

It took two cabs to get the family to the station. Daddy thought that although motor-taxis were plentiful now, and quite reliable, the high carriages with their big double seats and open tops were much easier to pile with dunnage bags and parcels, and anyway the cabbies were more ready to help with luggage than the thin young men who had learned to drive taxis. Mother went in the first cab with Jane, because she was the eldest and could help to look after the baggage at the station, and Alma, because she was the smallest and could be squeezed between the bigger pieces on the front seat. When they were off Daddy would put the twins and Poppy, the cook, into the second cab, pile the last of the small things around them, lock up the house, and climb onto the high seat beside the driver.

Standing under the clock in the high steel-arched station, when the luggage had been counted and recounted and the children herded together around it, was the worst part of the whole trip. It was somehow just as inevitable as the rush and excitement of getting up early, and gulping breakfast, and stuffing into bags already overflowing those treasures which at the last moment seemed indispensable. Hazel didn't mind much because she liked to watch the people coming from the New York sleeper - newly shaved dark-suited men, women with furs and veiled hats, their neat suitcases following in the hands of respectful red-caps. She put down her basket with the rubber boots tied to its handle and detached herself from the little group under the clock with the pile of ramshackle bags, thinking that some day she



Copy of a School Essay by Alma.

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~~you~~ would go to New York and it wouldn't be with a dunnage bag ~~with~~. But to Evelyn, her twin sister, and to Alma, the hands of the clock moved much too slowly. It was bad enough ~~to~~ having to sit on the train for three hours, but then at least you were going somewhere; ~~but~~ here you just had to stand still.

Alma was gzzing at the candy counter with such a meaningful air, and Hazel had so plainly dissociated herself from the rest of the family, that Dadday took a final glance at the clock and said "I think they will let us get on now. Evelyn, I'll take the grass rake and you can carry your Mother's coat. Hazel, don't forget the lunch."

"I'd rather carry your suitcase, Dadday - the lunch looks so funny. Couldn't Evelyn carry it now? "

"Hazel, don't be stupid and get things all mixed up" said Jane. ~~It~~ It's much better if you go on carrying what you were carrying before. Anyway, it's your rubber boots that make it look so funny."

"They don't look as funny as your hat" sa\_id Hazel, and holding the basket stiffly away from her knees she marched primly through the iron gates with a fine disregard for Jane's command to wait for the others.

There was nothing to do on the train except sit - at least not until Farnham, and then you pushed your nose to ~~out~~ the window to watch for the ~~chool~~-house which Daddy said was exactly half-way between Montreal and Magog. Before that you knew that each minute you sat had to be sat all over again after Farnham, so there was no

 thinking about it. But when the long rows of ~~sheds and~~ tracks

and the warehouse sheds of that town were past, ~~then~~ the rolling hills of the Eastern Townships began, gentle at first and then more and more abrupt, and the trees appeared, and sometimes you could see cows, and people weeding kale, and ~~after that~~ after that you could hear the rumble of the train as it crossed bridged gullies<sup>e</sup> and streams, and almost before you had savoured that hush of anticipation there would be a whopp and ~~everyone~~ everyone except Poppy would ~~have~~ rush~~d~~ to the right hand side of the train to look down into ~~Orford~~ Orford Lake, its clear waters made deep and mysterious by the wooden piles of the old railway track disappearing below them. Then the tick-a-tick of the rail joints would resound between the <sup>o</sup>racky walls of a cutting, and ~~to~~ there would be another flash of the lake, and then everyone would rush to the left hand windows to <sup>peer</sup> gaze upward at the brows of Orford.

After that it was a matter of desperate competition as to who would be the first to see the big lake, although everyone knew that you could never see even a corner of it until the train pulled around the curve, and <sup>then</sup> there it ~~would~~ lay, its long expanse stretching to the south with the familiar hills around it. Jane would be solemn as she gazed: Evelyn<sup>y</sup> would clutch her bag, bracing it and her round body against the curve of the train: Anna would twist her head to catch sight of the horses drawn up at the station, and ~~Hazel~~ Hazel, her propriety gone, would swing her feet clear ~~of~~ between the backs of the seats and shout "We're here ! We're here !"

It was funny to think that it took almost as long to do the seven miles from Magog to the farm as it did to do the ninety odd from

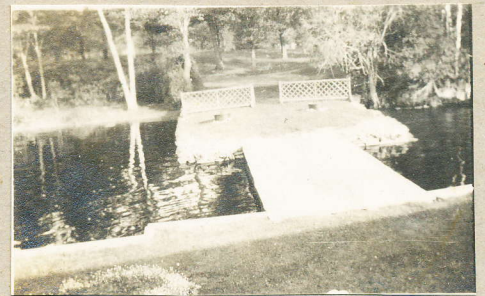
~~Montreal to Magog. Jim alone in a light carriage could make it in less than an hour~~

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Montreal to Magog. Jim alone ~~ix~~ with a light carriage could ~~make~~ it in less than an hour, but with all the luggage and the heavy wagon ~~even~~ the two horses together took two hours, ~~and~~ sometimes more, if the roads were muddy. They could trot only on the flat pieces, so if you put on your rubber boots you could jump out of the wagon and run along behind, and going up hills you had time to look for ~~straw~~<sup>a</sup>berries on the roadside and even to climb the fences and walk along the edges of the fields if you were quick. But once past the Glass House there wasn't much time because then the lunch basket was opened and you had to be right beside it if you wanted to get enough bread and cheese to make up for those long hours on the train. By the time you had eaten the sandwiches, and the chocolate which Daddy always had in his pocket, the horses began to know they were near home and you had to run to keep up. Then you came to Judd's Hill, and then you could see the boundary elm, and suddenly you were waving to Mr Robinson on his porch, and passing the wild plum tree all in flower, and with a lurch and a bump you drew up in the front yard. The screen door flew open at Hazel's pull and there was Daddy with the first load of dunnage bags, ducking his ~~in~~accustomed head under the stove pipe on his way to let Poppy in at the kitchen door with her armful of pots and baking tins.



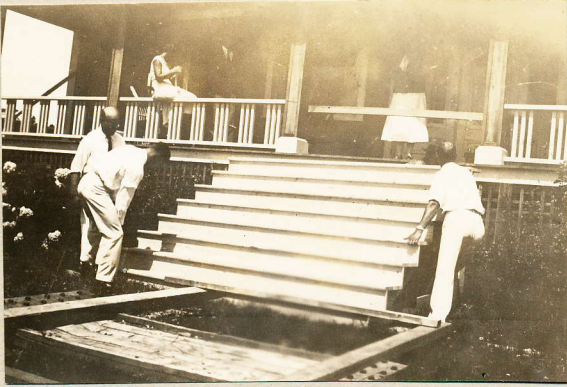


The wharf at Georgetown

The wharf at "Belmore"

The "Anthemis"  
and two of her ports of call.

"Belmore" was the property of Mrs Routledge inherited from her father, Sir Hugh Allan. The "Anthemis" was one of the ships that plied the Lake, but the "Lady of the Lake", a side-wheeler, belonged to the Allan Line (I think I'm right) and presumably was there to ferry Sir Hugh's family, and guests from Mapog and/or Newport. "Belmore" is 15 miles south of Mapog — a glorious point of land of many acres. The drive from the main road to the house was lined with maples and seemed much more than a mile long. The big house was closed in Mrs Routledge's day. She lived in the spacious and charming (as I remember it) "farmer's" house with all her dogs (always a couple of Pekinese among an assortment of other breeds) and, of course, Jim her son when he wasn't in Montreal. She lived there all year 'round and she ran the farm. Often I rode down to have lunch with her or to spend the night, when, while Winnie was luxuriously stabled, we drove the "ponycart" inspecting the Estate. This was not only enjoyable but also (whether I knew it then or not) a huge education. Several times I was invited for the New Year's holiday. Jim and I went out by train to Mapog where a sleigh, filled with Buffalo robes and "her pigs" would meet us. The drive to "Belmore" took well over an hour, so it was after 8 o'clock by the time we sat down to one of Mrs. Routledge's marvellous dinners served in front of an open fire. (Even the bathroom had a fireplace in it — and plants!) We used skis a lot to get around the place and, of course, horses. Jim was a wild man, <sup>and much older than I.</sup> and we did lots of wild riding (and speed bearing in the summer) and I did lots of wishing that my heart would come down out of my throat and quite a bit of finger chewing when some fingers weren't crossed.



13<sup>th</sup> August 1932

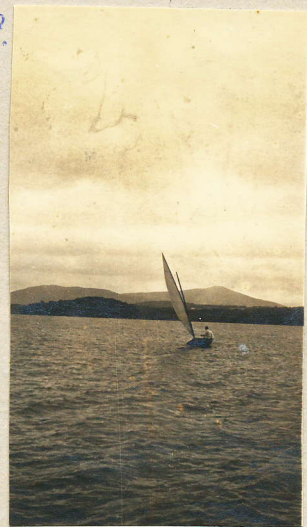
THE FRONT STEPS ARE  
PUT IN PLACE

PHILIP FISHER APPLAUDS MOTHER  
AND DADDY AS THEY CEREMONIOUSLY  
MOUNT THE STEPS TO THE VERANDAH  
FOR THE FIRST TIME.



The Story is this: Philip had brought his alroyd over from Broome Lake to sail on Lake Memphramagog in company with "The Pup". He was having lunch with us — Evelyn and Jack Saunders, Mother, Daddy and me — when Walter and Old Sam brought the steps down from the workshop. Obviously, the Lunch table was deserted. This was An Occasion. Jack is in the first picture with Evelyn on the Verandah; Jack and Daddy and Philip in the second with Evelyn and Mother on the Verandah; I think it must be Raymond West who has joined them in the third picture, and somehow I got into the fourth — or is it Jane?

Two views of "The Pup"  
which was the alroyd  
owned by Bob Wamham.  
It was bearded at  
Aquanis for two or three  
years and I had tre-  
mendous fun sailing it.  
— and looking after it.





LUMBER FOR THE HOUSE PASSING THE FARM OFFICE AND IMPLEMENT SHED (BUILT IN 1922) SAM, LOTTIE AND A NEIGHBOUR'S TEAM.



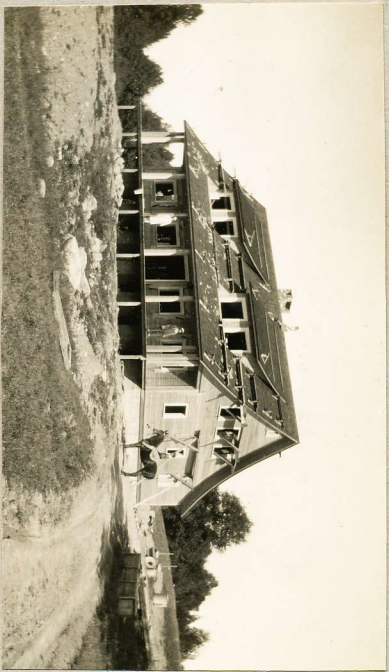
BUILDING THE HOUSE

JULY 1929: RAISING THE ROOF TREE WITH HELP FROM OUR FRIENDS

\* OR WAS IT FOR THE BARN?



RAYMOND WEST OUR FARMER: ALSO OUR MASTER BUILDER



21 SEPT. 1929

NB. THE LUMBER FOR THE HOUSE AND THE STONE FOR THE FIREPLACE (EXCEPT FOR A FEW GIFT STONES) ALL CAME FROM THE PROPERTY.



PLANTING EVERGREENS NEAR THE HOUSE



6 SEPT. 1930





21 SEPT. 1929



6 SEPT. 1930



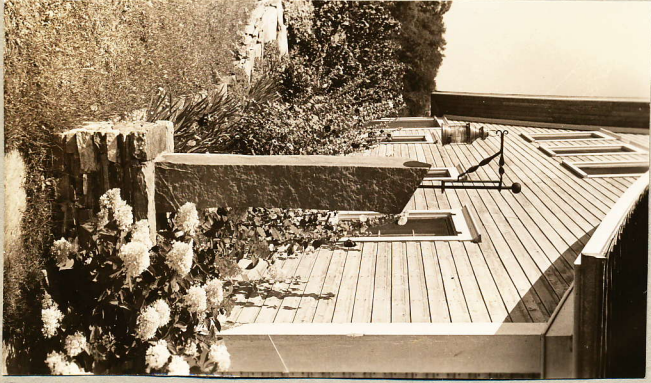
THE LITTLE HOUSE IS THE ICE-HOUSE X



MOTHER IN THE EARLY MORNING



X ICE WAS CUT IN THE BAY; STORED IN SAW-DUST TO LAST ALL SUMMER



PLANTING EVERGREENS NEAR THE HOUSE



13 AUG. 1932: BRINGING THE FRONT STEPS. WALTER AND "OLD SAM"

X WALTER WAS RAYMOND'S OLDEST SON



29 JULY 1933: EVELYN'S WEDDING



we were remembered for a long time after.

\* As we grew older there were lots of other diversions. We all had bicycles and as the city then was relatively small we were allowed excursions out to Mount Royal, Sherbrooke Street continued all the way out but there were a lot of fields on the way. Loyola College was a landmark. Montreal West was a compact community. We rode through it to Westmount Avenue, had an ice cream at Ottav's General Store and then on up and over the humped bridge (R.R. underneath) and there were the Elmhurst Dunes and the Cemetery!

On Saturday afternoons during the Autumn months Daddy used to take his daughters for walks in the "old" part of Montreal: we explored Notre Dame Church and the Court House, Bonsecours Market and the Chateau de Ramesay, Yeuille Square (a Fire Station there) and the Harbour. And then we would have tea in the Montreal Club on St James Street. Perhaps we did the Club tea-bit only once but I vividly remember sitting in front of an open fire and the steward serving us hot buttered toast out of silver dishes! We were still living in the Hampton Court apartment when we went to Dominion Park — our first adventure into whirling rides and dark watery Turn-of-the-century which Evelyn and I felt were just a bit too exciting!

James birthday was in February — the month of snows — and it was celebrated with a sleigh ride on Mount Royal. As I remember it, Uncle Grover always came East for the occasion and was hugely popular because he kept throwing us into the snow banks and then we had to race to catch up with the sleigh again. It was dark and we were furnished when we got home where there were hot chocolate and Sorens and the birthday cake.

All of this (and many other things like hatching chickens in the basement playground to be driven by car — four hours — to Quebec and the farm)

Janet's birthday was in February — the month of snows — and it was celebrated with a sleigh ride on Mount Royal. As I remember it, unlike Carver always came East for the occasion and was hugely popular because he kept throwing us into the snow banks and then we had to race to catch up with the sleigh again. It was dark and we were furnished when we got home where there were hot chocolate and scones and the birthday cake.

All of this (and many other things like hatching chickens in the basement playground to be driven by car — four hours — to Sheep and the Farm) took place while we lived on Mountain Street. It was a marvellous street on which to live. At the top of it was the Mountain — so easy to reach and a fantastic playground. And easy to reach too was Cedar Avenue. Five Station No. 25 was on Cedar Avenue and for two or three years it was the center of our Saturday morning attention. Captain Livingston must have been one of the most wonderful people ever. He allowed us every privilege. We slid down the pole in his arms; we even went out on the wagon with him when he was exercising the three gray horses. I can still remember the pull on my arms as I sat up on the high seat driving the horses galloping up Gate des Neiges. It was only Captain Livingston standing behind me with his strong arms around my waist that kept me on the seat at all! And, then, just along Sherbrooke Street there was skiing on the McGill Campus rink. I learned the rudiments of fancy skiing there and really thought I was something! I loved it!

What would we have done without that Campus? In fact, how could we have grown up without it? I don't know but I'm glad we didn't have to. In those days once "Blue Batters" let them pass his gatehouse

\* I think we were allowed to do this at quite an early age (11+12) because Stephen Dale, Phil Vandervort and sometimes Ethelmany Carivright came with us.