# Two Travelers in Eastern Canada



## Introduction

This is not a travel guide, as it makes no attempt to be exhaustive, or to rate particular activities. Rather, it is a travel journal; we hope our observations may be of interest to prospective travelers, and invite comments from others who have been to the same places.

Since a book like this necessarily reflects the background and biases of its writers, let us briefly define ourselves. We were born in 1937, married in 1958, and retired in 1999. We had lived in seven states east of the Mississippi until 1970 and in Southern California thereafter, most recently in the Indian Wells Valley, in the Mojave desert. After retirement, we sold our house and began to travel full time. Our goals as travelers are primarily educational; we want to understand the areas we visit and their people. Our professional backgrounds include computer science, data management, French literature, law, librarianship, mathematics, naval operations analysis, and the U.S. Coast Guard Reserve. Our amateur interests include philology and reading. Neither of us is particularly athletic, although we enjoy walks, both in town and country. We have two children and three grandchildren.

From June through August, 2000, we traveled through eastern Canada by car, staying in motels and occasionally a hotel. We entered New Brunswick from Maine, and have visited Nova Scotia, Newfoundland and Labrador, Prince Edward Island, eastern Quebec, and spent one night on the French island of St. Pierre. We read many books, fiction and non-fiction, to help us understand the region we were visiting. This is our story.

Our book consists of our daily reports, interspersed with photographs, followed by a short conclusion and bibliography. It has not been professionally edited or proofread, so we apologize and take responsibility for all errors. Any misrepresentations are unintentional and based on ignorance.

As full-time travelers, we use the internet to keep in touch with the world; it's our life line. So it was natural to think of publishing this book on the web. We have been sending our daily reports to a small list of family and friends by email; now we want to share our experiences with a larger public. We'd be delighted to hear from readers with comments, corrections, or even praise! Please email us at bobandelsa@earthlink.net.

## June 4 – St. Stephen to Deer Isle

We've set out on our trip to eastern Canada, hoping to learn more about this area. When we were in school, we thought America started with Plymouth and Jamestown. Later we learned that Spanish colonization of the Americas came first. But we didn't realize that English and French settlements in North America began in what is now Canada.

Before we left Maine, we had stopped at an International Historic Site overlooking St. Croix Island. Here a group of French explorers landed in 1604, intending to establish a permanent community for trapping beaver and trading with the local Indians. Instead, they encountered an unusually long and hard winter, and about half of them died, some from scurvy. The explorer Samuel Champlain was part of the group, serving as cartographer. This is one of the first settlements in North America; it predates the English settlements at Jamestown and Plymouth, but is after the Spanish settlements, and also later than the winter residences of cod and whale fisherman in Newfoundland.

We entered Canada at St. Stephen, New Brunswick, first stopping at the Visitor Center where we picked up a few brochures. We found that the tourist guide we had already received from the Province of New Brunswick Tourist Bureau was really excellent. We learned that the whale watching cruises don't start till July, and really are best in August, but we also gathered information about taking ferries to nearby islands.

Our next stop was a souvenir shop, where we purchased a couple of books of local geography and natural history. We also sampled dulse. Our tourist literature had invited visitors to a day's tourist adventure harvesting Treasures of the Bay of Fundy and if you paid extra you would get snacks of Treasures of the Bay. Now we know that this treasure, dulse, is dried purple seaweed, light as a cloud, tough as leather to tear, and incredibly salty and fishy to taste. In fact, we tasted our little mouthfuls throughout the rest of the day! Of course we smiled politely as we chewed our samples.

The owner of the souvenir store told us that part of his army training was spending four nights on Pendleton island as a survival exercise. It is still / again uninhabited and appears to be mostly forested. He and his 23 companions were pretty proud of themselves for getting through it in one piece.

On the outskirts of St. Andrews-by-the-Bay an overlook and explanatory signs in French and English again told the story of St. Croix Island, with somewhat more detail. We could look down and see the other side of the island, and across into Maine.

St. Andrew has its share of historic sites, including a block tower built for use during the war of 1812. This block tower was never used, although it was touch and go. It certainly was cheaper to build than the huge granite fort which was nearly completed at Fort Knox, Maine. We passed through the grounds of the Algonquin Hotel, a Tudor-style Canadian Pacific hotel still in use, seeming antique with its arrays of lawn chairs and hundreds of rooms. We were a little surprised the Algonquin wasn't even mentioned in our New Brunswick Tourist Bureau list of accommodations. Perhaps if you are the kind of person who wants to stay at the Hotel Algonquin, you already know about it!

By lunch time we had reached Kingsbrae Gardens. We enjoyed a light lunch (including chilled carrot and dill soup, pate, interesting chutney) in the Garden cafe, then strolled through the horticultural exhibits. This was once a summer estate which has been converted into a lovely small botanical garden, featuring flowers and shrubs. This garden

has been open to the public less than five years, so many of the plantings are just getting underway. Also, lots of the annual plants are new in the ground, because it hasn't been warm enough up here very long. Nevertheless, it was a pleasant stroll and we enjoyed seeing quite a few of the plants we'd worked with in the desert, like santelina and cotoneaster and thrift and buffaloberry as they appear in an entirely different environment. There was a big patch of hemerocalis (day lilies), but they weren't in bloom yet.

So we headed on to the Deer Island ferry and made the crossing from the mainland on glass-smooth waters, on a big barge with a dozen other cars, pushed by a tug. The ferry landed at a good-sized town, but we soon entered the rural side; the locals were pretty casual. We're spending the night at the only motel on Deer Island, where we have an off-season rate of $50 Canadian. This is about $35 American and coffee and muffins were included for breakfast.

So far we continue to be enchanted by the beauty of the countryside, the friendly attitudes of the people, both in Maine and in Canada, and the plethora of economical motels and restaurants. Once you get to this part of the country, it would seem to be an ideal place to spend a few weeks or even a summer (although we know the rates go up in season). We, of course, don't light anywhere for very long, so we aren't good examples. But that's simply because we still have so much to see!

**June 4 - 5 Deer Isle to Frederickton**

In the early evening we drove to the island's edge to try to find Old Sow, a whirlpool described in the guidebooks as huge and ferocious.

We found ourselves following a Dodge pickup truck which ended up exactly where we'd been told to park. Its driver set us straight on the whirlpool; more talk than action, you can see something rarely, if you are lucky and the tides are just right. He is 75, has fished since he was 14, has always lived on Deer Island and is generally pretty content with what life has dealt him. He was aware of all the Pendletons on Deer Island, referring rather mysteriously to the fact that they all live on one end of the island--the end, apparently, not occupied by Stuarts!

At a bit below half-tide, the beach was dark sand and rocks, with only a few birds feeding. The water all along has been calm, and the surroundings so silent that the waves breaking on the rocks are the loudest sounds.

When the hostess at the Deer Isle restaurant/motel discovered that Bob is a Pendleton, she told us of all of the Pendletons living on the Island, and their interest in nearby Pendleton Island, promising to try to find a local expert; she would at least get us an address and phone number for a contact. As we returned from Old Sow, she came running down the hill from the restaurant, to tell us that Anne Pendleton would be stopping by to visit Bob.

Anne Pendleton is the Secretary-Treasurer of a society composed of the many descendants of Ward Pendleton. She is not a Pendleton herself, but married one, a fisherman. Ward Pendleton had held title to the island jointly with his two brothers, about a hundred years ago, but one brother was lost at sea and the second died childless, so the island now belongs to all of Ward's descendants, who had scattered all over the Western Hemisphere. She was in charge of dunning them so that maybe some of them would help pay the taxes, or possibly so that they would agree to deed their interests, along with her husband's and other local Pendletons, to the Canadian Nature Conservancy. All the locals would still be able to use the Island for cookouts and camping, she said. Bob was happy he was only a cousin, and not a direct descendant of Ward Pendleton.

We were first in line for the ferry, which made Elsa rather nervous because there were no apparent directions. She first drove down close to the ferry slip, following another car, which it turned out was driven by the man who picks up the Deer Island newspapers. He explained that he gets on -- and off-- first, and then the school bus drives on, and then the other cars, and showed us where to park.

When the ferry arrived, it unloaded all of its incoming cars, plus a huge semi-trailer truck (since it was low tide we were most impressed at the thought of that ferry wending its way between rocks with its heavy load). Then the school bus drove up and parked way down in front. Should we move up and get in line behind it? Should we wait where we were? What was the etiquette here?

Fortunately, our newspaper friend stopped one more time, and told us to stay where we were till the ferry blew its whistle. So we could watch as various parents dropped their tardy sons at the door of the bus!

After a successful crossing we followed the St. John River road to Fredericton, the capital of New Brunswick, and found a small motel perched on the river bank. We tried local cuisine, as usual with less than complete success: poutine is french fries and pieces of jack cheese smothered in brown gravy; montreal smoked meat (yes, montreal is lower case for this item) is a kind of hammy soft deli meat resembling processed turkey ham / bologna.

We took a short walking tour of the downtown area, stopping at City Hall for tourist information. Like so much of Canada, Fredericton is becoming aware of the benefits of tourism but is still developing its attractions. One unusual and attractive project is Learning Experiences; every evening or late afternoon they offer one or two events, costing about $5.00 Canadian per person. You can learn lawn bowling, or take a guided walk, or learn about the local poets, or hear a concert. We declined the lawn bowling lesson, as our recollection of the activity in the U.K. was that there was a very particular all-white uniform worn by participants, all ladies of a certain age.

There is a yarn store in the country not far from Fredericton, which we visited in the afternoon; Elsa bought the materials for a nice warm sweater in a soft gray wool at an astonishingly low price. We moved on to the top-named attraction, King's Landing.

King's Landing is a village representing New Brunswick life in the 19th century. This restoration was begun in the 1960s when the big Mactaquac dam was being built, threatening to destroy many nineteenth-century houses and farms - the riverfront property was then, as now, the prime real estate. Many of these buildings were moved to Kings Landing, including sliding a few of them across the river in the middle of winter, when the ice was thickest!

We arrived at King's Landing about a half hour before closing, but were invited to take a short walk and return the next day, with our admission extended throughout the second day. We visited the carpenter's shop and one of the houses, and chatted with their inhabitants, who were friendly and informative.

Each day in Canada brings us more pleasant experiences with courteous, helpful, friendly people. This area is so beautiful, peaceful and pleasant.

**June 6 - King's Landing**

We returned to King's Landing on a sunny, warm morning, just ahead of a couple of busloads of school children, who were quickly and firmly taken in hand by the King's Landing hostesses who, like all of the other women in the village, were dressed in long full skirts, shawls and bonnets.

We spent the entire day wandering from building to building, chatting with the inhabitants and admiring the ingenuity and mechanical skills of the pioneers who had established self-sufficient communities in harsh surroundings. In King's Landing, each building has at least one attendant, who "is" the person who had lived in that building or performed that work in a particular year, from about 1830 to 1900. Thus, we learned about being an Irish immigrant, or the wife of a rich merchant, or being apprenticed for nine years to become a cooper. We learned the difference between a bucket, a firkin, and a pail, between a hogshead and a puncheon. We admired quilts. We watched a team of oxen being yoked.

We toured a sawmill.

We examined the goods in a general store.  We wandered uphill and down. We also saw a gristmill which was grinding buckwheat.

King's Landing has been open to the public, for summers and autumns, for almost thirty years. The guides clearly enjoy recreating the history they have learned. We're happy to give King's Landing our highest recommendation.

At the end of the afternoon Elsa toted her laptop to the motel office, where she ended up in the family's kitchen, downloading e-mail as the oldest son cooked spaghetti.

**June 7 – Fredericton - Old Governor's House**

This morning was cold and very rainy, but we set out on a driving tour, and favored indoor exhibits, such as the Canada Ducks Unlimited building on the north shore of the Saint John. We carried off a chart with pictures of the males and females of all the local ducks; now let's see if we can spot some of them!

Marysville is an interesting mill town, run by the enlightened businessman, Alexander "Boss" Gibson, and named after his wife. The brick buildings are all preserved, in neat rows, and the mill (which naturally lost out to cheaper labor) was taken for taxes and restored as an office building for 400 civil servants.

Then we took a tour of the Old Government House. Built in 1828 of local sandstone, it was the impressive home of the Governor of New Brunswick (the original wooden home

burned down.) It became too expensive to operate and was closed in 1894, then used for about 60 years as the regional headquarters of the Mounties (the RCMP.)

Closed once more in the 1980's, the province finally decided to pony up the money to restore the building, and a portion is currently the official residence of New Brunswick's Lieutenant Governor. In Canada, each Lieutenant Governor is recommended by the (elected) Premier to the Crown, via the Governor General in Ottawa; the Crown then makes the appointment. The duties are largely ceremonial; the office represents the Queen, as Head of State in the Province. Mrs. Counsell is honorary chairman of a zillion charities, and takes special interest in children. She has decorated several rooms on the second floor with the art of schoolchildren. As we toured, she was in the next room with the door open, with her French tutor, as New Brunswick is the only officially bilingual Province. She will be succeeded, after her five-year term, by a Francophone.

We were the only ones on the tour, and had one guide and one guide in training to help us, so we asked lots of questions. The building is truly splendid, with 18-foot ceilings on the first floor, and has been designated a national historic building because it was here that Governor Gordon forced the resignation of Premier Smythe in order to get New Brunswick to join the Confederation in 1869.

After an abortive trip to the public library to use the Internet (their computer was down), we had lunch and returned to the hotel. Then we headed out in search of fiddleheads for dinner. Elsa had read about these delicacies, only available for a short time in spring. They are a kind of fern which grows wild by the sides of the rivers. We had sort of forgotten about them, and didn't even notice that we had chosen The Fiddlehead Pub for dinner. Sure enough, we each had fiddleheads as a vegetable. Truly they are yummy. There is a long leafless stock, with the curled fern at the end, looking just like the scrolled neck of a violin. They are steamed and served with butter and vinegar.

**June 8 and 9 - Central New Brunswick**

Leaving Fredericton, we continued up the River Valley Scenic Drive. The St. John River continues to delight us; it is broad and deep and 425 miles long, comparable to the Delaware. The Loyalists who came to New Brunswick were granted lands all along the St. John, which was the principal route of commerce in New Brunswick. Today the 19th century homes and farms are interspersed with the homes and farms of their descendants, and dotted with towns small and large: Prince William, Dumfries, Hawkshaw, Temple, Pokiok, Meductic.

Above Woodstock, the land becomes potato country. We don't know the history of potato farming in New Brunswick and northern Maine; was it perhaps because of the large numbers of Irish immigrants who were familiar with growing potatoes? Or do farmers somehow know the perfect crop for each area?

Now, instead of a narrow band of settlement along the river, the farms pushed back for miles and miles into the surrounding hills. At this time, early June, the fields were plowed a light sandy brown; we guessed that it is around planting time for the fall crop.

It seems to us that New Brunswick is dominated by a few families, whose names keep popping up in business and industry as well as politics. Ganong is a chocolatier in St. Stephen, but also a provincial premier. Irving is a St. John oil refiner and owns a chain of gas stations, as well as a lot of the timber resources. Two of the Cunard brothers were in the shipping business in Miramichi, while the third brother, Samuel, started the Cunard Line out of Halifax.

But in New Brunswick potatoes, the name is McCain. We passed large McCain processing plants where the potatoes are turned into chips and the tremendously popular french fries; McCain trucks rumbled up and down the highway.

In Upper Woodstock we saw an early nineteenth-century courthouse under restoration, and then followed the scenic drive across the river and up the east side to Hartland, where we saw the Longest Covered Bridge in the World. Eight spans and 390 meters long, it steps across the St. John River. The public park on the west side had lost its funding, and was staffed in summertime by volunteers.

New Bruswick is in fact filled with covered bridges, which were considered easier to maintain than the uncovered ones. Instead of clearing the bridge of winter snow, they shoveled snow onto the bridge to make a smooth surface for horse-drawn sleds! Many of these bridges are too narrow for modern traffic. At Hartland, the rule was to turn on your lights and stop at one end of the bridge. If you could see all the way through, a quarter mile ahead, then you, and all the cars and trucks behind you, drove through in your direction, after which, when the bridge was again clear of traffic, the cars passed in the other direction. It seemed to work all right, though with such a long bridge we'd hate to be there at rush hour!

The River Valley Drive continued north through Peel and Stickney and Florenceville, Bristol, Bath, and Beechwood, to Perth-Andover. It took us a little while to figure out the hyphenated cities, like Perth-Andover and Cambridge-Narrows. In the nineteenth century, there was one town on each side of the river, just like Buda and Pest in Hungary. Then, as bridges became more common, the two sides were linked, and it was natural to combine into a single city to save on costs of government. This move towards amalgamating cities is continuing today: The city of Miramichi, on the East Coast, was formed in 1998 by combining Newcastle and Chatham and several smaller towns on either side of the Miramichi River.

The drive left the river at Perth-Andover and went inland, because the St. John River was growing steeper. We zipped north another 50 kilometers to Grand Falls / Grand-Sault, home of some grand falls. But first, the reason for the long name with a slash in the middle.

Canada is officially bilingual; this means that federal services must be provided in both English and French. Some provinces are monolingual English, some provinces are monolingual French, and some provinces, like New Brunswick, are officially bilingual; this means that provincial services must be provided in both English and French. So in New Brunswick, on a provincial road, the highway signs might read “Ch Jones Rd.” What this stands for is Chemin Jones Road. So if you are a francophone, you read it “Chemin Jones,” while if you are an anglophone you read it “Jones Road.” Finally, some

cities, such as Grand Falls / Grand-Sault, are officially bilingual; this means that city services (including the name of the city) must be provided in both English and French. In the case of the city name, they use both English and French. Got that? Elsa's favorite bilingual sign is "Fin De Construction Ends."

So in Grand Falls / Grand-Sault, we went to lunch at a restaurant named Grits. We did not know this at the time, but a "Grit" is a member of the Liberal Party. So "Grits" was a well-known hangout for Liberals. Anyhow, we got an example of bilingualism in action, because the waittress spoke both English and Canadian French fluently. The population of this town is about evenly split between francophones and anglophones.

Now the reason we went to Grand Falls / Grand-Sault was to see the falls, which we did. We were just a little too late in the season for the spring floods, which is too bad, but it was pretty impressive anyway. During the spring floods, the power plant can't handle all the flow of water, so it all spills over and cascades down the falls. At this time, the volume of water going over the falls is nine-tenths the volume of Niagara Falls, so we are talking about a pretty serious flow. It was somewhat below that, but was still pretty impressive. The river is not as wide as the Niagara, though, and the falls not nearly as high – only about 75 feet. Still and all, this was a big waterfall.

We took Highway 108 from Grand Falls / Grand-Sault all the way across the province to Miramichi, on the east coast. Between Plaster Rock and McGraw Brook the road goes 97

kilometers without a single town or crossroad.  All we saw were dirt logging roads leading north and south, and stands of forest, most of which was not very old growth. We should have seen moose, but no luck.

As we neared Mirimachi, where the Miramichi River widens out (further downstream it becomes Miramichi Bay which in turn empties into the Gulf of St. Lawrence) we passed an immense paper mill.  Pulpwood lumber was stacked ten feet high in rows hundreds of feet long.

Big lumber trucks reached down with jaws which grabbed up twenty logs at a time and carried them to the mill building.  The name of the mill was Repap.  A couple of days later we figured out that Repap was Paper backwards.  There was a noticeable strong wet odor about the plant, probably from the chemicals they use to process the wood into paper.

**June 9 and 10 - Miramichi and south to Sussex**

Miramichi is a conglomerate, formed in the last couple of years, of several small towns, notably  Newcastle, with its Scotch-English-Protestant heritage and Chatham, which is historically Irish Catholic.  The combination is the result of economies necessitated by the Federal and Provincial budgets and only recently took place.  The residents are still getting used to cohabitating with former rivals.

We do find throughout our trips that the tourist literature offers more optimism than fact. The A attraction in Newcastle, Ritchie Wharf, is an attractive new city park, very popular with children and their parents who enjoy strolling and picnicing after work, in the long sunlit evenings. But that's it. Oh, that, and a curious town square, containing a bust of Lord Beaverbrook who grew up in Newcastle and went on to own many newspapers. He donated the site for the square to the town, which erected the bust in his honor. When he died, his ashes were interred into the statue.

Crossing the river, we found an imposing church: St. Michael's Basilica. It sits on a hill in front of a cemetery of its Irish parishioners, including a sad little area of infants. We tried all of the doors, but all were locked, reminding us of another impressive yet unreachable church, in Maine.

Descending towards the river, we found that the Natural History Museum, in an old wooden store, had its door wide open. Even the tourist literature couldn't disguise the fact that this is not in museum big leagues. It had exhibits crowded on two floors, a little bit of everything – local history, geology, stuffed animals, and a collection of artifacts that looked at first glance like things that never would sell at a country "antique" or junk store. But it did boast a meteorite, a four-legged bird and an eight-legged cat, several mounted mooseheads, and a 150-year-old coat lined with mink.

We wandered around the first floor for awhile. We found an accumulation of everybody's treasures, from arrangements of seashells to not-so-old cameras, letters and deeds and minutes of the town council, newspaper articles about a trained moose, and a woman's fan. Bob headed upstairs, where two local moms and their children eagerly inspected the stuffed beaver and bear, and gazed through the glass-fronts at the various local birds and butterflies in their cases. A young woman offered him a tour, and he mumbled incoherently, so she energetically bounced downstairs and welcomed Elsa, encouraging her to come up to join the tour.

The young woman spoke non-stop, describing the exhibits, which have grown as each member of the community donated his or her treasures to the museum. It started with two nineteenth-century country doctors, who had a passion for fossils and evolution and studied and described the local flora and fauna.

They searched the incredibly rich environment of the bay region and salvaged fish, mammals, fossils, arrowheads, whatever they found. There are shelves of fish, now bleached and murky in their formaldehyde bottles, which were acquired in the 1880s and are unchanged today. The birds and mammals represent some species no longer found in the area. All by itself, the collection is a period piece of a certain strange charm.

But our visit had only begun. Amy followed us back downstairs, and as we admired some of the historical items, she told us about the Cunard family which built ships and virtually inspired the economy of the region, by developing a thriving lumber trade. (The

New Brunswick Cunards were the brothers of the Nova Scotia Cunard, Sam, who went on to found the steamship line.)

As we kept responding to her explanations with more questions, she could tell we were really interested, and soon she was giving us an overview of the cultural and historical threads binding eastern Canada from her grandparents' time till today.

For example, the University of Moncton is in New Brunswick, which is two-thirds anglophone and one-third francophone, and has a legal system based on English common law. But at the university, all classes are given in French, which is possibly OK, but the law school only teaches the Napoleonic Code, which means its graduates are only trained to practice in France or its former colonies such as Quebec, and not in its own province of New Brunswick. Bob remembered the problem he had when a famous Vietnamese lawyer escaped to the U.S. in the 70s and couldn't even do duty as a law clerk - because of language and the Napoleonic Code (and the fractiousness of advocates of the French and English legal systems.)

We probably spent two hours talking with Amy, who is planning to go to law school and the diplomatic service. Thinking about what she said concerning the Irish-Scotch rivalry across the river and the anglophone-francophone rivalry in New Brunswick, we reflected how great a blessing it is to know different cultures and be relatively tolerant and interested in all. We hope Amy will choose to travel and be a diplomat, because she is a very intelligent and charming young woman and has a lot to offer through her service.

After leaving her we followed some of her recommendations: we journeyed to Middle Island, in the Miramichi River, where a shipful of Irish immigrants with typhoid fever was put in quarantine and over 400 died. A Celtic cross marks their burial ground, and every year is the scene of a large reunion and memorial service for Canadians of Irish heritage.

Continuing up the river, we drove to Bay du Vin, where Amy had assured us we would find the best lobster.  We found Bay du Vin, but no restaurants, so we drove back towards town and picked the Portage Restaurant, which turned out to have an excellent lobster

dinner - we each were served two! Our bibs protected us from squirting juice and we began to reacquire some facility for dissecting the beasts. Yummy!

We find ourselves now at the stage in our learning where we know there is much more concealed beneath the surface network of Scotch-English-Irish-French-aboriginal heritages. More than one Canadian has commented on the advantages which the U.S. has of melting various cultures into an existing governmental structure which officially ignores differences. In Canada there are so many special privileges and special accommodations that everybody is continually reminded of the presence of various racial and cultural groups. Amy says it is mostly talk, not much violence, but she also said that when she was growing up she never went to the Protestant town of Newcastle for hockey games or other events.

On a chilly morning, under heavy clouds, we headed back south toward Fredericton and Sussex. We had sights we planned to see on the way. But we have decided we are beta testing New Brunswick tourist guidebooks. We have been unable to find a number of the sights promised (the directions are unsatisfactory), and the guidebook often doesn't know when places are open. If you want to see everything in New Brunswick, we think you have to come in July or August.

The Doaktown Museum and the nearby Atlantic Salmon Museum, Inc. were both closed; no big surprise since there doesn't appear to be much salmon, thanks to overfishing during the past few years (and perhaps because the natives are taking most of the salmon going upstream.) But the Forestry Museum down the road, which was marked with huge chain-saw sculptures of loggers (none of whom looked very happy) was open but unattended. There were some cars in the lot and men walking around looking busy. We walked into the building intending to pay our admission and visit the different exhibits, but the place was empty. There was a gift shop, so we wandered around and picked out some postcards and books, but there was nobody to take our money. So after about ten minutes of waiting, we put the postcards and books back in the rack, and drove on.

On the other hand, we did find (although there were no road signs) the Priceville Suspension Footbridge. There is no town of Priceville, and the guidebook says it is in McNamee, so it was just by chance that we spotted the sign for Priceville Road, and even more by chance that we didn't give up even though we'd driven as far as Carrolls Crossing, two towns up from McNamee. We saw the sign, "footbridge" tacked to a telephone pole, but not until we'd spotted the bridge itself. This is neat: it is a suspension bridge, with big tall steel columns, and long suspension cables in two spans, over the Miramichi River.

It is covered with wooden planks and we walked down to the middle of one span and stared at the River looking for salmon or any other fish, of which there were none. We recalled that there had been plenty of salmon lodges and salmon guides and fishing tackle stores along the road, but all were closed up.

We stopped again in Fredericton (which we now know is named after a political leader of the nineteenth century named Fredericton) and returned to Chapters, which is an excellent Canadian bookstore chain similar to Borders and Barnes and Noble, to replenish our reading supply, including more fiction and more histories of Atlantic Canada. We decided not to go to the county museum because they were having a big festival supplemented by rock music and deafening amplifiers in front of the building!

After lunch we kept on driving south, but couldn't find a good motel with Internet until we reached Sussex, home of the Quality Inn about 5:00 p.m. We plan to use this as a base to explore St. John and the Bay of Fundy.

**June 11 - St. John**

It was cold and raining this morning, more like late winter or early autumn than almost mid-June. Nevertheless we set out to learn about St. John, a shipping and lumbering city on the Bay of Fundy.

The Reversing Falls are the big local phenomenon, and they are truly dramatic. We've written about the huge St. John River; just before its mouth the Kennebecasis River joins it and forms Grand Bay. Then the whole thing narrows down to about 100 yards wide where it dumps into the ocean. At least that's what happens at low tide, when the height of the river at the narrows is about 14 feet higher than the Bay of Fundy. The river pours out, creating some big rapids that are absolutely unsafe for navigation. But when the tide is high, the situation is reversed: The Bay of Fundy is 14 feet higher than the river, so the Bay of Fundy pours through the narrows backing things up into Grand Bay, and there is a noticeable and treacherous upstream current!

Now there are also two times of day when the tide is slack: this occurs when the height of the river is about equal to the height of the Bay of Fundy. At these times, the waters in the narrows are relatively placid, and boats can move from the Bay of Funday into Grand Bay and then up the St. John, or vice-versa. Knowledge of this phenomenon was essential for the early settlers to use the St. John River as a connection to the ocean.

We had all this explained to us in a video in the visitor center, and then we returned to view the narrows at different times of day: first slack tide, then low tide, then the next morning, high tide. In the pictures we've taken, the river is flowing from right to left. The video says the effects of the tide can be felt at Fredericton, 140 km upstream.

There's the violent scene at low tide.

At the visitor center, a nice lady gave us lots of brochures of St. John, with one driving tour and two walking tours. We started off with the driving tour through West St. John, which had more older buildings – the east side, across the river, was virtually destroyed by a fire in 1877. There were a number of buildings in West St. John dating back to the early 1800s. We tried, without noticeable success, to design driving tours for some towns we have known.

Our driving tour led us up a steep hill which had a great view of St. John Harbor, where there were two ocean-going freighters as well as the large ferry to southern Nova Scotia. Someone told us St. John had about 22,000 inhabitants, with perhaps 110,000 in the metropolitan area.

St. John is the home of numerous businesses run by the Irving Corporation, including a paper mill and a large refinery. The Irvings have about 10,000 employees in St. John. They are also the city's major philanthropists. Also in St. John is the old Simms Brush plant; they are the largest maker of brushes (mostly paintbrushes) in the country.

After WW II, in order to provide homes rapidly for returning GIs without any cash, a housing development was created in West St. John using the identical home designs as Levittown, Long Island. It was possible to only a home for 1% down ($50). Most of these homes are still standing, and about two-thirds have been expanded using ells or enclosed porches or second stories; but you can easily see the basic boxy Levittown design.

We returned to the Reversing Falls visitor center for lunch, with a table at the window overlooking the narrow gorge. By then the tide was well on its way out. The river was rushing over the rocks, creating small whirlpools and frothing the waters of the wider bay. Across the way we could see buildings which were on the waterfront at high tide, but were now hanging in the air, their pilings extending 20 or 30 feet down to the shore which was uncovered by the retreating tide.

After lunch we walked out on the observation deck at the park overlooking the falls to watch braver folks take a 20-minute jetboat ride through the easier part of the river rapids. The boat, about 30 feet in length, with a huge engine, tossed and turned quite violently. We were glad we did not try that ride immediately after lunch!

The New Brunswick Museum has been modernized for its inclusion in the downtown mall (the old museum, now an archive, is still visible in a wonderfully menacing dark stone building on our driving tour). We made rather quick work of the lumbering and trade exhibits but found the ship-building exhibits excellent, because of the attention to details of creating the hulls. We found that these exhibits did a better job of explaining wooden ship constructions than either the Peabody-Essex museum or the Bath Maritime Museum. The surprisingly excellent part of the museum is the section with minerals and fossils, which has clearly been created by someone with a passion for geology and paleontology.

We still had to see the Reversing Falls at high tide, and to do the two walking tours of uptown St. John, so we returned tired to our motel, looking forward to returning on Monday.

**June 12 - St. John**

This morning we headed out early to catch the high tide at Reversing Falls. We reached the overlook at mid morning just about high tide. The buildings which were high and dry yesterday were back at water level, and the bay water was chasing the river back under the bridge.

Then we headed uptown to take the two walking tours. The heyday of this city was the end of the nineteenth century. Huge amounts of its virgin timber and processed fish were passing through its port, loaded onto ships owned by its merchants and built in its shipyards. Additional shipping was generated by the Trans-Canada railroad which brought other raw materials from inland Canada to the port of St. John for export.

But things have slowed down greatly. All the virgin timber has been harvested, and much of the secondary growth timber is processed into paper and used in Canada, making much less activity for the port. The fishing industry is pretty much dried up, too. There is a drydock for manufacture of small steel-hulled ships, but like most shipyards in North America, it is now idle. We continue to learn that a lot of the better educated youth have left New Brunswick for Toronto or Vancouver or the United States

So St. John has not grown, but it has kept itself attractive. In the summer season, which is just starting, cruise boats make regular stops in town, bringing considerable business to its lovely old market, which we visited. There are some nice new hotels, convention facilities, malls, and museums in the uptown area, all connected by a covered mall which is great for the winter weather. At lunch we saw people who were attending a convention on emergency medicine.

This business district was completely rebuilt with solid stone and brick buildings after the great fire, so the architecture dates from the late 1800s. The Loyalist Burying Ground

was used until 1848, and started falling into considerable disrepair in the 1970s. Since it was located across the street from the headquarters of the Irving Corporation, the Irvings had the cemetery remade into a city park, with attractive paths and landscaping. It is a little unusual to see some of the flower beds with a gravestone popping up in the middle!

Kings Square is an attractive park in uptown St. John, and the Imperial Theatre is a grand building on the Square for legitimate theater, built in 1913. The lady in the box office gave us a peek at the beautiful ornate interior, which rivals many of the London theatres.

Our walking tour took us past some ho-hums, too. There were several stops on the tour to look at places where historic buildings had once stood. There were nineteenth century homes which had no unusual architectural features, but were homes of nineteenth century New Brunswick politicians. There were commercial buildings which once housed the stores and businesses of famous founders of New Brunswick and St. John, but which now were pubs or night clubs.

Nevertheless, on this brisk sunny morning it was a great excuse for a walk. And there were some interesting stops. We visited Trinity Church, Anglican, which was rebuilt in 1880 after the fire. The walls are lined with memorials to civil and military leaders who had belonged to the church, as well as pictures of past ecclesiastical leaders. In the church is a rare old treasure: the royal coat of arms, probably dating to 1714 during the reign of George I. This had hung in the Council Room in Boston, and was rescued by Loyalists who snuck it out of the United States when they resettled in Canada in 1783. The Harvard students who had transported it wrote a letter to the civic authorities in St. John, claiming refugee status for the coat of arms!

A short while later we joined another couple for a short tour of the Jewish Museum, located in the back of a huge synagogue. Jewish immigration had begun in the 1860s, had peaked during the waves of immigration from eastern Europe through the next fifty or so years. The congregation had numbered several hundred, including Hollywood's Louis Mayer, in the 1920s. But now there are very few Jews left in Saint John. The synagogue was originally orthodox, then became conservative. They are down to a few dozen people, most of them old, as children either marry outside the faith or move away from Canada, or both.

An interesting part of the Jewish museum was the collection of nineteenth century photographs of the families over several decades, starting with departure from the ships and continuing with several photos of the orphans they had adopted in hopes of building their numbers. We were reminded of the orphan trains in the U.S., which carried children from the New York slums and ghettos to families trying to populate the great plains. (The guide told us that the synagogue's plan was not very successful, because only a few of the thousands of applicants met the restrictions of good health and no living relatives.)

We had lunch in town and then brought a bag full of books we had finished reading, including Shelby Foote's history of the Civil War, to the St. John Library, which was delighted to have additions to its collection.

In the afternoon we drove to Irving Nature Park (another philanthropic project of the Irving corporation). This is a lovely park located on a peninsula in the southwest corner of the city, with thousands of acres of driving and walking trails, and stunning overlooks of marshes and beaches and bluffs on the Bay of Fundy. It's quite remarkable that this prime waterfront was available for a park. Indeed, there is a huge amount of waterfront land in New Brunswick that is completely undeveloped. This is in contrast to Maine (and everywhere else in the U.S.) where almost all the waterfront property has been developed. We stopped at several overlooks; at one we spotted a pair of eiders (first time we've seen them) and at another, two seals sunning themselves on an offshore rock island.

This was a very full day of sightseeing, with a lot of walking, so we were quite happy to return to our motel and get to sleep early.

**June 13 - Another view of St. John and Fundy**

Another cool, bright day found us headed down the Kingston peninsula, which had been described as a bit of a roller-coaster with some beautiful and unusual old homes nestled in its valleys and perched on its hills. It was, in fact, an extension of the lush forest and rich farmland we've come to expect. The homes along the St. John River are a mix of old and new, spacious and spartan, but most have neatly tended and decorated lawns with quite a few flower beds.

As we reached the end of the peninsula, we could enjoy the water, great expanses of calm river with a few boats moored near the shore. On the auto ferry, the boatman seeing our Texas license came and chatted with us, telling us that he was born in Newfoundland, but had been living in New Brunswick for 20 years and liked to talk to people. We told him that we had been told Newfoundlanders are hard to talk to, and he disagreed with that -- except possibly, he said, for the people in St. John's, who were apt to think they were better than the rest of the Newfoundlanders. We'll see when we get to Newfoundland, but if it's at all like New Brunswick, people are just as friendly as they can be.

We wandered one more time through the suburbs and residential streets of St. John, past the big Irving Refinery, then headed for the coast of the Bay of Fundy at St. Martin's. We continue to be aware of the absence of birds and fishing boats; this may result from over-fishing and over-lumbering, but the birds, at least, are expected in about another month, on their migration northward.

In St. Martin's we saw the promised sea caves, exposed at low tide. The reddish cliffs and the green grass at cliff-top make the caves even more dramatic. We could easily picture the beach at high summer, clogged with sightseers, but today there were only a half-dozen cars. Without our sneakers we decided not to walk out to the caves, but admired them from the road. Tomorrow we expect to see more fantastic tidal cliff formations at Hopewell Rocks. We did take a picture of the fishing boats in St. Martin's, all sitting on the mud in harbor!

Our big adventure today was the Fundy Trail Parkway, opened only two years ago and still under development; eventually it will connect all the way with Fundy National Park, about 50 km up the coast. The stretch which was opened was wonderful! It's about 8 miles long, and hugs the cliffs above the coast in much the same way as Highway 1 in California hugs the coast between Carmel and San Simeon. The parkway views aren't as dramatic, because the bluffs are heavily forested, but there are numerous parking places which connect to overlooks. In addition to the auto parkway, there's a parallel walking / biking trail for the entire eight miles. We didn't walk the trail but we did stop at all the overlooks, and noticed plenty of hikers. On weekends there is a shuttle bus that stops at all the parking lots, so hikers could easily do a short hike and then ride the shuttle bus back to where their car is parked. One of the overlooks has a wonderful waterfall pouring over the bluff and cascading down to the shore below. At another one we spotted an immature bald eagle, and at still a third we watched a cormorant struggle to keep a herring that was a third as big as it was. It couldn't fly away with the fish in its mouth! Here's a view from one of the overlooks.

At the north end, the road and the trails descend steeply to the Big Salmon River, where there is an interpretive center. We saw a video and photos of the old logging operation on this site, which in 1920 had dozens of buildings and a population of several hundred. But it is now gone, a New Brunswick ghost town. All that remains is the footings for the wharf where the lumber was loaded onto ships and barges belonging to the Pejepscot Lumber Company, which was a wholly owned subsidiary of the Hearst Corporation, which had found a good source of pulp for its newsprint. There are three living lumbermen who used to work at this location, all in their 70s.

We did learn the rhythm of the New Brunswick lumbering work: cut trees in the winter and pile them up in the frozen rivers; break them up in the spring and float them downstream; preprocess the logs in sawmills on site and load up the ships and barges in the summer and fall. We are also learning that New Brunswick is closer to the U.S. than to any of the other Canadian provinces. A great deal of its commerce is with the U.S., it has had much immigration and emigration to the U.S., and, unfortunately, many of its best educated young people move to the U.S. to find good employment.

The Fundy Trail Parkway is already a must-see attraction, in our opinion, and as additional sections are complete it will be a major attraction for this area. If you haven't been to New Brunswick recently, be sure to plan to visit the Park the next time you're here.

**June 14 and 15 - Chasing the Tides**

We started off this morning to see the tidal effects at the northern end of the Bay of Fundy. Our goals were to see the tidal bore near Moncton and the change of tides at Hopewell Rocks.

We had read about tidal bores; caused by a narrowing of the channel through which the tide must flow, they create a wall of water forcing its way up the the channel. Our guide books told us there was a tidal bore at Moncton, where the Petitcodiac River narrows down.

When we got to Moncton, we found we were too late, by about fifteen minutes, for the tidal bore. The next one would be late at night (for us), and the one after that would be tomorrow morning at 10:12. We vowed to be there.

We began to zip off to see the Hopewell Rocks, only then we got into a big brouhaha. It all started when we spotted the Canadian Automobile Association (CAA.) We thought we might have reciprocity there with our AAA membership, and we did! So we got loaded down with tour books and maps and guides, and dumped the whole armful into the car. Bob found a chart on page 28 of the Moncton tour book which said 11:05 would be the time to see the Hopewell Rocks, and immediately sped off south. Elsa methodically perused the literature and began to protest. After the usual family scene, Elsa was right: the important time to see Hopewell Rocks was low tide, and the Moncton tour book had printed the time of high tide. So we kissed and made up and headed back into Moncton to see a museum.

By this time we needed lunch, so we had some, and then found the Acadian Museum on the campus of the University of Moncton. This University teaches all its classes in French, and we were apprehensive that we might get a politically one-sided point of view, but we were pleasantly surprised.

To repeat what we may have said before, the Acadians were French settlers of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, who began arriving in the late 1600s. But the British got title to the province by the Treaty of Utrecht about 1715. The Acadians lived as settlers of an English colony until about 1750, when things heated up between the French and English. By then the French were challenging the English for the colony, so the English asked the Acadians to sign a loyalty oath. At first an agreement was made whereby the Acadians could sign but not be obligated to fight for the English, but then the English wanted more, and most of the Acadians refused to sign. Those that did sign could stay, the others were deported. They scattered all over North America; many were refused and sent to England or France. A couple thousand made it to Louisiana, giving us Cajun blackened fish, jambalaya, and seafood gumbo. Some of the rest remained in France. Many of the rest gradually returned to the British Colony again after the next peace treaty.

Those that returned did not get their old land back, of course; that had been given to British settlers. The Acadians had a simple farming, trapping and fishing existence.

Their implements were somewhat more primitive than those we were shown at King's Landing, but that is accounted for by the difference in time period - the Acadian artifacts dated from the late 18th and early 19th century.

The museum discussed Longfellow's sentimental poem Evangeline as a myth: a purely fictional story that nevertheless was translated into many languages and served to familiarize people around the world with the expulsion of the Acadians.

A new exhibit by local women artists in the Acadian Museum was very exciting. The subject was Presence, and each woman used the idea of costume to portray an idea of the nature of woman. So there was a cage with a beating heart, a cloak which reached out to shelter birds' nests and baby shoes, and perhaps a dozen more variations, each truly imaginative and thought-provoking.

The Moncton tour guide needed a lot of beta testing: it had urged us to go to the suburb of Dieppe, named after the European WW I battlefield in which Canadian Armed Forces had distinguished themselves. We were told to look for monumental sculptures (Gravity Eternity) and a memorial to the battle of Dieppe and the naming of the city. We went to the address given for the town hall, and found the library. The librarian said it was also the town hall, but she knew nothing about a memorial to the battle of Dieppe or Bicentennial Park, where it was supposed to be displayed. She did say (in French to Elsa) that the sculpture had been there for a while but had been taken away and might be in front of a motel.

Next to the library there was a small park with a war memorial, which we studied closely, to see if it talked about Dieppe (it didn't.) However, we did notice something we hadn't seen in the states before: every time a Canadian veteran dies, his name gets engraved on this monument. So the names that appear will include all veterans, whether they were killed in battle or not. Unusual.

But it was low tide: time to head out to the Hopewell Rocks. Here there are steep bluffs, a hundred feet high, that jut out into the Bay of Fundy, and here, over the years, the great smashing tides are wearing out the bluffs and grinding them into stones and sand and mud and washing them out into the bay. In fact, the tides wear away about two feet of land every year. And of course, erosion is never simple and uniform. Some of the rocks are harder than others and take longer to erode. So there are great columns and arches that sit on the sea beds, which are tiny islands at high tide, but columns and arches on the beach at low tide, along with dozens of deep caves, which will soon become more isolated rocks and arches. This afternoon we would walk out among the columns and rocks.

We wandered around the beach for an hour, talking to the guide; it was his second day on the job. Last year he had driven the cart for those who couldn't walk around as easily. We asked him about the tides and he consulted his book; so we asked him about the tidal bore, since he told us he lived in Riverton, where the Petitcodiac River flows. He said it was a little wave that came through and not very interesting. He said the causeway had spoiled it.

In the hour we had stayed down on the beach, the mud flat had moved another hundred yards out to sea. We carefully tested the mud with the tip of our sneaker, and discovered just how slippery mud can be!

After we got back to Sussex we read the Moncton paper, which had reprinted an speech given by Robert F. Kennedy Jr. in Toronto, complaining about the environmental issues, including the causeway over the Petitcodiac. The editorial echoed the complaint and hoped the causeway would be torn up. It seems the causeway has slowed the flow of the river so much that it has silted up, with the result that the tidal bore has virtually vanished, and the wetlands around the river are no longer home to many waterfowl.

The next day we returned to Moncton, to Tidal Bore Park. We got seats in the bleachers and were soon joined by a busful of tourists on the Grey Line tour. 10:12 was the time for the Tidal Bore, and everyone grew nervous when it hadn't shown up by 10:20. But then it came at 10:21. It was interesting, but not showy. The tidal surge was three or four inches high, or less, depending on the width of the river, and it steadily advanced upstream.

The surface current seemed to reverse: above the tidal bore the river seemed to flow downstream, while below the bore it flowed upstream. Of course we were just seeing the surface effects, and we know water flowed in different directions at different depths, with quite a bit of turbulence. We didn't tell the other tourists about this. Most of them had already left, anyway, as soon as the scheduled tidal bore arrival time had passed. We plan to try the tidal bore on the Nova Scotia side, just to see if it is any more dramatic.

We hopped in the car and drove back to Hopewell Rocks. Today, the 15th, was a full moon, so the tide was higher than normal – about 42 feet. If it had been a new moon, the tide might have been 44-46 feet. That's the difference between high and low tides. We could hardly believe the sight from the top of the hill overlooking Hopewell Rocks. The columns were largely underwater, and the big arch looked very small.

We were really quite impressed with Hopewell Rocks. It has a brand new visitor center and restaurant, and it is a spectacular business to see the tide change. It's always possible to stay six hours in one day and see the complete change from high to low tide or vice-versa. A most marvellous experience!

**June 16 - Into Nova Scotia**

Thinking about family and friends baking in the California heat, we ventured onto the highway on a chilly, windy and drizzling morning. Sackville, New Brunswick, has distributed a glossy brochure which is elaborate even in the midst of other excellent local tourist publications; perhaps it is due to the presence of Mount Allison College, a long-established private coeducational college which had started as a boys' school, later added a Ladies' College, and was the first institution in the British Empire to award the bachelor's degree to a woman.

We left the local visitors' center with so much literature, on walking tours and driving tours and events and history--including an audiotape driving tour with map--that we needed a coffee stop to sort it all out. As luck would have it, we found a combination laundromat / coffee shop right next to the local book store! Heavier by a book each, we undertook our study.

Since it was sprinkling, we chose to begin with the driving tour, which we recommend highly. It's narrated with humor and charm by a young woman and a man who claims to be the oldest living inhabitant of Sackville at 104 years of age. The tour was well paced, took an hour or so, and led us around all the old homes and carriage factories and graveyards in the area.

The story of The Eddy Raid, where a small group of rebels was soundly defeated by the British in 1776, came to life as we parked on the spot where the rebel leader's wife fled into the woods with her five young children, only to watch the British burn down her home, barns, and outbuildings and then pause for tea (still hard for us to remember that these rebels are us!).

Half-way through the driving tour, we stopped for a visit to Fort Beausejour which was built by the French and besieged by the British (see our earlier history lessons) whereupon its name was changed to Fort Cumberland. The display is compelling, because they have not rebuilt the buildings but have left the foundations more or less as they would have been at the time of the siege; the French had torn down all of the wooden structures so that they couldn't be set on fire, and then retreated to the trenches; the siege wasn't long but the result was predetermined. The French and local volunteers were outnumbered six to one. The Acadian volunteers were subsequently deported, along with all other Acadians who would not sign the loyalty oath.

The rest of the driving tour took us through the Tantramar marshes, after the French word "tintamarre" for "a noisy racket", the sound made by wildfowl. The farmers reclaimed this land, which had been all marsh. They developed ingenious methods of allowing the Bay of Fundy tides to flood the marshes, depositing layers of fertile mud, and then diking them off for cultivation. Hay was an important cash crop, very rich, and very much in demand to feed horses before the age of the automobile. Now the old hay barns are collapsing, and the locals have started a Save The Barns project. The hay is still nutritious; besidees feeding local cows on a communal pasture, it is shipped off to thoroughbred farms for nourishing racehorses.

We finished our Sackville experience with a walk through the Sackville Waterfowl Park which has been established with the help of Ducks Unlimited. Indeed, as we walked along the boardwalk which bounds a lake and marshy water, we saw several varieties of ducks, one of which has a red back and a yellow band around its neck and doesn't seem to appear in The Golden Guide To North American Birds.

The sprinkles disappeared as we walked, so we were able to enjoy many ducks, red winged blackbirds, swifts, a warbler, a grackle and a turtle. At lunch, Bob studied the bird book looking for his duck, when the waitress noticed and told about the large bird with the big green beak which had visited her house. She and Bob turned page after page with no success, although Parrot came closest. It turns out that the bird had been seen last year and hasn't yet returned. It likes sunflower seeds.

On that note, we crossed the border into Nova Scotia, where we were immediately directed to the largest and grandest visitor center we had seen yet – a magnificent building set in a large park with a piper piping in full Scottish regalia.  In some respects, we are finding, the provinces of Canada are like separate countries!

We plan to spend four days based in Truro and exploring the surrounding countryside. There is much to see within an hour's radius, not the least of which is the just emerging tree sculpture. First we noted that one tree had been cut down in somebody's front yard, but the trunk had been left standing and carved into a statue of a lumberjack; then we noticed lots and lots of trees have been cut down with their trunks standing, bark peeled off, and several chain saw cuts indicating the plans for future statuary. We have since seen several other completed statues, including a mother and child. Evidently Truro is going to be decorated with tree trunk chain-saw carvings. We guess that this idea came about because a number of local trees had to be cut down, and some civic-minded chain-saw artist saw a golden opportunity. In fact, we don't have the full story - - - yet.

**June 17 - Tidal Bore and Truro**

Not content with one tidal bore experience, we decided to try the Nova Scotia variety. We're learning that, even more so than in the United States, local representatives firmly believe Home Is Best, so as soon as we entered this province we began to learn about the wonders of Nova Scotia: Maitland is the town of the Highest Tides in the World, the Tidal Bore on the Shubenacadie River continues for so long that you can sign up for a rubber raft ride up the river following the tidal bore, etc.

But one sure thing about tidal bores is that they occur on schedule, so we had to wait until early afternoon. Visiting the local Information Centre, we chatted with the young attendants who, as always, were friendly, knowledgeable and efficient. They confirmed our tidal bore schedule and provided stacks of local information, plus the answer to our chainsaw question.

The Truro elms are smitten with Dutch elm disease. Instead of just cutting them all down, many are being left as trunks (some are in storage right now). The Truro Tree Carver has so far produced eight statues, with expectations of 17 or 18 by this time next year. There's lots of elms, so perhaps some day there will be hundreds and Truro will be known as the home of the famous tree carvings!

Some businesses and associations are sponsoring a tree, which will be carved appropriately. The finished statues include the first mayor of Truro, a father of Canadian Confederation, and some other local folks. We're told that the major carver is an 86-year-old man, now joined by three or four additional carvers.

Naturally, we had to make a driving tour to see the carvings, and then paused for a walk at Victoria Park--it is not unusual, apparently, to find these wonderful parks in the middle of town. Today there was a Dog Walk-A-Thon and a Boys and Girls Club event, not to mention the dozens of volunteers who were working all day, both at the Victoria Park and

at the Kiwanis Park, to dig up all the tulip bulbs to save for the next Truro Tulip Festival, in May 2001. All in all, there were several hundred folks at the park.

One of the nice features of Victoria Park is a lovely stream that comes cascading down from hundred-foot-high hills. Paths wind up both sides of the stream, which is criss-crossed with bridges, and flights of stairs lead up the hills on either side. A few hundred yards upstream is a waterfall.

Today the forecast is for the low nineties, and we could feel the heat building up as we took our morning walk. So we were happy to get lunch and then drive to the Tidal Bore, where we sat in the air-conditioned car until it came. There were quite a few spectators down along the river banks, and we all chatted amiably. One of the local folk said this was the worst time of year for tidal bores, but we don't know why.

Anyhow, just before the wave was visible, the flock of seagulls which had been sitting calmly on a spit of land in the river suddenly took wing for several seconds. As soon as the gulls settled back down someone called, "Here it comes!" The birds must sense the tidal bore in some obscure way.

This tidal bore was somewhat higher than the one at Moncton, and the river was quite a bit wider. Within the space of twenty minutes, the wave of advancing tide had passed from our view and the rushing muddy waters of the Bay of Fundy had filled up the

riverbed - it must have risen three feet in that length of time. The tide would continue to come in for another half hour, but we had seen the most prominent effect of the tidal bore.

We took an afternoon drive through the farm country south of Truro. There were some very prosperous dairy and poultry farms, with lots of modern buildings and equipment and large comfortable farm houses; on the whole this region appeared just a little more prosperous than New Brunswick. Here and there we drove through a small town which had preserved its nineteenth-century buildings. So far, all of the Maritimes have seemed like a picture postcard, with lovely farms and forests and villages.

Our drive took us across the Shubenacadie Canal, which cuts all the way across Nova Scotia from the Bay of Fundy to the Atlantic Ocean near Halifax. It used to be a major route for farm produce to get to the port at Halifax, but the economics have changed so it's now in disuse.

The Shubenacadie Provincial Wildlife Park is another happy surprise; here in an almost rural area, visitors walk past enclosures for mostly local animals and birds, some of whom had been rescued but cannot be returned to the wild. The areas are large and varied, with lots of grass and trees, generally well-designed for the comfort of their tenants. In the large pond area, ducks, swans, and geese share space with at least one

Harbor seal.  We enjoyed the mink and skunk and porcupines, groundhogs, beavers, and splashing river otters. Here's the famous Canadian beaver.

Several kinds of deer, each in their own enclosure, munch away at the tall grass; we saw reindeer, which are the European species of caribou (which are now quite uncommon except in the far north), white-tail and fallow deer.  Here's the reindeer:

Perhaps the best find was a moose, who had found a comfortable spot to rest just inside the fence of his enclosure. This gave us a nice closeup view of Bulwinkle. Even though the afternoon was hot, we thoroughly enjoyed our walk and recommend this stop enthusiastically.

**June 18 - Mines and bagpipes**

Many Americans have heard the folksong "The Springhill Mine Disaster" but few probably know that it was written in the wake of the real disaster in the coal mine in Springhill, Nova Scotia. A series of disasters, including explosions and "bumps" or sudden short earthquakes, plagued the mines at Springhill during their working life from the mid-1880s till final closure about 1970.

We were the only visitors this morning to the mine museum, which is housed in a wooden building near the last remaining mine shaft. We had a half-hour to look at the objects in their glass cases, including photos of the survivors of the big explosion of 1956, when 39 miners were killed and several dozen more were trapped underground for three and a half days before being rescued. The big bump of 1958 was worse; 75 men were trapped at the 13,000 foot level (that's slant range, the actual depth was about 4500 feet.) The boss found a piece of hose and slid it through from the area in which they were trapped to the area where there was ventilation. He cut a series of holes in the hose, one for each man, and they breathed through these holes to stay alive for eight and a half

days! The men had only whatever food and water was at hand; some of them sang and told stories to keep everybody's spirits up. After a few days the boss, who had been keeping a log, offered pieces of paper to anyone who wanted to write a last letter to his family. But then the draegermen, searchers equipped with special breathing apparatus, knocked on the rubble of the caved-in shaft and heard voices calling back. So the rescuers drilled holes and sent in two tubes, one for soup and one for water, to keep the men nourished while the rest of the digging-out continued.

Our tour guide was a small man, who introduced himself as Dennis. His father had worked in the mines for 47 years but Dennis was laid off by the mines after three years and then joined the military. When he received the recall notice from the mine he was already in uniform, and he stayed in the service for 22 years. So he was spared the risks of a career of working in the mines. Of course the entire town of Springhill, once 10,000, now about 2,000, was built on coal mining, and it was natural for him to work as a tour guide at the museum after he got out of the service and returned home.

To begin our tour of the mines, we entered the Miners' Washroom where Dennis showed us the hooks hanging from the ceiling with the miners' clothes, boots, dynamite, piece box (for lunch), and water canteen. One wall was lined with showers. We then marched over to the lamp room. Each miner handed in a tag before getting his recharged lamp and battery and boarding the carts to be lowered into the mine by winches. It took about an hour to get to the working level. He explained the workings of the safety lamps carried by the bosses. The miners could spot the safety lamps from far away and always knew when a boss was near and they had to get to work!

We donned rubber boots, slickers and hard hats and walked with Dennis down the mine shaft. It was cold and spider-webby and the ground was wet. Ground water was seeping into the unused mine shaft, and the museum had to use a sump pump to keep it dry at least to a few hundred feet. They had to close the mine tour down for a while when there was a big rainstorm. Water dripped onto our hard hats as we went down into the mine. Dennis pointed out the stretchers, first aid kits, and long fabric tubes to suck out the methane.

Then we were down to the seam of coal, black and glistening between layers of stone. Dennis explained how the men would drill holes and set the dynamite. Then the boss, who carried the blasting caps, would fuze the charges together, get back about a hundred feet, and set the thing off. He hammered a few pieces of coal with a miner's pick and gave us one to take with us.

We were happy to reach the open sky once more.

As we continued our drive, we thought about coal mining: another resource-based industry that, like fishing has been played out. Agriculture and forestry will continue; indeed, a lot of the country is controlled by the paper industry. But both agriculture and forestry employ fewer and fewer people as time goes on and mass production tools and equipment take their place. We're about half-way through a book of history of the

Atlantic provinces; far enough to learn that this economic decline began about 1920. For 80 years the Maritimes have suffered from a brain drain to western Canada and the States; almost all the industry and commerce is in the hands of national corporations with headquarters in Montreal or Toronto.

The northern shore of Nova Scotia, opposite Prince Edward Island, boasts beautiful shoreline, only sparsely developed with occasional summer cottages. This despite the fact that the area boasts "the warmest waters north of North Carolina."

Wineries are springing up all over the world, and Nova Scotia is no exception. The Jost Winery was established in 1970 by a family from the Rhine Valley. Judging by the prevalence of German restaurants and butcher shops selling "European-style meats" this may be a little area of German settlement on the Scottish north shore. The wines, however, did not hold a candle to California wines, despite an unusual "ice wine." This is made by letting the grapes freeze on the vine, and then processing the frozen fruit outside. Each grape contains a concentrated sweet droplet in the center, surrounded by frozen watery gruit. These droplets are collected and concocted into "ice wine." It's amazing what people will do.

As we were preparing to leave the door opened and a gentleman in a kilt (the authentic Nova Scotia tartan, he informed us--it is predominantly blue and green) entered. He was easily persuaded to bring in his pipes and play an air and made a fine figure tapping his foot and tootling.

Our next stop was at the Malagash Salt Mine Museum. In the true spirit of Maritimes tourism, this is a recently-opened rinky-dink basement room containing samples of rock salt and photos of work at the first rock salt mine in Canada to actually dig the stuff out rather than pumping salt water and evaporating it.

In the 1950s the mine began prospering through the expedient of convincing the Ottawa government that they ought to buy Canadian (just while Ike was advocating consumerism within the U.S.) So the rock salt for Canadian highways was purchased from this mine. By the 1960s sales (but not profits) were so high that the Canadian Salt Company, based in Montreal, bought them out. They began exploring in the area, and found a larger vein of salt about ten miles away, in Pugwash (check the 1995 Nobel Peace Prize for info about Pugwash.) They installed large earth-moving equipment in the Pugwash salt mine, which is still functioning, and the original Malagash Mine is now celebrated only in this tourist museum.

As we entered the museum, we again ran into Fred (the Piper) who had stopped in to check on sales of the tapes and CDs he has created, with a selection of bagpipe tunes and a booklet with the lyrics of various Nova Scotia (and/or Scottish) ballads. He told us that he is trying to make ends meet by piping rather than having to sell off his forest lands. Of course we were suckers and bought his tape.

Worn out by all of these failed industries (actually Jost appears to be a sure-fire winner), Elsa refused to have anything to do with the last scheduled tourist attraction, The Sutherland Steam Mill museum. The leaflet reads: "Explore the world of Alexander Sutherland's steam-powered saw mill... Observe everywhere the ingenuity of the Sutherlands. Barrels along the roof act as a fire protection system. The drill press is made from an old milk separator and a plane run off an early car engine. And don't miss the great copper bathtub--which doubled as a place to soak shingles and have a Saturday night bath, too!"

And we didn't take a single photo, all day long!

**June 19 - An Industrial Day**

Tourism may be the primary industry in the Maritime provinces; certainly Nova Scotia makes no secret that it is critical to their economy. Today we enjoyed a combination of tourism and education about the industries of the past. We realized that, for Nova Scotians, tourism, while slow to grow and chancy in many aspects, is certainly cleaner and safer and more enjoyable than most of the work of the past.

We drove through green meadowed and forested hills to the seaside town of Pictou where a replica of The Hector is being built. The Hector is an 84-foot sailing ship which carried the first Scottish immigrants to Nova Scotia in 1773. The museum calls it the Scottish Mayflower, but this is incorrect, since Nova Scotia was already home for Europeans long before these Scottish settlers. However, the project (building the modern replica) is outstanding!

In the Museum storyboards narrate the history of the Scottish immigrants from the defeat of the Highlanders by the Duke of Cumberland at the Battle of Culloden, through the difficult years of trying to scratch a living from rocky ground while being overtaxed by landlords and tacksmen (middlemen), and culminating with the two-month storm-tossed voyage across the Atlantic. Starving and sick, they wearily trooped down the gangplank to their new home to find uncleared inland forests instead of the rich coastal farmland they had been promised. But they survived.

The story of the Hector was reconstructed in the mid-nineteenth century from local oral history. The tartan of each of the immigrants on the Hector is displayed in the museum (and on the downtown light poles.)

The museum building was located right in front of the Hector replica, which sits high on the shipbuilding ways and was crowded with workmen. They are scheduled to launch in September, and the planking is done, the workmen now caulking the ship with oakum and (replicas of) 18th century tools. A blacksmith and carpenter's shop are busily making shipfittings.

This project is sponsored by contributions from various levels of government and private fundraising. As of now they have enough money to complete the construction, but before the Canadian government will let it put to sea (it can sail around the harbor) the guide told us it would need lots of "safety equipment" costing millions more. We're not sure what they have in mind, but it seems to us the Hector should put to sea, and be damned the safety rules. Other ships can steam along and provide security. Even as we write, the Icelanders have launched a Viking replica to make landfall at Ainse-aux-Meadows, Newfoundland, repeating a thousand-year-old voyage.

After lunch in a restaurant filled with a bus tour, we decided our tour group of size two is ideal, and proceeded down the street to the Northumberland Fisheries Museum. As we wandered in to the first floor of the old railroad station, a talkative gentleman grabbed us and proceeded to explain the museum. He wasn't a fisherman himself, but had retired from a desk job. The museum would be open in a couple of weeks, but we were welcome to look around. Actually, he walked us all around! Perhaps the most interesting education was about the lobster industry. There are staggered seasons around the Maritimes, to insure fresh lobster throughout the year, while conserving the resource. The First Nation people may take lobster throughout the year, but only for their own consumption. The season in Northumberland (where we were) was almost over.

The lobsterman gets $5 Canadian per pound, and might harvest as much as 20,000 pounds over the two-month season. But the lobster boats cost over $100,000, and gas is

expensive, so there isn't a lot of money. The number of licenses has dropped from thousands to hundreds. We saw boats and traps and buoys and tools and canning equipment, not to mention a collection of deformed lobster claws!

The railroad station, which was badly damaged by fire in 1996, had been rebuilt with help from local industrial schools (among other sources). The city council plans to meet on the second floor.

We drove around Pictou Bay to Stellarton, home of the Nova Scotia Museum of Industry. This is a large new museum which gives the history of Nova Scotia industries in a way which pleases all ages. Starting with the hand trades and tools of the eighteenth century, the museum has major displays from the significant nineteenth and twentieth-century industries, with excellent demonstrations of how things work. The galleries took us through waterpower to steam and electricity, showed iron and steel production, inventions and assembly lines, right up to the present. There's a Volvo factory in Halifax, and one of the world's largest reservoirs of natural gas has been tapped off Sable Island, with pipelines to New England and Central Canada. The description of service industries was weak, which may possibly be an indication that the major financial and insurance industries have not made an impact in Nova Scotia.

The museum is staffed with many bright and engaging young guides, who drifted through from time to time offering to help with any questions, giving cheery hellos. There seemed to be more guides than tourists this sunny afternoon.

We'd certainly recommend all three of these fine museums.

We ended our day at Melmerby Beach, sandy and with a few bold bathers (in the warmest waters north of North Carolina). "Mom! The water's just getting warm!" protested a young swimmer as his mother got up from the warm sand and announced she was going home. It reminded us of our sons who couldn't bear to leave the water off Fort Walton Beach, Florida, about thirty years ago.

**June 20 - Glooscap Ecotour**

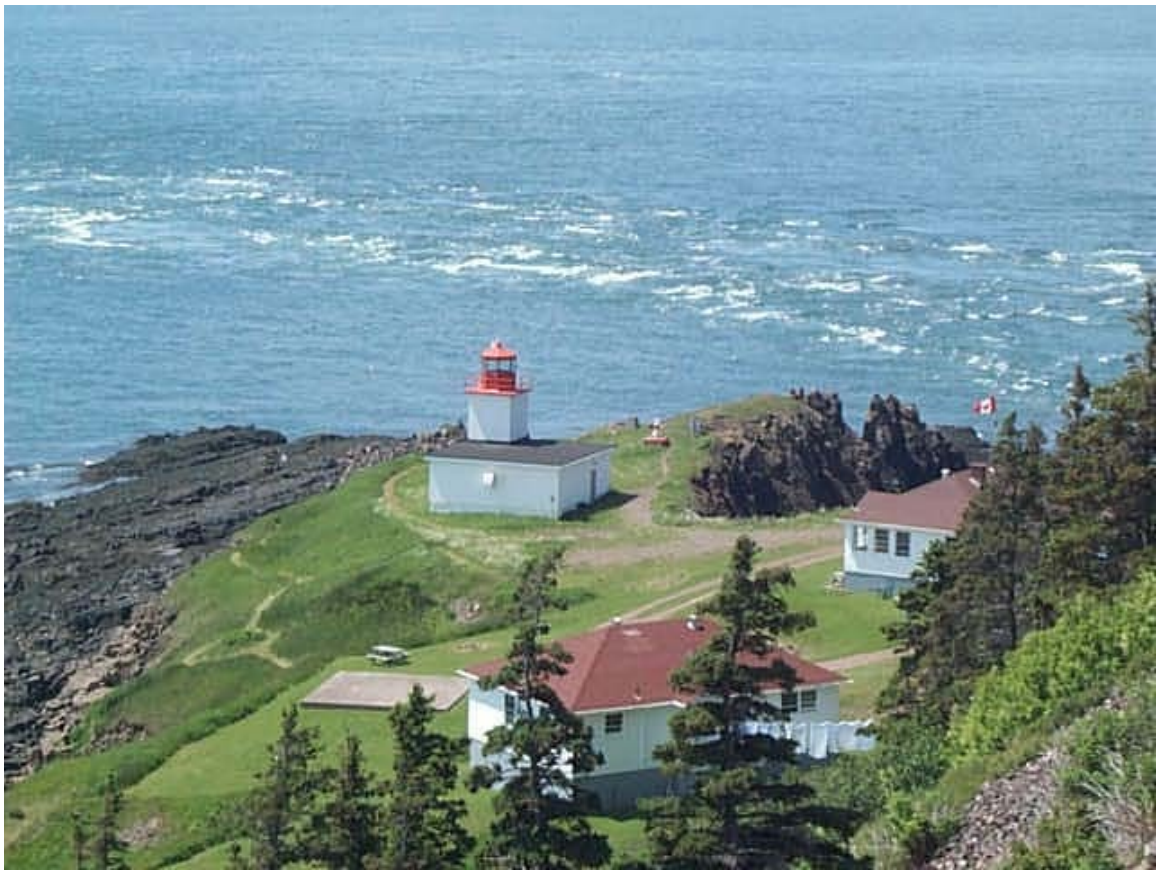
Today was a scenic and geologic day. We took the freeway northwest from Truro in the morning, then turned southeast on the Glooscap Trail which circumnavigates the Chignecto Peninsula in the Bay of Fundy. In the morning the tide had gone out, leaving mud flats with the occasional heron, and a few boats tied up, high and dry. Along the highway we again saw a doe placidly watching the traffic; we decided she had been placed there by the Nova Scotia Tourist Commission.

This area is known for its fossils: there is a geological museum in Parrsboro. Not wanting to wait that long, we visited a Fossil Center in Joggins. This was a labor of love by a local amateur fossil hunter and his daughter. As the Bay of Fundy tides erode the banks of the nearby hills, they uncover shale from the Carbonaceous Era (300 million years ago) which is loaded with fossils of plants and primitive animals. The museum has

a room full of skeletons of huge insects, petrified wood, and footprints of tiny creatures. So far they have not raised the interests of any paleontologists, but they keep hoping.

Naturally we headed at once to the “Fossil Beach” down the road and spent a happy half-hour imagining that the markings on stones and pebbles might be fossils. Much of the rock is very soft shale, which we could split open by simply picking up a piece off the beach and banging it on a harder rock. But we were not rewarded with the shapes of ferns or trilobites. So we left the fossil hunting to more dedicated souls and moved on.

The scenery along the shore was the most beautiful we have seen in the maritimes, with sudden hillside views of beautiful blue water and rocky coast. At Cape D’Or we gazed down at the lighthouse.



The Age of Sail Heritage Centre in Port Greville is small and rather elegant, with the local relics of shipbuilding and commerce laid out nicely. The hostess wanted to chat, and mentioned that there was a videotape of a trip around Cape Horn in 1929. It was 38 minutes, she said, apologizing. What a treasure! A young adventurer sailed from Germany to Chile on a square rigged boat, and took along his movie camera. Fifty years later he narrated the film, in a rich deep voice, for a Mystic Seaport Museum video. He remembered every detail. They fought for a week getting out of the North Sea, then made good progress through the trades, but were becalmed for ten days going around the Horn. Then a huge storm came up with “100-knot winds” but they made it through to

Chile due to the skill of the captain. And all the while the intrepid young sailer is scrambling up to the highest yards getting movie footage! This movie must be seen to be believed. It represents the coincidence of the first days of amateur moviemaking and the last days of sailing commerce.

In Parrsboro, we stopped at Ottawa House, so named by Sir Charles Tupper, who was the Father of Confederation from Nova Scotia. It's a lovely home, situated on a ten-foot bank with a stairway leading down to a narrow beach on the Bay. In the 1920s there were many more neighboring homes and inns, but most of these no longer exist. It was used as a seaside resort hotel for almost sixty years, and is now still undergoing remodeling and decorating with period furniture. Tupper served as premier of Nova Scotia, member of the House of Commons and Cabinet Minister, High Commissioner to London for 12 years, and briefly Prime Minister of Canada.

Confederation was probably inevitable for the Maritimes, but as we keep discovering, these provinces have suffered from the beginning due to the dominance of Ontario and Quebec in Canadian politics and business.

**June 21 and 22 - To Cape Breton**

We left Truro for Cape Breton Island this morning, by way of the eastern section of the Sunshine Trail. Shortly after we left the main highway we turned a corner and spotted three deer standing in the middle of the road. They took their time moving away, but had completely disappeared into the thicket at roadside by the time we reached their spot. Even though we haven't seen any Canadian moose, these mid-morning deer sightings encourage us to keep watching for wildlife.

The causeway to Cape Breton Island was completed in 1955, and there was a great parade to celebrate the event, with the bagpipers leading the way. Today there was no celebration, but the Visitors' Center at the island's edge was fairly full of tourists, a sign that the season is beginning.

We stopped early to do our laundry and wash the car; we also donated some finished books to the local library and mail a package. Then we retired to our motel room and enjoyed the view of the Strait of Canso. The vagabond's life is disgustingly carefree!

The next day we were up early, intent on taking another scenic drive (through the light rain) to Sydney at the northeastern end of Nova Scotia. The Fleur-de-Lis Trail wound through forests punctuated with small, no-nonsense fishing villages, along the coastal waters of the eastern shore of Nova Scotia. Perhaps it was the rain, perhaps we are overloaded with beautiful views, but this morning's trip didn't measure up to the other scenic routes we've sampled.

Arriving in North Sydney shortly before noon, our first goal was to reserve places on the ferry. When we purchased our ticket, we were advised to make return reservations at least one-and-a-half weeks in advance! We weren't fully convinced -- after all, we were the

only car in sight for most of our scenic drive in the morning, and the motel in Port Hawksbury was only about half-full last night. But when we tried to find a motel room for the next three days, we discovered that everybody else wants to go to Newfoundland, too, and Right Now! Finally, when we called to reserve our return trip in July, we couldn't get space on the Argentia ferry; we're returning on the same ferrry we're taking out, and happy to have tickets and motel reservations at each end!

Sydney, and all the surrounding cities, used to be full of heavy industry: steel, coal, paper, shipbuilding. But all of these industries are basically unable to compete without heavy government subsidies in the form of protective tariffs and tax incentives. So now Sydney is a commercial center for shipping various cargoes, as well as a port for cruise ships. Compared to other towns we've seen it is rather charmless (again, this may be because of the gray skies and the intermittent rain). We paid a short visit to the Sheraton Casino. The casino is small, neat, sedate and, in the afternoon, devoted entirely to slot machines; table games don't open till five p.m. We left some money in the slot machines as we usually do!

**June 23 - Louisbourg Fortress and Marconi**

The reconstructed Fortress Louisbourg is the Big Site on the northeastern Cape Breton coast. There's a lot of publicity in the various guides and after our recent experiences with overblown promises we were doubtful about this one. We arrived on a foggy and rather blustery morning, to discover that we were about an hour early, and the first car in the parking lot. Fortunately, between the cryptic crossword puzzle book and a magazine, we had patience to wait. By 9:30 a dozen cars had joined us and the inevitable school field trip was unloading from its bus.

Waiting in line, buying the tickets ($11 each, the most we've paid so far for museum entrance), waiting for the bus to take us to the fort -- was this really what we wanted to do?

The bus drove us from the introductory visitor center two miles around Louisbourg Bay to the site, which was hidden by hills or foliage most of the way. We pulled up in front of a small thatch-roofed house of an 18th century fish merchant at the edge of the bay and our group entered the cozy kitchen, furnished as it had been in the 1740s. A costumed gentlement welcomed us in English and French, reminding us that we were about to enter a fortress during wartime (between France and England) so we must be on our best behavior; otherwise we were encouraged to explore as we wished.

This is the largest historical reconstruction in North America; as we walked the length of the football field from the fisherman's house to the North Sentry Gate we began to appreciate its scope. We approached a small walled city, with breathtaking 18th century French architecture. It was as if we had found some old Parisian buildings, all clustered into a town.

Approaching the gate.

“Halt! cried the guards at the gate, armed with muskets.  State your names and business.” Those who responded in French were welcomed, the others (grinningly) told to stay close to someone who spoke French as they were at war with the English.  It was 1743.  Out in the harbor replicas of eighteenth century boats waited for orders from the fortress.

We started by looking at the fortifications.  French-owned Louisbourg was well defended against attack by sea, but vulnerable against a land attack. They thought that the swamps at the edge of the fort would slow any attackers, but they were fatally naive.  They had captured quite a few British officers, and had, in deference to their position, given them freedom to roam the town.  After that, there was an exchange of prisoners, and even though the British officers signed their parole that they wouldn't give away French secrets, the British soon knew Louisbourg's weaknesses, and in 1858 they moved their big cannon across the swamps on sledges, and just bombarded the fort till it surrendered.

We were interested in why the defenders didn't put up more of a fight. Although there were 7000 British troops attacking, the fort was well-built and defended by 1000 professional French soldiers assisted by 3000 civilian militia. The actor playing the role of the French officer (who was a Nova Scotian of Scottish descent) couldn't offer an explanation for the capitulation. We suspect the French officers, who were all of noble birth, decided this frontier fort was not worth the fight and chose to return to France under parole.

The fortifications at Louisbourg were destroyed in 1760, and the small British garrison left eight years later. The property was neglected until the 20th century. We visited the 1930's museum building which showed some of the artifacts exhibited by the early provincial curators.

Finally in 1961 the Government of Canada, spurred by the decline of heavy industry and mining in Cape Breton, came up with a magnificent plan: to rebuild one-quarter of the 1743 Louisbourg settlement as a historical theme park. It took years to do the archaeological excavations and document research to prepare for the restoration. The details of construction, furnishing, utensils, clothing, food, even the social structure were faithfully recreated. There were literally rooms full of official documents in France to guide the researchers. The result is a breathtaking step two and a half centuries into the past.

Although the rhetoric used to obtain government funding for the restoration of Louisbourg stressed jobs for unemployed coal miners, and the exhibits stress that this was the case, we rather believe that much of the money went to the better-educated research and design and management staff. No matter; the result is a wonderful historical experience for both the tourists and those guides who dress in 18th century French clothes and play a part of one of the residents of the colonial settlement. Moreover, the archaeological excavations continue, and pieces of exquisite eighteenth-century china and crystal (as well as more ordinary items) are glued together to show the entire object. No doubt Louisbourg will continue to grow, fueled by summer tourism and government contributions.

We enjoyed walking from one building to another, chatting with the costumed inhabitants who, as at King's Landing, were engaged in their daily occupations and knowledgeable about the actual long-ago families of the fortress - the engineer, the governor, the ordonnateur (similar to a mayor), the merchants. Commonly the actors did not represent these dignitaries themselves, but their servants or assistants. We saw a chapel, the bakery, stables, gardens, the ice house, dovecote, carcan (where prisoners were flogged), and many warehouses and private residences. We ate at L'Epee Royale, which followed old recipes for vegetable soup, poached salmon, and grilled trout, served with rice and vegetables on replicas of the 18th century Chinese dinnerware. The seasonings were the basic herbs, and we were told there were no potatoes or tomatoes because at this time people still thought they were poisonous!

We shared our table with another retired couple traveling from San Marcos, Texas. They have a small pickup camper and have been to Alaska, Mexico and much of Canada; we were happy to share experiences and e-mail addresses.

After lunch, we passed a barnyard where a two-day-old kid amused us by bounding back and forth but not too far away from the nanny goat. The sun had finally come out and brightened the landscape considerably.

Since a typical visitor travels several miles while touring more than fifty buildings in the fortress, there are four buildings which house rest areas. Each is fitted with washrooms, a video viewing room, and lounge rooms with easy chairs and a library of books about the reconstruction run on the honor system. The visitor may select a book and read more about the reconstruction while resting. It would be easy to spend several days touring Louisbourg. Although there were many busloads of tourists walking around, it was not crowded, because the Fortress is so huge.

After our doubts just before we entered Louisbourg it was embarrassing to realize we had come full circle and thoroughly enjoyed our visit! This was not the first time we had expected little and got a lot from a tourist attraction in Canada. We have to give Louisbourg five stars; an outstanding tourist attraction, and quite inexpensive by American standards.

It was after three when we left Louisbourg, but the days are long, so we decided to drive the fifty-mile Marconi Trail and the Colliery Route on the way back to our hotel. We got back late, but not until we'd had a few more interesting stops.

We drove along the beautiful coast and passed the monuments in Port Morien for the first coal mine and first boy scout troop in North America.

As we neared Glace Bay, the map showed us where we could see the Marconi Towers, site of the first transatlantic commercial radio service. But the map was wrong; that site is on private property. However, the Marconi Centre in Glace Bay is well worth a visit. There is a small but complete interpretive display of the life of this energetic, successful, yet secretive man, who sought to displace the landline telegraph empires with his own world-wide wireless telegraphy network. Of course from the sad point of view of the maritime provinces, this was just another industrial venture which is no longer providing jobs for Cape Bretoners.

Early settlers noticed the huge open seams of shiny black coal near the beaches of Cape Breton, but it was not until the industrial revolution that the collieries were started, providing employment for many thousands of workers. All but one of the coal mines (the Phalen Mine in New Waterford) are closed now; some of the former miners have moved away or retrained, but a lot of them will live out their lives on unemployment, perhaps doing small jobs for cash payments under the table.

Our tour took us along the coast past memorials and museums to the colliery workers. We walked into Colliery Lands Park, because we caught sight of a row of flagpoles. The granite slabs list the names of more than 300 men who died in the mines, a few each year since the 1870s. As the mines grew larger, so did the mine disasters. The flags represent the 15 countries of origin of the dead miners.

On the way back to our motel, we took a short cut and ended up waiting in a long line of hundreds of cars. For blocks we speculated as to the reason for the tie-up: accident, road construction, broken street light, Friday night party. The last was closest: it turned out to be high school graduation, and all the young men and women were decked out in their finest, and all their relatives and friends were there, at a big auditorium, to watch the event.

The next day we learned we had to take care of some personal business so our trip to Newfoundland was delayed about a week; this was the first of two interruptions during our three-month-long visit to eastern Canada.

**July 5 and 6 - Port-aux-Basques, Newfoundland**

We reached Newfoundland by ferry from North Sydney, Nova Scotia.

Max Mohls, the new fast ferry had been purchased, second-hand, from the Danes. It still had various Danish signs around the decks, although most of the signage had been replaced by English and French. It carried 200 cars and 1000 people, and was about 80% full. A catamaran, it travelled at 35+ knots and made the crossing in 3 hours instead of 7, which is what the slow ferry takes. But it was raining all the way, and the only access to the outside was the smoking deck aft, so we sat in a less than perfectly air-conditioned lounge and got light headaches from the diesel fumes.

We arrived in Port-aux-Basques about 2:00 p.m., Newfoundland time. Newfoundland is on its own time, half an hour later than Atlantic time. So you can't just add a certain number of hours to adjust for the time anyplace else: you have to add a certain number of hours and a half!

Port-aux-Basques is an old fishing town. The Basques were fishing the Grand Banks and the shores of Canada in the mid-1500's. So this part of North America is one of the earliest to be exploited. There are many locations in Newfoundland and Labrador which were used as safe harbors by the Basque fishermen, but apparently they were not permanent settlements. The French and English warred over Newfoundland until the twentieth century, when the French finally gave up their inshore fishing rights. Of course now the fisheries have collapsed from overfishing.

Newfoundland has a different flora from New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It consists of two boreal zones – one forested, the other meadowed. The southwestern tip is meadowed, and the appearance reminded us most of the Scottish Highlands – open and cool and green and windy. No sheep, though.

As we drove north the zone changed, to a boreal forest around Corner Brook, the second largest city in Newfoundland. The pan-fried cod in Jungle Jim's restaurant was delicious. We nodded off soon after dinner.

**July 6 - Corner Brook, Newfoundland**

This part of the world has to do with Captain Cook. After helping the British in the French and Indian Wars by mapping the St. Lawrence, Cook was asked to map Newfoundland, which he did in the years 1763-1767. In the middle of the west side of the island is a very large deep bay, which reaches inland in several long fingers, very much like the fjords of Scandinavia. Cook named this the Bay of Islands, and a bronze copy of his 1767 map is on a monument overlooking Corner Brook.

View from the monument; note the unmelted winter ice!

Looking down from the monument at Corner Brook and its huge paper mill.

The city museum was nice. It has an odd collection of twentieth-century artifacts, which were pretty familiar (although it is unsettling to see objects from our childhood identified as antiques!) as well as some natural history, and some political history, which was the most interesting. We watched a short film of the Newfoundland regiment marching off to board the train to St. John's in 1940, with a brass band and a reviewing platform and the cheers of the families. Most of the men were in civvies, some coat and tie, others not. All were trying to march in step and swing their arms, and little boys were running along in front waving the Union Jack. We have to keep remembering that while the U.S. was only gearing up its war production in 1939 and 1940, the Canadians had joined Britain in the war against Germany. Also of interest was the exhibit showing newspaper clippings for and against Newfoundland's confederation with Canada in 1949.

After the museum we walked around the shoppingdistrict. Bob found a collectibles shop and bought a postage stamp, and then we talked with the proprietor about selling on the Internet. He had just started with eBay two weeks ago, so we shared some of our experiences.

We tried cod tongues for lunch and wouldn't recommend them.

After lunch we drove the Captain Cook trail, along the southern edge of the Bay of Islands, all the way out to the sea (the Gulf of St. Lawrence.) This is a beautiful drive, with fishing towns nestled along the banks and beaches, and 300 m to 700 m mountains (there is still snow and ice--or possibly glaciers-- in the north-facing sides of the hills). Blow Me Down Falls is quite spectacular, and can easily be seen from the road. Small fishing villages are scattered along the road; some appear to be prosperous with working boats, others almost abandoned. We took a photo at Little Port, at the end of the Trail.

**July 7 – North to Labrador**

Today we went to Labrador. We were up early, and had our morning meal at Tim Horton's, and then drove 250 miles up the coast to St. Barbe. But before we get to the ferry, let us say a few things about what we saw along the way.

The first leg was up the Humber River valley to Deer Isle. This is a view of the Humber Arm.

North of Corner Brook we passed the “Heritage Tree,” which was actually something like a 20-foot totem pole, except it had delicate carvings of various items of Newfoundland culture, such as a postage stamp. The Heritage Tree was located on the grounds of George’s Ski Resort.

We then left the Trans-Canada Highway (TCH) for Newfoundland 430, the only highway up the Northern Peninsula. It goes through Gros Morne National Park, which has been declared a World Heritage Site because of the evidence of continental drift, but which we enjoyed for stunning mountains and breathtaking sea vistas of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The water is a deep prussian blue, and the air seems to be completely free of pollution, so all the colors are bright and all the scenery is clear and crisp.

The western coast of Newfoundland runs nearly in a straight line north and south, and we found the main road generally in very good to excellent condition.  We kept oohing and ahhing at the views.

At one lookoff we stepped down to the beach and saw the remains of a shipwreck. Here’s the story.

On December 11, 1919 the SS Ethie ("she was a good ship employed in the Newfoundland coastal trade and driven by both steam and sail"), carrying passengers and mail, was caught in a storm with high winds off shore and driven aground where she broke up, but all the passengers were rescued safely, including a baby who was sent ashore in a mail bag! These waters have accounted for many shipwrecks; we saw the remains of two other ships. Immediately after the wrecks these ships have been stripped of everything of value with the hulks left to slowly decay.

We drove out to the ocean on several side roads, through little fishing towns. As we got further north, we noticed two odd habits which the locals seem to have. First, they plant small vegetable gardens along the highway, marked out with small fences of sticks and string. We counted dozens of these gardens, each just a few rows of vegetables, enough for one family. No one seemed to be growing vegetables to sell, but for home use. Yet the garden plots were nowhere near a house or building of any sort. Second, they deposit piles of firewood along the highway, neatly stacked a few yards off the road. There were dozens of these stacks of firewood, too, again nowhere near any houses. Well, we were curious, you can imagine.

We went to a tiny local post office. The postmistress was formally dressed in her navy blue postmistress suit with a white blouse and tie, and helped us send a package back to the states. Then we asked her about the gardens. She grinned. "Well, they don't like to have a messy garden about the house, and the bulldozer has already turned over the earth nicely by the side of the highway, so they just drive out and find a good place and plant the garden." She volunteered further information about the woodpiles. "They go into the forest and cleave and saw the wood and stack it up by the side of the road so it won't be a messy pile next to their house, and then when they need wood for their stove they go pick it up." Apparently the system works and nobody steals anybody else's firewood or vegetables.

We reached the ferry terminal in plenty of time for the afternoon run, so we had lunch--boiled salt cod and panfried cod. The latter is better. The boiled cod was served with scrunchions--tiny cubes of bacon or salt pork fried crisp and served in a kind of melted fatty/vinegary sauce.

The climate is the limiting factor in local agriculture; there are just two seasons. The snow melts by June and the first snowfalls are in September, so there isn't enough time for cereal grains, which in turn means few or no farm animals. The truck gardens have broccoli, rhubarb, onions, cabbages. The only fruits that grow here are berries. So a lot of the produce in the supermarkets has been brought in by ship.

The ferry from Newfoundland to Labrador is another huge boat, the M. V. Apollo, in its first season after being purchased from Sweden. It was intended for crossings much longer than the one and a half hours needed to transit the Strait of Belle Isle. It has seven decks, including three for vehicles and four for passengers, one of which has cabins. On our crossings the cars didn't fill one deck, and the passengers rattled around the passenger decks. The formal dining room and two bars were closed, in favor of a snack bar and vending machines.


As we crossed the Strait we looked at the coast of Labrador.  It was empty!

We met a couple from Ontario--he is a former fisheries researcher, now a park ranger, and she is an elementary school teacher with three grades in her class. When they were young, they had spent two years in Seal Beach, California, where he had consulted for the U.S. Navy at Seal Beach. They couldn't stand the crowds, and returned to rural Canada. They were returning after twenty years to see Labrador and Newfoundland. On their previous trip they had at one point loaded their car on a railroad flatcar and journeyed into the interior of Labrador with their three children for a month of camping. We kept running into them in museums and visitor centres the day we were in Labrador.

The summer entertainment in Newfoundland and Labrador includes pageants and skits and musical performances; our motel in Labrador presented a dinner theater tonight: Life in a Typical L'Anse Au Clair Home in the 1940's. We joined perhaps 25 other people at three tables for a supper with typical foods (but much more lavish and substantial than the food they would have really had available): first homemade potted meat (which included caribou), with freshly baked bread, "Canadian" butter and molasses; then Green Hash (a mixture of potatoes, turnip greens, turnips, ham); potatoes; creamed cod; fried salmon, with cabbage pickles and rhubarb relish, then for dessert Washington Pie, which is sponge cake with a filling of bakeapples, sometimes known as cloudberries, and a drizzle of white frosting, and tea. The "Canadian" butter was a local treat, and meant Quebec butter; Labrador was not then part of Canada.

Our table companions were a family group from near St. John's, Newfoundland, who have come up for the salmon fishing: father, mother, two sons--a professor of computer science and an elementary school teacher with his wife, a school principal, and the professor's son who is entering 12th grade. They gave us lots of ideas for further sightseeing here and back in Newfoundland.

The play itself was a set of scenes in a fisherman's family, as they take care of chores and carry on their lives without electricity or contact with the outside world. Drawing water, milking the cow, cleaning, pulling a few potatoes from the ground for dinner, and taking care of the cod fishing occupy their days, but there was time for a song or two, a family prayer, and a dance. The accordion player set the stage with Newfoundland folk songs. The father oversleeps and is a little late to go fishing and all the town knows of it. The youngest of the three daughters has to go into service in Forteau, the next town. At the end of the story, Dr. Grenfell, a well-beloved medical missionary and one of Labrador's historic heroes, pays a visit and joins the eldest daughter and a local boy in marriage.

This was far from theater as most of us know it; it was a gift from the cast to us--an earnest and charming collection of events and customs that they have remembered from their own childhood. Before the play, the cast members (all of whom are about our age) showed us that their clothing, typical for the time, included work and dress-up aprons, rubber boots, bandanas (what we called babushkas), and flowered dresses with shorter hemlines, which were new to Labrador in the 1940s and replaced the traditional black full-length dresses.

**July 8 - Labrador and back to Newfoundland**

It was a cold and drizzly morning and the motel coffee shop contained a tour group of varying degrees of civility, but the Pendleton tour group of two had excellent service for Bob's partridgeberry muffin and Elsa's bagel.

We drove 65 km north in an increasing rain to Red Bay, at the end of the paved road; this year they hope to extend the pavement 200 km further to Cartright. Perhaps sometime they will turn inland and build a road to Happy Valley / Goose Bay, which would provide a land link to the rest of Canada. But for now, the road along the Labrador Strait is accessible only by ferry from Newfoundland.

Red Bay has a national historic site which fascinated us. It is billed as the first European industrial site in the Americas. It turns out the Basques developed the whaling industry in the eleventh century. Moreover, as soon as the explorers crossed the Atlantic, the Europeans began fishing the North Atlantic in summer. The Basques found the huge supplies of whales off Labrador and Newfoundland, and set up a shore station at Red Bay for rendering the whale oil, which was extremely valuable as a source of light, far superior to guttering tallow candles. The station included an iron forge, copper rendering kettles, cooperage, storage facilities, and primitive accommodations.

The discovery of this historical treasure was due to the investigations of a historical geographer who studied Basque documents in Spain in the 1980s. She translated several wills written by whalers, finding that Red Bay was mentioned. She located several possible sites, but when she visited Red Bay, Labrador, she noticed the red rocks littering the beach; it turned out that they included pieces of red roof tiles, just like those on the Spanish buildings she had already seen. So she persuaded Parks Canada to sponsor a dive, which exposed a Basque whaling ship, as well as several small boats (shallops) buried in the silt just off shore, at Saddle Island.

Now there are two new museums in Red Bay to display many of the artifacts, along with an excellent video of the discovery and the associated history. The reconstructed replica of the sunken ship is being finished in Ottawa and will be shipped to Labrador starting next week, along with additional material which will fill some of the display cases now empty and waiting. Arriving early in the day, we had the staff to ourselves, and stayed several hours.

An added treat was the sight of our first iceberg. It is sitting just below the museum near the shore. The icebergs calve and float south starting in April, and they are pretty well melted by July. This particular one was much larger when it floated into Red Bay. The museum staffer called it a Labrador Ice Cube!

On the way back to the ferry back we stopped at L'Anse Amour to see the second tallest lighthouse in Atlantic Canada. The exhibit showed the lighthouse keeper's living quarters (it was manned until a few years ago) as well as the incredible efforts required to bring in building materials and construct the lighthouse in the nineteenth century. The walls are six feet thick at the base to withstand the winter weather.

We were happy to regain the passenger decks of the Apollo and read books during the cold and rainy closing. Occasionally we poked our heads out to scan the seas for whales, but no luck. When we docked in St. Barbe, the bow doors would not open, so the captain

turned the ferry around. It took almost an hour for all the forward-facing cars and trucks to turn around and drive off.

**July 9 - Northern Peninsula**

Newfoundland is full of signs warning about moose crossing and colliding with cars. We have been looking for moose for days. Today we left our motel before breakfast and drove 120 km to St. Anthony, and we didn't see moose.

By the time we reached St. Anthony we were starving, and tucked into a traditional Newfoundland menu that we couldn't resist: eggs and hash browns which were ok, but also fish cakes (codfish and mashed potatoes made into patties and fried like we both remember from childhood) and toutons (rhymes with cow-tons) which is a light fried dough served with molasses. Wonderful!!!!

In St. Anthony we were the first visitors of the morning at the Grenfell Properties Museum. Bob knew the name of Sir Wilfred Grenfell since he was commemorated on a Newfoundland postage stamp. Elsa had vague memories of reading about his adventures when she was a child. As we walked through the interpretive center we were astounded by this man and his achievements.

Born in England in 1892, Wilfred Grenfell was the son of a rector and an upper middle class mother. He attended public school, where he received a sound religious, athletic, and academic education. Although he seriously considered both the law and the ministry, he settled on medicine, and completed his education in London in 1915. A handsome man, he loved to sail, and also became enthralled by the preaching of the famous evangelist Dwight L. Moody. He jumped at the opportunity to join a missionary expedition to Newfoundland and Labrador as a doctor and missionary.

There were 30,000 fisherman along the Labrador. In that first summer, Grenfell treated hundreds of patients who had never seen a doctor, and fell in love with the region and its hardy people. Because he was an adventurer at heart, an avid sailor and soon an enthusiastic dogsled driver, he enjoyed the challenges of the wilderness and the weather.

But Grenfell's biggest talent turned out to be public speaking and fundraising. He returned to England and obtained the services of two doctors and a nurse, plus substantial financial contributions, for the return to the Labrador in 1893.

This pattern continued throughout his 75-year life. Through his incredible charisma he brought medical service to the entire region of northern Newfoundland and Labrador. Three hospitals and dozens of clinics, hospital ships and nursing stations were set up along the coast, supported by IGA, the International Grenfell Association, which raised money from Canadians, Americans and the English.

He had a hard job convincing the Livyers (the people who lived year-round on the island, scratching a barely adequate living from cod fishing) that doctors could help them. One

Labrador man watched as Grenfell removed a 27-pound ovarian cyst from his wife, and then, satisfied with the results, offered Grenfell the chance to look at his ailing eyes! The biggest problems were tuberculosis and beri-beri due in large part to the starvation diets of these poor folk.

Grenfell met a beautiful Chicago heiress on a translatlantic passage, and instantly proposed. She accepted and enthusiastically joined in his work. In fact, she wrote some of his books and tracts.

Grenfell assumed almost mythical proportions in the Labrador, where he preached, performed marriages, and served as magistrate (without pay). He waged a fierce battle against alcoholism, until one poor fisherman claimed that you couldn't even find an (empty) bottle in the Labrador. Once, on a medical call, he became stranded on an ice floe. Not knowing when he would be rescued, he had to kill two of his dogsled team to use their skins for warmth. The book he wrote about this adventure brought him international fame.

In the winters Grenfell travelled and raised funds, and authored 33 books about the Labrador and Newfoundland. He also was a fair artist, illustrating Labrador Christmas cards for IGA to sell.

Before his death in 1935 he was knighted, and Sir Wilfred is still remembered as a hero throughout Newfoundland and Labrador; a museum guide has told us that his grandmother still has an 8-by-10 photo of him in her living room.

We were so excited by this larger-than-life man that we bought a biography from the gift shop. The interpretive center is in a fine modern building, and we give it a very high recommendation.

At the very northernmost tip of Newfoundland is L'Anse aux Meadows, the focus of Parks Canada's most ambitious tourism program for this year in Newfoundland. In the 1960s it was established by carbon dating that Vikings landed here in 1000 A.D. They operated a forge and supported fishing and whaling activities. It was not the only touchpoint, but it's a well-studied location in a lovely, boggy meadow looking out to the sea. The evidence is quite strong that the island of Newfoundland is indeed the "Vinland" referred to by the Icelandic sagas which chronicle the voyages of Leif Ericsson, and thus the "First Contact" between European and Native American civilizations.

Accordingly, the year 2000 has been declared the milleniary of the Viking landings, and Viking scholars and buffs from all over the world are expected to descend on Newfoundland, where a multitude of special events have been planned. A series of programs here and at other Newfoundland museums highlights various aspects of Viking culture from boatbuilding through dramatizations of legends and sagas. A replica of a small Viking sailboat, Snorri, is right now sailing up the western Newfoundland coast;

the tall ships are due for a stop, and the Swedish government has lent hundreds of artifacts for exhibits.

Perhaps the biggest draw will be the arrival of the Islendingur in L'Anse aux Meadows on July 28th. It is a replica of a large Viking ship built using 1000-year old technology and sailed by an Icelandic crew from Reykjavik. Some 20,000 to 40,000 visitors are expected to come just for this Viking celebration, which will mean lots of them sleeping in tents!

The fog had lifted a bit but there was still a fine mist in the air when we reached the museum, a small but elegant introduction to the mounds of the Viking settlement and the the replicas of Viking long houses where costumed interpretive guides are supposed to welcome tourists. We found ourselves standing next to a short Norseman with a sore throat. Unfortunately, several days earlier there had been a small fire in one of the long houses. The damage had been repaired, but the investigation was not complete, so fires were prohibited in the long houses. The previous day the actors had braved the cold and damp and greeted tourists in the long houses, but with the continuing damp, foggy weather they were temporarily stationed in the warm dry museum building. He'd be happy to talk about his life as a Viking, but you had to imagine that he was a hundred yards down the hill in that sod hut.

We did tramp down the path to the archaeological exhibit, which was really just a series of plaques marking each of the excavated pits where a building had been located: forge, bakery, etc. But we passed on the replica buildings, having seen an outstanding Viking exhibit when we travelled to Denmark in 1998.

Roddickton advertises itself as "the Moose Capital of Newfoundland," so naturally we took the long way around, including 29 km of dirt road, to drive the back road past Roddickton looking for moose. No moose.

For the first time, the motel we chose was full. On the recommendation of the owner we drove an additional 60 miles to get the second-to-last room at a nice seaside motel with a laundromat and comfortable quarters. The absence of cars in the lot was deceptive: two bus tours had taken most of the rooms!

**July 10 to 14 - To St. John's**

We crossed the center of Newfoundland on the Trans-Canada Highway (TCH) to get to the capital city, on the eastern shore, proving to ourselves that Newfoundland, like Maine, has its highest concentration of interesting places on the edges. It was a long drive and we saw no moose. There were, however, lots of warning signs for moose and caribou. We also saw no caribou.

The TCH is the only way to go east, with small feeder roads branching off to the northern shore and the eastern peninsulas. It's mostly a two-lane highway, but with numerous sections of passing lanes for safey, and mostly very good, though there are places with

lots of spring potholes and patches. It takes a path through the best forests in Newfoundland, connecting paper plants and logging roads. There are occasional campsites for outdoor recreation, but the salmon fishing in Newfoundland is quite poor this year, with only one or two fish a day being counted up many rivers.

We hope to catch a few sights on the way back to the ferry at Port-aux-Basques, but this time we drove straight through. The towns we passed are Deer Lake, Grand View / Windsor, Gander, Clarenville, and then St. John's. It's an all day trip. Since we would be arriving late, we made reservations in advance, using the free service provided by the Newfoundland Tourist Bureau. This is excellent! Several hotels in St. John's were sold out, but we got a room at The Battery, which is on a hillside overlooking the harbor.

We went to the hotel dining room for a light snack before bed, but it took over an hour to come, and the hotel was so embarassed they didn't charge us. Meanwhile we sat and looked out over the harbor.

St. John's is probably the most protected coastal harbor we have ever seen. It is approached through a short narrows between two steep hills about 500 feet high. It then makes a ninety-degree turn to the south and opens into a small, deep rectangular harbor, with a river to the south. The harbor is surrounded by a natural amphitheater, providing further protection on all sides. The city sprawls up the sides of the amphitheater, with big buildings down next to the harbor. The surrounding hillsides protect ships from enemies and storms, and the narrows were traditionally well-defended with forts and cannon. (Later on we visited Quidi Vidi battery where three men were on duty, recreating and explaining the early nineteenth century English detachment to protect the harbor; on a good day they fire the cannon and muskets.)

The harbor was filled with ships: container ships for the big imports to Newfoundland, coastal steamers to move freight to remote fishing villages; fishing boats rigged for shrimp or crab or cod (which is highly regulated due to the fishout); and a major Coast Guard base. The Canadian Coast Guard is under their department of Oceans and Fisheries (U.S.C.G., take notice!) and there were, variously, three ships over 100 feet plus six or eight boats, a big yard for aids to navigation, and a very large administration building.

We also saw two oceanographic research ships in harbor, including one which is a joint effort with the U.S. National Science Foundation.

When we woke the next morning it was cold and rainy, so we visited stores and museums in downtown St. John's. A lot of cities we've visited have had their great fires, and St. John's is no exception; it was rebuilt after the fire of 1892, so there are virtually no old buildings. Indeed, historians are uncertain of the first year of European settlement; the best estimate is 1500, which makes it the oldest European city in the Americas.

This is the first city in Canada we've seen with what might be described as an active night life. There are plenty of bars, night clubs, all-night restaurants, and pool halls - - what you'd expect in a town that has hosted sailors for centuries! We also passed plenty of clothing, gift and souvenir stores. In years past, downtown St. John's was home to the handful of rich merchants who ruled Newfoundland. Nowadays the network of roads allows the imported goods to be moved around the province by truck. Also, St. John's has plenty of modern shopping malls, so downtown is no longer a big commercial center for the community. The big buildings are generally for government, banking, and shipping.

We stopped for lunch at Django, a delightful restaurant which served us fish chowder, basil soup, and lovely smoked Newfoundland salmon sandwiches, complete with onions and exceptionally large capers.

It was at luncheon that we heard a collection of blasts from the horns of the ships in harbor, which in turn caused us to make inquiries into what has to be the most creative

activity we've yet seen in maritime Canada: the Sound Symposium 2000. This is an eleven-day event, featuring just about every imaginable aspect of sound and music. One of these events is the Harbour Symphony, which takes place every noon. After reviewing the sailing lists, the composer knows which ships will be in port, and composes that day's concert. "Players," are dispatched to the bridge of every tugboat, freighter, liner, or Coast Guard vessel in the harbour. Communicating with the composer by radio, they cause the horns and whistles to be sounded according to the score.

The Sound symposium has dozens of sponsors, dozens of musicians, and thousands of listeners. We entered one windowless room where a musician had placed speakers under dishes of water or cathode-ray tubes, which rippled or flashed in synch with the music he'd composed. The composer / musician happened to be there and we talked with him about his ideas. Some of the participants include Trimpin, Diane Landry, Laiwan, John Little, Ted Apel, Don Dickson, Ken Gregory, Grant Strombeck, Ellen Band, Harold Klunder, and Greg Locke. What makes it all more amazing is that this is an artist-run activity. We have the eight-page program for Sound Symposium and will send it to the first e-mail recipient who asks for the program.

After luncheon we found the Newfoundland Museum. This is an old-fashioned museum, considering that it is located in the provincial capital and represents the province as a whole. There are a number of small displays: local wildlife, prehistoric settlement, geology, nineteenth century home furnishings, and a memorial to the terrible losses of the Newfoundland Regiment during the Great War. One thing missing is a good display of Newfoundland history and politics.

It seems the national historic sites administered by Parks Canada all have excellent new buildings and plenty of paid staff, while the provincial museums are underfunded. This year was especially bad for funding, as all the extra money has gone to support the Viking celebrations.

We had a few books to give to a library, and found one at Memorial University. Like many university buildings, this one was almost impenetrable for an outsider--it required trying doors on two sides before we were directed down a maze of corridors to the library, where we were required to complete a form stating we understood that the library might not want our books--all too familiar bureaucracy! And ironically just afterwards we found the local public library, which is attached to the Newfoundland Art Museum which hosted a Finnish paper sculpture exhibit plus the building of a replica boat - Viking, of course.

While St. John's may not be a beautiful city, it is a vibrant, busy place with lots of unexpected activities and sights, a great harbor, and well worth a visit of several days' duration.

**July 12 – Birds and Beasts**

“Thar she blows!” is the headline for this day, but we need to introduce our subject a little more slowly.

The capelin is a small fish that is found by the zillions - - no, probably by the zillions of zillions - - in the waters around Newfoundland in the summer. These waters are a couple of degrees above freezing. The capelin, even though they number in the zillions of zillions, want to make zillions of zillions of zillions more, so they have to lay eggs. To do this, they rush like crazy fish up to the rocky shores at high tide and lay the eggs. Some of them are lucky enough to be washed back to sea by the tide. Many die on shore.

But there are forces in nature intent on decreasing the number of capelin by zillions of zillions of zillions, and that’s what this story is about. These forces include pelagic birds and cetaceans, and we’ve spent the last two days looking at pelagic birds and cetaceans. OK, OK. Pelagic birds are sea birds - they live all their lives at sea, and only come to land to lay their eggs and raise their young. And you guessed it, cetaceans are whales, who lose a lot of weight during the winter but follow the breeding capelin north from Newfoundland to Greenland to fatten up in summertime.

It was foggy but not actually raining as we left the hotel this morning, but we felt the first drops soon after, and when we reached Bay Bulls the rain was steady. Gatherall’s Boat Tours is a large complex consisting of house, B&B, boat dock, and a large unwindowed building on the dock. We were there an hour before their first tour and the place looked deserted.

Then Rosemary Gatherall, a retired schoolteacher, came out of the house and called to us. After we explained our concern about the weather, she opined that the seas were calm and that made it a good day for the boat tour, so we decided to chance it.

Luck was on our side, because in the next hour the rain stopped and the sun came out. While waiting we talked to some of our fellow passengers. When one couple told us their address was Livingston, Texas, we guessed that they were members of the Escapees Club, an association of full-time RV travelers. They spend their winters in the Rio Grande Valley, but were, like us, engaged in a summer-long tour of eastern Canada. Mr. Gatherall came down and showed us the large (90 feet?) catamaran under construction in the boat house on the dock. It was windowless and well insulated to enable him to heat the building so the fiberglass could cure. The cat would be ready for the 2001 season. The Gatheralls were true entrepeneurs.

By the time we boarded there were about 25 passengers, but the 65-foot tour boat handled them easily.


Newfoundland folk music over the boat's loudspeaker welcomed us aboard. As we headed out of the bay, one of our guides used the pictures of whales and birds painted on the back of the wheelhouse to tell us the species we'd be looking for. We hadn't got out of the bay before we spotted our first minke whale - a species that grows to about 15 (?) feet in length. Soon we saw more. The skipper slowed the boat down to allow two tardy passengers to catch up in the Gatherall's speedboat, and we saw more minkes. The guide told us he had refreshments on board, and offered a "Screeching In" ceremony to any who wished to become honorary Newfoundlanders.

Witless Bay Wildlife Refuge consists mostly of several uninhabited offshore islands that are home to millions of nesting seabirds in the spring and summer. There are plenty of capelin and krill in the waters to feed the birds and their chicks. The rich cold waters also attract migrating whales who stock up on food, putting on as much as half their body weight. For a humpback whale that means growing from 20 to 40 tons!

As we headed offshore towards the bird islands, we encountered swells up to five or six feet, and since we were all on the top deck to get the best views, we rolled back and forth, occasionally lurching into the guard rails.

Soon we saw the spouts of the forty-foot humpback whales, aided by our experienced guides. We followed the feeding of a mother and calf. The calf, a few months old, was about 25 feet long, and stayed close to mother, because it was still nursing! We saw the

mother's fluke in the air as it dived deep to round up more capelin. The guide told us the whale would circle around in the deep water, gradually surfacing, and driving a large school of capelin together in a school to the surface where they could be consumed more readily. We could get an idea of the size of these beautiful animals when we would see their white underside as they rolled beneath the surface. It actually looked pale green through the sea water.

There were plenty of other whale watchers in the area - big boats and smaller ones, and two lone sea kayakers who paddled around hoping to get close to a whale (seemed a little crazy to us, but to each his own!) The boats kept a good distance from one another and from the whales, although noone knew where a humpback which had dived might surface. By clocking the dives, the guide knew that the whales would go below for four minutes, as that was the depth of the fish. And sure enough, we could time the surfacing of the mother and the calf four minutes after each dive.

The more we watched the better we got at spotting the whales. We had chosen the longer two and one half hour tour, and were very happy we had plenty of time for whale watching. As we have talked to other tourists, we realized that we had one of the best possible whale watching trips. The whales follow the capelin up the Newfoundland coast, and while we were spotting dozens of feeding humpbacks, there were none to be seen 60 miles south. We hoped to get a picture of a fluke out of water, but this lasts just a few seconds, and by the time we spotted it and maneuvered for a photographic position on the whale and then found the target with the telephoto lens, the whale was back beneath the surface. We were too far away or too late to get good photographs, so you'll have to take our word for it!

The second part of the tour took us to the Witless Bay Ecological Reserve, which is a stretch of ocean-facing cliffs home to gulls, kittwakes, murres and puffins. These birds are pelagic birds, that is, they only come to land during the time of mating and nesting. Once the baby bird is ready to fly (or pushed out of the nest), parents and baby will spend six to eight months in the sky and on the water, returning to the very same spot next year. The sides of the cliff were almost wall-to-wall bird, in layers from the kittiwakes on the bottom to gulls on top. We were able to spot several kittiwake nestling heads popping out of nests.

The puffins have their own space which is obvious: burrows some six feet deep into the cliff, which gives the whole thing a pockmarked appearance. This area was also thick with birds--flying, waddling about, stretching and preening. The orange bill is visible only during the mating season, but this is apparently the right time, because we had wonderful sights of their distincive beaks.

The parents take turns flying out to get food. The kittiwakes fly gracefully like small gulls, and can fly so close to one another the locals call them tickle-ass. The puffins flap their wings up and down rapidly and steadily, looking like reciprocating motors, and zooming above the water quite rapidly. The common murres fly somewhat like the puffin, with rapid wing strokes, but they also "fly" underwater, using their wings like flippers. We watched a number of the murres flapping along the surface so their wingtips just touched the water on each downstroke. We guess they were looking beneath the water for food. They did dive down and pop up from time to time.

We drove back to St. John's along the southeastern tip of the island, trying one more time to find moose or caribou. We were also hoping to see capelin, the small fish that whales love to eat. We'd been told that the presence of so many whales right now is due to the hordes of capelin who are coming in to spawn.

We found our caribou! Several herds, plus several individual animals, were grazing on the almost barren rocks at the south end of the island. They are deer-sized, with curiously spotted coats, brown to white to black, and no horns; either these are females or young. They seemed quite content to let us drive by and take their pictures, probably because they were far enough away from the road.

We never did find our capelin, but we learned that we will have to watch for them at high tide (we have a long way to go before we become naturalists!). The tour guide who gave us this information was watching a gentleman with a most elaborate camera who had stationed himself at the edge of a beach, undaunted by the incoming clouds and fog. Turns out he is a photographer from the BBC, trying to make a documentary on the humpback whale, and he'd been there all day without seeing even a sign of one--it made us feel even more fortunate.

We're quite ready for more boat trips and more nature study. The abundance of fish and birds and whales, not to mention moose and caribou, is a big attraction for outdoors lovers in Newfoundland, and the province is promoting it quite well.

We found lunch that day at one of the many nautically-decorated coastal restaurants. This one was special, because it was named in honor of a local hero, Captain Jackman. Shipwrecks were all too common everywhere along the coasts, primarily because of the violent storms and the rocky sea bottoms. One night, a ship ran aground. One young crew member, seeing a light on shore, managed to swim to the rocks and scramble up to the Captain's home to get help. Hearing that there were drowning passengers and crew, this fishingboat captain swam 600 yards through freezing water to rescue not one but more than a dozen people; the last person was a woman passenger. The ship's crew told him not to go back for her, because she was already dying, but he made one more effort, and brought her to shore just before she died. His father is said to have told him "If you

had not returned to save her, I would never have forgiven you." It is said that this gallant rescue exhausted him to the point where he was never again as strong as before, and he died fairly young, about fifteen years later.

**July 13 - Cape St. Mary's**

Still excited about the whales and seabirds we had seen the day before, we headed for the Cape St. Mary's Ecological Reserve. As we neared the cape, the fog and rain kept getting worse. On the road to the Reserve we glimpsed another caribou herd through the mist. They looked spooky and faraway, paying no attention to the passing cars. We parked in the lot, but couldn't see the interpretive center until we were a hundred feet away.

But the rangers assured us we'd see the birds, so we took the one-mile hike along the top of cliffs at the edge of the sea. We heard the cries of the birds as we started down the trail, and saw the nesting area far in the distance, but then the path curved behind the hills and we lost both the sight and the sound of the birds. The path was marked with orange stakes and alternated between wet grass and slippery dirt. We found animal droppings and soon after saw a flock of sheep grazing contentedly and ignoring the birdwatchers on the path.

Finally we came over the last hilltop, and saw and heard and smelled the tens of thousands of nesting seabirds as we approached the edge of the cliff. The cliffs curve around in a large semicircle, within which is a separate rock rising from the shore to the level of the cliffs - a couple of hundred feet. All of the available stone and rock is occupied by nesting birds.

The star of the show at Cape St. Mary is the gannet, or sea goose. It is a large (wing span 2 meters) graceful white bird, with black wing tips and a golden yellow head and neck. The gannets mate for life, and engage in a complex pattern of behavior to identify their own mate and their own nest and chicks. Most beautiful is the way the birds entwine their necks while looking up at the sky. The males and females would relieve each other on nest duty, while the other mate would fish for capelin. The mother regurgitates partially digested fish to feed the chicks.

We were just a few dozen yards from the rock island rising up next to the cliff, so we could see the gannets and their chicks quite clearly. The guide told us the chicks were about a month old. Several times a minute a gannet would swoop by just a few yards in front of all the people standing on the cliff, paying us no attention. When we could tear our eyes off the gannets we swung our binoculars along the cliffs and saw kittiwakes and common murres and thick-billed murres and one razorbill. The only kind of birds we could not see nesting were the cormorants, who were off on a distant rock and concealed by the thickening fog. But the gannets dominate. The number of nesting pairs at this location has quintupled in the past few years; now about 25,000 pairs!

Each year the birds find their way back to this cove, where their babies are born and will, in turn, return as well. They know the exact spot where they nested the previous spring. We saw some immature gannets with black or spotted backs and wings; they are back on their first trip. When the chicks are grown, the seabirds will desert this spot and live the entire winter at sea - each species in its own preferred location.

As we returned to our hotel in St. John, we gradually emerged from the fog into bright sunshine, and also saw a Newfoundland dog (big, black, shaggy-haired with webbed feet) and drove by the former U.S. Navy base at Argentia, closed in 1994 and now converted to an industrial park.

Even without moose, it was a most successful day. This birdwatching is a fascinating activity, especially when you have such exotic birds to watch!

**July 14 and 15 - two days in France**

Well, today we decided to go to France for Bastille Day, and sure enough, tonight we saw the fireworks. Here's the rest of the story.

We left St. John's early in the morning and drove four hours to the town of Fortune, Newfoundland. There we boarded a ferry for a short ride to the Island of Saint Pierre.

Saint Pierre et Miquelon is a former French colony, and like all such colonies, it either became independent or became part of France - what the French call the Department de Outre-Mer. So when we docked at the island of Saint Pierre, we went through customs and entered France. We even got our passports stamped!

Saint Pierre et Miquelon is a tiny fishing archipelago, with a total population of about 6000. Besides fishing, tourism is the big industry, especially in summer. In the winter the only access is by air. It is governed by a prefect, who comes over from France for a three-year tour of duty; its police are French gendarmes, who also are brought over from the mainland for three years. Since it ceased to be a French colony and became part of metropolitan France, it has acquired quite an infrastructure.

Charles de Gaulle visited the island in 1967 on his way to Montreal, so the principal square is named Place de Gaulle. Saint Pierre has a network of paved roads, good electric and water, French telephones (no need to dial a county code when calling Paris), French television (as well as Canadian and U.S. on cable), a large sports arena, museum, fish packing plant, and a huge airport, dedicated last year by President Jacques Chirac. The long runway is 2200 meters and can handle an Airbus 320. Here's the airport:

The homes in town are most of them quite substantial, everyone seems to have a car, and many of the residents have summer homes on the south side of the island. The curious part is that the summer home, complete with little garden, perhaps a horse grazing at the end of a long rope, is not more than a few miles from the “winter house” in town!

The winter homes typically have a protected entrance, a compact box-shaped addition to the main door. In the older part of the city, this box can protrude into the sidewalk. We learned that these are called Tambours, and are specifically designed to prevent wind and snow from entering the interior of the house each time the door is opened. Originally, the law was that they be taken down each spring and re-built every autumn, but later they were allowed to be permanent, as long as there were sufficient windows.

The downtown area is quite attractive, with a lovely sheltered harbor, and lots of buildings painted in bright colors. Many of our fellow tourists seemed to have come to shop, but on this national holiday all stores were closed; they would open again at 10 a.m. the following morning, but since the signs were in French there was a fair amount of confusion. There is a good selection of shops selling tax-free goods. Canadians must pay tax on returning to Canada, but U.S. citizens may take the goods through to the U.S. without any Canadian duties.

We had a bus tour of the island that evening, followed by a French-style dinner in a local restaurant.  Here's the town from a hilltop on the bus tour.

The stores were all closed and all the young people were in the streets listening to rock music and drinking beer. The program of events for Bastille Day was quite long and consisted largely of games and sports contests during the day, then a concert and dance at night. We stayed in the Hotel Neptune, on Place de Gaulle, where a bunch of Canadian tourists had come over to party and bring home their ration of duty-free booze.

In the morning we had croissants and baguettes with coffee and tea, and walked up and down the streets of town. We found a boulangerie / patisserie and brought back some French pastries. We found many more government buildings, including the large post office, library, chamber of commerce, harbormaster, three consulates, hospital, police station, and city hall. All for 6000 residents!

We also found the French Language Institute. This provides another source of local income: running French language immersion classes for English-speaking Canadians. (By completing this course, Canadians are eligible for many more government positions.)

The small museum offered a collection of early photos which provided a glimpse into the life of this colony, which became quite prosperous smuggling booze to the U.S. during Prohibition. There was also an account of an execution. Many criminals had had their punishment commuted from death to life at hard labor, because no one would serve as executioner. This had led the islanders to believe they could get away with murder (literally), so when two drunks cut one man to death, the judge insisted on the death penalty. A guillotine (which was on display) was shipped from Martinique, and a minor criminal was found to operate it in exchange for his freedom and a small fee.

We had time to enjoy a French dejeuner (lunch) of cheese, baguettes, and hard-boiled eggs with mayonaise in a restaurant with real French ambiance before returning to the ferry.

The weather was gorgeous, and we took lots of pictures of this picturesque island - some of them are enclosed.

But of course, when all is said and done, a small island is a small island. The people are -- well, insular.

**July 16 - Bonavista Peninsula**

The northeastern part of Newfoundland is composed of fingers jutting out into the sea; Newfoundland schoolchildren used to have to learn to draw the outline by memory, and found it an almost impossible task. John Cabot landed on the tip of one of these fingers in 1497, claiming the territory for Britain. Cabot mentioned the abundance of fish in his reports, and very quickly European fisherman were on the Grand Banks and off the coast of Newfoundland. Soon some fishing stations opened, and a few cities became trading centers, where merchants imported food and supplies for the fisherman and exported the dried salted cod. Fish means cod in Newfoundland.

We've been finding motels booked up (plenty of room in the campgrounds, though) so we reserved a room in Clarenville before setting out towards Bonavista, one of the major peninsular fingers.

The drive was picturesque, through coastal villages. In Bonavista we passed a National Historic Site, deciding to check out the northern cape first. Sure enough, there was a larger than life statue of Giovanni Caboto (when he was worked for Britain he was the explorer John Cabot). As we walked to read the inscriptions, we were met by two locals

smelling greatly of beer (it was perhaps 9:00 a.m.) and drinking another. All they wanted was to find out if where we were from and if we liked Newfoundland, despite the weather. We assured them we did!

Then as we scanned the seas to east and west we found more icebergs! These were big, much bigger than the little "Labrador ice cube" we had seen in Red Bay. We resolved to search for one of them as we drove back down the peninsula.

We returned to the National Historic Site in Bonavista, the Matthew Ryan Premises. Ryan was a merchant, whose family continued running his businesses well into the twentieth century. The site consists of seven or eight buildings: warehouses for fish, salt, and imported goods, a retail store, cod drying racks, his comfortable home, carriage house, and outbuildings.

This is a new National Historic Site, which was dedicated by Queen Elizabeth in 1997, the 500th anniversary of Cabot's landing. Parks Canada did a nice job of taking the two warehouse buildings and modernising the interiors, to be handicapped accessible and air-conditioned. The displays are very well curated and provide a full story of the history of the cod fishery.

On the third floor of one of the warehouses is the museum of the city of Bonavista, consisting of a lot of mostly twentieth-century artifacts donated by the older citizens of the town. The guide was a very chatty older woman, who remembered shopping in the Ryan premises. So we asked her whether Ryan was well-liked in town. Surprise, surprise, he was not. What is absolutely amazing about Newfoundland is how the few very wealthy merchants and businessmen have dominated the country / province for almost 500 years, despite being disliked and vastly outnumbered by the hard-working fishermen and their families. Representative government is really a phenomenon of the last half of the twentieth century, and in fact not until the last thirty years (after the fall of Joey Smallwood) has the voice of the people been well heard.

The history of the cod fishery is a sad one. There are numerous reports from the sixteenth century of virtually limitless supplies of cod on the Grand Banks. The cod were caught in summer and salted and shipped, mostly to Mediterranean Europe. The fisherman were usually in debt to the merchants, and sold their fish for credit, not cash. The fisherman were forced to accept the price the merchant paid for the cod and the price the merchant demanded for bacon, hard tack, and household supplies, so they all remained in debt. In the years when fishing was bad, they went hungry. Efforts to organize fishermen into unions and cooperatives to raise the price of cod proved, in the end, unsuccessful.

The technological advances in fishing, from dories to sailing schooners to side trawlers to draggers to factory ships, kept increasing the harvest of cod, but earned more money only for the merchants, not the fishermen. The fishermen's wives worked at processing the fish and trying to keep the household going. In the winter, the fishermen would log and hunt to keep going. In the spring they would venture out on the ice to take seals, to sell their pelts. There is still some occasional sealing in Newfoundland, but of course a pelt that has been spray painted by Greenpeace has no market value.

The fishermen lived in scattered outports, which could only be reached by sea. When Newfoundland became a Canadian province in 1949, efforts were undertaken to consolidate the fishing settlements. The plans were called resettlement, and great pressure was put on families to leave their homes and relocate to a different center where better governmental services would be available.

Around 1970, a Newfoundland member of parliament managed to get a law passed making fishermen eligible for unemployment, even though they were independent contractors with their own boats. Predictably, lots of men returned to fishing, drawing unemployment for the rest of the year. This was not a good solution.

Eventually, in 1992, despite international efforts, the cod was fished out, and the Canadian government declared a moratorium on cod fishing. Other nations exceeded their quotas. There is some small amount of cod fishing still going on (we ate cod in restaurants) but it is not commercially significant. Those who still want to keep on fishing have turned to shellfish - lobster, crab, shrimp, scallops - to support themselves. But the vast majority of cod fishermen have turned to totally different lines of work.

When the Queen dedicated this site on the 500th anniversary of Cabot's landing, two replicas of his ship, the Matthew, were built - one in the U.K., and one in Bonavista. The British replica was fully funded, and sailed across the Atlantic, recreating Cabot's voyage to coincide with the Royal visit. But the beautiful replica of the Matthew built in Bonavista is still tied up to the dock, awaiting money to buy engines and other equipment to obtain Canadian Coast Guard approval to carry passengers for hire, even within the confines of Bonavista Bay.

Leaving Bonavista, we drove down the east side of the peninsula, and then got lucky and were able to get pretty close to the iceberg.  We spotted another iceberg in the distance across the bay, so that makes three today.

We passed a “toll gate” in the form of a smiling lady collecting donations for fireworks for the annual summer festival to be held in a day or so. We were happy to contribute--we’ve seen this before in the States when we contributed a dollar to a volunteer fire department. We are becoming more and more appreciative of the efforts of local small communities supporting their museums, plays, music, etc.

We had been advised to visit the tiny town of Trinity, which is a quaint little community with narrow winding streets and lots of preserved nineteenth-century homes, but we knew in advance we were too late for the main summer attraction -- a walking historical pageant, where the audience follows the actors through the streets of town. So we contented ourselves with a quick drive through, and decided it would be worth a return visit.
Having tasted the sights of northeast Newfoundland, we have placed it high on our list of spots we’d be happy to return to.

**July 17 and 18 - Leaving Newfoundland**

The middle of Newfoundland is empty and we knew it. (In fact it wasn’t until the late 1950s that there was even a road from St. John’s to Port aux Basques.) So there weren’t many sights to see as we returned to the ferry. The first day we stopped at the Joey Smallwood interpretive center in Gambo, and ended up at Motel Dismal; the second day

we circumnavigated the Port-au-Port peninsula and had a nice restful motel before the 7:00 a.m. ferry.

Joey Smallwood was the Premier of Newfoundland at the time of its entry into Confederation. In fact, he is known as one of the Fathers of Confederation, that complex and still unfinished process of gathering all of the Canadian lands and people into a single federation of more or less equal provinces. (Unlike the U.S., Canadian provinces may be singled out for special treatment under the constitution. Thus Newfoundland receives an additional annual grant from Ottawa.)

We have both been reading about Joey--characteristically Elsa read a novel, Bob a recent biography. So the opportunity to stop at the Joey Smallwood historical site in Gambo was irresistible. Story boards and photos covered the major events of his life, from his early days as a newspaper reporter and union organizer through his career as a major politician. There was the bias common to all sites commemmorating politicians - the same kind of bias we had observed at U.S. Presidential libraries - but, all in all, it was a good presentation. He was a charismatic speaker, convincing people and organizations to bring Newfoundland into the Canadian Confederation and doing his best to improve the dire economic situation for Newfoundlanders. His tragic flaw was his life-long naivete; when he was Premier he was a sitting duck for sharp-trading businessmen, including several probable Nazis, who talked him into lending Canadian money for extremely questionable ventures. We recommend the novel, The Colony of Unrequited Dreams, by Wayne Johnston, and the biography, Joey: The Life and Political Times of Joey Smallwood, by Harold Horwood.

Leaving Gambo, we drove through Gander, where we passed a small aircraft museum with military and civilian airplanes collected from the days when Gander was a U.S. airbase, and then, with our eyes open for moose, we continued through the almost entirely unpopulated, wooded center of the province. But, although there were no year-round homes, there were in fact hundreds of tents and RVs in one woodland park after another, as summer tourists took full advantage of Newfoundland's great outdoors. They probably saw moose every morning and evening.

Grand Falls-Windsor was our selected stopping point, half way to the ferry terminal. Unfortunately, we had failed to reckon with the summer salmon festival, and all the rooms in town were taken. So, in a little panic, we called old reliable Newfoundland tourist assistance. The next town, Badger, didn't have what we wanted, either, so it was on to Springdale, 103 kilometers beyond Grand Falls-Windsor. We had a room with two double beds.

We knew we were in trouble when we climbed the rickety iron staircase with a carpet runner laid over the center and tripped over the door sill (mind the step) into the office. Our room was up another flight of creaky stairs and down a long airless corridor. It didn't have a telephone, window screens, or air conditioning, but it did have lumpy beds, torn sheets and dirty floors. We opted for the open window and sleeping au naturel, and were rewarded in the morning with insect bites.

Out of the window our view was of a hillside which had been partially quarried. Rocks of various sizes occasionally tumbled down, to land on or near the trucks parked in the back of the motel. As the sun began to set, a curious crackling and creaking could be heard in the roof over our heads. It's just rats, said Bob glumly; he was standing at the open window to breathe the cool outside air, and amusing himself watching the rocks roll down the hill. Presently a boy on an ATV appeared, bouncing over the hillside about 100 feet up from the parking lot. Dirt trails had been ridden into the top of the excavated hill, and the boy did tricks and turns until he tired of it. It seemed he was just inches from the edge of the steep pile of dirt, but disaster did not occur. The kid probably does it all the time. Does his mother know?

To brighten our morning next day, we saw a gray fox crossing the road. Failing a moose sighting, this was next best. In fact, from the color and size of the fox, we realized the animal we had seen the day we entered Newfoundland was also a gray fox. So that makes two!

We had one more little corner of Newfoundland to see: Port-au-Port is a small peninsula on the southwest coast, settled by French fishermen and still, we are told, keeping its French customs and language. We enjoyed the coastal scenery as always, and wondered at the fields which held a few cows here and there, and a new llama farm but little agriculture. We drove through a World War II American Air Force base in Stephenville which had been turned into civilian uses about forty years ago. But we still immediately recognized that this was an Air Force base.

For two reasons, we were irritated by a paragraph in one of the guidebooks which said that one reason for the decline in French culture in the area was the U.S. Air Force requirement that the Canadian employees speak English. The first reason is that Canada seems even more subject to special interest groups wanting special treatment than the U.S. Canada has to take special care of its Francophones, its aboriginals, and all its special provinces, in addition to various other minorities and disadvantaged groups. We feel that this encourages special interest groups to squabble among themselves over crumbs from the federal cake, instead of pulling together as one country. The second is that over the centuries Canada has often tried to build its national identity over anti-Americanism, instead of more positive factors. We feel that Canada is a great country with much to be proud of. In the year 2000, Canada should not fear the United States.

Channel Port-Au-Basques is the Newfoundland-Nova Scotia ferry terminus. We recovered, slightly, from our previous night's motel stay although we were worried when we discovered that all the water had been turned off in search of a leak in the room just above ours. All was well, however, and we were roused by a human voice on the phone at 4:45 next morning as we prepared to board the early ferry. We left Newfoundland in dense fog, and reached Nova Scotia under partly sunny skies.

We left Newfoundland and Labrador with some regret. The scenery and the wildlife were spectacular. The weather alternated between light rain and clouds, and bright,

gorgeous sun; the contrast made us more conscious of our surroundings. The people were unfailingly friendly and helpful, and happy to chat with strangers. It is clean; there is almost no trash even in the streets of the large towns. Although isolated, Newfoundland now has all the modern conveniences: cable tv, out-of-town newspapers, plenty of gas stations, markets, phones, and public washrooms. Only a few towns have modern supermarkets, but every small village seems to have a gas station, post office, convenience store, restaurant, laundry, and a few places to stay.

We believe Newfoundland and Labrador is unique among Canadian provinces: it was a separate country until confederation in 1949, and the residents speak of themselves as Newfoundlanders first, then Canadians. For 450 years, Newfoundland and Labrador was little more than a big fishing station; in the last 50 years it has developed at a ferocious pace, and just in time, too, for the fishery has now failed. (It limps along harvesting shellfish, but it will never again dominate the economy.) But it has not fully recovered from 450 years of division into a handful of haves and tens of thousands of have nots.

Newfoundland and Labrador's history has been shaped by two giants: Wilfred Grenfell and Joey Smallwood. Both saw the problems of the outport fishermen, and both offered solutions. Grenfell set up a mission to provide medical care, but saw that poor nutrition and miserable houses were a public health problem. He fought the truck system but failed to overcome the power of the entrenched interests; the government was angry that he exposed the faults of the established outport fishery. Smallwood realized that confederation was the key to growth, and worked a political miracle, through the power of his informed and relentless oratory, by overcoming the established "responsible government."

But the story of Newfoundland and Labrador is filled with failed efforts at modernization. The expensive railroad is now extinct, never having made a profit. Many of Smallwood's industrial plants are now shut down. Confronted with the impossible problem of a land which in 1900 had 220,000 people living in 1359 distinct communities, almost all separated by hills and rivers along the 6000 miles of coast, Smallwood wanted to force resettlement into fewer, larger centers. He earned the undying animosity of all those who were pressured into resettlement, along with their descendants. Many of the abandoned towns, now connected by paved roads, have been partially reoccupied by retirees who had been pushed to leave in the 1950s and 1960s. Joey was tremendously interested in farming; but Newfoundland has very little arable land, and agriculture (at least with present technology) is not an important option. Large numbers of the most highly educated young people leave Newfoundland and Labrador for better job opportunities elsewhere in Canada and the U.S.

That said, this is an exciting province. It has a beautiful outdoors, filled with trees and lakes and rivers and surrounded by the ocean, and teeming with wildlife (there really are lots of moose, we were never on the road at night when they are most common!) It has a fine network of highways that effectively ties together most (but still not all) of its coastal villages. It's a very big province; we logged 3050 miles in two weeks. Although Newfoundland and Labrador is Canada's poorest province, the people don't seem to

mind (they never did), and the homes, though small, are very well kept and decorated, making it attractive for the tourist.

So the future of Newfoundland and Labrador is uncertain; it depends on the people. If the best and brightest continue to leave, growth will be slow. But tourism and information technology in the province have great promise, and many of the current leaders have shifted efforts from the traditional occupations towards these new service industries. We encourage anyone who gets the chance to visit Newfoundland and Labrador. You won't be disappointed.

## July 19 -20 - Baddeck and Cabot Trail

We have had extraordinary luck with our boat journeys: despite early morning rain and fog, the large, fast Max Mols ferry took us back to Nova Scotia on a smooth and uneventful trip over, as the fog lifted, giving us another beautiful sunny Maritime day.

We started this Nova Scotia leg with a visit to the Alexander Graham Bell National Historic Site in Baddeck. Bell's father invented visible speech, which was a kind of phonetic alphabet that he used to teach deaf children. Bell's mother grew deaf, and Bell was interested in the problems of the deaf all his life. In fact his wife was a deaf girl who had come to him for tutoring. She spent their married life as his companion, business manager and co-inventor, even piloting one of his hyrdofoil boats.

As the exhibit states, Bell was not a professional inventor, but an amateur experimenter. He designed an improvement on Edison's recording device, called the Graphophone, and then sold the patent to Edison. He created large tetrahedral kites designed to lift a man off the ground, and continued the tetrahedral design into other prototype aircraft and boats. His hydrofoil held the world speed record for boats for about ten years. The museum tells us that he litigated his telephone patents for 18 years, but doesn't provide any of the juicy details.

The Bells summered in Baddeck for more than 25 years, and that's why the museum is there. Apparently his heirs offered Parks Canada a vast number of Bell possessions, including many models, and the museum has been built around them. Although it shows some signs of a museum built around a collection, rather than a collection organized for a museum, it is an intriguing and pleasant--and very popular--stop. Baddeck is a delightful resort village on the water, with sailboats galore, shops and restaurants for any taste.

Ever since our arrival in Nova Scotia we'd been advised to drive the Cabot Trail, reputedly the most scenic drive in Nova Scotia, if not all of the Atlantic Provinces. We'd seen part of it and on this trip drove the rest of the way. At first we wondered what was so special: our trip north from Baddeck took us through forests with only occasional glimpses of the ocean. But the best parts of the Cabot Trail are on the northwestern coast

of Cape Breton Island, where the road clings to the hillsides overlooking the clear blue waters.

Cape Breton Highlands National Park occupies a patch of land cutting across the peninsula near the northern tip. We bought a one-day pass to get access to the ocean route, passing many campgrounds and small cottage establishments where families were enjoying summer at the beach, or bicycling or hiking. There were again lots of signs alerting us to moose, but we are beginning to believe we have moose repellent!

Once again, we picked a motel from the guidebook. Since this is camping country, the selection was extremely limited, so we were pleased to see an attractive central building set on a green lawn, with steps leading up to an ocean view, and neat rows of motel buildings set out. We were also encouraged because the restaurant had won several awards for its cuisine.

Little did we know we had stumbled on a lesser member of the Motel Dismal chain. In Newfoundland the guide book tells you if the rooms don't have a phone, while in Nova Scotia they tell you if they do have a phone. None of these rooms had phones, so we had to walk a hundred yards down the lawn to the office to make dinner reservations, where we checked the guest book and found comments like "Great breakfast", "best salmon I've ever eaten", and "bon repas".

We should have realized there was a problem when we read the sign posted above the guest book saying no breakfast the next morning. But we sat down for dinner and after we ordered we realized they were having a major crisis. The owner was doubling as bartender, waitress, and possibly assistant cook. Two overweight and ill-dressed ladies of a certain age came in and loudly ordered Long Island Iced Tea, and the owner broke out her bartending book to learn how to make it, but not before the customers had offered gin and bourbon and Harvey Wallbangers as possible alternatives. So we guessed an amateur bartender was appropriate to serve amateur drinkers. The owner used some strong tea she had on hand to make the Long Island Iced Tea, and the liquid in the glass

was nearly black, but the lady said she liked it. The owner wore rubber gloves when she served the drinks. In fact she kept the rubber gloves on all the time. Probably very hygienic.

Unfortunately, it was too late to change our orders to hamburgers. Bob had ordered lobster, and the beast must have been cooked the day before. The shell was so tough Bob broke the lobster-cracker in his hand. The owner provided another cracker. The meat was almost as tough as the shell, and very dry.

We passed on dessert and coffee and muscled our way out of the restaurant. The people who came in after the drinking ladies were still waiting around for their order to be taken. We hightailed it out of that motel first thing in the morning!

We stopped right away at a beautiful overlook (see view below) high above the harbor where we met four pleasant people from Indiana and Louisiana, who had been camping along the Cabot Trail.

Not only had they seen 17 moose the previous evening, but when we met again at the restaurant a few miles down the road they told us they had just seen another moose in the middle of the highway.  They said they tried to drive past slowly, so the moose wouldn't be spooked, knowing we were right behind, but he disappeared into the trees before we turned the corner.  They told us to watch for the tree branches to move.  We're watching.

One locally famous spot is the Scarecrow farm.

The story is that the owner started a garden years ago, and had set up a scarecrow, but some tourists passing through liked his scarecrow so much that he decided his talent was in scarecrows, not gardening.

You can buy ice cream at his little dairy bar, and drop a coin or two in a box held by--of course--a scarecrow.  The contributions defer the cost of next spring's scarecrow clothing.

Iona is a village originally settled by immigrants from the Scottish highlands.  There, Highland Village is a recently-formed living history museum holding several houses, a school, a store and a barn from different times in the past two hundred years.

Perhaps the most interesting is a recreation of the sod-roofed building the original settlers used in Scotland, and first built when they landed in Nova Scotia.

As a tourist location it doesn't yet compare with the big guys (Louisbourg, King's Landing) but has its own interest and charm.  The signs were in English and Gaelic. Nearby is the only Gaelic language institute in North America.

While walking about the Highland Village, we met another tourist, a young software engineer from Romania who had originally come to Canada to work at Sybase and who now has started his own company. While he is happy to be in the West, he feels he received a good education at his university in Romania and plans to hire Romanian employees for his company.

Fortunately the next motel was quite comfortable. Bob went to the car wash while Elsa caught up on travel writing and Internet stuff. We decided to try another summer entertainment: a Ceilidh (Cay-Lee) was to be held in town that night. We had been told a Ceilidh was a party, but it's really more of a concert. The Cape Breton version included Gaelic ballads, fiddle music, and step dancing. The group we heard was called Triskele, and included the narrator / guitarist, two fiddlers / dancers, a balladeer, a piano accompanist, and a guest fiddler.

This evening the first hour was spent explaining the history and evolution of the music. The Highland and Island immigrants in 1800 had only a spoken language, Gaelic (derived from Irish-Celtic-Gaelic) but they also brought a rich tradition of music and dance. Important events were remembered through ballads. The early settlers sang to accompany all their work.

The balladeer was a very young-looking man with a beautiful voice, and (apparently) a wonderful mastery of Gaelic. His ballads had a distinctive and unusual rhythm, with the

chorus seeming to pick up and leave off on an upbeat. In one of his pieces he explained the milling song, which we had seen demonstrated on a videotape in the Highland Village in Iona. After woolen fabric was woven, the men and women would sit around a table and gather the fabric into a long bundle and rub it in water to shrink it. They sang in rhythm to their rubbing.

The fiddle music consisted of a series of connected "tunes." Each tune is a short piece in two parts, played as AABB. There are four traditional types of tunes, each with its own rhythm and feel: March, Strathspey, Reel, Jig, from slowest to fastest. As the set of tunes progressed the fiddler would go faster and faster. This traditional fiddling uses a violin, but not played as a classical instrument with dulcet tones and a wide range of volume, but instead uniformly loud and often scratchy.

Step dancing is distinguished by keeping the feet close to the floor, moving rapidly, while the body is held loose and relaxed, hands at the sides.

Thus the entire ceilidh is a highly stylized performance, which requires a good deal of experience to appreciate fully. As old-fashioned classical music buffs, we were bothered by the audience making whoops and hollers that interfered with our listening. Others in the audience were noisy, too, but none of it seemed to bother the performers. Probably it's the custom to be casual.

We would certainly urge anyone who loves music and dance to go to a Cape Breton ceilidh. The experience is very intense and beautiful, and represents a highly developed art form. We can't say we'd become fans and regular attendees, but we're probably set in our musical tastes!

## July 21 - Entering Prince Edward Island

We spent four days touring Prince Edward Island (PEI), and each day added new understanding. PEI is a very popular vacation destination -- with Canadians, with Americans, and with Japanese -- and we wanted to learn why. We took the ferry from Caribou, Nova Scotia to Wood Islands, PEI. The ride over is free; you pay when you leave. The fellow in the car behind us was from Halifax, and was going over to play in a soccer tournament. He was sure we'd like "Spud Island." He said you used to wait as much as five hours, watching several ferries go back and forth, before you got to the front of the line and board. But now the bridge is done, and the ferry is much less crowded. We boarded the next boat and were across the Northumberland Strait in less than an hour.

PEI is full of prosperous farms and comfortable homes on lovely country roads. We saw plenty of fields, mostly hay, potatoes, and oats, and many small herds of cattle.

The houses on our road were trim and well-painted, with manicured lawns. There were signs for B&Bs, inns, restaurants and many gift and craft shops.

We stopped in Montague, where we ate in a very nice luncheonette on the main street, and then headed for the red brick museum. Many of our pleasant unexpected experiences have taken place in these small museums; this was no exception. Four young ladies were busily engaged guiding visitors through the former post office and custom house. We joined a family of five from Ontario on the first floor tour, which covered the history of the area over the past 150 or so years.

Our young guide quizzed us in the corner labeled What Is It? with lots of strange-looking tools and objects. We all got the lead molds for shot and sinkers, but noone could identify the collar to keep a pig from poking his head through the fence. Most surprisingly, noone could identify the Canadian flag in use before the red and white maple leaf was adopted about 1965. A small room devoted to a local physician became personal when our young guide explained that this doctor had delivered her grandparents, parents, aunts and uncles, usually on the portable operating table he carried with him. Upstairs another young lady showed us photos and artifacts from Montague's

shipbuilding history, which extended into the twentieth century. All four guides were most enthusiastic about their town and its history.

After lunch we headed straight for Charlottetown, the capital, where we are staying in a comfortable hotel overlooking the harbor. We unpacked and then walked through the downtown area, noticing quite a few stores featuring souvenirs about Anne of Green Gables - but more about that later. Charlottetown was the site of the first meeting, in 1864, between government leaders in the British colonies of Upper Canada (Ontario), Lower Canada (Quebec), New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, and Newfoundland. They brought their families to holiday on the beautiful Island, which now calls itself the birthplace of Confederation.

**July 22 - Circumnavigating PEI**

Today we deliberately set out for a long day exploring the island. One could easily stretch this into two or three days, with more time for stops. Our first impression was that all the lawns on PEI were mown yesterday. Everything was trim and tidy. PEI is shaped like a crescent moon, with lots of harbors and bays, and stretches 140 miles from tip to tip. With about 140,000 people, PEI is the mostly densely populated Canadian province. There is no wilderness here. And no moose. But we did buy a box of fresh local strawberries, sweet and bursting with juice.

There is a special certificate for tourists who visit both tips of the crescent, so we headed first for the lighthouse at East Point and picked up the ribbon proving we were there.

Then we headed south down the coast to Souris, which is the French word for mouse. It seems the French were generally unsuccessful in settling PEI, or Ile St. Jean, as they called it. France granted the island to a succession of noblemen starting in 1604, but it was not until 1720 that the first 250 settlers landed, and by the time it was sacked by the British in 1745, there were still fewer than 500 inhabitants. Some of the many difficulties faced by the settlers were the spring invasions of their crops by columns of field mice who multiplied in the forests under the winter snows. The mice were so thick they pushed each other into the rivers and the drowned bodies slowed the passage of ships; hence the name Souris.

In Murray Harbour, we noticed that the town fathers had fastened flower baskets to all the power poles. We wondered how the linespeople would feel about climbing around the flower basket. Also do the birds on top of the pole fertilize the flowers?

We went to see Buffalo Park, where the guidebooks had promised we'd see herds of buffalo and deer. But this Provincial park was abandoned, with no sign or explanation of what had happened. We did see a wild turkey along the road, though.

We stopped for lunch at the Andrew McPhail homestead. Sir Andrew, who lived from 1864 to 1938, was a doctor, pathologist, horticulturist, professor, editor, and army major, who extolled the country life and gave a great impetus to Island agriculture through his work. When we arrived we were the only visitors, and were seated on the glassed-in porch of his comfortable home, and were served fish cakes and Boston beans, peasant lunch with home baked bannock. After lunch we toured the home, which is furnished as it was at his death, and admired the gardens and forests where he carried on some of his experiments. Having this beautiful estate virtually to ourselves contrasted markedly with the crowds we were to see the next day.

As in Newfoundland, the PEI railroad is no more. It had been laid at great expense after confederation, and is now the cross-island hiking and biking trail, part of the future Cross Canada Trail. We headed west through Charlottetown and Kensington. The hour was getting late, so we passed up the Potato Museum, alas! We did see a farmer with his trotting horse.

We saw lots of bicycle riders and walkers, and even a procession of six horses and buggies. We are always noticing yards which are filled with painted wooden boys and girls and animals and boats and lighthouses, etc., but in Roseville we saw a pair of plaster-of-paris hands, about eighteen inches high, among the other lawn decorations. Presumably praying for the safety of the other creatures in the yard. Here's a beautifully decorated church gate:


Soon we had reached the other tip of the crescent, at the North Cape Lighthouse, where the Coast Guard is conducting experiments on wind powered aids to navigation. Bob was reminded that he had studied the same issue for the USCG in 1959, determining that it was not economically feasible at the time. But our interest was in showing our ribbon and receiving our certificates attesting that we had been from one end of the island to the other.

PEI is a thriving province, with primary income derived from tourism, farming, and fishing, and with an even larger income from food processing and manufacturing industries. In the words of one of our readers, it's the kind of place you would take your mother to.

**July 23 – Anne of Green Gables**

First thing this morning we headed north to Cavendish, where we would find Prince Edward Island National Park, and in which we would find Green Gables, the PEI farmhouse where Anne Shirley lived in Anne of Green Gables, the beloved children's book by Lucy Maud Montgomery.

We found an aspect of Atlantic Canada we had not seen previously--touristville! The government created the national park in 1937, partly to preserve the beaches and dunes,

and partly to ensure that the home and surrounding areas so precisely described in the books would be preserved for future visitors, and the visitors have arrived, in droves.

We drove northeast from Charlottetown (stopping once at a very nice yarn store) and as we approached Green Gables we encountered inns and restaurants and golf courses and water slides and miniature golf and craft shops and art galleries and cafes and tea shoppes and B&Bs and bumper cars and playgrounds and visitor centers and bigger and bigger parking lots, so we knew we were getting close. At last we were there, and Elsa went in alone.

Bob wasn't the only male who waited more or less patiently while his wife joined dozens of girls and women (and a few younger, more liberated men) exploring the house. There were men waiting everywhere: in the parking lot, on benches outside the visitors' center, and on lawns and benches inside the park. Men, looking sheepish, were submitting to their wives' cameras in front of the front door. They packed the gift shop. They all had that special patient, slightly bored expression of a man who is doing something really nice and special for his womenfolk but who can't really understand what the fuss is all about.

A short video reminded visitors of specific locations described in the book, notably the house, the haunted wood and lovers lane; the audience was composed of 7 - 14-year-old girls and their families. Programs are presented in French and English. We had heard

about the phenomenon of crowds of Japanese tourists making special trips, and our hotel flies both the American and Japanese flags. There were certainly lots of Asian visitors, mostly young couples, but most noticeable were the girls of all countries and races, pulling their parents to hurry to The House.

Parks Canada has provided a dignified and charming exhibit. The house is beautifully furnished with items of the 1880-1900 period, and has marked several self-guiding trails through the woods and along the river. For a fan, it must have been a dream come true. Here's the gate to the haunted wood:

However, commercialism was more apparent than in other Parks Canada areas. The gift shop offered Anne coasters and mouse pads and little statues and doll-type objects, ceramic thimbles and bells, collector spoons and tote bags. All of Montgomery's books were available, as were videos of the series (Was there any literary criticism? Bob asked later. There wasn't.)

There is Anne of Green Gables merchandise for sale just about everywhere in PEI. And with a few exceptions, such as note paper, the quality was disappointing. There were cheaply and hurriedly manufactured dolls with crudely painted faces, rag dolls looking more like Raggedy Ann than Green Gables Anne, except for the red yarn braids, and so on. Like Walt Disney's Pooh, the more recent portrayals of Anne are from the television series, and don't seem to be connected in any meaningful way with the original books.

Perhaps Anne, like so many other children's literature characters, simply doesn't translate well to Stuff.

Somebody, somewhere is surely now planning Harry Potter Land, complete with a broomstick ride and Mugglesville and special Humbug candies for sale in the gift shop. It ought to be in England, perhaps approximately where Hogwarts School of Magic might be located. We surely hope they don't stuff the gift shop full of junk. A few good wands, some excellent broomsticks, a cape of very fine cloth, perhaps an elixir or two -- that would be right. Leave the other stuff for muggles' sleight of hand stores.

Leaving the park, we continued past even more tourist sights: ice cream stores and Ripley's Believe it or Not! Museum, The Enchanted Lands amusement park, The Great Island Science and Adventure Park, Rainbow Valley with water slide, The Royal Atlantic Wax Museum, the Sandspit Amusement Park, and Lucy Maude Montgomery's Cavendish Home.

In order to recover, we wandered along back roads past farms and meadows, where the Islanders were going about their regular chores, until we had put many miles between us and Green Gables. We wish to report that as always, tourist centers include good restaurants: fresh mussels with poached pears in a blue cheese sauce are amazingly tasty!

**July 24 – From PEI to Halifax**

We drove along the coast west from Charlettetown on the Blue Heron Trail and saw no blue herons this morning. No moose either. But the farms and flowers and forests and red cliffs and blue sea are beautiful, and we took our time.

We had read that one could see a movie about the construction of the Confederation Bridge. The Gateway Visitors Centre consists of six or eight buildings, with restaurants, gift shops, antique shops, ice cream shops, clothing stores, a liquor store, and so on. The whole place was wall to wall people. We parked in some overflow lot a couple blocks away and waited to cross the street through the heavy traffic. It seemed that every vehicle coming off the bridge was heading for the Gateway Centre.

Inside we excuse-me'd and beg-pardoned and sidestepped through the people and asked the girl at the desk about the movie. It was a good thing, too, because she brought us over to one of several TV screens and pushed some buttons and started the film. It was excellent. The bridge was built from 1995-1997. The piers and roadway strips, weighing hundreds of tons, were precast on land. A special heavy-lift vessel was built to place the pieces of the bridge accurately, with the aid of a differential GPS system. The piers have conical bases to cause the ice in the Northumberland Strait to slide up and break apart, preventing the bridge from being packed in ice. After the pieces were added, a special post-tensioning system was used to tighten them in place to prevent the concrete from cracking. The winning bidder contracted to build the bridge and maintain and operate it for 35 years. (Still, there were crews on the roadway in 2000 repairing the road surface.)

We never did fully understand the reasons for the crowds at the Gateway Centre. The taxes are a little lower than New Brunswick or Nova Scotia; PEI is a popular tourist destination, and lots of people wanted a souvenir; some people wanted to get the latest tourist literature. Perhaps our best guess was that people were a little nervous about driving across this high (60 meters at the highest) long (13 kilometers) marvel, and so they stopped to release their white knuckles! We enjoyed the ride, except for the one-way traffic where the roadway was being resurfaced, and then quickly sped along freeways to Halifax.

The parade of tall ships had left Halifax Harbour about noon on the 24th; the spectators followed, so as we approached the city the roads were crowded with outbound traffic. We had been unable to get a hotel room within 100 miles of the city - - should have planned months in advance. Seeing the traffic, we were happy we had chosen Prince Edward Island for the duration of the ships' visit.

We are happy to be in a real city after several months in rural Canada. Although Halifax is only about 100,000 people, it is clearly the most important and interesting city in eastern Canada. After getting unpacked we wandered down the block (we're just south of the Citadel) and found an Italian deli next door to a wine shop; we enjoyed watching the university students with their magenta hair, and listening to women discuss the relative merits of various balsamic oils. The hotel knows its business, we have a spacious and comfortable mini-suite at a reasonable price, and a glorious view of the harbor.

**July 25 – Peggy's Cove and Lunenburg**

We headed south on the Lighthouse Route which follows the convoluted bays and coves off the Atlantic Coast of Nova Scotia. It was a pretty drive through small towns and coastal villages. The guide books told us we would love Peggy's Cove: a lovely lighthouse set on a windswept shore with bare rocks and the beautiful ocean, with a tiny and picturesque fishing village. We imagined the lonely vista of the rugged and breathtaking coast, with only the sound of a few seabirds and the sigh of the sea breeze to greet us.

Wrong. Because of its beauty (the most photographed) everyone and his or her cousin was there! There were at least three guys in Tourism Nova Scotia T-shirts trying to sort out the parking in the wholly inadequate lot at the town limits. The winding path through the picturesque village was filled with men, women, children, fifth wheels, motorhomes, cars, everyone with a camera busily making this the most photographed place. One man who was clearly overcome by it all had set up his tripod in front of a private house and was photographing one single rose. As we neared the restaurant-cum-gift shop, we counted six tour buses.


We struggled on to see the lighthouse; people were crawling around like ants.

Forget lonely and stark beauty.  This was a crowd scene.  We absolutely think it would be great in the off-season without the hordes of tourists, but today we were put off and tramped back to the parking lot and drove on.

We drove all around big peninsulas and all around big bays, seeing lots of charming and well-settled coastal towns with both fishing and pleasure boats until finally we reached Lunenberg.  This is another town well-described in the guide books, and although it too was crowded, we didn't mind so much because there was lots to see.  While the largest of the tall ships were off on their race to Amsterdam, several had made port in Lunenberg and the crowds were spread over several hundred yards of wharves looking at the ships and talking to the crews.

We looked at the Grand Nellie, Picton Castle, Larinda, Harvey Gamage,  Ernestina, Lettie G. Howard, Sherman Zwicker, and Misty Isles.

Some were allowing visitors aboard while others were closed in preparation for the next leg of their voyages.

In addition, private sailing ships of various kinds had come for the fun.  During the time we were there, one of the school ships set out to sea, with just about everybody waving.

We've been kidding each other about the Bluenose, a beautiful Grand Banks fishing schooner. Many years ago Bob had labored nights and weekends for several months building a model of the Bluenose. In the course of moving from one place to another, it had gradually gotten dinged and battered, and eventually we gave it away. But Elsa continued to blame herself (unreasonably) for the damage. And every time the Bluenose is mentioned, she (again unreasonably) blushes and apologizes. As we've been visiting museums talking about fishing and sailing, we've been seeing more and more references to the Bluenose, and in Lunenberg, where the ship was built, it seemed that that was all they talked about. The Bluenose had been undefeated in the races of the fishing schooners to and from the Grand Banks, thereby being first to get its fish to market. But it was sold and eventually died after some years in the Caribbean coastal trade. Then in a passion of civic pride and historic reconstruction, the shipwrights of Lunenberg took on a civic project to rebuild the ship; this was finished in the 1970s, and the Bluenose II is now one of the floating ships attached to the magnificent Fisheries Museum of the Atlantic in Lunenberg. We watched a fifteen minute movie about the history of the Bluenose. It's safe to say that the Bluenose and Bluenose II are to Canada what the Eagle is to the United States - a great source of national pride.

The Fisheries Museum is probably the best of the fisheries and shipping museums we have seen in the Maritime Provinces. We could have spent the day happily prowling the exhibits, talking with the retired fishermen who teach netmaking and lobster-trap building and spin yarns about the old days on the fishing trawler. This is one of our must see recommendations.

Although Lunenberg is not much more than 50 miles by sea from Halifax, it is a very long drive by the Lighthouse Route, and it was after 7:00 p.m. by the time we returned to Halifax.

**July 27 - The Busy End of Nova Scotia**

We drove south to Yarmouth and had lunch overlooking the harbor, where the sleek ferry to Bar Harbor, Maine was preparing to get underway. The restaurant had a typical Acadian dish called Rappie Pie on the menu, and Elsa elected to be adventurous. Later on we saw a recipe for Rapure, or Rappie Pie, in an Acadian cookbook. Take a whole lot of potato and onions, ground up with salt pork, eggs and pork fat and bake until there's a crust on top and kind of a hot jelly-like substance inside. In this case, there were some pieces of chicken, too. Bob had to sample this dish also, as Elsa didn't consume her entire portion. This was certainly an unusual dish. Adventurous readers may wish to try it.

After lunch we drove north along the Evangeline Trail. Many French settlers returned to Nova Scotia after the Acadian expulsion, and they generally settled in this area, along the French Shore. We noted more French names on the mailboxes, several lovely old French churches, and lots of homes flying the Acadian Flag, Stella Maris (the French colors, with a gold star in the corner of the blue band.) There are many fishing villages, and several of the larger towns have fish processing plants.

We saw quite a few houses with front entries similar to those in St. Pierre and Miquelon: the tambours. Our friend Austin wrote us that "the reason for a certain number of windows in a tambour that protrudes onto the sidewalk is so that a view down the street and sidewalk is not obscured in either direction. This greatly benefits pedestrian and vehicular traffic because the former have to step out into the street to pass by the tambour. If the windows should ice up overnight you shouldn't be out in the street anyway!" So now we are seasoned travelers and look at the architecure and say, "Oh, ho! Tambour! Just like St. Pierre. Must be French influence." It's dangerous how a little knowledge can turn ordinary travelers into know-it-alls!

Despite the presence of bacon and rappie pie and ham sandwiches, we have yet to see a pig. Bob thinks they are all in huge pig factory farms hidden from the view of tourists; Elsa believes the pigs are hiding in the woods with the moose.

We stopped at an Acadian church, which we've photographed. This is a lovely, light and airy church, with no stained glass but lots of murals, some of which are being restored. They were originally painted way back in the 1960s, oils on plasterboard, and the painting is separating from its backing. In the corner a grotto holds a life-sized statue of the Virgin Mary; these stones are wood painted to look stone-like, which gives the whole assembly the air of an illustration in a picture book. The guide insists one of the "stones" is real stone, but they haven't told him which one yet because he is too inexperienced a guide.

We haven't gone into many of the Acadian restorations, partly because we are planning to visit the Acadian Village in New Brunswick, and partly because we are planning to get to French-speaking Quebec before the summer is over.

We stopped at the Visitors Center in the town of Bear River, on the river of the same name. It is known as The City Built on Stilts, and is a Swiss-German settlement in origin. It is quite picturesque, and wasn't overrun by summer visitors. We learned that people from all over the world come to Bear River, because it is the site of a purely biological sewage treatment facility. We viewed a video which explained the workings of the system. A large greenhouse accepts solid and liquid waste which is moved through a series of tanks. Bacteria are added, plants are grown hydroponically, fertilized by the sewage. At the end of the cycle, the water passes Nova Scotia standards for treated water. The whole process takes less than two days! Of course Bear River is a small community, and this process will be more difficult to implement on a massive scale. More information is available on the Internet at http://www.wvda.com/westnova/bearriver.html

Again we had some personal business to attend to; we resume our narrative in Halifax after several days hiatus.

**July 31 through August 4 -- Halifax**

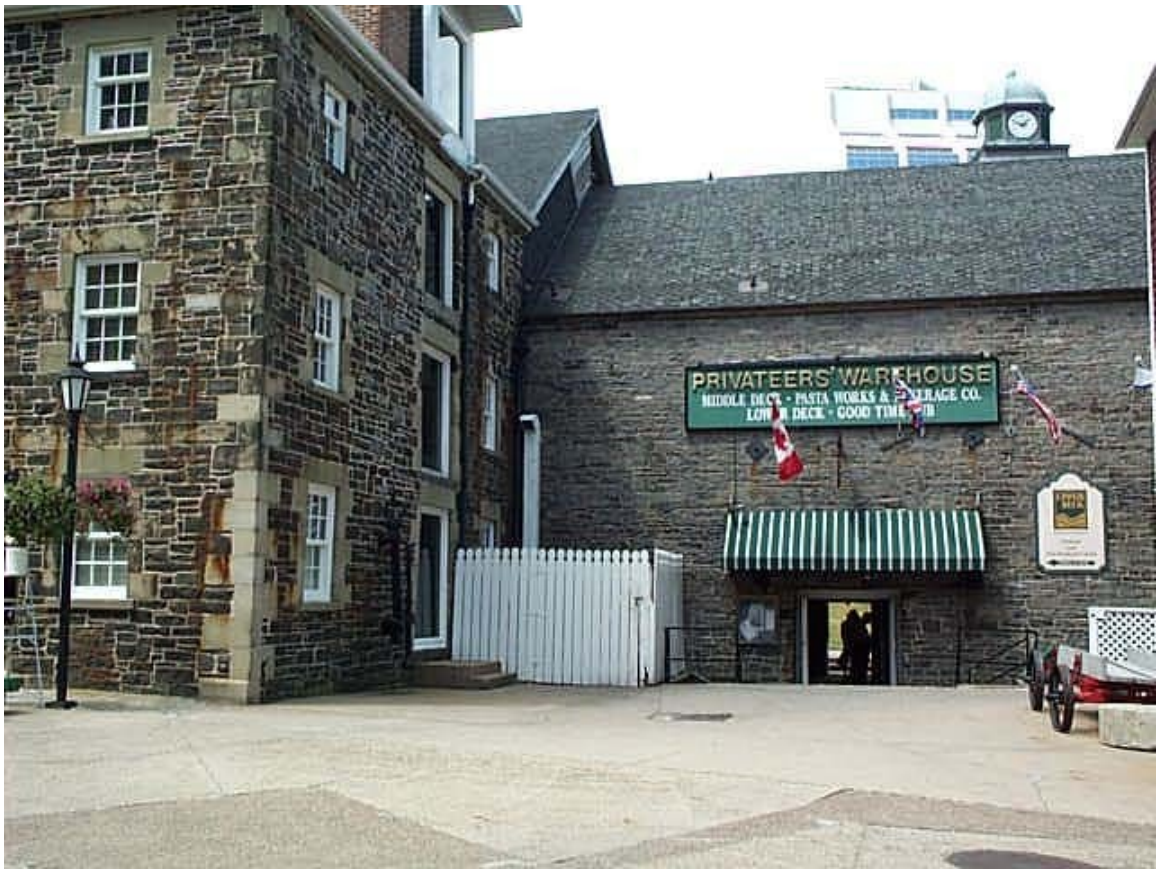
Summer and the tourists (somehow this seems to exclude full-time travellers like us) have arrived in Halifax. A large cruise ship and a small cruise ship have been seen, and a couple of bus tours have arrived, along with Slow Pitch Finalist contestants and their parents. However, this fascinating city absorbs us all easily.

Just up the hill from our hotel is the town clock, which is a great building.

Behind the clock, way up the hill, is the Citadel, a National Historic Site featuring a living history display and various military exhibits including the noontime firing of the cannon every day. We stood at the top of the hill and gazed at the city and its busy harbor, filled with ships - freighters, sailboats, Navy ships, ferries, fishing boats, cruise boats - - it's the biggest Canadian harbor we've seen yet.

We took two long walks down the hill to the waterfront area. Armed with a map and walking tour from the Visitors Center, we strolled past 19th century buildings which had survived the devastating explosion and fire which virtually leveled Halifax in 1917. The building facades, though weather worn, are some of the most intriguing we've seen, because of their variety: lots of decoration, variations in style and ornament from one building to its next-door neighbor.

Several blocks of buildings have been turned into shopping arcades, named The Historic Properties, with lovely brick walls and many twists in the corridors.




Of course, there are lots of restaurants and pubs.  On a nice sunny afternoon we strolled the boardwalk to the casino where we contributed yet more money on behalf of our friends.

Here's a snap of Theodore, the waterfront playground for children--tiny tots recognized the tugboat from far away!

Our return walk took us through the Pedway, an elevated glassed-in walkway connecting major buildings for several blocks. This makes climbing the hill much easier, especially since there were four escalators along the way!

Wednesday night we went to a performance of the Lionel Bart musical Oliver! The company started out in the U.K., and has relocated to Canada, and the cast included some local children. The theater was just three short blocks from our hotel; everything is conveniently close. We were particularly pleased to see so many families in the audience.

Thursday we returned to the waterfront, where the Buskers Festival is beginning. Buskers are street musicians and entertainers, fully rigged with trampolines, unicycles, juggling and tumbling stuff, and other props. For ten days they will appear, from mid-morning till late night, at several stages along the waterfront.

We stopped at the post office to mail some packages and buy stamps. The clerk recognized us from the day before, and chatted a while. He gave us PAR AVION / AIR MAIL stickers, because he says the USPS might not recognize that the mail from Canada should go by air. The Canada Post offices have even more stuff to sell then the USPS including pens, wireless phones, lots of coins and commemorative packages. They have the same trouble as USPS getting all the good stamps, though.

The huge cruise ship left port, and a nice small cruise ship came in; it was the Grande Mariner, which makes a series of one- and two-week cruises in the Great Lakes, Eastern Canada and the U.S., and the Caribbean. With space for 98 passengers, it was less awesome than the big cruise liner.

Then it was on to the Halifax art museum. Maud Lewis was the Grandma Moses for Nova Scotia. We'd seen some books, notecards, calendars and so on at various places throughout our travels--childlike paintings of farm and countryside scenes, decorations like hearts and trees, all quite colorful and primitive. The Art Gallery of Nova Scotia contains a Maud Lewis room which tells The Rest of the Story. She was born in rural Nova Scotia in 1903. Very small, born with almost no chin, she was quite shy and probably painted because it was something she could do all alone. She married Ernest Lewis, a fish peddler, and lived with him in a tiny house. After her death, the tiny house, by now almost completely covered with brightly colored decorations and paintings, began to deteriorate. Several years ago it was moved into this art gallery, where it sits in one side of one of the gallery rooms (it is really quite small!). You can see more about Maud Lewis and her paintings at http://www.agns.ednet.ns.ca/mlpaintings.htm and associated pages.

The Maritime Command Museum has been created in the former British Admiralty House. It hasn't housed an admiral since Canadian confederation, although it has seen duty as a hospital and officers quarters. In keeping with the old nautical tradition (if it moves salute it, if it doesn't move, paint it), the house has a thick shell of paint, and has received a lot of loving care. It's full of stuff, on four floors, with lots of mockups and story boards. You could easily spend an afternoon there. There is a moving account of the Halifax explosion of 1917, when the French munitions ship Mont Blanc left her anchorage outside the harbor to join a convoy just as the Norwegian ship Imo headed out for New York. The resulting collision led to explosions and fire as ammunition and fuel on board both ships ignited. The explosion killed more than 1,700 people and injured more than 4,000, as well as destroying most of the buildings from the waterfront through residential areas.

In addition, the museum has displays of uniforms, grog, nautical equipment, ships' bells, silver, gifts from foreign navies, swords, cutlasses and dirks, china, naval engagements (with loss of seamen) communications, models, Navy band instruments, paintings, Wrens, ensigns and pennants, medals and paraphernalia, letters from royalty, a variety of souvenirs, and, off in one small room, a separate museum of the Halifax police force, which must have lost its museum space sometime!

The commissionaire, a retired Canadian Navy steward, kept Elsa entertained with sea stories while Bob carefully examined all the Navy stuff with interest.

Pier 21 was the immigration terminal in Halifax from 1928 to 1972. It has recently been made over to a museum, commemorating the million immigrants that passed through its doors, generally moving on by train to western Canada. Most interesting to us were the tape recordings and movies of Pier 21 immigrants and immigration workers. But just like

immigration to the U.S., immigration to Canada has gone through wild swings over the years, as different ethnic groups sought to enter the country and were welcomed or denied. An understanding of a country's immigration requires a study of the immigration statistics and changing policy over the years. So while the flow of immigrants through Pier 21 tapered off, this was because more immigrants were arriving by air and to west coast ports. We felt this museum left us with as many questions unanswered as answered.

Friday afternoon we drove around the city some more, admiring Dalhousie University and its impressive buildings (Bob remembers that it used to have a first rate math department), as well as the lovely Public Gardens. Halifax is a fascinating city to visit, dominated by its large and active waterfront, and we look forward to a return visit.

**August 4 – Halifax to Miramichi**

We had planned to drive directly from Halifax to Quebec, but we looked at the guide books and decided to make one more stop in New Brunswick. A most intriguing attraction, Le Pays de Sagouine, beckoned. The literature describes this as a fictional village on an imaginary island where the Acadians gather to celebrate life with humor, music and theater. The characters are based on those created by a local author, Antonine Maillet. Maillet wrote many novels set in the region around Bouctouche, New Brunswick at the beginning of the century; one of them won the Prix Goncourt, a prestigious French literary award.

We bought our tickets and learned that we had time for lunch before the first afternoon performances. We sampled the traditional Acadian recipes (but avoided rappie pie.) Fricot is a hearty soup of chicken, dumplings, potatoes, turnips and carrots--why, it tasted like Brunswick stew, we said, and then gazed at each other in amazement and giggled. Does anyone know if Brunswick stew is indeed named after New Brunswick?

The smoked mackerel was served like smoked salmon, with onions and those big capers and sour cream. Delicious. For main dishes we tried a meat pie, whose Acadian name we forget, and Poutine a l'Acadie, which was quite remarkable. It is a potato ball stuffed with cut up pork and boiled. They served two of these on a plate for luncheon, each about the size of a (shelled) coconut. One of them was cut in half. It looked just like a geode, with a pale translucent white exterior and a sparkling pink interior. And it felt a little like a geode in the stomach -- solid and permanent. We were directed to try eating the geodes with salt or, in the alternative, with brown sugar or maple syrup. We elected the maple syrup, and found that it was quite tasty either with maple syrup or just salt. Please note that this Poutine a l'Acadie is not to be confused with plain poutine, which is a very popular Montreal dish consisting of french fries, crumbled cheese (jack or mozzarella) smothered in brown gravy. Probably these heavy dishes originated to satisfy the voracious appetites of lumberjacks in wintertime.

After this filling repast we welcomed the long walk down the hill and across the boardwalk to the island, Ile-aux-Puces (Flea Island.)

The next program was to occur at 14 h (2:00 p.m.) On the island were several replicas of fishing village buildings, with some people in period costumes, but it was, for us, too difficult to hear over the loud noise of a chanteuse with a folk-rock accompaniment. Also, we didn't understand the dialect. Neither of us is a fan of pop music, though Elsa is more tolerant, but even she didn't think the singer had much of a voice.

After about ten minutes the singer was done, and the first of three fifteen-minute monologues began, featuring Sullivan the fisherman. These monologues were all in Chiak, which is what the French Canadians call the modern Acadian dialect. Now Elsa was a French Lit major, and has managed to converse pretty easily with the French during our trips to Europe, but she could only catch about one-third of what Sullivan was saying, even though we had a list of special Acadian expressions. Bob can read mathematical French, so he was trying the immersion technique (if he listened to it maybe magically he would be able to understand it) and he got perhaps ten or fifteen percent. So this was hard work. We didn't laugh at the jokes. In fact very few people did.

The second monologue (Olympe, a woman who had left Canada for Louisiana, talked about Mardi Gras and how different the Cajuns are from the Acadians) was a little easier to follow, but not much. These were supposed to be funny speeches in dialect, and we were relieved to note that a lot of the French speakers in the audience couldn't understand

the Chiak, either. All told we struggled for forty-five minutes to understand these monologues. Then they went back to more Acadian folk-rock music and we got up and left.

Our biggest gripe was that none of the brochures and tourist write-ups for Le Pays de Sagouine told the truth, that these plays were written in a humorous but very hard to understand French dialect. That might have warned us away, since neither one of us is fluent in French. We do not recommend this attraction for English-speakers. The ticket-taker asked if we could at least understand a little French. If our antennae had been out, we would have picked up the cue and said no, thank you and passed on the humorous Acadian monologues, but we took her literally. We did understand a little French; Elsa a lot.

So, after our little stop to listen to the Acadian language, we decided our initial plan to drive straight from Halifax to the Gaspe was the right one. Still searching, unsuccessfully, for moose, we passed up the Brussels Sprouts Festival at Rogersville and hurried on to Quebec, after a feverish night in Miramichi dreaming of incomprehensible Acadian jokes.

**August 6 and 7. Entering the Gaspe**

Note: we're not going to use French accents in this book because they seriously interfere with email programs. So you'll just have to imagine the diacritical marks.

Bob's parents loved to visit the Gaspe peninsula of Quebec. They told about driving on rough roads, from one isolated, primitive fishing village to the next, sharing basic foods with locals, fishing and rock hunting and generally exploring a remote and beautiful region. But the new highways have changed all that, just as they did in Newfoundland and Labrador.

From a pristine wilderness for hunting and fishing, the Gaspe has become a popular French Canadian family vacation destination. Gone are many of the hotels and summer homes for a few rich outdoorsmen; in their place are campgrounds, miniature golf, and lots of swimming beaches and motels.

We followed highway 11 to the very tip of the Baie de Chaleurs (Warm Water Bay, as named by Cartier) and entered French Canada at Matapedie, Quebec. Apparently this is an uncommon point of entry, for there was no provincial visitor center as we crossed the border. But we found a regional center at Pointe-a-la-Croix, across the river from Campbellton, N.B.

A car with Quebec plates followed us into the parking lot and waited impatiently for us to close the doors so they could use the adjacent spot, even though there were many empty parking places beyond the next parked car. Out popped a family of four, and the two children ran screaming through the one-room tourist center without any parental

supervision. Bob was ready to blame the Quebecers until he saw the father's signature in the guest book. They came from Paris!

So our opinion of the Canadians remains extremely high. Whether they speak English or French or both, they are very nice, and quite courteous to visitors. [Except possibly when they get behind the wheel of a car, see later.]

The Visitor Center was a most important stop. It turns out the Province of Quebec sent us very little detailed tourist information; what we got was a provincial map, a list of hotels and motels, and a broad overview of sightseeing in the province. The book didn't even explain that one should go to the Visitor Center for each region (such as the Gaspe) to get a detailed visitor handbook for that region, along with a detailed tourist map for that region. Thus armed, and with a bonus of a zillion handout flyers for hotels, restaurants, boutiques and attractions en route, we set out counterclockwise around the peninsula. It turns out we chose the better direction, as most tourists come from Montreal or Quebec City and proceed clockwise.

There is a National Historic Site commemorating the Battle of the Ristigouche in 1760. The English destroyed one of the three French ships and the French scuttled the other two. And that was it. Archaeologists have dug up pieces of one of the two scuttled ships from the bottom of the bay. Unfortunately, the Visitor Center is too small, and many of the exhibits are not identified with signs. The guided tours are available in English and French, but most of the visitors are French speakers, so we really didn't learn too much more. There was another busful of tourists pouring in as we left.

We're trying to be good visitors and appreciate Quebec in French, but it's not always that easy. As soon as they see the incomprehension on Bob's face, many of the natives switch to their English.

When we stopped for lunch, we learned our first piece of Canadian French. Unlike France, in Canada the three meals are dejeuner, repas, and supper. Also, we had forgotten that Quebec is on Eastern Time, so even though we had headed east after leaving New Brunswick (which is on Atlantic Time), we had to set our watch an hour earlier. So when the waiter reasonably asked us if we wanted dejeuner, we said oui, and received a menu featuring eggs and bacon. Eventually we got straightened out.

Why was the traffic heading west bumper-to-bumper? There was a mixture of sedans, pickups, SUVs, campers and motorcycles. Oh, yes, the Visitor Center had told us about the annual Maximum Blues Festival in Carleton. In about half an hour we had reached that town, where the tents were still set up on the beach. They had had 75 different bands over five days!

We kept on driving until we had left the festival traffic behind, and stopped at Bonaventure, another Acadian town settled by some of those French colonists who would not sign the loyalty oath and were then forced out of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick after 1755.

Next morning, laundry day took Elsa to the local camping park near the beach, where she found a well-provisioned, orderly, but full campground where the local laundromat is located. She strolled to the beach across a stretch of fine sand to the pebbly water's edge. Although Cartier thought and others think the water of the Baie des Chaleurs is warm, Elsa can attest from her wisdom and knowledge of the waters of the Gulf of Mexico, that the Baie des Chaleurs is merely not icy. It's all relative. Meanwhile Bob read in the paper that the vacancy rate in the motels on the peninsula has gone up; one explanation was the increase in vacationers at the campgrounds.

We started east along the shore. We found a stand that sold 'framboises' and got a box of raspberries. In Hope we were directed to take a 0.8 km hike to Pointe-aux-Corbeaux to see the rock on the beach with the hole in it.

We also spotted a puffin. But this was not so spectacular after we'd seen Hopewell Rocks on the Bay of Fundy. Also, it was noticeable that the nearby 'amusement park,' consisting of tennis and basketball courts, miniature golf, baseball diamond and playground, was virtually deserted on a fine summer day. The beaches seemed empty, too.

We found another stand that sold 'bluets,' or blueberries. Later on we found some vanilla frozen yogurt and stirred in some of the berries - yummy!

We drove back off the main road; you can't go too far before the roads turn to dirt. We did see two protestant English-speaking churches. After further inquiry we discovered that, although French is the language spoken in all the businesses here, there are people who speak English as their mother tongue and have learned French as a second language. We decided we couldn't think of many places in the world where there were settlements of people who have spoken English since birth, but must learn another language that is dominant in their homeland.

We returned to Bonaventure to visit the Musee acadien du Quebec. The permanent exhibit repeated a lot of what we had learned in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and PEI about the Acadian expulsions, migrations and resettlements. Because the Acadians were forced to leave their homeland (which they could have avoided by signing a loyalty oath and agreeing to fight for the British) they seem like victims in the eyes of their descendants. The sad part is the continuing tension between anglophones and francophones in Canada.

The temporary exhibit was especially interesting. It was a postcard exhibit of the Gaspe. What made it work was an excellent curator, as usual. The postcards told the story of the discovery of the Gaspe by wealthy Americans and Canadians at the turn of the century as a fabulous hunting and fishing retreat. Luxury hotels and summer villas were built in the twenties, and a few well-to-do outdoorsmen shared the secret of a fabulous sporting paradise. Gradually, as railroads were built and roads improved, the Gaspe became more and more accessible. It fell out of favor with the wealthy sportsmen, and became more of a family vacation destination. This story is nicely explained both by the pictures on the postcards and by the writing on the backs. As recently as 1939 a postcard shows a local lady standing by the side of the road, where a bake oven has been erected. She is withdrawing a high loaf of freshly baked bread and placing it in a glassed-in compartment for sale to passing motorists.

By 1995, over 100,000 tourists yearly visit the Gaspe peninsula; instead of rich Americans, over 80% of the visitors are from Quebec. We can certainly corroborate this information, as we have seen lots of French-speaking young couples and families. So the Gaspe has changed a lot since the twenties, and has even changed a lot since Bob's folks visited in the fifties and sixties. Bob's dad was an avid fisherman then, but now the salmon fishing is nowhere near as good.

**August 8 and 9 -- To Gaspe**

As we set off from Bonaventure, on a foggy morning, we noted that many of the motels seemed less than full, and the traffic was reasonably light on this two-lane road. Even the several miles of road construction was manageable, although the casual approach of the workers to traffic control did lend some excitement. And there was our first really really bad driver who got on our tail - Bob, who was driving, says less than half a car length, at 85 kmh - so Bob just slowed down and let the idiot pass.

The little towns along the road alternated with stretches of woods and gentle seaside scenes.  We ambled along looking for Perce, noted for its artist studios as well as its geography.  Of course we would have welcomed the sight of a moose.

We knew that Perce was different from the other towns on the peninsula because the guide books list twenty or more motels and gites, not counting campgrounds.  The sightseeing attractions include Perce Rock, a giant monolith coming up squarely out of the bay, and the pelagic bird nests on Bonaventure Island, just offshore. We rounded a corner and suddenly there was the town, with people milling around everywhere, RVs and motorcycles and bicycles and trucks with kayaks. We realized it was too much of a crowd scene for us.  So we fled Perce, but not before stopping for photos.

This is the cliffside in Perce, looking like Utah.

This is the famous Perce Rock, through the misty fog.

And this is a lovely view of a cliff top covered with flowers.

If we had not already visited the seabird nesting sites at Witless Bay and Cape St. Marys in Newfoundland, we would have taken the boat trip to Bonaventure Island.

Gaspe is by far the largest city we have seen on the Gaspe peninsula. The huge hospital on top of the hill is visible from far and wide, two shopping centers provide more variety than seen elsewhere, and a boardwalk crosses the downtown part of the city.

We headed out this morning for Forillon National Park, which is located at the tip of the peninsula. This Park was dedicated by Prime Minister Trudeau in the early 1970s. Apart from the music and drama festivals in the region, Forillon is possibly the main single attraction, featuring beaches, boat cruises to view birds and possibly seals and whales, some farm buildings preserved from the early twentieth century, with guides in period costumes, and a collection of hiking and backpacking trails. The weather was overcast and threatening to rain, so we didn't take any long trips.

At a Recreation Center in the Park, a school bus load of happy children cavorted in the swimming pool, though the adjacent tennis, volleyball, and shuffleboard courts were empty. The center also had a snack bar and a laundry for the campers in the nearby campground. There were signs for St. Peter's Church, though no write-up in the park literature, nor indications of the correct path; therefore, we decided to investigate. When

we found the Church, it was another English church, judging by the gravestones, but there was no explanatory sign and the Church doors were closed.

The most popular attraction by far was the site which combines the harbor for the whale-watching cruise with the Living History farm.  We enclose a photo of the line of parked cars, which reminded us of the roads near surfing beaches in California!

At the main Visitor Center (again very quiet) we found a satisfactory interpretive display which told a little about the geology, flora, and fauna in the park, the Micmac legend, and the principal activity of the European settlers - cod fishing. Here's the Micmac legend: Great Hare built the Gaspe: He asked for a volunteer to go to the bottom of the sea and

get a grain of sand.  Only Muskrat volunteered; he was gone for a long time and then floated to top, dead, with a grain clutched in his hand.  Great Hare took the grain of sand and built the Gaspe, then Great Hare told the other animals to go off and build themselves their own kind of dwelling places.

We took a short but attractive handicapped-accessible boardwalk trail which introduced the park.  All the signs were in French, English, and Braille, there were samples of rocks to feel, a nice handrail to keep the disabled on the boardwalk, and the wonderful salt air to breathe.  We watched two men loading their small boat with shrimp netting.

We drove a few kilometers along the north shore of the Gaspe Peninsula before returning to our hotel.  We thought some of the communities were very beautiful, with cozy, brightly painted houses.

We guessed that some were summer cottages.  One house in particular, in L'Anse-au-Griffon, caught our attention because of the wooden sculptures all around and climbing up one wall!

But still we were left with more questions than we had when we started out. Why all these English churches in a French-speaking province? We decided to surf the Web when we returned to the Adams Motel in the town of Gaspe. Elsa found an article in an English newspaper, the Montreal Gazette, which answered most of our currrent questions and then some. It seems the Gaspe peninsula was about 50% English-speaking 100 years ago, and 25% English-speaking 30 years ago. In fact the Adams brothers who operated our motel were related to U.S. Presidents John and John Quincy Adams. But after the Province of Quebec passed its language law requiring the use of French, the Gaspe is now 90% French-speaking. Unemployment is high on the Gaspe: 27% for the French, 30% for the English. The result, just as in the other provinces of eastern Canada, is that the bright young graduates are going elsewhere in Canada and the United States. Many of those who were born in the Gaspe still return here to retire.

The article was so helpful to us we have included its Web address so our readers can share its information:
http://www.montrealgazette.com/news/pages/000311/3739926.html. We suggest you go to this web site soon, as most papers do not leave their stories posted on the web for long.

The Quebec language law is still in the courts; a couple of legal issues are the following. Does the requirement that highway advertising signs be in English infringe the free speech of the proprietors of English-speaking businesses? A lower court in Quebec held it does, in October, 1999, and the case is now on appeal. Do francophone Quebecois

have the right to send their children to an anglophone school? The Quebec law provides that only students whose parents were educated in English in Canada may attend an anglophone school. In June, 2000, some francophone parents planned to test this part of the law.

Up the street from the Adams Motel is a large building that we had been unable to identify. The sign reads CEGEP, which is not in our French dictionary. After some researching, Elsa discovered that this stands for College Enseignant General Educational et Professional; it's a junior college, apparently the only institution of higher education on this peninsula with a population of 100,000. It's mentioned in the Montreal Gazette article. Apparently there are still some anglophone students at CEGEP, but all the textbooks in the bookstore are in French.

This question of the Quebec language law is highly political. We recognize that an English-language newspaper in Montreal is not likely to give us a completely unbiased view. We welcome comments from any of our readers who have more information to add about the use of English in Quebec. We have certainly not finished our own research on the subject, but since neither of us is totally fluent in French, we are looking for works written in English that draw on information subject to critical peer review in both languages. Since there are no English-language bookstores in the entire Gaspe peninsula (other than a few newsstands which have English magazines), our research is on hold until we reach a larger city.

We have already found terms for food (poutine, frites, etc.) and dining (dejeuner, repas, souper) which are not standard French but rather Canadian adaptations, or French slang we hadn't seen before. Each day we add a few more words to our francophone Canadian vocabulary: depanneur is not only an auto mechanic but also a convenience store; a barachois is a salt-water lagoon separated from the sea by a strip of sand; a resto is a restaurant. We have added a small French-English dictionary to our maps-and-guides kit.

In the city of Gaspe we found a most attractive restaurant for lunch, with pleasant artwork, tasty sandwiches and a luscious dessert. When we complimented our server, he recommended their main restaurant which we found just a few kilometers outside the city. Le Cafe des Artistes in town is a pleasant small brown wood building near the bridge; Le Cafe des Artistes outside town is an attractive house perched on a hill next to the main road. On one side of the house, three large sails are hoisted on masts to announce the dinner hour. We recommend reservations, although we arrived early and were fortunate to get a table by the window overlooking a lawn and plantings of trees and shrubs.

Our Table d'hote dinner began with a terrine, like a country pate with pistachios for Elsa and snails in a pastry shell served to Bob. We often share our dishes, especially when they're scrumptious, and tonight they were. The waiter picked up on this and asked each of us how we enjoyed both dishes. Our soup was a creamy vegetable soup; the salad had a vinaigrette dressing with fresh crushed local raspberries. The entrees were halibut (fletan) with raspberry sauce and filet mignon covered with goat cheese. The vegetable

bouquet was magnificent: a bed of spaghetti squash, covered with a tomato slice baked with a sprinkle of parmesan, and surrounded by three mushrooms which were actually roast potatoes cut in the shape of mushrooms; a few fresh string beans with a creamy sauce and crumbled bacon; five or six asparagus spears, and a few dark green frizzles of deep-fried spinach. Wow! Dessert was a hot dark chocolate torte, like a little souffle with a small ball of vanilla ice cream. Capuccino and cafe viennois topped off our meal. Tomorrow we must do a lot of exercise and eat like birds.

**August 10 - Along the St. Lawrence**

The morning started foggy and quickly turned to rain. All day our road ran right along the coast, with just a few jogs inland to surmount a hill. By mid-morning the clouds had descended to give a ceiling of about 50 feet, making for continued dense fog just above the coast. As the day wore on, and the weather front moved through, the waves picked up on the Riviere Saint Laurent, as it is called in French. To protect the highway in many places, it was necessary to build a high, thick concrete retaining wall, punctuated with ladders for beach access. When the waves crashed into this wall at high tide, the spray flew up onto the road. "It's very beautiful," said Bob, who likes a rainy day; "I wish it were sunny," countered Elsa. But we agreed that this road along the north shore of the Gaspe peninsula and the south shore of the St. Lawrence was the most beautiful drive on the Gaspe, regardless of the weather.

The wind along the shore is pretty stiff, much of the time, and Canada's most extensive wind power generators can be found on the coast hillsides. We stopped for gas and were nearly blown off our feet! We had planned to visit the Eole Cap Chat, which is a 110 meter high egg-beater-style wind generator. But, as the French-speaking girl at the Visitor Center told us in English, seeing our Texas plates, the tour of the wind generator was cancelled "because of the frog."

The villages along the south shore of the St. Lawrence river (which at this point is so wide we couldn't see land on the other side, and which the locals reasonably call The Sea, since the water is salt and tidal) are charming. Each small town has a population of less than a thousand, an impressive church and a small collection of stores.

Many of the houses are painted in a two-tone color scheme: perhaps the first story will be white and the attic blue, or perhaps the basement and all the porches will be red. In any case, the impression is that the house is painted in two different colors. Bright colors -- yellow, bright blue, pink --are common, and it gives the villages a gay, festive appearance. We've even seen mauve and lilac and orchid and mustard houses! In Nova Scotia, PEI, and Newfoundland, by contrast, homes were typically a single color (generally white) with only window frames, eaves, and shutters in a contrasting trim color, and the colors were not as bright as in Quebec.

We stopped for two nights in Matane, one of the larger towns, where we checked into our hotel and learned another new word: forfait. Forfait is a package deal where dinner and breakfast are included with the room for an extra charge -- in other words, European plan.

So the first night we paid the forfait and enjoyed a delicious dinner, made even more pleasant by our location, a table at the sea-side edge of the dining room, where we could watch the waves.

**August 11 - Gardens**

Elsa was idyllically happy on Friday because the day dawned crystal clear with a sky so blue it dazzled and the ground glistening with Thursday's rain. The trees and grass were the greenest of greens and the flowers - well, wait until we tell you about the flowers! We ate our breakfast (eggs sunny-side up are au miroir, and they serve peanut butter in little containers to go with the toast and jelly) in the hotel, looking at "the sea". The surface, at least close to the shore, was as smooth as glass.

When we stopped at the first Tourist Information Center on the Gaspe, we purchased a map of the peninsula. This turned out to be much better than the free map supplied by the Province of Quebec, which had to contend with showing the huge extent of Canada's largest province on two sides of map paper. So far we have not found large-scale maps of Quebec's other tourist regions.

From Matane it is only about 70 km along the shore of the St. Lawrence to the western end of the Gaspe tourist region, at Sainte-Flavie, but those 70 km were very beautiful and interesting.

Metis-sur-Mer is a beautiful community of large waterfront mansions; it reminded us Bar Harbour, Maine or Jupiter Island, Florida. These summer homes, or cottages, were mostly built in the early part of the twentieth century, and they have picturesque names, like High Tide and Summer Thyme, instead of street numbers -- reminiscent of Old England. There wasn't one French name on the mailboxes. Metis-sur-Mer is tucked off the main road (highway 132) and it's possible to drive right by and miss it. During the season, the homes are still occupied by the families of leading Canadian businessmen, including Mr. Molson, the brewer.

This tight little community of rich anglophones was a bit of a shock after hundreds and hundreds of miles of quaint francophone fishing villages, but it led up to the Reford Gardens in Grand-Metis, another 15 km down the road.

In 1887, the founder and president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Lord Mount Stephen, built 'Estevan Lodge,' a thirty-seven room country home in Grand-Metis. It passed to his niece, Elsie Reford, in 1918, and she devoted the summers from 1926 to 1959 in transforming the estate into a magnificent garden with over 2,000 varieties and species of native and exotic plants. It's one of the most beautiful spots on the Gaspe.

Although the literature given to visitors doesn't explain, we made inquiries to determine what happened to the property after Elsie Reford's death. It turns out the Reford family, replete with wealth and titles, as true loyalists, had left Canada and returned to live in England, so the estate lay empty. It was purchased by the Canadian government, but not developed. The house was used as a storage shed and the gardens grew wild and shaggy. Then local residents, distraught that the gardens were not being maintained, contacted the family in England, and found a descendant, a man now in his forties, who was willing to return to Canada and manage the Reford Gardens. So the government sold the property back to this man, who has set up an extremely nice tourist center. We understand he can often be found walking around the gardens in the summer.

Plenty of parking was available, and it was needed on this morning, as everyone had turned out to see all the flowers still fresh and dewy from yesterday's rain. The garden path criss-crosses a wonderful bubbling brook whose banks are covered with gorgeous flowers and shrubs. Most of these flowers, of course, are northern varieties, and quite unfamiliar to old desert gardeners, but they were breathtakingly lovely this morning. Here are some pictures of the Gardens.

Antherbe

Begonias

Lilies

Rock Garden

A mass of flowers.

The visit to the gardens includes a walk through Estevan Lodge, which includes a museum, gift shop, and lunch room. The museum seems to be an odd collection of family belongings which were left behind when Mrs. Reford died. There are genealogical charts and pictures of Mrs. Reford's son Robert Bruce Reford, who was 6 feet 7 inches tall and an officer in the Canadian army during the Great War.

We decided to return to Matane by the inland route, past Lake Matapedia, through the county seat of Amqui, and down the Matane River valley. We enjoyed the blue skies and the lovely colors of the farms. Hay was baled in large rolls, crops would be harvested soon, horses and cattle, sheep, ostriches and goats could be seen. There were even lots of warning signs for moose but we have stopped believing them. Moose are probably extinct by now. Or they have migrated upstream. Or something.

All along the Matane River were signs identifying spots to fish for salmon. We finished our drive in the center of Matane, the only place on the Gaspe which allows salmon fishing in the center of the town. One fisherman was standing in the water, casting his fly hopefully.

We visited the Interpretation Center for Salmon. River water was pouring past a couple of windows where we could look for salmon; sure enough, two large fish rested at the bottom of one of the spaces. If you do catch a salmon, you must throw it back if it is too big, and you had better bring your catch to the counting station. There have been 500 salmon caught in the Matane River so far this season, about the same as last year.

From about ten years ago, Atlantic salmon fishing is down throughout Eastern Canada. Biologists are not sure if the salmon are having trouble breeding, or growing up, or living in the ocean part of their salt water / fresh water cycle. Perhaps: a) the waters are too warm; b) the rivers aren't deep enought this year; c) there is too much competition for the food the salmon like to eat; d) the waters are polluted; or e) none of the above. In any event, the Interpretation Center had a pretty display of English and North American, traditional and modern, salmon flies, all of which we imagine cost a pretty penny, but who's going to buy a lot of salmon flies if there are no salmon to be caught?

**August 12 - Across the River to Tadoussac**

About a week ago we decided that instead of heading down the south side of the St. Lawrence, we'd take another ferry and go down the north side towards Quebec City. So this morning we went down to the dock to board the Matane to Godbout Ferry, got our

ticket punched for one car and two people, and enjoyed the beautiful weather until it was time to board.

Perhaps the crew was inexperienced, but they failed to judge the size of the car. The car deck on the ferry had an upper level, to hold more cars; you drove on a ramp and they raised it hydraulically, lifting your car up in the air. First Elsa got out of the car on the lower level while Bob piloted the car onto the ramp and they raised it up. So far, so good, but when it came time to get out Bob couldn't get the driver's door open because of a fixed safety rail next to the car. What's worse, the excited crew kept chattering at him in French. The crew members went away. Elsa came up and commiserated. Bob asked Elsa to find out if he could just sit in the car for the two-and-a-half-hour ride. The crew said no. Eventually they found an anglophone. He saw the problem. They tried to open the door but clearly Bob couldn't get out. So they had an idea. They removed the safety rail behind the back of the car and told Bob to back up. Exciting. Bob backed up, half inch by half inch, until the door would open far enough for him to squeeze out like Houdini escaping a trap. (First he set the emergency brake very securely). The crew member apologized; the other person was new and hadn't judged the size of the car correctly. We could have told him that

This ferry, owned by the Quebec government, seemed to us less efficient than the profit-making Marine Atlantic line we'd ridden to and from Newfoundland and Labrador. Whereas Marine Atlantic had collected the money in advance, as people arrived at the

ferry terminal, this ferry merely marked the ticket with how many passengers and what size vehicle; the drivers then had to queue up at the cashier's office on board the ferry. All of this was explained on the ticket -- in French.

Well, as luck would have it, the woman in line behind us was from Pennsylvania, and she and her husband had left the ticket in the car. Moreover, they couldn't get back in the car because another car had been wedged in next to them and they couldn't open the doors. (This was in fact true, and later they had to wait for the other car to drive off before they could leave the ferry.) At the top of the steps all drivers had to queue up to pay.

"%&#(*@#*$(:" said the woman, out of breath from climbing the stairs, describing the Quebecers.

"They're our hosts," said Bob to her, not showing his anger, and hoping at least to indirectly apologize to the Canadians who surrounded us for the Pennsylvanian's outburst.

"I wouldn't be here; my husband wanted to come," replied the woman. Bob mumbled something sympathetic to try to calm her down.

"They'll just have to take our word, we owe them $52.50," said the woman, regaining her breath and her composure.

Just then the situation was saved by the francophone woman standing in between Bob and the Pennsylvania wife. She had a little English and was proud of it. Soon the woman from Pennsylvania calmed down, and Bob chatted with the francophone. She knew that fewer and fewer Quebecers spoke English, and agreed it was because of the language law. (This is the Quebec law requiring French language schools for all children except those whose parents were educated in English in Canada; it is apparently being tested in the courts now.)

After all of this excitement the trip was uneventful. It took the ferry about two hours to glide across the nearly glassy surface of the St. Lawrence to Godbout, while we read and worked cryptic crosswords, occasionally casting a hopeful eye for whales.

As we approached the northern shore we could see that it was nearly empty except for coastal settlements; it reminded us of the Newfoundland and Labrador coasts.

We checked in at the Godbout visitor center where we discovered that the one museum in town featured Indian art and artifacts. It turned out that the museum was in a little house; the path to the front door was overgrown with greenery. A woman opened the door for us and we paid our small fee.

The woman had lived for twenty years in the Northwest Territory, where her husband was an employee of the Canadian Bureau of Indian Affairs. A potter, he had helped the Inuit rediscover their ancient pottery techniques, which had been lost for 2000 years and rediscovered by archaeologists. While they had been in the north, the couple had accumulated a number of pieces of Inuit art and artifacts, which they augmented with tools, pelts, clothing and artifacts of other aboriginal tribes. On returning to Quebec they opened the museum. Her granddaughter was visiting and would be starting third grade in the fall, where she would begin English lessons. She had just found a seal vertebra on the beach and had been polishing it--she may become an archaeologist herself some day! We also visited her husband's pottery studio in the back, where he gave a few lessons. We enjoy these small museums where the conversation is at least as interesting as the exhibits!

The museum had a good collection of objects from the local Quebec people of the Montagnais. We saw the lovely warm mittens, boots, and capes, made from fur and leather, the thread and needles made from whale ballein and bone, and the skull of a

musk ox-- a little cup had been made from part of the horn, and they had a whole skull so you could see how they got the idea.

The Inuit art is superb. After seeing much too much indifferent, hurriedly produced carvings in some of the souvenir shops and boutiques, we could better appreciate the true quality -- attention to detail, humor, painstaking observation of animals -- evident here. There are soapstone carvings of people and animals and some stunning lithographs of birds and fishermen.

After this introduction we happily started off down the northern side of the St. Lawrence river, which is still so broad that you cannot see land on the other side. For a while the road hugged the shore which is almost deserted, with clumps of rocks sticking out here and there.

There were beautiful waterfalls and lakes.

Then we started climbing through the forest, where we came upon a sign for an overlook.

Across the highway the government had put in a wooden walkway, with many steep stairs.

From the top of the stairs we could look down on a steep cliff.

To the right of the cliff lay a hidden, peaceful bay.  Once again, moose warning signs appeared.  They probably warn the moose to stay back in the trees.

One big surprise, along a road which, although it is the major highway is as deserted as any road in Newfoundland, was the relatively gigantic (25,000 plus) city of Baie-Comeau.  Quebec has quite a few hydroelectric plants along the North Coast, and also has a long-term lease entitling the province to the bulk of the power output from Labrador's Churchill dam, which Quebec helped build.  With all this power, they have invited industry in, and Baie-Comeau is the site of a huge Reynolds smelter.

The guidebook also mentions a Donahue paper mill and Cargill grain plant, which we didn't see. Baie-Comeau looked a little like a boom town, too, with large housing developments for workers' homes.

There is along this northern shore a wonderful Marine Park, stretching along the St. Lawrence and up the Saguenay River Fjord, and co-sponsored by the provincial and federal governments. We had thought we might stop for another boat trip to see birds, seals and more whales, but as we studied the tourist literature we began to have our doubts.

Tadoussac is a town of 900 people which had 30 hotels and motels, not counting the gites; that should have warned us. There are also lots of nature cruises available, ranging from 12-passenger, 28-footers all the way up to 500-passenger, 150-foot cruise liners; that should have warned us, too. The first motel we stopped at was sold out and the second had la chambre d'enfer (the room from hell, for you anglophones) for an exorbitant price; that also should have warned us.

We finally found a place for the night, and ventured into the town of Tadoussac. The 900 locals were nowhere in sight, but the streets of the tiny town were thronged with thousands of vacationers, and every other store was happy to book a whale-watching cruise for you.

So we paused and reflected that we had had a lovely whale-and-bird-watching adventure in Newfoundland, and we really didn't like overcrowded tourist spots, and what we really, really wanted to do was see Quebec City and Montreal, and then we left early the next morning!

**August 13 – to Quebec City**

Leaving Tadoussac we just drove down the hill and right onto the waiting ferry for the short ride over the Saguenay Fjord. The captain backed the boat upstream, crossed the Fjord, put the ship in reverse again and "parallel-parked," making an unbelievably precise landing on the opposite shore. The rubber fenders were barely moved as the huge ferry nudged into position and the crew members, apparently used to this accuracy, nonchalantly draped the mooring lines over the bits, without even the help of a linesman on shore. Almost as soon as the ship docked the ramp was down and the cars began streaming off. Great!

We entered the Charlevoix tourist region, and dutifully got our new travel books at the visitor center. Charlevoix is one of the oldest tourist regions in Canada, featuring many lovely cottages and resorts, fancy gites, auberges, and restaurants; William Howard Taft built a summer place here while he was President.

The fanciest resort is Le Manoir Richelieu, a grand hotel built in the French style on a bluff overlooking the St. Lawrence at Pointe-au-Pic, and recently restored to its original splendour together with a matching casino. We drove around the towns of La Malbaie and Pointe-au-Pic: tres chic!

The circular drive of Le Manoir Richelieu was filled with cars checking out, formally and colorfully dressed bellmen, and even a horse and carriage. We didn't feed a single coin into the slots. The topography of Pointe-au-Pic helps produce the picturesque sights; the hills are steeper, the sudden views of water or woodland, depending upon the turn of the road, are more striking, and the twisting village streets somehow look more, well, European.

We returned to the coast road which took us past one artist's studio after another. There are works of all kinds, from sculpture and pottery to paintings in various media. Art festivals were in full flower in several towns. We met one potter who was busily decorating mugs and candlesticks as her husband managed the store; she says they work for six months then spend their winters in Europe--a schedule we heartily endorsed!

**August 13 – Arriving in Quebec City**

The first two Quebec hotels we'd phoned had been full for at least part of our planned visit, so we installed ourselves at a Holiday Inn in a less-than-optimal area of the city.

This is a view out our window. The hotel itself is quite comfortable, a solid postwar high-rise. It is a recent purchase by the chain and the staff are busily improving things; we have a top floor room which has recently been refurnished and which is quite spacious, and we're only a short taxi or car ride from the areas of most interest.

On Sunday when we arrived the neighborhood was mostly deserted. The benches in front of the Gabrielle Roy Bibliotheque held a mixture of old folks and frail, less-old folks who had apparently nothing to do. Many buildings are vacant, with For Rent or For Sale placards, including a first-floor office in the hotel. Just behind the hotel is a church whose patio is being re-done (lots of netting and barricades and works-in-progress). There are large civic posters saying this quarter is being re-furbished, and some signs of that are visible, like the pavement work which is creating a pedestrian mall just outside the hotel. The immediate neighborhood includes several Depanneurs (convenience stores, heavier on the beer and wine than a 7-Eleven but otherwise similar), bars, little restaurants, a nice small grocery and a Salvation Army Thrift store.

**August 14 – Inside the Walled City of Quebec**

We taxied into the walled city, walking-tour guide in hand. We are taking the walk called "Inside the Walls" in the tourist guide. Although the guide says two hours, this is (a) for young sprightly walkers who push through the crowds, and (b) not including time

spent visiting stores, restaurants and museums on the way. Leaving from the Tourist center near the Citadel, we walked past several parks and their monuments, admiring the landscaping and the architecture. The wall is beautiful--thick, sturdy, and just low enough to let you see down and out, over the lower city and the harbor. The gates are massive, with high, wide stone entrances which easily let trucks and buses through.

Of course, tourists are everywhere--English, German, French, Spanish and other languages can be heard on the streets. Most visitors are walking, but many are indulging in the carriage rides, a four-person open carriage pulled slowly by a large calm horse. We passed an off-street area where horses, lined up, munched their feed--The Refueling Station, according to Bob.


There must be dozens of carriages for rent in the old city of Quebec. Evidently it's one of the signature tourist activities. They tend to slow the traffic down, of course, but it is remarkable how the horses do not bolt even when passed by a large truck!

Quebec is unique among North American cities, both historically and architecturally. The mostly nineteenth century French style, with mansard roofs and solid stone or concrete construction is quite beautiful, and the majority of the structures are very well maintained.

Many of the historic sites in the old city are church buildings: chapels, convents, a hospital.

This square exhibited a wonderful job of restoration. We admired the Jesuit chapel which celebrates the martyrdom of eight Jesuit priests who had attempted to convert various Indian tribes in the 1600s, then walked through the grounds of part of Laval University. In this area are the quarters of the Canadian Institute and other literary and learned societies. It is summer break at Laval, so we could see the outside of the buildings without bothering the students. Laval does not have an inner quadrangle, but the courtyards provide space and a kind of protection from the street scenes which is also pleasant.

The Urban Life Interpretation Center had two exhibitions. First, there was a story-board display of the history of some of the renovation and restoration efforts for Old Quebec, starting back in the 1920s when the first sky-scrapers were built and Quebecers feared the corruption of their beloved skylines and buildings. Since then there has been a certain tension between conservators and business interests; in general the conservators have won. Second, there was an exhibit on concrete and its many uses. Many of the beautiful old buildings in the city are concrete and not stone. Also, wonderful things can be built using concrete, such as canoes. The historical exhibit was all in French, so a visitor who does not read French wouldn't get too much out of this museum.

Exploring some of the shops we found all kinds of souvenir stands and boutiques, including clothing and furs, jewelry, china and specialty stores, all with inviting shop windows.

## August 15 – Continuing Our Walk

We resumed our walk through the Walled City, beginning with breakfast at the restaurant where we'd lunched the day before. Even before the museums and shops opened, the streets were filling with visitors enjoying the bright sunshine.

The Basilica of Notre Dame de Quebec is a major attraction, offering a sound and light show a couple of times each day. We could easily see why it is so popular. As expected, the stained glass windows and the carvings are exquisitely crafted, but the altar is breathtakingly beautiful. Gold is everywhere, most especially on the sides, where carved golden branches reach to the ceiling.

We skipped some of the many museums in Quebec. Some of them, like the Wax Museum, are not our thing; others were with guided tours only in French; still others were on the same topics we had seen earlier on this trip to Canada. But old Quebec itself is a museum, with plaques and statues everywhere, lovely architecture and, today, bright sunner weather. Of course there are lots of tourists, and tomorrow we will go outside of the walled city to see more of modern Quebec.

From the ramparts we looked out over the harbor, filled with sail boats and bordered by shops and a museum. The old cannon, covered with many coats of black paint, still guard Quebec from possible forays from their dangerous neighbor to the south! The ferry across the St. Lawrence to the town of Levis was busy and full.

In the old Post Office we found an exhibit of excellent paintings describing the Canadian sites named to the UNESCO World Heritage list; we have visited the four in Eastern Canada on this trip. (later we found the complete list on the Internet: http://fp.thesalmons.org/lynn/world.heritage.html

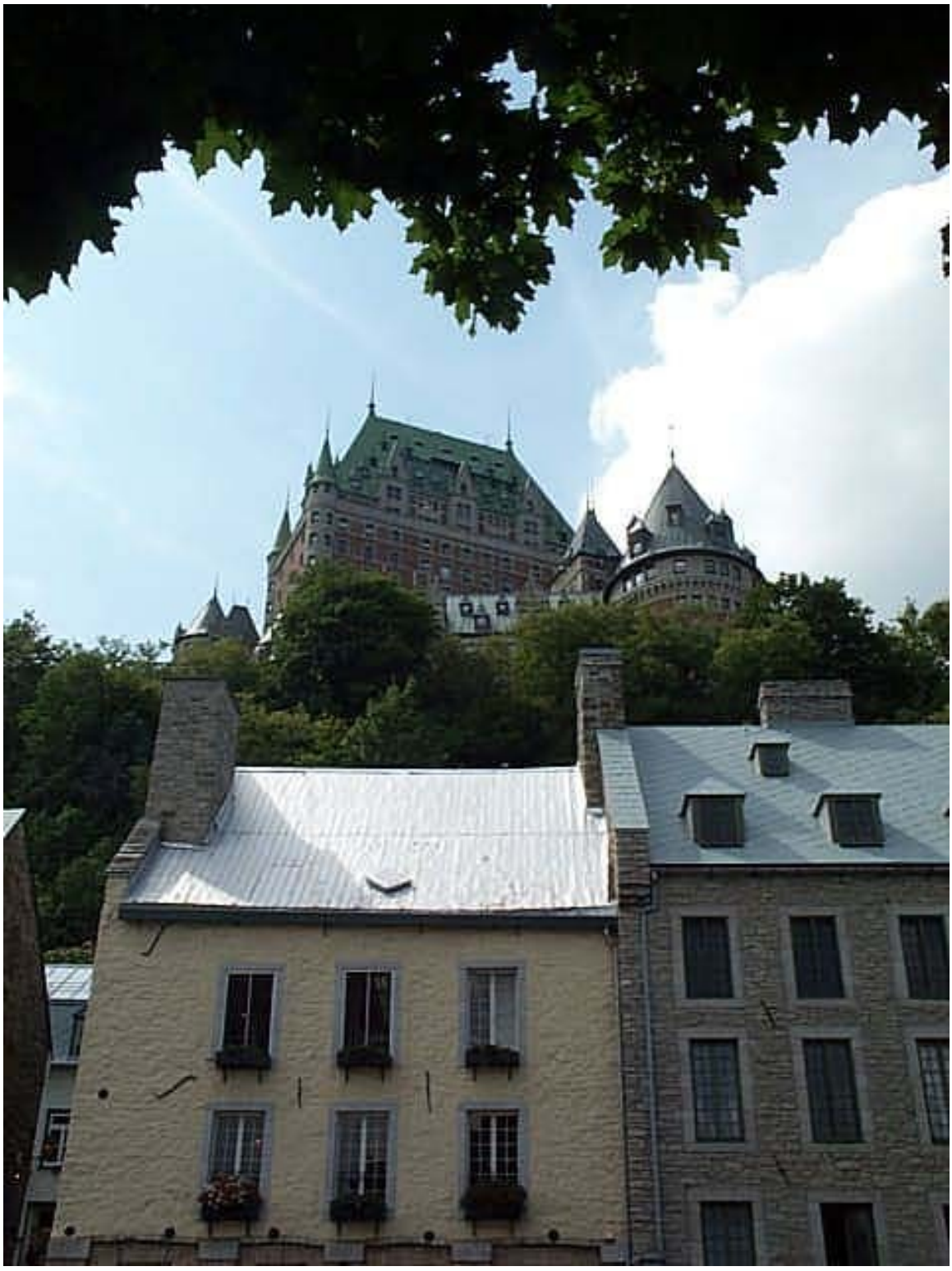
Our path now led us into an entire section devoted to pleasing tourists -- one pedestrian alley is occupied entirely by street artists selling etchings and engravings of scenic Quebec spots; at the end, a group of caricaturists offers portraits.

There are outdoor/indoor restaurants, sandwich shops, and bistros.  Bright awnings and freshly-painted stucco attract the eye.  Street musicians perform, and everywhere there are people.

Back up on the ramparts, we once again admired the sight of the river far below, and the glorious statue to Champlain. Then we turned our attention to the massive Chateau Frontenac Hotel, another of the great Canadian Pacific hotels, and possibly the symbol of Vieux-Quebec.

As you approach it, it somehow seems even larger, because from the ramparts side you must pass the long restaurant facade before finding the great gate leading to the coach entrance and the main door. Inside, the lobby is formal yet attractively warm, with dark wood, shining brasswork, and carpets which have stood the years very well (better, in fact, than the squat American tourist who strode barefoot across the room to berate her husband for wandering away from her). In the early part of the twentieth century, the hotel's management wished, first to add a wing, then to add parking. Both efforts would have required the destruction of older buildings in the quarter, and illustrate the dilemmas faced by Quebec's government over the years. The wing was added, but the parking lot plan did not succeed.

Next we slid down the cliff on the recently upgraded funicular to the Quartier de Petit Champlain, which is the famous shopping and dining district. We had selected Le Lapin Saute (the sauteed rabbit) from the guide book for our luncheon, and were not disappointed. But once again, people watching was almost as interesting as the food. We were startled by a hand reaching through the open window next to us. The person (we were so startled we didn't notice if it was male or female) picked up one of the little wooden rabbits used for decoration, looked at it and then replaced it!



We looked up from the Quartier de Petit Champlain to the Chateau Frontenac, which dominates the Quebec skyline. To find the next taxi, we walked toward the ferry landing and in just a few moments met the chattiest cabby yet. Learning that we are from the States, he told us some of the sights he had seen, and told his Las Vegas joke: He has a

friend who returned from Las Vegas a millionaire! Of course he was a billionaire when he went there....

**August 16 – A Driving Tour**

Overwhelmed by the tourist's-eye view of Vieux-Quebec, we woke to a rainy day and decided that this was an excellent opportunity for a driving tour. Quite quickly the highway traffic thinned out -- it was mid-morning -- so we followed this road and that through commerce and industry to suburbs and farmland, seeing first a thriving, vibrant modern city, and second, a conglomeration of house styles and many beautiful flower gardens.

We washed the car, then wandered around the airport, then snaked our way back down river towards the beautiful suburb of Sainte-Foy. It was here that we found a massive modern shopping mall, or actually two malls side by side. It reminded us of California. We did not even try to walk all the corridors, but browsed three book stores and a store with a mass of young collectibles, including books and models of dungeons and dragons, Pokemon, stamps, coins and comic books. It took us a moment to realize that The Baie was the same as The Bay, the large Canadian department store chain that is the successor to the old Hudson Bay fur trapping company. The Quebec Book Store turned out to be an outlet for official publications of the province, and we bought a copy (in English) of Quebec's language law.

Shoppers were everywhere, and there were no seats to be found in the Food Court. Good for us. We drove down the boulevard a few blocks, saw a sign for the commercial center of another suburb, Sillery, and found lunch with no waiting. Sillery is a charming residential area, full of trees and lush lawns and well-kept cottages. Its main street is lined with restaurants and little boutiques. In the little grocery store we found a sweet surprise: blueberries.

We've been waiting for harvests ever since our arrival. Accustomed to California, where fruits and vegetables seem to ripen year round, we became acutely aware that berry-growing is still dependent on the season. In Nova Scotia we'd found fresh strawberries and, later, raspberries and cultivated blueberries. We had seen people picking wild blueberries by the side of the road, but hadn't wanted to do it ourselves (where would we stop, have the berries already been picked, is that private property, etc.). Approaching Quebec City we saw some farms with the sign, Acheteur de bleuets, meaning We Buy Blueberries. So in a little grocery store in Sillery we saw a box of the wild berries: smaller and less uniform than the cultivated kind, but sweeter and tangier. We bought cream and had a feast in the hotel room. Delicious!

Returning to the hotel we became aware of an Event beginning to take form in the park a block away. Someone was testing an amplifier system and it seemed to make our room, three blocks and eighteen stories away, rattle. We looked at our events guides and discovered that Festival des Journees d'Afrique was going to run from Wednesday

through Sunday.  Great.  The next day we bought ear plugs, which we only used once or twice during the week.

Actually Elsa went down and cased the outdoor part of the Festival, which was attended by lots of local city folks, returning workers, families, retirees, etc. Later on we figured out that the crowds of kids with black studded clothes, painted hair, and rings and studs through dozens of holes pierced everywhere imaginable were not going to the outdoor events, but to the late night concerts which were held inside an auditorium.

You may have figured out that we (Bob, especially) are not rock music fans! But the festival appeared to be good for the neighborhood; it was sponsored partly by the city and partly by some of the local businesses.

**August 17 – ExpoQuebec and La Citadelle**

Today we visited the ExpoQuebec, a kind of County Fair held just a few blocks away from the hotel. We arrived about 9:30, and bought one-day admissions from the ticket office. But when we tried to use our tickets at the gate, it turned out that the fair didn't officially open for another hour. A Fair official, sensing our confusion, told us that the gates for people going to the midway and the rides didn't open until 10:30, but if we wanted to watch the judging of the animals... Yes, we said, we wanted to watch the judging of the animals. So he led us through the fairgrounds to the barns.

We strolled up and down the rows of stalls past beef and dairy cattle, and young farmers taking their turn at the electric outlets to groom their animals for judging. In the third barn we chanced upon the judging of the sheep. Ten Dorset sheep and their presenters, each man or woman dressed in white shirt and black pants, appeared in the center ring, where the judge (brown tweed sports jacket and slacks, dignified necktie) examined each sheep closely, from teeth to toes, prodding ribcages, examining posture. The sheep, each held by the throat, of course grew extremely tired of this exercise, but most were reasonably calm. In French Quebec it was interesting to hear the judge deliver his findings first in English and then in truly dreadful French, beginning with, "For the French amis,..."


After the sheep judging we strolled through the fairgrounds, past the hippodrome, where there would be harness racing later in the day, and where the video lottery machines were already open for business.  Then we found the barn with rabbits and fowl, and walked up and down those aisles.  No matter how many times we go to agricultural fairs, we are always amazed at the many varieties of farm critters!


There was a nice display of brightly painted wagons, and the horses to draw them -- percherons, clydesdales, and belgians -- as well as standardbred and morgan horses and lots of ponies, which would be used later for children's rides. We noticed that they spell poney with an e; perhaps that is a Canadian usage.

ExpoQuebec seemed like a fairly small fair; fewer exhibits, fewer competitions. We'd hoped to see pies, preserves, pickles, displays of prize vegetables, horse or tractor pulling contests, needlework competitions, but no luck. There were more commercial variations: dessert preparations by professional chefs, an exhibit by the Circle of Farm Women showing their crafts, and inviting others to join.


We did watch a young woman ascend a wall used for training rock climbers, about 50 feet high. She declined the opportunity to free fall down the slanting cable, and instead rappelled back down.

The strong point of ExpoQuebec was the area with rides for all ages of children. There were lots of inflatable playgrounds of varying complexity, from simple ladders and tunnels for the tiniest to giant plastic castles larger than the MacDonalds' playspaces. There were carousels and tiny train rides, all the way up to big loops that spun cars full of passengers upside down, and other more complex twisters and turners that would surely homogenize one's breakfast nicely! There was a nice big stage with actors in bee suits that were keeping dozens of youngsters enthralled, and long lines of adults waiting to tour the raffle house. It seems fairly common in Canada to raffle off houses. This was a Rotary project; looked like a nice solid three-bedroom two-story home, and tickets were $10 each. Earlier this week the tabloids were full of pictures of the woman who had won her dream home in a Kinsmen raffle.

After resting in the hotel, we went to see the evening parade at the Citadelle, and got a tour of the fortress in the bargain.

It's still the home of the French Canadian 22nd Regiment, complete with a mascot ram which is descended from the one given by Queen Victoria, which in turn is a descendant of the ram given to the Queen by the Shah of Iran. The language of the Regiment is French, which must make it just as difficult as it is in NATO when forces speak more than one language. Canadian Forces HQ speaks English. What a mess, form a military point of view! But on the other hand, the 22nd Regiment's modern duties appear to be

largely ceremonial, and they are all based in Quebec -- one battalion in the Citadelle and two on a northern base.

It’s a most beautiful fortress, built by the English after the U. S. attack on Quebec in the War of 1812, with four huge stone bastions.

The highest point in Quebec is within the citadel, and the cool wind reminded us of Mojave in March, but the view of this beautiful city and up and down the St. Lawrence river is absolutely fantastic.  The official residence of the Governor General of Canada while visiting Quebec is inside the fort, and there are two military museums.

The evening parade was quite nice, with a band, marching troops, firing three volleys, a flag lowering ceremony, and the national anthem, O Canada.

**August 18 – Parliament and the Museum of Quebec**

If Vieux-Quebec (Old Quebec City) is View One, and our hotel's working-class neighborhood is View Two, and the suburbs of Sainte-Foy and Silley are View Three, then the Parliament area must be View Four of this complex and fascinating city.

We walked down Grande Allee Est to Avenue Honore-Mercier, the wide street in front of the Parliament Building, admiring the way the Quebecers have of writing slogans and designs in flowering plants. We haven't seen gardeners at work, but not a leaf, not a blossom seems out of place or drooping. In front of the Parliament building we read the inscriptions on various memorials, including a most impressive totem pole from British Columbia, and admired the many statues which fiill every niche of the massive front of the building. For the government building of a province with 5,000,000 people, this is a most impressive building, inside and out.

After passing through a metal detector, we were given a short but very effective guided tour of the public areas of the building.

The legislative assembly has 125 members, and there is a small public gallery, plus desks for the press and chairs for guests of legislators. The legislature meets from October to December and March to May. Quebec calls this building the "national capitol." The official explanation is that in French national refers to national heritage. However, that is clearly baloney, as there are many anglophones as well as third world immigrants in Quebec; in other words, only some of the Quebecers share the French heritage. In fact the use of the term "national" is significant in terms of the Parti Quebecois' political program for sovereignty. Quebecers also call the building the "parliament," although the correct title is legislative assembly, as there is but one Canadian parliament and that meets in Ottawa. Similarly, Quebecers refer to the "federal" government rather than the "national" government.

Yet we haven't met a single Quebecer who will speak to us of his or her desires for independence from Canada; indeed, those we ask say they are against the notion. We will keep inquiring in Montreal. Somewhere are the 49.5% of the electorate who voted yes for separation from Canada. Maybe they don't talk to strangers.

The guide pointed out the statues, paintings, parquetry floors, stained glass windows, and architectural features of the building, including a massive staircase with the names of the previous premiers (she called them prime ministers) of Quebec carved in gold. About 25% of the legislature is female, as is about 30% of the provincial cabinet.

The building features a lovely dining room which used to be private but is now open to the public, so naturally we had lunch there, choosing from a menu in which all ingredients are stated to be from Quebec. We are certainly convinced that celery, turnips, carrots and potatoes are local fare, because they appear on every plate!

Continuing our walking tour, we headed past the Loew's Concorde hotel, one of the tallest buildings in Quebec, with an observation tower and revolving restaurant at its top. Before long we found ourselves in a neighborhood reminiscent of Washington's Capitol Hill, or Georgetown. Brownstone and brick houses occupied block after block on these tree-lined streets, where many young professionals were enjoying lunch in outdoor cafes. Many houses had windowboxes full of flowers. Turn-of-the-century mansions are still beautifully groomed, although many of them contain businesses rather than families.

We passed Battlefields Park, where General Wolfe received his fatal wound. There are monuments to both the victorious English Wolfe and the defeated French Montcalm, and as one plaque stated on our Citadelle tour, Montcalm won four battles and lost one.

Then we came to the Museum of Quebec. It's a handsome building, with a recent addition. The old museum was located in what was once the prison. We guess that this museum has not quite figured out that it's just an art museum. The reasons we say this are (1) there's still a row of prison cells on display, (2) one room inexplicably has on one wall a display of mounted fish and on the opposite wall a display of antlers and hunting rifles and in a little nook two cases with stuffed ducks, and (3) the basement of the prison wing is being shared as an Interpretive Center for the Battlefields Park!

The building is so huge, the art exhibits can't fill it up. There's a library in the basement, a whole floor of offices, a huge lobby and gift shop, and still several of the galleries are not being used. What there is in this museum is a collection of Canadian art, principally from, or associated with, Quebec.

The major exhibit is Cornelius Krieghoff's work. He was the Norman Rockwell of 19th century Quebec. A self-taught painter and entrepreneur, he painted dozens of scenes of outdoor life especially among the habitant trappers and their families, landscapes, Indian and habitant portraits, and just about anything a customer would buy. The paintings are charming bits of history, although perhaps not great art. Many of the scenes take place in winter, with sleds and wood-chopping and other interesting activities. In this retrospective exhibit, we found the commentary, in French and English, to be quite informative and helpful, far better than in many larger museums.

Marian Dale Scott, 1906-1993, is considered one of the major Quebec artists of the century. We were particularly impressed by her early work, moody urban scenes emphasizing architecture and empty, or almost empty streets, and stylized portraits of women. Later, by the 1950s and beyond, her work became more abstract and, for us, less emotive. Her life sounds quite interesting because she was unusually independent for a Canadian woman at a time when most women, even in the U.S., were generally domestic.

Neither of us is a great fan of abstract and post modern art, so we didn't linger long at the two other exhibits, but we did enjoy seeing the collection of paintings, including several Corots, donated by Maurice Duplessis, the former Quebec premier, as well as some sculptures created by the same man who contributed many of the heroic statues on the front face of the Parliament building. The Musee building is a lovely building which appears to have plenty of room for expansion as its collections grow.

**August 19 – Levis Ferry and Ile Royale**

We'd heard the view of the city from the Levis ferry was spectacular, and it's true.

There was a speedboat race on the St. Laurent which happened to be getting under way as our ferry crossed the river.

The boats made a tremendous roar and left huge wakes as they quickly disappeared down the river.


A passing sailboat made a more restful scene.

The cruise ship Rembrandt was in port and makes a pretty picture against the Quebec skyline.  What a beautiful ride on the ferry!

After returning on the same ferry we stopped at the farmers' market, where we bought some more berries, bread and cheese.

It's right at the height of the harvest and all the fruits and vegetables looked attractive. The market is open every day, and today it was thronged with locals getting fresh vegetables for the weekend.  We were especially taken with the displays of produce: a small basket with green, yellow and red bell peppers; green and wax beans layered in a basket; apples of various colors in alternating baskets; little new potatoes lovingly stacked into little pyramids.

In the afternoon Bob worked on the accumulated chores and paperwork and Elsa made one final sightseeing round.

Ile Royale, in the middle of the Saint Lawrence River less than a half hour from Quebec City, could be tens of miles away because it is so different from the rest of the countryside.

Perhaps it is a microclimate, perhaps the soil is incredibly rich, or perhaps it’s what happens when your family has farmed the same land for three hundred years: whatever the reason, the island abounds in rich farms with crops of all descriptions.


There were many monuments to old families who'd lived on the land for generations; this is one of them.

There is only one major road, which circumnavigates the island--you can drive it in an hour if you don't stop or dawdle. Dawdling is much more fun.

There are farm produce stands galore, from pick-you-own berries (raspberries and blueberries at the moment) to many apple stands, plus cider and vinegar. Other vegetables include sweet corn, Indian corn, turnips (of course) leeks, onions, potatoes and beans. There are at least two vineyards; the grapevines look lush planted on a gentle hillside. There were at least three pig farms; Elsa is sure she saw several small pigs in a pen, but is relying on the signs (cochonerie) for evidence. There were also sheep, cattle and a couple of llamas.
Making good use of this produce are the many inns and B-and-Bs, plus retaurants ranging from snack bars to elegant restaurants and Bars-Terrasses. And close to each are boutiques and artisants, or craft shops selling everything from textiles to wood carvings to strange contraptions constructed of beads and straw.

The houses are beautifully landscaped and trim and neat; it's difficult if not impossible to guess which are farm homes and which are vacation cottages. The traffic, which ranges from bicycles to motorcycles to cars (many of the luxury class) could be folks enjoying a lovely Saturday afternoon or a holiday of longer duration.

This is a place for family outings: for example, you can fish for trout and pick berries, and rent small boats.

Following this bucolic interlude Elsa stopped at the Museum of Civilization, one of the newest of the city's museums and located at the edge of the major shopping area. We hadn't been impressed by the descriptions in the literature, but it turns out that this museum is a dazzler.

The first stop was at an exhibit of the history of Quebecois comedy from the last 50 years. Dozens of VCRs have been installed, with seats and two or three sets of good headphones at each; you can watch and listen to comedy monologues and sketches sorted by theme: Stereotypes, politics, love, the human body, etc. Judging by the responses, many of these actors are well-known and well-loved; even to somebody still struggling with the accent there were some very funny bits! It was tempting to spend the remainder of the afternoon there, but the rest of the museum beckoned.

An exhibit of fresh-water, its uses, care and importance was well portrayed, with lovely photos all along the entry wall to put the viewer in a receptive mood. Other exhibits which Elsa missed for lack of time include Women Builders of Africa, a major exhibit on the history and art of Syria, and an exhibit designed mostly for children on space and journeying to the moon.

In addition to the humor exhibit, two other rooms were stand-outs: France-Quebec, Images and Mirages tells the story of the history of French Canada. Essentially the exhibit explains the following: in the early days French clergy attempted to Christianize the Indians, with dire results. When the British assumed control of Canada, they of course replaced French symbols (coats of arms, statues, etc.) During the late 1700s, French Canadians took Lafayette for their hero, because at least he was fighting against the British! With the French Revolution came difficult times for France and it essentially lost touch with its colonies, never - or not until DeGaulle's visit in the 1970s--to rebuild solid connections.

Yet the French Canadians created and maintain their own view of Frenchness. Their language, which started as 17th century French, has developed independently, with vocabulary and pronunciations which are difficult even for French-speakers. The Quebec spirit of independence draws upon heros, like trappers and missionaries, and upon personal family histories (on Ile Royale, for example, two dozen or so families have erected monuments to their ancestors; these monuments, standing on the family farm land, note the arrival of the first ancestor in the 1660s).

This exhibit is rich in detail, using items such as an altarpiece carved by an Ursuline nun in the 1600s to explain the Virgin Mary to the Huron Indians, and a coat of arms torn down from a Quebec gate by the British and later restored to the city. For explanations of language and current affairs, an inviting interactive computer station displays a life-size video of a person to whom you can address your questions, choosing from a selection via a touchpad; the video person then answers it out loud.

The other outstanding exhibit is Memories. This is a walk through about a hundred years of provincial history using furniture, photos, videos and movie clips, clothing and a host of other items to inspire curiosity about topies such as the role of women, the treatment of minorities, poverty and wealth, the war, the growth of industry.

This museum is so superior to the other museums in the city, in terms of size of collection and the intelligence of the exhibits, that it deserves to be first on a visitor's list (well, second, after the trip through Vieux-Quebec!)

**August 20 - Driving to Montreal**

We took the old road up the St. Lawrence instead of the freeway. Good choice for sightseers. We passed hundreds of farms, none of them very large, all of them appearing quite prosperous. We drove through a couple dozen small towns and one big town, Trois Rivieres. Always the River was on our left, a huge seagoing artery.

We have since learned that the St. Lawrence is about 300 feet deep downstream until Tagoussac, where there is a steep dropoff and the river becomes over 1200 feet deep. The effects of the ocean are quite noticeable at Tagoussac, and the mixing of salt and fresh waters creates an abundance of fish, which accounts for the feeding of the whales there. The salinity is noticeable further upstream, say to Quebec City, and the tidal

effects can be seen at Trois Rivieres. Above this, the St. Lawrence is a giant fresh water channel, emptying the waters of the Great Lakes drainage system. Global warming has apparently served to evaporate more of the Great Lakes, whose water level is slowly decreasing.

Montreal was chosen as a site for a city because it is just downstream from the Lachine Rapids, which blocked the flow of upstream traffic until locks were built. The Lachine Locks were later replaced by the St. Lawrence Seaway, completed in 1959. The Seaway project includes dredging the river bed to keep it open for ships, and a new series of locks and canals. But the continued maintenance of the seaway is in question, as the dredging disturbs the ecology, and most shipping can move more economically by containerized rail to Montreal followed by transfer to oceangoing ships. Montreal is a major container port on the east coast of North America. The grain elevators in Montreal give evidence to the huge amounts of Canadian wheat flowing to Europe through Montreal.

We came into Montreal through city streets. Up to now in this Canadian sojourn, there had been few cities: St. John, Moncton, St. John's, Corner Brook, Truro, Halifax are all small cities, less than 100,000 people. Quebec is much larger, and has a wonderful heritage of old buildings, but is still relatively small by U. S. standards; the city itself is under 200,000, and the suburbs do no more than double that. But Montreal is a big city by any standards, with a population of over a million. In fact, about half of Quebec's 7 million plus inhabitants live within 50 miles of Montreal.

We found ourselves having all our customary feeling when entering any big city: excitement and wonder at everything that is going on, gawking at the incredible mix of people and their pursuits that urban environments always generate, pitying the relatively poor and blighted districts, admiring the parks and monuments. We drove for miles within the city limits before we even spotted our first skyscraper, but when we did spot them, they were tall and plentiful! We had to detour around one park that was crowded with families attending a children's festival. We have learned that the listing of events in the provincial tourist guides doesn't come close to including all the events that take place in major cities; we must use local sources to find out what's happening in a city such as Montreal (and even then we don't find out everything, because there are still poorly publicized events that we just stumble upon.)

We had chosen a downtown hotel, and it took us a couple of passes around blocks and one way streets to find the right approach to the parking garage. We settled into a comfortable room for the week.

**August 21 - Montreal walks**

Last night, a movie was being filmed just in front of the hotel. We first became aware of it when we looked out in the morning and saw the end of the work, including smoke, cars, and gangsters, maybe. But everything was so contained and quiet that the project was almost invisible.

We took our first walk, exploring the neighborhood around our hotel. Heading out in no particular direction we wandered into a large civic building with long wide empty corridors.


Suddenly, turning a corner we spotted the ticket-selling area and an exhibit of hockey uniforms for the Canadiens; we had arrived at the Molson Arena. It seems large enough to hold most of Montreal, which is probably a good idea considering this is the historic home of hockey champions. For years the Stanley Cup seemed to have a permanent home in Montreal. Now the Canadiens are up for sale.

We passed through two train stations: Gare Windsor and Gare Central. Of course, before Quebec passed its language laws these had the names of Windsor Station and Central Station. Both stations handle commuter trains, and Gare Central has a board for about six trains a day in various directions: Toronto, Quebec, New York via the Adirondacks. This is on VIA, which is the Canadian equivalent of AMTRAK.

We passed several major hotels and quite a few elegant restaurants, plus some sidewalk cafes, bistros, bars, and coffee houses. We stared through one restaurant window as the chef cut pieces of aged beef into thick steaks on a band saw. We joined hundreds of people on Rue Sainte Catherine, and wandered past dozens of big city stores, window shopping happily. We saw one disco which is open four nights from 10 p.m. to 3 a.m.

They probably make more money in those 20 hours than many other stores and restaurants do all week. But none of that money will be from us early birds!

Up the hill we went to McGill University. Our first stop was the student bookstore, where we bought more books of Canadian history and politics. Then we walked through part of the campus. We found the eclectic mix of university architecture appealing, especially on this sunny day when students are already out and about. We paused to explore an old museum. Five Asian students were photographing each other on the steps and were delighted to have Bob take all the cameras and click away! They are studying English in Toronto and paying a short visit to Montreal.

The Redpath Museum, which we and the students then entered, is a red brick building built in 1882, the first building in Canada designed to be a museum. The geology and paleontology exhibits are a time capsule from that era.

Returning down the hill from the campus, we strolled again among shoppers and other tourists, enjoying the chatter and the windowshopping. As befits a city which must endure a long cold winter, Montreal has lots of underground passages which enable the pedestrian to cover a lot of ground without being exposed to the weather. We found one of these for the last three or four blocks to our hotel.

At the end of the afternoon we left again, for a short walk in a different direction. This time we visited the cathedral of Notre Dame de Montreal, almost adjacent to the hotel. This beautiful building is built as a quarter-scale replica of St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome, and, especially as you look up to the ceiling, you can see the resemblance. The art on the walls is striking -- scenes from the history of Canadian Catholicism, making this very much a Canadian church despite its architectural parent.

**Tuesday, August 22 - Montreal's Old City and Old Port**

There's a convention in town. Since Montreal's a big city with lots of hotel space, there's probably always a convention in town. This week it's the international poultry growers. Don't know how international they were. There were poultry growers in our hotel from Alabama, Georgia, and North Carolina. They acted like good old boy conventioneers: cigars in the elevator, pushing ahead in the gift shop, talking loudly in English about the French.

We have achieved basic competence on the Montreal Metro. After a series of short discussions with the ticket taker, we acquired a strip of six tickets, choosing this in preference to the 1-day or 1-week passes also available. The Metro is inexpensive, easy to use and clean; there are three main lines which extend out to the suburbs. The Metro is also linked with several commuter rail lines.

We emerged at the old City Hall at the edge of the ramparts which guarded the original city, and purchased a walking tour guide at the Information office.

We walked through the streets with boutiques, and past a block-long structure which was originally a warehouse, and is now a home for art galleries. At this time of morning there weren't too many shoppers, but several rather insistent panhandlers. Too bad! The port area is bustling, with a new, elegant-looking science museum on one pier and the Iberville Passenger Terminal on another, presumably now used for docking cruise ships.

There were lots of people walking around by noon time; some buskers on stilts had attracted a crowd of perhaps a hundred onlookers.

There was a special competition in three-dimensional floral design held in a waterfront park.  There was a giant globe made out of greenery, a dragon-like topiary which also said “2000,” and lots of moving trees and shrubs and amazing intricate plantings.

The old city area features lots of attractive nineteenth century buildings with plenty of elaborate friezes, cornices, columns, capitals, ornate facades, and even a gargoyle or two.

Lots of these buildings were associated with Montreal’s growth as a shipping and commercial center - warehouses, banks, retail outlets, and combinations.

Many of the buildings in this historic district are being preserved; often the attractive architecture of the facade is kept and the remainder of the building rebuilt as a modern commercial structure, fully wired for the next century. We enjoyed watching all the "suits" walking around; young business men and women in the heart of the banking district. Somehow one modern steel and glass skyscraper had gotten into the old city. The district was really interesting to explore, filled with museums, restaurants, churches, shops, banks, and office buildings. A block away from the Board of Trade is Montreal's World Trade Center; a bustling complex built around an internal atrium, with the Intercontinental Hotel opening onto both the street and the atrium. The Montreal Stock Exchange is just a name on an old building now, having lost out to the one in Toronto.

We stopped to gawk and twist our necks way up to sky; the biggest hydraulic crane we had ever seen, with eight telescoping segments about 40 to 50 feet long topped off with two more sections made out of triangles of steel. The cable dropped all the way down to the street, where a worker hammered it closed around a big stack of plywood. We were standing right next to the stack of plywood; nobody seemed to think this was a safety risk for pedestrians. So we stared as the stack went up and up and up over the roof of an adjacent six story building which was being renovated. Superannuated sidewalk superintendents!

Our walking tour booklet led us to the entrance hall and lobby of the headquarters of the Grand Trunk Railway. These are elegant and include a large marble stairway with wrought iron railings which widened out at the bottom for an elegant effect. A little courtyard hidden behind a portcochere just a few streets away is a garden oasis, and several of the old bank buildings sport gorgeous decorated ceilings and lobbies. We read dozens of plaques on buildings and monuments.

This old port area of the city is a continual surprise to the pedestrian. Definitely an area in rapid transition, there are enough museums and buildings and parks and blocks to explore that you could happily spend a week in this corner of the city alone. There are still some trash-filled alleys, some buildings in disrepair, and some homeless men, but it appears that the area will soon be completely redeveloped and reenergized.

**August 23 - Museums and old friends**

We chose the metro again, because of the rain, but also because it took us exactly where we wanted to go. We were curious about the St. Lawrence River and seaway, so off we went to the Biosphere which is devoted to an eco-museum about water. As Bob said, this rainy day is the perfect day to study water!

The Biosphere was created for Expo67. It's a Buckminster Fuller geodesic dome. We vaguely remembered walking to the building 33 years ago, and found it still an impressive site. We found the answers to our St. Lawrence questions in the multi-media display.

After the Biosphere and another metro ride we paid a short visit to the Musee des Beaux Arts. We did not have time to go through all the galleries, but enjoyed the portion of the permanent collection covering up through the nineteenth century.

Wednesday evening and Thursday we spent with old friends from Montreal. We spoke a mixture of French and English, and learned more about this province. We met their two children - a banker, and a newly graduated pharmacist, and talked with their daughter's friend, a Montreal city policeman.

**August 24 - Mont Tremblant**

Thursday was as lovely as Wednesday had been rainy. We piled into our friend's car, off to the mountains. Our route took us first on the freeway, then through some quieter suburbs which became less frequent as we approached the mountains.

At first you notice that the land is becoming more hilly. Etienne, a dedicated golfer, pointed out some of his favorite courses; there are lots and lots of public golf courses.

This is great country for recreation of all kinds, with parks and tennis courts, sailing and skiing galore.

Mont Tremblant, however, is very special. Approaching it, we noticed that the little villages had become little resorts, with many inns and charming restaurants and boutiques. We pulled into the parking lot at the foot of the mountain; condos and hotels filled the hillside, with a spectacular array of different colored roofs and facades. We rode a gondola to the center of the area.

Small children were taking turns practicing circus skills: unicycle riding, trapeze and trampoline, helped by patient and experienced trainers--and lots and lots of nets and safety belts. As with all these skills the trick is to start very young.

Next we rode up to the top of the mountain, where we admired the views out over the large lake. Islands and a coastline full of coves and spurs make this an area which would be fun to explore by boat, and many people were doing just that. On the other side, forested hills stretch out as far as you can see. When you realize that you are within a couple of hours of downtown Montreal, the contrast is even more striking.

We returned to the village in our gondola-car, thinking about how many skiers Mont Tremblant could support in winter.

So we window-shopped through Mont Tremblant Village, past art galleries and stores with svelte clothing to confectioners and many bistros, all with the traditional outdoor summer seating, to the lobby of the swankest hotel, filled with precious antiques draped casually against the walls (and a good security system). There were land offices in case you wanted to pick up a condo or two (construction was raging away high on the hillside) and wonderful outdoor stores for family camping and hiking. No doubt at the appropriate moment the stores magically transform their offerings from summer to winter.

We returned for dinner with our friends, stopping in several other charming resort towns in the Laurentides, once to pick up a loaf of bread. We got an explanation for the fast drivers, too. Apparently the Surete de Quebec (in other words, the State Police) have been having a salary dispute with the Province, as the Parti Quebecois has pledged to balance the provincial budget. So the police aren't making highway traffic stops. Over the summer the freeway speeds have increased; while the nominal speed limit is 100 kmph, many cars are driving 120 and a few much faster. The roads aren't good enough for 120 kmph, though, so we hope the dispute gets settled.

**August 25 - More Walks in Montreal**

Once again we set off on the Metro, this time to a destination selected almost arbitrarily, hoping to see another facet of this complex city; and so we did. After walking a few blocks through a neighborhood which reminded Bob of Queens, New York of fifty years ago, we began to approach the Oratory of St. Joseph.

This is one of the largest basilicas in the world, and one of the most important religious buildings in a city of many beautiful churches. A huge and tall edifice on an even higher hill, it is the highest point in Montreal and demands, for those on foot, a serious ascent, and for those on their knees like at least one pilgrim we saw, hours of effort just to reach the entrance.

Alfred Bessette, who was beatified in 1982, was the guiding force behind the creation of the Oratory. Born in Southeast of Montreal in 1845, he was a sickly child who was orphaned early. After working in the textile mills of Connecticut he returned to Montreal to become a Holy Cross monk, taking the name of Brother Andre. For the rest of his life, Brother Andre dedicated himself to encouraging parishioners to pray, and has been credited with many cures. The walls of the Votive Chapel are hung with many canes and crutches. He also inspired the building of the impressive building, which was finally completed in 1966, long after his death in 1937.

Our tour took us through the basement chapels, past a museum and displays of photos and articles used by Brother Andre, as well as a variety of religious art. Outside, we

climbed yet higher through the pilgrims' garden. The life-size stations of the cross had been designed by Louis Parent and sculpted from white Carrara marble by Ercolo Barbieri in seven years. The basilica itself was immense, and our picture did not come out, as it was too dark. There is still work to be done as the basilica uses folding chairs for seatings instead of pews. We recalled that one of the young people we had met at our friend's home, a policeman, had told us that the officials at the Oratory had a lot of problems with homeless people coming on the property and wanted the police to keep them off.

St. Joseph's Oratory is an impressive testimony to the lifelong work of Brother Andre, and a must-see landmark of Montreal.

When we reached street level again, we looked for lunch. We were in the neighborhood of the University of Montreal. In our discussions with our friends we had talked about well-loved foods, with crepes being a unanimous favorite, so when we saw a restaurant specializing in crepes we had to enter.

The high point of this restaurant, however, was not the food but the woman at the next table, who was the epitome of The Grande Dame. She carefully selected her demi-bouteille of lunch-time red wine, specified that her mineral water be served without ice and in a red wine glass, and discussed at great length the several entree selections. Meanwhile at the table on the other side of her, four men, obviously young university professors, of four different nationalities, sat ordering their luncheon. Only one spoke French, and they reviewed most of the items on the menu with the patient but overworked waiter in loud voices. Bob and the Grand Dame exchanged smiles and knowing glances at this disturbance.

Then the restaurant filled up. Obviously at least one and possibly two waiters had not shown up for work, as we soon saw mere and pere restaurateurs bustling in and out of the kitchen serving people. Meanwhile we, and the Grande Dame, who had been seated early, were being ignored.

At about this point she leaned over to us and said in a hoarse but quite audible voice, "restaurants are all awful." She puffed on her cigarette and savored the rest of her wine, having picked like a bird at her viande. "Are you from here?" we asked. "I'm Czech," she told us proudly. "Actually I have several passports - Swiss, Canadian." She then proceeded to explain that all politicians are corrupt, and that the best government is no government, as in Switzerland. We agreed. "How old are you?" she asked, and when we said sixty-three she replied with a toothy smile, "eighty." She also informed us that there were 180,000 Italians and 160,000 Greeks in Montreal; we since heard these figures confirmed. It indicates that there are (or were) many more anglophones in Montreal than we at first realized. We probably could have engaged her in conversation for quite a while longer, but declined the opportunity!

All of this demanded an afternoon rest. Elsa headed out after a while to mail packages and mingle again with the Montrealers in the shopping area near the hotel, making a brief

stop at the McCord Museum of Canadian History, which has won several awards for Excellence for small museums. This is a new museum, using up-to-date techniques including many video installations. The major exhibit contrasts Montreal women of 1900 and 2000. The former were just beginning to be allowed into McGill University where after graduation many concentrated on charity and educational projects--since middle- and upper-class women would never work outside the home. Clothing, books, photos, and household goods were displayed. The more entertaining exhibit, because it was unexpected, was about how Montreal copes with winter, with sleds and ice picks, breaking apart ice on streets and sidewalks after snowstorms even today. On this warm summer afternoon the snow was hard to imagine, but the pictures are convincing.

At the end of the afternoon we went out again and found the Cinerobotique of the National Film Board of Canada. Librarians know and love the National Film Board, because for decades (it was founded in 1939, in fact) this organization has made excellent documentaries and fiction movies available, especially for libraries. Subject range from literature and cartoons to nature, social sciences, and biography, and more. As video advanced, earlier films have been transferred to videocassette, and now many are available on DVD as well.

But here in Montreal we searched the catalog by computer and found an interesting-sounding video in English about the effects of the French language law on English-speaking Montrealers. We noted the item number, then signed up for a two-person video station--$6.00 for an hour. Here again was the computer screen, and after entering our item number we were able to watch, through a glass window at the end of the hall, as the large-armed robot located our video from a DVD jukebox, checked its condition, and loaded it for us on the large screen just in front of us. What a treat!

You can't get the services of the robot, but you can get to the National Film Board collection by going to www.onf.ca. You can also rent or buy videos from them, through a couple of branches in the U.S. as well as Canada. This is a great national resource, in our opinion!

The movie was very fascinating to us. In the last thirty years more than 300,000 anglophones have left the city; most have moved to Ontario. The producer of the film portrayed these anglophones as being oppressed. With French as the principal language of business in Quebec since 1967, anglophones have found themselves losing out repeatedly to francophones for hiring and promotions, so many have fled the province. We knew the film represented a point of view, but it was not always clear when opinion was being stated as fact.

**August 26 – To Oka and Hudson**

Even carefree travelers must do laundry, and today was the day. We set out for a residential area, and found an emptry Buanderie (laundry) with lots of machines. With the clean clothing in the car we took a driving tour, again selecting a new direction. We

left the island of Montreal and crossed the island of Laval, continuing up the river until we reached the town of Oka, across the Lac du Deux Montagnes from Hudson.

Oka and Hudson are lakeside resorts, and today the lake was well populated with boats of all kinds, from sailboats to speedboats.  In the middle of this crowd of recreational boaters, a chain of ferry boats plied there way back and forth, constantly bringing cars from one side of the lake to the other.

As soon as one ferry would reach the shore, it would unload its dozen cars, and a dozen bicycles, load a dozen of each going in the opposite direction, and set out again. So at any given moment there were two or three small ferries going in each direction! To make matters more interesting for the sailboats and speedboats, these were no ordinary ferries. Far from it. Each ferry was just a small rectangular barge - actually, raft seems like a better term. Attached to one end of the ferry was a loop of line; hawser is too dignified a term and suggests thickness and strength. We don't want to mislead you. The two ends of the line were attached to two corners of the barge, and the center of the loop was hooked around a small inboard power boat, about twenty feet long.

Looking a lot like the little engine that could, the motor boat (perhaps runabout is a better term) charged out into the lake until the line had formed a tight triangle. It tugged and pulled until pretty soon the ferry barge was gliding across the lake. Good thing the lake was calm. The sign said this was a seasonal ferry, and we believe it. Probably there's a lot of ice in the lake in winter. Maybe you can walk across.

Anyhow, the most fun (and this was actually our favorite ferry ride on our trip to Canada) was docking. As we neared the opposite shore, the motor boat would pull off to one side and let the line go slack. Possibly there was a steering mechanism on the barge, but we didn't see it. Slung like a slingshot, the barge flew into its landing. Meanwhile, the skipper of the motorboat landed and jumped off in time to help the crew on shore make the barge fast and let the dozen bicycles and dozen cars, including us, safely get off. Then the whole cycle was immediately repeated, because there were lines of cars on both banks waiting to cross.

The ferry was run by the province. Vive la Quebec!

Well, we found ourselves in Hudson, less than twenty kilometers from Ontario, and this part of Quebec looked much more English. We continued over a new bridge back to the eastern tip of the island of Montreal, and drove along the fashionable south shore, which reminded us of any expensive strip of waterfront homes in North America. No French architecture here: tudor style or stucco or modern, with English gardens. What's more,

the locals had somehow resisted the francization of the street names. We passed Lakeshore and Beaconsfield and Churchill and Devon; not even a Chemin had worked in. Elsewhere in downtown Montreal, Dorchester Boulevard has become Boulevard Rene Levesque. So the battle for Quebec continues.

**August 27 - Leaving Canada**

Heading for New England, we left our hotel under a grey sky, feeling sorry for all of the folks holding festivals in Montreal (there were at least six neighborhood festivals, plus the International Film Festival, going on today).

Elsa has recently read (and recommends) A Clearing in the Distance, a biography of Frederick Law Olmsted, the man who created New York's Central Park and other municipal parks, so we drove to Mount Royal Park as our last sightseeing spot in Montreal. In accordance with his philosophy, the park is designed to satisfy many different needs of the citizens: rest, relief from urban crowds and buildings, unexpected sights, a variety of landscapes. There are no flower plantings--Olmsted preferred groups of trees as visual stimuli, partly because they are so much longer-lasting than flowers--but there were plenty of little hills and dips, and tantalizing views of a lake and walking paths.

There are no roads through the park (also an Olmsted requirement) but the surrounding drive takes you to one of the highest spots around, where the view of the city below is spectacular.

Leaving the park, we wandered along the city and suburban streets till we reached the countryside, then drove for more than an hour through small towns interspersed with farms. Lots of these farmers were raising corn, and the cornfields were tall and beautiful. We have heard that farmers are worried because the corn is ripening late due to lack of sunshine and warmth, but certainly everybody is taking advantage of the short Canadian summer harvest; fruit and vegetable stands all had rows of cars with eager buyers.

We entered the U.S. by driving down a narrow country road till we reached the joint customs station. The only way to drive was through U.S. Customs, so we asked the U.S. guy where we could get our receipts validated (U.S. travelers can get a refund on some Canadian taxes.) Not here. You have to go to Canadian customs; they're around the other side; I'll tell him you're coming. As we proceeded to drive through he just remembered to ask us if we were U.S. citizens, and we said we were. Then we drove around the building and parked next to the U.S. guy's car and walked to the drive-up window on the Canadian side.

The Canadians charge you tax on hotel rooms, which you can get refunded after you leave Canada. You fill out a form and send it in to Ottawa. You can also get the tax refunded on any items, costing at least $50 Canadian, which you bring out of the country. We wanted to show the Canadian guy our stuff but he didn't seem to mind; he stamped the receipts. Also, if you buy smaller items but the whole purchase comes to more than $50 (excluding tax) you can get the tax refunded. There are no refunds on food you eat or stuff you buy and use up while in Canada.

So now we will add up all our receipts and send them in to Ottawa. This will be a fairly sizeable amount of money, because in some provinces you pay a tax as much as 15%, which is refunded to you.

As we drove south onto the Champlain Islands of Vermont, we remembered that the U.S. guy didn't ask us if we were carrying any contraband or alcohol or agricultural products. Guess he decided we looked OK.

When we saw the sign in Vermont warning us of Moose Crossing we realized we hadn't seen any moose in Canada, other than the one in the animal preserve in Nova Scotia. Oh well.

**September 4 – Thoughts on Quebec Sovereignty and Canada**

We could not travel through Quebec without being aware of "la revolution tranquille," aimed at achieving sovereignty for the province. The newspaper articles and columns took a knowledge of recent events for granted, and we learned little from conversations

with Canadians, so we purchased three books, two in English and one in French, and applied our own experience and opinions to write the following paper.

There are about 7 million francophones in Canada, most of them in Quebec. The French were the first people to make permanent year-round homes in Canada, and by the mid-eighteenth century, Canada was predominantly French. But the French lost most of their North American colonies to England in the Eighteenth Century, and what is now Quebec became the English colony of Lower Canada. Despite the expulsion (and later readmission) of the Acadians from the Maritimes, the French in Lower Canada were initially treated quite well. Perhaps this was because these settlers composed the majority of the population.

However, after the U.S. Revolutionary War the British Loyalists immigrated to Canada, and at the end of the Eighteenth to the beginning of the Nineteenth Centuries, the British worked very hard to suppress the French language in Canada, at one point even having the Catholic Church on their side. Canada's immigration practices until quite recently favored Anglo-Saxons, deliberately developing and maintaining what the federal leaders saw as a more homogeneous culture.

The francophones, naturally, took this very hard. Official and unofficial efforts to suppress the French language in Quebec, though more subtle, continued until about 1960. By this time, the bulk of the wealth in Canada was in Montreal and Toronto, and the bulk of the wealthy citizens in Montreal were anglophones.

In the 1960s a "quiet revolution" began in Quebec, which has led to dramatic changes: the Parti Quebecois has come to power, with the stated aim of sovereignty for Quebec. The Quebec language law requires French to be the language of business, and restricts English language schools to those students whose parents were educated in English in Canada; in other words, English-speaking immigrants must now send their students to French schools.

The Dominion of Canada is a new country, formed in 1869 by the federation of separate British colonies; Newfoundland was added in 1949. Until 1982 there was no Canadian constitution; instead the basis of government in Canada was the British North America Act, passed in London. In 1982, Canada adopted a constitution, along with a charter of rights, but Quebec did not become a signatory to this constitution. So while the Supreme Court of Canada has overturned some of Quebec's laws on language and education, on constitutional grounds, Quebec's lawyers have argued that the constitution doesn't apply and the laws are still valid.

In the thirty years since the passage of the language laws, Quebec has become more solidly francophone. We have noted that the Gaspe Region was 50% anglophone in the nineteenth century, and 30% anglophone in 1970, but is now about 10% anglophone. Similarly, the movie "The Rise and Fall of English Montreal," by xxxxx, states that 300,000 anglophones have moved out of Montreal in the same period. English businesses have left, too, their places often taken by French businesses. Anglophones

have trouble getting hired and promoted in francophone-controlled businesses. On the other hand, there is still a large anglophone community in Quebec, especially in Montreal and the western parts of the Province. Except in parts of New Brunswick and Manitoba, French Canadians do not feel comfortable, and do not succeed as well, outside of Quebec.

There have been two popular referenda in Quebec on the issue of separation from Canada. The last, in 1995, resulted in a 49.5% vote of the Province for separation; this included 60% of the francophones, and 10% of the anglophones. But the 1995 vote was controversial, as it was hypothesized on the ability of Quebec to negotiate a kind of quasi-independence from Canada. The voters were told there would be close economic and military ties, perhaps even a common currency and passports. However, the Canadian government had not agreed to these provisions. Since the 1995 vote, Ottawa has insisted that any future vote be upon a clear question of separation.

By way of analogy, we might note that Switzerland has three or four distinct language groups; perhaps it succeeds because it is a very loose confederation. Belgium has had continual conflict between French and Flemish speakers; however, the Flemish minority is not of equal legal status. Finally, Czechoslovakia sundered into two national republics, Czech and Slovak, after the fall of the Soviet Union. So it is certainly thinkable that Quebec might separate from Canada.

Whether or not Quebec becomes a sovereign nation, it will be heavily involved with English-speaking North America, as its economy is tied not to Europe but North America. Many Quebecers are already bilingual, and the French schools teach English starting in the fourth grade (there's a popular proposal to change this to first grade since students learn languages more readily while they are very young.) It will always require a great effort for Quebec to keep its language and culture as an island in a sea of English. On the other hand, the very struggle to preserve French has generated great artistic and literary creativity in Quebec.

A key social issue underlying the debate about Quebec separation is whether or not Canada seeks to be a melting pot. In the cities we see young Canadians of different backgrounds socializing, but this is much less common in the country. But more Canadians are living in the cities, and this has been a continuing demographic trend in North America for over a century. The separation of Quebec from Canada would make it necessary for young couples to choose anglophone or francophone culture for their children. Mobility of young people between Quebec and the Rest of Canda (ROC) would decrease. Our perception is that the separate groups in Canada tend to intermarry less than in the United States, but we don't have the statistics to back this up. (These statistics are very difficult to obtain, since an individual of mixed ethnic background is not accurately described in the official demographic databases in Canada or the U.S.)

The Quebec and Canadian political leadership have been playing very dangerous games with their province and country. They have been pretending that the issue of separation can be readily worked out, peaceably and with minimal disruption. This is not the case.

The problem stems from the fact that the province of Quebec itself is highly divided on the issue. In the two votes on separation, Quebecers voted "yes" 45% and 49.5%. Even if a future vote were to produce a 60% "yes" vote, that would leave 40% "no." That would be about 3 million Quebecers who do not want to separate. Of course some of these people would quietly accept the inevitable, but what about those who do not accept separation? These people are not politicians, not diplomats, and would not act with peace and tact when their personal lives are disrupted. That is to say, while the discussions and campaigning about separation have been quiet and peaceable, the aftermath of separation would result in a polarized population. The politicians would not be able to prevent this polarization.

Let's examine a few of the difficulties that would have to be surmounted. Individual Quebecers who do not want to lose their Canadian citizenship would make one of two demands: either they would insist that Quebec be partitioned, with certain areas remaining in Canada, or they would want to be repatriated to Canada, with Quebec buying their property and assisting them in job relocation to Canada. This would include lots of anglophones and even some bilingual francophones who don't want to give up their rights as Canadians. The native Americans resident in Quebec could be an even bigger problem, because they could argue the Canadian government has guaranteed their rights on their lands within the province of Quebec. They would want their territory, most of northern Quebec, to remain in Canada and not in independent Quebec.

The reaction in ROC would be more mixed. While some would say 'good riddance,' others would resist the right of Quebec to secede in the same manner as the North resisted the right of the South to secede in the U.S. In fact, the Canadian Supreme Court has indicated Quebec has no unilateral right of secession. Since Canada would be seriously weakened by the loss of Quebec, the polarization of opinion within ROC would have difficult consequences.

The probable backlash against a separate Quebec would swing ROC towards a monolingual English country. This in turn could lead to further problems as the francophones in New Brunswick and Manitoba consider if they want to move to Quebec.

Separating Quebec and ROC would have other ramifications. How much of Canada's national debt would be assumed by Quebec? What rights would be given to citizens of Quebec who had been working for the Canadian federal government? Would they have to leave Quebec to preserve their jobs? Their benefits and retirement? Would Quebec buy the federal property within the province? Would Quebec start its own military forces? Would Canadian businesses get out of Quebec? What would Quebec pay to keep them in?

The loss of Quebec would leave Canada split into two separate pieces. Would Quebec have a stranglehold on Canada through control of vital communications links such as roads, railroads and the St. Lawrence seaway? Recall the strong international confrontations that have arisen over the control of the Suez and Panama Canals. In the end, the country with physical control has realized the economic and military control.

Quebec might exercise that control if Newfoundland and Labrador were to carry through on their threat to reclaim the power output of Churchill Dam, now held under 99-year lease to Quebec.

If there were to be that 60% 'yes' vote for separation, then the practical difficulties would soon become more and more evident, and the polarization of the population would proceed. In response, the financial markets would give a mighty hiccup. The Canadian dollar would plummet, based on uncertainty of foreign investors. Canadian stocks would tumble, and the effect would be large enough to cause stock markets in other countries to react strongly lower. The financial chaos, in turn, would cause more anxiety among the Canadian people and more polarization, both in and out of Quebec. Violence is not out of the question, in which case foreign countries, led by the U.S., would want to move to stablize the situation rapidly.

In our opinion, the best outcome then would be for Quebecers to realize that they've made a big mistake and demand that the secession proceedings be halted. At the same time, the Canadians should move strongly to protect the French language and culture in Quebec. A better solution than secession would be for Canadians to move together as a bilingual people and avoid any more votes on separation. Neither Canada nor Quebec can afford the risk.

As we think about the problem of Quebec separation, we are reminded of the Ministry of Communication in France, which seeks to guard the French language from English intrusions. Of course all languages are evolving; many are dying out. Perhaps tens of thousands of years in the future there will be only one language on Earth; if so, it will represent an amalgamation of words and structures from many different languages. Certainly English and French will both be well-represented in this future language; but it will not be English or French or any current language. Ironically, the intransigence of the French to modifications of their language may insure that French is less well represented in that possible future world language.

That said, we agree we cannot plan for the amalgamation of languages in the future, and we agree that language and culture are intertwined today. The French Canadian language, or joual, is not the same as the French language of Europe, because it has evolved in isolation for some three centuries. But distinctive language and culture provide great richness of experience, help to define individual relationships, and make for much more interesting travel and sightseeing!

The question of separation for Quebec is an extremely important and serious one. In our opinion, the politicians, both in Canada and in Quebec, should appreciate the great risks that are involved. They should not have allowed two referenda to be held already on this issue without a great deal more detailed public debate about these dangerous risks. Instead, they have either downplayed the risks (the Quebec politicians) or refused to discuss them (the Canadian politicians). Politicians are servants of the people, and they ought not lead the people into dangerous waters. **We believe that if the Quebecers saw**

**the seriousness of the risks involved, they would not vote for separation from Canada.**

## Conclusion

We have noticed that governments (at least the Canadian and American governments) tend to separate travelers into two categories: business and personal. Most of the summer visitors on personal travel, we've seen, are families enjoying various outdoor activities, but there are many other reasons to spend weeks, even months, traveling away from one's home.

While many of the vacationing workers are simply looking for a chance to get away from work, be with the family, and have fun (which may include a variety of activities), others, including traveling retirees, are more likely to be interested in learning about the region they are touring: not only its geography and natural resources, but its people, its economy, its history and its future. Travelers who have retired from business life often take longer visits and therefore generate more tourism revenue per capita than the two-week vacationer. Morever, they tend to travel more widely, away from the primary tourist routes.

We found the tourist information offices invaluable for providing information on local history, geography, and natural resources of a region. Located in almost every large or small town, they present a friendly and competent first intoduction to their regions. However, we became interested learning more deeply about each province's (modern) people, its economy, and its future.

As we extended our travels, we wanted to know more about the crash of the fishing industry, the outflow of technically educated young people, the political tensions over government aid to underdeveloped provinces, the anglophone / francophone and aboriginal / immigrant conflicts, and Canadians' fear of being overpowered by American culture and economic power. Perhaps we could have found a short-term guided tour, or a university class, but iinstead we studied the newspapers, watched television, talked to people, and, most important, visited bookstores.

What we found was that the parts of eastern Canada we visited are undergoing rapid change. The traditional occupations of fishing, forestry, mining, and farming are occupying fewer and fewer people. More people are engaged in service industries, as is happening all over the world. Tourism, while continuing to grow, is a highly seasonal industry. Information technology (IT) industries are growing around the major population centers. Quebec is changing to a completely francophone province.

While some citizens are taking advantage of societal changes to develop new industries, such as eco-tourism, many more of those displaced from traditional industries are looking to the government to support them by direct compensating payments instead of retraining.

The information age means that the traditional handicap of eastern Canada, its distance from major commercial and industrial centers, is diminishing in significance. Commercial centers (for example, insurance processing) could easily be located in eastern Canada, taking advantage of the available labor pool. Telecommuting might enable many eastern Canadians to spend most of the time in their beautiful homeland while working for an industry located in the booming central or western provinces. But these ideas are more hope than reality at present.

Some of the differences between Canada and the United States can be discerned from the attitudes of the people. While both Canadians and Americans are awed and even frightened by the power of the United States, they regard Canada as a more concerned country with friendlier people. Yet few of the people on either side of the border comprehend the great differences in history that separate the two countries.

The United States was born in revolution 225 years ago, and annealed in civil war 135 years ago; its union into a single nation is an accomplished fact. Its constitution is the prime model for independent democratic republics. Moreover, it has been augmented steadily over these centuries by risk-tolerant immigrants; these immigrants have selected the United States as the ultimate free nation in which great individual effort can in some cases be rewarded by great success. The economic inequalities between the states have eroded and the U.S. is tightly linked with a network of transportation and communications. Its people are mobile and confident. The U.S. believes, with more than a little justification, that it dominates global culture and business. Put in less attractive terms, the U.S. typifies the materialistic world.

Canada, on the other hand, is much younger in many ways. Separate British colonies were confederated in 1869, but the mix of two languages and two cultures helped to prevent a strong union. It was based on an act of the British parliament until 1982. For many years Canada fought off potential military and political takeovers by the U.S.; it continues to fight off economic and cultural takeover by the U.S. It has tended to be losing this latter battle. Oddly, it is Canada's francophone population that has helped it resist Americanization.

Canada is known around the world as the 'blue helmet' country because of its frequent support of U.N. peacekeeping missions. Immigrants seeking freedom but not the unlimited competition of the United States tend to prefer Canada. However, some people immigrate to Canada with the intention of later gaining admission to the United States. Canada tends to be more supportive of its people with a strong program of public health and social security; so it relies less on individual initiative. But the Canadian economy has not developed strongly in all the provinces. The eastern provinces have been dependent on extractive industries for too long, and the bright young people leave these provinces for better opportunities in the cities of Ontario, British Columbia, and (for the francophones) Quebec.

Canada adopted, or "patriated," its own constitution in 1982; unfortunately, Quebec did not ratify that constitution. So while the U.S. has had well over 100 years of growth

under a stable political system, Canada's growth continues to be distracted by great political uncertainty. The threat of Quebec separation surely limits Canada's economic progress.

We, like most Americans, feel that Canada is a wonderful country, with wonderful people. We plan to return to Canada next year, getting to know its mountains and Pacific coast. We feel that if the English-speaking majority in Canada would insist on bilingual education from grade One in all the provinces, it would be a miraculous solution for Canada's ills. First of all, it would defuse the threat of Quebec separation, thereby providing a stable political situation. When the bilingual children grew up and became the country's leaders, it would be easy to adopt a unanimous constitution. Secondly, the bilingual population would be fully mobile within the country, which would fuel the engine of internal economic growth. Thirdly, the bilingual character would provide a distinct national identity for Canada which would resist its cultural takeover by the U.S. And fourthly, bilingual Canadians would be more economically successful because of their ability to translate between two important international languages. At a time when fewer students than ever in the U.S. learn a foreign language, Canadians would understand the relationships between language and culture, and be far more welcome on the international scene.

## Reading List

We tried to read Canadian newspapers and magazines, to watch Canadian television, and to talk to Canadian people. Most of this was in English, but some was in French. In addition, we enjoyed reading while we traveled; these are the titles that we think helped us gain a better understanding of eastern Canada.

Atwood, Margaret. The Robber Bride. Doubleday 1993. Atwood is one of Canada's major fiction writers. Zenia enters the lives of three Toronto women and does her best to destroy them.

Baldwin, Douglas. Land of the Red Soil: A Popular History of Prince Edward Island. Ragweed Press, 1998.

Conlogue, Ray. Impossible Nation: The Longing for Homeland in Canada and Quebec. The Mercury Press, 1996.

Douglas, Ann. The complete idiot's guide to Canadian History. Prentice-Hall. No date.

Epinette, Francoise. Que Sais-Je? La question nationale au Quebec (in French). Presses Universitaires de France, 1998.

Francis, Daniel. National Dreams: Myth, memory, and Canadian History. Vancouver, Arsenal Pulp Press, 1997.

Frank, David, et al., Atlantic Canada After Confederation. Acadiensis Reader, Vol. 2. Goose Lane Press, 1999.

Granatstein, J. L. Yankee Go Home? Canadians and Anti-Americans. HarperCollins, 1996. A history of anti-Americanism in Canada.

Griffiths, Rudyard. Great questions of Canada. Stoddart, 2000.

Horwood, Harold. Joey: The Life and Political Times of Joey Smallwood. Stoddart, 1989.

Johnston, Wayne -- The Colony of Unrequited Dreams. A fictional biography of Joey Smallwood, the first prime minister of Newfoundland. Vivid details of the history of the area during the twentieth century, with emphasis on the poverty and brutal living conditions.

Johnston, Wayne -- The Divine Ryans. Broadway Books, 1999.

Leacock, Stephen. Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town. McClennand and Stewart, c1931, 1960

McLeod, Alistair. No Great Mischief. McClelland & Stewart, 1999. Placing this novel partially in the Maritimes brought more immediacy to the story. Well-reviewed in Canada.

Maillet, Antonine. Pelagie-LaCharrette. Grasset, 1979. (FRENCH) This is considered a classic of Acadian literature, by the creator of La Sagouine. Pelagie, in her ox-cart, gathers families which have been dispersed to the United States to return them to their original land in Canada. Magic realism and fable, plus grammar appropriate to the illiterate voyagers, make this rather difficult reading.

Maillet, Antonine. La Sagouine. A set of monologues written for one of the major characters of the village, a dyspepctic old woman.

Morgan, Bernice-- Random Passage. St. John's, Breakwater Books, 1992. This novel, presently becoming a mini-series for Canadian television, recounts the hard lives of a small community of fishermen/sealers in Eastern Newfoundland in the 19th century. Primitive living conditions and dire poverty are ever-present, yet these people are resilient, relying upon each other and the scraps of knowledge and traditions they have brought with them from England.

Pal, Leslie A., ed. How Ottawa Spends, 2000 - 2001. Oxford University Press, 2000.

Proulx, E. Annie. Shipping News. Simon & Schuster, 1994. Almost a classic by now, this is the story of a father doing his best to survive and raise his children in isolated Nova Scotia.

Province of Quebec, Editeur officiel. Charter of the French language. National library of Quebec, 1998.

Rompkey, Ronald. Grenfell of Labrador: A Biography. University of Toronto Press, 1992.

*Rybczynski, Witold.-- A clearing in the distance: Frederick Law Olmsted and North America in the Nineteenth centure. Biography of the first landscape architect, with side trips into some of the social life and customs of the last half of the 19th century. Interesting view of his work during and after the Civil War. Applicable because of his work on Mount Royal park in Montreal.*

Young, Robert A. The Struggle for Quebec: From Referendum to Referendum? McGill-Queen's University Press, 1999.