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## ACROSS THE ISLAND

### Jack Proude Builds His Own Tourist Spot

By NEIL A. MATHESON

“JUMPING JACK’S Country Store” The name and the item is a part of Jack Proude, the energetic man with seemingly boundless energy who, I hope, will live long enough to put at least half of his ideas for the future into practical and compellingly enchanting reality at his resort at Rustico.

I nearly said “summer resort” but Jack Proude’s Rustico golf course and the many other things he has to interest visitors far out spans the months of summer.

For example it was far into the late autumn when I visited the genial Jack at his Rustico show place, and I found still some activity, even though he had just about packed it in for the season. There were four chaps who came around for a round of golf, for example, and to have a meal in his restaurant, even though much of the space was filled with self-propelled golf carts, etc.

### Old Country Store

THERE WERE seemingly hundreds of interesting things in his Country store – where we spent an hour or so.

Talk about your modern developments, here is an oldie that is enchantingly interesting in its intricate efficiency.

I saw an old cash register with the need for every clerk to have his own key to open his particular cash drawer. The owner would know how many times a particular clerk opened the cash drawer, how many sales he made. It was all recorded on a tape at the side of the machine. No wonder Jack observes “and they talk of modern cash registers today”.

The cash drawers incidentally, had room for the old blanket currency bills, very wide and very long.

The owner could go away for a month and the register would tell him what each clerk did in his absence, so far as sales were concerned.

Jack had another cash register with space for the narrow bills. It’s dated 1893, so the other must date back to the early 1800’s, he figures.

An old day book showed sugar selling at eight cents per pound. I could not find a date on it.

There was a never-used pair of hand-made shoes that were made with wooden pegs. Jack tells me that Goff Brothers had a shoe factory in Charlottetown once that employed 100 people. It stood where the Metropolitan stands now.

### Gum Rubbers Recalled

A PAIR OF gum rubber boots brought back days of my childhood – we really thought they were “something” then.

There's an old iron kettle atop a pot bellied stove. There's a glue pot Jack's father, P.J. Proude used in his carriage-building days. It's a solid, heavy sheet of glue, complete with the heavy metal on which it was melted.

Here's an interesting flashback. I believe Roland Taylor told me once that his grandfather and his brother had jewelry stores on Grafton and Richmond streets –the grandfather's would be where Roland and Earl are located now.

Jack tells me that the pair had a very tight wire stretched between their two stores. The Taylor on Richmond Street played Yankee Doodle on a flute in his store and it was heard distinctly in his brother's store on Grafton.

Apparently many knew it was going to be done, for the story adds that "hundreds listened to it," on the Grafton Street side.

Upstairs in his old-fashioned country store – it is complete with cracker barrel – will be a gift shop.

It's one of the oldest stores on the Island, Jack tells me. It was owned once by Adrian Peters, father of Henry Peters, proprietor of the Queen Street Meat Market.

There's an old hand fan, given away by Percy Simmonds of Perfection Creameries. That was done in the large Exhibition Building that was burned sometime after the start of the Second World War. Memory is hazy on the exact date but I recall troops were stationed in that building when that war broke out in 1939.

Old sleigh bells, blueberry labels from James Clow, Murray Harbor, Prowse and Clow had lobster tins of one pound capacity.

Old chocolate bar wrappers – Jack tells me "we used to get a bar almost a foot long for a nickel"

### High Values Estimated

An internationally known firm in Saint John has an old country store with an estimated value of \$60,000 to \$100,000, Jack told me, then added "I figure I have as much stuff in my store, or more".

I have only touched on a few of the items that pack the old building.

He has his eye now on an old school house, not far away. He wants to make it the "Little Red School House".

Jack Proude has what he calls the first Horse Motel east of Montreal. People can bring their horses with them in a trailer, and they, or their children can ride them. The motel capacity is a dozen horses.

Already Jack has race horses, riding horses and one Pinto. He's going to breed some of them, he says.

### Money Is No Good

HERE IS A SIGN on his old Country store door:

"Jumping Jack invites you to come in and browse around please do not ask to buy because money is no good – that's the banker's problem." Of course the old country store items are not for sale, they are for visitors to look at and enjoy.

This man with the apparently inexhaustible fund of ideas plans on an old French Acadian Village.

He has an old house in view that he'll move on to the lot. It is all double-boarded, outside covered with birch bark, the floor is double boarded also.

### Stoves For Bedrooms

JACK has stoves to put in the bedrooms of this old house, "just as was the case in the long ago".

He has "old spool beds, some short beds, some long ones". And listen to this from the same Mr. Proude:

I'm going to get some person to write me a French Acadian story, the same idea as Anne of Green Gables and then have it translated into French.

"I'm going to put Rustico on the map," he tells me.

It will promote the whole area.

He has an old pump that was used over an open well, with an endless chain of buckets to bring up the water. They were rigged in such a way that the tiny buckets spilled the water into the pump spout as they were going around in the endless chain effect.

I had never seen one like it before, and I have been travelling this province since 1959 looking for all the unusual things I could find.

### Reeks Of History

JACK TELLS me he has part of the old Queen Hotel, part of the old West Kent School, part of the old Holy Redeemer Church, part of the old Baptist Church in Charlottetown, plus parts of old buildings he tore down himself.

The place reeks of history. There were 10 Gallant Brothers chased from Fort La Joie. They came to Rustico. On Jack's 18-hole golf course one of the holes is called "Ten Brothers".

His camping site is located on Grandfather's Point. The old French name is more colorful but I cannot recall the correct spelling.

There's more, much more this man of many ideas told me. Jack owns it, he has built much of it himself, like the golf course.

And Jack Proude did it himself. "There's not one cent of government money that has gone into it," he assured me with pride.