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Forman H. Craton - 1934 - 1935 - Diary

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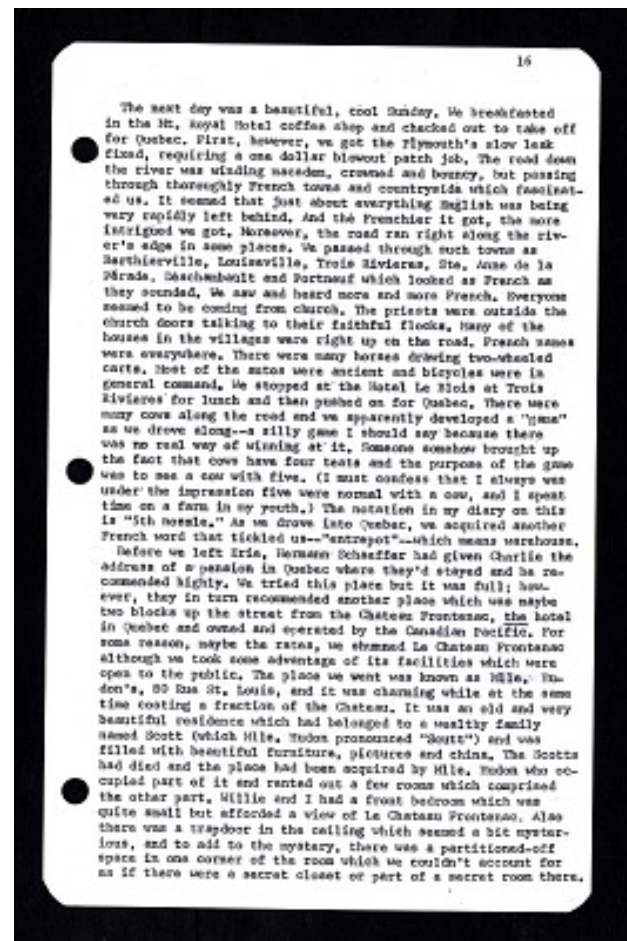
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The next day was a beautiful, cool Sunday. We breakfasted in the Mt. Royal Hotel coffee shop and checked out to take off for Quebec. First, however, we got the Plymouth's slow leak fixed, requiring a one dollar blowout patch job. The road down the river was winding macadem, crowned and bouncy, but passing through thoroughly French towns and countryside which fascinated us. It seemed that just about everything English was being very rapidly left behind. And the Frenchier it got, the more intrigued we got. Moreover, the road ran right along the river's edge in some places. We passed through such towns as Berthierville, Louiseville, Trois Rivières, Ste. Anne de la Pérade, Deschambault and Portneuf which looked as French as they sounded. We saw and heard more and more French. Everyone seemed to be coming from church. The priests were outside the church doors talking to their faithful flocks. Many of the houses in the villages were right up on the road. French names were everywhere. There were many horses drawing two-wheeled carts. Most of the autos were ancient and bicycles were in general command. We stopped at the Hotel Le Blois at Trois Rivières for lunch and then pushed on for Quebec. There were many cows along the road and we apparently developed a "game" as we drove along—a silly game I should say because there was no real way of winning at it. Someone somehow brought up the fact that cows have four teats and the purpose of the game was to see a cow with five. (I must confess that I always was under the impression five were normal with a cow, and I spent time on a farm in my youth.) The notation in my diary on this is "5th nozzle." As we drove into Quebec, we acquired another French word that tickled us—"entrepot"—which means warehouse.

Before we left Erie, Hermann Schaeffer had given Charlie the address of a pension in Quebec where they'd stayed and he recommended highly. We tried this place but it was full; however, they in turn recommended another place which was maybe two blocks up the street from the Chateau Frontenac, the hotel in Quebec and owned and operated by the Canadian Pacific. For some reason, maybe the rates, we shunned Le Chateau Frontenac although we took some advantage of its facilities which were open to the public. The place we went was known as Mlle. Hudon's, 80 Rue St. Louis, and it was charming while at the same time costing a fraction of the Chateau. It was an old and very beautiful residence which had belonged to a wealthy family named Scott (which Mlle. Hudon pronounced "Scutt") and was filled with beautiful furniture, pictures and china. The Scotts had died and the place had been acquired by Mlle. Hudon who occupied part of it and rented out a few rooms which comprised the other part. Willie and I had a front bedroom which was quite small but afforded a view of Le Chateau Frontenac. Also there was a trapdoor in the ceiling which seemed a bit mysterious, and to add to the mystery, there was a partitioned-off space in one corner of the room which we couldn't account for as if there were a secret closet or part of a secret room there.



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