

A LUMBERJACK'S LIFE

Written by

Michael Cooper

A LUMBERJACK'S LIFE BY MICHAEL COOPER

MUSIC: TRAD. FIDDLE TUNE. FADES UNDER AS ARMAND SPEAKS.

ARMAND

Allo.
My name is Armand Bertrand, and
once, I was a lumberjack.

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

My father Maurice was one of the
first to come north, looking for
work. He walked from Hull up
through the valleys of the 3 lakes
till he reached the township of
Masham. Then he worked as a
teamster. Every winter. In the
shanties. Saving money till he
could buy land to farm. Then he
married my mother.

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

We were 7 boys and 5 girls who
lived. I was one of the youngest
and, like my brothers and sisters,
I worked on the farm. Sure, work
was hard, but we ate well, so I was
always healthy.

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

When I was big enough, I left for
the shanty with 2 brothers, and 2
strong horses, "Tom" and "Ti-noir".
I well remember that first shanty,
near Kazabazua. We were about 40
men and boys, crowded into the
shanty for the four months of
winter...up at 5am; skidding logs on
icy trails till dark; then falling
asleep too tired to even scratch
the lice.

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

When Winter ended my brothers went back to their girl-friends, but I decided to join "les draveurs" - the log-drivers. So, in the freezing Spring water, we pulled the logs off the banks, and sent them down the rivers to Ottawa.

But here is the real story... when the river was narrow, logs often piled up creating a jam. The boss had dynamite to break the jams, but he wouldn't use it, 'cos it damaged the wood...so it was our job to release all the logs. Well, that is easy to say, but just try it...we had to walk on greasy, green logs, using poles and peaveys to move them apart...Yes, you can guess... either we slipped, and fell in the freezing water, or we did move them, and boom! off they went downstream, with us running on logs to escape! Some of us didn't.

We earned our pay, for sure. And then, we drank it away in the taverns in Hull...

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Two years later, I met a girl I liked. Eugenie Bouchard was an orphan, who came to live on her uncle's farm, near ours. She had the greatest smile...

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

So that winter, I worked at the shanty, then again as a draveur down the Gatineau. There were many rafts leaving for Quebec City, so it was easy to get a job as "raftsman". We build the cribs - small rafts of white pine, maybe the same size as a house, and attached them together with "withies", thin branches to hold the big raft together.

(MORE)

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Then we piled oak boards on top, as the oak market was good. We made very long oars, called "sweeps", and even put up little masts, so we could sail when the wind was behind us! Then we built little huts to sleep in, and a huge firepit for cooking, and we lived on that raft. It was big, like a rugby football field...

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

We had good winds and weather till Long Sault. But then, a huge angry storm made taking the cribs past the rapids a big problem.

MUSIC: TENSE, DRAMATIC.

We spun...then stuck on a rock in the middle of the river. As the crib broke up, Jo-Louis and me, we hung on to a log...he was yelling, I was praying! The guys on the bank hurled ropes, but the water took them away from us...and the crib slowly un-tied, one log at a time... I crawled along to Jo-Louis, we looped arms...crack! A rope with a rock tied on it hit the log beside me...I grabbed...it held! The guys pulled us ashore, we were half-drowned...

MUSIC: UP AND THEN UNDER

ARMAND (CONT'D)

When we came home from Quebec that September, I married Eugenie. She told me she didn't want me to work on the rafts no more. We've been farming ever since.

MUSIC: UP AND OUT.

The Copeland Ferry

by
Brooke Gibson

SFX: INTRO MUSIC

NARRATOR

South of Wakefield, the Copeland ferry is one of the best routes across the Gatineau River. The river passing William Copeland's farmstead is ten feet deep when the levels are normal in the summer and autumn. But it's spring and the water is high and moving fast. It's May 1891.

SFX: MUSIC XFADES INTO FAST FLOWING RIVER

SFX: RIVER CONTINUES UNDERNEATH THE FOLLOWING DIALOGUE

NARRATOR

Two young boys, who work weekends at the farmstead, have finished their chores for the day and are standing at the landing on the west bank.

JOHN

(the elder boy)

Come on, Michael, I seen it done a hunderd times before. Come on!

MICHAEL

(the younger)

I dunno, John. What if we get caught?

JOHN

Are you afrighted?

MICHAEL

No!

JOHN

Well come on, then. No one's lookin'. Everyone's gone up to work the back fields and Copeland's taken his horse down to the Maxwell's to plow their place.

SFX: JOHN AND MICHAEL MOVING ON THE SHORE. JOHN UNTIES THE ROPE ANSD STEPS ONTO THE WOODEN SCOW.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Here! Gimme your hand!

SFX: JOHN PULLS MICHAEL ON BOARD.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Dig in your oar!

SFX: THE OARS SPLASH IN THE WATER.

WE HEAR THE EFFORT IN THE BOYS' VOICES AS THEY TRY TO PULL THE OARS THROUGH THE RUSHING WATER.

NARRATOR

Almost immediately the scow takes on water and an ice pan clips the front end.

SFX: THE COLLISION OF ICE AND WOOD.

SFX: THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING WE HEAR THE BOYS STRUGGLE TO CONTROL THE SCOW AGAINST THE FORCE OF THE WATER.

NARRATOR (CONT'D (CONT'D))

The boys pull with all their strength but are heaved from behind by a swell. They are carried on down by the heaving rush of the high water. They brace themselves against the rails along the sides of the ferry. The oars are gone.

JOHN

(breathless)

Now you done it! Copeland's gonna 'ave our 'eads.

MICHAEL

It's not my fault. It's a fierce rush in the river.

JOHN

Ah, yur no bloody use...

MICHAEL STARTS TO WHIMPER.

SFX: THE SCOW CONTINUES ITS HEADLONG RUSH DOWN RIVER.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Stop yer blubberin'. I should've asked Norman to come. Yur no fun. Yeeeoowww!

SFX: JOHN LETS OUT A YELL AS THE SCOW TURNS AT DIZZYING SPEED IN A WHIRLPOOL.

SFX: THE BOYS ARE THROWN TO THE DECK.

SFX: THERE IS A CRUNCH AS THE SCOW HITS A PAN OF ICE

THEN QUIET AS THE SCOW COMES TO REST ON A TANGLE OF LOGS TRAPPED BY ICE.

JUST THE BOYS PANTING. AND SHIVERING FROM THE COLD.

MICHAEL

I'm soaked.

JOHN

Are you hurt?

MICHAEL

What happened?

SFX: JOHN SCRAMBLES TO HIS FEET.

JOHN

I think we hit a whirlpool. It threw us
against these logs.

(offering MICHAEL his hand)

Here!

SFX: JOHN PULLS MICHAEL TO HIS FEET.

NARRATOR

They'd never been this far down the river
but what they did know was that they were
still a long way from the Cascades. And
that, at least, was a relief.

JOHN

You stay here, I'm goin' for help.

MICHAEL

No! I'm comin' too!

SFX: THE BOYS SCRAMBLE OFF OF THE SCOW AND ONTO THE
LOGS.

SFX: LAUGHTER AND YELPS FROM THE BOYS AS THEY NEGOTIATE
THE ROLLING LOGS AND STEP ONTO THE ICE.

NARRATOR

After several attempts of trying their
luck on the slippery logs, rolling
underfoot they step onto the ice and
scramble onto the ruts that follow the
shoreline.

SFX: MICHAEL'S BELABOURED FOOTSTEPS, CRACK THE THIN ICE
AND SQUELCH IN THE MUD.

MICHAEL

Hey, John! Wait for me!

NARRATOR

But John isn't waiting.

JOHN

I told you to stay with the scow. You're too damn slow!

NARRATOR

He knows they're already in trouble and should the scow break loose and hurtle on down to the Cascades then they'll be in real trouble.

SFX: JOHN MARCHES OFF THROUGH THE ICE AND MUD LEAVING

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Work on laying railway tracks along the Gatineau River had begun. The ruts are deep and where not frozen, they're muddy. It's hard going but John knows they need to get help.

SFX: A HORSE NICKERS.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The sound startles John. He stops abruptly and takes a step back - all in one move.

SFX: JOHN STOPS AND STEPS BACK. MICHAEL STRUGGLES TO CATCH UP.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Slippin' and a-slidin' and a-strugglin' to keep up, Michael is hard behind.

SFX: MICHAEL STOPS.

MICHAEL

(catching his breath)

What is it?

JOHN

Shhhh!

NARRATOR

Resting in the shadows of an outcropping they see a horse. And beside it a man seated on the ground.

MICHAEL

Wha'd we do now? Weer in a right good scrape, John.

NARRATOR

Picking himself up, the stranger explains that he was running his horse too hard and they both fell. He says he's continuing on to Copeland's where he has a friend there who can give him a hand. The boys go rigid which doesn't go unnoticed.

THE STRANGER

Coom along, tell me your story.

NARRATOR

Altogether, the boys, the man and his horse stumble on.....,

SFX: THE MAN, THE BOYS AND THE HORSE LIMP ALONG THE MUDDY PATH.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...each with a distinctive limp. John tells a version that he's been making up all the while, and Michael interjects with his own version. The boys argue, the man listens and the younger becomes silent.

THE STRANGER

So, you took the scow out on your own? Not done, lads.

JOHN

Yea, we know.

NARRATOR

After walking in silence for a few minutes they come within sight of Copeland's. They hesitate.

THE STRANGER

So what'll it be lads?

MICHAEL

What's goin' to happen to us?

THE STRANGER

I'll tell you what, don't breathe a word about me running the horse. It's not done. I'll not get a reference and God knows I need my horse. I live way down the river and I need Molly to get supplies for the railway.

NARRATOR

He looks at the boys in a conspiratorial way. But they don't seem to understand.

THE STRANGER

Wait here you nit wits, I'll do the talkin'.

SFX: MAN AND HORSE WALK AWAY.

NARRATOR

They watch the stranger walk down to the stable with his horse. There's much talking and raised voices. Then finally the man returns to where the boys wait. William Copeland is with him and looks stern, but not, as they expect, in a rage.

COPELAND

Well lads, Rufus here says that you've had an unusual adventure.

JOHN & MICHAEL

(muttering)

Yes sir.

COPELAND

Ave ye anything to say?

JOHN & MICHAEL

(muttering)

No sir.

COPELAND

Rufus here says that you did him a good turn, and if you hadn't come to his aid in the river he and Molly would have drowned. So don't worry, the older lads can go down after supper and get the scow. Well done, lads. Come on. You need a change of clothes and something to eat.

SFX: THEY ALL HEAD BACK TO THE FARMHOUSE.

NARRATOR

A few years after this incident, a cable was installed and after 'spring break up' it would be pulled out of the water and a line attached to it would help secure the ferry.

SFX: MUSIC UP AND OUT.

LAURA GAMBLE

Written by

Brooke Broadbent & Susan Spoke

Based on

Laura Gamble's diary

LAURA

My name is Laura Gamble and I grew up Wakefield Quebec. I am proud to have served as a nursing sister in the First World War.

SFX: Patriotic parlour piano of the period. Continues under.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Why did I sign up ? I am not sure there was a choice. As the eldest daughter of Robert Gamble, Wakefield's Presbyterian minister for thirty years, I was raised with a strong sense of duty. In 1915, 2000 Canadian nurses applied for 75 positions. I was chosen. It was an honour to serve the Empire.

SFX: Piano up and Xfade to ocean swell.

LAURA (CONT'D)

My fear started on our Atlantic crossing. I was climbing into a lifeboat for a drill when, through the fog, the outline of two ships caught my eye. They were steaming toward us.

We knew the Germans would send us to the bottom, quickly.
We waited. Waited. Nobody spoke.
Then we could see the ships better.
They were not German battleships.
But friendly British Destroyers.
Hip! Hip! Hurrah! Everyone cheered.

SFX: A cheer from the ship's passengers. Or upbeat piano.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I had enlisted in April 1915, and started nursing in France in July. I returned to England for a brief time in October. We saw several excellent plays and it was grand. On Wednesday, October 13 at 9:30 I was enjoying playing bridge with some friends.

SFX: A loud crack sounding like gun fire.

Startled, we ran outside.

(MORE)

LAURA (CONT'D)

Directly above us flashing search lights lit up a huge German Zeppelin.

SFX: The whiz, clatter and explosion of 30 bombs. Continues under...

LAURA (CONT'D)

The next day we learned that more than 70 people were killed, and almost 130 were injured. I saw the destruction in the Strand. A hole 14 feet deep. In the heart of London!

SFX: One last big explosion.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Just 15 days after the Zeppelin bombing, we were ordered to head to the Gallipoli peninsula. Our mission was to rescue British soldiers, sick and wounded. When we arrived we had a full view of trenches, dug-outs and large guns. The enemy was firing from the sea.

SFX: Shells explode, shrapnel flies, aircraft buzz, guns boom.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I saw huge shells exploding, shrapnel flying. I heard aircraft buzzing and guns booming. At night the search lights made sleep all but impossible..

SFX: Sad evocative piano.

LAURA (CONT'D)

We took on about 600 patients. Many were very ill and unfortunately several died on board the hospital ship.

On November 17, 1915 we were ordered to Salonica, a large city in Greece.

SFX: Ocean swell.

LAURA (CONT'D)

At first we enjoyed splendid views of the sunsets on Mount Olympus with exquisite mauves and pinks. But soon it was late November and everything froze. We nursed well-over 1,000 patients, many suffering from frostbite.

SFX: Christmas piano.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Despite hardships, we celebrated Christmas with bright decorations and everybody received a present from the Red Cross.

SFX: Bombs interrupt piano music.

LAURA (CONT'D)

But our peace and celebrations were broken by German planes dropping bombs on December 31st. Some Happy New Year!!

SFX: Bombs end.

LAURA (CONT'D)

For three years I was surrounded by pain. Death. Frightened, shell shocked young men.

SFX: Background sound of military hospital under.

LAURA (CONT'D)

I remember them coming back from the trenches, their feet swollen with Trench foot! Trench foot lead to gangrene. I held the boys while doctors amputated their rotting feet and limbs. I can't forget that.

SFX: Silence

I treasured my Royal Red Cross medal. Presented for the "greatest possible tact and extreme devotion to duty". Also. I was one of only 131 nurses mentioned in dispatches.

SFX: Piano music drifts in and under.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Forty seven of us lost our lives in the line of duty: fourteen drowned when a hospital ship was sunk; six nurses died in bombing raids; several died of pneumonia. Many simply wasted away from injuries and disease.

After the war, my sisters told me I had become stern. You had to be. Otherwise you'd crack and then be unfit to help anybody.

The First World War. It was the centre of my life. War shaped who I was and what I did for the rest of my life.

That is how it was.

SFX: Piano music up and out.

NAN AND GRAMPS

by

Walter Last

NAN AND GRAMPS BY WALTER LAST

SFX: TWO MEN WORKING WITH PICK-AXE AND SHOVEL. HORSE GRAZING IN THE BACKGROUND.

NARRATOR

On the morning of Nan and Gramps' wedding day, Gramps was working on the road from la Salette to Poltimore with Great-Uncle Ceph.

Back in those days, landowners could make road repairs to pay their taxes.

SFX: THE HORSE SNORTS A COMMENT. THE MEN CONTINUE WORKING.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It was the spring of 1921. After three years of courting and having saved enough money and gained enough experience, by working on other farms, to buy his own place, Gramps had asked Nan to marry him. And she'd said: "Yes".

SFX: HITCHING UP HORSE AND BUGGY.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

At noon Gramps washed up, hooked up the horse to the buggy, and went to the house of his then to be father-in-law, where the minister was waiting.

SFX: HORSE AND BUGGY TRAVEL DOWN THE ROAD.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

After a brief service and an ample lunch, Nan and Gramps were off on their new adventure.

SFX: BRIEF SNATCH OF AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "THE WEDDING MARCH" ON A PARLOUR PIANO.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Arriving at her new home, Nan was informed that she'd have to get the cows in for milking later that afternoon because Gramps had to finish what he'd started and go back to working on the road. "What fun" Nan must have thought, "my first job".

At the appointed time off she went...,

SFX: FARMHOUSE DOOR CLOSES.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...but little did she know what was in store for her.

SFX: NAN WALKS OFF THROUGH A FIELD. WALKING CONTINUES UNDERNEATH.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The cows were used to two cussing, pant-wearing bachelors. Seeing her walk up the field towards them, her long dress and hair blowing in the wind, they must have thought, "what kind of weird creature is this?"

SFX: COWS TAKE OFF.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

It took Gramps three days to eventually find them all.

SFX: COWS MOO.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Most people today would say Nan must've been crazy to stick around, but I'd say it was her type of character that helped build this community.

She was born to a father who gave up a good job in Montreal working for the hydro company there, to follow his dream and break untamed ground as a farmer. He found what he was looking for in Poltimore. Or so he thought.

SFX: SHOVEL HITTING ROCK.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The family nearly starved because Nan's father bought the poorest land available. Probably because it was cheap, maybe because he didn't know any better, or perhaps because it looked idyllic.

SFX: IDYLLIC EARLY SUMMER BIRDSONG.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

The house was built in what looked like a great location in the summer, overlooking a lake, surrounded by mountains, only to find out the first winter that the beautiful mountains...

SFX: BIRDSONG CROSSFADES TO A WHISTLING NORTH WIND

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

funneled the north wind through the valley, and right through the house.

SFX: WIND HOWLS

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Nan often told the story of how the cat had very little hair in the winter, as it slept curled against the chimney on the roof, trying to keep warm.

SFX: THE CAT MEOWS A COMPLAINT.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Nan and Gramps were blessed with three children. They raised them to be respectful of all their surroundings, human and natural, and they shared many trials and tribulations together. Throughout the Great depression, all five pitched in to do what had to be done to survive. I can remember my father telling of how Gramps tried to sell a side of beef for seven dollars, but couldn't find anyone with the money to pay for it. So he gave it to a needy family in the neighbourhood.

SFX: A HORSE-DRAWN PLOW. THE CLINK OF THE METAL PLOW ON STONE.

Besides raising their children, there were the jobs that took two people to physically accomplish. Nan drove the horses while picking stones in the spring;

SFX: HAY IS FORKED AND THROWN.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...and to pull the hay-loader in the summer while Gramps built the load of hay behind; then put the hay in the barn loft with the hay-fork. Then came fall and more harvesting.

SFX: TEAM OF HORSES DRIVE THROUGH A FIELD OF GRAIN

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Once again Nan drove the horses and helped build loads of oats and corn. Then there was all the preserving she had to do from the bounty of the garden, which she loved.

SFX: LID SCREWED ONTO MASON JAR. CLINK OF JAR STACKED ON A SHELF.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

One by one their children were married and along came grandchildren to brighten their lives even more. Reading Nan's simple diary entries of how "baby Last came home"...

SFX: SCRATCH OF PEN NIB ON PAPER.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

...they were just words on paper, but knowing how reserved a person she was, the joyous feelings that were in her writing, leapt from the pages.

SFX: THE DIARY SNAPS SHUT.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Sadly, fate took it's cruel turn and she had to face, what any parent will tell you is the worst situation in the world, the loss of a child, when her only daughter, Ida, succumbed to breast cancer. She helped her son-in-law raise her granddaughter, who was too young to really know what had happened, until he re-married.

On the farm every day is literally a life and death situation. So, I think being a farmer helped her to deal with life's difficult experiences.

Nan taught all of us many things.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Her favourite line was "if you don't have something good to say about someone, don't say anything at all". I can remember my father being asked what he thought about a certain person one time at a meeting, "I've got nothing to say about them" was his reply, it kind of shocked me because I knew exactly what he meant.

SFX: BIRDSONG

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

She taught us to respect nature. We'd sit together on her veranda listening to the birds and she'd know them all. If Gramps came across a killdear's nest working the fields in the spring, he'd leave his hat near it to mark the spot so as to not run over it with the horses the next time he came around the field. I'm pretty sure it was Nan's influence that made him love nature as much as she did.

Gramps passed in '79, when I was a teenager. Nan lived another nine years, sharing many a cookie and story with me, and being a stalwart Maple Leafs fan, shared the end of her cane with my then to be wife, who takes for the Canadiens. She attended our wedding in the spring of '88, but two weeks later left us.

SFX: MUSIC FADES UNDER

Many people who we've had the pleasure of entertaining and sharing food with, remark on how "warm" our house feels. We'd like to think it's our personalities, but we know better, Nan will always be around us.

SFX: MUSIC FADES UP AND OUT.

END.

TEMPERANCE TRAIN

Written by

Kerstin Petersen

SFX: MUSIC - TRAIN THEME

NARRATOR

The year is 1948. Ed Newton, proprietor of the Wakefield Inn and Frank Monette, who owns the Brennan's Hill Hotel, are on their way home from Hull.

SFX: EXT. STEAM TRAIN

SFX: DISSOLVES TO INSIDE THE TRAIN. CONTINUE UNDERNEATH.

ED NEWTON

It sure is an uphill battle, Frank! I'm not sure the meeting with those city anti-temperance folks was really helpful.

FRANK MONETTE

At least they served good beer. How was your wine, Ed?

ED NEWTON

Really quite decent. From some Beaconsfield winery near Pointe Claire, apparently. A guy called Menzies operates it.

FRANK MONETTE

Legally?

ED NEWTON

I think you had a few too many, Frank.

SFX: A QUICK TOOT-TOOT-TUT-TUT FROM THE TRAIN'S ENGINEER.

ED & FRANK

(imitating)

Toot-toot-tut-tut!

FRANK MONETTE

Ha, ha! All is good for Chelsea. Who needs a phone, eh?

ED NEWTON

(laughing)

Yeah, right.

LUCIEN GAVREAU

(making his way up the crowded aisle)

(MORE)

LUCIEN GAVREAU (CONT'D)
Excuse me....excuse me....excuse
me...Would you mind if I joined
you?

ED NEWTON
Of course not. Sit down.

SFX: LUCIEN STOWS HIS SUITCASE AND SITS

LUCIEN GAVREAU
Thank you. I didn't expect the
train to be so full.

ED NEWTON
Well, it's Friday. Everyone's
returning home from their work in
the city.

FRANK MONETTE
And then there's the folks going to
the family cottage.

ED NEWTON
Not to mention those guys up front,
Frank.

FRANK MONETTE
Oh yeah, eight police officers
travelling up to Maniwaki.

LUCIEN GAVREAU
Really.

ED NEWTON
At least that's what our buddy at
the Hull police station warned us.

FRANK MONETTE
As long as that's where they're
going.

SFX: A QUICK TOOT-TOOT-TUT-TUT FROM THE TRAIN'S ENGINEER.

ED & FRANK
(imitating)
Toot-toot-tut-tut!

ED NEWTON
Kirk's Ferry all clear.
(to LUCIEN)
So what brings you to these parts?

LUCIEN GAVREAU

Excuse me, please let me introduce myself: My name is Lucien Gauvreau.

ED NEWTON

One of the Masham Gauvreaus?

LUCIEN GAVREAU

Masham? No. I am from le Normandie. Doing a little bit of family research. Apparently I have some relatives near Brennan's Hill, or at least, I used to have.

FRANK MONETTE

Well, aren't you in luck? I'm Frank Monette, owner of the Brennan's Hill Hotel. Perfect place from which to explore where your family has spread out to.

SFX: A QUICK TOOT-TOOT-TUT-TUT FROM THE TRAIN'S ENGINEER.

ED & FRANK

(imitating)

Toot-toot-tut-tut! Cascades!

(They laugh)

LUCIEN GAVREAU

Huh???

FRANK MONETTE

Sorry, just a little in-joke.

SFX: TRAIN TOOOOOOOT-TUT

ED NEWTON

(ignoring it)

And I am Ed Newton. I own the Wakefield Inn. Good to meet you.

LUCIEN GAVREAU

Two innkeepers - how very lucky. Places to eat and drink well.

ED NEWTON

Well.....

FRANK MONETTE

You're next, Ed.

SFX: TRAIN TOOOOOOOT-TUT

ED NEWTON

Right.

(getting up)

Maybe I'll see you at the Inn
sometime, Lucien. Our dinners are
quite famous, you know. And you
can't beat the view!

SFX: A QUICK TOOT-TOOT-TUT-TUT FROM THE TRAIN'S ENGINEER.

ED NEWTON

Ah-hah. Coast is clear.

SFX: TRAIN COMES TO A STOP

ED NEWTON (CONT'D)

Bye Frank. Farewell, m'sieu, good
luck with your research.

LUCIEN GAVREAU

Thank you.

FRANK MONETTE

See you soon.

TRAIN ENGINEER

(calling)

All aboaaarrrd!

SFX: TRAIN STARTS MOVING

LUCIEN GAVREAU

What did your friend mean "coast is
clear"? Isn't this a river?

FRANK MONETTE

Oh, yes, our beautiful Gatineau
River. Everyone's lifeline around
here. For the next little bit the
train runs very close to the river.
Enjoy the view. I'm gonna take a
little nap.

SFX: TRAIN THEME MUSIC MIXED WITH CHUGGING TRAIN.

SFX: A QUICK TOOT-TOOT-TUT-TUT FROM THE TRAIN'S ENGINEER.

SFX: TRAIN THEME MUSIC MIXED WITH CHUGGING TRAIN CONTINUES.

FRANK MONETTE
(waking up, stretching)
Almost there.

LUCIEN GAVREAU
The river is very beautiful.

FRANK MONETTE
Mmmm.

SFX: A MOURNFUL TOOOOT-TUT-TOOOT-TUT-TOOOOOOOT-TOOOOT AS
TRAIN PULLS INTO STATION.

FRANK MONETTE
Oh-oh!

LUCIEN GAVREAU
What's wrong?

FRANK MONETTE
We have to get to the hotel fast!

SFX: TRANSITION TO EXT. STATION PLATFORM.

LUCIEN GAVREAU
What?

FRANK MONETTE
(stepping down from train)
Life under prohibition, Lucien.

LUCIEN GAVREAU
Oh. Should I find somewhere else
to stay, perhaps.

FRANK MONETTE
Oh, don't worry, lad. This is just
part of everyday life for us.

SFX: THEY RACE OFF. MUSIC.

SFX: INT. THE HOTEL BAR. CLINKING GLASSES, BOTTLES ETC.
GENERAL HUBBUB.

SFX: PHONE RINGS

FRANK MONETTE

(speaking on the phone)

Brennan's Hill Hotel. Yeah, 3 of them. McKinley, Ferguson and a constable I'd not seen before. They just left....No, they left empty-handed as usual. Ha, ha!....There's another 5 on the train to Maniwaki. Will you phone Gracefield? Ok. See ya.

SFX: HE HANGS UP THE PHONE

FRANK MONETTE (CONT'D)

So guys, who's buying the next round to celebrate another disaster avoided?

LUCIEN GAVREAU

Let me. I haven't had such a good time in years.

FRANK MONETTE

Lucien, Welcome to the New World.

THE SCHOOL BELL

Written by

Sally Swan & John Hardie

SFX: A SCHOOL BELL TOLLS.

SFX: CHILDREN GATHERING AND ENTERING THE SCHOOL ROOM

CHILD #1

A sudden chill can strike in early fall,
As we converge around the wooden door,
The lonely school bell tolls its plaintive
call,
Two brothers feed the stove and sweep the
floor.

SFX: LOG THROWN INTO STOVE. THEN BOY SWEEPS WOODEN FLOOR.

CHILD #2

The cabin's cold inside and filled with
gloom,
We wonder why our parents sent us here.
The bench is hard, we jostle to make room,
And turn to face Miss Kezar, whom we fear.

OLA BEAZLEY

I'm Ola Beazley. I started teaching at
Wakefield's Stevenson School in 1933. The
children were lively and challenging, but I
enjoyed the work. One thing I did not
appreciate, though, was the primitive
arrangement for drinking water. We all had
to share a bucket and a metal dipper. I
decided to raise money for a proper water
container with a lid and a faucet.

SFX: CHILDREN SINGING CHRISTMAS SONG WITH ORGAN
ACCOMPANIMENT.

OLA BEAZLEY (CONT'D)

We held a concert at Christmas time. My
landlady played the organ. It was a
great success and we raised enough money
for our new water dispenser.

SFX: SONG FADES OUT.

OLA BEAZLEY (CONT'D)

This still left us with the challenge of
decent toilet facilities. But that's
another story.

SFX: WICKED WINTER WIND WHISTLES OUTSIDE THE CABIN DOOR.

CHILD #3

Nineteen of us are packed in that small place.
As times goes by we generate some heat;
The warmth is welcome but there's not much space.
With slate and chalk - not easy to be neat.

CHILD #1

But we must try, we hear Miss Kezar say,
To bear the golden rules of school in mind:

MISS KEZAR

(sternly)

"Be quiet, prompt and neat, and yes - obey";

CHILD #2

On top of that she wants us to be kind.

CHILD #3

We recognize a contradiction there:
She tells us to be kind, yet she's so stern!
We understand that life may not be fair -
Perhaps the greatest lesson we shall learn.

SFX: SCHOOL BELL TOLLS BRIEFLY.

INSP. H.A. HONEYMAN

Howard Honeyman is my name.
Inspector of Protestant Elementary schools in the counties of Labelle, Hull and Pontiac from 1907 until just before the outbreak of war in 1939. In 1915, there were 125 schools in this area, with 127 teachers and 3,048 pupils - around 24 per school.
Average attendance - 67%! This poor attendance record always distressed me. I understood the need for extra hands on the farm at certain times of the year but, to my mind, too few parents shared my views about the importance of a basic education.

SFX: SCHOOL BELL. FADE UNDER.

CHILD #1

We try arithmetic, we read, we write
 And spell out squeaky words across our
 slate.
 Young Bob pulls Sarah's braid, she squeals
 in fright.
 The teacher sees him! What will be his
 fate?

SFX: THE CANE BEING ADMINISTERED. FADE UNDER FOLLOWING VERSE.

CHILD #2

Was this a mortal sin, for which the
 strap,
 or classified as minor, so the stick
 Applied to tender hands with a sharp rap?
 Whichever one, Bob wants it over quick.

SFX: CANING UP AND OUT.

INSP. H.A. HONEYMAN

The local girls, sadly, don't take an
 interest in a teaching career. For
 example, in 1914-15, only 4 girls from the
 district received a teaching diploma from
 MacDonald College; and 63 out of the 127
 elementary teachers had no qualifications
 at all!

SFX: SCHOOL BELL. FADE UNDER.

CHILD #3

The girls were always good, the boys were
 bad,
 Although we loved their tricks and egged
 them on.
 Sometimes the clanging bell would drive us
 mad,
 We yearned to see the day when it was
 gone.

CHILD #1

One boy decided that he could not wait
 And risked his neck to climb up to the
 top.
 He found a way to make the noise abate
 And knotted up the rope to make it stop.

SFX: SCHOOL BELL UP AND OUT.

CHILD #3

The teacher pulled the rope, but not a
 sound!

(MORE)

CHILD #3 (CONT'D)

We knew who done it, but we didn't tell.
The culprit to this day has not been found
But Charlie Chamberlin, he fixed that
bell.

CHILD #2

I never liked that bell, 'cos I hated
school anyways, see? One Sunday when
most folks was in church, I went into the
school, up through the little trapdoor and
into the belfry. I tied knots in the big
rope and when Miss Kezar tried to pull it
on Monday morning, it didn't ring, but we
was all there early anyways, 'cos we all
knew about the trick and we was laughing
to bust. Miss Kezar was very cross and
took it real serious.

MISS KEZAR

Who is responsible for this!!?

CHILD #2

Even Mr. I.B.York the magistrate came, but
nobody told on me and they never found out
who done it.

SFX: THE SCHOOL BELL TOLLS AND FADES

THE END

GREAT FIRE OF HULL

Written by

John Michie & John Hardie

Based on
Letter by Sarah Rosina Wright

SFX: MUSIC: PIANO PLAYS "THE MAPLE LEAF FOREVER. CONTINUES UNDER NARRATOR.

NARRATOR

Canada - land of a million trees.
Cheapest and most plentiful
building material: lumber. Usually
spruce and pine, full of highly
flammable resin. Roofing material:
the cedar shingle. Source of heat:
the wood stove. Source of light:
the oil or kerosene lamp.
Little wonder that people lived in
fear of fire.
Thursday the 26th of April, 1900,
was a dry spring day.

SFX: Pencil writing on paper.

SARAH

My Dear Mabel,
will you excuse this letter in lead
pencil because the only pens I can
find here don't suit me.

NARRATOR

Sarah Rosina Wright, great grand-
daughter of Philemon Wright, the
founder of Hull, saw the fire from
Ottawa.

SFX: Horse and buggy trotting to town.

SARAH

We never dreamed it would be such a
dreadful one. That morning, I'd
driven Papa to town, did some
shopping and laying in a supply of
groceries. I had left Molly and
Lily in Hull with the girls. We
turned and drove home.

SFX: Horse and buggy moving urgently.

NARRATOR

A defective chimney had started the
fire in the roof of a small house
facing Minnow Lake (see map) at
around 10 a.m. Helped by a stiff
breeze coming from the north, it
spread quickly to the adjoining
houses and barns. The firemen were
unable to contain it.

SFX: Buggy reining to a stop.

SARAH

When we arrived home the man came running up from the stable and said he thought the hay-loft must be on fire as the stable was full of smoke. I immediately saw some boards of the floor smouldering. I sent the blacksmith off for water and he was soon back with two pails which put out the fire, then they tore up the floor to make sure there was no more..... That was about 11.30 a.m.

NARRATOR

Burning shingles were ripped off the roofs by the wind and started spot fires all over the city.

SFX: Fire

SARAH

By that time the flames had really got to Main Street and little Molly was dancing with fright. I hated to see her so excited so my little maid took both children over to Lizzie's. She had to carry Lily all the way. I was thankful later that I had sent them in time.

SFX: Hand pumps filling large tubs with water.

SARAH (CONT'D)

The other girl and I got all the tubs, wash-boilers, etc. filled with water and put them at different corners of the verandah. While the men were working about the stables and yard putting out sparks, I kept tearing round watching the corners and windows of the house.

SFX: Woman's footsteps running up wooden stairs.

SARAH (CONT'D)

On one of my trips upstairs I gathered up my jewellery and put it inside my dress.

NARRATOR

At one o'clock in the afternoon, a shower of sparks and flaming debris leaped across the river and ignited the lumber piles and stables of the J.R.Booth company in the Victoria ward of Ottawa. Millions of board feet of lumber on both sides of the river added an intense concentration of heat and flame to an already fearful conflagration.

SFX: The fire more intense now.

SARAH

I took a photo of it from George's window but of course my camera and everything is gone.

NARRATOR

Once the fire had jumped the river, it quickly destroyed large parts of Ottawa: McKay's flour mills at the Chaudière, then all along both sides of Richmond Road up to the Experimental Farm. The bridges across the Ottawa river were soon tangles of twisted metal.

SFX: The fire

SARAH

We worked like Trojans. The log stable caught fire time and again and was put out by our boys on the roof. The men stayed near the house until it became too hot. They brought out some of our books and put them in the garden but they took fire right off. When it got too hot there, they wet each other all over from one of the tubs, then huddled together near the stone wall, waiting till the dry-houses would be burned down sufficiently to allow them to get past. When the warehouse on the other side of the fence took fire the flames came shooting over their heads.

NARRATOR

Up until noon, all available men had been helping the firemen, but with the flames rapidly gaining ground, the men and women, pulling their children, started running away, without knowing where to escape from danger.

SFX: Exodus of people running, shouting etc.

SARAH

One of Eddy's men was an old cripple 83 years of age. They could not get him over the wall which was red-hot and burned their hands, so they carried him to a hole in one corner and left him there with the tub of water. They got over the wall into the pond, dived underwater and swam to the other side.

SFX: Men dive in pond and swim away. Fire continues to rage.

SARAH (CONT'D)

They felt dreadful about leaving the old man in the garden. But he must have recovered his presence of mind soon after they left him, for when the fire got very fierce he plunged his head then his back in the tub and kept himself constantly wet. When the fire had died away he dropped himself down (over the wall) and finally was helped by someone. His escape is marvellous and the boys are so thankful.

SFX: Fire dying out.

SFX PIANO SOFTLY PLAYS UNDERNEATH UNTIL THE END

NARRATOR

As night fell, many families were left in the ashes along the sides of the roads with their few belongings. After the terrible heat of the day, it was a cold night. Those whose houses had survived offered whatever help they could.

SARAH

All the householders were kindness
itself and when their houses were
full, they would send out food etc.
to those in the open.

NARRATOR

In just 12 hours, half of Hull and
20% of Ottawa were gone, reduced to
ashes.

SARAH

Everyone has been so kind and good
and my opinion of the world is much
better than it was. Your loving old
chum, Sarah.

SFX: MUSIC PIANO UP AND OUT.

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

The Wakefield Fire by Norma Geggie.

PATTERSON

My name is William Patterson. I came up to Wakefield from my property about ten miles south of the village 20 years ago. I've been running a general store, but also have carriage and horse for the convenience of commercial travellers who need to travel around the area. I've really prospered in this small community, as everything and everyone proceeding up the Gatineau has to pass right by my store.

June 24, 1904, will long be remembered by me—in fact by all the people of Wakefield.

It was a fine day and I was tending my young colt when I became aware of signs and sounds of alarm coming from behind George Thomas's Union and Riverside Hotels—a busy place all year round, accommodating men travelling up and down the Gatineau.

It has been rumoured that perhaps someone stabling his horse may have been careless in lighting his pipe.

All too soon the wisps of smoke erupted into a high blaze which spread to the large hotel buildings. Needless to say there was much alarm as there is no fire-fighting capability in our community. The wind seemed to pick up and, before I had a chance to act, it sent the fire across the road to my property. Imagine my dismay to realize that I was in danger of losing not only my business but also my home.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

The fire spread surprisingly quickly. The brick Presbyterian Church, standing very close to the hotel in the north, seemed protected in being one of the few brick buildings in the village—but it took no time for the buildings south of the hotel to ignite. Dufus Dumouchel's home and shoe shop fell victim next, and it looked as though the whole village would be lost.

Men, women and young people formed a bucket brigade, as fortunately we are right on the river—but our angry foe had the upper hand. The next building to go was that of Thomas Armstrong, who ran a boarding house. William Poole, the harness maker managed to save his house and shop with the use of a force pump and 100 feet of hose. Thus the southward march of the fire was stopped. All of these buildings were frame, but we felt that the brick church would not be a victim—it sat snugly north of the Riverside hotel, but the conflagration was so intense, that finally the church, too fell victim. It had been built in 1871—a handsome building, which could accommodate 400.

The organ in the Session room was lost although the one in the choir loft was saved.

The church had acted as something of a fire wall. Only one building north of it was destroyed, the storehouse and stable of Albert McGillis, the tinsmith.

The efforts of the community were tremendous—large blankets were brought from Maclaren's store further north, and soaked in the river before being applied to the roofs of the houses in the path of the fire as sparks flew viciously.

(MORE)

PATTERSON (CONT'D)

The loss was extensive as few had adequate insurance or any at all. I understand that Mr. Thomas, the proprietor of the hotels, lost two fine horses, winter rigs, harness and all the furniture of the two hotels. It is a little early to predict but it is likely that he will not rebuild. I believe that my loss is the heaviest as my home, store, carriage shed with rigs and my valuable colt, two store houses and stock in my store represent about \$13,000.

I understand that the church plans to start building as soon as things can be cleared up.