, eh? I don't like Parisian French myself. I can understand everything that is being said when Trudeau and Levesque speak or some of the other Quebec French, but boy, I've had friends that spoke Parisian French and there is ever so many things that just go in one ear and out the other. I wouldn't want to ask them to repeat it because I wouldn't know it then.

Well, the old settlers are all gone, I'm 68 and I've lived quite a while. There is one thing I could tell you about is the school up here. We had parties and church services in there, but when they closed the school in 1938, I believe it was, well, when they started getting the

kids out of there to bring them down to Knowlton to the Knowlton High School, they picked them up with a snowmobile. My brother-in-law, Gordon, is the first man that drove the snowmobile and he used to go way up into the mountain after them and the roads weren't plowed the way they are now, that's why they had the snowmobile, almost like one of these ski-doo's, but it was a big thing and they could put 25 kids in there. He used to go right over stone walls and everything else, anywhere, when he wanted to take shortcuts, he was going through the fields. Then they used to take the doctor up there, if anybody was sick or anything, they would take the snowmobile, and Gordon was kept pretty busy with that.

Were you glad you grew up there?

Well, it was a happy childhood, I must say. I was glad to get out of there when I was old enough to, but we never felt we were missing anything. Good heavens, there was always some party going on somewhere, from one house to another. I counted 60 young people when I was growing up there, 60 young people about my age. And about even boys and girls, you know. We were always having a party going on at one place or another, about 3 times a week at least. Yes, dance til morning. Now, you'd never believe it was the same place, it's just enough to make you thing: is it possible? It seems like a dream. When I grew up there were big, big orchards, just beautiful orchards all over the place and lilac bushes and flowers and everything else, around every house. Today, I don't think you

could find an apple tree that produces any decent apples at all.

Did they die out, did they chop them down?

I don't know, neglect and worms and everything else, and we had a terrible windstorm, 1938, was it '38 or '28, 1928, I think. We had a terrible windstorm and that uprooted an awful lot of trees. My soul, we had three big orchards on that farm. There was every known variety of apples and there was another one across the road and another farm between us and Seebohms, that was a big orchard there, too. But today, you don't see any, just bush, bush, bush everywhere, wild.

It's funny, people were independent then, grew their own food and then electricity didn't come til 1958, fantastically late, but then everyone left a few years later. Everyone left.

But do you know what, it was never a farming area, it should never have been farmed because it was marginal land, either sandy or swampy, there was no medium, you know and where there was good soil, it was rocks, rocks and more rocks. It was mining country more than anything, you know. Either that or the water.

It would have made a beautiful park, because you could have developed it, with the water that was there because that brook crosses 7 times, it crosses 7 times in about 3 miles. It could have been a beautiful area for recreation, and lumbering, of course, the lumbering is what made it active and prosperous. Now, it looks decrepit. But those days, the houses were all in top-notch

Classical Record

All Deutsche single LP's
Reg. \$8.98 at \$6.99

Deutsche
Grammophon



8 DG. 2740172

Sugg. \$55.98

Special 39.98



272 H17 (2L.P.
Set) at \$8.98



Single Album
139010

Polydor

Introducing
**The sensational
Fischer Choir!**
The largest choir in the world.

2371 656

THE SENSATIONAL
FISCHER CHOIR

Brasil
Amazing Grace
Song Of Joy
Eviva Espana
Zchivago Melody
Elizabeth Serenade
...and others



2371 731

FROM THE FISCHER
CHOIR WITH LOVE

Tulips From Amsterdam
Midnight in Moscow
Chorus Of The Hebrew Slaves
Romeo
Blue Danube Waltz
Exodus
Funiculi Funicula
Vaya Con Dios
...and others

A MERRY CHRISTMAS
THE FISCHER CHOIR

2371-789

Jingle Bells
White
Christmas
O Ye Joyful



N. Gaumond, prop.

169 King Ouest

At least 12000 LP's in stock
Classical—Popular—Music Sheets

All Polydor single LP's
Reg. \$7.98 at \$5.99

The Lost Nation

THE OUTSIDE WORLD CAME TO US.

condition. When we bought that house in 1909, my father, how much do you suppose he paid for that farm? *I have no idea.*

Two hundred seventy five 'improved' acres, it was marked on the deed, with the buildings thereon, for \$500. Can you believe it? 1909. That's going some, eh? And I've got it copied down in my notes about different places, some of them was \$120 that they had bought them for. Most of them were log houses.

A concert violinist boarded here, artists were always coming, every summer we had visitors. We didn't know telephones existed but we were aware of good music.

My father built that shed on there, there wasn't a shed, but I remember the year he built it, it was all new pine boards and he hadn't had it built long when there came this awful hail storm, the hail stones were so big it looked as if you had taken a hammer and hammered the whole side of that building. It looked as if it had snowed, there was a foot of ice, they were as big as this, as big as eggs, and anything that was outside could have been killed easily, the way it came down and it chopped the leaves off the trees, it broke windows. But the whole new shed looked as if it had been hammered up. I think that was built about 1914, the shed onto the house. I think the dents in the wood the hail stones made are still quite evident.

You see that rock? I used to think it was a monstrous big rock and now its not very big. I used to think it was a great, big rock, I couldn't have been very old. I used to sit on it and play the accordian. My father used to think I was too young to play that accordian. He used to say 'she's going to hurt herself' because I used to have to pull it, you know, and it was a heavy one, a big heavy leather accordian. And that's how I learned to play.

Was it hard to come out of the Lost Nation? Did you feel that you had come from an isolated place and that you were a stranger in a big world?

No, because the outside world came to us! We had a concert violinist boarding with us for years. Whenever he got tired, after his concert tours were finished, he'd come up to our house and relax and have good food, and he loved it. And then we had artists coming to the Lost Nation and boarding.

The Lost Nation was always attractive to Gypsies and artists.

Yes. Every summer we had visitors, and my father and mother were both pretty intelligent people, actually, they were not highly educated, but they were interested in current affairs and we always had the newspapers and magazines and things around the house. We hobnobbed with cultured people, so we didn't feel that we were backwoodsmen when we came out, no I don't think so.

I had a lady asking me that same question and she said (she didn't know where I was from, I guess) she said 'Did you find that these people were a little,



Modern changes in Lost Nation: an old barn made into a beautiful home.

you know, woodsey, or something like that?' 'Oh, I said, 'I don't know, I was one of them'. (laughter)

The Lost Nation school had broad-minded teachers who did their utmost to broaden our outlook.

Oh, there were a lot of things we didn't know, for instance, we didn't have a telephone. We didn't even know it existed. We didn't have a radio or anything like that, but we had phonographs and there were a lot of musicians coming and going and art, of course, artists and we were aware of good music.

right smack through to Bolton Pass for less than \$50,000 - thousands of acres of land. But everyone was older, nothing was moving, everybody had left, practically all of the young people, at least, so they had a meeting here in the High School, the Government did, and Glen Brown was Member at that time and he arranged this meeting and it was to see if there was anyone that could come up with an idea that would help the whole county.

The highway through the Pass..... nothing they could do about it.

Also, the autoroute was just going through Bolton Pass at the time and cutting into people's property down there, and there was a lot of opposition to that on account that some people owned just a little patch of land on the left, or the right but couldn't do anything with it because there were such high banks, the road had been built up and they were expropriated, there was nothing they could do about it.

Government declared it a depressed area...could have been a park.

This meeting was called, and they wanted to know what could be done and did anyone have ideas that could help the general area. At that time Sutton Ski trails were just starting to be developed and Réal Belanger and his brother were at that meeting and he used to gather milk when he was young, for his father down that mountain and through that area and then finally they didn't have any more milk to buy so they stopped doing it and I suggested that if the Government would buy the whole area and turn it into a park and a game reserve, there was enough water there, no pond had been built and I suggested that the brook coming down from the mountain be dammed up and letting the ravine fill up with water, and 8 or 10 lakes could have been made. The Government man thought it was a good idea and that was the only thing he listened to. Not that I want to flatter myself. I got razed about it, everybody told me I had big ideas. And I said, the Government thinks big, they don't think of anything small.

Bingo, it was too late.

But nothing was ever done, but I wish to glory they had of. After that, this one and that one from Montreal comes in and buys the property and now bingo, it's too late. That would have been a very economical park, a beautiful park.

In 1958, electricity came. In 1960, the native residents of Lost Nation began to leave.

People who lived there for a long time, about what time did everyone start to leave? And the city people buy it? Did it happen quickly, or was it very gradual?

Well, I think around 1960 would be the time they started buying. My brother took over the farm when my father got too old and in 1960 that's when he sold. Then they bought a place in Brome. One of the Smith boys bought the new school that was built in 1938. They were local people, the Smiths, born there. They sold to some new people. And the old school, another local couple lived there, they sold to new people, now the whole neighbourhood is mostly new people. It looks pretty isolated, I think. That Smith house on top of the hill, there are trees growing there, covering the whole house, the driveway is filled with trees, grown there since it has been left. The man there used to jog from there to Knowlton with a pack on his back. He didn't have a car or anything. He was an artist.

Yes, we got electricity in 1958 and by 1960 the Lost Nation people were moving out. Now it's mostly new people. There aren't the parties and get-togethers there used to be. You know, what I think has done that? Television. Everyone sits at home and watches that box...

...You know, in the lumbering days, Lost Nation was a very prosperous place.

I think it was in 1964 or 65 the whole area of Lost Nation was called a depressed area and at that time we could have bought from Bissonnette's corner

Ferronnerie
NORTH HATLEY
Hardware INC.
MARCHAND GENERAL MERCHANTS
GILLES PELOQUIN



GILLES



FINDLAY OVAL

-Wood & coal burning heating & cook stove; extra-large cast iron & brick-lined pot; holds fire all night; many parts hand-made, buffed & nickle-plated; can bake 6 loaves of bread at a time & capable of cooking a meal for a dozen people; even better than the original Findlay's made in the 1920's.



FISHER STOVES

Fisher's controlled burn, wood energy heating devices are among the safest wood stoves on the market. They out-heat all competitive models and cost less.



JOTUL NO. 4

This top-quality stove is a 'combi-fire' model: fireplace with door open; airtight 'furnace' with door closed. The door opens out of sight underneath. Other Jotul models, too.

**WOODSTOVES ARE BACK!
WE'VE GOT THE BEST!**

Also: stovepipe, Selkirk insulated chimneys with all accessories

The Lost Nation

1

1. Matilda and Pierre Robert. Photo believed taken in 1869. Matilda was a Canadian Indian.



2



2. Pierre Mailloux, whose first wife was Matilda Robert II, with his second wife, Marguerite Blodeau

3



3. Emery Pierre Mailloux and Elizabeth Gauvin

Seven generations on film

Canadian museums are looking to family photo albums to retrace the past, and it is extremely rare to find seven generations of one family recorded by the camera's eye. Pearl Grenier is one fortunate person, as her family photo album goes back to the late 1860's and covers seven generations.

4



4. Pearl Mailloux Grenier and Mr. Grenier

5, 6, 7



5, 6 and 7th
The fifth, sixth and seventh generations in one photo—Laurie Grenier Fortin Orr, Julie Fortin Gosselin, and Dominique Gosselin.



A lot of the people on your Christmas list would enjoy the Sun this winter—and a whole year of it makes a nice gift. The first two gift subscriptions will cost \$7.50 and each additional subscription will be \$6.50 or \$6.00. A real savings and a lot of Sun.

<p>Each recipient will receive a gift card.</p> <p>Your Name and Address</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Cheque Enclosed \$ _____</p>	<p>2ND GIFT — \$7.50</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the Card _____</p>	<p>5TH GIFT — \$6.00</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the Card _____</p>
<p>1ST GIFT OR DONOR'S RENEWAL — \$7.50</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the card _____</p>	<p>3RD GIFT — \$6.50</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the Card _____</p>	<p>6TH GIFT — \$6.00</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the Card _____</p>
	<p>4TH GIFT — \$6.50</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the Card _____</p>	<p>7TH GIFT — \$6.00</p> <p>Name _____</p> <p>Address _____</p> <p>Province-Postal Code _____</p> <p>Sign the Card _____</p>

Clip and mail to the Townships Sun, Box 420, Waterville, P.Q., JOB 3HO

The Lost Nation

At first, the outsiders coming to the mountain were artists and city people seeking renewal in nature, trying to find themselves in the Lost Nation. But there are new visitors on the mountain today. They come in helicopters and they have big plans.

Second Section
Dec. 1977



This is what they came here for. This dark forest, this mountain, its trees, wildlife and water.

The mountain brought the people here. It fed them, it shaped their way of life.

The first settlers in Lost Nation were independent loggers. They cut the trees with cross cut saws, like Mr. and Mrs. Ben Betts, who worked together, cutting and hauling wood for a pittance. They lived a hard life, but a healthy one, and they were independent and free. It was better than working the cotton mills in New England. It was better than starving.

The mountain gave them wood to sell, wood to build their log cabins, wood to heat through the hard winter. The mountains gave them deer, rabbits, berries and herbs. High up on the mountain, Fullerton Pond maintained the water table, feeding the ice-cold streams that cascaded down the mountain, and you could catch from 50 to 70 trout in one outing.

The Lost Nation is the story of Canada in microcosm. There was free land in the wilderness and a hard living could be earned from it, and a tough and independent breed of pioneers took up the challenge and shaped the character of the country.

The independence is gone - the outside world came to the Lost Nation. The outsiders came for the same reason the pioneers had come—the mountain and its forest.

First came the big logging companies, buying up forest, pushing the independent loggers out, then hiring the same loggers, without independence this time, packing them into lumber camps, paying them low wages and feeding them coarse food that the bosses would not stoop to eat.

But the big logging companies also brought prosperity, relatively secure jobs for awhile, and they had the money to push into the forest, build the logging roads, and exploit the mountain for all it could provide.

The Singer Sewing Machine Company was one. If you have an old Singer

Sewing Machine at home, run your fingers across the wood top—that's Lost Nation wood you've got there. Be proud of it.

The mountain provided a living for the people clinging to its slopes. There were families of ten and twelve children, and they did alright. Wood to sell, wood to burn, Christmas trees to ship to Boston, orchards and gardens and a few cows, pigs and chickens and nobody on the mountain went hungry.

The mountain provided the opportunity to survive, but it also provided the limitations. Snowed in during the winter, the road washed out in the spring. Just a few years ago, the road was out for five weeks. To go anywhere was too far.

So the people made their own recreation—ski, snowshoe, parties, parties and more parties. The mountain shaped their way of life.

Soon a new kind of outsider began to visit the Lost Nation. Artists and musicians, seeking the inspiration of the beautiful scenery and rustic lifestyle, seeking a retreat from concert tours of the hectic cities, seeking renewal. Some of Colburn's paintings are of Lost Nation people. Concert violinists and various eccentrics brought high culture from the outside world to the pioneers of Lost Nation.

Then came the consolidated schools, the telephones, and in 1958, the miracle of electricity, as the empire of technology reached the most isolated outposts.

No one is independent in the Lost Nation today. There are no independent loggers, not even the rather quaint Singer Sewing Machine Company. Today, of the 38,000 acres of wild land on the mountain, two-thirds belong to Domtar, and there are signs on the trees saying 'Private Land, Domtar'. Just in case you might happen to forget.

There is no more farming to speak of ('haven't heard a cow bell for 20 years') and most of the orchards are gone. People buy their apples in the stores in Knowlton and South Bolton instead. Apples wrapped in cellophane, which may come from British Columbia or the States. (When the separatists talk about

'independence', ask them, 'independence from what?')

There are few parties, no local school, few children on the mountain. As Fernand Leduc says, the kids got an education and figured out that there's easier ways to make money than sawing down trees and scraping a farm out of a field of rocks in a mountain climate with an absurdly short growing season.

Could you make an independent living on the mountain today? You would have to give up all modern conveniences, and develop very strong muscles. There was really no choice in the pioneer days, but today there are choices, and people choose a steady income. Besides, you couldn't do any independent logging on the mountain as the pioneers did, because the mountain belongs to Domtar, and if the sound of a chain saw echoes into the valley, Domtar men soon arrive on the scene to see who is cutting their trees.

So the old way of life is gone in Lost Nation. Electricity came in 1958, by 1960, the native folks were moving out.

But the outside world continues to come to the Lost Nation, and for the same reasons—for the mountain, its woods, its wildlife, its water.

Mr. and Mrs. Betts regularly have people from Montreal driving the long climb up the hill to ask when they will sell their place, and for what price.

The people who want to live in Lost Nation today are people who, as Fernand Leduc says, want to live, not make a living. They want to live away from the ulcers of the city. They want to live with hiking and cross country skiing and deer that keep chewing the bark off your tamaracks, damn the critters.

The beaver waddle up to Fernand Leduc's door and he feeds them apples. To people who feel burned and ripped off by the harried twentieth century, to people for whom the evening news has become a horror show, to people who just can't and won't compete in the rat race anymore, the Lost Nation is a place where they go to find themselves.

To get unplugged from the integrated circuits of the electronic world village.

When we visited the Lost Nation, Ben Betts had his winter's supply of wood in, Fernand Leduc had his skis waxed, Ursula and Fritz Seeböhm had four freezers full of organically grown food from their garden, and a whole basement full of preserves, for the guests they will have this winter. The guests who come to ski.

Ursula Seeböhm herself marked the first trails over the Lost Nation mountain to the Fullerton Pond, and she has shown that you can make a living, on the mountain by sharing the delights of its wild nature with people from the city.

The gasoline engine did it. The Gypsies spent their summers at Lost Nation until the early twenties. Then they got cars and trucks and drove away and never came back. The gasoline engine brought school buses to take the children away; and most of the children never came back.

But today, the gasoline engine also brings the city people to the Lost Nation country. The mountain is a wildlife preserve, truly wild country, yet it is only one hour's drive from Montreal. It is rare, anywhere in the world, to find such a huge chunk of raw, beautiful nature so close to a major metropolis.

A small number of people can live there, and enjoy the wild country; a large number of people can vacation there, and learn about the nature of this wild land. See the country the pioneers saw; explore the forest the Indians knew.

The Lost Nation mountain is a rare ecological preserve. It is not related to the volcanic mountains on the plain towards Montreal. The Lost Nation mountain is the northernmost edge of the Appalachians, and it shares the Appalachian ecology and wildlife.

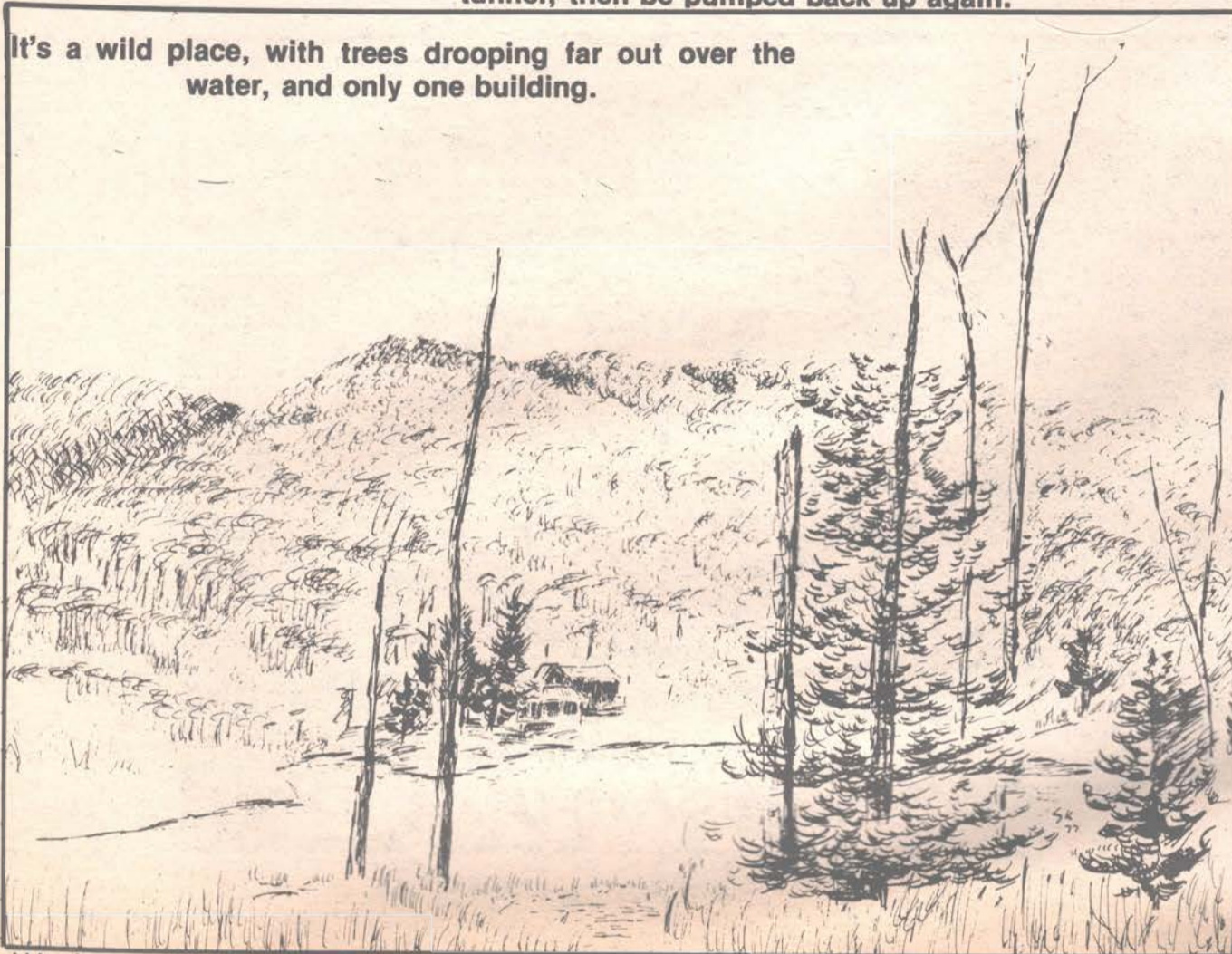
There are countless deer and bear on the mountain, and many rare species. Falcons, bluebirds, ospreys, martin and some claim to have seen the virtually extinct wild black turkey. There are countless beaver ponds high up in the hills and fish in the streams and ponds.

There is one pond in particular that is almost sacred to the skiers and hikers

The Lost Nation

Hydro Quebec has found the Lost Nation. The first dam will be 1.5 miles long and 16 stories high. The second dam will be 1.7 miles long and 15 stories high. The lake will flow down the mountain through an underground tunnel, then be pumped back up again.

It's a wild place, with trees drooping far out over the water, and only one building.



by Steve Kishewitsch

The old log house, uninhabited, on a beaver pond beside Fullerton Pond, is the only building. It was really cold up there, and I thought Steve would freeze his fingers while sketching this.

and nature lovers. It's called Fullerton Pond, and very few people have ever seen it. From the Lost Nation, it takes two and a half hours to get there on skis, through the forest and over the top of the mountain. From the Mansonville highway, the hike takes one and a half hours.

It's a mistake to call it a pond, it's really a mountain lake, covering fifty acres. Its pure, unpolluted water accumulates from the mountain springs, then feeds into Ruitter Brook, which cascades down the mountain towards Dunkin. Fullerton Pond maintains the water table for the whole mountain ecology. It's an isolated lake on top of a mountain, with no open road, no houses, except for one old uninhabited log house. It's only an hour from Montreal, yet it's as wild and lonely and isolated a place as you could find anywhere in the world. Few people outside the immediate area were even aware of its existence until recently.

But today the Fullerton Pond is the centre of a controversy, a microcosm of a debate that it going on throughout our society.

The outsiders are still coming to the mountain, but now they are coming with heavy technology. Ursula Seeböhm was the first to notice it.

She was up at the Fullerton Pond one day last year, and to her surprise, she discovered that a patch of the forest had been cut down, and the ground covered with a plastic sheet. A place to land a helicopter, she wondered? Who would come here with a helicopter? Who would have the money to do that? Who would be too lazy to hike?

And across the lake, she could see that a path had been cut through the forest. And near the outlet, there was some sort of strange scientific device, apparently measuring the flow of water.

Then she heard from Mr. Benoit, husband of Madame Benoit, Quebec's most famous cook, (they live on East

Hill, just around the corner of the Lost Nation mountain), that the new explorers of the mountain are from Hydro Quebec.

Hydro Quebec? No one took it seriously. How could they possibly make a Hydro project at Fullerton Pond? It would have to be very small. Ruitter Brook is so small, it would not provide much electricity.

Then one day Mrs. Seeböhm saw a tiny notice in The Sherbrooke Record, announcing that there would be a public meeting at the Mansonville Town Hall to discuss the Fullerton Pond Hydro Project.

And that's when the bombshell fell.

It would be a Hydro Project that would dwarf Manic 5. It would be a construction project that would change forever the ecology of the mountain and the way of life in the area.

Hydro engineers, who had probably never visited the mountain, discovered Fullerton Pond on their maps. They were not thinking about the way of life of the people on the mountain and in the valley below. They were not thinking about the need for recreational areas of unsurpassed beauty close to Montreal. They were not thinking about the osprey and the beaverponds and the wild black turkeys. They were not thinking about people, and animals, that want to live, instead of making a living.

They were thinking about energy. They were thinking about the cost of Arab oil, and the fact that the world will run out of oil in a few decades. They were thinking that by 1986, the James Bay project, just barely complete by then, will no longer be large enough to supply enough power.

And they realized that they had a real gem with this Fullerton Pond. First of all, they would not have to expropriate many people. (In 1974, Hydro secretly started planning the Fullerton project, in 1976, Domtar bought Fullerton Pond to

add to the two-thirds of the mountain that they already own. At the proposed Jacques Cartier River project north of Quebec City, it is also Domtar that owns the forestry rights. Hydro and Domtar seem to get along with each other quite well.)

And, Hydro realized, Fullerton is a lake on top of a mountain—you pour the lake down the mountain, and you can make electricity. But it's a small lake, so what to do about that?

Hydro came up with a brilliant idea, an engineering wonder! Pour the lake down the mountain to make electricity, then pump the lake back up the mountain and pour it down again to make more electricity. The perpetual motion machine invented at last.

What does this mean for the mountain and its people? Hydro wined and dined the important people of the area to tell them all about it, but the public is kept in the dark as much as possible.

Basically, what will happen to the mountain is this—Hydro will bring in one million truckloads of dirt—that's 333 truckloads a day, 300 days of the year, for five years. Hydro denies this figure, which was calculated by a private engineer, but Hydro refuses to make public any other calculation of their own.

This million truckloads of earth will be gathered somewhere, either from the slopes of the mountain, or from the farmland or the North Missisquoi River Valley, or from some very enormous hole in the ground. In any case, it will be topsoil or good earth of some type, because it cannot contain any rocks. It cannot contain any rocks, because if it does, the dikes will break, as several have recently in the United States, drowning everyone in the valley below. It has to be solid earth with no rocks.

This million truckloads of earth will be dumped in two places. First of all, on the



YC 8890—Carnival



Wow! A full 3 years warranty on parts and service!

Meubles Louis Hamel Inc.
52 Principale Nord, Richmond, P.Q. J0B 2H0

(Near Richmond Drug Store)

Tél.: 826-3496



BONNE VALEUR / BEST VALUE

The Lost Nation

The Fullerton Pond project will produce electricity a few hours a day, a few days a week. The same amount of money invested in the manufacture of solar cells would create more jobs



Photoprose

top of the mountain, at Fullerton Pond. A major road will have to be blasted up the mountain to get there. The dam at Fullerton Pond will be one and a half miles long and sixteen stories high. The size of Fullerton Pond will be increased one thousand percent, to 512 acres, destroying all the beaver ponds and surrounding area.

The rest of the fill will be dumped in the Missisquoi River Valley at the bottom of the mountain, covering the Mansonville highway and a number of houses. This dike will be one and seven-tenths miles long, and fifteen stories high. It will create a second lake, covering 320 acres.

So then there will be one lake at the top of the mountain and another lake at the bottom. And in between, Hydro will dig out a huge tunnel, blasted through the rock of the mountain. At the bottom of the tunnel will be an enormous underground chamber. Electricity will be generated here, as they drain the top lake down the mountain and pour it into the bottom lake.

Then, the water will be pumped back up the mountain through the same underground tunnel, to be used over again.

The water levels in the two lakes will go up and down as much as 60 or 80 feet, leaving mudflats, and destroying life in the lake. Lake ecology depends almost entirely on the life along the shoreline—and here the shoreline will be constantly changing.

The Ruitter Brook, which is presently fed by the Fullerton Pond, will go dry as Hydro pours the lake down the mountainside. This will destroy life in the brook and alter the water table towards Dunkin.

There is another problem for which Hydro has already found a solution. There simply isn't enough water coming

from the mountain springs to fill up two lakes of that size, and there will be further loss from evaporation and seepage. So to make sure the two lakes are kept full, Hydro will pump water out of the North Missisquoi River into the lower lake, then pump it up the mountain to Fullerton Pond.

The North Missisquoi River is a small, very old, meandering river, the centre of the ecology of the Missisquoi River Valley and all the farmland along it.

What effect all of this will have on the ecology is hard to predict. A large amount of forest will be cut down. The water table of the whole area will be affected. There will be two lakes being pumped back and forth. Ruitter Brook will go dry. The Missisquoi River will be affected. Obviously much wildlife will be destroyed. And the million truckloads of earth...that will have to come from somewhere.

It would take a team of independent, outside ecologists to figure it out, and Hydro of course is not about to hire such a team. Hydro has its own team of ecologists but they are severely repressed and their findings are often kept secret. Recently, it took a court order and the threat of resignations of its own experts to get Hydro to release its findings about the damage to be done by transmission lines in the Mt. Rigaud area. So local people will probably not find out what damage will be done until it is already done.

And what will the Fullerton project do to the life of the area? A million truckloads, dynamiting going on 16 hours a day, thousands of construction workers who come in from the outside, live in camps and spend money for five years, then leave again, creating a boom and then leaving a bust. The effects of this on a quiet rural area, a peaceful tourist area, are hard to predict.

Fullerton Pond is really a lake. The Hydro project will increase the size of this lake by one thousand percent. The Townships Sun sub-arctic expedition to Fullerton Pond was made in cold, snowy weather, but it was enjoyable and worthwhile. These photos and sketches of the pond are rare—the long hike up the mountain discourages most people from going there.

Local businessmen and politicians in the Mansonville area are eager to see it happen. They hope it will bring in money. Armand Russell, MNA for the area, was willing, before the election, to discuss with the people who are opposed to the project, but now he tells them to shut up and wait and see. It would be a feather in his cap to have such a large pork barrel in his riding.

The Fullerton Pond project, in terms of 1976 dollars and 1976 estimates, will cost 400 million dollars. By the time it is built, it is safe to estimate that it would cost one billion. (James Bay was

promised for 3 billion, now the estimates have reached 16 billion). Hydro Quebec has ten projects of the Fullerton type on its drawing boards for southern Quebec, most of them here in the Townships. The only two that have been revealed to the common voters are the Fullerton Pond and East Hereford sites.

When there is a conflict between national interests and local interests, it can be expected that the national interests will win. So to the two questions are: Is the Fullerton Pond project in the national interest? Is it in the local interest?

Insights into Insurance

"Insights Into Insurance": it's a phrase that describes the way ManuLife does business with you. And the way I do business as a ManuLife representative. My job is more than knowing about life insurance. It's helping you to understand it — what you're buying and why. Working with you, I can provide the special insights into insurance that you need for your family's security. After all, buying life insurance is among your most important financial decisions.

Call me.



Herbert A. Todd

[819]562-4787

ManuLife
The Manufacturers Life Insurance Company

The Lost Nation

When there is a conflict between national interests and local interests, the national interests win. But is Fullerton Pond project in the national interest?



Ursula Seebohm. Her opposition to the Fullerton Pond project freaks out Hydro Quebec. The public relations department of Hydro devoted 12 pages of their 16 page magazine to personally attacking Mrs. Seebohm and defending the poor, defenceless public utility.

The local people are divided on the subject. Probably the majority are either indifferent, unaware, or in favour of it. Some hope it will bring money and jobs to the area, and that is a great hunger in this depressed area of unemployment and insecurity. It should be noted that once the construction is over, the hydro project will require only a very small maintenance staff, and most of the construction workers are also usually brought in from the outside. But the Fullerton project is an engineering stroke of genius and it would be quite exciting to have a project to the scale of Manic 5 going on in this region. Some say it will put Brome on the map.

Another group, a minority, but strong-minded, say that Brome is already on the map, thank you. Ursula Seebohm is one of these. She sees the future of the area

as a haven of ecology, a recreational area, a peaceful refuge from the city. She has been leading a group to fight against the Fullerton project. She gathers information, contacts outside experts, writes letters, contacts the press, stirs arguments. Once you destroy wildlife preserves, she says, it is gone forever. Enough has been destroyed already.

Hydro is so uptight about this type of opposition, and so unaccustomed to it, they devoted 12 pages of their 16 page Hydro magazine to personally denounce Mrs. Seebohm.

The Hydro magazine used a harsh and arrogant tone against Mrs. Seebohm, a blatant use of power and money to humiliate and squelch a lone critic. Hydro Quebec is used to getting its own way, and can't stand any form of opposition. There are very few ecology

This is Ruitter Brook, which flows out of Fullerton Pond. Logs were slid down the brook to Dunkin in the old days. A delicately balanced ecology and a number of rare species depend on Ruitter Brook, which will go dry after Hydro builds the 16 storey high dam.

or conservation groups in Quebec. In the States, hydro companies are frequently stopped in their tracks by ecology groups, but Hydro Quebec is accustomed to having the power of the government behind it and the passivity of the people in front of it.

Hydro Quebec's contempt for the peasantry has been well documented: they cut down sugar bushes, drive over farmer's land, set brush fires in dry season when it is against the law, take

land without sending out expropriation notices, lie to the people, such as promising a farmer they will cut and stack his wood, but then slash it and let it rot, browbeat people into accepting unfair settlements, hide evidence about the health dangers of high voltage transmission lines, etc.

And so when Mrs. Seebohm protests against the Fullerton project, it is in keeping with Hydro tradition of arrogance for them to sneer at her and



We want to see the Townships develop to the advantage of everybody

514 243-6125

A. E. LePAGE

IMMEUBLES WESTMOUNT REALTIES

suggest that she is a simple housewife who could not possibly be as smart as a Hydro planner. She doesn't have a monthly magazine and a multi-million dollar public relations budget either.

It is unclear which is dearer to the hearts of Hydro Quebec bosses—to produce power for the people, or to build power for themselves. So whether or not Mrs. Seebom is right with all of her statistics and arguments, The Townships Sun supports her protest movement, because at least she is throwing some democratic spirit at the technocrats. She is saying, you may have the money and the power, but we live here, we have the right to put in our two cents worth too.

Is the Fullerton project in the local interest? Do we want to preserve the ecology? Do we want a tourist business? Do we want big construction projects? Can we force the government to fully investigate and reveal all the advantages and disadvantages of the project before it begins? Can we have public discussion about it, or will the decisions, as in the past, be made in office towers in Montreal, Quebec City and New York; with no consultation in the area directly affected?

And is the Fullerton project in the national interest? Local people should look into that as well, and help the nation decide.

We need energy. It makes the wheels go round, it keeps us from freezing, it makes this here Townships Sun typesetting machine work. But how much energy, what kind of energy, and at what cost?

Quebec has been slurping up ever more energy at an increase of seven per cent per year. In the United States, they have already cut back their energy use to zero increase. James Bay is costing us 16 billion dollars of borrowed money, yet it will no longer produce enough power by 1986. Do we have to build a new James Bay every ten years? Do we have to line the St. Lawrence River with nuclear power reactors?

Each citizen should consider it his patriotic duty to cut down the use of electricity. Hydro Quebec and the government should take strong measures—persuasive and coercive, to reduce this nation's use of energy. That would solve part of the problem.

But we still need energy. What kind, and at what cost? Nuclear is out, as far as we are concerned, because it produces radioactive waste which lasts for hundreds of thousands of years. It endangers the survival of all life on earth for hundreds of thousands of generations to come. We say no nukes.

Oil is out. It costs too much, and there won't be any left soon. And we have to import it, which we can't afford. Water power, such as James Bay or Fullerton Pond project is much better. It's produced here, so the money stays. It's a renewable resource, which won't run

out. It's non-polluting—that is, there are no waste products as there are with nuclear or oil. Although of course the construction project itself and the flooding behind the dams causes damage to the ecology. (James Bay, it has been predicted, by creating an enormous frozen lake, will change the climate of the whole province, bringing colder winters and more snow—just what we needed).

But basically, hydro projects such as Churchill Falls, James Bay and Manic 5 will provide Quebec with a relatively cheap source of power that is renewable as long as water flows downhill. That will be an advantage for us in the rather frightening energy crisis that is still to come.

But what about the Fullerton Pond project itself? It will cost 400 million, says Hydro. We say it will cost one billion by the time they cut the ribbon. And what do we get in return for our money? The Fullerton Pond project will produce electricity, FOR TWO HOURS A DAY, FIVE DAYS A WEEK IN THE WINTER, AND FOR TWO HOURS A DAY, TWO DAYS A WEEK IN SUMMER. That's all we get for a billion dollars of public money.

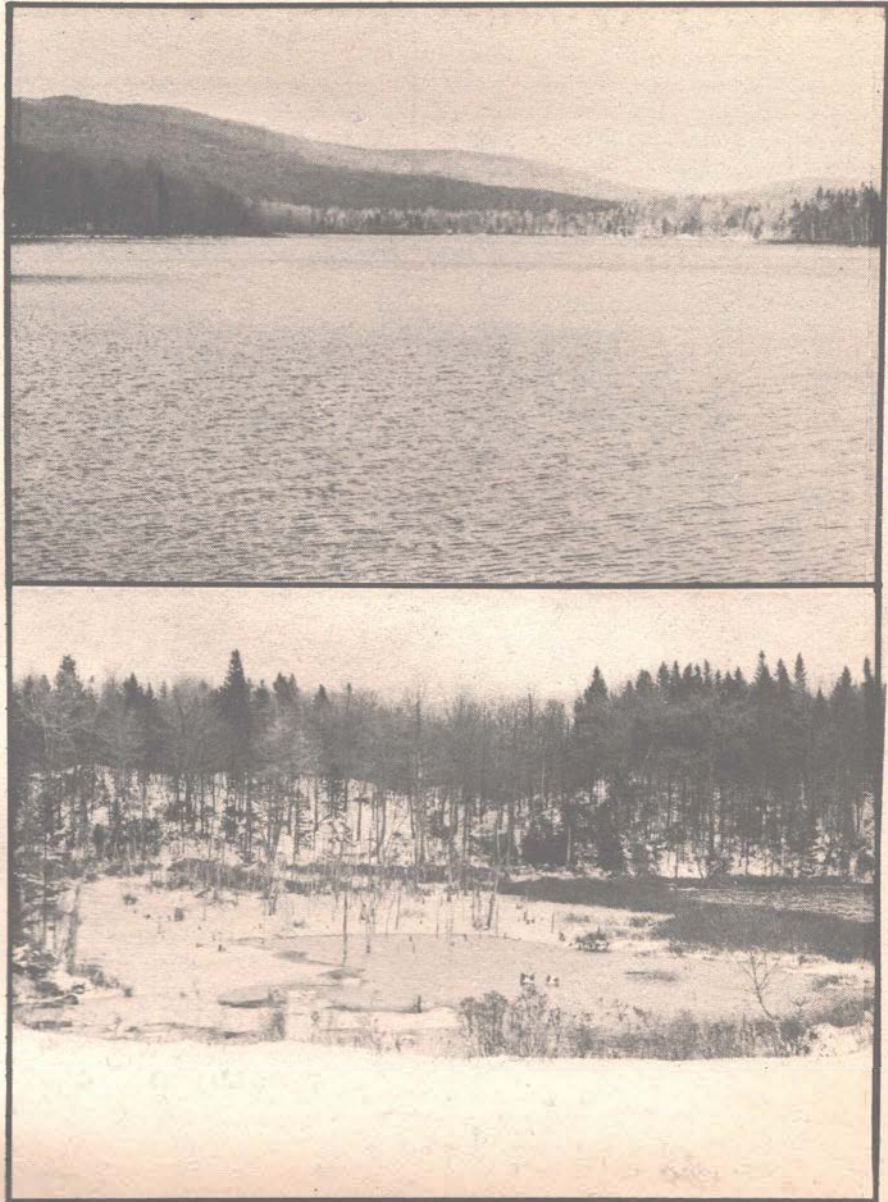
We say it's the wrong way to go, financially. We say Quebec could create more jobs, produce more energy, and get way ahead of the rest of the world by taking the same amount of money and investing it in other sources of energy. For instance, we could get more energy, create more jobs, and become world leaders in energy production for the future if we used the money to manufacture solar energy cells, on a mass production basis. Solar energy is feasible now. All it lacks is investment in automated procedures of manufacturing the component parts.

Quebec is not only lacking energy, it is lacking secondary industry, manufacturing industry. The textile industry is thread-bare, the shoe industry has worn thin, and the legs have fallen off the furniture industry. The asbestos industry is causing cancer and asbestosis all over the world.

We say the government should invest four hundred million dollars in an energy project for the Townships, but it shouldn't be Fullerton Pond. It should be huge factories to produce solar energy cells, which could be used here at home and exported all over the world. What solar energy is lacking is MASS PRODUCTION. Quebec could be the Henry Ford of solar energy—put it on the production line and make it cheap and viable.

The Fullerton project will create jobs for five years, factories to produce solar energy cells would create jobs for generations to come, and we would have energy as long as the sun keeps burning, and preserve the Lost Nation mountain, too. Have our cake and eat it three times.

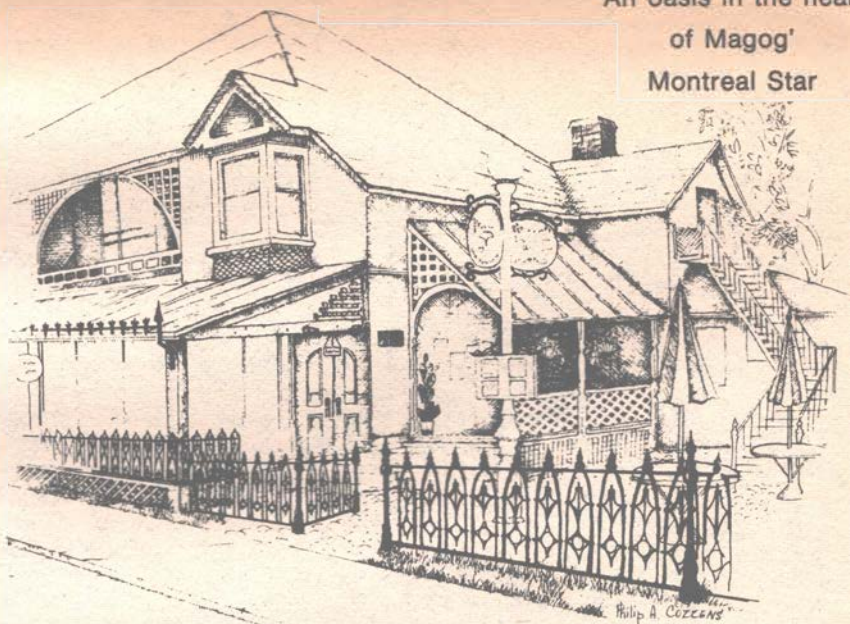
The Parti Quebecois government is



Photopress

AFTER THE FALL

'An oasis in the heart of Magog'
Montreal Star



We offer superb onion soup, filet mignon, brochettes, steak, scampis, and many more dishes to tempt your appetite.

Fall Hours:
Tues., Wed., Thurs.
5 to 10 PM
Friday 5 to 11 PM
Saturday noon to 11 PM
Sunday noon to 10 PM
Bar open 4 PM
to midnight

Friendly Atmosphere Children Welcome

276 MAIN WEST, MAGOG (819) 843-9365

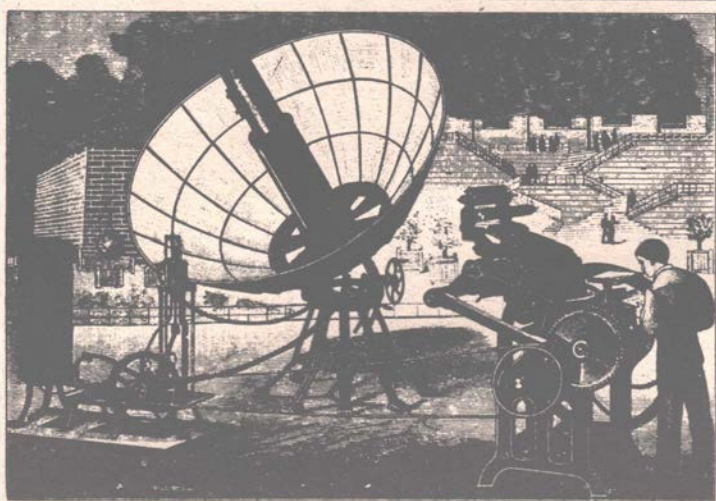


looking for solutions to Quebec's problems—unemployment, lack of manufacturing industry, shortage of energy, a backward economy, lack of export markets, and the need for a new project to excite the popular will. And here The Townships Sun hands it to them on a silver platter. If they are as radical and as modern as they say they are, they will at

least give it serious consideration. We are sending a copy of this to Guy Joron, Quebec's Minister of the Energy Crisis, and we hope he is not too busy studying language laws to read this.

Here, for Mr. Joron's further edification, is a run-down on various solutions to the energy crisis:

There's Sunlight at the End of the Tunnel



Paris 1882: using solar heat to print

ENERGY CRISIS IS OVER

By Joe Klein
One of the Editors of Rolling Stone

There is a device that turns sunlight directly into electricity. It was developed in the Forties and has been used to provide power for space satellites since then. It is called, the photovoltaic cell but, to keep things simple, we'll call it the solar cell. It is, perhaps, the easiest answer to the curious mix of social, political and technical problems that has come to be known as the energy 'crisis'. Theoretically, you could put a bunch of solar cells on the roof and generate all the electricity needed to run a single-family house.

Solar electricity has been dismissed by some as pie-in-the-sky, Flash Gordon stuff, but it has come along more quickly than anyone expected. Three separate federal reports say it could compete with conventional electricity in parts of the country by 1985. If the reports are correct, the major technological event of our lifetime may be about to take place.

Solar cells are made of silicon, a very common metal which is also used for transistors. They have no moving parts and, therefore, require no maintenance. They are clean and absolutely quiet. They are also very, very expensive...but getting less expensive all the time.

In 1973, solar cells cost \$300 per watt. In 1977, they cost between \$15 and \$25 per watt.

In 1980, with some luck, they could cost \$1 or \$2.

In 1990, perhaps \$.10 to \$.30.

Most experts think solar cells will have a wide variety of uses when they reach \$1 per watt (\$1 per watt translates into \$.10 per kilowatt hour, which is approximately what New Yorkers currently pay their notorious public utility, Con Edison; most Americans pay about \$.03 to \$.06 per kilowatt hour).

Some time soon, probably toward the end of the Eighties, solar cells will even be cheap enough to compete for the residential market...a prospect which is rather threatening to the public utilities and to the nuclear industry, which may explain why you've heard so little about solar electricity until now.

Recently I visited Solarex Corporation in Rockville, Maryland, and saw a bit of the future. Solarex is one of a handful of small companies that are already manufacturing solar cells for non-space use. It has about 135 employees and will do about \$4 million worth of business in

1977. Near the entrance to the little factory, a row of secretaries were using typewriters powered by solar electricity collected on the roof. To a novice, this seemed a rather incredible trick since it was a dark and rainy day. But my guide pointed to a bank of standard auto batteries where the electricity had been stored in sunnier times.

The rough state of solar art was apparent even to a novice, though. Solar cells are made by hand, a very expensive proposition. First, the silicon is refined, purified and crystallized into a salami shape, then sliced into wafers. The wafers go through a series of chemical treatments, incomprehensible to me, which enable them to conduct electricity when exposed to the sun. They are set into plates, soldered together into rows and weatherproofed.

It is a process that could become very cheap, very quickly, if it were automated. Automation also would make it possible to use a new and more efficient method to refine the silicon. 'There is a technology backlog in our industry,' said Dr. Joseph Lindmayer, the president and founder of Solarex. 'There are a number of processes we won't be able to use until we automate.'

But the industry won't have the money to automate until a big market is created. There won't be a big market for solar cells until the prices come down. And the prices won't come down until the industry automates. It is a classic bind, but the federal government could be of some assistance. A possible scenario:

The Defense Department has thousands of remote installations—weather stations, tracking systems, buoys at sea. Solar cells would be the cheapest long-term way to power many of these installations, *even at \$15 per watt*. If the Defense Department began buying solar cells only for those installations where they would be cost effective, it might create the market necessary for the industry to automate.

A recent study commissioned by the Federal Energy Administration says that if the Department of Defense spent \$500 million on solar cells over the next five years, it would have two rather remarkable effects: it would save the Defense Department \$2 billion gross over the next twenty-five years, and the increased volume would bring the price of solar cells to the neighborhood of \$.75 per watt.

And that is only one scenario. There are many other federal departments with many other possible uses for solar cells.

Solar cells are made by hand, a very expensive proposition. It is a process that could become cheap, very quickly, if it were automated.

The Department of Transportation could use them to power highway lighting systems. The Department of the Interior is already using them to power remote ranger stations. The possibilities for solar cells, even at the higher prices, are limitless.

A second report, this one by the Congress' Office of Technology Assessment, estimates the possible effects of \$.50 per watt solar cells in 1985. The report says that if the government were to give tax breaks to solar electric houses similar to the ones currently proposed for people who insulate their homes, solar cells would actually be *cheaper* than conventional electricity throughout broad areas of the country.

For example, consider a single-family house in Albuquerque. In 1985, with tax incentives for solar, the estimated cost would be \$203 for conventional electricity and \$200 for solar cells on the roof. Another example: a high-rise apartment building in Omaha, Nebraska, 1985 - \$112 for conventional electricity and \$84 for solar (these estimates are for solar cells made of silicon, OTA also has estimates for solar cells made of more experimental materials like cadmium and gallium arsenide which could be cheaper than conventional electricity, too).

Henry Kelly of the Office of Technology Assessment summed up the report's findings this way: 'With some sort of government support program for the industry—like the Defense Department proposal—solar electricity could be roughly competitive with gas-, oil-, coal- or nuclear-powered electricity by 1985. That means we may be able to

make our energy choices on the basis of factors other than economics.'

In other words, we may be able to choose the form of power that is safest and least harmful to the environment. We will also be able to decide whether we want to have a system that is largely decentralized, with many homes and businesses having their own power source, or a centralized system run by the public utilities.

Richard Cooper has been Energy Secretary James Schlesinger's top aide in the solar energy area. He is a young, well-educated lawyer. He does not think very highly of either the Defense Department study of the Office of Technology Assessment estimates. He said it is 'conceivable' that solar cells could eliminate the need for nuclear power, but not for a long time. He doesn't think solar cells will be competitive with conventional electricity even in the Southwest before 1990. He is opposed to a \$500 million federal purchase of solar cells because 'I question the wisdom of promoting the development of an industry so largely dependent on federal procurements. The industry should have to deal with the real world. They will have to develop private markets as well as government contracts in order to survive.'

What's more, Cooper is afraid that with the solar technology advancing so quickly, a big federal investment at this point would induce companies like Solarex to build factories that might be obsolete by the time construction was completed.

'That's nonsense,' said Dr. Lindmayer of Solarex. 'It is like saying that Henry

Your holiday gifts reflect the real you. The sophisticated miss will appreciate the thoughtful, unusual gift from the thoughtful, unusual you. Bring a smile to her lips by bringing in the New Year with a gift of precious jewelry, a gem-set pendant, a multi-stoned ring. We are unusually well qualified to advise on gifts of gems and gold. We are member jewelers of the American Gem Society, trained to know the best... and when to give it.

Fortier, Parc Inc. Member

AGS

Bijoutiers Joailliers
Fortier/Parc inc.
Carrefour de l'Estrie

M. Sautter

The public isn't aware yet that there's a decision to be made, much less a battle to be won.

Ford should have waited until the Thunderbird was ready before automating. The history of industry in this country is that it is constantly reautomating.' Lindmayer also said the solar industry of the Seventies is very similar to the transistor industry of the Fifties—even the technology is similar. The federal government was virtually the only customer of the transistor industry in the early stages but, as the price went down, private customers began to appear in droves.

A strategy that might satisfy Cooper's objections (though on a grander scale than the administration might visualize) is contained in a third federal report, this one from the Energy Research and Development Administration (ERDA). It is dated August 5th, 1977, and was signed by Dr. H.H. Marvin, director of the Division of Solar Energy. Marvin proposed a program which put most of its emphasis on federal subsidies for private purchases of solar cells. Put in its simplest form, it would work like this: if a company wanted its new factory to be powered by solar cells, it could apply to the government and ask for a subsidy to make up the difference in cost between solar and conventional electricity. In addition to lowering the cost of solar cells, this program might also give a clearer picture of the shape of the solar electricity market. Marvin proposed spending \$403 million over the next ten years for market testing and \$120 million for direct federal purchases. This is probably more than the Carter administration will approve, and it does seem like a lot of money until you consider that estimates for the construction of a single nuclear breeder-reactor run from \$7 to 10 billion (in fact, placed in that perspective, the \$120 million federal purchase seems downright cheap).

Marvin said flat out that there will be an 'explosive self-sustaining growth phase' in the solar-electric business when prices reach the \$1 to \$2 per watt level and that, 'we think it is possible to reach this price level in 1980.'

Marvin did not add 'if the government wants to help achieve it.' He seemed to assume that the Carter administration wants to help solar electricity along. The first hard evidence of Carter's position will come soon, when James Schlesinger releases the Department of Energy budget proposal for fiscal 1979, and the solar advocates aren't very hopeful (at least they weren't hopeful in late September). They cite several reasons for their pessimism.

For one thing, the Carter administration did not support an amendment by Representative Paul Tsongas (D-Mass.) that provides \$28 million for a federal purchase of solar cells in fiscal 1978. The amendment was passed by the House in late September but still is awaiting action by the Senate. Richard Cooper said the administration did not support the amendment because it was 'premature.'

For another thing, the new and allegedly more efficient Department of Energy seems to be organized to screw solar energy. Responsibility for solar is divided between two assistant secretaries. Solar heating and cooling is in the 'conservation and solar applications'

section of the department. Solar electricity, though, is lumped with nuclear fusion and fission, breeder reactors, synthetic fuels and a host of other long-term possibilities in the 'energy technology' section of the department. The assistant secretary in charge of that area is a man named Robert Thorne, whose background is in the nuclear field and isn't likely to be all that interested in solar energy. The very act of placing solar cells in the 'energy technology' section means that Carter thinks they are a long-term, pie-in-the-sky deal and not something immediately available for commercial use.

Hence the big question: why is the Carter administration playing down (or, perhaps, blocking) this major energy breakthrough?

Two theories. One benign, the other conspiratorial:

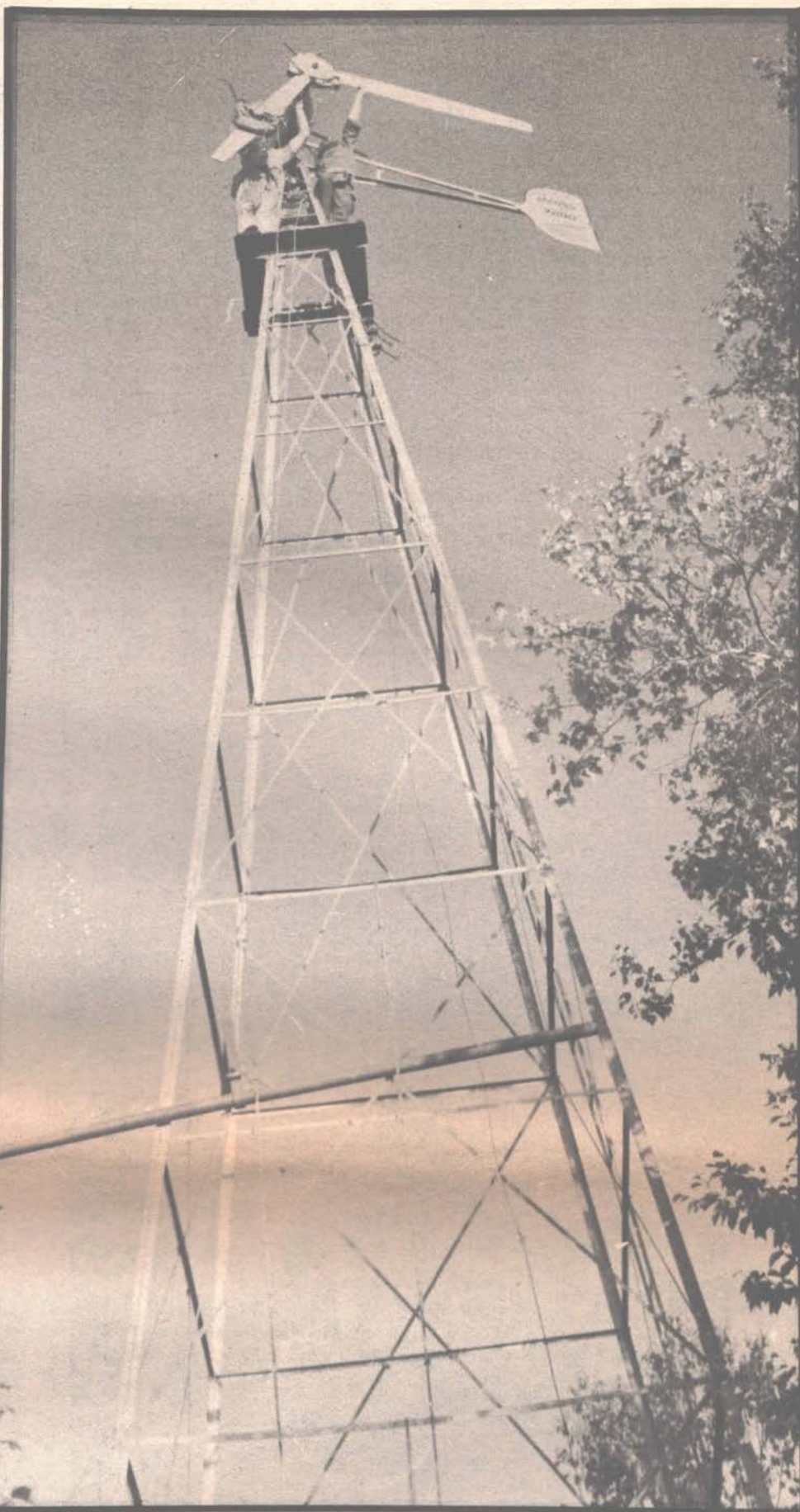
Solar electricity has developed so quickly—the industry is only four years old—that the bureaucracy hasn't caught up with it yet. (The FEA's Defense Department study was dated July 1977, but wasn't made available to the public until late September; the ERDA study by Dr. Marvin was released August 5th 1977; and the Office of Technology Assessment report won't be officially released until November.) Since Eisenhower's 'Atoms for Peace' program, the government has looked to nuclear power as the way of the future and twenty years of bureaucratic thinking isn't easily changed overnight. What's more, even the solar experts in government haven't thought very much about decentralized energy systems like solar cells—they've been thinking more in terms of massive energy farms of reflecting mirrors strung out across the desert and other equally bizarre possibilities.

Which brings us to the conspiracy theory:

Any energy system which is decentralized is a major threat to the public utilities in this country, the nuclear industry and, indeed, to the financial institutions that have invested huge amounts of money in both. Even though solar advocates aren't predicting that solar cells will completely wipe out the public utilities, it stands to reason that a system where every house could generate its own electricity certainly won't help the Con Edison's of this country.

The choice between a decentralized solar electric system and a highly centralized nuclear breeder system—and, in the long run, that is exactly what this boils down to—is probably the most important decision the country will face during the remainder of the century. Some solar people say ultimately it will be a question of decentralized socialism vs. state capitalism; others see it as a battle between democracy and totalitarianism. The nuclear advocates tend to see themselves as the forces of rationality fending off sunstroke and, with twenty years of bureaucratic thought and a highly organized lobbying system, they clearly have the upper hand at this point.

The only constituency the sun has is the public and, for the most part, the public isn't aware yet that there's a decision to be made, much less a battle to be won.



Installation of propellor blades on wind machine. At the top wind speed of this machine [20 mph] about 550 lbs. of centrifugal force attempts to pull each of these blades away from the hub. photo, Linda Simms

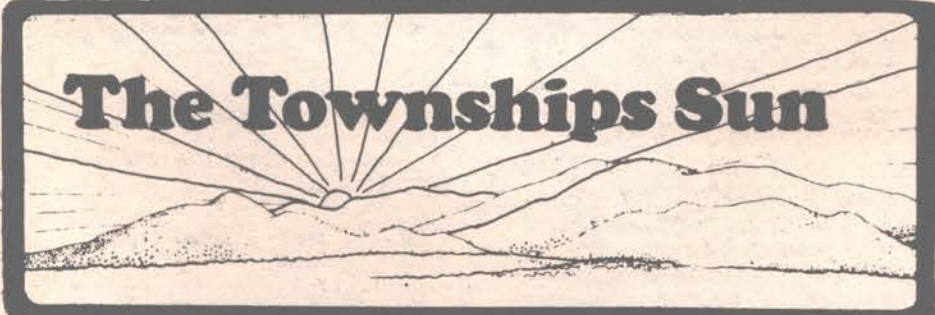
It's really nice to be rid of monthly power bills. Since we've installed our wind power system, Hydro Quebec's rates have risen 50%.

A YEAR'S EXPERIENCE WITH AN INDEPENDENTLY OPERATED WIND POWER SYSTEM IN THE TOWNSHIPS

It has now been about fourteen months since we first began supplying our household electrical needs with a wind generator. During this time, I've noticed an increasing public awareness with regard to energy conservation and the exploitation of renewable sources of energy. The media's coverage of various experiments is often sketchy and fanciful. We are left with the feeling, on occasion, that these experiments are either dismal failures or glitteringly successful. According to our own experience, any of these attempts to harness the sun or the wind represents a

series of hurdles which must be overcome before the alternative becomes the simple and carefree 'plug-in' variety which we're used to. Even an apparent failure could rarely be interpreted as a complete, valueless failure (if there's such a thing) for there always remains knowledge which can be recycled for improvements in the future.

Occasionally, I must pacify the 'manager' of our household. She has coined a refrain which she employs only at times of low morale...when nothing's going right; 'well, I really didn't think it would be like this'. Of course, Linda's right. It may not be exactly what we were used to...but it's not *that* different. There are many modern electrical aids in the typical household that are not compati-



Thirty years ago, Hamilton Beach built a freezer which was so well insulated that it could keep ice cream for five days after the power had been turned off.

able with wind power or energy conservation, for that matter. Electric stoves and clothes dryers gobble too much power and must be forgotten. Some small appliances may require the use of an inverter, for their circuitry is designed for AC (alternating current) only and they'll now work on the DC available from a wind generator. So, my spouse insists, the wind power business was introduced into our lives mainly due to my thrust, subject to her approval which was given on the basis that we'd have certain 'essential' conveniences. I sympathize with her desire not to make any more work than there already is.

In the past year we've progressed quite a bit even though it sometimes seemed that we were going nowhere. We still enjoy fewer electrical conveniences than what most households take for granted. Nevertheless, we've evolved from the state where we ran just lights and a water pump to the present set-up where we're running not only the lights and

pump but a carpet sweeper, washing machine (wringer type), some shop tools (drill, bench grinder, and an air compressor) for intermittent use, and a commercial-sized fridge!! The latter item is that which eluded us for the longest time. There's only one way to run refrigerators on anything but 110 volts AC and that's to use a belt-driven compressor and a motor compatible to the voltage being used. (32 volts, in this case). Although regular fridges can be reworked, a bona fide belt-driven fridge presents fewer problems and it was the search for such a unit which took our time.

During the past summer, we retired our original junk-yard, forklift battery which had fizzled out in the last part of the spring and replaced it with 16 cells (recycled, too) which weigh 200 lbs. each. This fabulous 32 volt battery stores about 30 kwh of electricity and will, under calm conditions, run the entire electrical load for six or seven

days. After this, the battery voltage hovers toward 30 and we must unplug the fridge to avoid irreversible damage to the battery.

The Townships, it should be noted, is not the windiest spot on the face of the earth. With an annual average wind speed of about 8.4 mph (varies from site to site a bit), the area is marginal for power generation by windmills. While the winter and spring winds are strong and dependable (the March-April winds average around eleven mph) the summer and fall winds are low and they're interspersed with calm spells of greater or lesser duration. Fortunately, the need for lighting is also low during the summer but refrigeration probably consumes more power. A gasoline driven standby generator is the ultimate way to beat the calm spells. An essential item for serious windmillers in this area, it would not operate for many hours during the course of a year.

While we haven't yet added a gas powered unit to our system, it isn't for lack of trying. After rebuilding an old Fairbanks-Morse gas generator, a misfortune befell it the very day that it seemed ready for service. It had actually run for 10 or 15 minutes when a stray wire snagged the flywheel. This caused the flywheel bushing to crack and it so damaged some ignition components that it won't run until I locate some spare parts for it.

As long as I'm revealing some of the negative aspects of depending on the wind for electricity, why not ask the question 'Why use it at all?' After all, the situation in Quebec is not like that in the Maritimes where high wind speeds and high power costs combine to make wind power very attractive. Here, we're still blessed with relatively low rates.

Well, any environmental worries such as those which arise from the threats of nuclear pollution, the ecological havoc wreaked by flooding large expanses of land, strip mining of areas in order to feed coal burning power plants, et cetera will indicate that the use of a non-polluting, perpetually renewable source of electricity such as the wind is, indeed, safe, sane and fairly desirable. Of course, all this idealizing about 'the environment' won't cut any ice with the average consumer unless there is a monetary gain, as well. In certain cases, this economic rationale will, nevertheless, come home to roost. Isolated spots where power lines must be extended (this must be paid for by the consumer...and its expensive) provide exactly this. For the tinkerer who wishes to do his own wiring, additional 'capital' savings are possible because no one can refuse you electrical service for not having had a building wired by a member of the electrician's union. Without any doubt, it's really nice to be rid of monthly power bills regardless of what the price per kwh is. In fact, by betting on a continuance of inflation (energy is excluded from the anti-inflation board's guidelines), future savings could only increase. Since we've installed our wind power system, Hydro Quebec's rates have risen roughly 50%.

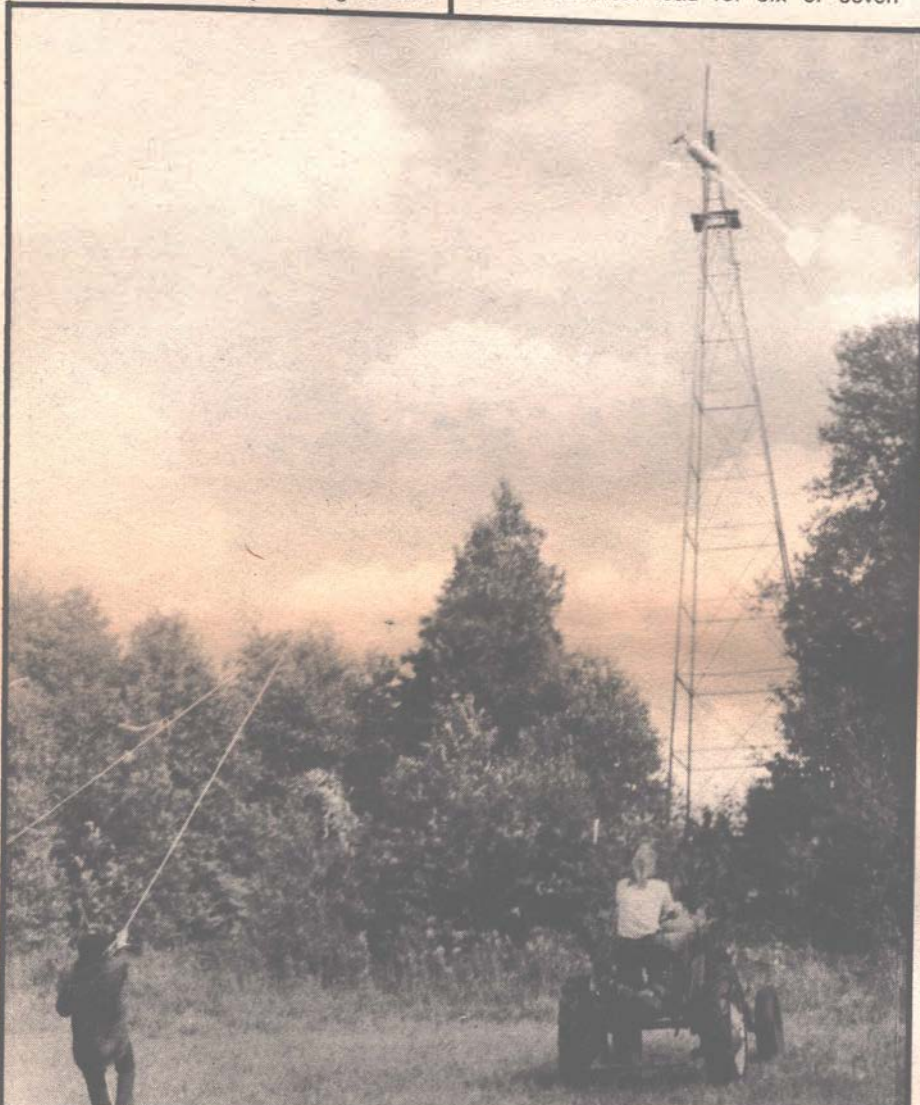
Users of solar or wind energy experience a quite intimate relationship (albeit a very dependent one) with the weather. The helplessness which we experience leads to a fairly global appreciation of the forces involved. Although few can accurately predict the weather, I'm convinced that those who use the sun to heat or the wind to power develop a sense of expectation, based upon experience, of what liberties they can permit themselves and when. Naturally, this dependence is, by its nature, a humbling state of affairs and one where an unspoken gratitude is regularly offered for nature's blessings. Appealing more to the ego are the freedom from central control and those rare instances during power outages

when you grin quietly to see your neighbour's windows glowing with the dull orange of candle light while you bask in light made brighter than ever by the gale force winds usually associated with power failures.

To beg an obvious question arising from the previous paragraph about what happens to high speed windmills during periods of those gale force winds, I feel obliged to stress the fact that all successful designs of the type are, given a very minimum of upkeep, very able to fend for themselves. It's a delicate affair, that of withstanding winds in the eighty to one hundred mile per hour range. There exist, in this situation, many forces which could easily make mince meat of a wind generator, given the chance. An effective governor is essential in order to protect the unit from burning out and, more importantly, to control the speed of rotation so that the propeller blades remain attached to the machine rather than departing on their own volition and helped by the centrifugal forces. Balancing of the hub and blades is critical insofar as limiting vibration. The blades must follow in exactly the same paths and must face the wind at exactly the same angle. Given these preconditions, we've seen no problems produced by excessive wind...yet. (I introduce the 'yet' in order to maintain an attitude of humility toward this. No windmill enthusiast is willing to proclaim the unsinkable 'Titanic' of windmills. There's no such thing in any field.)

So, we've had no disasters in our year of electrical independence. We have, however, observed, studied and solved several other problems. To the onlooker, some of them may not have amounted to much. In the potential euphoria of running your own 'central electricite' the mundane fact that the fridge motor produces a buzzing interference in the radio reception may seem trivial indeed. However, when you live with it day after day, it does begin to bug somewhat...especially when you're listening to what René said to Pierre...BUZZZZZZZ.

We have become aware of the complete picture of how the seasonal wind patterns occur and how they affect our supply of electricity. Certain criteria with regard to siting a wind generator, tower height, and a few finer points within the control devices have appeared to possess a greater importance to the total picture than we may have realized. As an example, it should be noted that during the especially low energy time of year (this seems to be early autumn, at our site) we must depend, to a large degree, upon the weak and variable south winds. Although our tower is apparently well located, it would be quite a bit more effective if the tower were some twenty or thirty feet higher than the present fifty feet. This is because the south wind rolls up a hill and picks up a bit of turbulence as it hits buildings and trees. Even though the tower is the recommended twenty feet higher than any object within eight hundred feet, the land contours and the turbulence combine to further weaken these already weak winds. Since these fickle winds usually seem to be less than ten mph and the cut in speed of our generator is about seven, it is quite important to maximize their effect in any way possible. To this end, replacing the



Raising a 2.5 KW Jacobs Wind Electric complete with tail and governor. 600 lbs. of heft! Phew!
photo, Linda Simms

Kalmar Kennel Reg.
Newfoundlands
BOX 1164, WATERLOO, QUE., CANADA



Boarding & Grooming
(All breeds welcome)

- Spacious facilities with personal care and attention
- Let us provide your dog with a home away from home when you are on vacation or gone for a few days.
- We will treat your dog as our own

MR. & MRS. KORAEEN

Tel. 514-539-0732

Lennoxville Radio Taxi

WILLIAM PETTIGREW, prop.

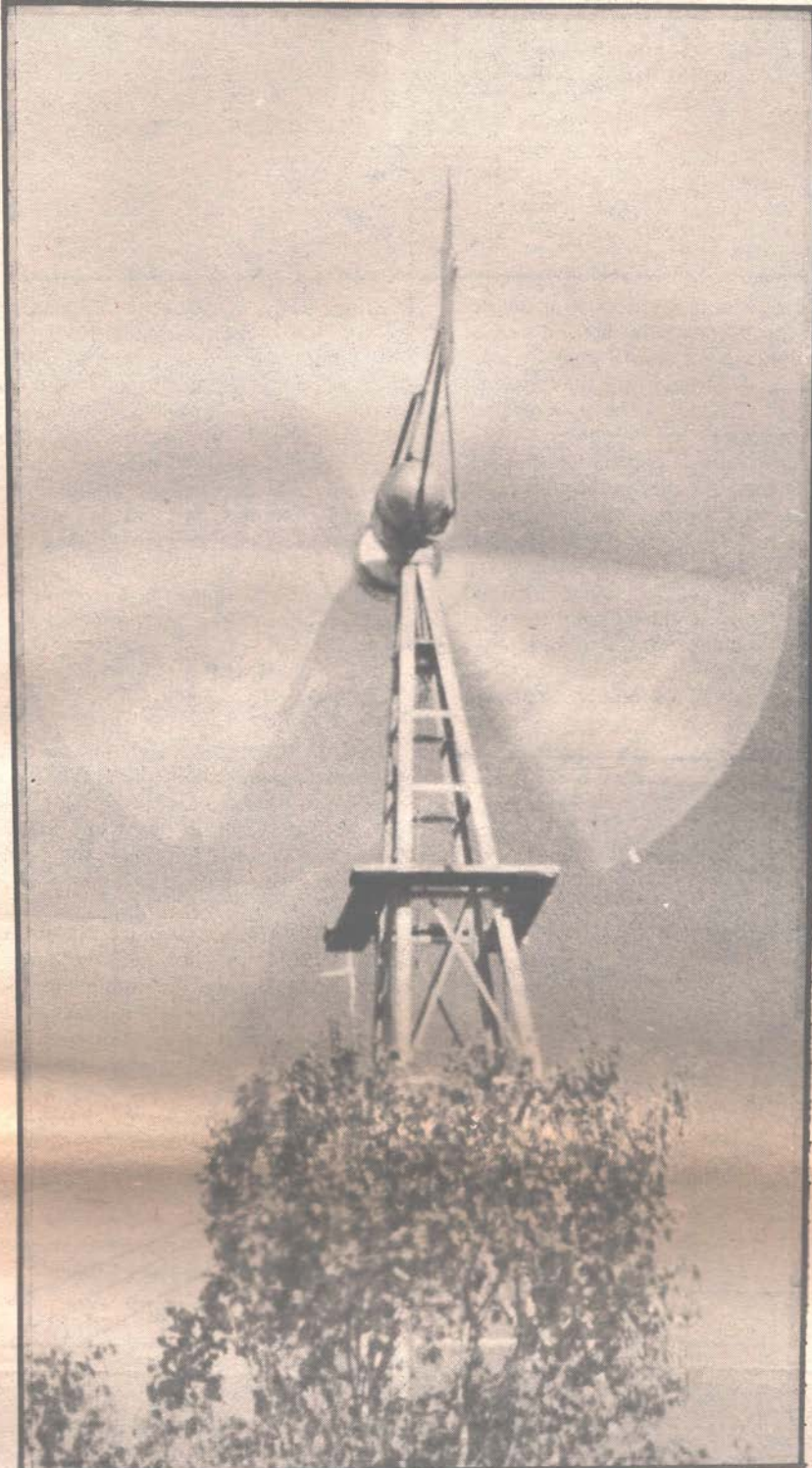
562-2411

LOCAL & LONG DISTANCE
cars fully insured

1-B, RUE DEPOT - LENNOXVILLE

COURTESY SERVICE

The accent to the problem need not be placed on new energy producing hardware, but on the way in which we use our energy wherever it comes from...The savings from an ethic of true and uncompromising conservation would satisfy the needs of generations to come.



Rather than 'the rejection of a birthright' [i.e., the right to waste energy], energy conservation and the exploitation of renewable 'soft' energy sources could lead to security and energy sufficiency in the future. photo, David Simms

cut-in relay within the control box would have the effect of lowering the charging speed of the generator to make use of the fickle but only winds of the calm time of year.

The very crux of what makes wind energy viable or not revolves around cost, expectation and whether one is able to realize enough power to satisfy his needs, at his site. It seems that the principal needs revolve around lighting, washing and some refrigeration, for most people interested in filling their needs with the limited output of a wind generator. The largest demand upon the system, in this context, becomes refrigeration with a monthly power requirement of around 100 kwh per unit whether it be a regular sized-fridge or a freezer. In our case, the fridge (a commercially sized one, at that, takes as much power as all of the other appliances and lights combined. Since refrigeration is quite often thought of as one of the irreducible needs, it has become clear to me, at least, that any discussion of the viability of wind power or of its cost effectiveness should become a discussion of the efficiency of refrigeration. It is not really the cost per kwh generated nor even the number of

kwh made available by a wind system that should determine its viability but the service which we can manage to extract from this limited amount of power. In the end, it becomes a question of efficiency, nothing less and nothing more.

It is indeed fortunate that the utility of wind-electricity is so closely tied to the demands of refrigeration. This is not because refrigeration is so costly, in the energy sense, but simply because refrigeration is now such an exemplary case of inefficiency. Present models of refrigerators and freezers both are manufactured solely with a view toward convenience and styling and not, most emphatically not, the economical use of energy. It bears mentioning that, approximately thirty years ago, Hamilton Beach, a subsidiary of Jacobs Wind Electric Co., built a freezer which was so well insulated that it could keep ice cream for five days after the power had been turned off! Great advances in the efficiency of refrigeration are certainly possible with nothing more than a second look at design.

There are basically three things wrong with conventional refrigerators. They are incredibly poorly insulated. A new,

super-duper model is advertised with two inches of foam insulation. This is about R-10, a lot less than appears in the roof of a properly built house which could be as high as R-30. The upright design of conventional fridges is the antithesis of good efficiency. Every time the door opens, much of that cool air drops right out because it's heavier than the room air.

A refrigeration expert indicated to me in a discussion of this subject that an upright freezer wears out about five years sooner than its chest type counterpart simply because it runs so much more often. In formal research by an interested conservationist, which appeared in Alternative Sources of Energy Magazine, claimed that each door opening of an upright fridge caused the compressor to operate twenty minutes additional. The upright fridge is great...as long as it's not opened. The third design error evident in the conventional fridge is the placement of the heat radiating condenser right next to the rear wall where it can conveniently radiate all the heat which it extracts from the inside of the fridge back onto the wall. From there it is conducted back into the cool compartment. The condensing unit, including the compressor and motor, should be remotely located (such as in the basement) where its operation won't interfere with the efficiency of the fridge's operation.

What I propose as an improvement to our own system and as part of my own research into wind energy is to build my own super-efficient fridge. It will sport eight to ten inches of urethane foam insulation for a factor of R-50. It will be a chest type unit with a compressor and condensing unit located in the basement. My detailed calculations indicate

that, including an adjustment for door openings and compressor inefficiencies, only about 15 kwh will be needed to run it for a month. This is about 100 kwh less than our present unit. This will enable us to operate a similar freezer in addition and still use less power than we do now.

Although I am very optimistic about the future energy contributions coming from the wind, and, most particularly about the independence which it affords its users in these days of centralization and control, I am even more tempted to endorse the effect which it will have in the field of education. A commitment to renewable, decentralized sources of energy stands out as a commitment toward ecological realism and the rejection of the insanity which lies behind the development of 'hard' energy sources, such as nuclear. The research into the efficiency necessary to satisfy our needs with a limited energy budget will point to the fact that the accent to the problem need not be placed on new energy producing hardware but, most particularly, on every jot and tittle of the way in which we use our energy wherever it comes from. The savings would accrue from an ethic of true and uncompromising conservation would satisfy the needs of generations to come. The impetus for radical change in our energy habits won't come from government, industry or universities. These institutions have done more to stifle any latent creativity or originality than other segments of society. It would be folly to expect them to grasp the true significance of the problem which we call 'energy crisis' for their thinking is rooted in a self-perpetuating instinct which is often called *status quo*.

By David Simms
Hatley, RR 3, Ayer's Cliff



Bob Elliot
Taxidermist
Beebe, Que.

Polar bear, completely modeled & mounted by Bob Elliot

Sawdust as fuel

For night operation, the rate of combustion can be so reduced that less than a quarter of a hopper of fuel is used....theoretically, lighting of the fire should be necessary only once...at the beginning of the cold weather.

Editor's note: Everybody and his uncle is running out and buying a wood stove these days, and that's a good thing for the country— it means we import less fuel. And wood is a renewable resource.

We planned to print an article about wood stoves and heating with wood, but every magazine from Harrowsmith to Country Journal has already done it.

But Fernand Leduc in the Lost Nation dug up an old pamphlet, printed in 1951 by the federal government, about how to heat your house with sawdust.

A do-it-yourselfer could make an attachment to the good, old wood stove or furnace and burn the waste from sawmills. The fire feeds itself, as the sawdust slowly sifts in from the hopper.

The main problem is supply: before building one of these attachments, make sure you've lined up a local sawmill that will sell you a quantity of sawdust cheap. That's not as easy as it was in 1951, now that sawmills have chippers and grinder-uppers and all. And some sawmills charge a lot for sawdust.

But in these days of economic depression and energy crises, some of our readers might want to look into this method of heating. We'd like to hear from you about it if you do. Could be a new local industry.

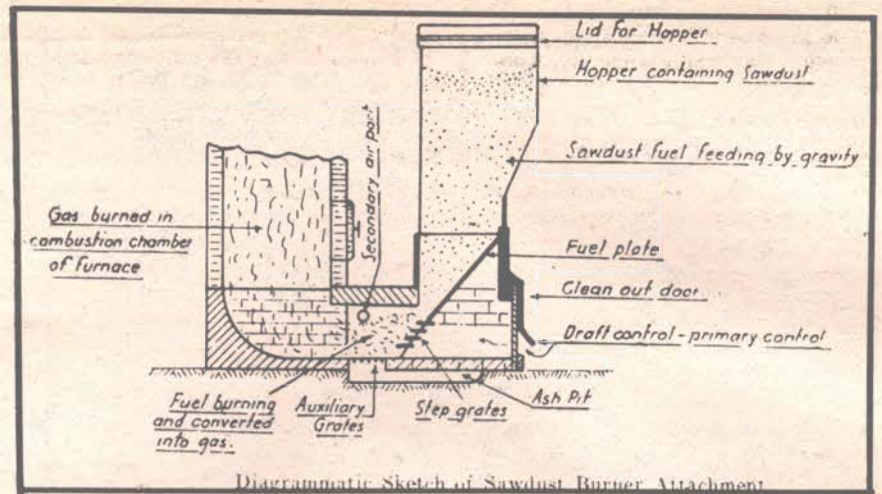
SAWDUST-BURNING EQUIPMENT

For domestic heating with sawdust, a

special attachment to the furnace is necessary. This burner consists of a fuel hopper with a Dutch-oven extension to the ordinary furnace firebox. In installing one of these burners, the furnace grates used with coal or wood are removed, the interior of the ash-pit is lined with fire-brick, and the burner is then built on in place of the ash-pit door. Coils for heating service water may be installed either in the firebox or in the burner. Sawdust burners may be used with any make of domestic furnace, whether of the hot-air or hot-water type.

The operation of a sawdust burner is simple. The fire is lit by means of paper and a few handfuls of sawdust, the hopper is then filled with sawdust, and the rate of combustion is controlled by the volume of air admitted to the burner. So long as the hopper contains sawdust, the burner operates steadily, the rate of combustion being regulated solely by the draught. For night operation, when the minimum amount of heat is required, the draughts of the burner may be closed so that the sawdust only smoulders. As the rate of combustion is dependent on the amount of air admitted to the burner; it is essential for positive control that unnecessary air-leaks be plugged and no air admitted except through the draughts.

Thermostatic control is used only to a very limited extent with sawdust burners. Where installed, the thermostat



Diagrammatic Sketch of Sawdust Burner Attachment

operates on the draught control on the front of the burner. This limited use of thermostats is probably due to the steadiness of combustion that may be obtained in sawdust burners using only manual control of the draught.

Combustion tests and flue-gas analyses made by the Laboratories indicated that in burners having exterior 'secondary air-ports' the most complete and efficient combustion occurs when these ports are nearly closed. When opened too wide, too much air is admitted over the fire, with a resultant cooling effect.

For night operation, the rate of combustion in a properly installed

sawdust burner can be so reduced by closing the draughts that the sawdust only smoulders and less than a quarter of a hopper of fuel is used. In the morning, however, opening the draughts quickly results in a hot fire. The attention necessary for the operation of a sawdust burner consists of filling the fuel hopper as required, passing a poker over the grates once each 24 hours to loosen any ash or clinker, and (about twice a month) cleaning out the very small amount of ashes produced.

COMBUSTION AND MOISTURE CONTENT

The moisture content of the sawdust was of considerable importance in relation to the ease with which it left the hopper, but of not so much importance in relation to its burning. The tests clearly showed that sawdust of a wide range of textures, and at all moisture contents likely to be encountered in ordinary circumstances could be burned in a sawdust burner. Naturally, the drier the fuel, the greater is its heat value. However, complications may arise if the sawdust used with certain types of burner is too dry. For example, in the case of very dry white pine sawdust (below the fibre saturation point of 25 or 30 per cent), it was found that a light, fluffy soot was formed, and that this soon choked the flue and so impaired efficient operation. Damp pine sawdust, when burned, left a glazed deposit on the flue and this probably has less insulating effect, and certainly less



END OF MODEL YEAR PRICES
Austin Marina.
It's the best time to buy... right now!



Standard equipment includes:

- Radio
- Radial-Ply Tires
- Big 1800 cc Engine
- Rust Inhibiting Undercoating
- Front Disc Brakes
- Rear Window Defroster
- Reclining Front Seats
- Rack & Pinion Steering

From **\$3495⁰⁰***



Austin Marina 2-Door Coupe
 Compare the features and the price to others in its class and you'll agree... The Austin Marina is one of the best buys of the year. Come in and test-drive the Marina.

Austin Marina 4-Door Sedan
 The family-size Marina will surprise you with its roominess, ride and luxury. But, the best surprise will be its end-of-model-year price.

*Dealer preparation, freight, licence and tax extra.

CORRY MOTORS INC.

Rt. 52 West Brome Tel: 263-0560
 2 miles from Cowansville on the Knowlton Road.

[1977] LIMITED LIMITEE



NORTH HATLEY OFFICE

Lorne Campbell
 P.O. Box 329, JOB 2C0
 Phone (819) 842-2336 - 2644

DONALD C. MILLER

SUCCESSORS TO - SUCCESSEURS A

INSURANCE BROKERS

SOUTHWOOD CAMPBELL & HOWARD LTD.

THE GOLDEN LION PUB



Available for group buffets and receptions of all kinds on request

Kitchen Hours:
 11:30 A.M. - 2 P.M. except Sat.
 5 P.M. - 8 P.M.

LENNOXVILLE, QUE

DAILY SPECIALS: \$1.99 including soup and coffee, tea or milk (through the end of May)

- Hot Meals
- Salads
- STEAKS: \$3.24 including baked potato or french fries and coffee, tea or milk



effect on the draught than did the dry soot. The thermal efficiencies for white pine sawdust, especially when dry, were lower than those for other species at corresponding moisture contents.

The opening of the throat between the hopper and the grates must be regulated by experience in order to obtain a steady flow of fuel to the grates and prevent the 'hanging' of fuel in the hopper. Generally, the finer the sawdust, the smaller the throat opening which can be used.

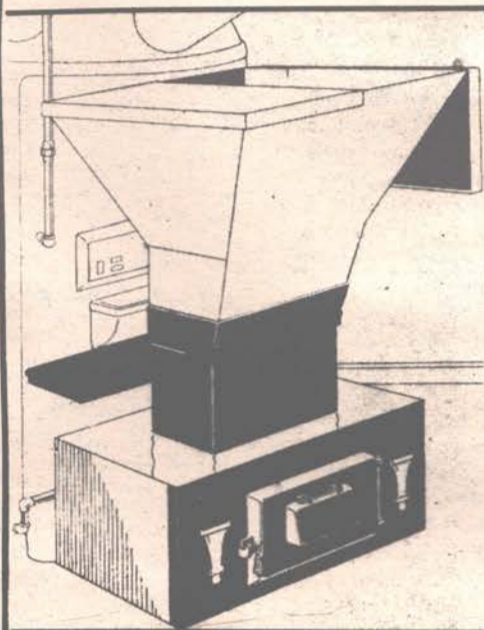
Paper and a few handfuls of sawdust are used to light the fire. The hopper is then filled with sawdust and the rate of combustion controlled by the volume of air admitted to the burner by the draughts. Under normal operations, lighting of the fire should be necessary only infrequently; theoretically once, at the beginning of the cold weather.

The importance of making the burner and its connection to the furnace air-tight, except for the proper draughts, cannot be over-emphasized. This fact was evident in the laboratory tests and has been repeatedly confirmed under service conditions. The tests showed that an excessive draught, even if admitted through the proper channels, seriously impaired combustion efficiency.

STORAGE OF SAWDUST

Storage of sawdust has an important effect on its heating value. Tests carried out by the Forest Products Laboratory, Vancouver, on Douglas fir showed that sawdust covered and stored for one year had its available heat value reduced by 8.8 per cent while sawdust stored in the open for periods of 1 year and 2 years had the available heat reduced by 17.6 and 54.4 per cent respectively. It was found that sawdust stored in the open for 5 years was too wet to burn without preliminary drying.

One and one-half units of dry —approx. 30% m.c.) hardwood sawdust or 3 units of very dry softwood sawdust are equivalent in heat value to 1 ton of coal. Coal occupies roughly 40 cu. ft. per ton, therefore, for the same heat output hardwood sawdust occupies 7.5 times the storage space necessary for coal, and softwood sawdust 15 times as much. Sawdust occupies about 2.5 times as much space as solid wood of the same weight. It appears to be impossible to store a complete winter's supply (Eastern Canada) in the basement of an ordinary house and therefore outside storage space or satisfactory deliveries would have to be provided.



CONCLUSIONS

Tests have proved that sawdust is suitable as a fuel for domestic heating in Eastern Canada and that sawdust of all the species tested could be burned satisfactorily either dry, or in the wet condition as produced by most saw-mills. Maple and birch sawdust is a better fuel than spruce and balsam fir or white pine. Naturally, dry sawdust is a better fuel than wet although very dry sawdust may produce excessive amounts of soot.

From these and other tests, it would appear that sawdust burners would lend themselves to automatic control.

The only limiting factor in the use of sawdust as a fuel is the supply. For this reason, suppliers of this fuel should accept only the number of customers to whom sawdust deliveries could be maintained throughout the heating season. However, if a steady supply could be arranged or alternately, if a winter's supply could be stored under cover, sawdust would provide a suitable fuel for domestic heating in Eastern Canada.

ASBESTOS RENTAL CENTER

363 DU ROI ST.

(NEXT TO BUILDALL)

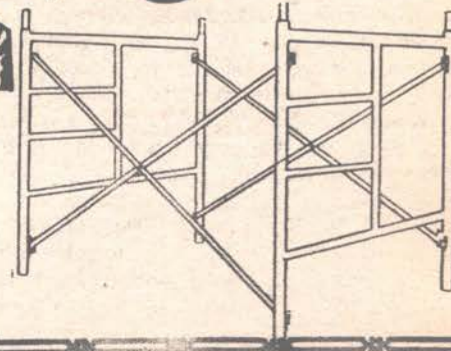
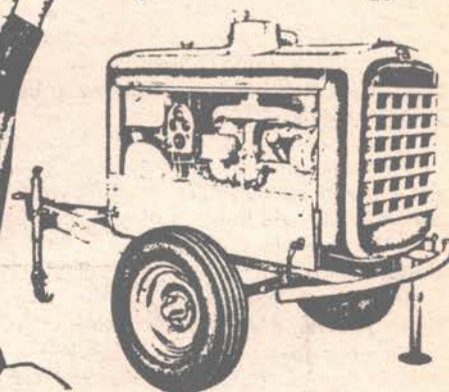
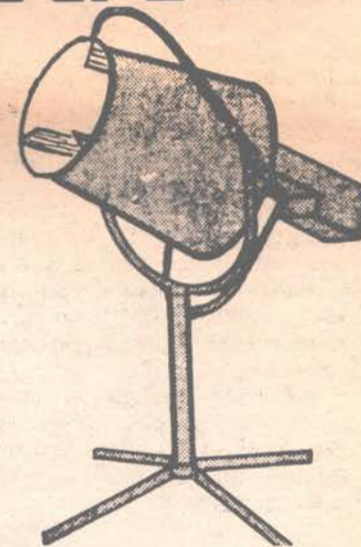
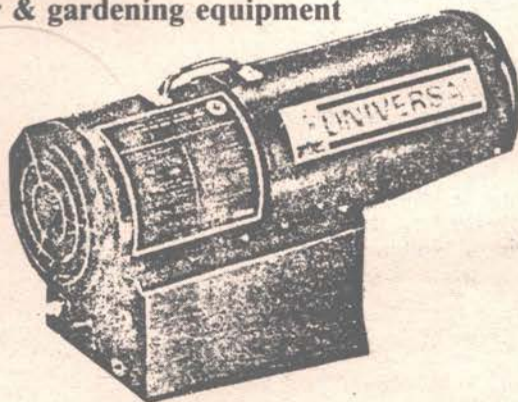
RENTAL SALE SERVICE Almost everything Best prices try us

BOSCH Complete Line

STIHL Chain saw, gas engine shrub cutter

MIKASA Compaction & pumps

GILSON Snow blower & gardening equipment



879-2660 [at the Center]

879-5495 [For information in English]

From our Readers



Dear Sir:

You know, if we didn't know it was adult, we might sometimes mistake our Federal and Provincial politicians nowadays for children.

There are two children. One says to the other 'I'm stronger than you'. He says to others 'I can read better than Paul'. Or maybe Pierre says Eddy put bugs in his desk. Another one says 'Ha, ha, I'll make a better class president than him. He can't get anyone to listen to him. He isn't very bright. He isn't very well known. He has a long nose. He doesn't want to travel. He doesn't know this or that. He can't do this or that.'

I am so sick of listening to our politicians putting down the other guy. How about what they can do and will do. The last Provincial election—it was awful. We get to a point where we say Lord, why listen to what he's going to say tonight, it won't be about him.

Mrs. G. Lapieme
Sherbrooke

Dear Sir:

I have received a letter from Alberta requesting information about the ORR family that once resided in the Inverness area of Megantic County.

The gentleman concerned wishes specifically to have information about his great grandfather's brother, William Orr, who had a mill on the Valentine Road to the Red Falls. He believes that this William was married to Ann Hood and that the names of their children were: William, Fred, Louisa, Harriet, Hannah and another son, possibly called James.

If any reader can give me information on this family would he or she please contact me by mail at Ste-Anastasia, Quebec, G0S 2B0, or come or phone 418-453-2867?

Thanking you,
I am,
Yours truly,

J. Weston Graham

P.S. The last issue was great! Keep up the good work.

Gentlemen:

A copy of your July '77 issue reached me last night via the son of a friend of mine in Howick, Quebec. It's a small world!

I'm an old Townships gal—born in North Hatley, imagine! Waterville was not so far away! Suffice it to say, I taught French in several Townships schools over a period of ten years before leaving to live in Howick, where I remained until 1970.

I enjoyed this paper so much that I would like to subscribe to it for a year.

Keep up the good work! My best wishes to you all!

Yours truly,
Ruth M. Ness
(née Merrill)
Delta, British Columbia

Dear Sirs,

We are pleased to enclose a renewal for our subscription to the Townships Sun. Many of our members have individual subscriptions to your paper; but feel that it is worth sharing with a wider public. It is a favourite with people who drop in to wait for friends, or take shelter until the bus arrives.

Perhaps you know that services of the Lennoxville Library are available to residents of the surrounding district as well as to the townspeople. We would be glad to have our neighbours visit the Library or call for information.

Our fund-raising campaign was held in October, with a special blitz on Monday, October 24. However, our accounts are still open and we would welcome further contributions. Donations may be sent to Mrs. B. Gosselin, Lennoxville Library, Box 145, Lennoxville, Quebec.

Lennoxville Library Committee



Dear Sir,

Being a subscriber and ardent reader of your good paper, I hope to gain some information from some of your older subscribers.

On Aug. 31, 1904, there was a railway accident on the old Grand Trunk Railway near Richmond, Quebec. It was the time of the Sherbrooke Exhibition.

I would appreciate any particulars, cause, number of people killed, their names and any other information available.

Thanking you in advance, please sign me, a faithful subscriber,

A.M.C.
Box 29
Phillipsburg, Que.
J0J 1N0

Letter to the Editor,
Townships Sun,

Having waited breathlessly for the follow-up on the ills and vagaries of the Gaspé by John H. Tennier in the Nov. issue, I am, to say the least, disappointed in that the 'ills' described by him last month and the 'evils' this month all seem to gravitate around poor administration and government meddling.

The fishing can be improved and farming brought back—of this there is little doubt. What does he suggest to be used as a resource? Is the government now going to train and supply people of great perception and depth in these two domains?

What I'm driving at is that in the October issue, Mr. Tennier gave his home address as Hamilton, Ont. Now it's easy to second guess everyone in a rundown area if you visit it 3 or 4 days a year. But why did he or his ancestors leave the Gaspé if the future was able to be made so bountiful?

I'll tell you the reason and that is, to make a dollar there, they had to work and work hard, whereas the streets paved with gold were all in Ontario or Montreal.

Not for these hardy emigrants to scratch out a living on a rocky piece of real estate or to spend 10 days at a stretch at sea trying to eke out a living. It's not bad working 9 to 5 for someone else for \$20,000 a year while back home the average income is \$3,200 for the farmer and fisherman.

Perhaps these soothsayers who left our glorious province to make their fortunes elsewhere will return in their retirement to re-invest in the country they profess to know so well, but I doubt it.

The Gaspé, like the Eastern Townships and the Dorchester-Bellechasse and Beauce Counties, fathered many fine sons who were not afraid of work but for those who left and abandoned farms and what industry existed to make and spend their fortunes in greener fields, please spare us your rhetoric, or sympathy. We're still here and intend to stay here.

Ray Thorne
Sherbrooke

Ed. note: Bravo, Mr. Thorne, your letter is much appreciated.

To the Editor:

Police provocation is a very real and continuing part of some of our lives here in Arthabaska. I find that there is a very dangerous latent police power in Canada which surfaces from time to time in our cosy lives and lays always upon the fringes of the establishment, scavenging the wanderers in a violent and anti-civilized manner exactly as the savage wolf preys upon the straggling sheep.

If possible, should you publish this, please withhold my name.

LOOKING FOR CRIME

It is an early September morning in Quebec as the crisp, blue sky reflects in my country window. The dogs are barking at a single car passing on the dirtroad in front of the house. I pull the covers over my head and doze; how long I don't know. Suddenly, the house is alive. There is a man in my room telling me to get dressed and go downstairs. He's looking in boxes, under cushions, in drawers. Blinking with sleep I mumble 'What's going on?'

'We have a warrant to search this house. Get dressed.', comes an unfriendly reply.

This is not a new experience for us. The local regime has visited us three times in three weeks. Results nil all three times. How can they still get warrants? Well now, that is really an academic question because as they have shown before, they really don't need a warrant at all. The last time they searched the house, one officer extended a small plastic card with his name on it and told me that that was all he needed to search my house.

Still, I imagine the principle criteria is that we grow our hair long—almost past the shoulders in fact—and that we live on Unemployment Insurance. Now, ten percent of our nation's work force is obliged to collect Unemployment or starve so that the other ninety percent can be exploited by threat of losing their jobs, so I feel that I am pulling my load for the capitalist establishment. As for long hair, well I guess it is a freedom, but it is more like being a voluntary negro in the United States—you are asking to be rejected from everything like bank loans, farm loans, jobs, and of course peace and quiet on a tranquil country morning.

Downstairs I find the others looking a bit rough from sleep, but otherwise used to the routine. Coffee is being brewed and we are allowed to wash up free from observation. Very easy-going bust, but remember, we are hardly dangerous criminals. In fact, the only 'criminal' we have among us is one fellow who was charged by 'Her Majesty, The Queen' about two years ago with possession of two joints of Cannabis. Not the hardened criminal type.

Curiosity brings me to the warrant and I look at this strange document which completely divests a citizen or household of all its rights. Yes, my name is there, and a judge's, and that of one of the police officers too. Then I look dubiously at the space left open for 'Reason to Suspect'. Will my question be answered? Do they really have some legitimate reason for coming? I can't help but laugh when I see the single word of explanation typed out so informatively—CONFIDENTIAL.

The house is chilly this morning and I shiver a bit from the cold air and frigid social atmosphere brought by three lawmen. I put on a warm shirt and sip on a tea, (I prefer it to coffee), while the search proceeds.

No surface evidence of that dire social crime of smoking pot has been found so they start on a detailed humiliating search in which they indulge in reading my diary of three years past and a collection of letters from girlfriends and friends in general. I'm not allowed upstairs during this period, presumably because they might be embarrassed caught reading some else's private papers and love letters. Then they entertain themselves with my photo collection. Enjoy the nudes, boys?

Finally the evidence is brought proudly downstairs: a never used chillum, a syringe from a diabetic girlfriend of eight years past which is used in feeding milk to abandoned kittens and rabbits, a collection of allergy pills and tranquilizers—I have

bad nerves—along with prescriptions and there it is, a confession in writing in my diary three years ago, I quote 'got high'. 'But this is nothing new' I say. 'You saw all this when you came last week.'

There is no reasoning with these bull dogs. I have to be grilled in my own living room like a World War II spy.

'What are these pills?'
'What's this for?'
'You use this syringe everyday?'
'Got high, eh?'

Not they have me I guess and in my nervous and harrassed confusion, I should confess. But that is always hard for the innocent to do especially when no one has specified a crime yet. Last year they asked me to confess and tell them where I stashed all my pot. I told them I didn't have any. This was taken as an antagonistic reply and it was implied that I was, on top of it all, a liar too.

I don't confess so the search must continue along with further questioning. How is it I own a farm? Where did we steal our woodworking tools? Where do you get your money? Etc., etc., etc.

I now feel weary and harrassed. My nerves are jangled and I start to feel guilty about everything and nothing. I feel that I am on the brink of going to prison for all sorts of crimes I must have committed but cannot for the life of me think that they could be.

I really am wrong to grow my hair long or condone smoking pot, or associate with 'freaks' or collect Unemployment Insurance. I have brought this all on myself. It is my own fault. How can I complain after all I have done to deserve this? Now I will always be 'known to police'. Suspected. Guilty. But, like Kafka in 'The Trial', I will never know what I am accused of.

Writing it all down is the one crime I am willfully committing. If this text is ever found by police agents, I am sure I shall be listed by the Federal Government as a dissident, dangerous, subversive element. Probably a revolutionary. What an atmosphere of paranoia!

But this is not the end!
Now we are allowed to dress for the outdoors and are escorted to the maple sugar shack. And there he is! Their victim to be.

I had a disagreement recently with one of the members of the household and he had decided to move out the day before. He was camping out not far from the sugar shack. He was asleep. The rest of us were escorted into the sugar shack while the main body of officers went to visit my friend. Some time passed until one of the policemen came to our escort and brought us all out.

I saw my friend standing by his car. He looked at me and screamed my name in a hoarse, anguished voice. It was an animal cry of terror. As he came forth the officers bustled into their two cars and sped away.

We were all afraid. Something was very wrong. Indeed it was. He told us in a shaking voice how they had awoken him from sleep with threats of violence. How they also threatened to plant pot of him and frame him.

Why?
We don't know.
They never said.

Name withheld by request.
A young 'Freak'
Arthabaska County



Townships Sun:

Sirs:
I have read your articles on Quebec Independence, pro, con and reason, in your November issue. May I as one whose families have all lived near here for over 100 years express some thoughts. Five of my great grandparents came over from Ireland, and the others trace way, way back to the early days in New England (1640-1656 etc.)

Your writer who referred to the troubles in Northern Ireland today should be aware that 50 years ago, the people of all Ireland voted on the question of independence from England. Ulster voted to remain part of the Great Britain realm, but the Southern part voted for a measure of liberty.

Gaelic became an, or the, official language, schools all taught it, towns, streets, and natural highlights were all posted with their Gaelic names, and many other steps were taken to preserve that heritage.

I was there last year. I heard no one speaking Gaelic. In fact, I found the English in Dublin was easier to understand than it was in London. They have their own currency, but accept the money from England at par, and while the Irish Pound is not accepted in London's stores, it is exchangeable at all public offices such as stations or banks.

As you will note, my occupation is such that I enter many homes. It may seem strange, but I never get asked by an English family to get their TV set ready to pick up Ch. 7 Sherbrooke; but I usually do get asked in the French homes to check their sets' ability to receive those American channels. This seems to have increased since a French only (for the lower class, bilingualism reserved for the cabinet) attitude grew with Bill 101.

There are reasons for that. The big one is that travel has increased greatly, and anyone going south has to have some English if they want to eat anything besides hotdog & coke. I do not feel that the governments in the other provinces have banned French, but if a family wanted French schools they had to pay extra taxes...and who wants to do that?

What should an English citizen do? Well, talk French with those friends who use it regularly. If you both want to learn that other language each one should talk the other's tongue, laughing about your own errors, and if the meaning seems changed from what was intended, make sure of the desired meaning, then explain a correct way to say it (forget grammar details). How much has English grammar and mode of expression changed in 50 years? A lot. Let's hope it continues to do so, because technical terms are world wide.

Sincerely
G.H. Skilling
P.S. It appeared in an American *Pilots* magazine a year or so ago that all commercial flights in Japan communicate with their airports in English—in fact private pilots are expected to do so, and have to make an emergency type call to change to Japanese and get away with it.

Dear Sir:

I would like to strongly comment on the letter in your October paper, written by Susan Reed.

I wonder where she received her information regarding the cemetery at Ascot Corner. I wish to set the record straight on her mistaken comments.

At the town office of Ascot Corner, the cemetery is registered 'Ascot Corner Protestant Cemetery', *not* 'The Stacey Cemetery', although some Staceys are buried there.

Miss Reed stated that she visited this neatly kept cemetery this summer. I hope she visited it before 1974! It was a neglected mass of brush, rough surfaces, over-grown trees, fence and gate in ruins, monuments lop-sided, etc. and mowing was impossible.

I contacted the few descendants in the surrounding area, and held a meeting at my home in Sand Hill, on June 16, 1974 to find out if anything could be done to restore the cemetery.

Much interest was created and publicized. A second meeting was held on July 4, at Mr. & Mrs. Albert Fleck's home, Spring Road.

Although there were no funds whatever to start with, the energetic workers started their renovations, with a vengeance, on July 6, 1974.

An organization was soon formed, and officers elected.

The workers who gave their labour on holidays and spare evenings, also the immediate financial aid needed were: the four sons and grandsons of Ben. Rolfe Jr., who was one of the many Rolfe families buried there, Raymond Roderique, his son-in-law, Messrs. Lawrence Kinnear, Albert Fleck and Gordon Sims.

This cemetery is now being well cared for strictly by the dedicated members of the Rolfe family.

Thank you,
(Mrs.) Gordon Sims
(Secretary-Treasurer of Ascot Corner Protestant Cemetery)



Dear Ms. McCaw:

I was interested in your article 'The Tombstone of Drummond Point' in the last issue of Townships Sun for two reasons—the mention of Annis Judd and the story of the Peasleys.

My cousin, Iris Daine of Brome is married to Lynn Peasley and is presently living in Sherbrooke. My father, Robert Judd, is a great-uncle of your Robert Dawson of the Townships Sun.

I am very interested in tracing information of the Judd family. My grand-father came from St. Eustace but I know that there has to be a background story of many earlier families. I would be grateful for any information or addresses of such a source.

Thank you in advance for your help.
Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Margaret Bretzlaff
R.R. 1
Shawville, Quebec
J0X 2Y0

Hot Raspberry Pie on a Cold, Grey Day!

By Pauline Riley

There is a small, family-run bakery in Lennoxville called Green's Bake Shop. Grandfather and Grandmother Wrathmall, Mr. and Mrs. Wrathmall, their two small daughters, and one student employee work there. They bought the business 8 years ago from Mrs. Green who had started 11 years before that, by having a display of her cooking along with the knitted things she sold. Since that time the business has almost tripled. By word of mouth people have come to recognize the quality of home-cooking. But it's a lot of work, as I learned in the early morning bustle in the kitchen. Butch was cutting dough and frying donuts, 'Grammy' was paring apples and baking pie crusts, Mrs. Wrathmall was making lemon loaves and the 3 year old daughter was in a child's heaven, cleaning off the bowls and beaters of a bakery.

'We do everything by hand,' said Butch, 'so there is no way we can mass produce it. When we started out we wanted to build up the business, but keep it to home-cooking. At first we wondered if we were going to make it. There were a lot of doubts and business dropped because people figured somebody new would change the recipes. But

we bought the whole lock, stock and barrel from Mrs. Green, including 100 original recipes. So people came back and we got new customers. We had out goof-ups too—like the three of us making donuts differently from the same recipe or forgetting the sugar out of the date loaf or the baking powder out of the lemon bread. We eat our goof-ups!

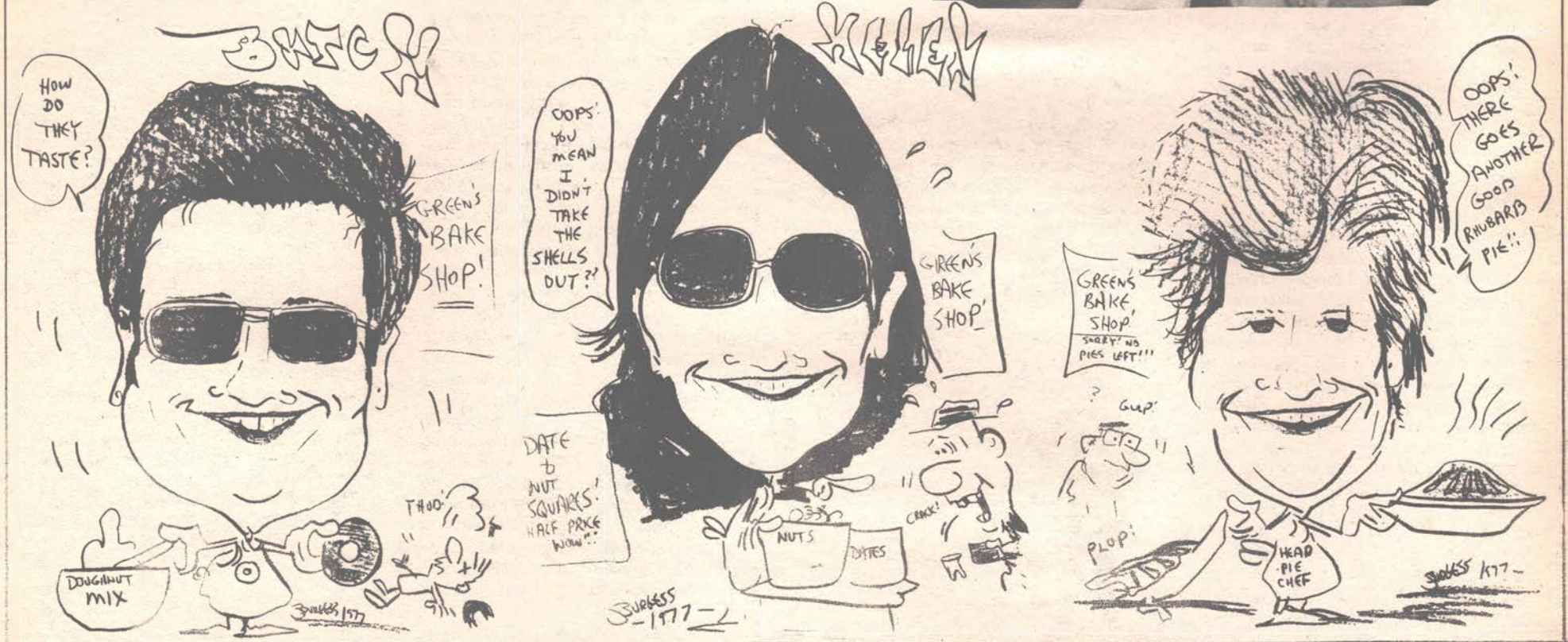
'My experience with cooking and baking started when I was 12 years old and washing dishes at Pat's restaurant. I ended up cooking short order and then when I was in the Navy for three years I cooked and baked there. That was a good start. From there I worked at the Royal York Hotel in Toronto as cook's helper and I learned a lot. Then I wanted to try something different so I worked in the Sudbury mine. I got a back injury, had an operation and decided to change professions.

A customer came in. Butch says, 'Instead of a Mac attack, that guy has a donut attack every morning. Hey, how come you missed last week?' The man said, 'I was in Ontario.' Butch laughs, 'We would have shipped them!'

I asked Butch what he didn't like about running the Bake Shop. He said, 'Rising costs'. It's hard to know how to price your stuff as you can't keep putting the



photo by Pauline Riley



prices up. It's terrible the way the cost of food materials keeps rising and it makes it hard to pay more than minimum wage for labour. The price of 6 pounds of cocoa is \$19.20 and a couple of months ago it was \$11.20. For the 8 oz. boxes of Baker's chocolate (there is 24 boxes to a case) it costs \$49.00! So on some things there is more profit than with others. Chocolate cake you would lose on for sure.

In the flour strike last year we had to buy our flour down in St. Johnsbury, Vermont. It was a nuisance as we had to go to the Wheat Board in Montreal to get a permit to do that. Each time you had to renew the permit. For the quantity of flour we took, it was hardly worth it.

'The thing I like most about this business?...the cash! It gives you a living and it's something you like to do. The hours are good—8 a.m. to 5:30 p.m., Tuesday to Saturday. On Friday and Saturday, it's almost a 24 hour shift. We don't each work that, but divide our times up. My father, who was an army cook, makes the bread (75-100 loaves) at night. Saturday is like a triple day. Usually we come in around 6 a.m.

During the week we make about 20 dozen donuts (and a spiceless batch for a customer who can't eat spices) and about 45 dozen on the weekend. Since I

got this donut cooker, I've cut my time in half, but it goes too fast for me! Each day we also make squares—pineapple, raspberry, brownies, orange and raisin. Then it's the sweet loaves—date, cherry, nut etc. We sell mostly pies, donuts and breads and our sidelines are the squares, loaves and cookies. If what we make isn't sold each day, we put it in the freezer.

Right now is a slower period for the bake shop and this gives them time to prepare for the Christmas rush.

'We made our mincemeat up about a month and a half ago to give it good time to age. Now we're doing plum puddings and Christmas cakes. It took three of us 2 days to get the fruit ready, and then we can make about 40 pounds of cake per day. I was talking to an employee of a big local bakery and he said two men make 1000 pounds of cake per day! You can imagine how the fruit is looked over. They must just dump everything in. We also make all kinds of meat pies, tarts and decorated short-breads.'

I didn't want to leave that warm, delicious smelling place, but I was beginning to feel a growing pressure in my stomach (their raspberry pie, donuts and bread sure are good!!!)



Garden Calendar—

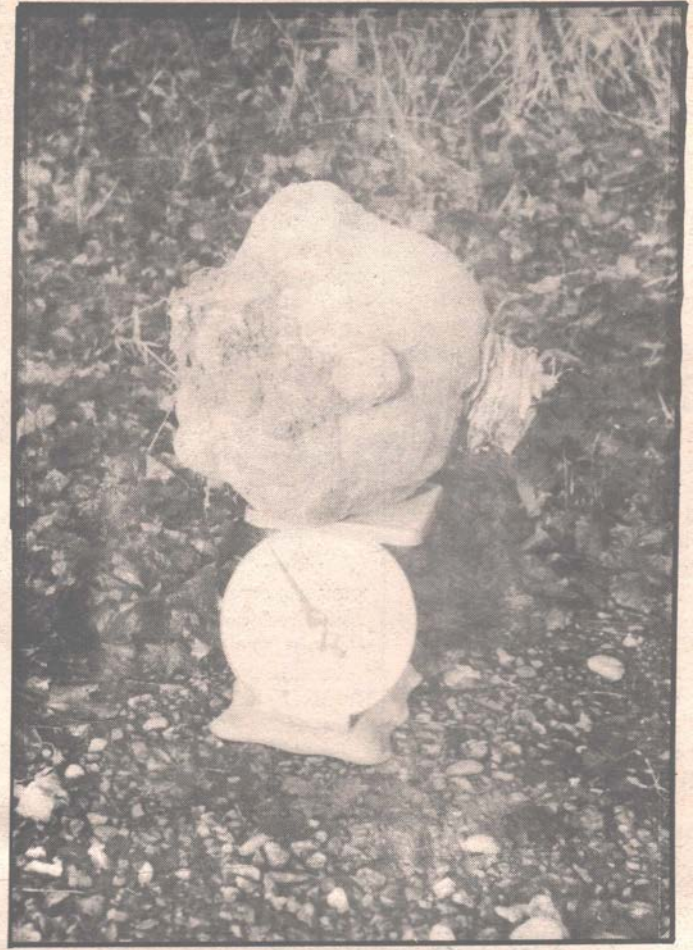
Hedgerow & Shelter Belts

season or as the corn farmers accurately phrase it: the amount of heat units. In the northern latitudes, less energy penetrates because of the oblique sun angles. There is little we can do about this or other climatic factors. We can, however, improve the micro-climate in our garden area. If you are planning a garden site a south slope is the optimum location. You can also increase the heat units you receive by planting on the south side of a house, shed or barn. If you paint that structure white you will be amazed at the increase in warmth in your garden. Most of us have gardens already but there is one main factor we can optimize. A darker soil attracts and retains heat better than a lighter one. If we work hard to increase our soil fertility our soil will become darker. Black plastic mulch also has this advantage but it has to be used with discretion on wet spring soils. We can only minimally increase our sun attraction but we can greatly increase our warmth retention. Soil retains its warmth when it is not swept over by cool winds. The cool breeze you enjoy while weeding in July is actually slowing the ripening of your heat-loving plants. Wind protection is a necessity for northern gardens. Hedgerows and shelterbelts are a simple, natural and effective method of creating a wind barrier and thereby improving your garden micro-climate.

Now that was an Indian Summer! It was a just reward for those patient gardeners who waited through the wet season to do their fall fertilization and tillage. If a cover crop like fall rye had been planted before the rain it will have gained a good start and be ready for early spring re-growth. The rye will provide a nitrogen-laden green manure crop when tilled in for early plantings. In areas where it is left longer, until the stalks form, it will supply organic matter for humus formation. One may even wish to leave a patch to harvest the grain for home-made rye bread or seed for next year.

Our main problem in this climate is not nitrogen or humus, however. Our obstacle is the length of the growing

Hedgerows reduce wind velocity and evaporation and increase soil and air temperature. The influence of a shelterbelt is of course strongest to the leeward where the maximum shelter effect is felt at a distance five times the height of the shelterbelt, and the full wind velocity is not reached again until a distance of fifty times the height. But also on the wind side, close to the shelterbelt or



22 lb. turnip grown by John Rose, Lennoxville

hedgerow there is a zone where the climatic conditions are more favourable than further away. A shelterbelt is composed of rows of high trees and low shrubs with filler or replacement trees at intermediate levels. A hedgerow is a single row of shrubs or small trees trimmed to a certain height to be effective. A wind barrier cannot be too dense as that will just deflect the wind. It cannot have poorly placed openings as that will create wind jet effects. It should be around 40% permeable to have its greatest effect. A living barrier of plants provide this structure perfectly.

Planted to the west and northwest, a single or double row of hedges will create a more suitable environment for our vegetable crops. A hedge can be constructed out of many varieties of plants or just a single one. Popular shrub plants are privets, cotoneasters, and cedars. In earlier times, honey and black locust trees were used. They were actually cut and twined together to make wind and animal barriers. Farm fences in the British Isles and parts of Europe are living examples of excellent hedgerow creation. The pea-tree (caragana aborescens) from Siberia is a very hardy, nitrogen-fixing tree-shrub which exhibits rapid growth (to 15 ft.) and is a preferred wind barrier on the prairies. Most plants used in shelterbelts should be local. Importing shrubs and trees from southern nurseries is not a good practice even though they are labelled as hardy. Getting your own plants from the woods is a tedious but worthwhile practice. We know that these plants will grow well in our climate. Nitrogen-fixing plants are also preferred. Deep-rooting trees steal less nutrients from their neighbours than shallow rooting ones like the greedy poplar. Since hardwood trees such as maple, birch, cherry, and beech cannot compete well with grasses, their planting area has to be tilled and fallowed a season before the shelterbelt is planted. Conifers such as pine, spruce, fir and cedar compete well with grasses but still should have a preparatory hole dug. This should be filled with compost and mineral rock powders for best growth. The alder is a good, small tree to use in the intermediate height of the shelterbelt. It has the ability to convert free nitrogen from the air into nitrate

compounds by means of root nodules. It thus feeds itself and the surrounding plants and dies leaving the soil richer than when it arrived.

A garden hedge can be supplemented by plantings of sunflowers, Jerusalem artichokes, corn, and pea fences to the west and north-west. Hedgerows and shelterbelts have other advantages besides wind protection. Birds love to sit up top of small plants or tomato posts so they can eye their garden pest prey. A hedge, especially one that offers fruit like the hansen bush cherry, is a natural home for birds and other garden allies. A hedge-rimmed garden is also very pleasing to the eye. It augments a varied ecological habitat which is out best defense against pests and disease. A small shelterbelt can be constructed thus:

- x - small tree (alder, hawthorn, locuse, cedar)
 - o - large tree (maple, fir, poplar)
 - u - group of 3 shrubs (privet, bush cherry, cotoneaster, rosa rugosa)
- (6 ft. between each row and 3 feet between each tree of group of shrubs)

x u x u x u x u x u
o x o x o x o x o x
x u x u x u x u x u

The information for this column was from: J.B. Santon, *Trees & Shrubs for Shelterbelts*

R. Geiger - *The Climate Near the Ground*
Koepp - *Bio-Dynamic Agriculture*

There will be a meeting to gather information for the planning of the 4th Annual Eastern Townships Biological Agriculture Conference at the Eaton Corner Store on Dec. 8 at 7.30. Any person, group or organization interested in providing any input is welcome.

J. N. Boisvert & Fils
5 KING OUEST
SHERBROOKE, P. Q.
TEL. (819) 562-0938

- Luggage - Leather Goods
- Gifts - Tuck Shop

Best Wishes for Holidays

Chrysler Cordoba Charger Aspen



Jim Crook
25 years for Chrysler

Specials of the Month

No. 8074a, 77 Ford Ltd Landau, 2 dr., 10,000 mi. \$5450.00

No. 6584a, 76 Cordoba, 2 dr. 10,000 mi., air cond., \$5650.00

No. 7606a, 76 Monaco, 4 dr., ex PP, as is \$2050.00

No. 7617c, 75 Triumph, 15,000 mi. \$3850.00

No. 7297a, 75 GMC, 4x4, 18,000 mi., clean, one half ton \$4450.00

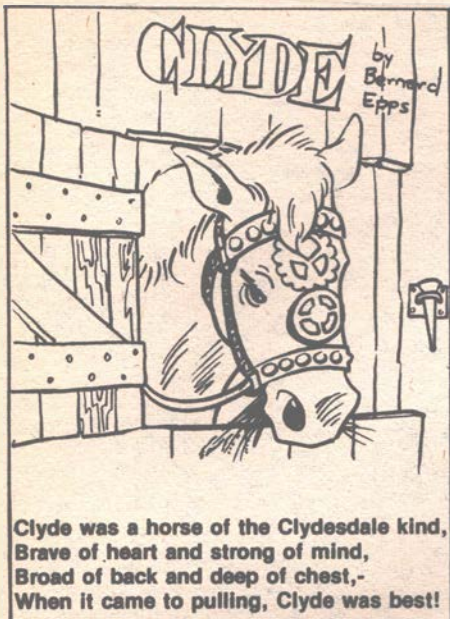
No. 6544a, 75 Monaco Royal st.w. 2 seats \$3450.00

- We have a highly qualified salesman team
- We've been at it for 54 years
- Mechanical department 24 hours a day

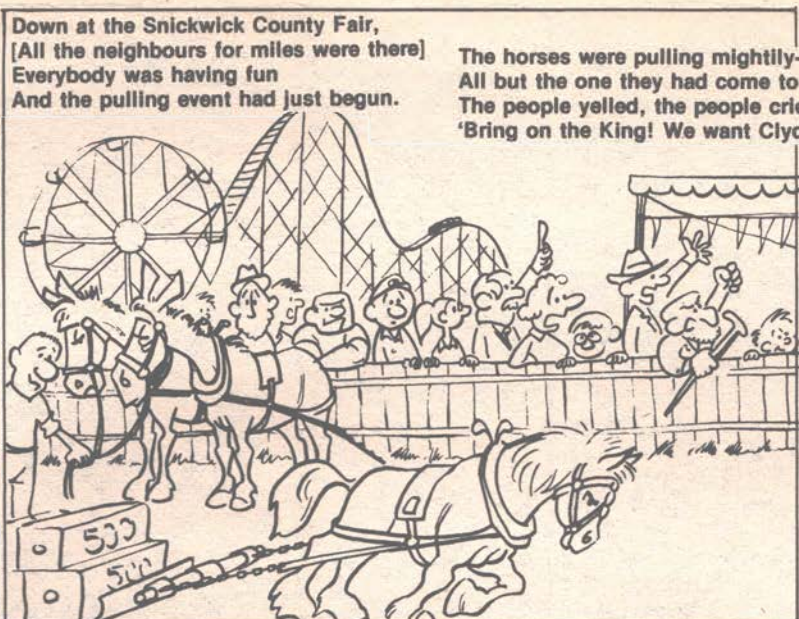
Colt Dodge Trucks 4x4's



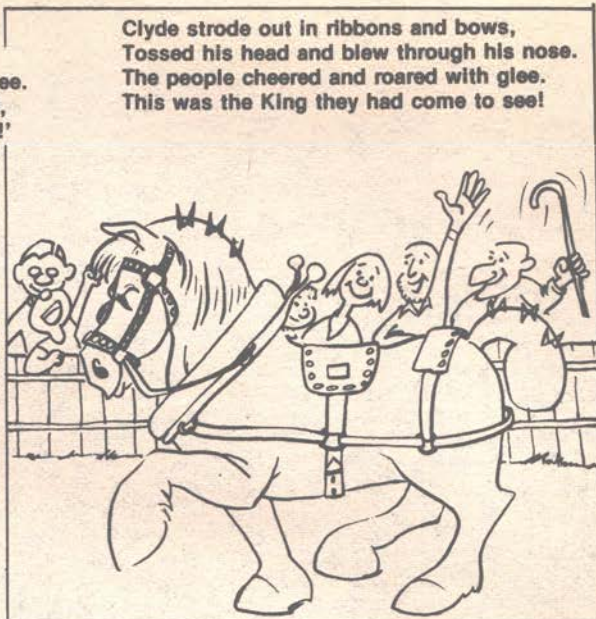
2550 King St. West, Sherbrooke
567-3911



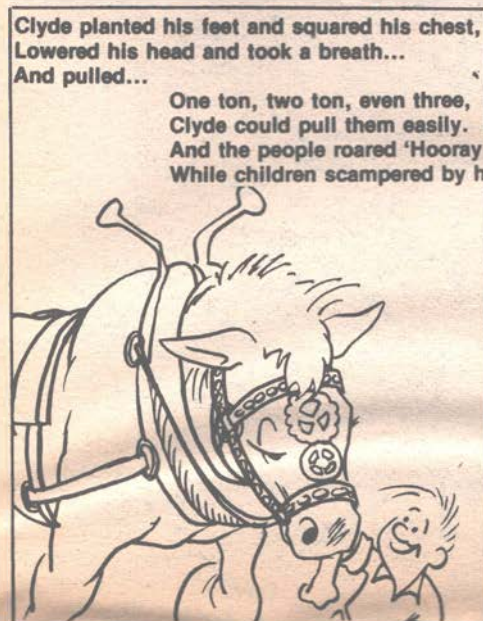
Clyde was a horse of the Clydesdale kind,
Brave of heart and strong of mind,
Broad of back and deep of chest,
When it came to pulling, Clyde was best!



Down at the Snickwick County Fair,
[All the neighbours for miles were there]
Everybody was having fun
And the pulling event had just begun.
The horses were pulling mightily-
All but the one they had come to see.
The people yelled, the people cried,
'Bring on the King! We want Clyde!'

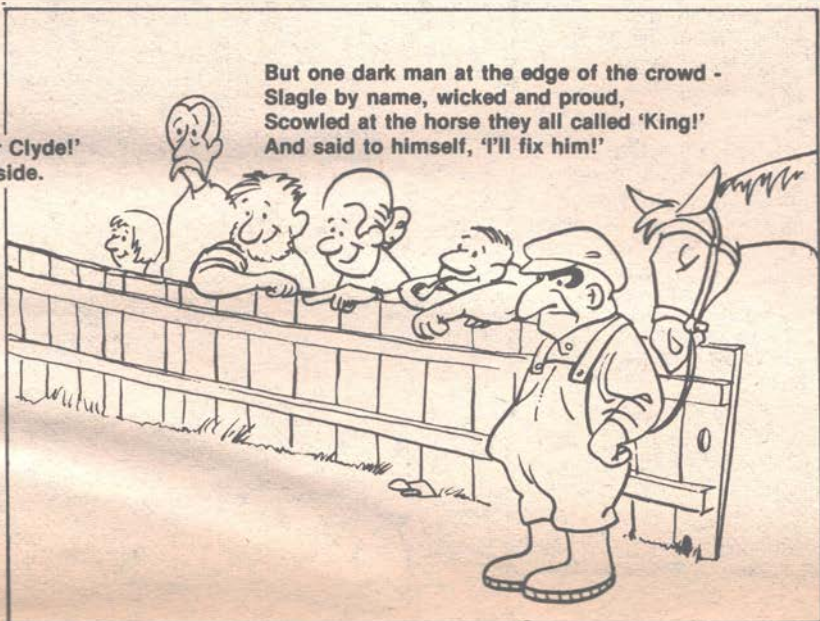


Clyde strode out in ribbons and bows,
Tossed his head and blew through his nose.
The people cheered and roared with glee.
This was the King they had come to see!

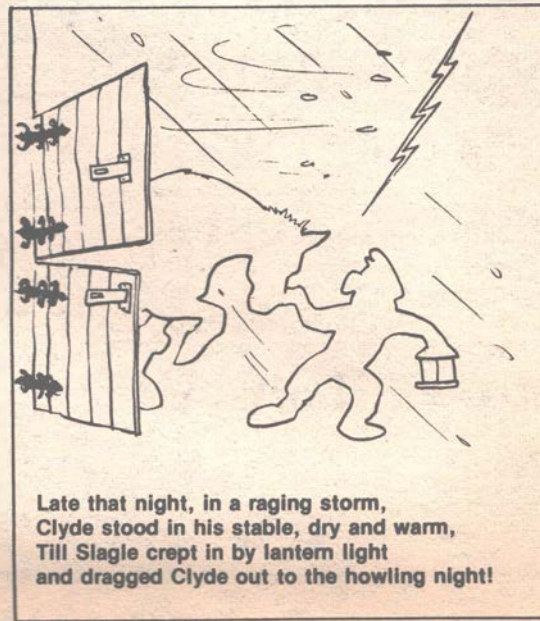


Clyde planted his feet and squared his chest,
Lowered his head and took a breath...
And pulled...

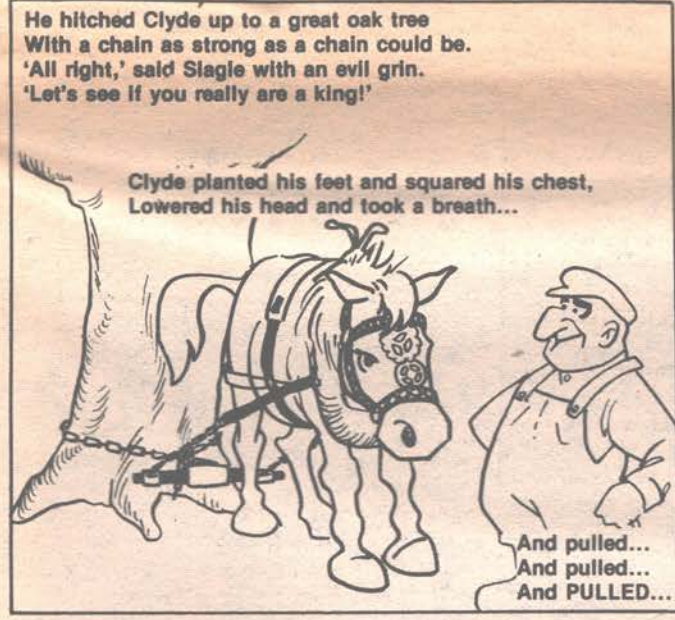
One ton, two ton, even three,
Clyde could pull them easily.
And the people roared 'Hooray for Clyde!'
While children scampered by his side.



But one dark man at the edge of the crowd -
Slagle by name, wicked and proud,
Scowled at the horse they all called 'King!'
And said to himself, 'I'll fix him!'



Late that night, in a raging storm,
Clyde stood in his stable, dry and warm,
Till Slagle crept in by lantern light
and dragged Clyde out to the howling night!



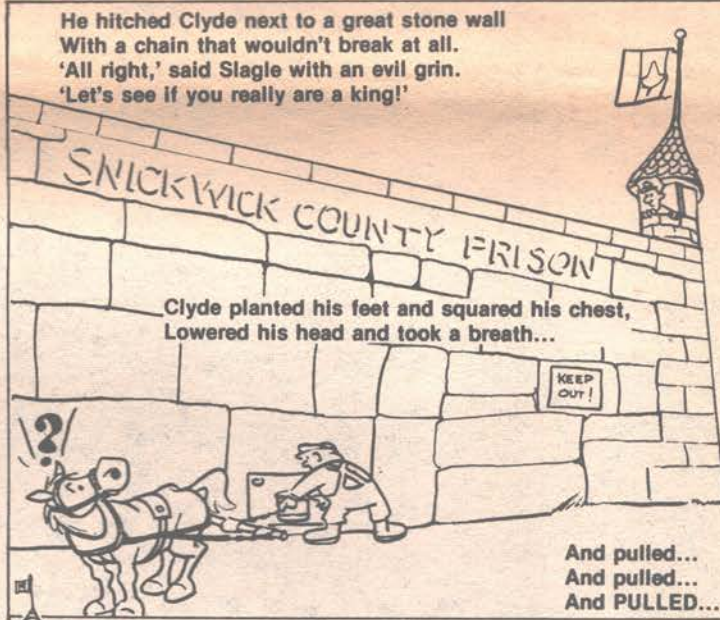
He hitched Clyde up to a great oak tree
With a chain as strong as a chain could be.
'All right,' said Slagle with an evil grin.
'Let's see if you really are a king!'

Clyde planted his feet and squared his chest,
Lowered his head and took a breath...

And pulled...
And pulled...
And PULLED...



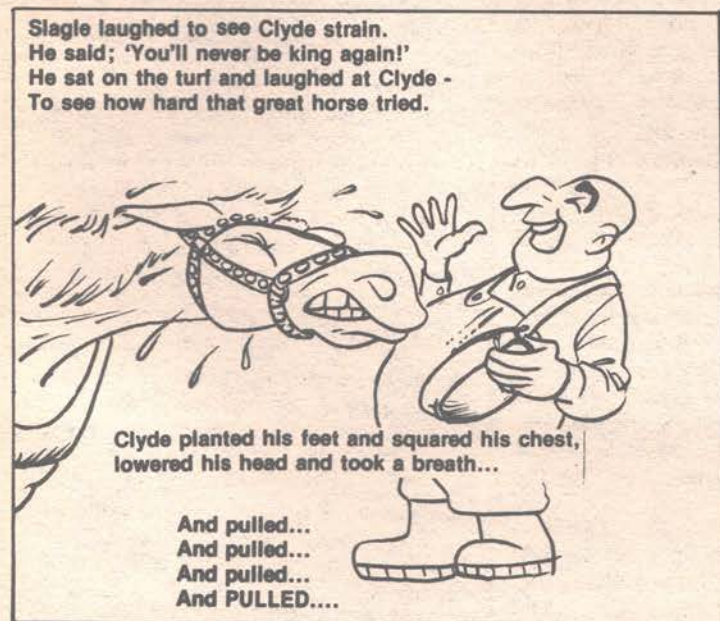
Until with a noise that shook the dell,
The tree came up by the roots and fell!
Clyde stamped his feet and shook his head.
'I'll fix you next time!' Slagle said.



He hitched Clyde next to a great stone wall
With a chain that wouldn't break at all.
'All right,' said Slagle with an evil grin.
'Let's see if you really are a king!'

Clyde planted his feet and squared his chest,
Lowered his head and took a breath...

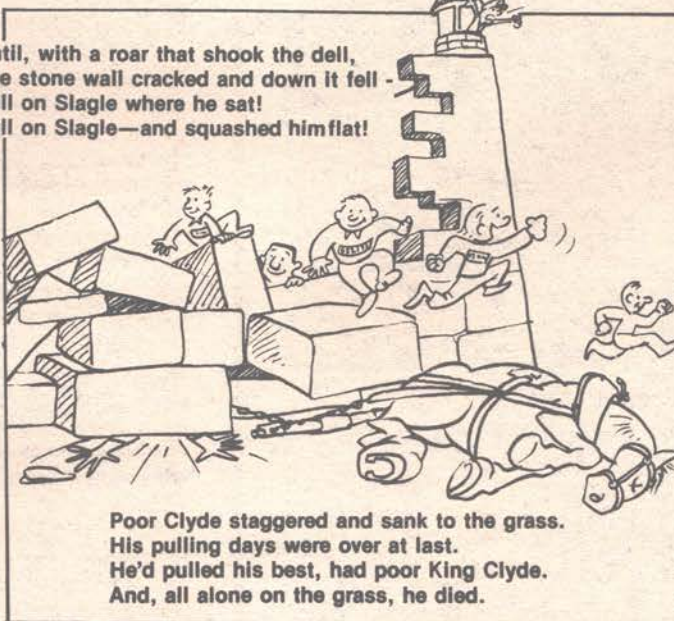
And pulled...
And pulled...
And PULLED...



Slagle laughed to see Clyde strain.
He said; 'You'll never be king again!'
He sat on the turf and laughed at Clyde -
To see how hard that great horse tried.

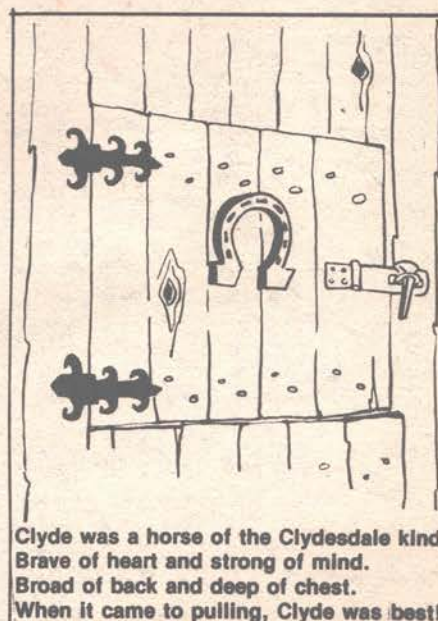
Clyde planted his feet and squared his chest,
lowered his head and took a breath...

And pulled...
And pulled...
And pulled...
And PULLED....



Until, with a roar that shook the dell,
The stone wall cracked and down it fell -
Full on Slagle where he sat!
Full on Slagle—and squashed him flat!

Poor Clyde staggered and sank to the grass.
His pulling days were over at last.
He'd pulled his best, had poor King Clyde.
And, all alone on the grass, he died.



Clyde was a horse of the Clydesdale kind,
Brave of heart and strong of mind.
Broad of back and deep of chest.
When it came to pulling, Clyde was best!

By Bernard Epps.

Robertson, Pomroy, Pope & Archie Assance the Indian; The MUR, the SET & KRR, The STF & MIR, The Orford Mountain, The Megantic Fish & Game Club, The Maine Two-Footers and The Quebec Narrows Railway Bridge

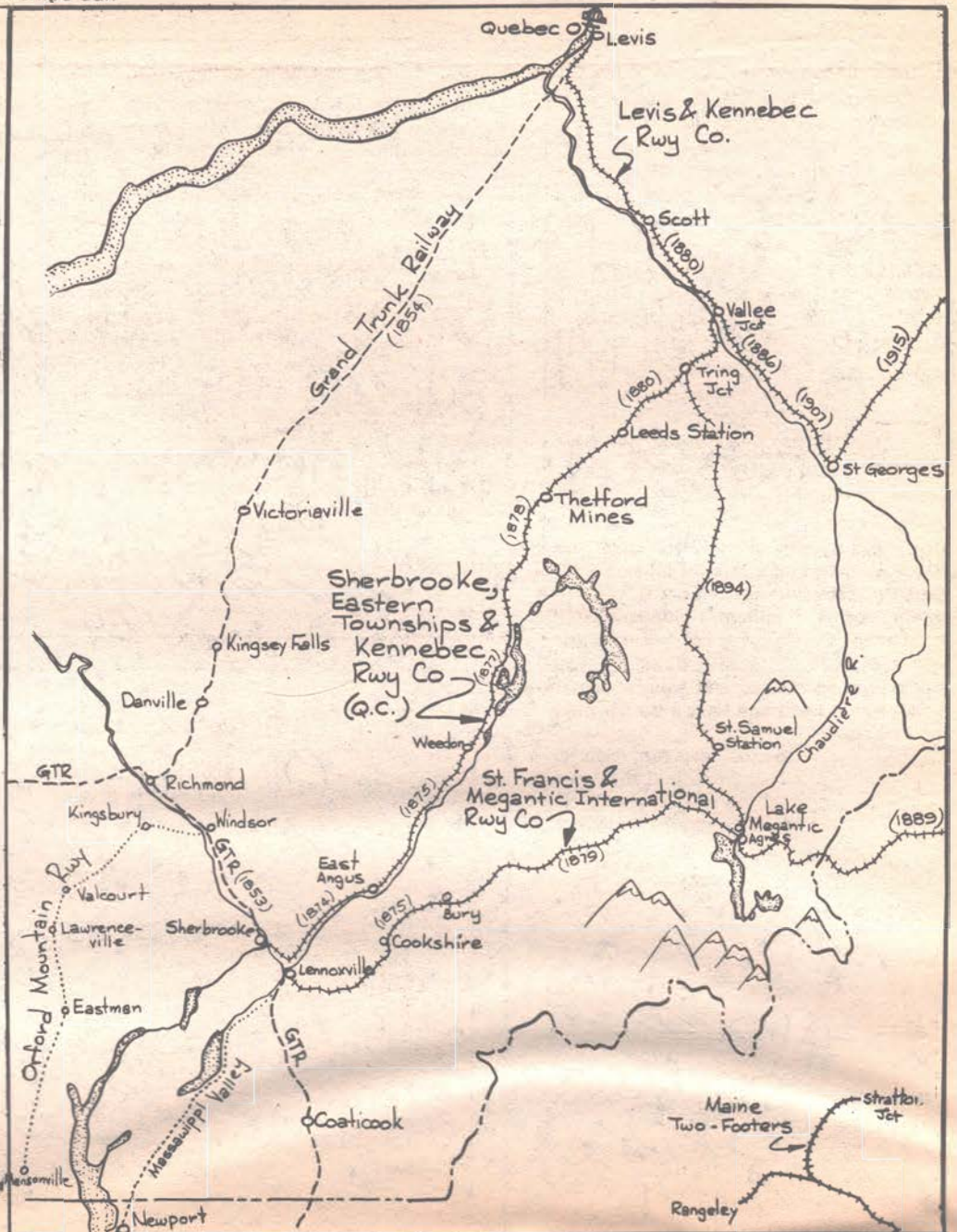
The story of the Eastern Townships is the story of its transportation—from rivers to rails to roads. In the beginning, the rivers determined settlement, farms spread along the banks of navigable waters and villages clustered around saw- and grist-mills which were built where the water was fast. Before the coming of the railroads, the easternmost of the Eastern Townships were only spottily settled as was the entire mid-west before the building of the CPR.

Railways prospered by opening new land and thus creating their own business. Settlers now opened farms along the railway and villages clustered around the stations. Wherever the railway came, there were jobs for section hands, trainmen, agents, a market for telegraph poles, ties, shims, firewood and ready access to the cities for daily shipments of lumber, fresh milk and eggs, butter, cheese and meats. Railroad presidents often exerted more influence over the economy than did provincial premiers for the politician in Quebec and the banker in Montreal was remote and foreign to our region while the railroad was close and familiar.

For fifty years and more the railway was the single most important factor in the settlement of the Eastern Townships and the most influential in the daily lives of the people. For fifty years the railway was king—and then came the invention of the gasoline engine.

THE MASSAWIPPI VALLEY RAILWAY

Benjamin Pomroy's father was a Stanstead magistrate who struggled mightily against demon rum and the evils of intemperance. Around 1843, he sentenced some black-hearted rascal to a stiff term for contravening the liquor laws and



The Complete Ski Shop (cross-country and downhill)



Come and choose your equipment.
Complete cross country ski outfits.
Skis, poles, boots, binding from \$59.95 up.

- We accept trade-ins
- We have used ski equipment

H. MUNKITTRICK
SALES & SERVICE

1020 Wellington St., S. 569-1487

Ladies' and Mens' skates

WE SPECIALIZE IN REPAIRING SKIS, PINETARRING, WAXES, ETC.

when that black-hearted rascal got out, he took revenge by burning down the judge's house and barns.

None of this, of course, has anything to do with the Massawippi Valley Railway.

Benjamin Pomroy was born in 1800 and went into the mercantile business in Sherbrooke at the age of 23. His business prospered and he moved to Compton in 1830 where he did very well for himself indeed and made all kinds of money. He was one of the prime movers and the first president of the Eastern Townships Bank. He was a director and large stockholder of the Paton Woollen Mills in Sherbrooke, a promoter of the old St. Lawrence & Atlantic Railway which brought prosperity to Compton, and prime-mover unmoved for the Massawippi Valley Railroad which would do the same for Hatley, Ayer's Cliff and Stanstead.

The MVR was set up to connect the Connecticut and Passumpsic Railroad (Emmons 'Peanut' Raymond, President)—which came to a full stop at Newport, Vermont—with the Grand Trunk at Sherbrooke. Alexander Tilloch Galt, who seemed to have a hand in every enterprise in the Townships, was president of the MVR, Benjamin Pomroy was vice president and 'Peanut' Raymond was prominent on the board of directors.

John Henry Pope was nineteen years younger than Pomroy and yet he was involved with him in many of the same pioneer business adventures. There is a story that he was driving through Lennoxville one afternoon when he met Pomroy and stopped to ask how things were going with the promotion of the fledgling MVR.

'Badly', Pomroy answered and went on to explain that Ascot Township had refused their request for a subsidy and the company was still short some \$25,000.

'Well,' said John Henry Pope, 'I can fix that up. Go on with your road.'

And he subscribed the full twenty-five thousand dollars out of his pocket. With that help, the Massawippi Valley Railway was completed and handed over to 'Peanut' Raymond in 1870.

JOHN HENRY POPE

John Henry Pope was born in Eaton on December 19, 1819. His grandfather had fled there from Boston following the American unpleasantness and was one of the original Townships pioneers. John Henry took what little schooling was available in those days, took over the farm and then went into the lumbering business where he became involved with the Brompton Mills Lumber Company. These were exciting times and he was sometimes two weeks on the road pursuing business around the Townships and sleeping in his sleigh so as not to waste a moment's time. When he came to the Relton River in Winslow one spring—so an old story goes—he found the water in spate with great chunks of ice coming down to make the ford impossible. John Henry got down from his sleigh and felled a couple of trees across that river. The ice floes backed up behind that hasty dam and had a chance to refreeze. By morning, John Henry could drive easily across the ice and the story quickly went round among the superstitious Scots that John Henry Pope could do anything—he could even freeze a river.

At the age of 36, John Henry was elected to Compton County's seat in the federal parliament and held that seat until his death. He promoted Pomroy's Eastern Townships Bank and was one of the original partners of A. Paton & Co. He pushed the growth of those mills to such an extent that they became the largest woollen and textile mills in all Canada.

ARCHIE ASSANCE

Archie Assance was an Indian from

around Moosehead Lake in Maine but he was no wild and ignorant savage for he'd been to college and studied mineralogy. In the early 1860's, he went prospecting through the woods on both sides of the border and found placer deposits in Ditton Township. Later on he is supposed to have found more along the Indian Stream in New Hampshire, near a place still called Assance Gulch, but nobody has been able to find that deposit yet. By that time, Archie had learned to keep his secrets to himself.

But when he discovered the gold in Ditton Township he couldn't keep his mouth shut and everybody knew. Archie drank like a fish and news spread and half the country was out hunting for his gold. John Henry found it. He set up a mining company and took gold from Ditton Township for thirty years after. He also mined gold on the Chaudière where a strike had been made as early as 1846 around St. Francis. For a long time, Pope maintained a second home in St. Francis so he could keep a weather eye on his holdings.

He also developed copper mines at Acton, was a director of the Sherbrooke Water Power Company and the Sherbrooke Gas & Water Company, Minister of Agriculture in the Macdonald-Cartier administration from 1864 to 1873, Minister of Agriculture again with Macdonald's return to power in 1878 and then succeeded Tupper as Minister of Railways & Canals in 1885—holding that overweight portfolio until he died of it four years later.

And in his spare time, John Henry Pope pushed, promoted, propelled—and sometimes paid—for the building of the Saint Francis & Megantic International Railway.

The St. F & MIR.

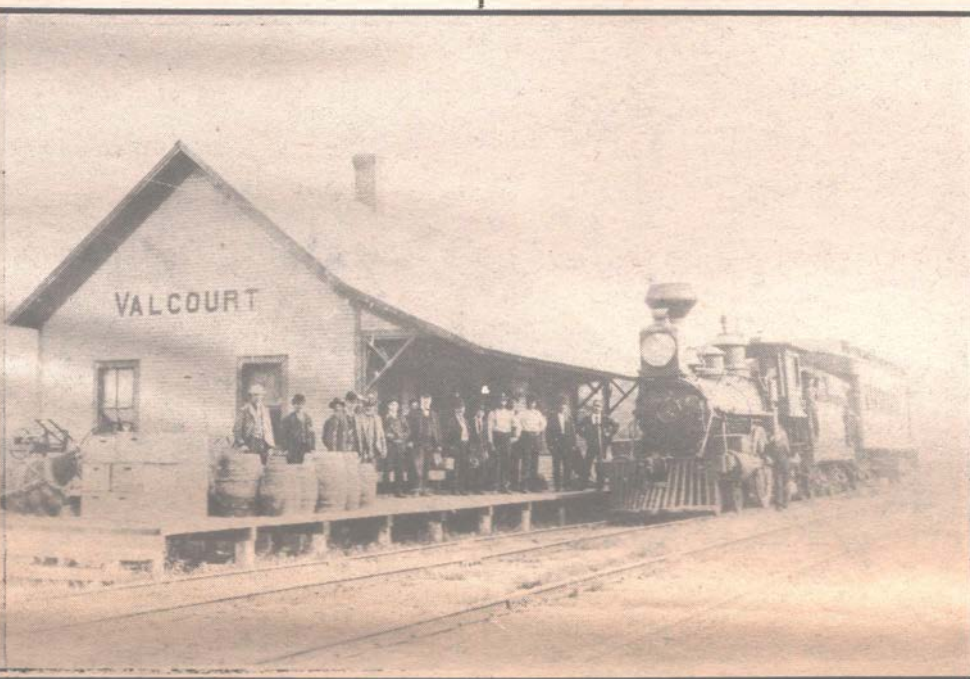
It was incorporated in 1870—the year the Massawippi Valley was completed—and empowered to 'lay out, construct and finish a double or single track iron railway' (no nonsense over wooden rails now) 'from Sherbrooke to the Province line at a point near Lake Megantic, there to connect with a line of railway in the State of Maine about to be constructed—and which will connect with the European & North American Railway or a branch thereof, so as to form a continuous railway from the Grand Trunk to the city of St. John, New Brunswick.'

(That European & North American Railway, despite its surrealistic title, merely ran up the Kennebecosis to link St. John with Moncton. In those heady days there were many lines whose ambitions and names stretched further than their rails ever did.)

The board of directors for the St. F & MIR reads like a Who's Who of Compton County. It included Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt, of course, (Minister of Finance in

the Macdonald-Cartier administration in which John Henry was Minister of Agriculture), Alexander Ross, M.L.A. from Gould, the Hon. John Sewall Sanborn of Sherbrooke (soon to be appointed Justice of the Superior Court and then to the Court of Queen's Bench), Benjamin Pomroy of Compton and the Eastern Townships Bank, Cyrus Bailey of Cookshire, Lemuel Pope of Bury, Colin Noble of Newport Township, Lewis McIver of Bury and, of course, John Henry Pope himself. John Henry went ahead and had the route surveyed through the Scottish settlements he knew so well from his lumbering days and even found a reasonable route through the high wild mountains of Maine.

The new railway needed a million-and-a-half in working capital and John Henry proposed to raise part of it from the people whom the railroad would most benefit—the taxpayers of Compton County. The Council listened and voted \$225,540 of the people's money but those townships to which the railway would be of little or no benefit, objected



strongly and took the decision to court. While the case was in the courts, John Henry pushed doggedly ahead with the railway just the same and even dipped once more into his own pocket to pay for rails and supplies. The by-law was eventually upheld by the courts but that decision was appealed by the disgruntled townships and again John Henry had to dip into his own money to pay the expenses of the railway. When Sherbrooke, Compton, Ascot and Orford lost their appeal, they became so incensed that they dropped out of Compton County and formed a municipality all their own. The railway went ahead just the same.

Work began in the winter of 1871-72.

On the 15th of July, 1875, the steel had reached Bury and the Company held a 'Grand Opening' with excursion trains from Sherbrooke, bunting, speeches and politics. Politics was a favoured pastime then. A couple of years later—on July 5th, 1877—John Henry persuaded his chief, John A. Macdonald, to come to Bury on the new railway and John A. politicked so successfully there that he was back in power before the year had passed.

They changed the name that year (1877) to the International Railway Co., John Henry Pope, President, and completed the rails to Megantic in 1878. John Henry brought the Prime Minister's wife to Megantic—Agnes Macdonald. She stood in the middle of the bridge that crossed the Chaudière, officially opened it and named the village on the further side after herself—Agnes.

The line did not reach the international border for another two years and when it did, there was another celebration. Major Malcolm B. MacAulay, hotelkeeper and moneylender of Megantic (and a businessman who'd done very well on

whiskey to them, for Maine was 'dry'. A work train left Megantic every morning at six, carried the crew to the end of the line and brought them home each night between six and seven.

But despite a working profit, despite John Henry dipping into his own pocket, the railway could not pay the full interest on its bonded debt. The stock that Compton County had bought with taxpayers' money was unloaded for fifty cents on the dollar. In 1886, the International Railway Company, John Henry Pope, President, was taken over by the Atlantic & Northwest Railway Company, W.C. VanHorne, President—then leased in perpetuity to the CPR. VanHorne and Pope hated each other and locked horns many times over railway policy. They shook hands only when John Henry lay on his deathbed.

John Henry never rode that triumphal first train from Sherbrooke right through to St. John, New Brunswick. Overwork and the responsibilities of his office during the building of the longest railway in the world—The Canadian Pacific—proved too much for him as it had for Tupper four years before. On April 1st, 1889, John Henry Pope died in Ottawa. John A. Macdonald was among his pallbearers when they brought the body home and buried it at Cookshire in the hilltop cemetery on the road to Bury. His monument stands on a rise well back from the road and is easily found.

Two months later, after almost twenty years of effort, junction was made with the Maine Central at Mattawomkeag. On July 13th, 1889, trains finally ran through to the sea and St. John became Sherbrooke's harbour.

THE SHERBROOKE, EASTERN TOWNSHIPS & KENNEBEC RAILROAD

The Hon. Joseph Gibb Robertson was responsible for that line. He was born in Aberdeenshire but came to Sherbrooke at the age of 12 with his father who was Pastor of the Sherbrooke Congregational Church. J.G. became a successful merchant, president of the Stanstead & Sherbrooke Mutual Life Insurance Co., President of the Temperance League, President of the Sherbrooke Agricultural Society, Mayor of the Town of Sherbrooke for 18 years and Sherbrooke's member in the Quebec Assembly for 25 years—during most of which he was Provincial Treasurer.

The SET & KRR was chartered in 1869 to link Sherbrooke with the Levis & Kennebec Railway providing a short route to Levis and Quebec and to open the intervening country to development. The Levis & Kennebec was chartered at the same time to link Levis with the coast of Maine through the river valleys, across the swamps and over the incredible mountains where Benedict Arnold lost half his army almost a hundred years

railway contracts) led John Henry and a crowd of distinguished guests to the border on flatcars decorated with evergreens and passenger cars provided by the railway. There was bunting and politicking once more, effusive congratulations all around. MacAulay made a speech at John Henry Pope and everybody had a picnic on the international frontier and then went home to elect Major MacAulay mayor.

The rails pressed slowly on across the formidable mountains of Maine—Holeb in 1884, Greenville 1886, Brownsville 1887. A great many Canadians were employed in the laying of that track and others—such as Lucius 'Jack' Warren—made a nice business of smuggling



LISTING NO. 1382 - Lovely 70 acre lot Hatley area. Woods, stream & view, will subdivide. \$400 per acre.

LISTING NO. 3151 - 2 bedroom viceroys home. Planned kitchen, lovely fireplace, pond, good view. Reduced \$55,000.

LISTING NO. 2149 - 29 acres of woods, ash, birch and spruce, stream. Nicely located at \$500 per acre, Hatley area.

MARGUERITE BLADON

RESIDENCE 838-4776

OFFICE 569-9926



Member Sherbrooke Real Estate Board

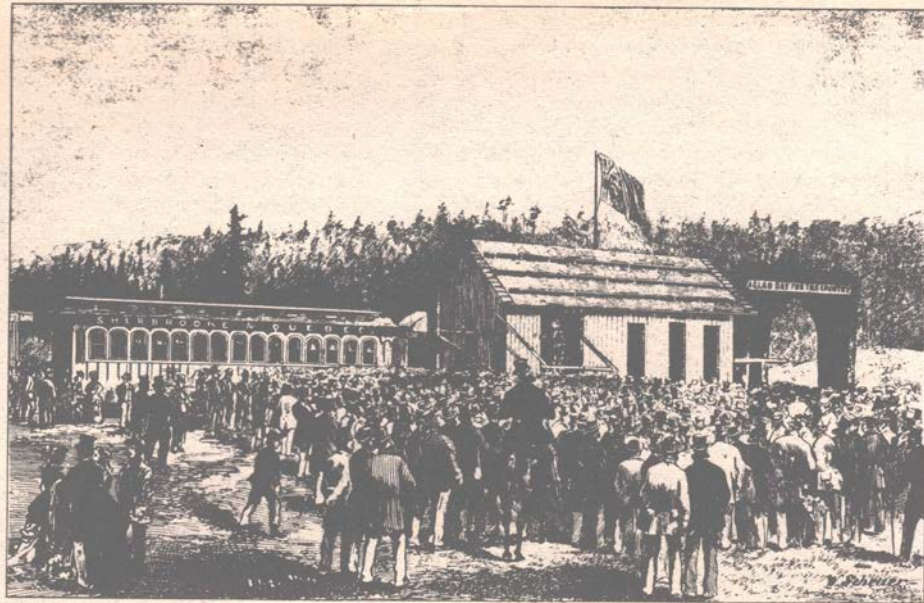


**PARLOR STOVES
FRANKLINS
BOX STOVES**



**INSULATION
WEATHERSTRIP**

Drop into the store
**147 Queen, Lennoxville
Or phone 567-4874**



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

From "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," November 7, 1874. Wood engraving by W. Schurz.

before. It was an ambitious scheme that looked well on paper but never really had a chance of success.

The financial panic of 1873 that followed the Pacific Scandal and the collapse of the Northern Pacific Railroad in the U.S. put a crimp in every railroad promoter's plans. Construction slowed but did not stop. On October 22, 1874, Robertson tried to create enthusiasm for the SET & KRR by holding a 'Gala Opening'.

'The celebration of the event', said the Canadian Illustrated News of November 7th, 1874, 'took the form of an excursion from Sherbrooke to Lathrop's in Westbury, a distance of fourteen miles, that being the length of the road completed at the time. Some thousand persons took part in the excursion, filling ten cars, of which two were the rolling stock of the new road. On arriving at their destination, the party left the train and partook of refreshments. On the way back, the train was stopped at Ascot Corners where speeches were delivered by the Hon. Mr. Robertson, Treasurer of the Province of Quebec, and a number of other guests.'

Everyone loved politics but the railroad had travelled just fourteen miles in five years and money was still scarce. The company was reorganized the following year into the Quebec Central in an attempt to attract more investors. It was pushed slowly on, mile by tedious mile—through Weedon, Coleraine, Thetford, East Broughton—and finally reached Vallee Junction and the Levis & Kennebec, in 1880—eleven years after it had begun.

The Levis & Kennebec, supposedly driving straight up the valley of the Chaudiere, was having even more financial difficulties and had covered little more than thirty miles in all those eleven years. In 1881 it went bankrupt.

The rails did not reach Beauceville until 1886 and St. Georges until 1907—nearly forty years after its inception. It never did make it to Maine but gave up the whole idea in St. Georges, turned sharp left and fled to Lac Frontiere in 1915.

But the Quebec Central was very successful and carried the lion's share of traffic between New England and the port of Quebec. In the Great Depression of 1895, it was the only line in all the United States of Canada to pay a dividend.

In 1894, a branch line was built from Tring Junction on the Quebec Central to Lake Megantic on the International and that town boomed. The spectacular mountains, forests, swamps and lakes opened by the new railways, became a paradise for hunters and fishermen. Dr. Heber Bishop of Boston founded the Megantic Fish & Game Club for the wealthy of Boston and New York and the titled of Europe. The usual route to this paradise was by train to Sherbrooke and Megantic and then by the steamship 'Lena' down the length of the lake and through to the clubhouse on the south shore of Spider Lake. The railways even gave special rates to hunters—\$9.50 return to Boston, \$15 to New York, steamer ticket included.

But a more direct route (as Bishop pointed out in a 'Guide to the Megantic Lakes' published in 1887) would have been via the Maine Central. That line ran north to Farmington and then balked at the sight of the rugged mountains ahead. That's where the narrow gauge railroads—the Main Two-Footers— took over and proved their worth.

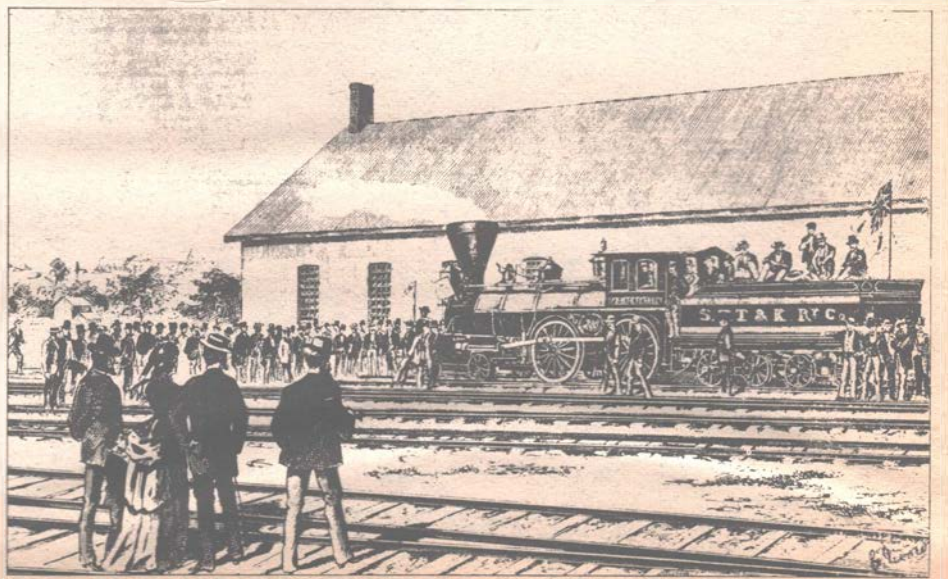
THE MAIN TWO-FOOTERS

From Farmington, The Sandy River and Rangeley Lakes Railroad ran all the way north to Stratton Junction—just a

scant 25 miles south of the border and ten more from the International. If that small stretch had been covered, then the dream of the Levis & Kennebec would have been realized and a modern Benedict Arnold could have invaded Quebec by train—albeit over several different lines.

The two-footers were brought from Wales by George Mansfield who foresaw them as an economic necessity through mountainous country where the cost of grading and trestling would have been prohibitive. The 5 and one half foot wide St. Lawrence & Atlantic, for example, cost about \$28,000 a mile to build away back in 1853. The Sandy River Railroad—just 24 inches wide—was built in 1879 for 1500 a mile, not counting the steel.

George Mansfield built himself a backyard railway on his farm in Massachusetts which he called the Sumner Heights & Hazelwood Valley



OPENING OF THE SOUTH EASTERN TOWNSHIPS & KENNEBEC RR. AT SHERBROOKE, JULY 4.

From "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS," August 8, 1872. Wood engraving by G. Cassard.

Railroad and experimented on it until he had the width of track and the engine design that he thought best, then went ahead and promoted it. The people of Bedford and Billerica were persuaded to build a railway between their towns using the two foot gauge and then Mansfield moved north and built the Sandy River Railroad.

Everything on these miniature railroads was scaled down. The passenger cars could carry only one passenger in each seat and only two seats abreast. Mansfield, Superintendent of the Railroad, also worked as the conductor and the line was so successful that it was extended and expanded over the years. About 1905, there was a scheme afoot to extend the Sandy River north from Sutton Junction to Woburn and Megantic via something called the Indian River Railway. By this time, however, the gasoline engine had appeared on the scene, railways were seeing hard times and the Megantic Fish & game Club has reversed itself and was dead set against bringing railroads through its paradise. The plan folded and that was the last ever heard of it.

THE ORFORD MOUNTAIN RAILWAY

The Orford Mountain was chartered in 1888 to build from Eastman to Lawrenceville on the old unfortunate Miss-

issquoi & Black River grade that Lucius Seth Huntington had tried so hard to establish. The line used Huntington's abandoned tracks south of Eastman to Porton Springs for a few years. In 1894, the rails were extended northward to Kingsbury and reached into Windsor Mills in 1905. Two years later they were extended southward to Mansonville, Highwater and Asa B. Foster's Southeastern. Then the company fell into the voracious maw of the CPR and all was abandoned. Nothing remains of the Orford Mountain Railway today for the last fourteen miles of track—between Valcourt and Eastman—were abandoned in 1965.

THE QUEBEC NARROWS RAILWAY BRIDGE


In fifty years, the railways reached into every corner of the Townships and there was barely a soul left without rail service of some kind. The railway whistle could be heard deep in the forests and linked each settlement, village and town with the major commercial and industrial centres of North America. The only isolated town was the provincial capital.

The Victoria Bridge had been opened in 1860 to carry trains onto Montreal Island but there was no bridge yet across the St. Lawrence to carry rails into Quebec City. This was attempted at the beginning of the century and was plagued by misfortune right from the start. In 1907, the south end collapsed while under construction and several workers were killed. In 1916, the central span fell into the river while it was being hoisted into place and it took another year to fabricate a new span. In 1917, the bridge was finally completed and officially opened to traffic. Then came the gasoline engine.

MARCOUX ASS. REALTY BROKERS
IMMOBILES

we are selling!
Do you want to sell?
I need good farms, beautiful houses, or lovely cottages for my customers. Please call me for professional advice.

C.P. / P.O. Box 308
Ayer's Cliff, Que. JOB 1C0
819/838-5830

 Member Sherbrooke Real Estate Board



Claude M. Ostiguy
Agent

 Furniture Stripping
Paint & Varnish Removal

LINGER LONGER Reg'd.
15 Queen St. LENNOXVILLE
569-3701

Cow-Car Collisions

By H. Gordon Green

One night a few weeks ago a farmer friend of mine was routed out of bed at two o'clock in the morning by the Provincial Police.

'A car has hit a cow down the road,' the officers told him. 'The driver thinks it may have come from your field. Would you come with us and see whether or not it's your animal?'

It was his animal all right, and quite dead. And as so often happens in tragedies like this one, it was one of the best cows he had ever owned. 'I could have sold her for \$700 any day,' he told me later.

But the loss of a valuable cow was not the worst that had come to my neighbor. In the ditch a hundred feet or so away from the corpse of the cow was the ill-fated car. It was a late model sportscar and its aristocratic nose was shoved in like the face of a bull dog. That was from the impact of the cow. Its sleek sides had also come to grief. One from being hurled into the bank of the ditch and the other from coming to rest against an old stump on the other side of it.

The driver, a dazed but cocky young man of 20 had a bump on his forehead but shrugged aside all suggestions that he go to the hospital to be checked over. He repeatedly declared that he was all right, something his lawyer scolded him for next day as he prepared to justify a claim for serious bodily injury.

A few days later the farmer got the bad news by registered letter. Damages to the car, \$4325.00 To the driver, \$300.00. And said driver was holding the farmer solely responsible.

Fortunately he had insurance which he hopes will not only cover such an emergency but will also let the insurance firm's lawyers do the arguing for him. But not every farmer can afford such insurance and all too often these are the same farmers who can't afford the kind of fence which will guarantee to keep a cow where she belongs.

It is not the lazy or careless farmer whose fences are less than perfect. As a matter of fact the only perfectly fenced farms that I know of aren't owned by farmers at all but by country gentlemen who made their money in the city.

As far as the law is concerned however, the owner of a farm animal which gets out onto the road is responsible for any damages which may result. He is considered guilty of a sort of malpractice and the penalty has put many a farmer in the poorhouse. Only in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland are the animals accorded the right of way on public thoroughfares.

Getting back to the case of my friend who has to tow a \$700 cow away as well as face charges, I happen to know the driver of that sportscar rather well. Rather better than I really want to, in fact, because a few months ago he courted one of the young ladies on our road and I have never seen him travelling at less than 70 miles an hour. Our speed limit is 50. And of course when he gave his report to the cop the other night, he declared that he was only loafing along at 40. Oh maybe 45, officer! No more!

Most of these cow-car collisions occur on our secondary roads and my guess is that many could have been averted had the driver been holding himself to 50 miles per hour. Let the law enforce a country road speed limit of 40 miles an hour and most of them would be averted. Trouble is that our smartaleck drivers have a special liking for country roads. The cops don't bother them much there.

Say Goodbye Examines Endangered Species

'Say goodbye to the falcon in the sky to the wolves' nocturnal cry... Teach your child the reason why More must live and fewer die We can save them if we try And not have to say goodbye.'

Written and performed by
Donna Louthood
for CBC Radio.

In Canada's north, some species of wildlife are disappearing for ever. But there is a ray of hope. Many species are being saved through the research and efforts of conservationists.

CBC Radio's *Between Ourselves* examines the reasons why certain species have become endangered or extinct, and proposes solutions to the problem on 'Say Goodbye', Saturday, December 17th at 7:05 p.m.

The list of endangered species established last year by the Canadian Wildlife Federation included several animals, mammals, birds, fish and even reptiles.

Among those on the list were the wood bison, eastern cougar, sea otter, whooping crane, atlantic white fish, blacktail prairie dog, blue whale and humpback whale.

Ken Bryneart, executive director of the Canadian Wildlife Federation says the list is only a start. 'It tells us something is wrong. What's more important is how you get a species off the list.'

Biologists are breeding animals in captivity with enormous success. Thirty years ago, the Hawaiian goose was near extinct. Canadian biologists were given seven birds to breed in captivity. They have now raised that number of 1,170 and have even sent 200 geese back to Hawaii.

Finding solutions often entails discovering why species have become endangered. Biologists feel that peoples' attitudes and actions are at the root of the problem.

The whooping crane is an endangered species to which biologist Ernie Kyte has devoted a lifetime. He says the 'destruction or loss of habitat and encroachment by man have brought about the decline.'

Biologist Dave Mossop explains that when land is disturbed in the north (by bulldozing, for example), it takes a much longer time for re-growth of vegetation in comparison with the south.

Ken Bryneart of the Canadian Wildlife Federation has the last word. 'Man's attempts to save wildlife may well help him to save himself,' he says. 'If we just stand by idly and see them become extinct, we come closer to the day when we ourselves will become extinct—and we are just another species.'

Say Goodbye was produced in Montreal by Les McLaughlin of CBC Northern Service and narrated by John Grenfell.

For further information:
Noreen Rodrigues
CBC Publicity Montreal
285-2600

Our Daily Bread

by H. Gordon Green

Back in the old hometown 50 years ago a picturesque character named Dude O'Neill ran a bakery. Dude was fat and witty and sweaty and there was a vicious story going the rounds that Dude rolled the dough on his belly, and that if you looked hard enough and often enough you were likely to find short curly hairs in the bread. I can never recall any of those short curly hairs coming to light in our house, but then O'Neill's bread didn't find its way to our house very often. Our mother wouldn't have it on the table if she could help it.

'Look at the colour of it!' she would say. 'Why it looks positively grimy!'

So, unless it was one of those times when she could bake her own bread, she bought loaves shipped up from the city and sold in the local grocery. It mightn't taste as good as her own bread but at least it would be safe. Or so she thought. And I don't suppose she ever knew that the real reason Dude O'Neill's bread sliced tattle-tale gray compared to the whiter than white of the bread from the city was because he used unbleached flour. It was cheaper.

But nutritionists now know that it was much better for us too. The best flour of all, nutritionally speaking, is when you simply grind the wheat, adding nothing and taking nothing away. The next best flour is the kind you get from sifting the bran from it, and that was the kind which went into the dough allegedly rolled on Dude O'Neill's belly. It was also the kind used nearly everywhere in American before progress and big business took over the nation's bakeries.

The flour which goes into our daily bread is not only bleached to give it a more fashionable appearance. It is also deprived of the wheat germ so that it won't attract weevils and will have better keeping properties. A lot of other vitamins and minerals are also taken out in the modern milling process. Some of these are so essential to our health that they are later returned to the flour in some artificial way, and the resulting bread is called 'enriched'.


(To the dictionary compilers, there's a brand new definition of the word. 'Enrichment' now means giving back a fraction of what has been robbed.)

And how good is our modern enriched bread? Well down in the University of Texas a biochemist named Roger Williams has been doing his best to find out. Williams is no average scientist. He has probably done more research on vitamins than any man living. He was the first to identify and synthesize pantothenic acid, which is one of the most important B vitamins. He is also the man who pioneered research on folic acid and gave it its name.

And Dr. Williams now announces that after feeding a group of laboratory rats nothing but enriched bread for 90 days, two-thirds were dead of malnutrition, and all of the others were severely stunted.

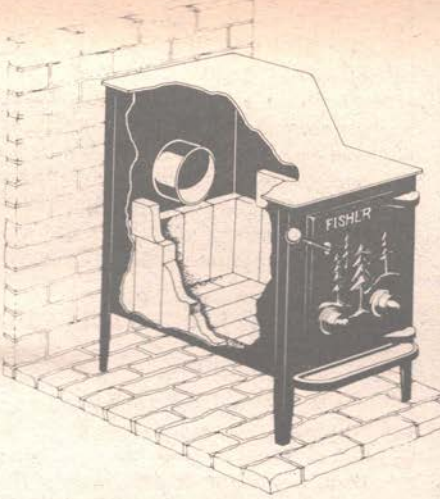
It has long been known that rats will thrive through an entire winter on whole wheat.

Dr. Williams has made no pronouncements yet about the 27 chemicals which it is now possible to pump into a loaf, not to make partial amends for what was taken out, but merely to make it look prettier and to prevent rigor mortis from setting in. Looks as though a lot more rats will have to die before that report is ready, but my guess is that there are worse things going into our daily bread than a few hairs from the belly of the baker.



100% Canadian made

Fisher Stoves




Known for its high efficiency,
low wood consumption and
down-to-earth price, the Fisher
name in stoves speaks for
itself.

We offer realistic advice from actual wood heat experience. All Fisher models are on display from the Baby Bear to the Grandpa Bear, with a working Papa Bear to heat the premises. Come in, browse and see the difference. We'd love to discuss your wood-burning needs and problems.

Steve & Debra Deery
Orford Lake
597-2965

Hours
Mon-Fri—7am-9pm
Sat-Sun—9am-9pm

Look for the Fisher sign  Fisher Stoves one half mile east of Eastman on Route 112

Short Notes and Lengthy Grafitti

LENNOXVILLE ELECTORATE OPT FOR
TRANSFUSION—BUT ONLY HALF PINT

By Don Young

Results of the Election:			
Mayor	C.W. Dougherty* Léo-Paul J. Valcourt	1269 159	(Majority of 1,110)
Seat No. 2	Robert A. Bardati Robert N. Passemore*	479 929	Majority of 450)
Seat No. 3	Normand Cofé William A. Lyon* Bernard Rodrigue	57L 745 90	Majority of 174)
Seat No. 4	Constant Chailier* Pierre Massé	880 524	Majority of 356)
	*Elected		

It is always dangerous to generalize about municipal elections—to make a mountain out of a mole hill, so to speak—but since there was so much discussion prior to the election and such a large turnout (about 65%), the result does seem indicative of Lennoxville's political mood. In a word, the mood is conservative.

First of all, it is important to note that there were 373 spoiled ballots. Very few of these, according to the election officer (and Lennoxville's secretary-treasurer), Monsieur Jules Gervais, were protest votes. Most simply did not know how to register their vote. There were also close to 200 eligible voters turned away at the poll because their name did not appear on the electoral lists. As Mr. Gervais so aptly put it, 'Voting is not only a privilege, it is a responsibility.' The electorate have the responsibility of checking the electoral list to ensure that their name appears and then vote according to the rules. Of course, it's been such a long time since the last election, they may have forgotten the procedure.

In examining the election results, one must realize that Lennoxville stands as a centre of the English culture in the Eastern Townships and therefore has significance beyond its limits. But first and foremost, the results reflect the outlook of a relatively prosperous English community which comprises over 70% of the town's total population.

There was little doubt about the outcome of the mayoralty race. Mr. Valcourt did not even obtain enough votes to retrieve his deposit, but at least his campaign presented the electorate with issues—issues which will remain on the local political scene beyond his candidacy.

He and Mr. Rodrigue have already formed an alliance to lead a rate-payers protest against the old guard, charging that Messrs. Dougherty, Passemore and Chailier dishonestly hid until after the election an \$80 hike in the service tax and the fact that the city is \$1,700,000 in debt. They are going so far as to demand the resignation of these officials but they would be more effective if they kept to the issue, funnelling their energies into a movement of participatory democracy, rather than challenge the mandate of the duly elected.

The race for seat No. 2 was simply a case of the tried and true over the ambitious and new.

Although predictable, the upset in the traditionally French seat, number 4, was significant. Aside from its rejection of the voice of change, it broke once, and probably, for all, the dated artificial peace of the *entente cordiale*. For better or worse, the ancient trade-off between French and English has been sacrificed

to the *Demos*. From now on, each and every voter will have to carry the responsibility.

Perhaps the most revealing decision was made over seat number 4. The electorate showed a marked preference for the traditional French representation over the new-wave candidate—the technocrat with important bureaucratic connections in Quebec City. Let's hope the English are not withdrawing into their own isolated communities like the Polish Jews withdrew into the *stetl* before the holocaust.

There is already much evidence of this in the overt anti-French feeling which, despite denials, is very real. It is not simply a rejection of the French fact but of the new attitudes of the Québécois—their desire for change and power. But this is not the time to stick our heads in the sand in the hope that someone else will save us. We are entering a new period of minority politics, whatever the outcome of the Confederation debate. We cannot fight nationalism with nationalism, but only with international, humanitarian values.

Editor's note: In the November issue, there was an advertisement for four of the Lennoxville election candidates. This was a paid advertisement. All candidates had an equal opportunity to blow their money on us. The appearance of that ad in the Sun did not mean the Sun was supporting those candidates.

'FACTORIES ON BUM—1000 JOBS LOST IN THE E.T. MANUFACTURING SECTOR.

The Townships show a loss of close to a thousand jobs, just in the manufacturing sector this year, as compared with 1976, according to Mr. Jacques Prefontaine,

director of the Sherbrooke office of Canada Manpower Centre, in a recent interview. In the same period, the Province of Quebec has lost close to thirty thousand.

The employment situation has clearly deteriorated, admits Mr. Prefontaine, but there are some factors that make the short term situation a little easier to take, such as the injection of \$6 million in the Canada at Work program, which creates 1000 jobs during an average of about thirty weeks.

If one includes the sectors of transportation, closely linked to manufacturing, and the construction industry, the loss of jobs is more than 1000, and could be as high as 1500. 'An analysis of the job market shows that the situation observed in July has changed very little in the past three months,' Mr. Prefontaine noted, going through the different sectors.

Mining: In the last three months, the situation in the mining sector has remained stable.

Pulp & Paper: In the pulp and paper industry, a further loss of about 50 jobs is anticipated due to certain disturbances, such as the imminent closing of a paper packaging operation, where a plant will be closed and its production consolidated with another in another town. (Domtar—Ed.)

Metal Products: In the metal products, heavy machinery, and rubber products industries, a slight drop in employment is foreseen, due to a shortage of incoming orders.

Transportation: In the transportation equipment sector, (mobile homes, snowmobiles), a very slow recovery is expected, due to high inventories.

Footwear: 'Unlike what is seen in general in Quebec, our footwear factories are operating normally, and this situation should continue during the coming months', adds Mr. Prefontaine.

Textiles: In the clothing and stocking industries, and textiles in general, the level of employment is stable. A slight increase is even seen coming in textiles, due to the opening of a new shop, which will create from 100 to 150 new jobs in the coming months.

Building: In the house-construction industry, there is a serious drop compared to the same period last year.

Wood Products: The furniture industry has almost ceased to exist in the Townships, and the sawmills are in a slump. This is due to the few housing starts.

According to Statistics Canada, the 'real' unemployment rate for Quebec in October was 10 per cent, and the 'seasonally adjusted' rate is not available.

During October, the 'real' unemployment rate in the Townships was at 9.2 per cent, the same level as October 1976. The level is the same, but this is because

of a simultaneous drop in the number of workplaces and in the number of people active in the job market. In October 1976, the active job market included 57.8 per cent of the population, but by October 1977, this figure had dropped to 55.9 per cent, a drop of almost two percent in twelve months.

The drop in the portion of the population 'active in the job market' does not necessarily mean that workers have left the region. In fact, when the job situation is going fairly badly, people with a marginal attachment to the working world give up, they become discouraged and stop looking for work.

La Tribune

Sherbrooke, 12 Oct. 1977

THE GROSS-NATIONAL PATHOLOGY

'Our traditional belief in the value of growth in all areas is based on the concept that bigger is better, and therefore we can measure our overall progress as a nation by our tabulation of our total production-GNP (Gross National Product). It is concerned only with quantity. [Every plane that crashes raises the GNP] and thereby, statistically raises the standard of living. The cost of replacing the plane, investigating the crash, treating the survivors, and burying the dead all help to escalate the GNP. And on a smaller scale, every auto crash contributes to the GNP, and so does the production of tobacco, the manufacture of cigarettes, the treatment of victims of lung cancer, and the building of caskets for those who succumb to the disease.

'...The GNP is not a measure of the quality of life but merely the total cost of goods and services. It is like a cost-plus contract that pays a bonus for inefficiency, delays, redundancy, breakdowns, and shortlived, throwaway products. Every business conspiracy to raise prices, every employee strike, every product with built-in obsolescence, every unnecessary or obsolete weapon manufactures, and every war causes the GNP to go up. The GNP could stand FOR GROSS NATIONAL PATHOLOGY.'

'The Gross National Product does not account for love, beauty, nature's wonders, clean air, pure water, peace of mind, quiet, privacy, happiness, or many other aspects of the quality of life that cannot be totaled at the national check-out counter.'

Dr. Laurence J. Peter in

THE PETER PLAN

Dear E.T. Women

By Susan Mastine

Hello. Happy Winter! (Before I write anything else, I must say—I am happy to be writing again. Writing continues to be an important aspect of my life.)

The coming of winter, for most people, signifies the approaching close of yet another year. But here at the women's centre, winter brings a beginning, something new in the air, a new season with the promise of an increased sensitivity to the needs and interests of local women, of more activities and services in communities outside of Sherbrooke (to be centered in Bury, Sawyerville, North Hatley, Stanstead, and Richmond), of a variety of themes to be discussed in workshops, small discussion groups, newspaper articles, and panel discussions.

For the moment, our plans and aspirations are in limbo, while we continue to await word from Ottawa on the Canada Works projects that we have submitted.

What I can tell you is that although our programme does depend upon the



We told you about Magog's oldest cemetery being turned into a parking lot. Now, the Merry residence, built by the founding family of Magog, is being proposed as an ideal site for a hot dog stand.

response from Ottawa, we have several priorities, things that we hope to accomplish, come what may. These include a closer contact with women at the local community level and with different women's groups, the organization of more activities both in and outside of the Sherbrooke-Lennoxville area, and of a more comprehensive information service for women.

As soon as more details are available, I will be in touch. Thank you for your interest and your patience to date. A special thank you to the women who attended the discussion evening in Magog and to those who were at the information evening on breast cancer. Your participation made both events a success, and also confirmed our belief that there is a need and interest in such activities. More to come...

To all of you, the Center is for you, the individual women of the Eastern Townships. Please feel free to contact us at any time, whatever your need, interest, question, or comment. We are here to listen and respond to you, wherever you are, whatever the issue. And if you can't come to us, that's no problem, we can come to you.

The Women's Educational Center
135 King W.
Sherbrooke, P.Q.
565-3981

THE WEAKER SEX, SUGAR 'N SPICE 'N EVERYTHING NICE...

'Every woman needs a man to protect her, to take care of her.'

'Women were created to be wives and mothers.'

'A woman's place is in the home.' Stereotyped images. All too common. Equality of the sexes. So you think we have achieved it?

Stop. Think for a moment.

Have you ever heard a kid holler, 'Hey, Dad, where are my socks?' or 'Dad, what's for supper?' or 'Dad, the phone's ringing.'?

What thoughts go through your mind when you see a woman alone at a party or in a bar? What if it's a man alone in the same setting? Are your thoughts and reactions the same? Be honest with yourself, as I, too, must be.

To be honest with you, and with myself, I must admit that I do not react in the same way in both cases. I, like everyone else, am subject to the stereotypes, the discriminating images that have been passed down to us through the generations.

My instant reaction to the woman alone is that she cannot find a man who wants to be with her. It's a reaction I detest and that I want to change, but a reaction that I felt is characteristic of our society.

In contrast, when I imagine the situation of the man being alone, my thought process goes more along the line of, 'He doesn't feel like being with anyone'. Let's face it, in terms of our images of women and our images of men, there is no equality!

Is that the way it should be?
Is it 'natural' as some believe?
Must we always make the distinction, pink for girls, blue for boys; women weak, men strong...?

I firmly believe that the time has come to rid ourselves of these stereotyped images, and to replace them with an openness and an acceptance of women and of men as individuals, each with potentials for strength and for weakness, each with emotions, interests, and desires of his own.

May we each succeed in discovering and developing our individuality, our potential, our uniqueness!

The Garbage Book

Sent in by Susan Briuckman

Three tons of garbage is a lot! That's what the average family of four in Canada throws away every year. And it's increasing.

The householder can cut down considerably on garbage with a little planning as I discovered from reading 'The Garbage Book' which was put out by the Canadian Government last year. It's an easy book to read and I recommend it to anyone who is interested in slimming down those mammoth plastic bags. I have a bachelor friend who doesn't have time to read so I decided to make him a list of the more pertinent points in the book. It goes as follows:

Observe the 3R's of Conservation - Reject, Reuse, Recycle.

1. 35 per cent of residential waste is packaging. Avoid bubble packs and products with unnecessary packaging. Buy in bulk if possible.
2. Buy products in re-usable containers, returnable bottles. Ask the clerk in the store what they will accept back.
3. Make a compost heap.
4. Send used clothes and other re-usable items to rummage sales, second-hand stores or charity organizations.
5. Use both sides of the paper.
6. Send magazines, old books to

libraries, schools, hospitals and nursing homes.

7. Use a string shopping bag. If your friends laugh, tell them it's the latest fashion.

8. Buy recycled paper. Look at the labels. Start the ball rolling in your office where so much paper is wasted.

9. Extra coat-hangers can go back to the cleaners.

10. Avoid disposable dishes, cups, etc.

11. Don't peel your potatoes. A year's output for an average family equals protein in 60 steaks.

12. Flatten tin cans.

13. Don't throw out egg cartons. Return to your store or local egg man. Plastic ones can double as emergency ice trays, paint trays for the kids, for starting plants.

14. Buy milk in plastic returnable jugs. Second best is plastic pouches. Plastic-coated cartons are to be avoided if possible.

15. Roll newspaper into log shapes and tie with light wire. Good for starting fires.

There are many other useful suggestions in 'The Garbage Book'. It can be obtained free by writing to the Office of Energy Conservation, Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, 580 Booth Street, Ottawa, Ontario, K1A OE4

**MATHIAS
TYPEWRITER
EXCHANGE**

SALES & SERVICE
Reconditioned typewriters
Rental typewriters *

41 Wellington St. North
Phone 562-0440

Champlain Regional College



We invite you to Come Learn with us

Lennoxville, Quebec.

LLOYD'S • JULIETTE • DUAL • NORESKO • SONY

22 Wellington N.
567-4244
Chargex,
Master Charge
Free delivery and
installation

LE ROI DU RADIO

Carrefour de l'Estrie
562-4867
Easy payment
plan, Satisfaction
guaranteed or
money back

DETSON

BASF

SONY

AKAI

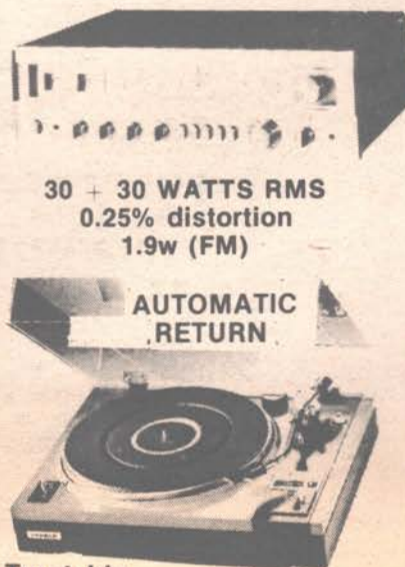
JENSEN

MALLORY

PIONEER

... OUR REPUTATION IS WELL ESTABLISHED

NEW
FISHER RS 1030



30 + 30 WATTS RMS
0.25% distortion
1.9w (FM)

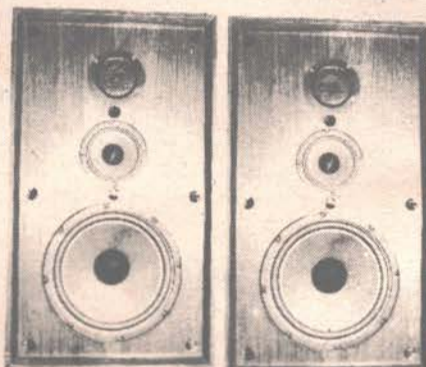
AUTOMATIC
RETURN



Turntable.
Pioneer PL-115 D
magnetic cartridge included
0.07 WOW 63DB SN Ratio

* FISHER
* PIONEER
* ELECTRO SOUND

60 WATTS
RMS



#335

REGULAR VALUE: 849.75

OUR PRICE **599⁹⁵**

NEW

BELL & HOWELL



#1206



#462Z

ZOOM
AUTOMATIC THREADING

LAMP

OUR PRICE

199⁹⁵

CASE
TOTAL VALUE
269⁹⁵

* CINE SUPER 8
* ZOOM ELECTRIC
* AUTOMATIC

CANON AND MAMIYA CAMERAS AVAILABLE IN OUR STORE

YOUR DISCOUNT STORE IN STEREO EQUIPMENT

TECHNICS • SONY • ELECTRO SOUND

TECHNICS SA-5270



35 + 35 watts RMS
0.3% distortion
1.9 (UVFM)

SONY PS11

automatic
return



TOTAL
VALUE
\$899.75

OUR PRICE **\$629⁹⁵**

SHURE M70 CARTRIDGE INCLUDED
"DIRECT DRIVE"
0.03 WOW
70DB SN Ratio

GUARANTEE
5 YEARS

70 WATTS
RMS

SONY • PIONEER • ELECTRO SOUND

SONY STR-2800



20 + 20 WATTS RMS
0.3% distortion
1.0 (UVFM)

PIONEER PL 112



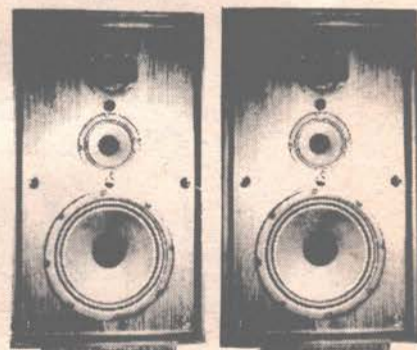
magnetic cartridge included

"BELT DRIVE"
0.07 WOW
63DB SN Ratio

GUARANTEE
5 YEARS

40 WATTS
RMS

2 SPEAKERS, 3 WAYS
1-12", 1-5 1/2", 1-3 1/2"



MODEL 335

TOTAL
VALUE
\$739.75

OUR PRICE **\$499⁹⁵**

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

ROTEL

EVEREADY

MALLORY

PANASONIC

PIONEER