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, 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
would go to New York and it wouldn't be with a dunnage bag either.

But to Evelyn, her twin sister, and to Alma, the hands of the clock moved much too slowly. It was bad enough 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 gazing at the candy counter with such a meaningful air, and Hazel had so plainly dissociated herself from the rest of the family, that Daddy 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, Daddy - 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'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" said 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 the window to watch for the school-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 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 you could hear the
rumble of the train as it crossed bridged gullies and streams, and almost
before you had savoured that hush of anticipation there would be a
whopp and everyone except Poppy would have rushed to the
right hand side of the train to look down into 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 rocky walls of a cutting, and
there would be another flash of the lake, and then everyone would rush
to the left hand windows to peer 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 there it would lay, its long expanse stretching to the south
with the familiar hills around it. Jane would be solemn as she gazed:
Evelin would clutch her bag, bracing it and her round body against the
curve of the train; Alma would twist her head to catch sight of the
horses drawn up at the station, and Hazel, her propriety gone,
would swing her feet clear 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.
Montreal to Magog. Jim alone in 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 strawberries 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 unaccustomed head under the stove pipe on his wag to let Poppy in at the kitchen door with her armful of pots and baking tins.
"Belmore" was the property of Mrs Routledge inherited from her father, Sir Hugh Allan. The "Anthemios" 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 18 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 lunnie was luxuriously stabled, we drove the "pony cart" in specifying 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 "hot 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 and much older than I. We did lots of wild riding (and speed bowling 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 same fingers weren't crossed.
13th 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 abroad over from Broom 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 — was it Sam?

Two views of 'The Pup,' which was the abroad owned by Bob Wonham. It was boarded at Aquanis for two or three years and I had tremendous 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 Neighbor's Team.

NB. The lumber for the house and the stone for the fireplace (except for a few cut stones) all came from the property. Was it for the barn?

July 1929: Raising the roof trellis with help from our friends.

BUILDING THE HOUSE

Raymond West Our Farmer: Also, our Master Builder.

6 Sept. 1930

21 Sept. 1929

Planting Evergreens Near The House.
29 July 1933: Evelyn's Wedding

Last Fall Summer
Ice was cut in the bay; stowed in sawdust to

Early Morning
Mother in the

The little house is the ice house

6 Sept. 1939

Pruning evergreens near the

21 Sept. 1929
All of it (and many other things) was grimly interesting. We used to keep a scrapbook of stamps and I feel there is a bit too much of that. As I remember it, it was a bit too exciting. But I hardly remember it. We used to watch the sky and think about it.

As we grew older, these were tops of other discussions. We all had bicycles and

we were taken by our parents to watch the birds and the

bridge (F.R. and the Longfellow). I often went to watch the eggs. I was a bit too mountainous for

Cambridge, but I remember the St. James’ Spring and the

Harvard Club. I remember the

Perry Scott, and the

Cambridge Station. It was a bit too dark and
to the Dakota. We used to

ask our parents to take us.

We used to ask our parents to take us.
I think we were allowed to do this as children as quite an early age (11½) because Stephen Duke, who was just 2 years older than me, would have been allowed to do this. I'm not sure what group would have been allowed to do this, but it was a bit of fun for us all. We played games and ran around the playground, and then we would go home. We would have a good time playing, but it was a bit of a chore to have to go home.

At the top of the hill, we would stand and look out over the village, and we would see our friends and family. We would talk to them and wave, and then we would continue to play. We would have a good time, and we would continue to play until we got tired.

We would then go home and eat dinner, and then we would go to bed. We would have a good time, and we would continue to play until we got tired.

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