

Vol. 35, No. 3

November, 2007



Something old but new

You are holding something special in your hands. It's the first edition of the Townships Sun magazine. After 35 years as a tabloid size newsprint paper, the Sun is taking the big leap into magazine land. Maclean's, move over. We hope the change will bring new readers.

Like any publication, a magazine is a living thing, a continuous experiment, changing completely from one issue to the next. This leaves room for the inevitable mistakes, and we will make our hare – uh, share – of them. Some of our gaffes will be silly, others stupid, still others perhaps sublime. If you see something in the Sun you don't like, by all means let us know about it, by phone, mail, e-mail or in person. No rocks through the window please. We may or may not agree but we definitely want to hear your ideas. The same thing goes if you don't see something in the Sun that you think should be there. How are we going to know about it if you don't tell us? Criticism, suggestions, even praise – it's all welcome.

As it has over the first 35 years – which is a very long lifespan for a Canadian publication – the Townships Sun will continue to present readers with stories and pictures of the people, places and things that make up the Eastern Townships, past, present and future.

This issue also marks another milestone at the Sun. After more than a decade at the helm, the stalwart David Wright has stepped down as publisher and editor. Skip came to the Sun when it was near death, and revived it. It is only thanks to his energy and commitment that it is alive today. I know Dave Wright will always have the Townships Sun at heart and vice-versa. Thanks from all of us.

Charles Bury, editor

Cover: Illustration from a painting by Jerome Krause



The Annual General Meeting of the **TOWNSHIPS SUN**

has been rescheduled to November 17th, 2007 at 7:00 p.m.

Please join us at the Marguerite Knapp building,
237 Queen Street, Lennoxville

The Townships Sun

Since 1972

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The Sun welcomes manuscripts, letters, photos, and anecdotes but cannot provide any payment. Submissions should include the contributor's full name, phone number and address.

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Life in Barnston West:

Finding the Sublime

By Jerome Krause

When pondering important sacred places, at first I think of majestic temples, holy places, the Hindu Ganges, other comparable wonders, but they do not seem quite right. Yes, sitting atop temple five in the Mayan metropolis of Tikal, in Guatemala, guarantees to provide a spiritual experience, especially with the dark of midnight, but it belongs to the “Other”, not to me. The same for India’s sacred city of Varanasi, even the phantom silent lightning field of the Catatumbo River in Venezuela.

I’m not so grand a person, nor do I come from a tradition of spirituality into which I can easily fit. My parents were very religious, but I did not buy the politics, and got put off by the fundamentalist nuns who tried to indoctrinate me with idiocy right through grade twelve. I had to find my own connections, and in line with my predispositions they are simple.

Walking up the old logging road into my woods, if I turn left at the point where the road straightens, and squirm my way through the brush along the traces of a spur trail, at last I will come to a clear change in the forest. It opens up. The thickness of the moss on the ground here swallows my feet, and new colours are offered beyond the universal medium greens. The mosses are in pale greys, even white, violet, yellow and rusty orange, and they are formed in cones, spheres, ephemeral wisps, and bulging creature-like erotic masses. It is moist here, always. The light is soft, low, and ever delicate. I do not recall being too cold, nor too hot, whatever the time of year. My nose is overjoyed with an intricate bouquet: balsam, the musk of a porcupine, tiny orchids, filigree fungus, the warm wet earth. The aromas are solid, weighty, and assertive; I draw them in and they fill me with strength. And I hear the hum. Uncountable in their numbers, the insects do not bother

me, but their soft pervasive murmur hovers just beyond.

Birds sing and I am overcome with nothing – I am not anxious, not angry, not really happy either – just at peace and connected. Here I experience a sense of wholeness. I look at the forest as an equal, and it looks back. It looks back with a hundred eyes, a thousand eyes, with a million eyes. Here time-travel is possible. What time am I in? The 21st century? The 13th? No matter. It’s just me, confronting, benignly, a collectivity of life. I am nothing, but I am something. I am a tiny part. This is “my” land and I laugh silently at the absurdity of this thought.



Illustration from a painting by Jerome Krause

I did not invent the Gaia Hypothesis of the planet Earth as a living entity, but I have experienced it here and invented it for myself. I have long since abandoned feeling the fool when I apologize to a tree before having to cut it down to keep warm. It understands, because it, too, plugs into the whole.

In my sacred spot I feel that I am an inconsequential passer-by. I am graced with a

gift as I glimpse the real immortal. All it takes are a few weeds behind the shed, and I can be transported to the sacred if I look closely enough with my eyes tightly shut.

Hurricane Wilma was not the worst of the evil storms to violate eastern North America in recent time, except in my little sacred spot. The giant counter-clockwise swirl of the tempest drew its heroic rains down to me from the north, down from the cold, but it did not rain. Snow fell, heavy wet snow, at the wrong time of the year. The leaves were still on the trees. Fifty centimetres of intensely heavy snow. It was a disaster; my sacred woods is in ruin. Crushed. Smashed into wreckage by a mighty malevolent hand. Upheaval, disorientation, and disquiet reign there now. My enticing realm of seductive moss lies buried, hammered into the mud under an ugly snarl of uprooted trees – the most beautiful and largest – and my life is changed. My spot is still here, on my land near Way’s Mills. It will grow again.

Days to Remember

A Peek Inside Eastern Townships One-room Schoolhouses

By Brenda Hartwell

During the first few decades of the 1900s, one-room schoolhouses dotted the rural landscape of the Eastern Townships. Functional in style and constructed of local materials, such as wood, fieldstone or brick, schoolhouses sprang up wherever pockets of school-aged children lived. It was not unusual to come across a school building every three or four miles because most teachers and students were expected to walk to school, and a hike of one to three miles to school and back was considered sufficient.

This was an interesting period in Townships social and educational history. Most of the teachers in these one-room schools were young women in their late teens or early twenties. Many had attended Macdonald College, but some had stepped directly from high school into the role of teacher; nevertheless they assumed sole responsibility for educating all children, from grade one to grade seven within their schoolhouse. Often other duties such as cleaning the schoolhouse, organizing events, and stoking the wood-stove were also required of them.

Many of us are familiar with a few facts about the one-room school era, but what was it like to be only eighteen-years-old and isolated in a new town? How did it feel to be suddenly responsible for the education and the well-being of many small children spanning several grades? What particular challenges did these young women face and how did their early



Annie McElrea Goodfellow with her teacher Mamie Kennedy



Annie McElrea Goodfellow with her students outside Low Forest School, 1920. (Photos courtesy of Marjorie Goodfellow)

experiences help to shape their careers and the way they viewed the world? How did children who attended these schools view their early education?

The Canadian Federation of University Women Sherbrooke & District group decided to investigate life in the one-room schoolhouse. They drafted a questionnaire, found volunteers to conduct interviews, and set off on a mission to record the memories of one-room schoolteachers from various parts of the Eastern Townships. They also interviewed a few students and one inspector. In total, approximately sixty oral histories were recorded. Bev Taber Smith, the project's hardworking, volunteer co-ordinator said, "The experiences and memories recorded are fascinating and we are pleased as a CFUW group to be preserving and celebrating this important history of education in the Townships." She also said that as word of mouth spread concerning their project, memorabilia and photographs from the era were also donated by people wishing to share and preserve these precious pieces of local history.

On November 24, the University Women's Club will be launching a book called *Days to Remember: One-room Schoolhouses in the Eastern Townships*. Bev Taber Smith explained that this is the culmination of thousands of hours of volunteer labour. "Several hard-working volunteers have contributed to this publication," she explained, "and with the publication of a permanent keepsake, there will be a lasting tribute to these influential educators. We hope

everyone will enjoy a look inside the world of the one-room schoolhouse.”

The Townships Sun was lucky to receive an advance peek inside this book. It is filled with personal recollections and contains both touching and amusing anecdotes about those early one-room schoolhouse days in the ET. It also contains many striking old photographs of schoolhouses and schoolchildren, as well as some interesting reproductions of memorabilia. Here are a couple of excerpts. Enjoy!

Betty Havard Taylor

Teaching in a one-room schoolhouse in the 1930s was certainly an experience in multi-tasking. When Miss Havard taught in Milby from 1935 to 1937, she heated the soup at lunch, decorated the windows, purchased equipment for students, helped stoke the fire, and cleaned the room. At least she had the relative luxury of indoor flushing toilets, unlike some of her colleagues in other one-room schoolhouses.

With her newly minted certificate from Macdonald College, she managed to teach all subjects of the Quebec Curriculum to students from Grade I to Grade VI — all in one small room. She had no problems with discipline; her students were well behaved and grateful to be at school, despite the long walks some of them had to make. The older children would often help the younger ones with lessons, so that Miss Havard could concentrate on other tasks.

Miss Havard was barely older than some of her students. In fact one student in Grade VI was fifteen, only three years younger than she. Little wonder that one day she was asked by a passer-by, “What grade are you in?” Despite the closeness in age, the role of student and teacher was strictly formalized. As the teacher, Miss Havard was required to be a role model. Of course she was single, because married teachers were rare at that time. Many school boards would not hire married women. She became friends with many of the parents in the area and would often dine with some of them at their homes.

As a lodger in a private home in Milby, Miss Havard actively participated in community life. Even though she was a city girl from Sherbrooke, she felt “right at home” with the farming people. She played piano at various functions and participated in the square dances, the 4H Club competitions, and all forms of contests popular with the rural population.

Teaching in a one-room schoolhouse would prove invaluable in the maturing of teachers like Betty Havard. As a novice teacher, she gained a lot of confidence coping with the responsibility of being the sole teacher in a school. By the time she moved on to teach at Lennoxville High School two years later in 1938, at double her previous salary, she was very well prepared.

Doreen Bennett Stafford and Ross Hunting

Doreen Stafford’s uninterrupted thirty-five year teaching career began in a one-room schoolhouse in

Huntingville (1933-1935), followed by two years at nearby Capelton Corner. She stressed how ill-prepared she was, at seventeen, considering she had never attended such a school, nor had she received any instruction at Macdonald College relevant to the simultaneous teaching of multi-grades. Nonetheless, she remembered feeling grateful to have a position:

Yes, I didn’t realize what I was taking (on) when I took it. You just came out, and you were so thankful in those early thirties that you would have a little bit of money coming in, because that year at Macdonald, I had one good dress and I think two skirts and sweaters. Of course we wore those horrible uniforms

at that time, and we took a quarter and went down to St. Anne’s on Saturday night and bought an ice cream sundae or a banana split or something and that was a big splurge.

She recalled that the students were so well-behaved that she did not need to use the strap. (However, one student, Ross Hunting, remembered her as being strict and wielding a ruler on him and others to keep them in line.) She did remark that Ross had lots of “vim and



Low Forest School (courtesy of Marjorie Goodfellow)

vigour.”

When Ross’s older brother Carl graduated from the Huntingville School, Ross took over his job of caretaker and fire tender, each of which paid fifteen dollars annually—enough to buy a racing bike.

Teacher and student reminisced about toasted sandwiches, boiled eggs, and hearty soups for lunch, thanks to the schoolhouse stove. Less positive memories included the smell generated by a herd of cows pastured nearby and the hordes of flies that buzzed in and out of the open windows on hot days.

Mrs. Stafford remembered trying hard to be organized for the inspector’s visits, and all these years later, Ross could still recite the words to the song that the inspector had sung during each visit:

Cross the Bar

Brighten the Corner where You Are

Brighten the Corner where You Are

Someone Far from Harbour

You May Guide across the Bar

Brighten the Corner where You Are

Harold Donaghy

Harold attended two one-room schoolhouses in East Leeds: the Ross School (built on Ross land) and the Warcups School. Mr. Donaghy was almost ninety-four years old when he was interviewed, and he vividly recalled several pranks from that time, which he related with a great deal of relish.

Harold set the tone for his school time shenanigans on his



Contemporary photograph of Little Hyatt School in Milby, which operated until 1946. (photo: Brenda Hartwell)



Contemporary photograph of the Huntingville Schoolhouse, which operated until 1947. The school is adjacent to the Huntingville Universalist Church. (photo: Brenda Hartwell)

very first day: “I can remember the first day perfectly and I wasn’t a good boy.” When the teacher was trying to get the various classes assembled, Harold stood up on his desk and did a woodchuck imitation.

He admits, “We used to play quite some tricks.” One such trick was to top up the ink bottles with water and cork them. Then he would put the inkbottles on top of the old box woodstove. Pressure would build, the cork would pop, and water and ink would fly out. Harold said, “You could see ink marks on the ceiling.”

The most successful prank, however, was undertaken one Halloween night. A few of the boys were itching for a holiday from school, and so they devised a plan that involved chickens, which used to roost in the trees across the river from the school. The boys equipped themselves with bags. A couple of them quietly climbed the trees, grabbed a chicken and handed it down to a boy holding a bag. In this manner, several chickens were captured and bagged, then transported to the schoolhouse where they were released. Halloween fell on a Friday that year. Harold said, “Those chickens were in there all weekend. You can imagine the mess! We got our school holiday. It took them three days to clean it.”

After listening to Harold’s stories, one has to assume that while most teachers found their pupils to be very well-behaved, a certain amount of patience and humour were required to deal with the various characters that peopled their one-room schoolhouses.

My Worst Battle Action

By Cliff Chadderton

In the Battle for Soulangy, I had been sent down as second-in-command of an infantry company. I had just left the carrier platoon. I had been given the job to do what's called a recce or a reconnaissance of this Soulangy place and I took my company sergeant major and my batman runner with me. We went into this farmyard and I saw all these soldiers lying there. Most were dead. I wasn't too sure they were dead, so I started to speak to them. They were from the Régiment de la

Chaudière. They were all killed.

I went past them and we went up to the lookout for this great, big Soulangy Castle, you'd call it. There was a private soldier up there who said to me in French, "Where are the rest of the guys?" and I said, "Who are you looking for...a company sergeant major?" Because a sergeant had three stripes, and a company sergeant major had three stripes and a crown. And he said,

"Yes, he has three stripes and a crown." So I said, "Well, what are we doing here?" He said, "We have to take this objective." I said, "Well, where are the Germans?" He

said, "I don't know." I asked, "How long have you been here?" He said, "Oh, half an hour. Did you see any SS?" I said, "No." So I went back, hell bent for election and I took a motorcycle that was lying beside the road and drove back and I told the CO that Jerry had left, and that was where they were withdrawing – the Germans were withdrawing to Falaise. I said, "They've left," so he said, "Oh. What do you plan to do?"

I said, "Well, let's take the castle before they reoccupy the place," and he said, "OK. How many men have you got?" I said, "About 60." He said, "Can you take it?" and I said, "There's nobody there, sure we could take it." He said, "OK, off you go." He said, "How are you going to travel?" I said, "We'll travel by trucks if I can find them."

So we got some trucks, put the men in them, drove within a quarter of a mile of this bloody big Soulangy and I said, "OK, de-bus," and we broke down into two different sections, and I said, "All right now. We'll send 17 Platoon. We'll go around to the left and 16 Platoon will go around to the right and 15 Platoon will come up this road. As soon as you hear any fire, hit the ground, and then we will decide what we do because we have to make a decision on the spot." "OK, sir, fine, let's do it," the sergeant major said...and bingo! This is all taking place within 15 minutes, 20 minutes at the most.

So I'm walking down this road with the platoon that was in the centre and I hear 'brrrrrr' and you could always tell the German machine guns. They had a faster rate of fire than ours, so I knew that we were being fired on by Germans. So I said, "Go to ground."

In the meantime, I looked up and I saw this guy whose name was Jim Bullock come through and he was

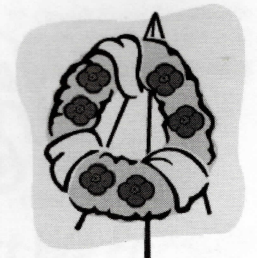


Cliff Chadderton heading for the Isle of Wight and the combat infantry training school.

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holding his arm. I said, "What happened, Jim?" He said, "We got fired on." I said, "How many men did you lose?" He said, "We lost them all." Geez, how could that happen? There was supposed to be no Germans there.

So I said, "OK, get back to the Regimental Aid Post and in the meantime I will get back to the colonel." So I tried to get the colonel and I couldn't get him. I finally got him, and he said, "You've got to take the objective anyway." This was about half an hour later. I said, "OK," so I had sent a guy by the name of Morris Soronow up on the right...he was a lieutenant. Jim Bullock had gone on the left, so I sent Morris up on the right.

Now we had little 18 sets, they were called radios... not very good, but they were usable, so I got on the set and I said to Morris, "Are you OK?" and he said, "Yes." I said, "Jimmy Bullock has been hurt. I am going to send Doug Kirkpatrick up to relieve him and then you are going to put on an attack on this final objective." So Morris says, "OK, that's fine."

Within about five minutes of this conversation, I see this German tank come out through the bushes, blasting away, blasting away, and all I heard somebody say is they got Lieutenant Soronow and I thought, 'Oh My God!'

So then I tried to get a hold of Kirkpatrick who was

under fire. He was killed, Soronow was killed, Jimmy Bullock was wounded. It was my plan. That was the worst battle I was ever in, by far. I don't blame myself with making a mistake. It was just that the ground was such that the Germans could hide in it. They had fooled the Chaudière completely about it, so I thought we were safe. If the Germans vacate someplace, you take it quickly because if you don't they are liable to come back, so I said, "Let's take it."

So that was my worst battle action; I was in a number, but... Leopold Canal was also very bad.

The War Amps has recently released Cliff Chadderton: Up Close and Personal, a documentary and companion book which document the life story of War Amps CEO Cliff Chadderton. Based on an interview Mr. Chadderton conducted with Veterans Affairs Canada for its Heroes Remember project, Cliff Chadderton: Up Close and Personal delves into his personal story - his childhood, his pre-war pursuits, and his war years. He tells of life and death events during the Normandy invasion, his "worst day" at a place called Soulangy and the defining moment during the Battle for the Scheldt that cost him his leg.

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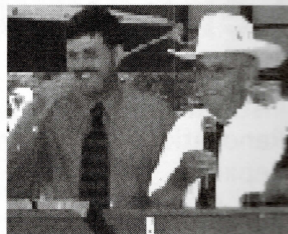


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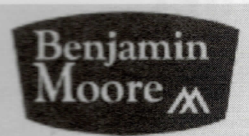
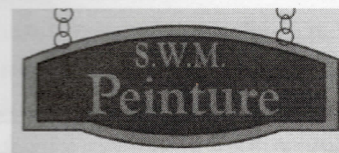
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*Cairn Memorial at Dufferin Heights
Photo by: Nancy Beattie*



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**Remembrance Day Parade in
the Borough of Lennoxville**

All veterans are invited to attend the Remembrance Day Parade on Sunday, November 11. The parade will form up on Speid Street at 11:45 a.m. for a ceremony at noon at the Cenotaph. A Remembrance Day supper will be held at A.N.A.F. Unit 318 (300 St. Francis Street) at 6:00 p.m. the same day. Everyone is welcome.

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Still More On Hawk Migration



*Pictures and photos
by Thomas Moore*

*Much more complicated than
'north in summer, south in winter'*

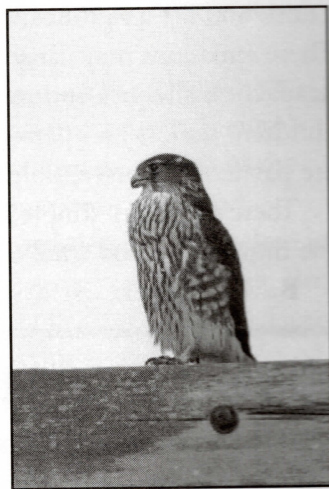
An email "special alert" caught my attention recently. Hawk Mountain Bird Sanctuary (located in Pennsylvania about 140 km due west of New York City) announced that 2361 broad winged hawks had been counted as they streamed past the rocky outcrop known as

the South Lookout. All in ONE HOUR! (between 10 and 11 am on the 18th of September).

Migration is a long distance movement between a breeding area and a non breeding range. Local, seasonal, and nomadic bird travel is not migratory. Nor are irruptions, which usually occur due to cyclical food supply shortages, or dispersal movements of young birds.

Broad-winged hawks are one of only a few of the North American hawks which are classed as "complete migrants", defined as a bird which completely vacates its breeding territory for a winter range. Osprey, swallow-tailed and Mississippi kites, and rough-legged and Swainson's hawks are our only other "complete migrant" hawks. Although many "complete migrant" species fly long distances like the broad-winged hawk which winters in Peru, the rough-legged hawk moves only from the Arctic to the U.S.-Canada border area.

Most of the hawks common to these parts are classed as "partial migrants" (for example red-tailed, Cooper's and sharp-shinned, goshawks, red-shouldered, merlins, kestrels, northern harrier, and eagles), which retreat from part of their range but may remain resident in one part. Open water, garbage dumps, land fills and



sewage treatment lagoons all tend to facilitate partial migration and may be one reason for the increased presence of eagles and turkey vultures in more northerly regions than previously encountered.

Only a few hawk species from the southern states are non migratory, year round residents of a home range. California condors, white-tailed kites, and crested caracaras are considered to be in this category.

Obviously the nature of migration is much more complicated than the simplistic common thought of "north in summer, south in winter" for partial migrant bird families. A study of the coloured range maps for hawks in your bird guide will indicate the overlapping of winter, summer, and year round ranges. In some cases a bird species is present year-round, but the residents in the summer are not the same individuals as the winter dwellers.

Plomberie

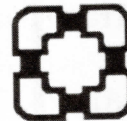
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Keeping Warm in Winter

You are what you heat

Winter – can't live with it, can't live without it. Being cold may be chaos, but staying warm has its own rules, ethics, language and history. For some of each, read on.

When it comes to heating a home, Quebec's housing board the Régie du logement has some rules for both tenants and landlords.

There is no set date on which you have to start heating. When a lease specifies that heating costs are assumed by the owner, the dwelling must be heated "as soon as required by the weather".

The law provides that the owner must maintain the dwelling in good habitable condition and ensure that it can be used for the purpose for which it was leased. "Jurisprudence has established that, during cold weather, the minimum temperature in the dwelling must be set at about 21 degrees C (70 degrees F).

Tenants must show common sense in using their heating units and take care not to overheat their dwelling. A room can be aired out for a few minutes, but the windows must not remain open for hours at a time.

If room temperature in the dwelling is uncomfortable, tenants should notify the owner who must solve the problem quickly. If the situation persists, tenants can note indoor and outdoor temperatures at set times over a period of a few days. Room temperature should be measured in the centre of each room, one metre above floor level. A reliable witness can also help.

For more, see the information leaflet entitled "Heating Problems" on the Régie du logement web site, at www.rdl.gouv.qc.ca. The Régie can also be reached by phone: Montréal, Laval and Longueuil areas (514) 873-2245; other areas 1 800 683-2245

Is your Fireplace Santa Claus Friendly?

Environment Canada is concerned about Santa's health and welfare. "Tip toeing on snow-covered roofs lugging around an enormous gift bag is hard enough without having to negotiate through polluted chimney smoke. Give Santa a break this holiday season. Let's improve the air quality for Santa and ourselves by practicing cleaner and safer wood burning techniques and opting for an advanced combustion wood stove or fireplace insert."

Canadians are fond of their fireplaces and wood stoves. In fact, 1.3 million Canadian households use wood as an effective and economical home-heating alternative, says Environment Canada. But what many might not realize is that although wood is a natural product, its combustion creates more than 100 pollutants, several of which are carcinogenic. Using a certified wood stove will significantly reduce the amount of most of these pollutants being released into the atmosphere.

Wood combustion produces fine particles that can be inhaled and retained in the lungs. Other emissions produced by wood burning include carbon dioxide (CO₂), and the products of incomplete combustion such as carbon monoxide (CO), volatile organic compounds (VOCs) and polycyclic aromatic hydrocarbons (PAHs).

Wood smoke emissions are harmful to human health and are a significant source of air pollution. These emissions may cause eye and throat irritations, headaches, allergies and respiratory problems. Young children, seniors and persons with respiratory problems are particularly susceptible.

There are many simple steps we can take to reduce the impact of wood smoke.

Burn Cleaner: Use dry, seasoned wood. Burning



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fresh wood with a high moisture content reduces the combustion temperature and increases the formation of creosote and pollutants.

Avoid treated, painted or salvaged wood: Never burn domestic waste such as plastic, metals or treated papers including wrapping paper.

Burn Smarter: Maintain a healthy fire with a chimney temperature of 150°C-200°C. Dark or gray smoke is an indication that the fire is not hot enough and is releasing large amounts of emissions.

Maintain smaller, hotter fires rather than large smouldering ones. Do not allow fires to smoke within your home. This smoke contains many pollutants which are harmful to your health. Install a double-walled flue pipe to allow your appliance to run hotter and more efficiently.

Burn More Efficiently: Replace older technology stoves or fireplaces with Canadian Standards Association (CSA) or Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) approved cleaner combustion wood burning appliances. These certified appliances reduce smoke emissions by as much as 90 per cent compared to conventional appliances.

Will the real wind chill factor please stand up?

Anyone who has ever waited at a bus stop or taken a walk on a blustery winter day knows that when the wind blows it feels colder than it really is. Although the sensation of wind chill is nothing new, recent studies show that many people are still confused by what it means, and that the formula we use to determine it may be exaggerating its effects.

What makes wind chill so hard to get a handle on is that it can't be measured by an instrument. It simply describes a sensation: the way we feel as a result of the combined cooling effect of temperature and wind. Normally our bodies warm up a thin layer of air close to our skin that protects it from external temperatures. But, in cold weather, when the wind blows, it takes this layer with it and replaces it with cold air.

The technique for measuring wind chill was developed more than 50 years ago by Antarctic explorers who measured how long it took for a plastic cylinder of water to freeze at various temperatures and wind speeds. There are several flaws in the formula so the method estimates wind chill as colder than it really is.

Take Two. The different ways of reporting wind chill

has led to some confusion. One method describes the rate of heat loss in watts per square metre, but many people don't understand what the numbers in the scale – which range from 800 to 2000 – really mean. Most people prefer equivalent temperature, which tells you how cold the air feels because of the wind.


The problem is that people may confuse equivalent temperature with actual temperature and believe there is a danger of freezing water pipes or plants, even when the actual temperature is above zero.

'Yes, but it's a dry cold!' The perception that dampness makes the air feel colder is widespread. You have probably heard the great Canadian saying, usually spoken in defence of Prairie winters. "Yes, but it's a dry cold!" This is probably true, but for reasons other than the dryness of the air. Climatologically speaking, the winters in the north and central Prairies are drier, colder and less windy than winters in southern Ontario.

It is the wind which makes the eastern cold seem to penetrate to the bone and feel colder than the deep cold of the Prairies. The sun may be another reason why Prairie winters may seem less miserable. For example, the winds blow as hard and on as many days in the southern Prairies as they do in southern Ontario. But the sun also shines brightly on more days in areas from Medicine Hat to Regina to Winnipeg than it does in southern Ontario. Soaking up the sun's rays may add 10 degrees to your warmth. Sunshine, not only counteracts some of the effect of wind chill, but, sunny days with blue skies are more pleasing and lift the spirits higher than grey days with low hanging clouds.

Remember, wind chill is just one of the many factors that can affect winter comfort. The type of clothes worn, level of physical exertion, amount of sunshine, humidity level, age and health can all affect how cold you feel on a winter day.

- *Environment Canada*



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**'Frozen to death', 1872, Ink on paper,
© McCord Museum**

This illustration published in *The Canadian Illustrated News* of January 27, 1872 refers to an event that took place around the night of January 13, when temperatures plunged. Several children were found frozen to death in a humble dwelling on Kempt Street in Montreal.

"In addition to the kindly act (...) of Sergeant Carson in saving another family from freezing the same night,

Policeman James Murphy, we understand, relieved a small household from the pangs of starvation by supplying them with food. A little more activity in discovering the whereabouts of *Les Misérables*, and relieving their immediate wants, would be no discredit to the well known, if not always wisely directed, benevolence of the wealthier portion of the citizens of Montreal."

During this winter of 1872, wood was so scarce and expensive that riots broke out in the city. The poor were particularly vulnerable in the winter months, when there was little work and many families had to survive without

any income.

What: The Canadian Illustrated News and its French-language counterpart, L'Opinion publique, which were more family magazines that journals of opinion, often carried stories of this type.

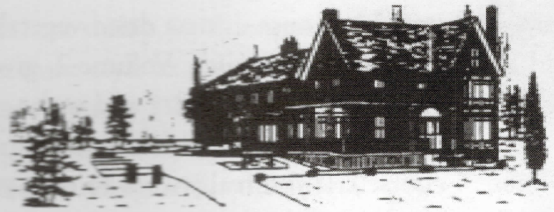
Where: Winter was the dead season in both the city and countryside. The port of Montreal was shut down when the river froze, leading to slowdowns in some sectors of the economy and factory closings.

When: Winter temperatures in Montreal often plunged to -20°C , which forced people to use more fuel to heat their homes.

Who: In most Canadian cities during the 19th century, about half the population was affected in one way or another by poverty. You were considered poor at this time if you did not have the means to provide you or your family with adequate housing, food, clothing or heat.

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Create your own birdhouse using a dried vegetable. The Old Farmer's Almanac for Kids, Volume 2, gives step-by-step instructions on how to dry and make an attractive birdhouse from a gourd (with adult supervision, of course!). If you really want to treat your feathered friends, you can also hang out a pinecone rolled in honey or peanut butter.

Make a Gourd Birdhouse

You will need:

Round or curlicue-shape gourd, completely dried

12-inch ruler

Drill or sharp knife

Round stick or wooden dowel for perch, about 1/4-inch in diameter

Weatherproof cord or string

Choose a gourd that is large enough for a bird to live in but not too large to hang from a tree branch. To dry it, keep it in a warm area with good air circulation (this may take several months). When the seeds rattle and tapping it produces a hollow sound, it's ready.

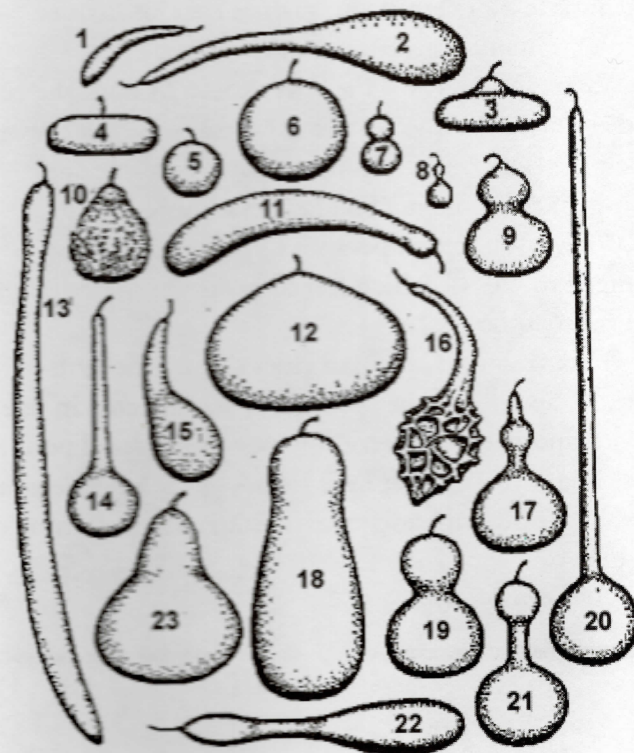
Using a drill or sharp knife, make the entrance hole at least one-third of the way up from the bottom of the large part of the gourd. Half an inch below the entrance hole, drill or cut a small hole the diameter of your stick or dowel perch and put the perch into the hole.

Make two or three small holes in the bottom of the gourd for drainage and two holes in the top for the cord hanger. Run a piece of cord through the holes in the top. Leave enough length to hang and tie it.

In the spring, hang the birdhouse on a branch where you can see it. To attract many birds, make a few birdhouses and place them on neighboring trees.

For more fun facts and projects on astronomy, pets, health, nature, sports, and weather, as well as a companion activity guide, go to Almanac4kids.com.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The preceding excerpt is from The Old Farmer's Almanac for Kids, Volume 2. Full permission for reprinting is granted on the condition that credit is given to The Old Farmer's Almanac for Kids, Volume 2, on sale wherever books and magazines are sold.



Common types of Hardshell Gourds

1. Banana
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3. Tobacco Box, Sugar Bowl
4. Canteen, Sugar Bowl
5. Cannon Ball
6. Basketball
7. Mini-bottle
8. Sennari
9. Mexican Bottle
10. Hardshell Warty
11. Hercules Club
12. Bushel Basket
13. Baton, Snake, Longissima
14. Short Handled Dipper
15. Powder Horn, Penguin
16. French Dolphin, Maranka, Monkey
17. Lump in the neck Bottle
18. Zucca
19. Chinese Bottle
20. Long Handled Dipper
21. Indonesian Bottle, Costa Rican Bottle
22. Japanese Bottle, Siphon
23. Kettle

Christmas stamps are out

Do you hear what I hear? It's the excited voices of children talking about the holidays. Adults are also planning holiday mailings to family and friends, and many postal administrations, including Canada Post, are issuing their Christmas stamps—a sure sign that the holiday season is just around the corner.

Three of the four stamps Canada Post will issue appeal to the sacred (Hope, Joy and Peace), while the fourth, a playful rendition of a Reindeer leaping in the snow, antlers decorated with Christmas lights, speaks to the child in everyone. The stamps became available November 1.

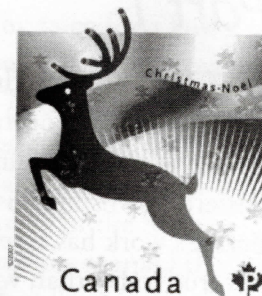
Designer Naomi Broudo of Tandem Design Associates Ltd. has created a set of three stamps, each presenting a message depicted through complementary combinations of words and symbols centered on Stephanie Carter's Manger (domestic rate/Permanent™), Steve Hepburn's Angel (U.S. rate/93¢), and Jonathan Milne's Dove (international rate/\$1.55).

The Hope stamp is one of the two first ever seasonal Permanent stamps and will be available in booklets of 12. The U.S. rate Joy stamp and the International rate Peace stamp will be available in booklets of six. Lowe-Martin printed 27 million Permanent rate domestic stamps, 6.9 million 93-cent stamps and 6 million \$1.55 stamps. The stamps measure 30.75 mm x 30.75 mm. The stamps were printed by Lowe-

Martin on Tullis Russell paper. The Hope and the Joy stamps were printed using lithography in five colours; while the Peace stamps was printed using lithography in four colours. The pressure sensitive stamps are general tagged on all sides. Official First Day Cover cancellations on the Hope, Joy and Peace stamps will have three cancellations which will read HOPE BC; ANGE-GARDIEN QC; and PEACE RIVER AB.

The fourth stamp, the Reindeer, the second seasonal

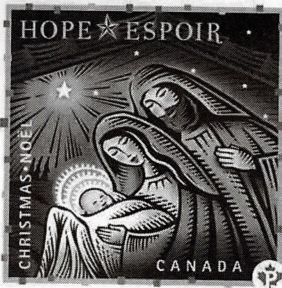
Permanent stamp, was designed in the same style as that of the snowman in 2005. Hélène L'Heureux's creation is of a joyful reindeer dancing under the aurora borealis or Northern Lights. The green and pink colour scheme evokes the signature shimmers of metallic holiday decorations and glittering snowflakes.



Lowe-Martin printed 44 millions pressure sensitive stamps which measure 24 mm x 24 mm and will be available in booklets of 12. The stamps were printed on Tullis Russell paper using lithography in five colours plus one clear holographic stamping. The Official First Day Cover cancellation reads

TUKTOYAKTUK NT.

More information on these commemorative stamps is available in the Newsroom section of the Canada Post Web site; and photos of the stamps are available in the Photo Centre of the Newsroom. The stamps and Official First Day Covers will be available at participating post offices, online following the links on the Canada Post Web site (www.canadapost.ca) or by mail from the National Philatelic Centre. From Canada or the United States, call toll-free 1 800 565-4362; from other countries call 902 863-6550.



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The Eastern Townships Adventure

Part 1

With this issue the Townships Sun begins reprinting the works of the late Bernard Epps, a great friend and saviour of the Sun, and a prolific and interesting Eastern Townships historian. Like all the best historians, Bernie's work has a definite point of view. This is no less true today than when the stories were written.

This month we begin publishing one of Bernie's later works, *The Eastern Townships Adventure*, a 1992 book now out of print. Chapter 1 opens with geology, natural history, Paleoindians, possible prehistoric visitors from Europe and Africa, Jacques Cartier and Samuel de Champlain. Fifteen years later, Barry Fell's theories of pre-history are still controversial. But we now know that Paleoindians did indeed roam the Townships (Lake Megantic 9000 years ago, Sherbrooke 7000, etc.). Read on.

The Eastern Townships of Quebec was born from 'wastelands of the Crown' stretching from the rear of French seigneuries along the St. Lawrence to the U.S. border, from seigneuries along the Richelieu in the west to the Chaudière River in the east. According to Surveyor-General Joseph Bouchette, these ninety-odd

*Thanks to the Townshippers Association for providing us with one of the last remaining copies of *The Eastern Townships Adventure* so we could get the project going. Check out their bookshelf *Townships Expressions* at <http://www.townshippers.qc.ca/C-townshipse.aspx>.*

townships added up to 4,886,400 acres or 7,635 square miles.

That's larger than some countries — larger than Lebanon, larger than Kuwait or Gambia, larger than Jamaica, Swaziland, Fiji, Trinidad and Tobago, twice as large as Qatar, Puerto Rico, Cyprus, or the Bahamas.

Barbados will fit into the Eastern Townships more than forty times, Grenada fifty-two; the Island of Corsica would leave room for two Delawares.

Today the land slopes from 4,000 foot Mount Gosford on the border of Maine to Missisquoi Bay on Lake Champlain, just a few feet above sea level, but 500 million years ago virtually all of it lay beneath Cambrian seas. Sediments deposited in these seas were heaved up into mountains — the last convulsion some 200 million years ago — that were far higher and steeper than those of today. Successive glaciations have tamed them down and rounded them off.

The last glaciation, the Wisconsin, started some 70,000 years ago when snows in the Ungava highlands stopped melting completely in summer. Snow accumulated over the years and was compressed into ice by its own weight, squeezed outward, and began to flow. It didn't stop until it covered all Ohio and reached a thickness of three kilometres over the Eastern Townships.

Ice covered the region from about 60,000 to 12,000 years ago, retreating at least once to the U.S. border some 20,000 years ago before advancing again. For several thousand years, ice blocked the mouth of the St. Lawrence so that tremendous volumes of meltwater had to spill southward to the sea via the Connecticut and Hudson River valleys. Glacial Lake Memphremagog



Today the Muskox is confined to the high arctic of Canada and Greenland but once it roamed as far south as the Eastern Townships
Illustration from Nature Canada

covered all the land below nine hundred feet elevation and reached northward as far as Richmond, while draining southward to the Atlantic.

Further west, all the flatlands towards Montreal lay under Glacial Lake Champlain until the retreating ice freed the mouth of the St. Lawrence some 10,000 years ago. Then, sea water spilled in over the land that had been compressed by the great weight of ice to form the Champlain Sea — there were seals in Lake Champlain until the 19th Century. The land began slowly to recover like a sponge cake and the sea water drained northward once more until all that is left of the glacial lakes are the remnants called Champlain, Memphremagog, Massawippi, St. Francis, Megantic and Aylmer.

As the ice retreated, it dropped the rocks, boulders, gravel, sand, and silt gathered in its advance. Wherever the edge of the ice remained stationary for a period of time, frontal moraines were formed and there are several of these stretching across the Townships — the oldest formed some 15,000 years ago very close to the U.S. border. Also, as the glacial lakes drained, they left deposits of silt behind — the longer the lake existed, the deeper the deposit — which gave the Coaticook and Eaton River valleys some of the finest farmland in all Quebec.

The Monteregian Hills are eight in number and have ice age beaches high up on their sides. Beginning with Mount Royal, they curve into the Eastern Townships as Mount St. Bruno, St. Hilaire, Rougemont (famous for its apple orchards), Yamaska Mountain, Shefford, Brome, and Mount St. Gregoire which was once called Mount Johnson after the loyalist leader who built a country estate there. These hills are thought to be the remains of volcanic blisters, budding volcanoes which never quite managed to break through the surface and bloom. Glaciers scraped away the softer rock surrounding these blisters, and winter and summer, ice and sun, wind and rain, have reduced the remnants looming so abruptly from the plain today.

As the Great Ice withdrew, plants, animals, and

people moved in. The Townships would have looked much like the tundra for a few thousand years where Indians hunted mastodon, musk ox, and caribou. Then it would have looked like the scrubby taiga for a few thousand years more until coniferous forests took over.

No Paleoindian sites (11,000 to 7,000 years ago) have yet been identified in the Townships but since traces have been found at East Highgate, eight miles from Missisquoi Bay, and on Lake Azizcohos in the State of Maine, it is probable that Paleoindians roamed the Townships as early as 9,300 B.C. They lived primarily on musk ox, caribou (Woodland caribou were shot around Lake Megantic in the mid-19th century), and other large animals but over a hundred species of the largest grazing animals were already extinct and others had moved north with the tundra.

A few artifacts of the Archaic period (after 7,000 B.C.) have been found at Knowlton Landing and on Round Island in Lake Memphremagog as well as the St. Francis River. Summers were considerably warmer 7,000 to 4,000 years ago than they are today, which meant the coniferous forests had given way to deciduous trees. The Indians had not yet invented bows and arrows, had neither canoes, toboggans, nor snowshoes but could work both wood and copper, made bone harpoons, and lived on animals smaller than the caribou along with fish, birds, and plants.

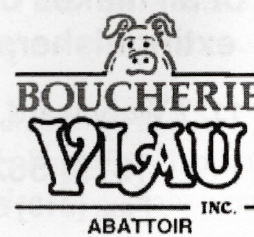
Some 6,000 years ago, people who had developed a culture based on marine animals began moving up the river valleys into the interior as far as Allumette Island in the Ottawa and up the Richelieu into Lake Champlain. They brought the knowledge of dugout canoes with them, fished for salmon and hunted birds in season while adapting methods devised in hunting caribou to the more solitary moose and deer.

The introduction of pottery from the south around 3,000 years ago marks the beginning of the Woodland period and traces have been found at Lennoxville and on Merry Point in Magog. Two important early Woodland cemeteries have been discovered near the mouth of



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the Missisquoi River indicating at least a seasonal substantial occupation — most likely for the salmon run and migrating birds. These people made bows out of hickory, engaged in trade, and had leisure enough to invent ceremonies and employ shell beads. Very little archeological work has yet been done in the townships, however, and a more thorough understanding of our prehistoric inhabitants will have to wait.

Dr. Barry Fell & the Pre-Columbians

Very little is known of the prehistoric Indians in the Eastern Townships but there is an intriguing possibility that Europeans may have penetrated as far as Brompton Falls as early as 500 B.C.

The Musée du Séminaire in Sherbrooke displays a split boulder which Harvard's Dr. Barry Fell believes bears a Phoenician inscription. One side he has translated to read: "Thus far our expedition travelled in the service of Lord Hiram to conquer land." The other: "This is the record of Hanta, who attained the great river, and had these words cut in stone."

The boulder was discovered at Brompton Falls, which may well have marked the limit of navigation for Phoenician vessels in those times. On the height of land above the falls where the Beauvoir Sanctuary now stands — a logical place for explorers to climb to spy out land ahead — a third inscription was once found and has since been lost, probably to erosion. Dr. Fell translated a copy of that inscription to say; "Hanno, son of Tamu, reached this mountain landmark."

This last translation was made without the knowledge that it came from a "mountain landmark" or that it was in any way connected with the boulder from Brompton

Falls, but only that it came from Quebec. Hanno, a name also found on a stele in Massachusetts, was a Phoenician sailor known to have explored the west coast of Africa around 500 B.C. — which is not to say the same man necessarily came to America but only that his name was extant.

In his book *America B.C.*, Dr. Fell makes a case for European sailors accidentally drifting across the Atlantic on prevailing winds and currents as early as 3,000 B.C., and deliberate trading voyages in both directions by 1,000 B.C. He has found evidence of Libyan ships in the St. Lawrence around 800 B.C., so that the notion of exploring the St. Francis to Brompton Falls some three hundred years later is not so astonishing.

An 'Indian Rock' near Perkins Landing on Lake Memphremagog is believed to be engraved with Celtic ogham of a sort found in many places throughout New England and indicating settlement by Iberian Celts between 100 B.C. and A.D. 400. Recently discovered stone cairns on the hills overlooking Mansonville contain similar markings and have been radio-carbon dated at A.D. 200 to 500. The site would have been an important portage to the Missisquoi River and Lake Champlain.

There is on record an Algonquin tradition that their ancestors crossed the Atlantic. The Micmac once used hieroglyphics very similar to those used in Libya and Egypt while the Abenaki shared many linguistic and physical characteristics with Libyans. It should also be noted that 'Abenaki' is a corruption of a Montagnais word meaning 'Dawn Land people' or 'Easterners' although they lived to the south of the Montagnais. Since it was only in 1961 that proof of Viking occupation at L'Anse aux Meadows silenced the scoffers, evidence of European contact even earlier can be expected to grow.

The Iroquois, who had the secret of corn and therefore could spend less time hunting for food and more on religion and war, are believed to have pushed north from Mexico (or even South America) some 2,000 years ago. They raided the more settled and peaceful Athapascan tribes along the Mississippi and Ohio Rivers, split north and south of the Great Lakes and thrust into Algonquian territory until they controlled the St. Lawrence Valley. The Iroquoian and Algonquian languages resemble each other about as much as English resembles Chinese, indicating thousands of years of separate development.

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Around 1450, Dekanawida and Hiawatha united five tribes of Iroquois living south of the Great Lakes between the Hudson and the Finger Lakes into a loose confederacy centered around Onondaga fires at today's Syracuse, New York. Mohawks became 'Keepers of the Eastern Door'; next came the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and then the Senecas as 'Keepers of the Western Door' of a symbolic longhouse. They were constantly at war with the Algonquin people when the historical white men arrived.

Samuel de Champlain & the Iroquois

Jacques Cartier made his first contacts with Indians on Monday July 6, 1534:

We caught sight of two fleets of Indian canoes that were crossing from one side (of Chaleur Bay) to the other, which numbered in all some forty or fifty canoes. Upon one of their fleets reaching this point, there sprang out and landed a large number of Indians, who set up a great clamour and made frequent signs to us to come on shore, holding up to us some furs on sticks.

This effusive welcome and the knowledge that white men wanted furs indicates that Cartier was far from the first of his kind the Indians had seen.

It is now becoming accepted that Basque fishermen — descendents of the Iberian Celts who may have left their marks all over New England — regularly fished and traded in these parts long before Cartier arrived.

At Gaspé harbour a few days later, Iroquois under Chief Donnacona made Cartier understand they had come from a village called Stadacona four hundred miles to the west. This indicated a sophisticated understanding of their geography and extensive travel but Cartier looked upon them as ignorant children and erected a cross to claim their land for the King of France. Donnacona understood:

Pointing to the cross he made us a long harangue, making the sign of the cross with his two fingers: and then he pointed to the land all around about, as if he wished to say that all this region belonged to him, and that we ought not to have set up this cross without his permission.

Cartier returned the following year, sailed up the St. Lawrence to Stadacona where Quebec now stands,

then to Hochelaga on the island of Montreal where he found a large palisaded village containing more than a thousand people. The palisade with its single entrance indicated the Iroquois had reason to fear their neighbours. When Samuel de Champlain arrived sixty-six years later, nothing was left of either Stadacona or Hochelaga and the Iroquois were concentrated around the Great Lakes. They were still at war with the Algonquin, however, and may have withdrawn from the St. Lawrence after serious defeats or because their slash-and-burn agriculture had exhausted the land around their villages, or a combination of both factors. Champlain allied himself with the Algonquin to secure their furs and ingratiated himself by joining them on a raid into Iroquois territory, which appeared to be a popular sport.

Champlain's Voyages of 1613 provide the first historical glimpse of the region that was to become the Eastern Townships — or at least the edges of it — and of the people who lived there. He reached the lake which bears his name in June, 1609, and recorded that the waters were full of fish and the woods full of game but empty of people out of fear for the Iroquois.

I saw towards the east very high mountains on the tops of which there was snow. I enquired of the natives whether those parts were inhabited. They said they were, and by the Iroquois, and that in those parts there were beautiful valleys and fields rich in corn such as I have eaten in that country, along with other products in abundance.

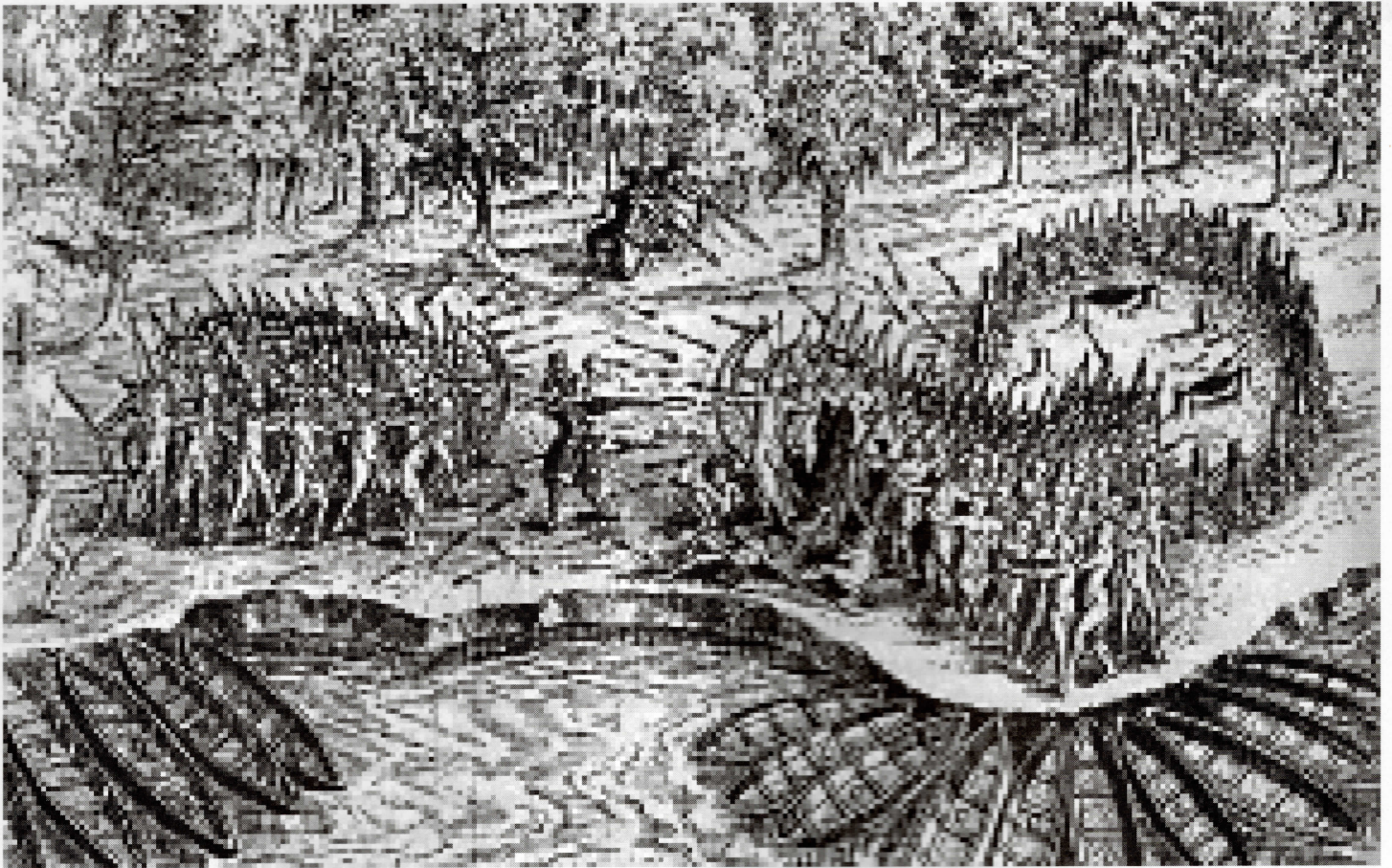
Champlain's Algonquin raiders, for fear of their enemy, hid during the day and paddled only at night:

We were paddling along very quietly and without making any noise, about ten o'clock at night on the 29th of the month, at the extremity of a cape which projects into the lake on the west side, when we met the Iroquois on the war-path. Both they and we began to utter loud shouts and each got his arms ready. We drew out into the lake and the Iroquois landed and arranged all their canoes near one another. Then they began to fell trees ... and they barricaded themselves well.

Champlain and his two companions (he had sent all the others back at the Chambly Rapids) lay hidden in the bottom of their canoes while their Indians went



Champlain



A depiction of Champlain's first battle with the Iroquois as he described it to the artist.

ashore "to learn from their enemies whether they wished to fight, and these replied that they had no other desire ... They said that as soon as the sun should rise, they would attack us."

The remainder of that night was spent in singing and shouting insults from canoe to shore and back again. With the dawn, they landed and Champlain and his two companions were carefully kept concealed. The Iroquois emerged from behind their barricade ready for battle. "They came slowly to meet us with a gravity and calm which I admired; and at their head were three chiefs."

Champlain's allies divided left and right and he marched sedately down between them, his armour gleaming in the sunlight, his arquebus in his hands. The Iroquois stopped in their tracks and gaped with astonishment. Before they could recover, Champlain shouldered his gun and fired. He'd loaded it with four balls and all three chiefs fell, two dead and the third wounded.

As soon as our people saw this shot so favorable for them, they began to shout so loudly that one could not have heard it thunder ... As I was reloading my arquebus, one of my

companions fired a shot within the woods which astonished them yet again so much that, seeing their chiefs dead, they lost courage and took fright, abandoning the field and their fort and fleeing into the depth of the forest whither I pursued them and laid low still more of them.

They took about a dozen prisoners and joyfully started for home. Twenty miles downstream, they went ashore, built a fire and began torturing one of the captives with burning brands — much to Champlain's disgust. "Sometimes they would leave off, throwing water on his back. Then they tore out his nails and applied fire to the ends of his fingers and his membrum virile ...

They scalped him, dripped hot resin onto his skull, opened his wrists and tore out the tendons.

The poor wretch uttered strange cries, and I felt pity at seeing him treated in this way. Still he bore it so firmly that sometimes one would have said he felt scarcely any pain. They begged me repeatedly to take fire and do like to him. I pointed out ... that we did not commit such cruelties, but that we killed people outright, and that if they wished me to shoot him with the arquebus, I should be glad to do so. They said no; for he would not feel any pain. I went away from them as if angry at seeing them practise so much cruelty on

his body. When they saw that I was not pleased, they called me back and told me to give him a shot with the arquebus.

It might be mentioned that Champlain's moral superiority was as questionable as Cartier's. When he returned to France, he presented King Henry IV with a belt decorated with porcupine quills, two scarlet tanagers, and a fish head with sharp teeth just before the king's assassination in 1610. François Ravillac, the religious fanatic who murdered him, had his flesh torn with red hot pincers, his legs crushed, boiling lead poured into his wounds, and his limbs fastened to four white horses in the Place de Greve to be torn apart.' All this, a decade before the Pilgrims landed at

Plymouth Rock, simply proves that most men lived short and brutal lives in the old world as well as the new.

Next month:

Count Frontenac & the St. Francis Indians

The history of the 'wastelands of the Crown,' which became the Eastern Townships of Quebec, really begins with the St. François Indians. These were the remnants of a number of New England tribes pushed northward by English settlers and Iroquois hostility to gather for protection around the French mission of St. François de Sales near the mouth of the St. Francis River...



Community Events

- The North Hatley Christmas Market will be held on Saturdays November 10th and 17th from 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. at the Community Centre, 3127 Capelton Road, North Hatley.
- Saint George's Anglican Church in Georgeville will be holding its annual Christmas Bazaar Saturday November 17th from 11 a.m. to 2 p.m. at Murray Memorial Hall. A sandwich luncheon will take place from 11:30 to 1:30 pm. Enjoy baking, sewing, knitting, white elephant, tools, toys, fresh baked bread and more! Please remember your fabric shopping bags.
- St. George's Anglican Church in Lennoxville will be holding its annual Christmas Tea and Bazaar on Saturday November 24th from 1:30 to 5 p.m. Silent Auction, Food, Candy, Craft Tables and Children's Corner. Admission charged for the tea only. Wheelchair accessible. Everyone Welcome!

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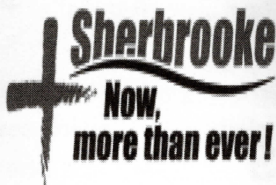
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