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Townships Life and Culture: Past, Present and Future

The projected date for the next publication of The Townships Sun is August 25th.

Table of Contents

Musings of a Private Pilot <i>W. Keith Baldwin</i> 3-6	Obie Walter Webb <i>James Webb</i> 14-15
Saying Goodbye: A Tribute to Charles Catchpaugh 6	And the Radical Literacy Beat Goes On <i>Linda Knight Seccaspina</i> 16
No Shame At All <i>Elaine Laraway</i> 7-8	Dr. Edward Dagge Worthington <i>Gerard Côté & Jean-Marie Dubois</i> 17
Finding Them Gone <i>Heather Davis</i> 8	Hobos, Apple Pie, and The Depression <i>Linda Knight Seccaspina</i> 18-19
Frivolous <i>Heather Davis</i> 9	Glen Villa <i>Alessandra Salituri</i> 19
Townships Trivia: Riding the Rails Pt. 1 <i>Matthew Farfan, QAHN</i> 10-11	Harry Kendall Thaw: Pt. 2 <i>Merrick Belknap & The Townships Sun</i> 20-21
John Viau: Looking Back <i>John Viau & The Townships Sun</i> 12-13	Meeting Bullwinkle <i>Tom Standish</i> 22-23

*Front and Back cover design by Tom Standish



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Musings of a Private Pilot in the Eastern Townships

By W. Keith Baldwin



W. KEITH BALDWIN

Mr. Baldwin ready to take flight.

I was taught how to fly an aircraft in the Royal Canadian Air Force, during World War II. I had just become qualified to be a Second Pilot-Flight Engineer— on special Lancaster Bombers which were to be deployed in the Pacific in the war with Japan — when the war ended suddenly. The use of the atomic bomb brought this sudden end to the war. When I was discharged in 1945, I was qualified to fly single engine and multi-engine aircraft, daytime or night time, visual or instrument flight rules. I loved flying but now was the time to get on with my life.

Evelyn and I got married and settled down in the Eastern Townships, our home turf, and raised a family of four.

Thirty years later, the urge to fly was still in my heart, and I started thinking of getting my pilot's license. And now I could afford to! Of course, I had to start all over again and become qualified. Bob McConnachie, a pilot and the principal at Alexander Galt Regional High School, was giving the flight theory course, and I signed up. After completing this course, I started taking flying lessons which were available at the Sherbrooke Airport. I found this flight training pretty tame compared to my RCAF training where we started doing aerobatics soon after our first solo. I received my Private Pilot License in 1978 and took Evelyn flying for the first time.

It was a great thrill to be able to take friends up for a flight. Of course, I had to rent aircraft, which I did many times at the Sherbrooke Airport. It was only natural, I suppose, to show off my newly acquired skill so I also rented aircraft

in British Columbia and Florida in order to give relatives and friends a flight. I even rented an aircraft twice for business trips.

One winter day in 1980 two good friends, Bob McConnachie and Art Lessard, approached me and announced that Guy Cloutier wanted to sell his aircraft. They asked if I would be interested in forming a partnership with them to buy the aircraft. This sounded like a dream come true, and I agreed. Evelyn probably thought I had gone crazy, but she went along with the idea. We made the deal in January 1980. It was a Grumman Tiger. Its official designation was Grumman AA5B. It was much fancier than any aircraft I had been renting. It had auto-pilot, IFF, EMT and two VCRs. That was before GPS was invented. It was a four-place low-wing single-engine plane and had a cruising speed of 150 mph. Its letters were C-GUYC.

Our partnership arrangement was that each of us had use of the aircraft only one third of the time. If one of us wanted to make a long trip he had to get agreement from the others, which was no problem since we were all good friends. This is when I began flying in earnest. I logged over 300 hours in that plane. These are some of our typical adventures.

Our friends, the Van Horns, had entertained us several times, and we wanted to reciprocate. There was a gourmet restaurant at the airport in Quebec. It was a beautiful night and we flew to Quebec, enjoyed a great meal, and returned to Sherbrooke after dark. That was

CONT'D ON PG. 4

CONT'D FROM PG. 3

a great evening. In the same vein, the flying magazine had advertisements for a gourmet restaurant at a small airport in the Laurentians called St. André Avellin. I decided to take Evelyn there for dinner. We flew up to St. André Avellin and found we were too late. The restaurant had closed the day before! We had to walk down the road to a hamburger joint. On the way home that night we were rewarded by flying over the Olympic stadium while there was a baseball game in progress. The stands appeared to be nearly full of fans, who wore very colourful outfits, red, blue and white shirts. There seemed to be lots of excitement. It was a very memorable sight.

In 1984 the Tall Ships sailed up the St. Lawrence River to Quebec City. At the time our relatives, Stan and Peggy Rowe, were visiting us. We flew to Quebec where the Russian ship and several others were anchored. We had to fly above 2000 feet because helicopters were flying at 1000 feet with their sightseeing passengers. Then we flew down the river and saw many other ships sailing up the river. Some were large, but not as big as the Russian ship. Other ships looked relatively small: one had black sails, some had white or coloured sails. We were now flying at 1000 feet and we had a splendid view. We had lunch in Rimouski and flew back to Sherbrooke. All in all, a very pleasant day.

In 1980 Evelyn was busy running her handicraft boutique, Comme-Ci in Lennoxville. One Friday in July, things had been very stressful. We decided she needed a break, so we flew down to Charlottetown for the week-end. We stayed two nights at the Cavendish Beach Hotel and Evelyn was back at work on Monday, fully refreshed. It was lobster season, and I still remember the smorgasbord, the likes of which I have never seen elsewhere.

Nina Rowell, the mother-in-law of two of my children, was writing a history of Bury. Allan, my son-in-law, and I flew over Bury to get some photos. He was the photographer and I was the pilot. I had to slow down to below 100 mph so that we could open the canopy. The pictures were not perfect but she was pleased and published them in her book.

Our friends, Linda Hunting and David Gordon were married on June 20, 1981. They were to honeymoon in the Caribbean, and were flying out of Mirabel Airport the next morning, after spending their wedding night at Mirabel's Chateau Aeroport Hotel. As a wedding present, I offered to fly them to Mirabel Airport that night. We left the wedding reception at 10 p.m. I flew them there and got back before the party was over. They brought me back a very good bottle of rum.

In July 1982 our relatives, Stan and Peggy Rowe, were visiting us. Their next stop was Toronto where they were to visit their daughter Leslie. Evelyn and I flew them to

the Buttonville Airport in Toronto. We enjoyed a pleasant lunch with them and returned the same afternoon. Our flying time between Sherbrooke and Toronto was about three hours.

Once I was on a business trip in London, Ontario, where I had to spend the night in a hotel. My plan was to return to Sherbrooke on Friday after business hours. A friend, Ross Winslow, was also in London and heard that I was there. He also planned to return home on Friday but he was travelling by bus to Smith's Falls. When he showed up at my hotel, I offered him a ride. Smith's Falls was close to my track back to Sherbrooke. As we approached the small airstrip at Smith's Falls, we could see a station wagon approaching and he said, "That's my wife." We landed, he jumped out, got into his wife's vehicle, and I didn't even have to shut off my motor. He was home several hours early.

The Masons, of Rangely, Maine, were having a cook-out in 1983 at the seldom used airport nearby. In those days we had a very good relationship with our friends in the USA. We only had to file a flight plan to Newport, Vermont and they sent a customs officer from Derby Line to greet us. With three other Masons, I flew to Newport, then to Rangely, where we joined the party. Coming home we could go through customs at the Sherbrooke Airport, provided we had filed a flight plan.

Flying gave us the opportunity to attend important events in the lives of friends and relatives who moved away, or married someone from a distant place. In 1983 we went to two such weddings. In June, Evelyn and I took Jacqueline and Eunice Baldwin to Mead Baldwin's wedding in Charlo, New Brunswick, and then went with Clem and Hannah Mallalieu to attend Peter Salvas' wedding, in Sudbury, in July.

Evelyn's and my longest trips were to Florida and British Columbia. Evelyn's brother Stan lived in Largo, Florida. We usually visited them in April and they visited us in the summer. It was ten hours flying time from Sherbrooke to Florida, not counting time to go through customs and re-fueling. We always planned to stop somewhere over night. Our favorite stopping place was the Raleigh-Durham airport in the Carolinas. There was a motel right at the airport.

During previous visits, Stan and Peggy had taken us to every one of the theme parks and tourist attractions in the state. With an aircraft, it was now our turn. One year we took them to Key West. We went to Cedar Key and other places in Florida, but the greatest challenge was when we flew to Freeport in the Bahamas.

To fly over the ocean, I needed an inflatable life raft and life jackets which I did not have. They didn't have them at the Clearwater Executive Airport, where we were parked either. So I had to land at St. Petersburg,

CONT'D ON PG. 5

CONT'D FROM PG. 4

rent the necessary equipment, and then fly across to Freeport. The landing strip at Freeport is the longest I have ever seen. I was used to landing in small fields and so automatically landed near the end of the runway. When I realized how far I would have to taxi, I actually took off again and landed further down the runway. The only time I ever did this.

The trip to British Columbia, in July 1981, was our longest trip. It was a planned sixteen day trip. Evelyn and I took our son David and his wife Carolyn Rowell to visit our relatives out west. Our first stop was Rockcliffe in Ottawa, where we dropped something off with her brother Allan.

Our next stop was to refuel in Sudbury. This is where we got our first surprise. The Canadian Armed Forces Air Demonstration Squadron, "The Snowbirds," landed right behind us on a re-fueling stop. Of course they had top priority and we had to wait until they were all re-fueled before we could gas up ourselves.

Our first night was in Duluth. This was our second surprise. All the hotels were full. We had to settle for a double-double room with only a curtain between. This was OK with us old people but the young couple with us were not impressed. The next day we stopped at Winnipeg to refuel and have lunch. Then on to Moose Jaw for a quick visit with relatives who met us at the airport. We slept the second night in Medicine Hat.

Our plan was to spend the third night with relatives in Cranbrook. Plans do not always work out, however. On our first leg we found a huge thunderstorm right on our track. You do not fly through a thunderstorm with a light plane. Strong winds and hail can tear a small plane to pieces. So I elected to fly around it. Evelyn was game for almost anything but she liked to know where she was so I always gave her the map and she could map read. When I flew around that thunder storm, I flew off the edge of her map. I did not have the adjoining map because I did not expect to be that far north. I knew where we were because I was flying on the VOR, but she was not happy

until we came back onto her map.

We finally landed at Fort McLeod and then Pincer Creek. We could not fly over the Rockies without oxygen, which I did not have. We had planned to fly through the pass. Unfortunately, the Crow's Nest pass was full of thunderstorms, so we had to give up. We called my brother in law, Ross Corey, for help. Cranbrook is within driving distance of Pincer Creek, so he came and picked us up. On our way back to Cranbrook we saw hailstones on the shoulder of the highway. We returned to pick up our plane five days later when the weather cleared.

On the return trip we ran into bad weather again and had to make an unplanned stop at Marquette and again at Minot, North Dakota, where we were stranded for two days. The trip, overall was a huge success and much enjoyed by us all.

I was still working at Ingersoll Rand in Sherbrooke when we bought the Grumman Tiger and my job required me to do some travelling. The company was very understanding and allowed me to use the aircraft for business trips. They paid me the same road mileage as if I drove my car. This was more than enough to cover my flying expenses, and I often saved the company money by not having motel expenses. On one of the trips, I had business in Rochester, New York, in the forenoon and another in Welland, Ontario, in the afternoon. I was home the same day with business accomplished.

Trips are fine, but they require a considerable amount of work, such as planning, recording radio frequencies, checking the weather forecast, filing the flight plan, etc., etc. The most enjoyable flights were local trips around the Townships. The weather was always nice because those were the days we chose to fly. I liked to take friends for a hop. Sometimes they liked to fly over their own homes or the homes of friends. Sometimes we would go in the fall to view the beautiful colours of the forests. One of my favorite places to visit was my home town, Baldwin's Mills. I still have people tell me how thrilled they were to fly over the Pinnacle from east to west. It is

CONT'D ON PG. 6

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Saying Goodbye

A Tribute to Charles Catchpaugh

It is with sadness we say goodbye to Charles Catchpaugh, who passed away at the Wales Home, Cleveland, Quebec, on Wednesday June 15, 2017, at the age of 89.

Charles was known about the Townships as a devoted community member. Charles founded "The Outlet" newspaper. Charles was always involved in many organizations; Masons, Legion, Musikmeisters. He was a familiar face about the Townships. Many people called him "friend." It is time to say goodbye; the memories will remain.



CONT'D FROM PG. 5

quite a sensation to watch the earth suddenly fall away and the lake appears.

Finally my appetite for flying was satisfied and I gave up my pilot's license at the age of 76. This is not an old age for a pilot in good health. I have a friend who

is still flying at 84. Many happy times were had flying around the Eastern Townships. There is such a variety of scenery: lakes, farmland, rolling hills and mountains. I recommend this activity to anyone who is adventurous and energetic enough to give it a try.



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No Shame At All

By Elaine Laraway

It was a beautiful sunny day (and yes, we have had one or two), so I decided to have my lunch out on the deck. A sandwich and a glass of iced tea felt to my liking. I made a tuna salad sandwich and alongside I placed some celery and carrot sticks, then carried the plate out to the table. I went back to the kitchen to pour the iced tea. Of course, when I start pouring liquid, the bathroom called to me for a five-minute pit stop. Then I grabbed my tea and headed for the deck. As I rounded the corner on the deck, I stopped dead in my tracks. Where was my sandwich? Carrot and celery sticks lay scattered on the table and deck. There was not a bird or squirrel in sight and in any case, they surely couldn't have eaten it that fast. There was not a crumb left on the plate or table. I gathered up the veggies and put them back on the plate, then sat in my rocker, drank my iced tea, and wondered where my lunch had disappeared. All the while I was scouting the area for birds or squirrels and coming up with nothing. It certainly was a mystery! I even called out to my niece: "You can bring my sandwich back now, Brenda." I was thinking that maybe she had dropped by and was playing a joke on me. I got up and walked over to the end of the deck and looked out to the driveway, but there was no vehicle there. So, I guessed that it wasn't her playing a joke. I don't think she would have done that anyway.

Then, the other afternoon, while sitting in the living room reading a novel, I caught a movement out on the deck. Sure enough, a raccoon had discovered what was in the bird feeder, for the umpteenth time. But this was late afternoon, still daylight, and coons are night creatures. Then it hit me: I now knew what happened to my tuna salad sandwich from a few days ago. Book forgotten for a while, I watched as she patiently reached under the glass and withdrew the bird seed with both hands and fed herself without stopping, until the seed was all gone. Then she moved on to the next feeder, carrying out the same process. Such an unwelcome guest!

Last week it was the compost box that took a raiding. I had fixed that problem—or so I thought—by putting a couple of heavy-duty bungee cords over the top of the box. But after a few nights I found the cords on the ground in the morning, so the box had again been raided. Not to be outdone by a coon, I again attached the cords, and this time placed a large rock on top of the box. The



ELAINE LARAWAY

The unwelcome guest!

problem was apparently solved, as each morning I would check the box and see the rock intact.

Today, after cleaning out the feeders, the raccoon made her way, paw over paw, down the railing and onto the deck. As I watched, she made her way to the compost box. This is fun I thought. No way is she getting in there. She stretched one arm up until she got hold of the handle of the box. Then her back foot reached up and caught the top side of the box. With very little effort she lifted herself to the top of the box. I sure wish I had her agility! She began pulling on the bungee cords but they seemed to hold. Maybe I've won this one, I thought.

Huh! No such luck. Up on the other side of the box appeared a raccoon about three times the size of the one that stole from the bird feeder. Together they started pulling on the bungee cords and yes, the cords gave, and then the rock. The larger coon gave it a push that seemed like he was pushing on a nerf ball. The rock tumbled off onto the ground but with both of them on top of the cover of the box it couldn't be pulled open. So, what did they do? About the same as all animals would do: they got into a fight, with the bigger one knocking the smaller one off the box. Geez, what a bully!

Being the only one left on the box top, the larger coon proceeded to balance on the edge of the box, lift the cover, and disappear into the compost, leading me to believe

CONT'D ON PG. 8

Finding Them Gone

By Heather Davis

“Who ate the cookies?” my daughter asks.

It was probably me. When it’s her, she leaves the empty package in the cupboard. Oh, how I love pulling empty packages out and placing them in the recycling bin. It’s as much fun as changing the toilet paper roll.

You know what it’s like when you expect something to be there. When Ghis moved the front stairs to the side of the porch, I would have walked off the edge into thin air had he not strategically placed the flower boxes there.

It’s an eerie feeling to expect to come home to a full house and to find your family gone. Just emptiness. No note. No

explanations. Even if it’s never serious, your mind goes there. Just for a minute. What if?

Since she died two years ago, I keep finding my mother gone. Sometimes I forget and think of some news or story I’d like to share – something she’d love.

“Mom, I taught a poetry class.”

“Morgane is almost as tall as me now.”

“Look how good she is at drawing. She gets it from you.”

I go into my head to find her, but it’s like walking into her house. And finding her gone.

CONT’D FROM PG. 7

that he had done this many times before. The cover closed on top of him. I sat and waited to see what would happen. Meanwhile the smaller coon came back to the deck to check out the porch for any dropped seeds or maybe another tuna salad sandwich. After a while— and I can’t tell how long it was— the cover on the compost box began to lift a bit, as a hand appeared on the edge of the box. Pretty soon a head popped out and the big

brute slipped up and over the side of the box and ambled off into the woods. Except for the loss of the rock and bungee cords, you would never know that the compost box had been touched. The same goes for the feeders, not a seed in sight. These are the thieves that used to raid in the dark at night, but now appear in the daytime. I guess that they felt that I needed some added entertainment for today. Now what did I do with my book? I sure hope those rascals haven’t stolen it.

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Frivolous

By Heather Davis

Let's be frivolous. Have a conversation about spending money we don't have. Let's eat calories we will never burn off. Let's jump in the ocean in our clothes and dry ourselves with hair dryers. Let's buy strawberries and eat only the perfect ones. Let's read in a hammock, something that won't make us a better person. Let's bake a no-bake cheesecake, drink a drink as slowly as the ice melts, let's ask each other questions that don't

matter, read *The 7 Habits of Highly Ineffective People*, and look at ads for vacations we won't ever take. Let's paint pictures using only our favourite colours and listen to our favourite songs extra loud.

Let's put down our donkeys of responsibility and discipline and welcome the llamas of frivolity.




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Townships Trivia

Riding the Rails: Part 1

By Matthew Farfan, QAHN

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The nineteenth and early twentieth centuries saw a huge railway boom across the Eastern Townships. It was driven by the need to access raw materials, a desire for quick transportation, the growth of industry, and a mania to build more and more branch lines. Literally dozens of railway companies competed for territory and markets.

1 This photo, taken near Lake Megantic in the 1880s, shows a Canadian Pacific locomotive, followed by a coal car and two passenger cars. What is the name of the fan-shaped attachment at the front of the locomotive?

- a) A buffalo basher
- b) A groundhog squasher
- c) A cowcatcher
- d) A snowplough



2 Railroad construction required large gangs of labourers, and heavy equipment to move earth, ballast, railroad ties and rails. What is the name of the machine depicted in this scene, taken during construction of the Orford Mountain Railway c.1905?

- a) A steam shovel
- b) A locomotive
- c) A pile driver
- d) None of the above



3 Gangs of migrant labourers were hired to work on several of the railroads in the Townships. The workers in this photo, taken on the line of the Orford Mountain Railway, were...?

- a) Venezuelans
- b) Italians
- c) Spaniards
- d) Mexicans



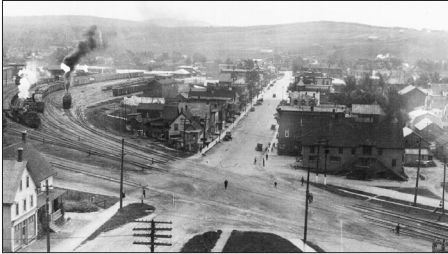
4 What are the structures seen in this photo, taken on the Orford Mountain Railway near Mansonville, c.1905?

- a) Food storage huts
- b) Employee lounges
- c) The manager's quarters
- d) Workers' accommodations



5 Railway lines were built through towns large and small. In fact, communities that did not find themselves along the line of a railway ran the risk of becoming backwaters. The town in this c.1910 photo was a major railway stop, as seen by the busy rail yard on the left. It was also, more recently, the scene of a terrible railway tragedy. Name it!

- a) Megantic
- b) Sherbrooke
- c) Magog
- d) Granby



7 A Canadian Pacific trestle bridge over the North Missisquoi River famously collapsed with a train on it in 1907, killing two men. Where did this wreck take place?

- a) Magog
- b) Bolton
- c) Eastman
- d) Granby



9 This is a view of the train station in Bury. Name the railway line!

- a) The Quebec Central
- b) Canadian National
- c) Canadian Pacific
- d) The Grand Trunk



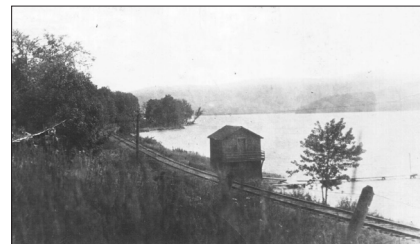
6 Wrecks and derailments periodically shattered the peace of the countryside. Piles of twisted metal, work crews, heavy machinery, and lots of noise, were the result. They were also things of fascination that never failed to capture the attention of local photographers. This wreck occurred in Kingsey in 1927, on the line of the Canadian National Railway. What phenomenon are the passenger cars exhibiting?

- a) Crunching
- b) Bunching
- c) Telescoping
- d) The domino effect



8 The choice of construction routes depended on many factors. A direct route meant lower costs. But negotiating obstacles like mountains, swamps, and large rivers entailed engineering challenges, time and expense. Much of the Massawippi Valley Railway (later the Boston & Maine), completed between Newport Vermont, and Lennoxville in 1870, followed the banks of Lake Massawippi and the Tomifobia and Massawippi rivers. Where was this c.1920 photo taken?

- a) Ayer's Cliff
- b) North Hatley
- c) Lennoxville
- d) Beebe



10 Some companies adopted a very specific architectural style for their stations. The picturesque Acton Vale station, seen here c.1905, was built by which railway?

- a) The Grand Trunk
- b) The Quebec Central
- c) The South Eastern Railway
- d) The Drummond County Railway



ANSWERS

1) c 2) a 3) b 4) d 5) a 6) c 7) c 8) b 9) c 10) a

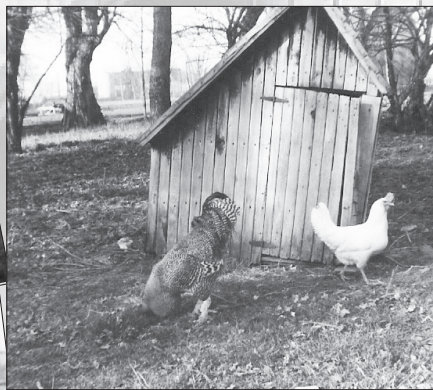
John Viau

Looking Back at Life in the mid-1900's

From John Viau and *The Townships Sun*

John Viau of Ormstown, Quebec shares some personal photos of his family, the farm and the animals. Living in the 1920's was very different from today. Work was hard, the days were long but family was the hub of life; whether working or playing people came together. It is a time to look back with fond memories.

Animals on the Farm



Family and the Farm



Donald Fiskin and John Viau haying with the hay loader and 1947 model Case Tractor.

John Viau with the 1949 International truck.



John's mother on the tractor and feeding the chickens.



John's father, Jack Viau..



John outside their old sawmill building.



John with Expo '67 car.



Bobby Westlake with his new 1949 Dodge.



Kate, Donald and Margaret Fiskin.

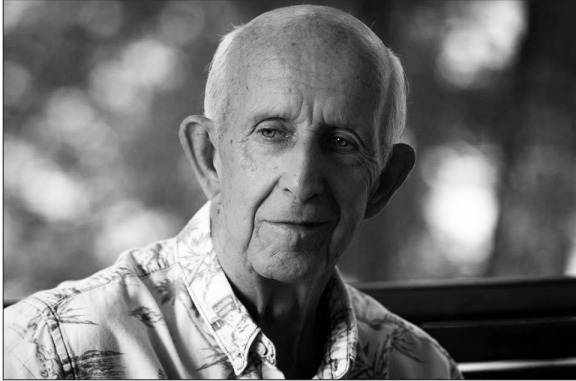


John's father in the centre.

Photos were taken on John's Uncle Donald Fiskins farm near Howick, Quebec.

Obie Walter Webb

By James Webb



James Webb

A relocation, a mailing error, a genealogical search: How these could result in such a chance happening, as described below, has put a smile on my face every time it comes to mind.

First, the relocation: while I was still employed by the FAA, 26 years ago, I made a successful bid on a position which moved us from Nashville Control Tower to Tampa Tower in Florida, where I worked from November 1988 to January 1992, continuing my career in the air traffic control field. Upon retirement, we returned to our previous home in Tennessee.

Next, the mailing error: As a former resident of Rock Island, Quebec (now Stanstead), and always wanting to stay connected with the past, we subscribed to the *Stanstead Journal*, as we have for the past 45 years. One day some years ago when the *Journal* arrived at our Florida address, there were two copies stuck together. I noticed the addressee was Thérèse Boucher. I did not recognize the name but assumed this person would have lived in the Stanstead area at one time. When I checked her address I realized it was just 45 minutes from us. I thought it would be neat to hand-carry the newspaper and meet that person.

Off we went for my first newspaper delivery since I had been the Derby Line, Vermont and Rock Island, Quebec carrier for the *Toronto Star*, back in the 1950s. When the lady opened the door, I spontaneously said “Hi, I’m your *Stanstead Journal* delivery boy”, as I handed her the paper. She looked a bit bewildered for a moment.

Well, the ensuing conversation was great fun. This

lady was the former Thérèse Fluet of Beebe, whom I had never met, but knew of as the former owner of the hardware store in Beebe, Quebec. When I gave her my previous address as 10 Tilton St., Rock Island, Quebec, she told me that was an area where she had delivered ‘Meals on Wheels.’ She remembered my mother being on her route.

[NB:Meals on Wheels is a wonderfully helpful service provided by folks who give generously of their time. I noted the recent *Stanstead Journal* story about my cousin William Higgins’ wife, Jovette, who worked for many years at CAB Rediker and just recently retired. Jovette is one of those wonderful helpful people.]

Next, the genealogy search: Because of a friendly disagreement concerning the given name of one of my uncles, I took it upon myself to try to find the answer, hoping to solve this disagreement. This uncle had not been a longtime resident of the Stanstead area, as his brothers and sisters had been. He had committed the unforgiveable family sin of marrying a local Catholic lady [imagine!] and had moved away to a town in the middle of Vermont.

So, on my way from Florida to Rock Island, I visited my uncle’s town looking for answers. But for various reasons I could not connect with either of his two children, my cousins. We checked the cemetery in Derby Line, Vermont, where his parents and my grandparents are buried, as well as the Crystal Lake Cemetery, where his siblings are buried. We did not have any success with this venture. Then at some point it occurred to us that he logically might be buried with his wife in Stanstead’s Catholic cemetery.

Next, the search at the Catholic cemetery: I went to the cemetery, alone, on a beautiful sunny afternoon. No one else was there at the time. I began a slow, methodical search for the gravestone of my uncle. When I was about halfway through, a car pulled up, a lady entered the gate, moved to the left a bit and stood in front of a headstone. I glanced at her, we waved, and I continued my search. A few minutes later she called out to me, asking who I was looking for. I joined her and stated that I was looking for my uncle, Obie Webb. She began helping

CONT’D ON PG. 15

me. Within less than a minute she said, "Here he is." She almost immediately followed up with, "I once met a man named Webb back when I lived in Florida". After a long stare at each other, we realized that we had met when I delivered the *Stanstead Journal* to her that day in Florida. Needless to say, an interesting conversation followed. After several years we had coincidentally met again, as a result of two unusual, seemingly unconnected events. Thérèse's husband's grave-site is located in the same row as my uncle's, just a few stones away from uncle Obie's location. Certainly I would call this a notable instance of happenstance!

The next time I met up with Thérèse was several years later when we visited our friend Madeline Stevens, who was living in an apartment in Stanstead. During our greetings we were a little noisy, which apparently caused the lady next door to look out and see what was going on. There she was again! It was Thérèse. A couple of years later, we met up again in the Manoir Stanstead. [How fortunate it is for the seniors, especially the local folks, to have such a nice facility available to them.]

Life sometimes has a way of bringing us full circle. People and places connect us and provide our memories; if we are lucky enough, when we least expect it, someone or something from our past appears!

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And the Radical Literary Beat Goes On

By Linda Knight Seccaspina



LINDA KNIGHT SECCASPINA

Kerouac Museum, San Francisco.

In 1962, at the age of 11, I officially became a Beatnik. There were no official notices, no immediate donning of black clothing; I just got up one morning and started to write bad poetry, and that was that. The primary inspiration was the fact that my father had said that Jack Kerouac was a bad influence on young people. That was enough for me! I admired how he angered some people in his piece *"On the Road"*, telling everyone they were going to die.

Kerouac was very popular where I lived in Quebec because his parents were *'joui'*-speaking French Canadians. Of course, they eventually moved to Massachusetts, but his official name was Jean Louis Kerouac, and that was enough for all my French Canadian friends.

My beatnik outfit of choice was a green wool crewneck sweater that barely covered my *derrière*, scarlet red tights and a matching beret. There were no smoke-filled finger-snapping caves of poetry where I lived in Cowansville, Quebec, so I created my own. I constantly carried a notebook containing silly poems about boys, the moon and love so true, instead of homework.

Creatively speaking, I had no worldly visions that my words would be seen as obscenity-motivated because of the pink lace that trimmed my notebook. I simply sat in my room [that I had painted deep turquoise] with a long black cigarette holder holding a Popeye cigarette in my mouth as I wrote. From the day I opened my Ottawa store

in 1974 until I closed it sometime in 1970's, I carried a vast array of cigarette holders, and I always blamed it on my weekend beatnik youth.

In 1964 I watched my Grandfather abandon his *Reader's Digest* condensed books for Marshall McLuhan. I had no idea what he was talking about after reading a chapter of the worn paperback. Grampy would slowly try to explain to me all about McLuhan's meaning of the light bulb while I talked about the Beatles. He would then playfully hit me on the head with the book and ask me to check the condition of my inner light bulb. Seeing my Grandfather was fairly conservative, I wondered how he knew about this man and figured that he must have seen him on the TV show *Front Page Challenge*. Grampy's interests did not venture anywhere else unless Pierre Berton talked about someone, or they were on The Ed Sullivan Show.

In the 60s my friends and I took the bus to Montreal on Saturdays to hand out flowers and speak words of peace at the Place Ville Marie plaza. People would come up to the *"girl with the flowers in her hair"* and the long winded words and ask if 'she' was from San Francisco. I would just smile from ear to ear as that was the highest compliment anyone could give me.

Protest songs turned to Leonard Cohen, and I constantly analyzed his poetry. Day after day in the late 60s I would sit in the CNR station in Montreal and watch people go by. I would read Cohen's poetry books over and over and wish I was his beloved *"Suzanne."* In a dark, smoke-filled bar on Mountain Street I sat and listened to hours of bad poetry, yet performing my own was out of the question. In my mind I could never beat Cohen or the other radical literary masters, so my words remained silent. Years later I would meet Cohen on a flight to Los Angeles with his then much younger girlfriend Rebecca DeMornay. I took his hand by the baggage turnstile and told him of my love for his work in the 60s. He smiled, and said softly, *"My dear, the years have been kind to you."*

With those words I suddenly felt old but happy, and never strayed from appreciating the minds of radical literary geniuses. As Herbert Huncke once said to Allen Ginsberg,

"Sure I'm old, and I'm evil, and I'm ugly, and I'm tired. But that isn't it. I've been this way for ten years, and I'm all down the main line."

And so the beat goes on...

Dr. Edward Dagge Worthington (1820-1895)

One of the First Canadian Anaesthetist-Surgeons

*By Gerard Côté, Lennoxville-Ascot Historical and Museum Society &
Jean-Marie Dubois, Université de Sherbrooke*



WORTHINGTON, E.D. (1897) *REMINISCES OF STUDENT LIFE AND PRACTICE*

Dr. Edward Dagge Worthington

Edward Dagge Worthington was born in 1820 in Ballinakill, Ireland. He was the son of Mary Dagge and cobbler John Worthington. The family immigrated to Quebec City in 1822. After grade school, Edward was an apprentice with surgeon James Douglas in Quebec. He assisted his master in his medical operations, participated in the dissection of corpses and in conferences at the Marine and Emigrant Hospital. He joined the army in 1837, becoming assistant to the 56th Foot Regiment's surgeon in 1840, and after, of the 68th Light Infantry Regiment's surgeon. In 1841, he began attending conferences at the Medical School and Eye Dispensary in Edinburgh, earning a medical degree from St. Andrew's College in Scotland in 1843, followed by a degree from the Royal College of Surgeons and from the Glasgow Faculty of Physicians and Surgeons.

Having returned to Canada, Edward Worthington was issued a license to practise by the Montreal Medical Board. He came to settle in Sherbrooke in 1843. In 1845, he married Frances Louisa Smith (1828-1887) in Ascot Township. Between 1847 and 1870, they had 8 children: Ada Mary, Fanny, Bertha, Edward Bruen, Arthur Norreys, Amy Mabel, Evelyn Isabel and Hugh Standish.

On March 14, 1847, Dr. Worthington amputated the leg of an Eaton Corner man using anesthesia. It was only in January of that same year, that the first use of ether anesthesia in Canada had taken place in St. John, New Brunswick, by Boston doctor Samuel Adams. In February, Dr. John Horatio Webster was the first Canadian to do so

in Montreal. In January of 1848, Dr. Worthington used chloroform while performing three operations.

With doctors James B. Johnston and Samuel Towle Brooks of the Sherbrooke Board of Health, Dr. Worthington formed a public hygiene committee in 1854 at the time of a cholera epidemic in Quebec. Bishop's College awarded him an honorary Master's Degree in 1854, and at the beginning of the 1860s, he was performing nearly all the operations in the Townships. From 1861 to 1886, he was also the surgeon for the Sherbrooke Regiment, eventually being discharged with the rank of major. Edward Worthington published many scientific articles on his medical practise in the Montreal Medical Journal and in other periodicals, as well as on his medical life experience in the *The Medical Age*.

Dr. Worthington became the first chairperson of the District of St. Francis Medical Association. In 1860, he joined the board of directors of Lower Canada College of Doctors and Surgeons, and in 1867, he took part in the founding of the Canadian Medical Association. In 1868, McGill College awarded him a medical degree on the basis of his former diplomas. He always maintained his office in his home at 224 Montreal Street in Sherbrooke. His son, Edward Bruen – the future 23rd mayor of Sherbrooke in 1901 – lived with him, and would stay on at that address until his own death in 1945.

Edward Worthington retired in 1892 for health reasons and used his remaining time to write his memoirs, published after his death as a book, *Reminiscences of Student Life and Practice* (1897). His second son, Arthur Norreys (b.1862), became a doctor and surgeon like his father and had his office on Dufferin Street from about 1887 until his death in 1912. Edward Worthington died in Sherbrooke in 1895 and was buried with his wife in St. Peter's cemetery one year before the opening of the Sherbrooke Protestant Hospital, a project that he had cherished.

In 2011, Sherbrooke gave the name of Edward-Worthington to a park located between the Fleurimont location of the CHU and Autoroute 610. In 2016, the area was doubled, forming a nature park of 10.6 hectares.

Information about Dr. Worthington can be found in the Répertoire du patrimoine culturel du Québec.

Hobos, Apple Pie and the Depression

Tales from 569 South Street

Linda Knight Seccaspina



CPR Station, Cowansville, QC

LINDA KNIGHT SECCASPINA

As a child, my grandmother used to tell me all sorts of stories about the Depression. Each morning she made sandwiches for the hungry people knocking on her door. Her weathered screened verandah sometimes became a shelter for homeless people during rainy nights. The train station was just a few blocks down from where they lived on South Street in Cowansville. Those that rode the freight trains would get off daily to see if they could find work or food. Once they came knocking at your door, chances are you would never see them again, as they would never spend too long in any one place.

I was always told that we once had a hobo mark on our side door, and Grammy would also take in needy families until they got on their feet. Grampy once said that he never knew who would be sitting across from him nightly at the dinner table, but each time my grandmother asked him to go to the grocery store to get another loaf of bread for someone in need, he went without complaining.

One day Grammy hired a young homeless woman named Gladys, who worked for her until she died. I was barely eight years old when Gladys passed, but I still remember her like yesterday. Gladys was an odd-looking woman who tried to hide her chain smoking habit from my Grandmother. The “manly-looking” woman would talk up a storm while she cleaned. She told stories that young ears should have never heard, but I did.

Gladys would tell me all about her days as a teenager, when she would hide along the tracks outside the train



LINDA KNIGHT SECCASPINA

Mary and Fred Knight

yards. She would run as fast as she could along with the train as it gained speed, then grab hold and jump into the open boxcars. Sometimes she missed, and sometimes she watched as her friends lost their legs– or their lives– when they jumped off as the train was reaching its destination.

Gladys told me that there was nothing left at home during those horrible years of the Depression. There were too many mouths to feed and she knew she wasn't

CONT'D ON PG. 19

Glen Villa

By Alessandra Salituri

Pat and Norman Webster have been long-time residents of the Townships. They have a historic 750-acre private property on Lake Massawippi called Glen Villa. The property has a diverse and rich history; it was first inhabited by the Abenaki Indians, then was the site of a large dairy farm, a saw mill, then subsequently the site of the Glen Villa Inn hotel and finally home to the Webster family.

Pat, a gardener and writer, was inspired to preserve and tell the story of the land's history. The property is now home to extensive fields, woodlands and gardens that feature art, sculptures and installations which pay homage to the history of the property and Lake Massawippi.

**Please keep a look out for the special in September's issue on Glen Villa.*



ALESSANDRA SALITURI

The table is set at Glen Villa.

CONT'D FROM PG. 18

going anywhere if she remained there. So she just rode the rails, as it was free. She knew she would find food somewhere, which was more than she was going to do at home. So she cut her hair, wore overalls and a cap, and survived life on the road until my grandmother hired her.

Gladys ended up dying in her sleep, in 'the back room' of my grandparents' home, as it was always called. After she died, my grandmother promptly labelled it 'Gladys's room'. When I was older and came home on weekends, that very same room was where I slept. You have no idea how many times I thought I saw Gladys in the dark shadows, scurrying around with her feather duster, and yes, still chain smoking. The room was always really cold, even in the summer, and it never stopped smelling of apples.

You see, Gladys could make anything out of everything. My grandmother was an apple hoarder, among other things, and always had a huge wooden barrel of apples in the shed. The top part of the bin held apples that were crisp and fresh, but, if you ventured to the bottom looking for a better apple, it was nothing but decaying fruit. So when Gladys made an apple pie she insisted on using the older apples, and worked her magic with them. Somehow the odd cigarette ashes sometimes found in that pie gave it that "je ne sais quoi" in added flavour. But Gladys, like my grandmother, never bothered with tradition. Even in her later years, she was still the young woman who had been



LINDA KNIGHT SECCASPINA

569 South Street Knight residence and electrical business.

thrown off trains, begged at back doors of strangers and generally got by because she had too.

Hard times had driven her from home, so a few rotten apples were not going to stand in her way of making a great apple pie, as those issues were transient to her now. After all, despite any emotions she had been through in her life— from love, to hate, to fear— my grandmother and apple pie now covered the whole emotional territory for Gladys. She had left that life behind, somewhere among the years of crumpled packs of cigarettes and loneliness.

Harry Kendall Thaw

Murder By Design Part 2: The Trial of the Century

By Merrick Belknap, in collaboration with The Townships Sun

Note: Part 1 of "Harry Kendall Thaw – Murder by Design" was a look at the murder of Stanford White, architect of Madison Square Garden. I hope you were amazed by the actions and motives of the criminally insane. So once again, I invite you to join us and curl up with a good "crook" and read about Harry Kendall Thaw's entry into Coaticook, Quebec and his time at the Winter Street jail in Sherbrooke, Quebec. In the final chapter, Part 3, we will examine the millionaire (Harry K. Thaw), the beauty (Evelyn Nesbit) and the architect (Stanford White) and their dark story of love.

In 1913 Harry Kendall Thaw escaped from a New York state asylum for the criminally insane. It was said that Harry was in the exercise yard, where he was a familiar figure. He arrived in the yard a little earlier than usual. When the milk cart arrived, he walked towards the gate where a black limousine was waiting, got into the limo, and was driven away at speeds of up to 70 miles an hour. Officers gave chase. Harry transferred to a Packard and was rushed towards Connecticut, then headed for Canada and entered the country via the Coaticook area. Rumours were that 5 men had been hired at a cost of \$25,000 each. Harry was arrested and taken to the Winter Street prison in Sherbrooke. On his way to jail, Thaw rode in an open carriage, waving his hat to the people as he passed, calling out, "Hurrah for British fair play."

The sensational drama continued. Thaw became something of a folk hero in Canada and welcomed as a man who escaped American persecution. Eventually he was extradited back to the United States. The event would be called the "Trial of the Century." It caused quite a stir. Looking back through *The Sherbrooke Record* archives, I came across an article in the August 20, 1913 issue that described the excitement and interest that Harry's arrival created. According to the article, "those who visited the Court House this morning for the purpose of seeing Harry Kendall Thaw were doomed to disappointment." There was no appearance and would not be until the next morning.

Dr. W.L. Shutleff made an application, under a Writ of Habeas Corpus, for the discharge of Thaw. Although the exact grounds were not disclosed, it was understood that escaping from an asylum was not a criminal offense. Plus, the warrant stated that Thaw had escaped from a penitentiary. It was the opinion of several members of the Bar that Thaw would go free. The rumour mill predictions were that even if Thaw were released, he most likely would be re-arrested immediately.



M. BELKNAP COLLECTION

Harry Kendall Thaw in his cell.

On the day Harry was apprehended, the arresting officer stated, "I arrested a man supposed to be H. K. Thaw. The suspect is about 35 years of age, brown complexion. He wore a bluish shirt and derby hat." Upon arrest, he only said he was not H.K. Thaw. A reward for Thaw's capture had been issued.

One of the men with Thaw at the time of the arrest escaped to parts unknown. The second man remained in the city. Immigration officers arrived to deport him. His claim was that Harry carried a pistol to protect himself, so in fear of being shot, he had gone along with the plan.

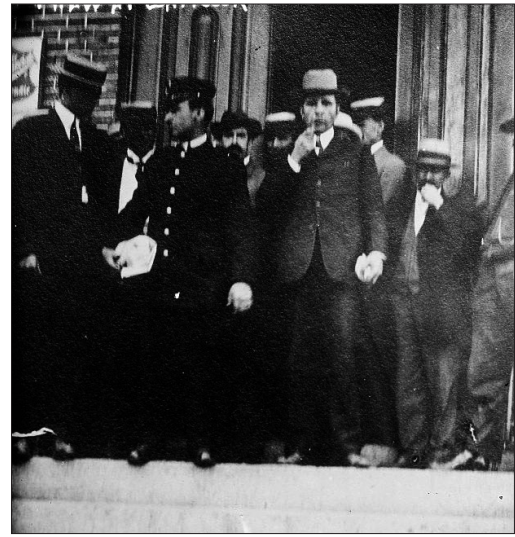
Scores of newspapers were present. This was indeed "scorching news." Photographers waited on the steps of the court house to capture photos of him while Thaw

posed for the cameras. He was reported to be in good spirits, chatting with *The Record* reporter. He casually spoke about the several attempts he had made to gain his liberty. It was noted by the reporter that, for a person who had been declared insane, he displayed a keenness of intellect and ability to converse intelligently.

There was an amusing incident on the way to the court. A young boy stopped in front of one of the police officers and said, "Are you Mr. Thaw?" Thaw smiled and took the boy's hand and said "No, my boy, I am Thaw." A photographer asked, "Do you mind if I take a picture?" "Not at all," replied Thaw. Someone in the crowd shouted, "Three cheers for Thaw, give him a chance!" 99% of people responded that they wanted Thaw released.

Dr. Noel examined Thaw upon arrival at the Winter Street prison. Noel stated he was very impressed with the alertness of the much-talked-of prisoner who was housed in the private ward of the prison. *The Record* reporter was granted a half hour to interview him. When he arrived, Harry had removed his coat and vest and was enjoying a smoke from his pipe. Thaw received a *Record* reporter with a glad shake of the hand. When the reporter asked if he had anything to say, his reply was he did not, noting that the papers were in a good position to make up a story of the circumstances of his case at the time he arrived in Coaticook. Thaw refused point blank to give any details of his escape from the asylum: "I will keep quiet until the case is over."

Thaw was bright and alert and showed no signs of insanity. A person who is insane may not be eligible to immigrate to Canada. Was Thaw aided and abetted by Mitchell Thompson in his entrance to Canada? Thompson was arrested for his alleged help to Thaw, but denied the



M. BELKNAP COLLECTION

"The Trial of the Century."

charges of bringing Thaw into Canada, but he was held in custody. Upon leaving the court house, Thompson covered his face preventing photographers from taking his photo.

The Writ of Habeas Corpus was granted by the judge. Thaw was a free man. There was still the matter of entering Canada by other than a regular port of entrance. William Travers Jerome, who was especially commissioned by the State of New York to return Harry K. Thaw to the Matteawan Asylum for the Criminally Insane, in Dutchess County, New York, promptly re-arrested Thaw. Thaw was put in a car and taken to Coaticook, where a Board of Inquiry was held. He was then returned to the Matteawan Asylum.

Winter Street Prison, aka Winter Jail



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The Winter Street Prison.

Prison construction began in 1865 at a cost of \$31,000. It was opened in 1870 and completed in 1872. The prison had 51 cells, including a wing of three cells to house women, an isolation cell, a parlor, an infirmary and a chapel. The prison had a reputation for being the unhealthiest prison in Quebec. The cells were very small, prisoners used chamber pots and it was not until 1899 that the cells were equipped with toilets. Running water was not installed until 1914. Winters were very cold in the prison, located only a short distance from the Courthouse. Before the death sentence was abolished in Canada in 1976, six of the residents had been hanged at the prison.

Closed in 1990, the prison was in very poor repair, and the building was condemned in 2007. Since then, efforts have been underway by *La Société de la sauvegarde de la vieille prison* to preserve the building as a heritage site/museum. It is open to visitors.

Meeting Bullwinkle

By Tom Standish

This is a true story of an unforgettable experience which I had in June of 2017. It was just one month and one day after starting a new job for a paint company, as the delivery guy, when I had an experience that I will not forget easily.

My principal duties are to drive /deliver paint to designated points of service in Quebec and parts of Ontario. A normal shift is an 8 - 10 hour drive; on this particular night it turned into a 12 hour fiasco. That Thursday evening at 8 p.m. I embarked on my journey in my already loaded mini-van in Sherbrooke, Quebec. I headed down the Autoroute 10 West towards Granby Qc.

I remember this as if it were yesterday, a beautiful sunset, bright pale blue sky with shades of red and orange. I recall thinking a photo would be beautiful. My mindset was on getting the job done before daylight, or a bit there after. I neglected that thought and continued on. It was 9 p.m., Granby was done and then a few more places in the area as well. Things were going well, a beautiful night, warm breeze, again I found myself wanting to stop and savour the weather and the freshness of summer night air. No, once again it was time to go. I crossed over into St. Jean Sur Richelieu and then Carignan, followed by Montreal, Laval and on to Terrebonne.

Leaving Terrebonne on route for Trois-Rivières, QC, my GPS suggests the 40 east, I for some reason didn't want to take that route, but it was the quickest suggested route by the lady in the box.

Away we go...

I'm set for an hour and a half ride, suggesting I'd arrive at my destination by 2 a.m. I figured I would easily be home by 5 a.m. Being a Friday, a start to the weekend, I like to be home early.

I needed fuel by 11:30 p.m. - 12 midnight, and so did my minivan so I decided to stop at Berthierville, Quebec. Being a person not to hang around, I got my cup of java to go and headed off again. The GPS says "45 minutes to destination finale." This is where the story changes.

At kilometer 185, out of nowhere, I see a spot, a checker like light brown spot and then BANG, I hit a moose or a deer, the airbags deploy, there was a scent of gunpowder, tires screeching and breaking glass. Now I've heard, seen and smelt it all.

Weary, confused, but not panicked and yet not completely able to think of my next move, which was to get out of the minivan. At this point I am not able to see that the impact has totally smashed the front end of my van. The windshield is smashed but not shattered. I undid my seatbelt and miraculously I was able to open the driver's side door. As I shut the driver door, the horn beeps, making me jump, simply from shaken nerves.

I then realize I am on an Autoroute, a busy one usually. What should I do now? I did know that I needed to find a way to warn oncoming traffic. My van was in the middle of the road, immobilized with only its parking lights visible, the four ways would not work.....

Because I work at night I always have a mini flashlight in my pocket and because I was at Berthierville only minutes before the accident I also had my phone in my pocket. I heard some traffic approaching, so there I was in the road, flashing my light with everything I had. I was hoping that someone would see me and the imminent danger before another catastrophic moment. I think I counted 4 or 5 vehicles that saw the movement from the flashlight and they were able to move to the other lane without problem. Everything turns amazingly quiet at this point and my van's horn beeps again. Thanks.... just what I needed, an audible warning.

I heard another vehicle coming down the highway. I was standing not more than 20 feet away from my van. I was facing an oncoming semi-truck. He does not appear to see me, as he got closer and passes beside me I then know my fears were correct, he does not see me. At this point, I was truly feeling the fear of another

serious problem. My feet were peddling me backwards as fast as I could go. I was watching him, surely he must have by now seen my van. I saw his brake lights, milliseconds before he careens into my van. Suddenly there was a burst of flames. I could feel the heat on my face, now wet from tears. I was then doomed, frozen in time crying, screaming and literally unable to move my body from shock. What could I do? I felt totally helpless. Still crying I make the second panicked call to my boss. I told him that I believed the driver to be dead. Just as I said that out of nowhere the driver appeared, walking towards me.

The miracles of that night remain fresh in my mind. From the horrors of the accident there should and could have been 2 people dead along with the moose. With the fire and smoke it was easier for us to be seen to oncoming westbound traffic. Upon seeing the accident these people told us they feared the worse. The same was told to the 911 operators.

Soon police cars, flares, ambulances and fire trucks were on scene. Now, I can put this fiasco to rest, was what I told myself. I convinced myself that it was best to get in the ambulance. I was taken to Centre Hospitalier Régional de Trois-Rivières, being treated for a nervous shock. I wonder why!!

A few thoughts stick in my mind:

1) NOBODY, from the 4 or 5 vehicles, stopped to see if there was anything that could be done. This bothers me and I know why. I was always under the impression that the first one to arrive at the scene of an accident had a responsibility to stop and help to the best of their abilities even if that means calling 911.

2) Do deer whistles actually work?

3) I realize the number of traffic fatalities, from collisions with animals, are slim through the country. This accident, like others, are without human fatalities, yet there is a need to find a way to rid the highways of the animals.

4) How much would it cost to build fences or solar sound barriers, maybe something like those whistles, (if they work), in areas prone to crossings? I am trying to find a solution to a very terrifying problem. We are two extremely lucky fellas that were able to return home that day. There are many more who do not.



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