

# The Townships Sun

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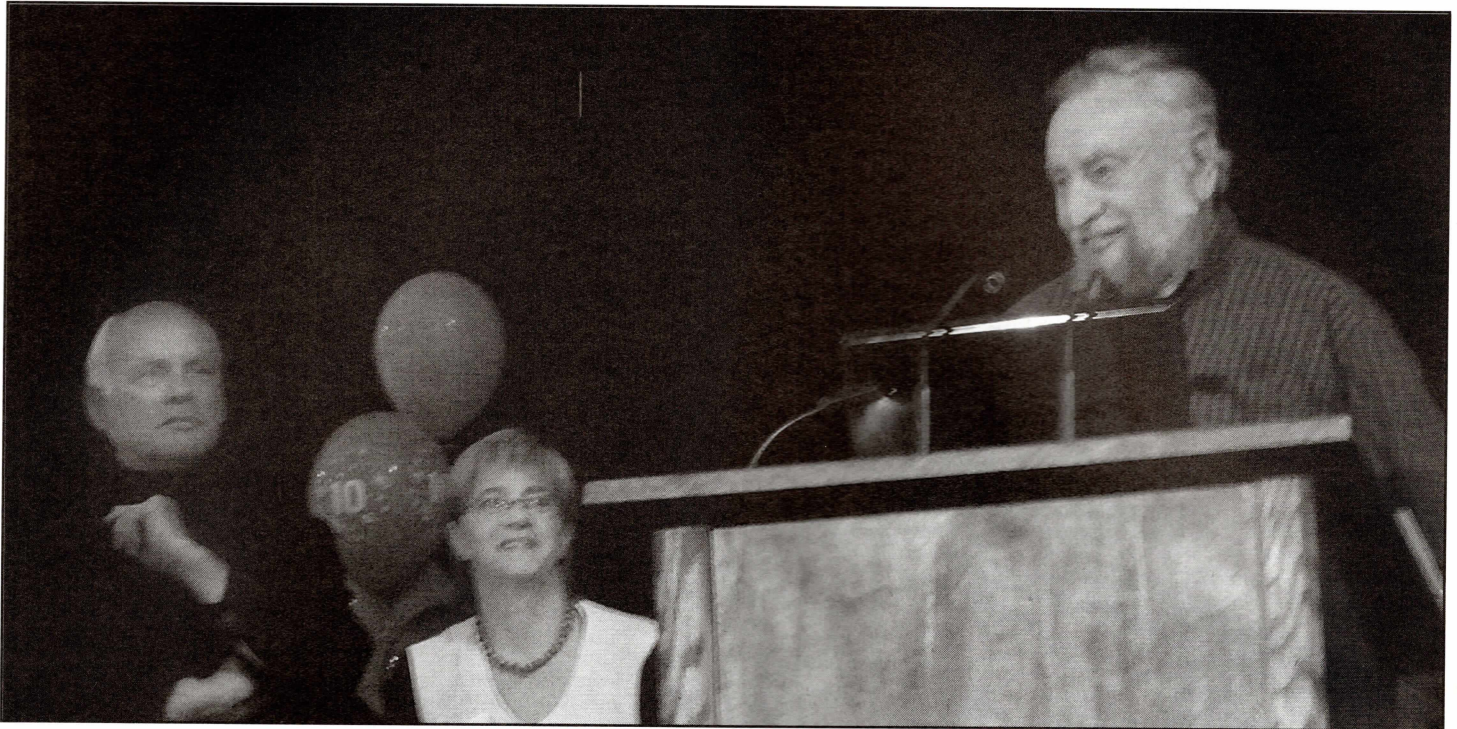


*Tomifobia School, about 1927-28*

*One of these children is featured in this month's Sun. To find out which one, please turn to Page \_\_. Back row: Teacher Lillian Crook, Henry Derrick, Ruby Derrick, Margaret Higginson, Lee Brown, Marjorie Allen, William Embury, Mildred Rever, teacher Evelyn Wright. Middle row: Charles Comstock, Elden Goodsell, Irene Hamilton, Ruth Hatch, Claire Temple, Ellen Howard, Donald Allen, Kenneth Rever, Harold Emslie, Harold Rever. Front row: Isobel Goodsell, George Hatch, Lawrence Allen, Una Smith Hamilton, Alice Goodsell, Stanley Emslie, Janie Howard - Photo courtesy of Janet Watson*

# Brain food – it's all in the mind

*Keep active and try new challenges*



*The arena was abuzz with over 500 people for the tenth annual Magog Seniors Day. The motivational speaker was Way's Mills resident Somen Goodman, who is 80 years young and very active within the community. He is pictured behind the podium with guest speaker Dr. Wayne Smith and assistant coordinator Dominique Poulin. Somen provided a living example of the theories and advice handed out by Dr. Smith, who reassured the crowd that a balanced and active lifestyle, which includes exercise, meditation, a healthy diet and new experiences can improve brain function. He told the crowd that if the brain can be trained to heal itself after a stroke, the same principles can be applied to rewire and improve a healthy brain. Keeping active and trying new challenges are keys to staying young and vital. The day was informative, fun, and uplifting - Brenda Hartwell*

## The Townships Sun

Since 1972

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# TO THE RESCUE!

## *The history of firefighting in Missisquoi County*

AT THE MISSISQUOI MUSEUM



*Memorial Hall Stanbridge East 1952*

In the age of kerosene lanterns, wood stoves and candles the cry of 'fire' used to send a collective chill through towns and villages primarily made of wood. To ask "Where's the fire?" meant that it was understood that it was every able-bodied person's duty to help extinguish a neighbour's fire or risk losing their own home in the process. The chances of saving a burning building in the 19th century were limited because of the lack of organization, the distance to water and the swift nature of a fire sweeping through timber framed houses. Putting out a fire often simply meant rescuing as much of someone's belongings as possible before the fire ran its course. As the 19th century progressed the task of fighting a fire passed into the capable hands of volunteer fire brigades.

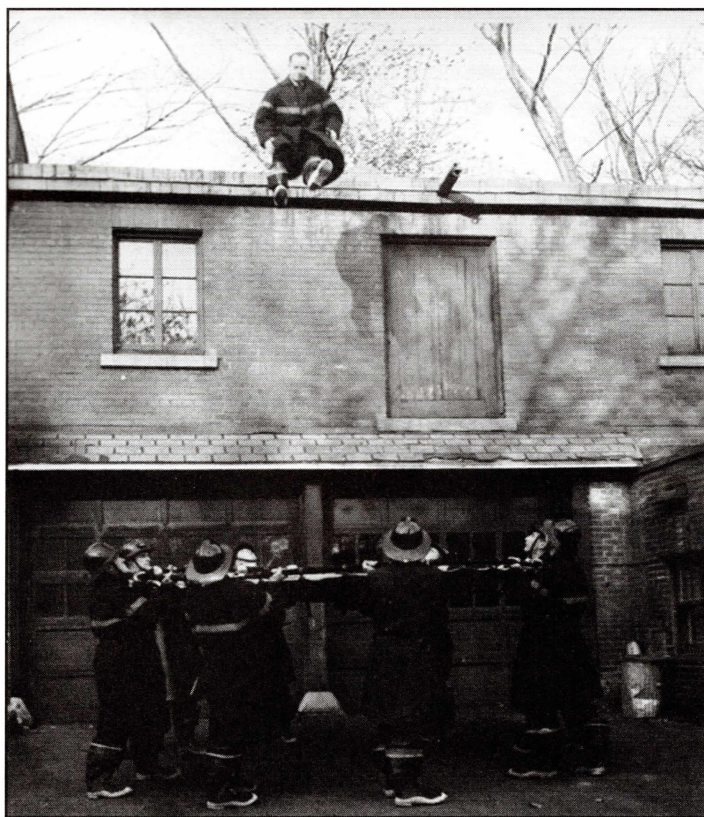
This exhibit tells the story of Missisquoi County's volunteer fire companies from the 1800s into the 20th century and shows how 19th-century ideas of citizenship and public service shaped the practice of firefighting. Firefighting technology and equipment have changed over the years but not the willingness to serve and protect the communities of the region. The exhibit features the museum's collection of firefighting

equipment including clothing apparel, speaking horns, fire pumps, a fire wagon, fire buckets, and photographs. It also pays homage to the dedicated men and women who have served Missisquoi County through acts of charity and in times of peril.

The exhibition also highlights United Empire Loyalist objects, community life in the 19th century, personal and household items from Missisquoi families and Hodge's General Store, which features dry goods from the 1940s.

Located just off Route 202 along the Route des Vins, between Dunham and Bedford in the picturesque village of Stanbridge East, come and explore this jewel in the Eastern Townships. Open daily 10 a.m. – 5 p.m., May 25 to October 1, 2008. Pamela Realffe (450) 248-3153, [info@missisquويمuseum.ca](mailto:info@missisquويمuseum.ca). - Pamela Ralffe

See [www.missisquويمuseum.ca](http://www.missisquويمuseum.ca)



*Bill Black demonstrates correct way to jump from roof top*

# To save a church

*Tiny Compton parish faces the future with hope*

Story and photos by Bruce Patton



*Compton's crumbling landmark, St. James the Less Anglican Church.*

Many Eastern Townships churches, especially ones with smaller congregations, are experiencing financial difficulties in light of decreasing membership. St. James the Less Anglican Church in Compton is no exception.

Consecrated in 1887, it is situated on the site where the first church with the same name was originally built between 1825 and 1827. During the winter of 1856-57, the original church was moved from its Cochrane Street location to Hatley Street, nearer the centre of the village, only to be sold and demolished in 1886. That same year a replacement church, the current building, was constructed on the original Cochrane Street site.

For many years the well-known girls school, King's Hall, was in operation nearby. According to Russell

Nichols, a current member of the congregation, during those years the presence of a minister, in addition to the expenses related to the heating, electricity, and upkeep of the church, were all assumed by King's Hall. That most favourable situation ended in the 1970s, when the school became associated with Bishops College School and relocated to Lennoxville.

Currently the congregation is reduced in number to about 10 active families. Rev. Deacon Barbara Wintle, an ordained minister, is assigned to the church. She organizes and arranges the services. To reduce heating costs, during the winter months services are held in the homes of parishioners.

There is an obvious intense interest on the part of this congregation to keep their church. Why? "Because it has always been there and is a part of the anglophone heritage of the Compton area," Russell Nichols replies.



In addition to the diminishing congregation, there is also a major obstacle to be overcome. The structure needs about \$50,000 worth of repairs. These include replacement of a section of the roof that is flat and continues to leak despite attempts to repair it, as well as the monumental task of replacing one entire wall of the foundation. This wall is composed of a combination of rocks and mortar and could be replaced with a concrete wall at a significantly lower cost. However according to Nichols, this would drastically reduce the heritage value of the building.

Numerous fund-raisers are held in an attempt to secure the funds required to maintain the building, the two principal ones being the Mothers Day Luncheon in May and the Turkey Dinner on Thanksgiving weekend. Additionally, a series of luncheons, teas and card parties are held on a monthly basis, either at the Ives Hill and Draper's Corner Community Hall or in the homes of church members. Each August an Ice Cream Social is organized. The building is also open to visitors every Sunday during the summer months.

Members of this congregation, like so many others, continue to seek ways to ensure that their church building will not fall victim to the sounds of a demolition crew. Will the people of St. James the Less be able to keep their church? Russell Nichols remains hopeful. "We have to be optimistic, don't we?"

*More than 80 hungry supporters enjoyed a recent salad luncheon provided by the members of the St. James the Less congregation, including, left to right: Delma Fowler, Kathy Nichols, Alice Stone, Sue and Russell Nichols and Janet Molony.*



*Occasions such as this allow parish members to socialize. Alice Stone, left, chats with Beverley Patterson.*

# Lost and found

## *Searching for the missing middle and finding community*

By Brenda Hartwell



**T**ired of hearing that the brightest and the best have all left the Eastern Townships for greener pastures? I am, and so I set myself the task of debunking this myth. On my quest I met several bright and interesting human beings who fall within the 18 to 45 year-old demographic—what many refer to as the missing middle.

This is the first in a series of interviews with people who have chosen to stay in the Townships. Whether they were born here, or landed here for school, a love, or a job, the one thing they all have in common is that they decided to call this place home. And it was a conscious and deliberate choice. Whether they were born into our culture or decided to adopt us, they all belong and contribute to our community. Why did they decide to stay when so many chose to leave? Let's find out.

### **Home with Tanya Bellehumeur-Allatt**

I drive up to a cedar-shingled house in Hatley Acres and am greeted by Tanya and her youngest daughter.

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As I step inside, the beautiful 4½-year-old blonde child immediately offers me a gift – a drawing of a person, a cat, a butterfly and a heart. I am ushered into a welcoming home, infused with the warmth of wood and natural light. Coffee and chocolate croissants are served, and then Tanya offers up her life story.

Thirty-seven years ago, Tanya was born in a small town in West Germany. Her father served in the Canadian Armed Forces and so her family moved around a lot. By the time she was 11, she had lived in several places including Valcartier, Petawawa, and the North West Territories. Then her father volunteered to work with the United Nations, and so she spent her 12th year in Beirut. “That was the year that Israel invaded Lebanon,” Tanya explained. “That was a hard year. A coming of age year.”

Following this, Tanya's father was posted to the recruiting office on King Street in Sherbrooke and the family moved into a house in Fleurimont. Both of her parents were French-speakers (her mother hailed from Montreal East and her father grew up in Témiscamingue) and they spoke French at home. But

they had always chosen to enrol Tanya in the English school system, and so she found herself at Alexander Galt Regional High School. This was a difficult time for Tanya. Men in the army and their families who live through war-torn times now receive counselling from the Armed Forces, but that was not the case in 1983. Still trying to come to terms with horrors that she'd witnessed, Tanya found that she did not fit in anywhere – not in the English-speaking milieu of Galt, and not in her French-speaking neighbourhood. She left Galt after two years and finished her secondary education at École Mont Notre Dame.

She began her post-secondary education at Champlain College in Lennoxville, a place that she still holds dear to her heart. "I studied English Literature. That's what I love," she tells me. "That's also where I met Brian (Allatt). He was studying business at Bishop's University. I was 19 and he was 25."

Tanya graduated from Bishop's University with a BA and a Teaching Certificate, and she married Brian in the winter of 1992. She taught elementary school for the District of Bedford School Board for three years then decided to return to school to obtain her master's degree. Each week she travelled to McGill in Montreal. "I am a country mouse so I wanted to spend as little time as possible in the city. Luckily I was able to fit all four courses into two consecutive days so I only had to stay one night in the city each week."

While Tanya was in the midst of obtaining her MA, she and Brian were thrilled to learn that they were expecting their first child. "As my courses were ending, I was getting bigger and bigger," Tanya recalled with a laugh. "I finished my thesis in October and the baby was born in November. I loved the rhythm of motherhood. How intoxicating babies are!"

Brian and Tanya were able to afford lakefront property in Hatley Acres thanks to the 1995 referendum. "The land and cottage belonged to an American who wanted to get rid of his property as quickly as possible due to the political climate," Tanya says, "It was just meant to be. That was a gift." Her eyes shine when she speaks of this place, her home. "I'm not from anywhere.

Moving from one place to another, I never felt connected to any place. I've lived in the Eastern Townships since I was 13, and this patch of land in North Hatley is where I've lived the longest. It is precious. I really want to give my kids the roots I never had."

Brian and Tanya now have four small children, two boys and two girls, aged 4½ to 10½. Brian works at his family's successful business, ETFS, and Tanya teaches at Champlain College. She also writes in her rare free time. She was first published in Taproot II: Poetry, Prose and Images from the Eastern Townships and has since been short-listed for Event magazine's creative non-fiction prize, and her poems have been published in Room of One's Own.

What does she most appreciate about the Eastern Townships? "The beauty, the nature. I love mountains; I love lakes, trees, but especially the mountains. There are so many things to feast your eyes on." She has lived

or travelled in many different parts of the world, but finds the geography of this region particularly inspiring. She remembers returning home after a house exchange in Belgium: "It was fun, a big adventure, but when we came back and sat under the big tree by the beach, we asked ourselves why we ever left."

And inevitably the conversation returns to that precious sense of home that she

feels in this place. She appreciates the village lifestyle offered in North Hatley, where everyone knows your name. She fondly remembers the day she was offered a charge card at LeBaron's grocery store: "I thought 'she trusts me'. What a delight!"

Tanya is grateful for the close proximity of her children's grandparents. Brian's parents, who will be celebrating their 50th wedding anniversary this year, also live in Hatley Acres, just down the road. Their place has served as a gathering point for many years, witnessing birthday celebrations, reunions, anniversaries. Tanya says, "When we talk about quality of life – this is it."

"There's something about a place, a geography. This is a place to build a home. That's what I always wanted."

*Recommended summer reading:  
The Secret Life of Bees, Jane Eyre,  
Book of Psalms.*

*Favourite quote: "I lift my eyes up  
to the hills where my help comes  
from." Psalm 121:1*

*Best place to eat out in the  
Townships: The great outdoors with  
a gastronomic picnic featuring a  
crusty baguette, delicious cheeses,  
and fruit.*

# Life in Barnston West

## *Bear minimum*

By Jerome Krause

This story is about mud, a minuscule rowboat, chocolate, undesirable water lilies, bears, a failed romantic overture, mosquitoes, and civic pride. But not in that order; it's complicated.

The thought of adding a few lovely miniature-leaved water lilies to the mixture of plant life in my pond seemed like a good idea at the time. There were already sturdy large-leaf water lilies doing well in the pond and a little variety within this plant group, even though they both had yellow flowers, might enrich one's visual experience while offering further habitat for junior-size aquatic creatures such as various frogs and minnows. The reeds, grasses, additional flowering water plants, bullrushes and whatnot all were healthy and living orderly lives, so why not the new variety?

Obviously I don't know the proper names of the plants I'm discussing or I would have mentioned them already, but nothing was actually exotic in my pond, just run-of-the-mill pond plants that are commonly seen in the Townships. I planted some of the vegetation, but a



*The bear footprint among old moose tracks*



*After the rains came and the pond once again reached its proper banks, the miniature water lilies grew back in abundance.*

number of things simply showed up, maybe on the feet of ducks, or perhaps seeds floated downstream from up the creek.

In any case, the growth of freshwater flora was robust, the water was clear, and the frogs were happy.

So, I pestered a friend who had an abundant supply of attractive small water lilies in one of his ponds. Could I have a couple buckets full, I asked. Yes, he said, and I was immediately in the business of enriching my pond, happily tossing little water lilies hither and yon. I was so optimistic, but as it turned out, the lilies did not need the assistance of my optimism at all. They grew like crazy.

At first it looked great, with all those new water lilies meandering around the edges of the far end of the pond. A green blanket they made, with many satisfied small frogs perched at regular intervals. The extra oxygen from all that lush greenery just took your breath away. It kept growing. Soon, the blanket turned into an ocean of green; they were everywhere and the pond's open water was disappearing alarmingly fast.

Where was I supposed to swim, boat, and fish? I didn't want to lose my pond to a berserk water vegetable, so I dredged rowboat-full after canoe-load of the #%!&\$\*\* miniature water lilies out of the pond and created an alien-looking compost pile that smelled

vaguely fishy and odd, with tangled tendrils one doesn't find in the terrestrial world. You could see peculiar, writhing movement in that compost pile. Creepy. But my effort didn't keep up with the growing mass in the pond, even though I spent months at the project over a couple seasons.

It gets dry in August and the seasonal creek usually conks out and that causes the pond to drop in level. Typically it will go down perhaps six inches, but I decided to push the process. I used a four inch flexible pipe as a syphon to bring the pond down several feet. My intention was to dry out the miserable miniature water lilies, let them bake in the sun and die off.

While the lilies are baking I have time to tell you about the failed romantic overture. At the time that all of this was going on I was not attached and a nice lady from Montreal noticed this state of affairs. She showed up for a visit one Sunday afternoon and she brought a little gift along in order to break the ice, so to speak. When I had previously seen this woman at social gatherings I had been friendly and polite to her, and interested in what she had to say. Generally speaking, I try to be friendly and polite to most people, but it appeared that she took my behaviour to mean that I had a special interest in her beyond the occasional how-do-you-do. She was an intriguing person, but not romantically so, and no relationship developed. However, there was that gift.

She brought a Lilliputian green rowboat, about one foot long and neatly made out of wood, and it even had tiny oars. A cute reference to the pond. The main point was that it was filled with chocolates; very good Belgian chocolates. The chocolates didn't last long, but I still had the boat and since it had been meant to refer to the pond, I thought why not put it in the pond. I did, and each morning I'd look out of the window to see where the rowboat was and it never failed to surprise with a new location daily.

With the pond at a lower level, there were broad mud flats all around its edges and on them the forlorn lilies were languishing. One morning something was wrong as I looked from the window. I could see the boat, but it was up on the mud 'shore' and it looked funny from the house. Naturally I went to investigate; the boat was well up on the mud flat, upside down, and covered with muddy smears. I fetched my boots so that I could examine the crime scene more closely.

An old saying that I like is this: "When a leaf falls

from a tree in the forest an eagle will see it fall. A deer will hear it fall, and a bear will smell it fall." A bear smelled the ephemeral chocolate aromas emanating from the tiny (empty) rowboat, waded or swam out into the pond to fetch it, dragged it up onto the muddy shore, and in disappointment left it there upside down in the mud.

What he also left there were his beautiful footprints in the slowly drying mud. I say he, because the prints were as large as black bear tracks get in this part of the world. This was very exciting for me, because while I have seen many bear tracks in my woods and elsewhere in the neighbourhood, I had never before found them right in my backyard. I was happy. This is where civic pride comes in. Okay, it's a curious kind of civic pride some might say, but I am pleased to live in a location where bears feel comfortable enough to fearlessly explore right around my house. They are totally welcome to do so and I will never do them harm. My regrets are that I did not see him in person, just his tracks, and that he got no chocolate for his efforts. I have zero fear of bears; maybe he understood that. They are shy, beautiful creatures and harmless, and they spend their time doing such things as eating wild raspberries when they are not looking for chocolate-filled miniature rowboats.

By this time the lilies were getting quite dry and brown. I gathered them up with a pitchfork and waited for the pond to refill. After the rains came and the pond once again reached its proper banks, the miniature water lilies grew back in abundance and all traces of the bear's tracks vanished beneath them.

Sorry, I neglected to describe the mosquitoes.



*Bears walk on the soles of their soft feet, so they often do not leave distinct tracks unless they walk through soft mud or snow. Bears have 5 toes on each foot.*

*North American Bear Center, [www.bear.org](http://www.bear.org)*

# The thrifty gardener...

*...divides and multiplies.*

*Or how one plant magically becomes four or five*

By Brenda Hartwell

When I arrive at the Thrifty Gardener's home, she is standing by her garden with shovel in hand. Apparently I am just in time to witness propagation by division. She leads me to her vegetable garden and points to a huge clump of chives, which look healthy to my amateur eye. Not so, I learn.



*The Thrifty Gardener digs a ring around a clump of blooming primula. A kindly war bride gave this old-fashioned perennial to her many years ago. The original plant has been divided several times and pink primulas dot the Thrifty Gardener's spring flowerbeds, and now she has pieces to share with her friends.*

## Signs that perennials need to be divided

The Thrifty Gardener directs my eyes to an empty hole in the middle of the chive greenery, and she explains that when perennial plants die out in the middle, it is a definite sign that they need to be divided. She tells me that daylily beds become overcrowded after a few years, and they too tend to die out in the middle when overgrown. When this happens they no longer perform as well and this is another sign that it is time to divide and conquer.

## Divide and Conquer

Different plants require slightly different methods of root division. In the case of perennial herbs like chives or perennial flowering plants like primulas, dig a circle around the plant with a shovel or garden spade. Then take the shovel and cut through the plant and its root in four or five places. Remove from hole. Now you have several plants, which you may replant.

## Next Step: Replenish

Prior to replanting, it is necessary to replenish the depleted soil. The Thrifty Gardener digs out the old hole and fills it with a black, rich-looking compost. Being thrifty by nature, she has been an avid composter for many years and has obviously perfected the art of turning vegetable peelings and table scraps into black gold. She mixes a shovelful or two of garden soil with the compost, and then replants one piece of the plant that has just been removed.

## Tamp and Water

After the plant has been placed in the hole and the roots

have been covered with soil, it is necessary to tamp down the earth surrounding the plant to avoid air pockets around the roots. Rubber billy boots come in handy for this procedure—all you have to do is place your foot as near to the plant as possible, put your weight on that foot, and repeat this until you have completely circled your freshly replanted specimen. Whenever you move or transplant anything, watering is absolutely vital. The Thrifty Gardener explains that she adds a glug of seaweed fertilizer to the watering can. She calls this “a shot of reassurance.” Now your newly installed plant has plenty of room to grow and sufficient nutrients to thrive for another few years.



*After tucking your divided plant into its new bed, remember watering is essential. A thorough soaking is recommended.*

### **Tips and Timing**

This type of root division is best done in the spring or fall. Normally you do not divide plants when they are in bloom, and replanting during the hottest hours of the day is never recommended.

### **Sharing the Wealth**

The Thrifty Gardener divided a primula plant while I was there. Even though it was in bloom at the time, she explained that some windows of opportunity open and close very quickly on these early spring bloomers, and so she has been forced to divide a few plants while they were flowering. She carefully lifted the mother plant out of the earth and was able to divide it into seven smaller



*Dividing chives: after digging a ring around the whole plant, take your shovel and divide the plant into 3 or 4 equal portions.*

plants. What do you do with all these babies? Well, if you have space in your flowerbed and if you would like to have several clumps of primulas, then you would replant as described above. If seven mounds of primulas are too many for you to handle, you could pot the babies you do not want and give them away as gifts to friends and neighbours. Trading plants with neighbours is a wonderfully thrifty way to introduce new varieties and colours into your garden. And if the plant has thrived in your neighbour's flowerbeds, then you know that it is hardy in your zone and should flourish for you, too.

### **Slow and Steady**

The Thrifty Gardener says many people seem to be under the illusion that they have to buy a flower garden. She has witnessed people purchasing hundreds of dollars worth of plants at garden centres. She stresses that she is not knocking garden centres. In fact, she very much enjoys trips to local nurseries where she purchases a few new specimens each year. But she does want people to know that they can have a spectacular garden without investing a fortune. She has built her own gardens in this slow and steady manner, and her flowerbeds are dazzlingly beautiful. She has grown perennials from seed, practised root division, and traded plants with friends. Gardening can be done on a shoestring. Anyone willing to invest a little elbow grease and patience merits the rewards of beauty.

# Memories

## *The clubhouse moved across the lake*

By Janet Watson

Those of us who are privileged to have relatives who are in their 80s and 90s are fortunate to have a wealth of stories and anecdotes available to us. All we have to do is sit down with them, with a cup of tea perhaps, and start off by saying 'Tell me about the time...' These people have the most incredible memories of events that took place 40, 50 and even 60 years ago. What a source of inspiration and knowledge.

Over the next few months, I will share with you some of these stories as told to me by my father, my aunt, and others who are blessed with clear minds and amazing memories. The first one is simply called The Golf Course and the details were provided by my dad, Larry Allen.

This is the story of the nine-hole private golf course that was built adjacent to what is now called Hovey Manor. In 1900 Henry Atkinson of Atlanta, Georgia, built one of the most beautiful summer homes in North Hatley. It was inspired by George Washington's home at Mount Vernon, Virginia and was called The Birches. Mr. Atkinson was a wealthy Atlanta businessman, having founded the Georgia Power Company in 1891. It is said that The Birches cost \$100,000 to build. A number of years later, probably around 1925, renowned golfer Bobby Jones, also of Atlanta, came to spend a few days at The Birches with the Atkinson family. It was

then that Mr. Jones is said to have laid out the plans for the nine-hole golf course which would be used by Mr. Atkinson and his neighbours. Since Mr. Atkinson only owned enough land to create seven holes, his next door neighbour, Randolph Hurry, agreed to let him use some of his property so that two more holes could be built, thus achieving an official nine-hole course.

The first hole was a 240 yard, par 4 and it ran right down the centre of Mr. Hurry's lawn. This left enough space between his cottage on one side and the main road on the other side so that stray golf balls would not hit the cottage or disrupt traffic on the road leading to the Atkinsons.

My father's family lived not far from the Atkinson estate at the Siccawei Jersey Farm, a 450 acre farm owned by Mr. Davidson and managed by my grandfather, Dick Allen. When my father was about 10 years old he started caddying for a Mr. & Mrs. Blake, an elderly couple who were also neighbours of the Atkinsons. He would get the call that they needed him and he would take a

short cut through the golf course to the Blakes' garage, where he would pick up two small bags of clubs and then carry them around while the Blakes would play a few of the easier holes. They never played the second hole because it was so steep it had to be cut by hand and was approximately 450 yards.

For his efforts, Dad would be paid 50 cents – a princely sum in those days. The fifth hole was a par



*Larry Allen then, at Tomifobia School.*

3 and ran right down to the Davidson estate. Dad recalls sneaking over to play that hole with an old 5 iron sometimes six or seven times in an evening. Dad went on to become an excellent golfer in his adult years, winning several club championships, perhaps as a result of those evenings of practice.

My Dad recalls that in those days there were no tees – they had developed a type of plastic tee which was in two pieces, a cap and a stem. Most golfers didn't like these because the cap tended to come off when the ball was hit. Therefore at each tee, there was a small sand pile and it was the duty of the caddy to make a small mound of it for the ball to sit on before the player hit it. Since the golfers at this course were wealthy people, they didn't bother to look for a ball if they hit it astray. Therefore, my dad and his siblings would keep a sharp eye out for balls as they walked back and forth to school.

Among the members at this club were Dr. Bliss from Maryland, Hubert Brune from Maryland, Ernest Cochrane from Boston, the Stebbins family from New York, General Mitchell from Florida, Mr. & Mrs. Blake from New York, Randolph Hurry, a publisher from New York and, of course, the Atkinson family. Dad recalls a daughter of the Atkinsons and her two sons who played

there regularly. The only man working and caring for the golf course was a Mr. Montmigny. Dad has also sketched the layout of the course from memory and recalls what par each hole was.

Mr. Atkinson died in 1939, the Atkinsons stopped coming to North Hatley in the 1940s, The Birches is now Hovey Manor and the golf course is completely overgrown with trees and brush. By 1937 the golf course was no longer being used and the clubhouse was sold to John McKay, owner of the Pleasant View Hotel. The club was transported across the lake on the winter ice and became the Pleasant View Boat House, known as

the PV Club. It is still there today and is used by the North Hatley Recreational Society at the public beach.

As mentioned earlier, this course was designed by Bobby Jones, one of the greatest golfers in history. Probably Bobby Jones' greatest legacy to the game of golf was his design of Augusta National, still considered to be one of the finest golf courses in the world and home to the Masters (won by our very own Mike Weir in April 2003).

What a pity that we no longer have this little jewel of a course available to us today, but what a blessing it is to have someone who can tell us what it was like 'in the good old days'. Thanks, Dad.



*Larry Allen now, at the beach house in North Hatley, formerly the Atkinson clubhouse.*


# GOLDEN LION PUB & BREWERY



see you after  
the parade!

at the lights in Lennoxville





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## Schedule for Friday, June 13<sup>th</sup>

5 p.m. to 10 p.m.

### **TOWNSHIPS IDOL (PART 1)**

Centennial Park Dance Floor

The Townships Idol competition is dedicated to putting the spotlight on talented vocalists and YOU get to decide the winner!



7 p.m. to 9 p.m.

### **"Ô CIEL!" EXHIBIT VERNISSAGE**

Amédée-Beaudoin Community Centre

10, Samuel-Gratham Street

The Lennoxville Art Group invites you all to come to an exhibit that will surely amaze you.



## Schedule for Saturday, June 14<sup>th</sup>

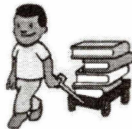
10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

### **BOOK SALE**

Lennoxville Library

101, Queen Street

A gigantic book sale: find books and magazines for the whole family, in great shape and for low prices.



10 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.

### **TAÏ CHI DEMONSTRATION**

United Church Lawn (6, Church Street)



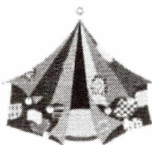
10 a.m. to 4 p.m.

### **ARTISANS AND GROUP EXHIBITS**

St-Antoine School

Entrance via Speid Street

Learn about the services of local community groups and the treasures offered by craftspeople of the region.



10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

### **SILENT AUCTION FOR THE LENNOXVILLE LIBRARY**

St-Antoine School (16, Church Street)

An excellent way to support the local library.



10 a.m. to 5:30 p.m.

### **OUTDOOR MUSIC AND DANCE**

Centennial Park Dance Floor

Music, songs and dancing for everyone!



10:30 a.m. to Noon

### **PARADE**

Route: Charlotte, Queen, Church, Hunting, Speid, Meade, Warren, Bown, Warner and Amesbury Streets. It is one of the day's most popular events! *Parking will be prohibited along the route the morning of June 14<sup>th</sup>.*



11 a.m. to 5 p.m.

### **ART EXHIBITION AND SALE**

Amédée-Beaudoin Community Centre

10, Samuel-Gratham Street

Art exhibition and sale presented by the Lennoxville Art Group. *Open Sunday June 15<sup>th</sup>, 9 a.m. to 2 p.m.*



Noon to 4:30 p.m.

### **FAMILY ACTIVITIES**

Lennoxville Elementary School Grounds

1, Academy Street

Face painting, fun games, a coloring tent and more "Tombola style" games. It's an afternoon of fun for everyone!

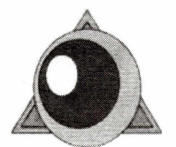


Noon to 4:30 p.m.

### **OUTDOOR YOUTH CENTER**

Centennial Park

Lennoxville's Youth Centre has decided to recreate their centre in Centennial Park. Come meet the staff and members to chat about what goes on in the centre.



Noon to 4:30 p.m.

### **VINTAGE CAR DISPLAY**

Municipal Parking Lot

On the corner of Queen and Speid Streets

Come and get a closer look at some of the vintage cars featured in this year's parade.



12:30 p.m.

**PIPES AND DRUM BAND**

**"Elgin & District - RCMP Division C"**

On the corner of Hunting and Speid Streets

Come and experience the rich tradition represented by the sounds, uniforms and marches demonstrated by this qualified band.



1 p.m., 2 p.m. and 3 p.m. (3 sessions of 30 min.)

**BIKE STUNTS DEMONSTRATION**

**Lennoxville Elem. School Field**

1, Academy Street

This demonstration performed by professionals consists of jumps and standstill stunts on BMX bikes. We invite the young and not so young to attend... it will be spectacular!

1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

**OPEN HOUSE AND EXHIBIT (Uplands)**

**Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre**

9, Speid Street

Visit Uplands and view "Bonheur d'été", our current exhibit featuring eight talented artists from the Townships and beyond.



1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

**OPEN HOUSE AND EXHIBIT (LAHMS)**

**Uplands Cultural and Heritage Centre**

9, Speid Street

Head up to the second floor of Uplands and step back in time with the Historical and Museum Society's collection that is attractively displayed throughout three permanent exhibition rooms.



1 p.m. to 4 p.m.

**FAMILY CRAFTS WORKSHOP**

**Uplands Red Barn**

9, Speid Street

Feeling creative? A craft activity will take place in the Red Barn for children of all ages. This is a great opportunity to sit and create something special! Free of charge.



1 p.m. to 4:30 p.m.

**FREE SWIM**

**Centennial Pool**

Free swim and activities supervised by this years Centennial Pool staff. Weather permitting. The activity is free of charge.



1:30 p.m.

**THE STENTORS**

On the corner of Hunting and Speid Streets

The Sherbrooke Stentors will be putting on a show for all to see. Both the professional marching band and its successor, "La Relève", will perform.



6 p.m. to 10 p.m.

**TOWNSHIPS IDOL (PART 2)**

**Centennial Park Dance Floor**

The Townships Idol competition is dedicated to putting the spotlight on talented vocalists and YOU get to decide the winner!



6:30 p.m. or 8 p.m. (two concerts)

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**Schedule for Sunday, June 15<sup>th</sup>**

9 a.m.

**FAMILY BIKE RIDE**

**etfs Parking Lot (73, rue Queen)**

Take advantage of this family bike ride to explore the regions bike paths.



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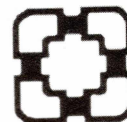
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## Where to eat on Friendship Day

**Saturday June 14**

**United Church**  
**Community Breakfast**  
8 a.m. to 10:30 a.m.

**Lennoxville Curling Club**  
lunch with other snacks.

**Volunteer Firefighters' Canteen**  
St-Antoine School parking lot  
Meals and refreshments  
11:30 a.m. to 3:30 p.m.

**Uplands Museum**  
Ice Cream Social  
cake and ice cream at 1 p.m.

**Volunteer Firefighters' barbecue**  
At the fire hall - BBQ chicken  
with fries, coleslaw or hot dog  
Starts at 5 p.m.

**Sunday June 15**

**Volunteer Firefighters' Brunch**  
Fire hall - For the whole family  
8 a.m. to 1 p.m.

**Courtesy of the City of Sherbrooke  
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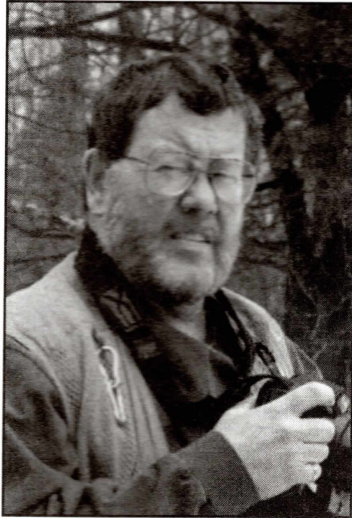
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# Winter Birding Reflections



*Text and photos  
by Tom Moore*

Winter has drawn to a close in the Eastern Townships, the snow is gone from everywhere but the highest peaks, and green is bursting out all over. Despite the warmer weather, some of our flying visitors took their time heading back to their northern breeding grounds.

The most widespread winter visitor of the past season around here was probably the redpoll. In fact, a sizeable number of redpolls were still coming daily to my niger seed feeder in mid-April, the latest I can remember redpolls remaining. The normal range of the redpoll is the boreal forest of the far northern reaches of the continent. They are only seen in winter in the Townships when the birch and spruce seed crop in the north has failed. The redpoll lives mostly on very small seeds, like niger seed, and is forced south about every second winter. Our local Christmas Bird Count results confirm this: in 2005, 101 redpolls were seen. In 2006 only one, while this past year's count tallied 133. Quantitative proof of what's in the books.

Although not so numerous or widespread, the



*The redpoll lives mostly on very small seeds, and is forced south about every second winter.*

pine grosbeak was also commonly seen this winter in northeastern North America. Our CBC tallied 77, an unusually high number. Ranging from the boreal forest to the sub-arctic regions of northern Canada and Alaska, the pine grosbeak depends on mountain ash, elder, and ash seed, which seem to be easily replaceable by black sunflower seed. Although a scattered few are seen in southern Canada most winters, the larger numbers this winter occur only infrequently. Ornithologists have verified pine grosbeak irruptions in 1950, 1961, 1977, 1985 and 1997. It will be interesting to see if this year's frequent sightings are classed as a major irruption when the report on the 2007-08 Christmas Bird Count is available.

On the raptor front, great grey owls and snowy owls didn't seem very numerous, although the Kingston, Ontario area reported an unusually large number of rough-legged hawks throughout the winter. Perhaps because of the early and severe winter in our area, barred owls seemed to be more plentiful than usual, possibly forced to travel from their normal territories in search of food.

I guess this is enough of winter musings. The spring migration is now complete and it's time to start looking for warblers.



*The pine grosbeak depends on mountain ash, elder and ash seed.*

# The Eastern Townships Adventure

## Part 5

### Benedict Arnold & the Siege of Quebec

*It's the autumn of 1775 and the American Revolution is a full-blown war. The famous Yankee rascal, Ethan Allen, was captured leading a failed raid on Montreal. He's now imprisoned in a castle keep in England.*

**By Bernard Epps**

Colonel Benedict Arnold, meanwhile, led 1,050 men up the Kennebec to the Dead River, over the Height of Land to Lake Megantic, and down the Chaudière to surprise Quebec City. Indians had gone that route for hundreds of years and Hugh Finlay had travelled that way on post office business two years earlier, but Arnold had to rely on a map and journal by John Montresor, a British officer who explored the route in 1761.

But Montresor had travelled in midsummer with Indian guides and warned 'No nation having been more jealous of their country than the Abenakis, they have made it a constant rule to leave the fewest vestiges of their route.'

Nevertheless, Arnold took no guides, travelled in late autumn, had enormous difficulty, lost almost half his army on the trip and in swamps around Spider Lake (south of today's town of Megantic – ed.) that were unmarked on Montresor's map. By the time 600 ragged, exhausted, and starving men emerged from the forest at today's St. Georges de Beauce, Quebec knew all about them and the surprise was lost.

Yet Arnold boasted:

*In about eight weeks we completed a march of near six hundred miles, not to be paralleled in history; the men having with the greatest fortitude and perseverance hauled their batteaux up rapid streams, being obliged to wade almost the whole way, near 180 miles, carried them on their shoulders near forty miles, over hills, swamps and bogs almost impenetrable, and to their knees in mire; being often obliged to cross three or four times with their baggage. Short of provisions, part of the detachment disheartened and gone back; famine staring us in the face; an enemy's country and uncertainty ahead. Notwithstanding all these obstacles, the officers and men inspired and fired with love of liberty and their country, pushed on with a fortitude superior to every obstacle.*

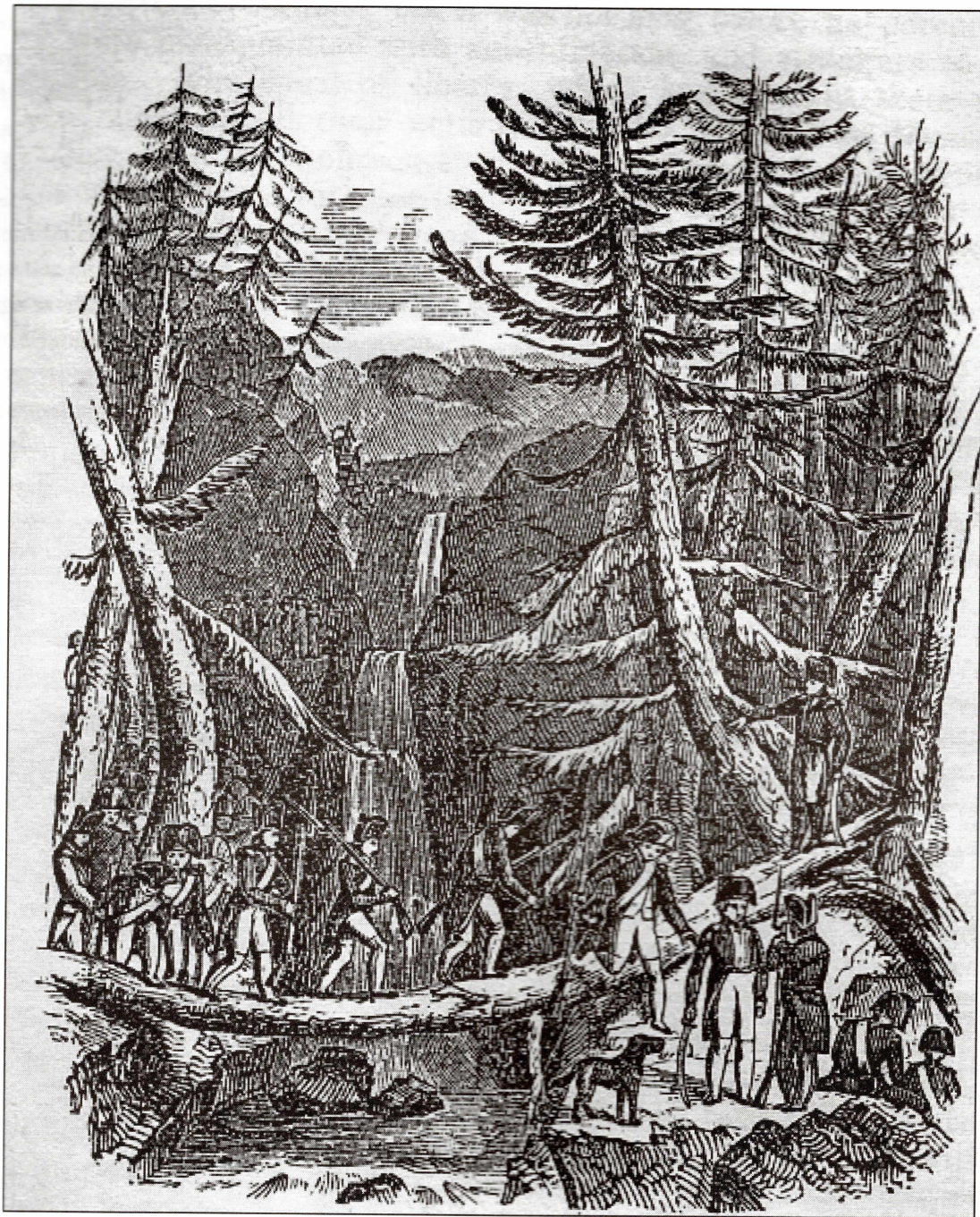


*Benedict Arnold*

Carleton, meanwhile, had recognized Montreal as indefensible and, with General Montgomery closing in, slipped out in disguise by boat. His guide was Jean-Baptiste Bouchette, nicknamed the *Wild Pigeon*, who had piloted boats up and down the St. Lawrence under the noses of Wolfe's army at the time of the Conquest. Now he would employ his skills for the British in smuggling Carleton past American guns at Sorel to the garrison of Quebec. His son told the tale:

*A light skiff, with muffled paddles, manned by a few chosen men, provisioned with three biscuits each, lay alongside Captain Bouchette's vessel; and under cover of the night the disguised governor embarked. The skiff silently pushed off, the captain frequently communicating his orders in a preconcerted manner by a touch on the shoulder or the head of the man nearest him, who communicated the signal to the next, and so on...*

*The most imminent danger they experienced was*



*March of the Americans under Benedict Arnold: The journey of Benedict Arnold's rebel army along the Kennebec and Chaudière rivers towards Quebec was a genuine epic. Some idea of the terrain involved can be gained from this American print of 1838. Canadian Military History Gateway, [www.cmhg.gc.ca](http://www.cmhg.gc.ca)*

*passing through the narrows of Berthier, the shores of which were lined with American bivouacs, whose blazing fires, reflecting far on the surface of the waters, obliged them often to stoop, cease paddling, and allow themselves to drift down with the current, exhibiting the appearance of drifting timber ... So near did they approach, that the sentinel's exulting shout 'All's Well' occasionally broke upon the awful stillness of the night...*

*The descent, however, was happily effected by impelling the skiff smoothly along the waters with their hands for a distance of nearly nine miles.*

On November 13, 1775, Arnold crossed the St. Lawrence to Wolfe's Cove and General Montgomery marched into Montreal. Arnold besieged Quebec and Montgomery brought reinforcements down the river to join him but the invaders were unused to Canadian winters and smallpox began decimating the ranks. Desertions mounted. Inside the walls, the defenders were warm, well fed, and cheerfully let the besiegers know it while exchanging cannon balls.

Many Americans had enlisted only until the end of the year and therefore, under cover of a blizzard on the last day of 1775, at four a.m. when it was thought the sentries would be least alert, the city was stormed. One force charged the St. John's Gate and attempted to set it on fire as a diversion while Montgomery led troops from Wolfe's Cove into Lower Town. They got through one barrier and were approaching the next when two three-pounders, loaded with grapeshot, erupted in their faces. Montgomery and a dozen others were killed instantly. Aaron Burr, just behind Montgomery, escaped untouched.

Simultaneously, Arnold had led his men around the other side of the city along the St. Charles River to enter Lower Town from the east. They, too, were spotted and came under steady musket fire from the walls as they floundered through snowdrifts and were silhouetted against the whiteness all around. Arnold was shot in the left leg and carried from the field. Captain Daniel Morgan took command and got into Lower Town where his men fought from house to house until Colonel Henry Caldwell led a party out of the Palace Gate to attack them from the rear. Thirty Americans were killed that night, forty-two wounded, and four hundred taken prisoner.

The battle ended but the siege continued. Washington

sent fresh troops until he had 4,000 in the province and 2,000 besieging Quebec. The Continental Congress sent a commission headed by seventy-year-old Benjamin Franklin to find out just where the sympathies of Canadians lay. That became apparent when a Montreal cabman refused to accept Franklin's Continental dollars in payment for his fare and, at the end of April, the commission reported that the situation was hopeless.

On May 6, a British fleet sailed up to Quebec led by a frigate aptly named *Surprise*. It brought 10,000 troops and military supplies under General John (Gentleman Johnny) Burgoyne and Carleton ordered the drummers to beat his troops to arms, opened the gates and marched 800 men out onto the Plains of Abraham against 2,000 Americans. The Americans fled.

*They left cannon, muskets, ammunition, and even clothes. We found the road strewed with rifles and ammunition, while clothes, bread and pork all lay in heaps in the highway with howitzers and fieldpieces. So great was their panic that they left behind them many papers of consequence to those who wrote them, and to whom they*



*General John (Gentleman Johnny) Burgoyne sent 800 men onto the Plains of Abraham against 2000 Americans, who ran away. They left behind their weapons, ammunition, clothes, food and wagons.*

were writ. Look which way soever, one could see men flying and carts driving away with all possible speed.

Arnold wrote: 'The junction of the Canadas with the colonies is now at an end. Let us quit them and secure our country before it is too late.'

Carleton chased the retreating army as far as Three Rivers but then let them straggle unmolested up the Richelieu. Eight thousand gathered on Ile aux Noix, a low, flat island about a mile long and a quarter-mile wide, and 2,000 of these were sick with smallpox or dysentery. Rations were scarce, there were not enough tents, they were soaked by thunderstorms, eaten by black flies, tormented by mosquitoes, and died by the score before they could be ferried through Lake Champlain.

With them went the *Congressistes* under James Livingston and Moses Hazen. Hazen was a veteran of Rogers' Rangers who'd served under Wolfe at Quebec and then bought seigneuries on the east bank of the Richelieu in partnership with Col. Gabriel Christie. An active and daring man, it was he who'd brought Carleton news of Arnold's raid on Fort St. Jean and, after throwing in his lot with the American rebels, he who'd carried news of General Montgomery's death to the Continental Congress.

Arnold paused at Ticonderoga to build a fleet and re-supply forts still under rebel control and Carleton did not molest him. In October, Carleton sailed south

with the *Inflexible*, a full rigged man-o'-war, and two schooners that had been disassembled below the Chambly rapids and reassembled at St. Jean. Arnold hid behind Valcour Island in the *Royal Savage* which he had taken from the British at St. Jean while the *Inflexible* sailed sedately past and then charged out to give battle. His American gunners, however, were no match for experienced British seamen aboard the *Inflexible* and the *Royal Savage* was run ashore and abandoned.

The rest of Arnold's fleet scattered as darkness fell. Carleton's ships spread a cordon across the lake to block escape to Ticonderoga but Arnold sneaked past in the mist and darkness with padded oars, much as the *Wild Pigeon* had passed American guns at Sorel. Next day, Carleton gave chase, overtook the rebel navy, and pounded it so badly the remaining ships were run aground and set on fire while their crews took to the woods.

Carleton sailed on to Ticonderoga, and found it re-supplied with cannon and defended by some nine thousand men. With the season wearing down and his force unprepared for an extended siege, Carleton withdrew to Quebec.

**Next: Captain Henry Ruiter & the King's Royal Regiment**

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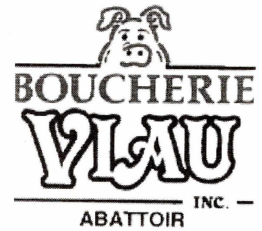
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